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### THE BANKRUPT HOUSE OF GRANT & WARD.

IN its long history of financial vicissitudes Wall Street has probably never known a failure more complete, more unexpected and more disastrous than the two which still form a prominent topic of conversation and interest in financial circles—that of the Marine Bank and that of Grant & Ward. Properly speaking, the two failures are but one, as it was its tolerance and countenance of the loose methods of speculation of the latter firm that dragged down the trusted and apparently prosperous Marine Bank. To characterize the business methods of Grant & Ward as loose is to speak of them very charitably, and for whatever public charity has been extended to the insolvent firm it is indebted to the honored name of General Grant.

But people are beginning to wonder what business such a man as General Grant has in Wall street at all. As a private gentleman he was in affluent circumstances, but neither his means nor his experience were such as to have warranted him in attempting to swim with the big fish of Wall street. What had he to gain? More money? A grateful nation had already endowed him with more than he could spend. Surely he did not seek additional honor there. General Grant had already won his spurs and a greater share of honor than falls to most men on widely different fields; and few men of any character at all succeed in adding to

either their credit or reputation on Wall street. We can only believe that our foremost citizen was bitten with that insensate craze which is the curse of the age—the craze for making money rapidly by speculation; the craze to increase wealth beyond reason or use; the craze which is responsible for a Gould or Vanderbilt here and there, but which is also responsible for so many ruined homes, so many dishonored graves, so many tenanted cells in our public prisons.

Beyond a certain point, money means nothing. There are men who have aggregations of capital the income of which they cannot by any possibility spend, and how much are they the better off for it? To them the gain of a million means only so many more figures in their bank books, so many more bonds or securities in their safes. It but multiplies their anxieties and causes for disquietude, and separates them a little further from their fellow men. But in seeking to attain this very doubtful good, how many men lose a competence—aye, even wealth, and doom themselves to struggles and poverty. General Grant's was an enviable position. Honored, courted, caressed and rich, he had, humanly speaking, all that heart could desire. What had Wall street, with all its wealth, to tempt such a man.

But he entered Wall street and was stripped, and in his fall has brought loss and ruin to hundreds. General Grant is and will remain above want. He cannot divest himself of the \$250,000 which his admirers subscribed and invested for him, and the income of that is a competence. But what becomes of the many who, attracted by his name, embarked their means in the bubble company which he fathered? They must suffer, and suffer for their trust in him. That cannot be a pleasant reflection for a man like General Grant.

About Ward, public opinion will speak out more freely. No one believes that General Grant was responsible for this failure. No one expected that the hardy old soldier would make a brilliant financier. It is on Ward that the odium of the failure will fall. He seems to have been neither better nor worse than a dozen other financial adventurers who crop up from time to time. It was his association with Grant, and the public confidence that was reposed in his distinguished partner, that enabled him to fly so many kites and to fly them so high. The institution which he managed was a bubble—a house of paper—and he must have known it, whether his partner were ignorant of the real nature of its transactions or not. He will probably be held to a strict accountability, and it is entirely right and just that he should so be held. But, although the odium of the failure, and whatever of meanness and dishonesty may have been connected with it, cannot fall on General Grant, no thinking man can acquit him of blame in the matter. He should not have

allowed his name to be used to attract the public without knowing exactly whither it was proposed to attract them. It was his business, his duty to be informed of the status of the institution to which he lent his name, and to check the reckless borrowing and generally loose methods of doing business while yet there was time. And for the rest, it is to be hoped that the example of General Grant will be sufficient, for some time at least, to keep other honest public men out of Wall street; for they may take THE JUDGE's word for it, it is no place for them. Whoever handles pitch without due precaution will sooner or later be defiled.

### BEN BUTLER AGAIN.

WE have had many an irrepressible figure in politics, but surely none so perennially irrepressible as that of Benjamin F. Butler. He has the Jack-in-the-box-like facility of popping up, the moment the political spring is touched, where you least expect him. He bobs up as serenely as ever did Coclicot, and quite as often. His face is as familiar as any in the political cartoons of the day, and it has been familiar any time within the memory of the present generation. He has striven often, though hitherto vainly, to hoist himself into the presidential chair. Hitherto he has never attained a higher altitude than the state house at Boston. He has tried republicanism; he has tried democracy; he has exhibited leanings towards the greenback party, and he has carried the rag baby bravely in the eyes of an admiring world. And yet Ben Butler is plain Ben Butler still. He has yearned for the White House as earnestly as ever an old maid yearned for a wedding ring, and he has put forth as many arts to attain it—and as vainly. What leap year is to the old maid, presidential year is to Ben Butler; but the presidential and leap years come and go together, and somebody is always left and disappointed, and among the somebodies we always find Benjamin F. Butler. The greenback patch is the last he applied to his nondescript and many-colored political garment; but if he imagines that patch will wear without further darning till he gets to the White House we fear he will be disappointed. But, then, Ben Butler is getting used to disappointment, and he always takes it sweetly.

### THE FEDERAL CORN CRIB.

MR. DANA, who is a great and good man, and is apt to have an inkling of any matter whereof he condescends to speak, expresses the opinion that the Democratic chance in the forthcoming presidential contest is exceedingly slim. While THE JUDGE never presumes to commit himself to an opinion about anything so uncertain as a horse race or an election, yet he is very much inclined to share Mr. Dana's opinion. For one thing, the Republican party is the party in possession, and if possession be nine points of



the law in ordinary cases, how much more is this true of an election, where so many men cast votes as self-interest and not as conviction prompts them. The Republican party is in possession, and consequently has the whole wealth of federal patronage at its back. It has also stronger names to submit to the people (if, for a change, it is graciously pleased to submit its strongest names) than have the Democrats. But, before and above all, it has its army of office-holders, securely seated in the federal corn crib, fat and lusty with a long course of high living, and prepared to fight to the death before they will relinquish their comfortable quarters. The Republicans hold a vantage ground; the Democrats will have to fight from the level; the Republicans are entrenched; the Democrats will have to dislodge them. The Republicans have nothing to do but act on the defensive; the Democrats will have to attack. And that most desirable corn-crib is strongly held this year. The Democrats will do their best, of course. They will attack; there will be a battle; but at present writing it does not look much as if there would be any change of front this year at any rate.

At the Stage Door.

ALTHOUGH I enter not,  
Yet round about that spot  
Each night I hover;  
And near the keeper's gate,  
With cigarette I wait,  
Expectant of her.

The theatre is out,  
I hear the gallery's rout,  
And noise and humming;  
They've dropped the curtain down,  
The orchestra has gone—  
She's coming, coming.

My lady comes at last,  
With step not over fast,  
But tending hither;  
Knows she me, then? I pray,  
She got my last bouquet  
I told the call boy give her.

Be not disturbed, fair queen  
Of tinsel, all serene,  
You I'll not worry.  
And not a word of mine  
Will put that heart of thine  
Into a flurry.

Yet suffer me to pace,  
And feast upon your face,  
Tho' I've not spoke.  
The reason why I lurk  
In solitude, and shirk,  
Is simply—I am broke!

E. T. E.

THE BREAD WINNERS.—The best horses on the race course—thorough-bred winners.

THE most questionable letter of the alphabet—a queer E.

THE world has seen many ages, and New York is now witnessing the advent of the new cab-age: the vehicle, not the vegetable, of that name; and the old carri-ages of a post-age have come down in the amount of stamps their drivers were wont to cabb-age from their defenceless victims.

SAD FATE OF THE MORRISON BILL.



“Look here, on this Picture, and on This.”

THIS ONE.

I WAS painfully impressed by the marked changes which the last four years had made in his appearance, as the door was slowly opened and he tottered into the room, approached me with weak and halting steps, and feebly extended his hand to me, supporting himself as he did so with his other hand upon the back of a chair, to maintain his balance, and then sank exhausted into the nearest seat. In the shrunken and attenuated form, the heavy lack-lustre eyes and drooping lids, the tremulous hands, and low, husky voice, I had before me the only too convincing and pathetic evidence of the melancholy wreck to which the old gentleman had been reduced.

“No,” he said sadly, speaking slowly and with great difficulty, in reply to a certain suggestion I had made, “nothing can tempt me from the ease and seclusion of my library, my home comforts, and the quiet enjoyments of private life. The glittering bauble of the Presidency has no charms for me. Ambition is dead within me. The opportunity for righting the great wrong of 1876 was presented four years ago, but unfortunately was neglected. I am too old to now reform the government. No; on no account must my name come before the nominating Convention. I would not accept, even if nominated. I am preparing a letter to that effect.”

“Is this your final and unalterable decision?” I asked anxiously.

“It is,” he replied, throwing as much emphasis into his words as his enfeebled condition would allow him to.

As the old gentleman here began to dose off, overcome by the exhaustion which even this little expenditure of physical and mental exertion had caused him, for he had articulated in slow and broken tones, and with great weariness of manner, I sat for a few moments painfully contemplating this “sad relic of departed worth,” and then rose to say good-bye and go, but as he was already peacefully snoozing upon his chair, I stole silently from the room, fully convinced that it would be sheer madness for the Democratic party to nominate a man who was upon the verge of total paralysis, with one foot already in the grave and the other one very near it, and who couldn't keep awake for five minutes at a time, and who, even if elected, would never live to be inaugurated. (As reported in the New York ———.)

THE OTHER ONE.

I was never more agreeably surprised in my life than when the door flew open and the old gentleman, the very picture of physical and mental vigor, bounced into the room, skipped up to me with the ardor and playfulness of a boy just let out of school, seized me warmly by the hand, and drawing out one of the largest and heaviest chairs in the room for me, in a clear and ringing voice, cordially bade me be seated.

“Oh, yes,” he said, in answer to a question I had propounded, “if the welfare of the country and the needs of the party de-

mand it, I shall consider it my duty to sacrifice my own personal inclinations and preferences, and accept the nomination, if offered me. It is not yet too late to rectify the great wrong of 1876."

"I now believe, Mr. Tilden," I said, "that the accounts in the newspapers about your being a mental and physical wreck are unmitigated lies."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the old gentleman, merrily, "the newspapers would have killed me long ago if they could. Does this look much like a corpse?"

As he spoke he sprang up from his seat, jumped nimbly over the back of the chair, turned three somersaults in the air, and landed deftly on his feet.

"How's that for high?" exclaimed the old gentleman, as he resumed his seat, apparently not at all blown by his exertions.

"You'll do," I remarked, patting him encouragingly on the back. "Yes—you'll do."

"I rather think I will," he said in a proud and pleased tone of voice. "I kissed some eighteen or twenty pretty girls who called to see me this morning. They are all for me. And when the women are for us—you know—eh?" and the old gentleman gave me a sly poke in the ribs, and winked knowingly at me.

"And is this your final and irrevocable decision?" I asked.

"It is," he replied in a firm and decisive tone, "I shall accept the nomination, should I prove to be the choice of the convention. In fact, I am now engaged upon the preparation of a letter that effect."

I remained a few minutes longer, partook of a little old rye in a friendly and social way with him, and then he walked briskly to the door with me, and bid me good-bye. I left him with the firm persuasion that it would be stark idiocy in the Democratic party not to nominate the only man who could carry them to a great and glorious victory, and who is not only sound enough for one term, but for a second one too. (As reported in the Chicago ———)

T. H. F.

NOW:

He crawls along with feeble feet  
To seek the friendly sun;  
But no kind eye his glances meet,  
And not a single one  
Of all the crowd that pass along  
Bend down to hear him sigh,  
Or listen to the plaintive song—  
Alas for thee, poor fly!

—Morning Journal.

THEN:

He moves thro' space at lightning speed,  
And seeks a girl or sun;  
He lights upon the hairless head,  
And kicks up lots of fun.  
How changed he is within a week,  
This friendless little bummer,  
You saw the fly in weather bleak;  
This is the fly in summer.

—Yonkers Statesman.

SHALL:

He flits above the sky-blue cream  
Unchid, unchecked by any,  
And later, in the sun's warm beam,  
He dries his long antennæ.  
Each breakfast dish in turn he tries  
With restless, graceful flutter,  
'Till he, like many other flies,  
Dies, 'tangled in the butter.

POLITICAL MEASURES.—Demijohns.



IS THIS A DYNAMITE EXPLOSION? NO! IT'S A BANK BUSTED—AND THIS IS THE BUSTER.

#### The Agricultural Novice Seeks Information and Finds it.

SHOULD there not be a Department of Agriculture at Washington, presided over by an eminent citizen taken fresh from the plow? Depends on which end of the plow you take the eminent citizen from. A long head and a sound hoof are a good outfit for presiding over anything at Washington. But not too fresh.

Is not the commercial fertilizer becoming a very popular crop, and what is it? Something to fertilize commerce with, of course; but not a popular character—overdoes the perfumery business.

How many acres to the bushel do you think an enterprising farmer could raise? Avast there! Our best agricultural authorities put it thus—"bushels to the acre." But bushels of what? If you mean hay, you can't come it too strong; if you mean wheat, don't raise over five-hundred bushels to the acre—exhausts the soil when you go above that figure.

What crop can be raised with the least trouble? Canada thistles; but don't go into it. If a Democratic Congress should repeal the duty on Canada thistles they can be imported at a lower figure than you can afford to raise them.

For a sugar crop would you advise one to raise cane or beet? Don't attempt to raise Cain. Adam did it and got no good out of it. Many of his descendants, who have tried it since, have brought up in the station-house.

Is it true that the roots of the clover tree penetrate so deep into the soil? Strictly true that they penetrate exactly so deep. We may regret, but cannot prevent it.

I presume the saying that the pen is mightier than the sword-fish does not apply to the pig-pen, and has no reference to the profits of porciculture? We presume not, too, and also that it has no reference to—but what, in the name of the coming eclipse, does porciculture mean? Something new in sausages, is it?

Is it true that Hungarian grass was introduced into this country by the illustrious Kossuth? Yes; after the '48, when the kaiserliks were at his heels, he had to light out with such haste that he had no time to comb all the hay-seed out of his beard; hence when he reached the hospitable shores, etc.

If you had a nice house for the piggies, and one of the little inmates should get out and wallow in the mire, how would you go about repairing the damage? We should go about it, goddess, and about it, and never go near it at all.

Is it advisable to hitch two unbroken colts in a plow? Very. As a means of combining amusement with destruction, cannot be excelled.

At present prices of beef, do you think our eastern stock-raisers should compete with the Texas steers? No; unless the former are armed with shot-guns, or the latter have their horns sawed off.

Where would you advise one to go to open up a farm? Into the country. If you should attempt it in the city, you will have markets and taxes convenient, to be sure, but the police would be apt to interfere should you attempt to express yourself in a truly bucolic manner. If it's a stock-ranch you want, of course you had better stick to the city water-privileges and shearing facilities, you know.

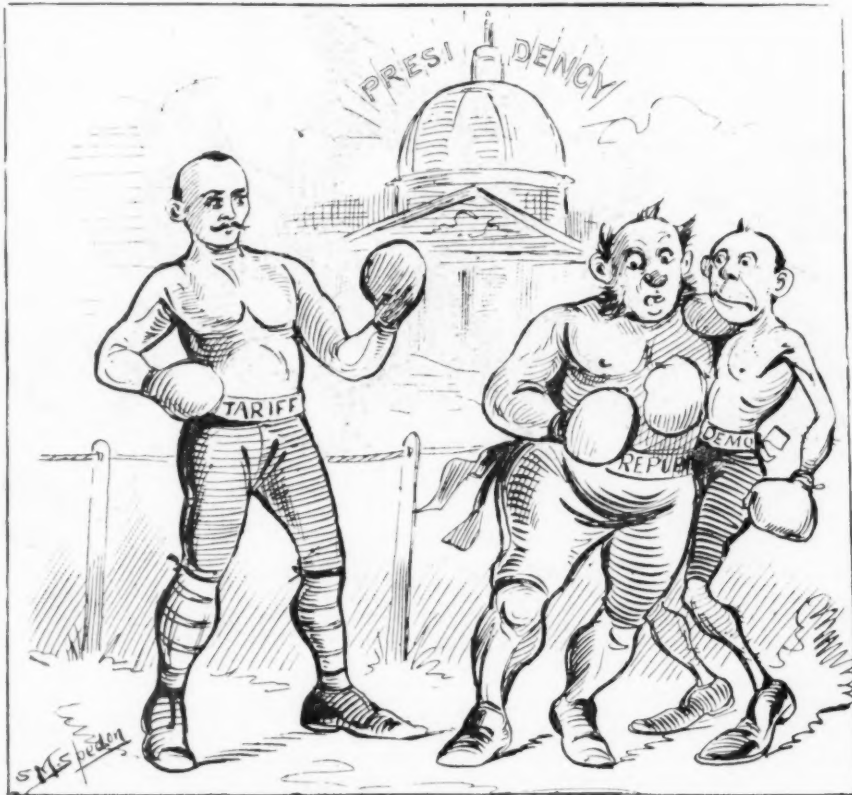
Who was the writer of the beautiful lines: "Man made the town; woman made the country," and did he? Never mind about the writer. We have extraordinary facilities for knowing whether he did; but from motives of delicacy can only say, never mind about that, too.

Is it true that going West young man and growing up with the country is one of the fundamental principals of Agriculture? We haven't been down among the fundamentals lately, but this one has such a fundamental look that we dare say he is genuine.

What is your view of the Bureau of Agriculture as an institution? Only an outside view; hence would be qualified to give an elaborate description of its inside, which—



THEY WON'T TACKLE HIM.



ONE IS AFRAID AND THE OTHER DAREN'T.

but it is hardly correct to call a piece of furniture an institution.

How shall we keep our boys on the farm? Don't bother at present about this most burning of agricultural questions. Wait till you have boys; by that time, unless all signs fail, the question will be: "How shall we keep the boys from driving the old man off the farm?"

Could one readily dispose of a large crop of watermelons? Not necessary. Go on a surprise party; take dog along; leave faithful policeman to guard the melons: crop will then dispose of itself.

What is the proper time to sow oats? If you mean wild oats, wait till the age of ninety-five; if you mean horse oats, sow it at least a week before it is wanted for the horse.

Is a course at college an advantage to a farmer? If you avoid agricultural colleges, yes; but chiefly as a means of discipline, forming habits of obedience and such like. A young gentleman who has passed four years in bulldozing the faculty, and exchanging bloody noses with the townsmen, has been doing something more than stuffing himself with dry husks of learning—not but that a thorough knowledge of conic sections and Greek grammar is a great help in pounding an opinionated mule, or in chasing an elusive calf through a thicket of blackberry briars.

Are sheep most profitable for mutton or wool, or anything else; and which brand would you prefer—Plymouth Rock or Early Rose? Undoubtedly more profitable for mutton or wool, but if by "anything else" you mean bristles, can't compete with the porcupine. But you're barking up the wrong tree again. If your handwriting didn't prove you to be an honest, steady young man, we would have to rashly conclude that you wrote out some of these questions while

sobering up. Plymouth Rock and Early Rose are not brands of sheep, but breeds of potatoes.

In conclusion, on the whole, do you think it advisable for a young man to enter on an agricultural career; and is raising calves a paying business? We think it in conclusion on the whole advisable to let the agricultural career slide, and go into farming instead. As to the question whether it pays to raise calves, better ask your mother.

MACKH.

The Tramp's Reminiscences.

"THAT'S SO," said the tramp reflectively, leaning his back up against the area-railing, while a yearning, far-away, can't-cut-it-off-without-spoiling-the-whole-piece sort of a smile flitted across his face; "instead of being moved with pity at our misfortunes and meeting us with the spirit of charity, people mostly seem to be moved to set the bull-dog on us and meet us with clubs, and cart-rungs and like articles of *virtu*. Most folks regard us with as much habitual cold aversion as though we were all regular professional burglars, or New Jersey bank-cashiers or members of the Legislature."

"And that tends to make life seem a weary burden?"

"A weary burden! Why it breaks a man all up; makes him feel that all things earthly are but empty, cruel voids and hollow mockeries," gloomily responded the tramp. "And yet some of the truest, noblest men that ever stood by the side of a free lunch counter were nothing but tramps."

"Force of circumstances, eh?"

The tramp drew a limp, wearied, uncertain ruin of a paper collar out of his boot, and hastily pinned it about his neck, as he saw the cook looking out of the area window.

"That's it, exactly," said he huskily. "It is the phantom fortune that drives men out into the cold, cold world to meet the rebuffs of fellow-men and boiling water and pieces of stove-wood. Take them on a general average, and a tramp is a good deal like a poet. You probably have noticed their profound similarity in the matter of dress and personal appearance, and they are of about equal value in the world; but in one respect they differ—tramps are made, not born. I myself was reared in the very lap of luxury."

"Then you had wealthy parents?"

"I did," replied the tramp, deftly pinning the red-flannel patch upon the knee of his gray pants a little more to the right. "My father was intensely wealthy—opulently so. He was the keeper of a railroad restaurant—one of those where you can get a pre-historic sandwich of the crustacean order for a quarter, and two hard-boiled eggs for seventy-five cents. Sometimes, when my haughty sire felt pretty well, and the eggs had been boiled so long that the fluff and bloom of freshness had faded away forever, he would let the starving traveler have three for a dollar. Oh, you bet! he was well fixed, and not a wish or desire of my childhood remained ungratified."

"How did your reverse in fortune come about?"

"Sh! I will tell you!" whispered the tramp, with an air of midnight mystery; "but come closer—speak low! For Heaven's sake, don't let this thing leak out, it would be more than my life is worth! When I was a young man I obtained a position upon the staff of a well known comic paper, and, as I had brilliant talents, my future seemed assured. One afternoon the foreman ran short of copy, and, in the hurry and confusion of the moment, I revived a poor, weak, feeble, decrepid, color-blind, bald-headed old joke about the alleged large size of Chicago maidens' feet. The result was inevitable. As soon as the paragraph appeared in the paper, I was discharged, my purse-prond father father disowned me, and every door of honest employment was bolted in my face. I became a tramp. I went to Chicago. I made personal inquiries; and, sir, what made me tired of life was to find that the paragraph was no joke at all. It was simply the cold, frigid, untrammelled, wire-woven truth."

H. B. STITT.



WELL, I went to Darmstadt, but I must say I wish I'd remained in London, for of all the dismal weddings I ever witnessed this one at Darmstadt was the worst.



THE SIX-DAYS RACE—WHAT WE ARE ALL AFTER.

A royal Princess, too! good gracious, I'd rather be a New York girl than the daughter of any of these parsimonious Dutchmen, I don't care what their titles are.

The other day, I was complaining about not having sufficient funds to meet my contingent expenses, when Heraclitus burst out laughing, and said:

"Well, how we are coming on! contingent expenses, indeed!"

Then I got mad and went for him, as they say in the States.

Then he got mad and said he would advise me to read the memoirs of the Princess Alice! That, perhaps, after I had learned how a royal Princess, a daughter of Queen Victoria, had been obliged to economize, I might be induced to feel satisfied with my means and my position.

Stuff and nonsense! Hadn't I read the letters, etc., already? And didn't I give it to my worthy spouse? I just informed him that all the trouble the poor Princess had was caused by the meanness and parsimoniousness of her husband.

I never heard of anything so shabby as his treatment of her, and if she had been a free-born American citizen, she would probably have got a divorce from him in the early days of her married life and might have lived herself to a good old age.

Heraclitus, for once, didn't know what to say. I suppose this way of looking at the subject struck him in a new light.

But I wasn't through yet, and I asked him if he supposed the Grand Duke's morganatic wife would have to struggle and pinch as the Princess did, and mend her own clothes and turn her children's dresses?

He said he didn't suppose anything, and didn't care.

Then I asked him what he brought the subject up for, anyhow.

He soon after went out and I didn't see him again until the next morning.

I didn't care a bit, for he had not been long gone when I received a most unexpected and delightful visit from the Baron.

I don't know what brought him over to London, I'm sure, but he was just delightful and told me all the Paris news and said lots of pleasant things.

He told me how *desolee* he was because I left before the Steeple Chase meeting, and

said he should have been so happy to have taken me there. I should have had the box seat on his coach—he drove four lovely bays.

I know just what kind of a costume I should have worn, and I do think it was too bad of Heraclitus to drag me off here right in the face of so much pleasure.

The Baron thinks so too. I didn't tell Heraclitus of the visit, for it wasn't necessary.

The Baron is going right back to Paris, and I shouldn't wonder if business called Heraclitus there right soon. So I'll hold my peace for a time and see how he behaves.

Mr. Irving and Miss Terry have arrived, and one would think no one had ever crossed the Atlantic before, to read the papers.

I declare, I think it's about time all this gush about actresses was stopped.

Things have reached such a pass that a decent, modest woman stands no chance at all of getting her name in the papers.

I'm perfectly crazy to go to a drawing-room, and the very next one that's given I mean to be on hand.

I can get admitted easy enough, but I dare say I shall have to manage the whole affair myself. I'm quite sure Heraclitus will oppose it any way he can, but he can't squelch me.

It's dreadfully dull here just now, but I'm improving my time. I'm having just the swellest kind of a suit made by a swell tailor, and I'm also having a new riding habit.

Heraclitus hates horseback exercise but I don't, and the Baron says I'm a charming equestrienne, and I intend to ride as much as much as ever I can.

Marie says she heard Mr. Pennyfeather tell another gentleman that he thought he should have to go back to Paris in a few days. So I live in hopes, and the woman to preserve her soul in patience will for once be

PENELOPE PENNYFEATHER.

### The Mayoralty Question.

JOHN KELLY would make a good mayor, and if nominated *may-or* may not be elected. As we don't know, we will, as a Scotchman would express it, say *na mair* about it; or, in horse language, *neigh mare*.

### Chance.

A SPRING IDYL.

MRS. OLDHEN was recently the proud mother of nine little Oldhens. But now there are only three. One died of a cherry-stone sticking in its throat; another, mistaking the watering-trough for a natatorium, and under the impression that it had a life-preserver tied around its stomach, was drowned; two more succumbed to that dreadful malady which sweeps so many bright chicks into an untimely grave, the "gaps"; and Mrs. Oldhen affectionately sat down too hard on two of the most promising, smothering out their young lives in her too demonstrative embrace. But Ruby and Sally and Chance remain. With Ruby and Sally our story has nothing to do. Of Chance we sing.

Chance will one day be a fine big rooster. That is, if he escape the numerous besetting perils of chickhood: the boy and the brick, the Lime Kiln Club, and lastly (and leastly) the boarding-house keeper: who scours the country up and down for chickens in the bloom of youth. Yes, my countrymen, he's a scourer from Scourville. But he don't always scour with brilliant success. The chickens with the bloom of youth on their cheeks seem to elude him with more brilliant success than he scours. The boarding-house keeper don't seem to always find them—in the bloom of youth. So Chance, so far as the boarding-house keeper is concerned, has about 9999 chances in 10000 of living to a ripe old age.

"Chance" is not short for Chauncey. Mrs. Oldhen calls him Chance, because, she says, he came by chance, and not, precisely, in the usual way.

When, after Mrs. Oldhen's long and weary confinement, eight of them peeped out at the great wide world from under her sheltering wings, she thought they had all arrived. Without delay she stepped proudly forth and introduced them to her lordly consort—who was just then carousing with some boon fellow-roosters at the sign of the yellow corn-crib; but they had not all arrived, and while the fond mother was noisily dissertating to the little ones and disappearing with them around the corner of a board pile,



a mighty struggle was going on at the deserted nest: a little, feeble chick was there striving to usher himself into the world without the aid of a friendly hand. At last he succeeded in making a window in his prison-house, and then he stopped to take on some breath, and ask himself if this was the mother-love he had dreamt of ever since he began to assume a shape—leaving him thus a motherless orphan before he was born! With such lugubriously paradoxical reflections he industriously set to work again. When the aperture was large enough to permit him to stick out his head he was more than ever inclined to take a pessimistic view of the situation. For the first thing he saw was an old, fierce, and ugly looking little bantam rooster, with feathers all over his legs, yanking a poor, little, defenceless, meek-looking banty-hen around by the nape of the neck. He hastily drew back into his shell, more than half inclined to stay there. But it occurred to him that he had not eaten anything for several days—in fact that he had not eaten at all—and that he'd like to know just how a little fat worm tasted, anyway. So he peered out cautiously to satisfy himself that the murderous bantam was not looking, and then crawled forth.

Mrs. Oldhen was just then passing on the wing of Mr. Oldhen, the little Oldhens all running under Mr. and Mrs. Oldhen's feet to be stepped on. Mrs. Oldhen was at first rather inclined to disown the little Chance, and foist him upon Mrs. Younghen, in the next yard; for Mr. Oldhen did not like a large family, and hers already assumed alarming proportions; besides, the latest comer was so ugly! For, alas, the violent struggles in the agonizing moments just passed, without the slightest knowledge of obstetrics, had left a mark on poor little Chance that he would carry with him to his day of immolation on the groaning boarding-house board—an epoch of hoariness—for he was born cross-eyed.

But all this happened a very long time ago. At least ten weeks ago. And Chance is a robust youngster now, quite old enough to thrash any pullet his own size who twits him about his birthmark. And he generally wins his battles—the deformity of the eyes giving him the advantage. When his opponent thinks that Chance has about abandoned the fight because he seems to be looking intently in another direction, his opponent is simply mistaken; for Chance is simply aiming with unerring aim a terrific blow that fulminates just behind that deduced rooster's eye.

But there is one who laughs at Chance without fear of the back-hand blow or angry retort; for there is only good-natured, and even joyous forbearance with it all.

Miss Specklewing has been from the day young Chance began to think of such things, the fair blue-eyed chick he has loved with unswerving devotion. Miss Specklewing likes her afflicted suitor with a considerable like; but her innate modesty forbids her admission of the fact, so she veils her real feeling in the guise of capriciousness; and she rallies him without mercy about not only his cross-eyes but his ungainly gait; for he has just reached that stage of chicken-hood, when, like the genus boy, he don't know what to do with his feet. So she suffers his awkward attentions with secret pleasure. And to-day they have gone together to visit the Incubating Establishment.

Chance and Miss Specklewing are standing before one of the cages, interestedly observing the wee things running about inside—a dozen or more tumbling over each

## THE DUDE'S SOLACE.



HENRY HAS GONE BUT THE LILY REMAINS.

other in frantic pursuit of the companion with a grain of corn—dozens more running in and out of the oblong box with narrow red-flannel curtains called the "mother-hen," and Miss Specklewing is blushing furiously at some whispered remark her companion has just made to her. They linger a little, then turn to go. But there are tears, tender, happy tears in Miss Specklewing's downcast eyes as they go into the day-light. Both are silent. And Chance is thinking how altogether lovely she looks with the love-light new-born shining through her tears, and how lucky the chance that directed their careless feet thitherward. Mrs. Chance-to-be is softly whispering to herself: "Dear little things! Dear old cross-eyes! I am so happy! But it was all a put-up job!"

BURTONICUS.

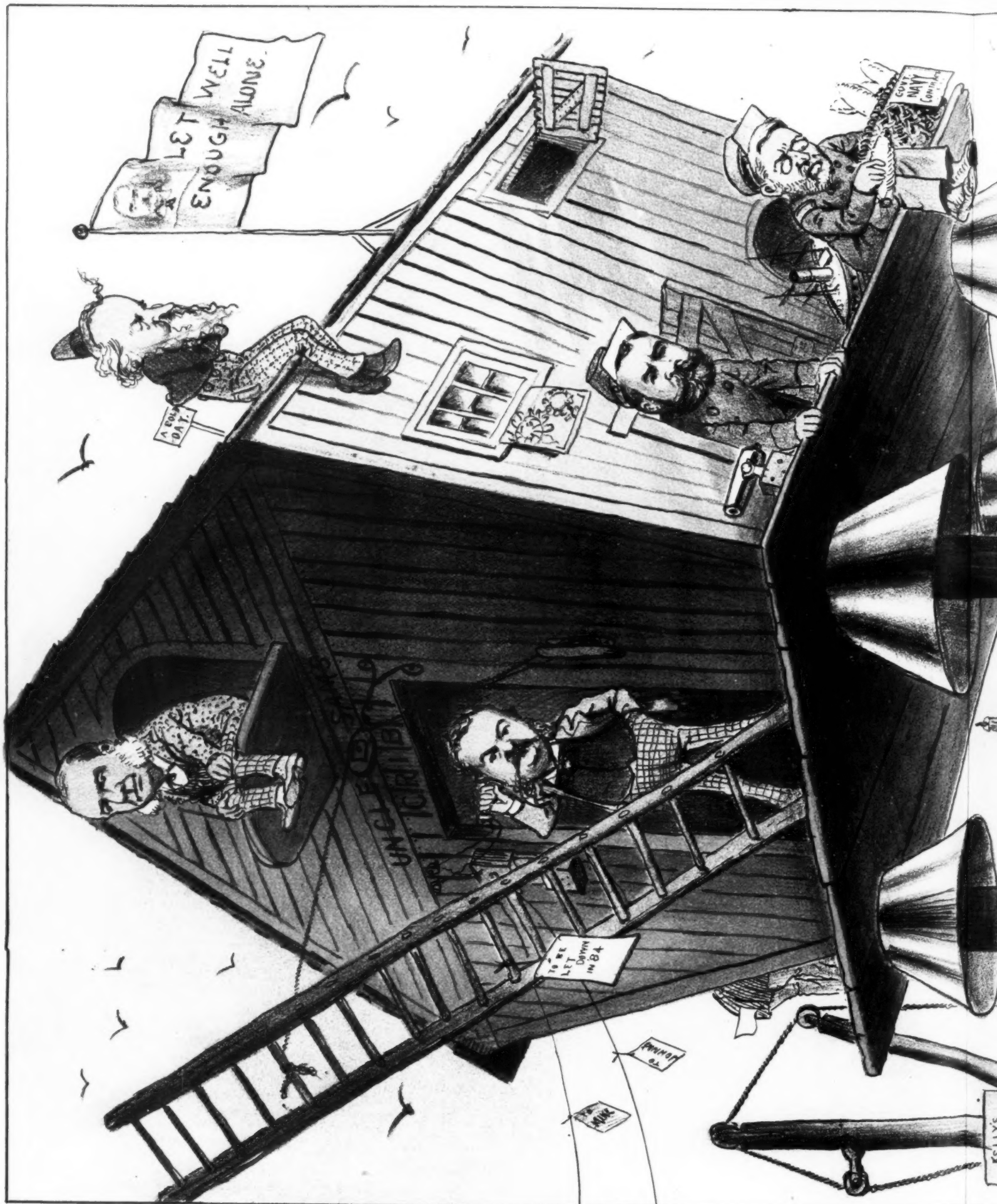
THE Lasker business having dropped out of the newspapers, has turned up in ye rural debating society, where so much additional light has been thrown on the subject, that some village statesmen are not quite clear whether it was Tom Bismarek or Prince Ochiltree that was banished to St. Petersburg for knocking down the Sergeant for sending to the German Guard-house of Representatives (Reichstag) an American Resolution, in a perfectly sober and disorderly condition, merely because he was traveling without his preamble, and a pass from Secretary Kaiser.

A SLIPPERY place—that part of the child to which the mother applies the pedal covering.

## House Cleaning.

- TAKING down the pictures,  
Dusting off the wall—  
"Not at home this morning,  
Should there be a call."
- Toast and eggs for breakfast,  
Things turned upside down,  
Wife and girl a-jawing,  
Husband skips for town.
- Taking up the carpets,  
Tacks and dust for lunch;  
Boy, for asking questions,  
Gets from me a punch.
- Washing off the windows,  
Doors all open—wide—  
She with pail and dust-pan  
Used to be my bride.
- No fire in the furnace—  
Bell goes on a ring—  
"Cleaning house to-day, mum,  
First day of the spring."
- Night! a doctor calling—  
Wife done up in bed;  
Husband scoots for drug store;  
Clerk asks who is dead.
- Night reporter's item;  
"Coroner had a ring  
For a 'stiff' found floating—  
First one of the spring."
- Verdict of the jury—  
Foreman sly old mouse—  
"Suicide from torment  
Caused by cleaning house."

THE JUDGE







Shall we turn out the Fattened Ones and let the Lean and Hungry in?

## THE JUDGE.



"BLUE BEARD," with Emma Carson, Irene Perry, Fanny Rice and Pauline Hall, is doing a good business at the Bijou.

This too, in the face of Mr. Boucicault's recent lecture at the Madison Square, and in spite of his anathema upon burlesque.

"That buffoonery which is the blasphemy of art, and which has crept into high places," seems to pay pretty well now-a-days, and as most of the actors and actresses of our acquaintance do their work for the dollars and cents they can earn, we are afraid that the timely warning of the ancient Mr. B. will not be duly heeded.

Little Miss Perry, who escaped "with her life" from the Kate Castleton, Mackay "Pop" Company, is the prettiest unmarried female in the cast, and manages to bring a large number of duds to her twinkling feet and the box office every night.

"Blue Beard" ought to run well on into the summer. In fact, the costumes (if such small attempts at covering the human frame can be called costumes at all) are suggestive of extremely hot weather, and cause the mind of THE JUDGE to revert to the days when Lydia Thompson revealed herself as the principal partner of the man of many wives.

This burlesque is the work of Mr. Farnie, and is said to have been an adaptation of Offenbach's "Barbe Bleu." Had we not read this fact in some newspaper we should never have suspected it.

We should be pleased to learn what part or parts of "Barbe Bleu" Mr. Farnie is supposed to have adapted. Certainly neither the text nor the music.

That he has perverted certain parts of Offenbach's opera bouffe we are willing to admit, but we fail to see the adaptation.

"La Vie" was a confused jumble of songs and words and "Blue Beard" is not much better, but the girls in the latter opera are much more attractive than those that played in the former, and for that reason the piece is successful. "For any one that likes this sort of a thing, this is the sort of a thing they like."

At The Star Theatre, "The Pulse of New York" continues to beat in a somewhat feeble manner.

Mr. Robert Griffin Morris may thank his lucky stars that his piece was produced under such able management and with so strong a cast.

Had it been given otherwise it would have been damned from the very first, the energy and attractiveness of some of the actors and the skill of the scene painter and machinist being all that saved it.

The play is in six acts. In the first act Mr. Gerald Eyre for no apparent reason murders a man in front of a church, on Christmas Eve. The next five acts are given up to finding the murderer, and during this time the audience is treated to scenes at Police Headquarters, the Tombs, a view of the Elevated Rail Road at Ninth avenue and

Fifty-third street, and to Trinity churchyard by moonlight.

What the Elevated R. R. at Fifty-third street and Ninth avenue has to do with the piece, and why Mr. Gerald Eyre should be in that particular locality at 11.30 p. m. does not transpire. Presumably to give the machinist a chance to show what he can do in the "L" road business.

In the last act, as a matter of course, the murderer is discovered and is captured in Trinity churchyard at midnight, where most of the cast have conveniently assembled to be on hand for the denouement.

Detectives suddenly pop up from behind tombstones. Mr. Eyre is shot by some one, the gallows is cheated of its dues, and he dies then and there to slow music.

Miss Caroline Hill supports him in this extremity, which is very kind of her, as she seems to have no legal connection with the murderer; and when at this critical point she is accused by a female detective in green plush, pink satin and a parasol, of being the Queen of the check raisers, she doesn't deny the soft impeachment, but declares she will die game, or words to that effect, and the curtain falls.

George Clarke, as *Inspector Barnes*, has little to do, except to walk about the stage and smoke cigars, but we dare say this is true to life, and Mr. Clarke certainly smokes very well.

Gerald Eyre and Caroline Hill do the best they can with the parts assigned them, and Ada Deaves exhibits several astonishing costumes as a female detective.

The story is incoherent, the dialogue very weak, but the sets are very fine and well worth seeing.

On Monday Miss Lizzie Evans began an engagement at Tony Pastor's, in "Fogg's Ferry." This piece was brought before the New York public some two or three years ago by Minnie Maddern, and it would have been much better for Miss Maddern if she had never given up the play. Since she abandoned it she has met with poor success. There is nothing remarkable about the piece; in fact, it is decidedly common place, but the part of *Chip* suited Miss Maddern admirably, and Miss Evans is just as good in it as was her predecessor. Miss Evans has more voice than Miss Maddern, and her songs are an attractive part of the performance.

"Fogg's Ferry" will doubtless do a good business. Harrison and Gourlay have skipped from the Fifth Avenue Theatre. They have finished a most successful engagement here, but it turns out that "Skipped by the Light of the Moon" is an absolute steal from Mr. Sim's "The Gay City" now being played in London, and Mr. Sims proposes to make things lively for Messrs. Harrison and Gourlay. In short, he proposes to make them skip more lively than ever.

The Grand Opera House, which seems always to do a good business, delighted the West Siders with "Lady Clare" last week. This piece, produced with the original, powerful cast, and all the attention to detail which marked the original production at Wallack's, has proved a strong attraction.

## What Spoils the Feast.

OYSTERS on the half shell—

See the bill of fare—

Tenderloin steak, as well,

Juicy, rich and rare.

Butter on the side dish,

Crackers on the plate,

Frizzled sweet potatoes—

Better never ate.

Water cress in salads,

Radishes a few,

Apple pie to follow,

Pears and raisins too.

One small cup of coffee,

Then a mild cigar;

Isn't that a banquet

Fit for king or czar?

Wont there be a slaughter

On the food to-night?

A cockroach in the water!!!

Go me my appetite.

EDWIN F. STERN.

## The Fastest Time on Record.

THE Oregon, of the Guion line, made the run over in 6 days 10 hours and 8 minutes.

Pshaw! we can beat that all to pieces. We made the run over (our's was a bee line) in 4 minutes 59 and 1-3 seconds—from our house to the nearest piece of woods—when the officer came after us with a warrant for our arrest the other day.

WHERE WAS COMSTOCK?—The foot-line of one of Barnum's circulars contained the startling intelligence that over one hundred loose animals would be seen in the street!

A RUN of shad, b—s.—A foot race between two Quakers.



THE SHRINKAGE OF THE OVERCOAT.



## Answers to Correspondents.

"ANON," Brooklyn.—The great Dr. Sam Johnson is credited, among other things, with saying: "Few are there who are furnished with abilities sufficient to recommend their actions to the admiration of the world, and to distinguish themselves from the rest of mankind." THE JUDGE has a faint impression that you are not numbered with the fortunate few, and, with fatherly consideration, advises you to subside.

"ANTE," New York City.—The restless activity of some men—in fact, most men—springs from their desire of distinction in one department or another. We might cite illustrations of this fact, without end. But to be short and to the point, we have an idea that your desire for distinction in the department of wit and humor belongs to the order of mediocrity. We will, however, do you the justice to imagine that, perhaps, you are before your time, and may succeed in making your mark in "ages yet unborn." Bide your time, and, meanwhile, cultivate the virtue of modest silence. That's the way to succeed, in your case.

"R. D. V."—THE JUDGE is pleased to know that he affords you and your friends such a wealth of weekly amusement. Somebody has said that "humor puzzles logic," and that "laughter is a most admirable system of stationary gymnastics." Weekly perusal of THE JUDGE will concatenate your cachination. It was John Dryden who wrote: "It is a good thing to laugh, at any rate, and if a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness."

"J. McG. D."—You ask us to define the distinction between Wit and Humor. We give you an amalgamated definition from the writings of Giles and Whipple: "Wit relates to things, humor to persons. Wit utters brilliant truths; humor, delicate deductions from the knowledge of individual character. Wit implies thought—humor sensibility; the former is an essence; the latter, an incarnation. Wit deals with ideas; humor, with actions and manners. Wit exists by antipathy; humor, by sympathy. Wit laughs at things; humor laughs with them. Wit is abrupt, darting, scornful, and tosses its analogies in your face; humor is slow and shy, insinuating its fun into your heart. The couplets of Pope are witty, but 'Sancho Panza' is a humorous creation." We might multiply comparisons to the length of a chapter, but stop here.

## Tally-ho.

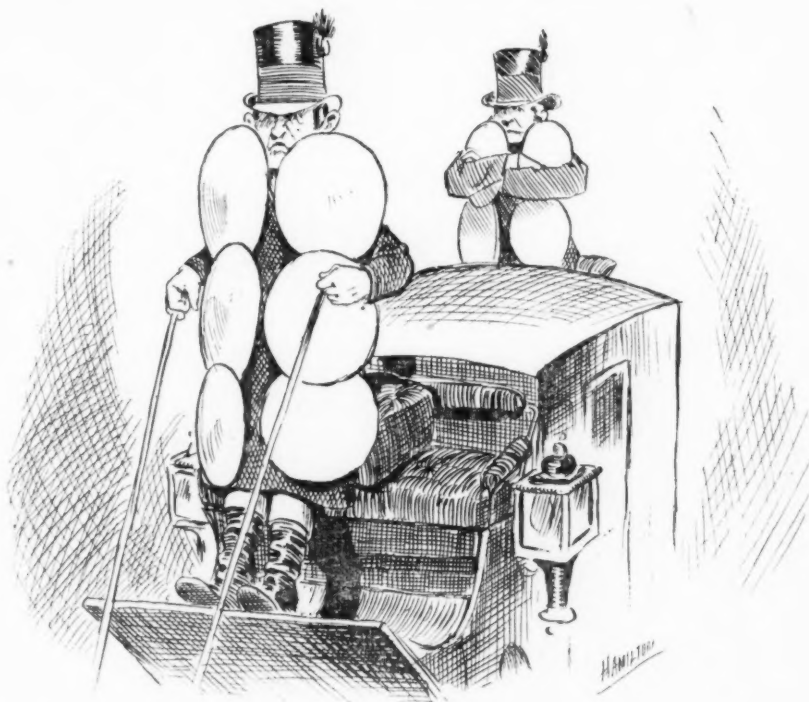
THE season is now approaching when the gay and festive butterfly of fashion will be seen disporting himself upon the box seat of his coach, resplendent, like the variegated garment of the patriarch of old, in its coat of many colors, with his load of merry outsiders and insiders; the conventional rose bud of crimson hue esthetically adorning the lapel of his coat, and the ribbons gracefully dangling from his daintily gloved hands—

And his coursers nimbly prancing,  
Like circus chargers dancing,  
Or round the corners gaily  
Like an arrow deftly shooting,  
To the tooting, tooting, tooting,  
The tooting, tooting, tooting,  
The tooting of the merry, mellow horn,  
In a way that some call snobby,  
Though all admit 'tis nobby,

to say the least. F.

A SHOCKING occurrence—the recent earthquake in England.

A MEMBER of the Shaker fraternity—a man with an attack of the ague.



MISS MARY ANDERSON'S equipage in London attracts much notice on the fashionable thoroughfares. The coachmen and footmen wear dark brown livery, with silver buttons of almost soup-plate size.—*Truth*. Yes, on second thought, they would attract a good deal of attention.

## Aunt Maggie.

DOCTOR MARY WALKER.

I've been wondering if Mrs. Doctor Mary Walker was any kin to the Walkers down here in our part of the world. She does resemble old Sam Walker some. They are very common, illiterate people, and believe in witchcraft. Her practice in medicine, I am told, is altogether in the black art.

It has been a custom of mine for years, when I left home, to set everything in good order; pick up all my cares and bundle them up, lay them in a secure place to remain there until my return. Cares are like Chinese: if left alone they will accumulate, and I always find the bundle has swelled beyond my expectations.

During my visit to the President it was impossible for me to feel at ease about my home affairs, for there was a presentiment that something was going wrong at home; but as I had gone up to Washington to rectify the blunderings of the President and his cabinet, I tried to be reconciled until all my business was transacted.

The President is said to be a good fisherman and spends most of his time upon the river banks. I've heard that a man who loves to fish and hunt was always lazy and trifling. Be that as it may, some of our big men in high places can be termed fishers of money, and most any of them would like to strike a government money pond, so its not worth while for us to throw rocks at the President or any of the rest of 'em.

Well, as I was saying, I could not feel easy in Washington during my visit, for Thomas Jefferson is such an everlasting talker that I knew he would be prowling about the neighborhood looking up somebody to listen at him. He, like most of the men, likes to go where they keep a spiritual flask, for it seems to give him a powerful tongue action, and he will stay and talk just

as long as he can get any one to listen at him. I had no idea that he would ever go to old Tibby Walker's, for she and her two daughters were looked upon as witches by all of our people. I can't see whatever could have induced him to go there; but he got well paid for it.

The night I got home I found Thomas Jefferson sick in bed, and the moment that I set my eyes upon him I knew that he had been conjured. Every remedy that we had ever heard of was resorted to, but all failed. When I told him of Doctor Mary Walker's fame in treating cases of witchcraft, nothing would do him but to send after her. So I called in my son (Josh Billings) and told him to take the filly and ride as hard as he could go until he reached Washington, and go to the President's, and tell him that although it was not the custom for common people to call upon His Excellency for his private physician, but for once let his charity extend to us, and let us have Doctor Mary Walker, for she alone of all the physicians in the United States understood how to take a spell off of any one who had been conjured by witches.

She came, and was dressed most peculiar. Her hat was a beaver. An electric belt circumbered her and held down a lavender-colored pill box in her vest pocket. She also wore a fur-lined liver pad, and had on a breastpin and earrings with the likeness of old sister Liddy Pinkam on them. I was glad to see that the government had set apart a style of dress for such women as she is, for I've got no use for a woman who tries to see how big a man she can be by stepping into some men's places, so for once I gave the President credit for some brain work. I saw that Josh was so tickled he could not keep still, and as soon as I took Doctor Mary in to see Thomas Jefferson I came back, and Josh told me that he had to ride behind the little darling, and he could not keep his arms in place to save his life; and that if he



OSHKOSH, WIS.

Editor of THE JUDGE:

DEAR SIR—I am a young man of good family and want to go to New York City, and be a Jay Gould or a Vanderbilt; but

I am poor. How do most young men start themselves?

Yours truly,  
YOUNG MAN.

[ED.—'This way.]

had not remembered that when any one would tickle the filly on the back she would kick up, he never could have had the honor of holding the dear little creature on the horse. We went to the door and heard Thomas Jefferson state his case to Doctor Mary. He told her that curiosity prompted him to visit Mrs. Tibby Walker and her daughter, and after remaining awhile he found it impossible to tear himself from them. There was only one room to the house, and it contained only one bed, which Tibby told him to occupy. He retired, and feeling that something would transpire, he determined to watch the three witches. He feigned sleep, and soon he saw the old woman look up the chimney; then she gave each of her daughters a cap and a broomstick; then placing a cap upon her head she went to the chimney and said, "Up and out," and away she went. The next daughter did the same, and away she went up the chimney. The third was about to go through the same programme when I jumped out of bed, snatched the cap and stick out of her hand, and placing the cap upon my head and repeating the words "Up and out," I found myself on the housetop beside the mother and daughter. Old Tibby stretched out her arm and

said "Away," and we all flew off on the broomsticks. We went over mountains, hills, valleys, and rivers, until way up in the peaceful valley of the Yellowstone we halted. Old Tibby gave a peculiar whistle, and Mr. Rufus Hatch came out to see her. She inquired if the President was there, and, finding that he was, told Mr. Hatch to tell the President if he wished ever to succeed on the next run for office as President he must immediately turn Doctor Mary Walker out of office, or her charm would be broken and she could do nothing for him in the next campaign. After delivering this message we all flew back home, and on arriving there got in through the keyhole. The witches discovered the trick I had played upon them, and, throwing some liquid over me and pronouncing some outlandish words, I was immediately stricken down as you see me; and now, my dear lady, cure me if you can.

Doctor Mary called for a hank of yarn, and, putting some of the hairs of a gray cat on the head of Thomas Jefferson, she pulled him through the hank three times, and he was well in fifteen minutes.

I don't blame old Tibby for wanting Doctor Mary out of the government office, for she will ruin old Tibby Walker's business if

she remains there. I wonder if they are kin folks.

Doctor Mary is out of office. What will ever become of the President if old Tibby should ever conjure him is a question.

### Ode to a Hen.

I.

AUTHOR of omelettes! Origin of eggs!  
High be thy place in proud creation's plan!  
If thou wert not, where were fair *fricassee*,  
Seductive salad, or the potted can?

II.

Some taunt thy courage, Hen, nor deem thee brave,  
When rude Contention rears "her wrinkled front:"  
Guard thou the nest, most useful of thy kind,  
While roosters, spurred, sustain the battle's brunt!

III.

Thou art not wise; yet wisdom leads astray,  
Through paths most devious, to conclusions blind;  
With level head thou thread'st life's thorny road,  
Leaving the purblind pedant far behind.

IV.

What be the goals men seek, but few shall gain?  
Fame, wealth, ambition, fleeting shadows all:  
Contentment, priceless jewel, naught can buy—  
Not all the gold hid in earth's rolling ball!

V.

Then art *thou* blest! 'Neath thy protecting wing,  
Thou gatherest thy chickens, safe and warm.  
What though a second Cæsar strode the blast?—  
Not 'pon *thy* head should break war's blood-red storm!

VI.

What though yon peerless Corsican arose—  
That giant genius, mightiest of man's race,  
A loaded die thrown by an unseen hand,  
To serve some end, then hurled to dire disgrace?

VII.

Still wert thou safe! Napoleon knew full well  
The perfect nourishment thy spawn supplies;  
He strung the sinews that wild Waterloo  
Alone might snap, before a dazed world's eyes!

VIII.

How fond thy "cluck," when quick thy callow brood  
Thou call'st to gorge some poor, belated worm,  
Some "evening reveller" (as Byron sang),  
Surprised at morn, and "nabbed without a squirm!"

IX.

Were I to name thy myriad virtues o'er,  
No editor would print my massy scrol;  
So, Hen, farewell! If thou would'st get in type  
I must cut off my tale (not *thine*, good soul).

### Skin-scraping Sarcasm.

"Is my shaving agreeable to you, sir?" a loquacious barber asked a customer whom he had been flaying alive.

"My wife would admire it very much," rather indefinitely responded the man under torture.

"Ah," said the barber with great complacency, "ladies are often excellent judges of their husbands being well shaved. And you think mine will suit, sir?"

"No doubt of it in the world. It was only this morning she became angry because I told her I could not afford to buy her a spring bonnet, and said I ought to be skinned alive."

The barber lost himself in reflection.—  
*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*



**Tragedy in One Act.**

"ARE you not glad, Angie dear, that Will is to drive you to Newburg to-morrow?"  
 "Glad?" said the willowy maiden, while a dark shadow passed over her Grecian features. "Glad? No, I hate him!"  
 The cruel words were hissed from her ruby lips like flashes of lava from the blackened jaws of an extinct volcano.

"You hate him?"  
 "I do. I loathe him from my inmost soul. And, Ethel, darling, to-day comes the hour of my vengeance!"  
 "What would you do? Oh, Angie, pause—"  
 "We start at 1 o'clock."  
 "You do."  
 "At 12.30 I'll—"  
 "You'll what? Oh, Angie, you make me tremble. "You'll—"  
 "I'll eat five of the biggest, rawest, rank-est, ruggedest onions money can buy in Cincinnati."—*Commercial.*

**Sowing Out Discords.**

A YOUNG man stopped in front of old Mose, who was sawing up a pile of wood on Harriot avenue yesterday afternoon, and—  
 "How many cords can you saw in a day, uncle?"  
 "Doan, know, chile; nebber tried to do my bes's I used to be a barbeh."  
 "I sawed over a thousand cords to-day in less than two hours, and—"  
 "Gracious, chile; am dat a fac'? You mus' be great wid de saw!"  
 "Yes; I did it on a violin."  
 "Oh, oh! I see; you sawed on a fiddle and made discords, an' no money; but I saw on dis cord an' make free dollars. It's all 'corden to how you saw in dis wuld."—*Oil City Derrick.*

**Told Him Politically.**

ENRAGED CANDIDATE.—"Thought you were going to vote for me?"  
 "Who said so?"  
 "You did."  
 "Oh, well, I told you so politically. Some time ago you slandered an opponent and excused yourself on political grounds. In business you might regard my action as dishonest, but in politics, my dear fellow, no man of sense exercises his honor. Give me a light, please?"—*Arkansas Traveler.*

**Honesty the Best, Etc.**

AN anecdote worth laughing over is told of a man who had an "infirmity" as well as an appetite for fish. He was paying his bill at the fishmonger's, and whilst the latter was making it receipted, with his back turned, the honest buyer slipped a codfish under his coat-tail. But the garments were too short to cover up the theft.  
 "Now," said the customer, "Mr. Salmon, I have traded with you a good deal, and I have paid you up promptly, havn't I?"  
 "Oh, yes," was the reply; "I make no complaint."  
 "Well," says the customer, "I always insisted that honesty was the best policy, and the rule to live and die by."  
 "That's so," replied the fishmonger; and the customer turned to depart.  
 "Hold on, friend," said the fishmonger; "speaking of honesty, I have a bit of advice to give you. Whenever you come here again you had better wear a longer coat or steal a shorter fish."

**He Could Not Visit Berlin.**

MR. SMITHERS ate seven pieces of steak and five muffins for breakfast the other morning and then announced to the boarders that he had made all his arrangements to spend the summer in Europe.  
 "Pity you won't be able to visit Berlin," remarked the audacious Bumble.  
 "Why, I will be able. I propose spending two weeks there," answered Mr. Smithers.  
 "Oh, no you won't," retorted Bumble.  
 "They won't allow an American hog to enter Germany."  
 There's blood on the moon.—*Hatchet.*

**Music of the Future.**

"DO, IMOGENE, keep away from the piano, please. Your attempted playing tires me."  
 "Why, now, Clotilde, you said only week before last that I was playing remarkably well."  
 "I know, Imogene. But my judgment was immature. You do play some of Liszt's simple music quite well; but since I was in Boston my soul cries out for Wagner. I would learn the 'Wedding March' from Lohengrin if I were you."  
 "I'll learn my wedding march from this house before you will. Your's will be music of the distant future."  
 Conversation followed by true sisterly silence.—*Hartford Post.*

**The Difference.**

"UNCLE," said a young man; "I read a great deal about light and heavy literature. Now, what is the difference, for I confess that I am unable to determine?"  
 "Well, young man, a writer whose works every one reads is a producer of light literature. There was Dickens, for instance. His is light literature."  
 "Yes, uncle, but his works created great reform in governmental abuses."  
 "No matter; his literature is light, for, as I tell you, it is universally read and appreciated."  
 "What, then, is heavy literature?"  
 "Something which very few people read. There is Herbert Spencer, for instance. No one cares especially for his writings and they have created no reform. Therefore they constitute a feature of heavy literature, and the world receives no benefit, only getting the view of one man. Light literature is human nature, and is of interest to all intelligence. That's the difference."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

**Taffy by the Ton.**

"How many times did the clock strike, lovey, the last time?" asked the spoony swain at the Sunday-night picnic.  
 "Two times, deary," answered the fair dove as she gathered herself closer to his paper shirt front and his 37-cent diamond solitaire. "Why?"  
 "Oh, cause."  
 "Does my darling old honey-bunch want to leave his little angel so soonly?"  
 "Oh no, but every hour I imagine I hear the manly tread of your choleric papa coming down the stairs."  
 "But he don't come."  
 "Not yet, I know; but when it strikes 3 I must be off."  
 "Why?"  
 "Because I fear the 'third term will be the charm,' and I would avoid a meeting."—*The Hoosier.*



DEAR JUDGE: I thought I would go to Europe in the State of Florida, but did not. The State of New York is getting very warm for me. The state of my stomach is very restless of late. I wish you would make a statement in your paper as to how I can remedy these things. Yours,  
 CITIZEN.

P. S.—I won't work.

**Honesty Is the Best Policy.**

"SAMBO," said the Judge, "you are charged with stealing two chickens from your neighbor, Mr. Bowen. Are you guilty or not guilty?"  
 "Dis nigga nebbah stole nothin', sah."  
 "Never in your life, Sambo?"  
 "No, sah; not at de present time, sah."  
 "How about the chickens?"  
 "Dis nigga nebba stole 'em, sah."  
 "Will you explain to the court then, how you got them?"  
 "Yes, sah. Yo' see, sah, dem chickens wuz a settin' on de fence wid nuffin' much to do, an' I frowed some cawn outen de yahd an' tole 'em powahful particalah not to tech hit, er I'd knock de thiebin heads offen 'em. Den, sah, I sot down an' watch dem chickens, an' dey don't pay no tenshun a tall; but bress yo' soul, Jedge, dey hop right inter de yahd an' begin foh to eat my cawn widout axin' me a wo'd. Den I done jis what I tole 'em I'se boun' to do, an' I knockt 'em bofe endways wid a pole."  
 "But, Sambo, you took them into the house and had them cooked for your supper."  
 "In cose I did, boss! Yo' don't 'spose I wuz gwine to let dem chickens lay in dat yahd an' spile, an' fill de whole neighborhood wid a bad smell, did yer? I'se a chu'ch membah, I is, an' I knows dat de good book says we mus' lub ouah neighbors, an' treat 'em squah; an' I'se gwine to do hit, bress de Lam'!"  
 "Five dollars and costs," said the Judge, and Sambo went out with a constable.—*Merchant Traveler.*

## In a Garden.

Now doth the lazy husband-man  
Emphatic murmur "darntheluck!"  
And with the hoe and rake in hand  
Prepare the beds for garden truck;  
While on the porch his loving wife  
With latest novel calmly sits,  
Or shakes her apron for dear life  
And "shoos" the chickens into fits.  
—*Bismarck Tribune.*

## A Sportsman Who Loved His Dog.

A LITTLE child who was playing near a bonfire, suddenly tripped and fell into the flames. A sportsman happened to be passing, and his high-bred dog jumped into the flames and pulled the child out. The frantic mother came swooping down from the house screaming:

"Is he hurt? Is he hurt?"

"Dang it, yes, ma'am!" exclaimed the sportsman, who arrived at the spot just before she did; "don't you see the feathering is all burnt off his tail?"—*Burlington Free Press.*

## Leap-Year.

Mabel.—"Do you try to observe the golden rule, Mr. Nicefellow?"

Nicefellow.—Yes, indeed. Do you?"

Mabel.—"Yes; I always try to do as I would be done by."

Nicefellow.—"That is the right spirit."

Mabel.—"But I sometimes fail. If I were to try, I should fail now."

Nicefellow.—"Indeed. Why?"

Mabel.—"I am not tall enough to reach." No cards.—*Philadelphia Call.*

## How Johnny's Father Got in Trouble.

"SAY, ma, was pa a doctor before you were married?" asked a little fellow of his mother.

"No, Johnny; what makes you ask?"

"Them medical men keep skeletons, don't they?"

"But what has that to do with your father being a doctor?" asked the lady, impatiently.

"Oh," replied Johnny; "I heard pa say that he had had a skeleton in his closet, ever since he married you."

"Oh, did he?" cried the mother, her outraged feelings getting the better of her. Well, when he comes home, I'll have a number of bones to pick with him."

Johnny's father will be more careful of what he says in the future in the hearing of his intelligent offspring.—*Scissors.*

## What She Borrowed.

THERE are families who live by borrowing. They borrow everything needed in a household, from a spoonful of lard up to a bushel of coal.

The other day Mr. Lendall, on reaching home, found Mrs. L. convulsed with laughter. On asking the cause Mrs. L. replied:

"Little Mamie Brownstone was just here on a borrowing expedition."

"What did she want this time?"

"She came in and said, 'Mother wants to borrow your best night-gown, 'cause she's got company and her'n looks old and shabby.'"

"And you let her have it?"

"Of course—poor woman."—*Washington Hatchet.*

KENTUCKY'S favorite son is Carlisle, but Watterson it has in the Louisville editor.—*Lowell Courier.*

WORCESTER has a policeman named Makepiece. It is suggested that he change it to Keepeace.—*Boston Globe.*

"PAYNE AND EATON" is the ticket one paper nominates for the Democrats. The order is wrong. Payne generally comes after Eaton, not before.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

THE *Journal of Health* says that a cold may be cured if the patient will eat nothing for a day or two. This may account for the scarcity of colds among newspaper men.—*Boston Post.*

MARY ELLEN CHASE says there will be three women to one man in heaven. We know who the man is likely to be, but for the life of us can't place the three women.—*Peoria Transcript.*

THEY continue to add stories to the tall tenement buildings in New York. The last is usually the story of the building's destruction by fire and the roasting of the inmates.—*Boston Transcript.*

PERSONS who write communications for the press, saying what they are ready to do for the good of the country, should always sign their names, as a guarantee of good faith. There is too much anonymous manhood in the world.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A GENTLEMAN was telling of the destitution of the people in a certain district in the far West. "Why," said he, "there are hundreds actually begging for bread." "That's pretty bad, stranger, no mistake," remarked a tired looking specimen of humanity; but 'tain't half so bad as working for it."—*Boston Transcript.*

Two bed-ridden consumptives lying in different wards in a New York hospital, have sued for a divorce, and the referee recommends that it be granted. It is suspected that one doesn't want to be prostrated with grief over the death of a wife or a husband, as the case may be, as such a shock might prove fatal in his or her present enfeebled condition.—*Norr. Herald.*

WILLIE GUNN and his son Jesse Gunn, of Georgia, loved and wooed the same young lady. The son, the son of a—that is to say, the son of Mr. Gunn, won, and married her. Pere Gunn, or as they say down South, "Pop" Gunn, was wildly incensed thereat, and got down his shotgun and lay for young Gunn. Young Gunn was up and doing, however, and getting down his own gun put a bullet through old Gunn just as the latter was aiming his gun at young Gunn. As Georgia guns are always loaded and made to shoot, the young man will be promptly acquitted.—*Chicago Times.*

IN the broker's office: "I understand that I can subscribe here for stock in the Meagre Railroad?" said a stranger, whom the hayseed in his hair and the mud upon his brogans indicated as belonging in the country. "Yes, sir," replied the broker. "Let's see; this is a safe investment?" "Perfectly safe." "And you have had twice the entire amount offered by leading capitalists?" "Yes, sir." "But the projectors chose to give the people an opportunity to make a good thing?" "That's it, exactly." "Well," remarked the country inquirer, "I guess I'll be generous, too. I ain't no hog. I'm willing to give somebody else a chance. So 'long." And out he went, accompanied by a chuckle in his throat and a twinkling in his eye.—*Boston Transcript.*

## Curious Folks.

"WHAT'S that you've got in your apron?" asked a lady of her colored cook who was in the act of going home.

"Who, me?"

"Yes, you."

"Whut's I got in dis heah ap'un?"

"Yes, in that there apron."

"Vidduls."

"Let me see?"

She opened her apron which was nearly large enough for a wagon cover.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, for you have taken nearly everything in the house. I thought you were a church member."

"Hole on right whar yer is, lady. Dar wuz two pies in de safe, an' I tuck one. Dar wuz two loaves o' bread, an' I only tuck one. I tuk ha'f o' de meat an' ha'f o' de udder stuff. Ef I wan't a church member I'der tuck all. Thinks dat I'se acted fa'r ter leab yer ha'f. I'se gwineter quit workin' fur sich curis folks."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

## Where They All Come From.

"OF what nationality is our landlady?" asked a Newman man of a fellow-boarder, while they were waiting for their usual morning hash.

"I don't know," replied the other, "but from the appearance of the kitchen and her clothes, I should judge her to be a native of Greece."—*Newman Independent.*

## Disastrous Advice.

A PEASANT who had seven daughters wearing out sole leather for him went to the cave of a wise old duffer and besought his advice as to how to bring them up.

"Marry them off as soon as possible, and you can break up housekeeping and go boarding among them."

After a few months the father returned to the cave, and his phiz had such a lonesome expression that the wise man cried out:

"Ah! you must follow my advice to learn wisdom!"

"The trouble is that I did follow it, but instead of having seven places to board around at, I have seven sons-in-law to board on me."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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ing from it, who will send me a postal note for the same, to my address,  
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We think that it is about time to place  
butter on the retired list as an obsolete term.  
—*Indianapolis Scissors.*

"His bark is on the sea," remarked Adol-  
phus as he vainly endeavored to escape the  
observation of her father's watch dog.—*Bos-  
ton Post.*

BARBERS always have mirrors in front of  
the chairs in their shops in order to enable  
their victims to see how a man looks being  
talked to death.—*Merchant Traveler.*

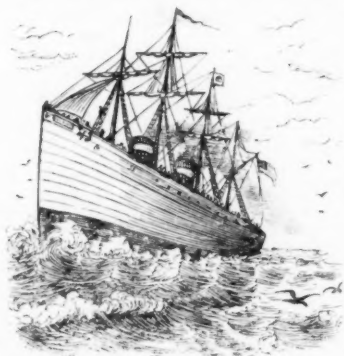
THIS is not a romantic age. Very few  
marriageable dukes nowadays go about dis-  
guised as tramps, but there are plenty of  
tramps disguised as dukes.—*Philadelphia*  
*Call.*

THE Boston Spiritualists are going to  
spend a matter of \$25,000 on a temple. It  
is suggested that they might be able to  
"materialize" a temple much cheaper.—  
*Hartford Post.*

At a public meeting in Idaho a motion  
was made that a motion of thanks be passed  
to the memory of a citizen who had just  
died. It was carried with much feeling.—  
*Bismarck Tribune.*

AN "international health exhibition" is  
to be held in London soon. A great many  
people have no health to exhibit. A mala-  
rial convention, now, would be "some  
shakes."—*Hartford Post.*

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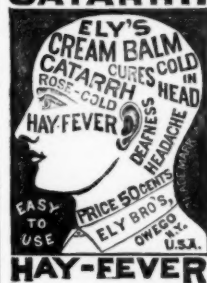
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