

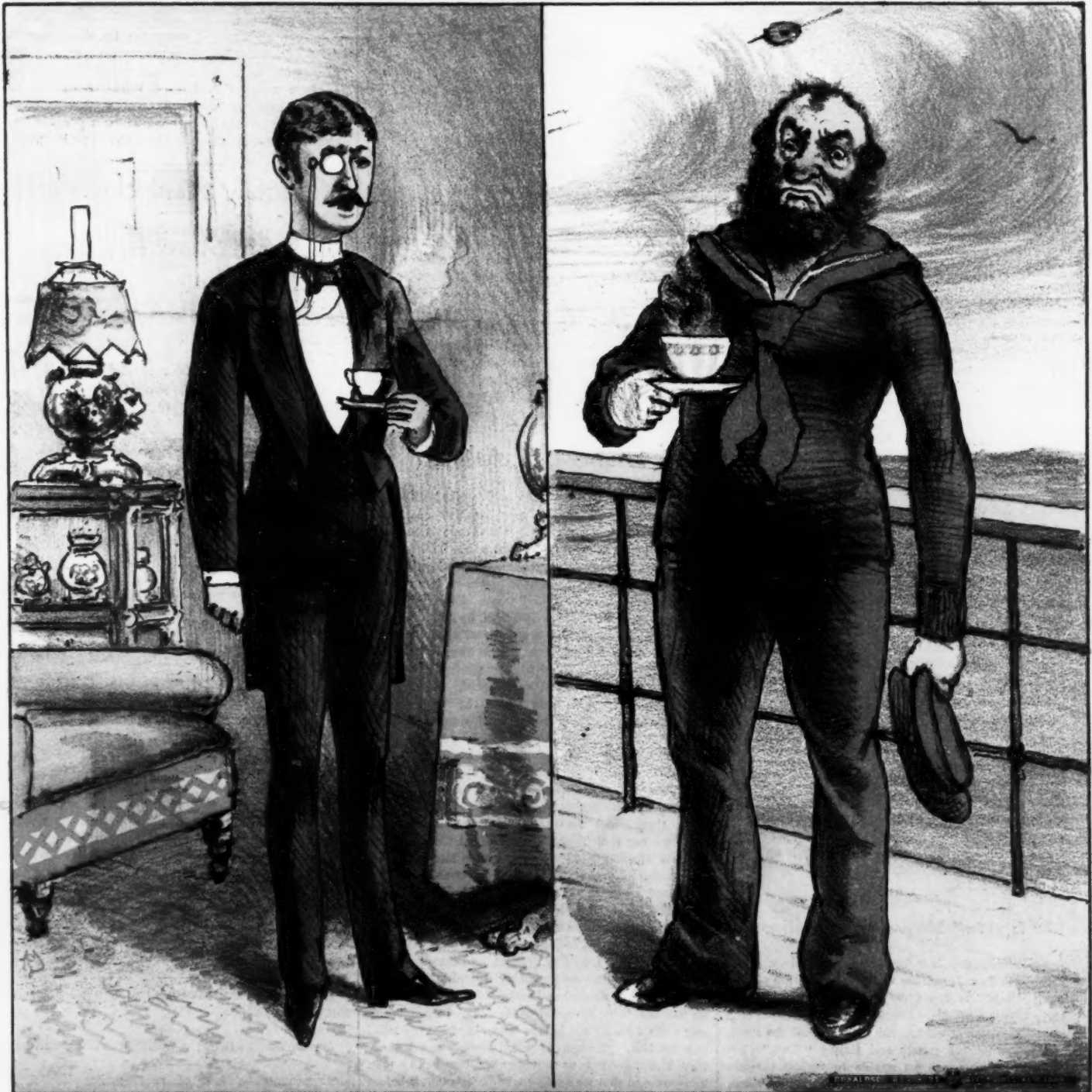


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A SAD NEW YEAR.

NO GROG FOR THE SAILOR, NO WINE FOR THE CALLER.



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A Sad New Year.

COFFEE instead of grog! Perish the thought, but, egad, it is true! Think of an English sailor deprived of his grog! We may inform the innocent and ignorant that grog is the sailor name for whisky, rum, gin, and other fluids, that have from time immemorial cheered the heart and softened the brain of the Jack-tars of England and other countries. In this progressive age we have no right to affect surprise at anything which may occur on land or sea. Now that we are officially informed that the owners of the English steamship lines have ordered that no more grog shall be supplied to poor Jack, and that he must hereafter rely upon coffee for solid comfort, we are compelled to be calm and to view the situation philosophically. But can the sailor bring his mind into the same satisfied condition? Will the bluff and hardy tar pine away, shrivel up, as it were, and float away into space from the decks and rigging of the great ships which plow their way across the oceans? And must we hereafter feast our eyes only upon dark-browed, dyspeptic individuals, clad in the costume of the once proud, red-faced English sailor? Let this thought also perish! Let advocates of temperance take courage. When they know that coffee instead of grog is hereafter to stimulate the workers on the sea, they will have reason for rejoicing.

The glad tidings that grog is no longer to have a place in the vocabulary of the sailor, seems to have had effect on shore as well as on the water, and the New Year's caller in many places was served with coffee where he looked for wine. At the first glance it may have created a feeling in the innermost recesses of his heart that it was a sad New Year for him as well as for poor Jack. But then, how clear and cool was his head on the morning after the eventful first day of the year, if he revealed only in coffee on that day. No manipulating of the barber or the Turkish bath attendant was necessary to bring his head back to its normal condition. He did not predict that it would be necessary for him to go to Florida or the Hot Springs for the benefit of his health, but he went out into the cold world with undisturbed blood in his veins, prepared to baffle hosts of wicked men, and pile up riches *a la* Vanderbilt and Gould.

"Chet's" New York Callers.

An opportunity is afforded the general public of viewing in THE JUDGE the visit of a delegation of New York "boys" to the Chief Magistrate of this great and glorious Republic. Politicians will recognize at a glance portraits of old associates, friends of the President when he was purely and simply "Chet." The "boys," it seems, are yet unable to realize the fact that time and political tides have not waited for them, and that they are struggling in the vast ocean with

the rest of the common people. They would gladly greet him in the old-fashioned way, but they have found in their visit to the White House that the atmosphere is somewhat stifling. The astonishment of the "boys" must have been great indeed when they were checked in their desire to hail their old companion as they would have done had they encountered him amid the exhilarating scenes of a primary election in New York. Men who do their thinking, plotting and scheming in the bar-rooms of this city are hardly of the right caliber to tread the carpets of the White House, and it is not to be wondered at that the corps of attendants in that almost sainted place rolled their eyes in horror and raised their hands in protest when the delegation of old-time friends of the President sauntered into the reception-rooms. Horror-stricken as these attendants may have been, how much more painful would have been the feelings of the people everywhere, had the New York visitors been permitted to hold high-jinks in the blue, the red, the white, and other historic rooms in the mansion of the President!

A cloud of gloom will no doubt be cast over the hopes of the "boys" who remained at home when they learn from THE JUDGE that "Chet" gave the New York delegation a very cold shoulder. True, some of the "boys" secured admission, but, oh! how chilly was the atmosphere, and how terrible was "Chet's" frown. Let the "boys" now know that the President is no longer "Chet," and that he is at last determined to add luster to his name. THE JUDGE is not of that class who do not propose to give President Arthur a chance. He long ago advised him to cut loose from those of his old companions who would detract from the dignity of his high office. Let him accept the new backbone which THE JUDGE advised Santa Claus to prepare for him, and show that he is made of the stuff out of which all good and great Presidents should be manufactured. Glorious results may yet be brought about during his administration, and THE JUDGE is disposed to give him a helping hand. Let him drive out of Government employ the blatherskites and popinjays who daily attempt to bring him into disrepute with the masses. It may be said that some of them are capable officers, but it must be plain to all who will take sufficient time to consider the subject, that only by harmonious action can good government be secured. Mr. President, THE JUDGE wishes you a very happy New Year!

The Old, Old Story.

MUST the old, old story be told again? We shall see. Tompkins formed as usual on New Year's Day good resolutions for the year. Tompkins is a bold man at times, and when he dashed from his festive abode the relics of many "good times," and in the most solemn and emphatic manner declared that he had turned over a new leaf, and would, for one year at least, behave himself like a Christian, he firmly believed that he would, beyond the shadow of a doubt, enjoy such a life. But Tompkins is but human, and THE JUDGE has had much to do with humanity, and knows how sorely Tompkins will be tempted. Before many days Tompkins will walk down the avenue, and will behold peering over the shades in one of his once favored haunts the smiling countenances of men who were wont to clink glasses with him. Ah! does Tompkins hesitate? We think he does. Does not Tompkins know that the man, as well as the woman, who hesitates, is lost? We think he does. Well, then, shall the old, old story be told again? Must we say that Tompkins could not withstand the glare of the merry old eyes fixed upon him from over the shades, and that he entered and was once more embraced as a "good fellow?" We fear we shall be compelled to tell that old story over again. But we are not anxious to perform that duty. Far from it! Poor Tompkins! He will doubtless re-arrange his old quarters, give orders for wines, liquors, and cigars, replace the charming pictures on the walls, and invite his old friends to "call around and make Rome howl." Yes, we fear that Tompkins will do all this and much more, and while THE JUDGE is in a consoling frame of mind he pities him. Tompkins will, however, at this time, very likely, request us to remember that he is a man of nerve, and that we ought to know him better before we predict all sorts of terrible things for him. We will

wait and see, Mr. Tompkins, and we shall offer up a silent prayer for you.

Bob Ingersoll.

THE Illinois lawyer sprang into notice by nominating Blaine for President in a speech which was bright and striking, and which described the Maine statesman as "the Plumed Knight." Since that time his fame has grown. His lectures, in which he shows himself as one who has no belief in the religion of the Bible, have made him famous. It is useless to deny that he has exercised a wide influence, both good and bad—bad because he has destroyed the faith of many men of weak attachment to religion, and good because he has roused many people to a peculiar defense of their belief. He is witty, sentimental, acute and interesting.

But Ingersoll has recently become a political prophet. In a lecture which he is delivering in the West, there are signs that he wishes to be considered as the fore-runner of Sherman, as President in 1884. The idea is, that if Sherman could be elected, Blaine would be Secretary of State, and Ingersoll Secretary of War or Minister to France.

Ingersoll is a strong Republican; but the country is prejudiced against him. He has made havoc with his opinions among young Hebrews, young Protestants, and even young Catholics. It will be interesting to watch the career of this peculiar man, against whom, as a possible candidate for an office under a possible Republican President, there will be great opposition.

New Year's Calls.

WELCOME CALLS.

- A CALL made by a friend who owes you thirty dollars and desires to pay up.
- A call made by another ditto with a present of a gold watch, or forty-dollar ulster.
- A call made by your rich uncle from whom you have expectations, who never leaves without "remembering" you.
- A call made by your ditto aunt who hopes you keep good hours, etc., and leaves you plus a fat check.
- A call made by your other aunt with your pretty female cousins with her.

UNWELCOME CALLS.

- A call made by your tailor regarding that little account.
- A call made by your best girl's father, who is of strong temperance proclivities, and, of course, surprises you in a Bacchanalian orgie with your friends.
- A call made by your landlady to inform you that she intends to raise your rent.
- A call made by a party of your chums who give you a five-dollar present and drink you out of twenty dollars worth of champagne.
- A call made by one of the many mendicants who wishes to know if you "won't do a little something for him."
- A call made by your friend, the bore, who talks you half wild and never leaves inside of two hours.

J. L. M'C.

THE JUDGE does not wish to indulge in any undue boasting; but it wishes to call attention to the fact that it was among the very foremost that made preliminary warfare upon three great evils which are being cured. One was in regard to coroners; another was concerning the treatment of people who are unjustly accused by conspiring relatives of requiring imprisonment for insanity; and still another is the treatment of poor and pretty shop girls by libertine employers.

VERY few ward candidates can afford to be bumper-proof.

THE man who shrieks with nightmare is living in a sort of sleepy holloa.

A MOST curious thing: A woman who is not curious.

EXTRAORDINARY feat of nature: Jumping from winter to summer without a spring.



NEW YEAR'S EVE.

The New Year's dinner—It's berry small fo' a goose, I know, but it's 'ceedin'ly nourishin', an' 'de grease an' good fo' de chillern's chists.



NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THE PROCESSION TO DINNER.

That Horrid Poke.

LUCINDY had a monstrous poke,
Trimmed up in *gendarme* blue.
And ev'ry place Lucindy went,
You bet, that poke went, too.

She wore it unto church, Sunday,
And sat in a front pew;—
The 'lastic bust, and off her poke
Against the pulpit flew.

The parson turned all colors, and
Announced "it was no joke
To have his sermon thus disturb'd
By that *infernal poke!*"

Lucindy bent her head in shame,
But soon the aisle skipp'd o'er;
And when she had her poke again,
She quick slid out the door.

She wears that poke no more, you may
Just stake your life upon it!
Instead she sports a gay *capote*
Nee tiny Paris bonnet.

—ADKLE.

Produce Market Report.

GAME fluctuates. You can just bet your best setter pup, it does. We've seen it fluctuate so you didn't hit one quail out of a whole flock.

Rye, corn and buckwheat are quiet but steady. This is a lie on the face of it. Six fingers of rye, or even the corn article, would upset the whole stock board, and as for buckwheat—well we'd like to gaze on the man who has eaten buckwheat for a month who had the appearance of "quiet and steady" anywhere about his carcass. He'd have a look of horror about him, on coming to the scratch.

Middlings and Shorts are in buyers' favor. Yes, we've always noticed that when we were middling short, that every transaction seemed to be in the buyer's favor. Very decidedly so!

Dried fruits show a larger volume of business after being soaked over night.

Old cheese is remarkably strong with a tendency to move.

Hides are steady at full figures. Evidently a typographical error. It should read: "Full hides find trouble in keeping a steady figure."

Butter is butter; but look at the bottom of the firkin before you pay your money. The word "oleomargarine" ten to one will be branded on the tub.

Hogs continue to be a drug on the market. You can find 'em without consulting your butcher.

Lard is strong. This refers to some which has been on hand for a considerable time.

Hops have an upward tendency, and can be classed as rather frothy.

Tobacco. There is a growing tendency toward discarding plug-tobacco masticators from the most fashionable society.

Hams have taken a back seat.

Potatoes have tumbled since the last Pat Rooney show.

Onions take the scent.

The tenor of the market has gone out for a drink.

Summerbreeze Tumbled To It.

OLD Summerbreeze had made his Christmas turkey purchase. His family was small, and in consequence the turkey was in proportion. The clock had struck five and the shades of twilight were deepening. The boys had made foot-slides all over the walks, and as Mr. Summerbreeze proceeded, his feet occasionally slipped. Finally as he rounded a corner the crisis came, up went his feet and down came his two hundred pounds of goodness. "How soft these sidewalks are getting," mused the old man; "they feel almost like a well stuffed cushion, a man might fall a dozen times and hardly notice it," and Summerbreeze picked up his paper-wrapped turkey, and carrying the animal by the legs reached home in safety.

"Here's yer turkey, old woman, he's little but he's fat as a dumpling," and he pulled the paper from the form of the turkey.

Mrs. Summerbreeze eyed the turkey. The impress of greatness was upon him, and he looked as if he had been flattened under hydraulic pressure. Old Summerbreeze eyed him, laid his hand upon the turkey, and then as a tear rolled down his cheek he said, "I tumble to the cushion."

A Christmas Tale.

'Twas a cold, dreary, winter night, when an old man, bowed by years and bad whisky, stopped in front of a saloon. Within, the lights looked warm and genial as

they glittered on the bottles and polished bar. "Curse it, curse it," said the old man, as he raised aloft his shaking hand; "maledictions on their heads, maledictions from me and mine;" and his palsied hands sank deep into the pockets of his thin, ragged clothes. He started away, turned his back on the glittering hell behind him, and directed his tottering footsteps homeward. The recording angel was just making an entry to the old man's credit, when, with a "hoop-la," the old soaker spun on his heel, glided in at the open door, and called for a hot whisky—he had found a dime in his empty pocket.

THE *Toronto Globe* says that one of the questions put to the candidates at a recent examination for the civil service held in that city was: "A man left \$20,000, by his will, the sum to be divided between his two sons, one of whom was to receive \$1,000 more than the other." The question was "too hard" for the applicants. Every one of them answered that one son was to receive \$11,000 and the other \$9,000. If that question had been asked us we should have asked how many lawyers there were in the case, and then cast our horoscope.

"CURIOUS Habits of Ants," is a newspaper headline. We have noticed it, but why this publicity? Most newspaper men know more about the curious ways of their "uncles."



INTIMIDATION.

RUFFIAN (with mask).—"G' me der taffy yer been a-buyin', or I'll scaller yer!"

DORSEY'S BILLET-DOUX.

To C. A. A.

Ah, "Chet!"
 Parblind, fickle, faithless "Chet!"
 Enemy
 Of Star Route men and methods, you!
 Most untrue
 To him who "shoved" the "soap" for thee!
 Woe is me!
 The Hoosier job you'd fain forget!
 Ah, "Chet!"
 Parblind, fickle, faithless "Chet!"
 Thy deceits
 Give me clearly to comprehend
 Whether tend
 All thy actions—stupid feats!
 They are cheats!
 But we'll get even yet, you bet,—
 Ah, "Chet!"
 Parblind, fickle, faithless "Chet!"

—F. W. P.

OUR CARD RECEIVER.

GO TO THE RIGHT.

DEAR JUDGE,—Why is it that so many people in New York are always running plump at one another in the streets?

PEDESTRIAN.

Because of ignorance and hoggrishness. If a man does not guide his horse to the right he is liable at law for any damage that is caused. But pedestrians in New York seem to take great delight in trying to go in any direction but to the right. If you are walking on the right-hand side of a walk, five men in eight will cross from their side to yours, and go to great trouble to take your place from you. They seem to think that if you have chosen that side there must be a chromo or something about it, and that they are going to have as much of it as you. And women are worse than men.

GERMAN COOKERY.

MR. EDITOR.—I send you a slip from G. A. Sala's book, in which he says that the good cooking of the West is due to the Germans. What think you of that?

GERMAN.

In a pretty good experience of traveling THE JUDGE was never astonished by Western cookery. Mr. Sala is as good a judge as any man living, but we do not know where he gets his dishes. Germans have taught that meat should never be eaten too fresh; but so have

the English; and certain German dishes with sweetened cabbage, garlicked meats, and raw steak, will never be appreciated by the descendants of the succotash and chowder eaters of this country.

MR. BERGH.

MR. EDITOR,—Do you believe in Bergh?

HUMANE.

He no doubt means well. But we doubt that his action arises from a very warm heart. His looks do not betray warmth, but cold earnestness. He is offensively good, and seems to enjoy his power. No doubt he rescues many suffering animals from the hands of brutes. If he is cold about it he may do just as much good. Ice has its uses as well as fire.

PHILADELPHIA STYLE.

MR. JUDGE,—What is the meaning of "a Philadelphia drink?"

ALECK.

There has always been a saying that a Philadelphian takes a drink alone, no matter how many friends may be around. But we think it quite untrue. No class of people in the world are freer in their way of treating than the Philadelphians. In fact people say that they are extravagantly pressing in their invitations, and that sometimes they are boisterously hospitable.

LAWYERS.

TO THE JUDGE,—What moral right has a lawyer to insult a witness on the stand?

PANEL.

None whatever. There are judges, however, who permit bullying lawyers to browbeat an offending witness, and to treat him as if he were a dangerous dog. There are judges also who, when appealed to by the abused and frightened witness, will give him the protection of the Court. Few of such judges exist. But while there are good judges in very many courts, while, indeed, the bench of this country can stand in comparison with any other institution, too great latitude is given to cross-examining lawyers of coarse natures and ungentlemanly manners. The cause, we think, lies in the fact, that too many lawyers have political ambition, and in order to accomplish their ends, they affiliate with low, vulgar and profane politicians, and thus become degraded in habit and in their estimation of their fellow men. It is nothing less than a shame that a brutal lawyer should attack a fine lady or a sensitive gentleman in the tone of a loafer who is calling another a liar.

THE man who wears a tight boot is liable to have a narrow understanding.

Good Resolutions.

[PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR PARAGRAPHERS.]

DURING the new year I shall give the mother-in-law and her tyrannies a much needed rest.

During the new year I shall also let up on the goat and his paraphernalia of old boots, hoopskirts and circus-posters.

During the new year I will likewise take a tumble on that long suffering subject—the mule.

During the new year I shall also ring in no more "Modern Fables" or Dutch dialect poems.

During the new year I shall ease up on the garden gate with its lover accompaniment and "old man" armed with club in background.

During the new year I will also give the young man with the lavender pantaloons a rest from his laborious duties of sitting down on the custard pie at picnics.

During the new year I will let the solitary oyster in the church stew live undisturbed in his lonesomeness.

During the new year I shall also ring in no more jokes on the bull-dog, or the Chicago feminine feet.

During the new year I shall put the ice-cream-with-two-spoons gag away forever.

During the new year I will let up on the stern *pater-familias* with the heavy foot and marriageable daughters who "hoists" the latters' lovers' off the stoop with his boot.

During the new year I shall also put the plumber and Niagara hackman in pickle, and only resurrect them on very rare occasions.

During the new year I shall earnestly try to avoid perpetrating bad puns.

During the new year I will give the straw hat a well-deserved vacation, also the watermelon, cucumber and numerous other worn-out "subs."

During the new year I shall positively write no more trashy humor in imitation of so-called trashy stories.

And in conclusion, during the new year, what I copy from THE JUDGE will be in each and every case credited to that journal.

Novel—Very!

[Abridged from one of Mr. Julian Hawthorne's last "Romances."]

"WHERE is Lenore?"

A slight contraction overshadowed the doctor's brow and passed away again.

"I presume you refer to your wife?" he said.

"Certainly—the woman I love—my wife, if there's any meaning in words. Where is she?"

"Her time has not yet come," replied the doctor.

"Humph! Well, such is life—and death! I have lived—I have been alive—as much as most men. And this is to be the end? The end! a strange idea, that!" He was silent a moment or two, and then said, "Where is Lenore?"

"Then, were you to see Lenore no more, it would not disturb you?" asked the doctor.

"I confess it perplexes me, and my mind is weary. I must rest awhile before considering it further."

And even as he spoke he sank into a lethargy.

[The continuation of this truly soulful "romance" will not be found in "our next,"—nor any future number of THE JUDGE. What little we have given above will go a long—a very long—ways.]

GOLIATH'S sword is on exhibition in Prussia. The weapon is ten yards long, and when Mr. Goliath attended a military ball and got his sword tangled up with his legs during a waltz, he must have felt terribly confused—but not more so than his partner. Goliath and his sword were terrors in an unpleasantness. He would watch his opportunity, and when he saw fifteen men in a line he would make a terrible lunge with his sword and impale the whole caboodle of 'em. Goliath is dead now. His death was caused by rock without the rye.

BOB INGERSOLL says Dorsey is a man of a good deal of will. Probably. But the Star Route proscenium doesn't propose to take Dorsey's will for his deeds.



HOLIDAY FARE.

"Oh, Tilly, ain't you got suthin' besides turkey? I'm sick an' tired of it, an'll be glad when I strike a beef bone again."

A NEW SONG SET TO AN OLD TUNE.

Air—"I Want to be an Angel."

I want to be an actor,
And stand upon the stage;
Of course I want a leading part—
(A *skull* or perhaps a *page*.)
I want to be a "Hamlet,"
Of much ability;
In "Romeo and Juliet"
I'll be the balcony.

I want to be like Oscar,
And lecture through the States;
I'm looking now for managers
To take my unfilled dates.
They must have ready money,
Or else I will not go—
I'll only furnish *brains*
To run the little show.

I want to be a manager,
For an actress (?) like Langtry,
And make a little ready cash
As does the shrewd Abbey.
In society *she* travels,
Recounting many tales,
Of her intimate connections
With an ancient "Prince of Wales."

I want to be an "end man"
In some good minstrel show;
Tho' I'd sooner be a Levy,
And on the cornet blow.
But if *they* do not want me,
I'll hie me then away,
To get the part of "Judas,"
In Morse's Passion Play.

CONUNDRUMS.

WILL Mace be able to spice Sullivan?

WILL you remember the letter-carrier on New Year's Day?

Do you think that ivy-green dresses should be clinging?

WILL Dr. Slade, the spiritualist, stop writing nonsense from Allie and Owassa?

CAN Billy Birch, with the chin whiskers, really tell as good a story as Larry Jerome?

WILL Mr. Wash McLean, of Cincinnati, ever learn that diamonds are not always trumps?

WILL New York ever get its drinking water from the Hudson, at some point above the influence of the salt sea?

KIDNAPPING is very nice if the child is fast asleep, but what would you say of a woman who cribs her own babies?

ISN'T it true that President Arthur's childish feebleness has put the last nail into the coffin of the Republican party?

WILL Joe Cowan, once a big influence in Tammany Hall, please ask Shied Shook where he can get some mustache paint?

IF Mrs. Langtry wanted to look upon a first-class real lovely darling, why didn't somebody tell her about the sweet Mr. Peckham?

WHILE Grover Cleveland writes as bad a hand as Horace Greeley, is it true that there is any sign of character in his penmanship?

WILL Mr. Joe Medill, the tall cranky and philosophical, of Chicago, ever learn that it pays not to be crusty and egotistical?

When Congressman Belford got indefinite leave of absence, was it so that he could go to Colorado and put up his fences for the Senatorship?

DOES Mr. Coleman do his duty as one who must give us clean streets when he shows us a smooth Broadway, but neglects the poisonous, filthy side-streets?

IS it not true that Mr. Tony Pastor counts his success upon the fact that he does not always allow his own likings and pleasure to dictate his specialties as against what he knows that the people demand?



ON THE ROOF.

SHE.—YOU (*moll-roe*) DO NOT (*miaw-w-w*) CARE FOR ME (*mo-o-ow*) ANY MORE (*mi-a-a-o-w*)!
HE.—(*Mia-o-o-u*) WHO SAYS SO? (*miaw-o-u*) DO YOU THINK (*u-o-o-l-o-u-w*) I WOULD HAVE COME OUT SUCH
A NIGHT (*moll-l-l-roe*) IF I DIDN'T?

TOGETHER.—(*Mi-l-l-a-o-u-u-u-u*)!

IN THE ROOM.

PATER.—"D—n it, there's no sleeping with the racket!"

WILL John Hardy, Congressman of this city, ever get rid of the idea that his mind bears any resemblance to that great mental cavern which lies within the head of that great statesman, little Johnny Davenport?

DOES Senator Pendleton, the civil service reformer, of Ohio, who has a Presidential bee in his bonnet, pride himself on his soubriquet of "Gentleman George" because he thinks that ice is more genteel than sugar?

DOES Emanuel B. Hart, with head drooping, and rounded shoulders, as if he were a philosopher studying sidewalk geology, have as much influence as ever among the Democrats, because he is supposed to know something about the Jews?

BOUCQUER JOHNSY, who used to monopolize the flower business, near Niblo's Garden, in the old Black Crook days, is now in Philadelphia, as spruce as ginger pop. But was it not rather a sell that he should have mistaken Mrs. Langtry's maid for herself?

WHY is it that, with the example of Mr. Wallack before them, so few of our younger actors endeavor to attain distinction as the perfect gentlemen, and try to gain laurels, and probably, more money, as specialists in doubtfully comic and heroic parts?

IS tall ex-Governor Gilbert Walker, whose hair is growing very gray, considered as handsome by the ladies as he used to be? And if he is, why in the world did not some one show his portrait to Mrs. Langtry before she became mashed on Freddy Gebhardt?

A TRUTH-LOVING EDITOR.

A STRANGER dropped into an editor's office the other morning and commenced in a confidential sort of way: "See here now, colonel: I have one of the most wonderful things to narrate you ever encountered in the whole course of your edito—"

"Stick to facts—stick to facts!" interrupted the editor, assuming a look of cross-cut saw severity. "No lies are permitted in this office."

"It is a solemn fact, colonel, and this is how it hap—"

"Just wait a moment," broke in the editor. "A man came in here yesterday, and told a yarn—a true story, he called it—about a horse in Cincinnati jumping through a plate glass window in a drug store without breaking one of the five hundred bottles surrounding it! And do you want to know how I rewarded the unconscionable liar? Well, I enticed him into a back

street and pushed a new four-story brick house over on to him and mashed him as flat as an editorial in an esteemed contemporary! Now, propel with your remarkable incident."

The stranger stammered and said he hadn't much of a story to tell, anyhow, and, come to think about it, it was not so very wonderful after all, and he would call again with fuller particulars. This high regard for truth entertained by editors generally is one of the beautiful characteristics of the profession.

A MICHIGAN paper says, "Bears are going to be thicker than grasshoppers in the woods of Michigan this winter." Correct, young but gigantic brain. The grasshoppers have all gone to Florida to spend their winter.

THE good man has desisted from putting a button on the contribution plate, and has substituted the dime with a hole in it that the saloon-keeper refused to accept.

THE man who thrives by puffing: The tobacconist.

PIECES of dog-collar found in sausage, and hair-pins in hash, and fragmentary bangs in the butter, are always discovered by the alleged humorous paragrapher. It is a retribution that overtakes him for devoting his money to the missionary cause instead of keeping even with his board-bill.

IT is said that diamonds were never more plenty than at present. And yet we know an editor who hasn't more than three or four diamonds to his back. In fact, diamonds don't seem a bit more numerous than they were twenty-five years ago.

A NEW JERSEY woman, according to a newspaper item, hearing her pastor say that the church needed a new Bible, went out into the woods and prayed for one. On rising from her knees she heard a rattlesnake, which she killed, sold its rattles for four dollars, and bought a Bible for the church. A man in the neighborhood, upon hearing of the incident, went out in the woods to pray for a new pair of boots. A rattlesnake bit him on the heel, and it took two dollars' worth of whisky to counteract the effects of the poisonous wound. And this is another illustration of the saying that "truth is stranger," etc.



POPULAR SONGS ILLUSTRATED.—"THOSE BEAUTIFUL BELLS."

A POETESS says: "Our Dreams Come True." Wonder if she ever dreamed that she struck a trail of gold and silver coins on the sidewalk, and hastily gathered them in until her pockets bulged out with wealth, and then awake in the morning and find her pockets still bulging? Or did she ever dream that she was bathing in a stream two miles from home, and some wicked boys carried off her clothes, and she was compelled to walk— Well, did the dream come true? She may have dreamed, as many do, that she was falling down, down, down a precipice, a distance of seventeen thousand feet, but we don't believe it came true. She will stop writing poetry when it does.

AN original, wild, weird balley-wabbed by M. P. Diddle, Esq., before the Society for the Prevention of Down-town Street Travel:

The shades of night were falling
O'er the City of New York,
As a boy emerged from his dwelling,
Eating a piece of pork.
He sat him down on a hydrant—
The cold he did not mind—
And sat he there and eat the pork,
But *threw away the rind*.
An old man chanced to pass that way—
I am now at the end of my tale—
For the old man busted his collar bone,
And the boy he *went to jail*.

The moral shows us all too plainly that hogs and Steam Heating Companies deserve to be suppressed.

ALEX. BLEDSOE was shot and killed by Sam West, while out hunting, in Washington county, Oregon. This shows how poor the late lamented sage's advice is. If he hadn't gone West he wouldn't have Bled-so.

OUR esteemed contemporary, the *Boston Transcript*, has the credit of being about the only Langtry organ in the country. It is certainly not unworthy so distinguished an honor.

SENATOR MAHONE wears no vest: Hence he couldn't pull it down even if he wanted to.

A NON-EVERYTHING society was recently formed by some young ladies. All went well. The young men pledged themselves to give up tobacco, to stop swearing, to stop drinking, not to gamble, not to cheat, not to stay out late, and finally an old maid who couldn't ever get a beau home, made the motion, that the society give up the company of gentlemen and *vice versa*, and then it burst up. Just like many other good things if carried to extremes.

COMMERCIAL intelligence: The traveler for a dry goods house is not necessarily a journey-man.

ROSA BONHEUR bought a lion for \$800, painted its portrait and sold the picture for \$4,000. Pretty good price for a lion; but some men in this country have paid a larger sum simply to "see the elephant" or to "buck the tiger."

CHEERFUL fuel: Keeping up a constant fire of jokes.

No, sir, I shan't subscribe to your sick fund any longer. I have been subscribing for the last fifteen years, and I haven't derived the slightest advantage from it yet. You must excuse me; but I object to be long any longer to a society in which the advantage is all on one side.

NOTICE of motion: Railway time-tables.

FAST colors: The jockey's.

TEST of humor: Wake a man up in the middle of the night and ask him to lend you a dollar.

In the House That Vander-built.

WHEN Bill and Jay get up a combination,
And cause the Wall street lambkins to be plucked,
Then Field and Sage, with much self-abnegation,
Will help them gather in the usufruct.*
While these four worthies are their pockets cramming
And men with "points" are kicking like a Jew,
The public gets a very general damning,
And gets kicked out by Bill's free-booting crew.

CHORUS (all sigh).

If you want to "bull" a certain stock a point,
Just get this dizzy gang to "work the joint."

When great trunk lines—admitting of no rival,
Are smashing things, and causing dire distress,
And having matinees at Spuyten Duyvel,
Bill calmly takes a drive behind Maud S.
While "telescopes" occur down in the tunnel,
His father's son, and friends, their glasses tilt,
Or take their S. O. P. down through a funnel,
Out in the marble house that Vander-built.

CHORUS (all yell).

While the little brake-boys have to bear the guilt,
There's fun out in the house that Vander-built.

—E. P. W.

* By permission of S. Jones Tilden.

A BLOOD-HOUND in an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" troupe broke away and mortally chewed the donkey. Each member of the troupe shook in their boots for fear it would be their turn next.

A YOUNG gentleman who was supposed to be very soft, was lately observed running away from his tailor as hard as possible. Medical science offers no explanation.

OLD jokes and old wine are both good, provided they are not repeated too often.

THE best way to curb a young man is to bridal him.

A MAN frequently admits he was in the wrong; a woman, never—she was only mistaken.

A SMALL boy recently said that he wasn't born anywhere—the house was 'torn down.



MORITURI TE CALUTANT.

CITIZEN.—"There, now, that's what I like to see, the members of the Police force enjoying their little fun among themselves without interfering with peaceable citizens."



MR. PROUSE COOPER, you are not insane, but you are "peculiar," and if you will go back to the store on Broadway, and attend to your business, you will make more money, and be able to defy your relatives nigh unto death.

MR. QUINTARD, Secretary of the Brooklyn Bridge Company, you are a specimen of a long-lived man of the world, who never grows old. And, yet, long-bearded Yankee, your own grandson can beat you at backgammon.

MR. HENRI LABOUCHERE, you are noted for your cool, common sense. You know something about America, because you were once an attache of the British legation at Washington. At the same time, while some people believe that you should resent the insults that gossip brings to your door, there are others who insist that silence is wisdom.

MR. MOQUIN, rumor says that you are proud of your three hundred thousand dollars worth of wine. You might be more proud if you would mend the manners of some of your waiters. For genuine impudence and saucy neglect, some of them were never equaled anywhere. You would have much more custom if you gave a vegetable with a meat dish.

MR. JOHN N. ABBOTT, THE JUDGE is not aware that you could or would think that he is trying to flatter you when he says that he remembers you as a red-checked boy who never went skating on Sunday, and so never got drowned through the ice. You have grown to be a big, healthy-faced, sturdy man. You are getting bigger and bigger. You are so straight that one might take you for an athlete, but not a Gebhardt polo player. When, every morning, you walk across Madison Square, your good-natured, pink-checked face is like a sunrise after a four days' equinoctial storm. You do not look entirely unlike Gus Hobart, President of the New Jersey Senate. But, Mr. Abbott, never let anybody use your popularity as a cause for going into politics. You have friends enough now; and you would have enemies.

MR. SENATOR MCPHERSON, of New Jersey, you first entered Jersey City as a drover. You made money. You are now not only a wealthy owner in the great Jersey City slaughter house, but you are a ready and successful investor in railways. In some respects you have a resemblance to ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt. You have surprised some of your friends by your readiness in debate, while you make no pretense to oratory. For a man so sensible as you must be to command so much success, you have made one mistake in your lifetime. It really does not amount to much, but it shows how a man can be deceived. You think that in a certain trial there was vindictiveness shown, because of a certain letter which was introduced in the trial as proving malice. There was no malice of any kind whatever; and if the man about whom the letter spoke had been in this country as a witness, then the result, at least in your own mind, would have been different.

MR. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, if your name goes down to posterity, it will be as a great codifier. You are as great in that respect as Livingstone. Such work in life as yours requires the very highest order of intellect. You will not be known very widely; for even Jeremy Bentham, with all his books, is not widely known. But Massachusetts can point to you with pride, because you are one of the most eminent of her citizens. Perhaps of the sons of your father, you are the strongest head, although God gave to your brother Henry, the preacher, a kind of temporary personal popularity, in spite of his wild theories, that you have never had. But you are more admirable personally than your brother Cyrus W. Field, of cable and elevated railroad fame. He is not at all popular, but is considered to be very sour. There was a time, however, when he might have measured popularity with any man in the country. Even if he had never erected the monument to Andre, he would have been personally unpopu-

lar. Both his manners and his features are against him. It is, however, foolish to say that he has been a tuft-hunter. His position as a cable-layer and as a man of wealth and social distinction claims for him an acquaintance with people in the best society of England. Justice Stephen W. Field, of the United States Supreme Court, is also less popular than you. Yet he has an idea that he will some day be made the Democratic candidate for President of the United States. But he never will be. That bee had better be lived. Among the politicians and journalists, who, after all, provide color for the public sentiment, which creates candidates, Mr. Justice Field is far from being one who claims great affection, or even regard. Besides, California will not, for very many years, give a President to the United States. He is in many quarters looked at somewhat askance. THE JUDGE does not think that he will ever be trusted. There is something in his peculiar Tennysonian hair and Assyrian beard which, while providing him with picturesqueness, detracts somewhat from our opinion of his stability. You are the sturdiest looking and manliest of the lot of Fields, with your massive round head, heavy bodily pose, and big, Mace-like, gray mustache. It is a little singular that as a Congressman you slopped over. In seeking for popularity you were like Jumbo trying to be like a kitten. You are a great codifier, a sort of legal index and digest, but Americans will never know you as an able politician.

MR. H. B. CLAFLIN, if THE JUDGE is not mistaken you belong to that class of Yankee merchants which numbers among its members ex-Governor Morgan and Simeon B. Chittenden. That class has not been driven out by the Jews, but it has been, at times, pretty closely crowded to the wall. As a class, it bears some resemblance in steadiness and in grip with the New York old mercantile class which had so many Dutchmen and Germans in it; for instance, the Havemeyers, the Astors, the Westervelts. But the Yankee merchant of New York generally has a little touch of queerness which makes him just a little bit "off" from all other kinds of merchants. Many, for that very reason, fail. It is surprising that so many succeed. Inside all the issues there is a clutch on the inner department of the burglar-proof safe which provides a certain amount of success. For instance, little Chittenden, who has been in his bonnet, has been able to retire from business with a large fortune. You, Mr. Claflin, have had your ups and downs. Your pendulum has gone both ways; but you have kept up a good average. There is a certain amount of respect attaching to your name, because you defied A. T. Stewart and said that there was at least one man whom he could not drive out of the wholesale dry-goods business. He was an excessively mean and ungenerous man, and people hated him so intensely for his contemptible, picayune, plotting ways, that when you defied him and refused to let him swinishly ruin you as he had ruined many others, they gave to you as much liking as they took away from him. At any rate, you have reared a large and successful establishment. It is in all ways an American establishment. It should be a matter of pride as well as care to you. You are a singular man in appearance. Your bald head is as pink as coral; the little thin silk-like tufts of hair that surround it are like little boiled shrimps. There is in your pink-and-satin face a look that at once reminds one of a peach-colored child and a plump-faced maiden aunt who puts caraway seeds in her cake. There is a good deal of bounce in you too. You seem to be a sort of living automatic baby-jumper. Men who know you and who have not always had the highest enthusiasm about your place, say that you are a real good man. You certainly are no hypocrite. You handle the lines over your dash board in a hearty way, and we wish that you had more time for that sort of pleasure. You are all wool and a yard wide.

New Year's Day.

MONDAY will be New Year's day. We state this as a chronological, historical fact, taken *verbatim et liberatim* from the almanac. Why New Year's should come on the first of January, is no more of a wonder than that the Fourth of July should come in the heated term, but we are not responsible for the fact and therefore shall

offer no apologies. New Year's day of late has fallen into disrepute from the fact that a wonderful number of lies date back to it, and men whose business veracity cannot be doubted, are invariably discovered to be Ananias on the swear-off schemes from that day forth.

New Year's day is a sort of snapper for Christmas, and comes in a safety-valve and retributory avenger for the gifts of December 25th. Thus the young lady who has received a pair of brass bracelets disguised under a thin veneer of gold, can return the compliment, by working a motto, "All is not Gold that Glitters," and get it round to her best young man by the 1st of January. From a social stand-point, the day is filled with joys and sorrows, coffee and champagne, big heads and useless resolves, and, from a business view, busy caterers, extortionate hackmen, smiling bartenders and obsequious lackeys. Our young men take advantage of the day to gain access to hundreds of residences, where, on ordinary occasions, they couldn't get in at the back door. Some come by back, which they refer to as their "private equipage;" while the greater number scoot from the nearest street car to the scene of their attack. Dress suits come out from all quarters—some borrow their rich chum's clothes, others appear in a "hand-me-down" costume, some in their relatives', and the remainder in their own.

They enter the room, take a seat, give their mustache—if they have one—a twirl, rattle off the remarks that they've made at every place they've called; say: "beautiful day—delightful driving—charming receptions—had hundreds of calls I 'spose—makes my ninety 'leventh—must be getting tired out—I am—no, thank you, won't sip your champagne—swore off to-day—haven't broken pledge yet—but if you insist—can't refuse you—must be going, three hundred more to make"—exit. And so it goes until a weary day is ended. Incident to the day, is the day following. A day of bills and unhappiness. Thoughts of wrathful creditors and schemes to stand 'em off, but I had anticipated. New Year's night follows close on the steps of the day, blending the two into one, and following it like a dream is January 2d, at eleven A.M., with a head that would seemingly fit a barrel with wonderful exactness. New Year's day is a great institution, one we couldn't well do without, but thanks to the unchanging laws of nature, it cannot come but once a year.

A DUTY of 45 per cent. has been fixed by the Treasury Department on "Sharpening Steels." That's very good, as in this way the government will only lose 55 cents on every dollar stolen. We are glad the government has sharpened up.

PROF. SHERLOCK has a musical farce called "Malabria" almost ready for production. It contains gems from all the light operas, and is said to be full of bright dialogue. The name would kill it in this town.—*Ec.* Yes, but every one would have to take it in just the same. It's such a catching fever, and they couldn't give it the shake. One good thing about it would be, that the dead-heads would not be numerous.

"RYE, next," yelled the brakeman on the N. Y., N. H. and H. Railroad, as he thrust his head into the car. A half-soaked inebriate, who reclined in a seat near by, shook himself together, and as the brakeman closed the door turned around to the passengers, and remarked: "Rye, nex? Not ef I knows my (hic) self; stick to the (hic) same bev'rage, old man, or you'll (hic) get 'toxicated. I had sas'priller las' time."

THE second player in a game of draw-poker is now considered old-fogyish: because he's behind the "age."

CONVALESCENTS from an attack of the mumps say: "All's well that ends swell."

CROSS-GRAINED wood is selected for the sounding-boards of musical instruments, as it produces the most music. Same rule applies with women.

A MANUFACTURER of baking powders, in trying to run down a rival's goods, says they contain alum, which all medical authorities say should not be taken into the system. We rise to ask what the alumentry canal was made for?



THE PRESIDENT
A DELEGATION OF POLITICAL FRIENDS



SIDENT'S ORDEAL.
RIENDS FROM NEW YORK CALL ON "CHET."



MUST BE MOST TER TEXAS. FELLERS, LOOK AT DER BUFFLER TRACKS.

SUSE ANTHONY, MY SUE

SUSE ANTHONY, *ma belle Sue*.
When we were first acquaint,
Your looks was like the doe, Sue,
Your dress was trim, though quaint;
But now your "pow" is bald, Sue,
Your "spees" somewhat askew,
And you've a kind of frosty air—
Suse Anthony, my Sue.

Suse Anthony, *ma belle Sue*.
We've fought the fight together,
For "Rights" denied us: you—to rote;
And I—*forbid* the "nether;"
And though we're waxing old, Sue,
Our hearts beat still as true,
For ballots, frocks, and—pantaloons—
Suse Anthony, my Sue.

—DOCTOR M-RY W-LK-R.

A LEAF FROM
LEMPRIERE'S CLASSICAL DICTIONARY.

(REVISED EDITION.)

AEOLUS, *l. m.* He was until recently the god of the winds, but has lately sold out to the Weather Bureau at Washington, transferring to that department his exclusive right of lying. Vennor and Devoe, in consequence, are rapidly approaching insolvency.

AESCULAPIUS, *ii. m.* The son of Apollo; mother unknown. As far as can be learned he was a good little boy, and stood at the head of the infant class at Sabbath-school. At the age of eighteen he studied medicine under old Dr. Chiron, a superannuated chiropodist, and became so skilled in his profession that he raised several from the dead. This was so directly contrary to every established law and usage of medicine that his brother-practitioners bribed Jupiter to thunderbolt him.

OMPHALE, *es. f.* A queen of Lydia, who coquetted with Hercules and called him her great, handsome Herkie until he became slavishly infatuated with her; she then took away his seven-shooter, policeman's club and poker deck, and made him stay in the house and stitch on her sewing machine and get up in the morning and do the chores before breakfast. When he became disobedient she spanked him with her slipper. This only goes to show that, in every clime and in every age, a man in love usually makes an unmitigated ass of himself.

ANN AXAGORAS, *e. f.* An eccentric, unmarried female, who persisted in wearing men's apparel. She contended that snow was black; she lived in Pittsburgh.

MARPESIA, *ae. f.* A very beautiful lady; mother of Cleopatra and wife of one Maloney. Apollo falling in love with her carried her off in her husband's back-board. Maloney pursued on a bicycle, but failed to overtake them.

PROTEUS, *eos et ei. m.* A god of the sea, who could transform himself into any shape. It is evident that he has been frequently mixed up with the appropriations of our present Congress.

ULYSSES, *is.* The son of a tanner; he was the most eloquent, wise and politic commander of all the Greeks in the Great Rebellion—especially the most eloquent. His wisdom and policy were judged to have

contributed more to the successful termination of the late war, than the valor of any commander, for which reason the armor of Achilles was adjudged to him rather than to Horatio Seymour or Horace Greeley.

UTICA, *m. f.* An inland city of America—no, Africa, in the country of Tunisia, noted for the suicide of Conklin—no, Cato. Conklin's—pshaw!—Cato's imitative cotemporary, Platto, attempted to shuffle off this mortal coil at the same time, but as he hadn't any life in him to begin with, of course it was futile to attempt to get rid of any. The endeavor resulted in an awkward failure, and he is now liable to a fine of several thousand nasturtii and imprisonment for the same, according to the new peanut code of the State of New York. The nasturtium is an ancient coin, much sought after at the present time for pickling purposes.

The Course of True Love Never
Runs Smooth.

CHARLIE CLAWSON is as swell a young man as can be found in all Newton; he is paying-teller in the Mechanics' National Bank of that town. Charlie is sweet on old Wilkins' daughter, a young lady of considerable means of her own, and who has a singular penchant for dabbling in stocks. Old Wilkins, by the way, is president of the Mechanics' National.

Having made a superb toilet, Charlie dropped in at old Wilkins' the other Saturday evening to while away a few hours with his daughter, Diana. They approximated on the sofa and went through the usual formula of shirt-bosom denting and corset smashing. Just as old Wilkins, who is somewhat deaf, entered the room looking for the evening paper, Charlie turned to Diana and innocently inquired:

"Have you any stock in—"

"Has who any stocking?" interrupted old Wilkins, looking sharply over his glasses at the twain on the sofa.

Diana looked as though she had a good mind to faint, and Charlie, blushing to the roots of his hair, hastily replied:

"I was speaking of your daughter's stock in—"

"What's the matter with my daughter's stocking," roared the old gentleman, "has it got a hole in it?"

With the look of a dying man, Charlie glanced toward the bay-window, but it was securely fastened.

"I—I—that is I, wa—was merely asking if your daughter had any stoc—stock in—"

"If she had any stockings!" shouted old Wilkins, dancing up and down the room and kicking over the center table. "You young scoundrel, I'll teach you to insult my daughter!"

"I was asking your daughter if she had any stock in the New Jersey Central," screamed Charlie, in a falsetto tremulo, but the old man's dander was up and he refused to listen to any explanation.

How Charlie reached the sidewalk, he does not clearly remember, but he has a vague idea that he was considerably assisted by the old man's box-toed number elevens.

The relations existing between Charlie and old Wilkins are now of a purely business nature.

R. O. F.

SPRIGGINS, aged eighty, has just colored his hair and whiskers. He dyed at a good old age—didn't he?

ONE of our very, very funny contemporaries has a poem on "Gas," written, we observe, in a gas-meter. In the school of light literature, this production will undoubtedly be accorded a place high up in its class.

THE difference between an overcoat and a baby is very obvious: One you wear, the other you was. *No cards.*

BANG-UP thing: A New Jersey powder-mill.

ALL newspaper poets believe in "corners."

AN up-town gentleman, coming home rather later than usual, was blown up by his wife. The wretched woman then turned on the gas, which had, so far as THE JUDGE could learn, done nothing to offend her.

MOTTO for police magistrates: "Let us speak of a man as we fine him."

IMPORTANT and true: The other day a very thin man was observed to fall plump on the sidewalk.

THE correspondent of an esteemed contemporary remarks: "Brokers must trust each other." Evidently the correspondent aforesaid is *not* a broker.

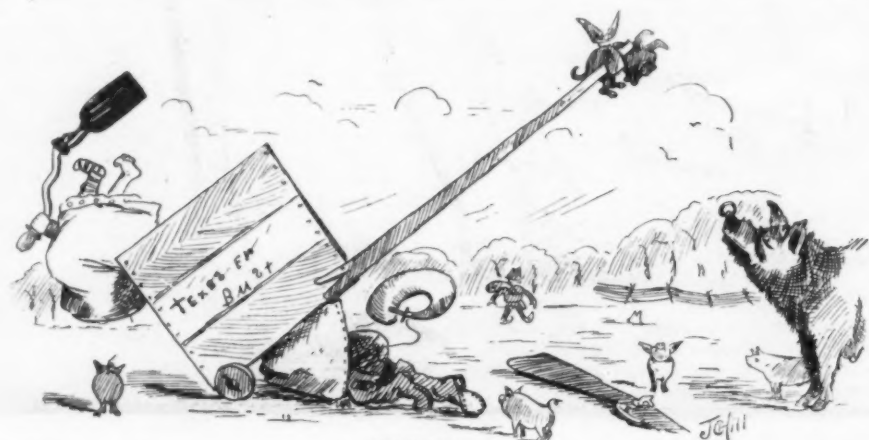
Poor sport: An old maid fishing for a compliment.

THE pursued thief who tore up the pavement in his flight was finally overtaken and captured, despite his supposed weapons of defense.

"LIVE and let live" is no maxim for the butcher.

WE read that "the Conard Company is going to substitute coffee for grog." Glad of it. Conard people have been rather too much given to grog of late.

TRULY, this is an age of wonders. It was only the other day we heard that "a horse was turned into a stable!" And this is the much-boasted nineteenth century!



SURE ENOUGH.

THE NEW PENAL CODE.

Sunday Offenses for which Fines will be Exacted.

A knowing look.....	\$1.50	An air of indifference.....	\$1.10
A freezing tone.....	1.75	Putting on style.....	.75
A studied sneer.....	1.15	Sulks (per hour).....	.15
A base insinuation.....	2.00	Pouts (per dozen).....	.20
A disdainful glance.....	1.25	Elevated scorn.....	1.50
A violent accusation.....	2.25	Loss of patience.....	.50
A severe frown.....	1.75	Ditto of appetite.....	.15
A sly move.....	1.00	Dispensing of cold shoulders.....	.50
A put-up job.....	3.00	Making light of D. D. Field.....	.10

OUR POPULAR FARCES.

REPORTED BY "ED."

OUR INSANITY TRIALS.

CHARACTERS.

MR. PERSECUTED, EXPERT A, EXPERT B, EXPERT C, LAWYER PLAINTIFF, JUDGE MCGINNIS, MRS. PERSECUTED, DR. BOVINE, DR. PORCINE, LAWYER DEFENDANT.

SCENE.—Court Room. All of the characters present. JUDGE MCGINNIS on the bench. Arise LAWYER PLAINTIFF.

Lawyer P.—May it please your Honor, I have come in behalf of my client, Mr. Persecuted, to demand his release from the lunatic asylum in which he has been placed for the last year. He, your Honor, is as sane as you or I.

Lawyer D.—I object. He is as mad as a March hare. Stark, staving crazy.

Lawyer P.—You are a liar.

Lawyer D.—You are another.

Judge McG.—Aisy, byes, aisy. Would ye cast a shur byant the coort wid yez personal calumnies? I will hear ye first, Tommy—I mane Lawyer Defendant. What proof have ye that Mr. Persecuted is insane?

Lawyer D.—He was committed at his wife's request to the asylum, upon the recommendation of two of the leading medical lights of the era—Drs. Bovine and Porcine.

Judge McG.—Are they here?

Lawyer P.—Yes.

Judge McG.—Call Dr. Bovine first.

[DR. BOVINE sworn. Takes the stand.]

Dr. B.—Am a physician of three weeks' standing. Consider myself fully qualified to tell sanity from insanity. Was requested to examine the plaintiff. Did so. Considered him a dangerous man to be at large.

Lawyer P.—Please state why?

Dr. B.—Because he's crazy.

Lawyer P.—How could you tell?

Dr. B.—He's got too much *paresis*—it is all over him. It is liable to break forth at any time.

Lawyer P.—Any other symptom of a diseased mind?

Dr. B.—Several.

Lawyer P.—Name them?

Dr. B.—He could not keep his feet still, and he wore a sealskin overcoat. Also told me that if he had a double-headed cent he could beat any man in the world matching for drinks.

[DR. BOVINE steps down. DR. PORCINE is sworn.]

Dr. P.—Am a veterinary surgeon. Therefore I hold myself perfectly competent to judge of a man's rationality. Am of the opinion that Mr. Persecuted is demented.

Lawyer P.—Upon what grounds do you base your belief?

Dr. P.—I made a personal examination.

Lawyer P.—And you discovered insanity?

Dr. P.—I did.

Lawyer P.—State them.

Dr. P.—First, he had a *Puck* in his pocket. Second, he wore a watch-chain outside of his coat. Third, he told me that if he had fifteen thousand dollars he would start a comic paper. Fourth, he kept constantly twitching about, alleging that he had for the first time that day put on his winter flannels. The excuse was but a subterfuge. I could easily see that he was suffering from *dementia of the thorax*.

[DR. PORCINE steps down. LAWYER DEFENDANT marshals forth Mrs. PERSECUTED.]



A HOLIDAY THOUGHT.

"Bessy, I'll bet she's got a bully stocking to hang up. Just think what it'd hold."

Mrs. P.—Am Mr. Persecuted's wife. Have been married ten years. We had always lived very happily till a year ago, when he began to evince signs of mental incapacity.

Lawyer P.—What was the first sign you noted?

Mrs. P.—He refused to buy me a sealskin sacque. Said that I had two fur-lined circulars and a couple of dolmans already, and did I want the world?

Lawyer P.—What else?

Mrs. P.—He then joined the Masons, and stayed out all night to the lodge.

Lawyer P.—Proceed.

Mrs. P.—He ran upon the Republican ticket for Alderman in the First Ward.

Lawyer P.—Any other sign of lunacy?

Mrs. P.—Plenty. I told him one day that dear mother was coming to see us for several weeks. He flew into a towering rage, and said that he guessed not, that if the old fagot dared to put her wrinkled countenance inside of the house he would cremate her.

Lawyer P.—Then you went to Drs. Porcine and Bovine and had him sent to the asylum?

Mrs. P.—Yes.

Lawyer P.—How much did it cost?

Mrs. P.—Ten dollars apiece. You see they had to make a personal examination. Dr. Porcine said that if I had only brought along a lock of his hair or his picture for them to judge of his sanity by, I might have saved money.

Lawyer P.—Now, Mrs. P., did not you say that if the old scarecrow (meaning Mr. P.) was out of the way, that you could catch on to his money, go to Europe, and have a good time?

Mrs. P. (weeping).—M—maybe I did. W—who g—g—give me away?

Lawyer P.—That will do. You may retire.

Lawyer D.—Judge, will you allow a poor, defenseless woman, broken-spirited, bowed down with grief, to be bullied that way? These are not the days of the Robber Barons of the Rhine, of the—

Judge McG. (confidentially).—Arrrgh, Tommy, come off. None av yez siven furlong spaches. 'Tis meself who is in a hurry to-day. Projuce the rist av yez witnesses.

[EXPERT A is put upon the stand.]

Expert A.—Have made a study of insanity for a month. Previous to that was a car-driver. Mr. Persecuted is crazy. Can tell it by his pulse. Also by the yellowness of the retina of his eye. I am the only expert in the business. All others are frauds.

[EXPERT B takes the stand for the Plaintiff.]

Expert B.—Am perfectly versed in madness. Have made it a specialty ever since I left the stock yards seven weeks ago. Mr. Persecuted is sane. There is but one expert in insanity in the world. It is myself. Every other expert is a liar.

[EXPERT C testifies next.]

Expert C.—Have devoted all of my life with the exception of fifty-one years to the study of mental diseases. Am fifty-two years old now. Mr. Persecuted is neither sane nor insane. He is neither. Would not believe Experts A or B under oath.

Lawyer P.—Now, Judge, we will put the innocent object of this foul conspiracy upon the stand. We will prove him to be the victim of a most scandalous, devilish—

Judge McG. (in a whisper).—Davie?

Lawyer P.—Well?

Judge McG.—Cut it short!

[LAWYER PLAINTIFF cessates. MR. PERSECUTED is put upon the stand.]

Mr. Persecuted.—Ain't crazy. Am (hic) full. Went out recesh, got four (hic) brandies an' a bottle of ale. Everybody (hic) crazy 'cept me. I'm drunk. Totally in'cent crazyness—foul (hic) plot. Lick anybody in court-roomsh. Want (hic) to go sleepsh. (Retires to court-room floor.)

Lawyer P.—There, your Honor, did ever you hear such lucidity of ideas, such clearness of expression, and yet they call that man mad! Heavens, can the sun shine upon such infamy!

Judge McG. (scratches his head).—Shure, I am more mixed up than I wur prayvious. I will—

Lawyer P.—Discharge him?

Lawyer D.—Send him back?

Mr. P.—Stan' treat?

Judge McG.—No, no. I will raylase him upon his own raycognoizance and appoint a REFEREE.

[CURTAIN.]



OUTSIDERS, as a rule, regard the holidays as the bonanza season of theatrical managers. They see the holiday house—or houses rather, for the holiday matinee is an institution which must not be left out of the account—crowded to the doors, and naturally say that the management must be coining money. Any one in the business, however, will tell you a very different story. Perhaps the worst week in the year, theatrically considered, is the week before Christmas, and a couple of big houses on Christmas Day can do but little to make up the deficit. Why this should be so—why business should decline so enormously just before the 25th of December, is a phenomenon for which a variety of explanations have been offered, but the most plausible one is, that people are spending money on Christmas presents, and have little left for amusements, and the peculiar excitements of the season are sufficient to divert that little into other channels.

The most interesting change of bill presented during the past week, was Madame Modjeska's Viola, in "Twelfth Night." She also played Camille; but "Camille" is a hackneyed play, and the lady's performance in the title role is one well remembered from her former visit. It is not very far from being the most satisfactory Camille this country has ever seen. Those who are fond of comparisons will probably draw a parallel between it and Sarah Bernhardt's Dame aux Camellias, and will be constrained to concede points of excellence to Madame Modjeska, which they will withhold from the famous Frenchwoman. In Viola, however, she breaks comparatively new ground, and has only to dread comparison with the memory of the vanished art of Adelaide Neilson. That comparison THE JUDGE does not feel himself called upon to draw. He is too thankful that there is still an artist to revive occasionally one of Shakespeare's charming heroines. We have had "Twelfth Night" cut, stuffed and altered to suit the eccentricities of Robson & Crane, who played with Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek created into star parts—a good and laughable performance in its way, but not Shakespeare. Of the Viola of that cast, played by a lady of the stock, THE JUDGE has no recollection, and at best in the "Twelfth Night" according to Robson & Crane, it was a role of subsidiary importance. Madame Modjeska's Viola is a pleasing performance, scarcely great, but always intelligent, marred somewhat by her foreign English, but everywhere vivified and brightened by her magnetic personality. It is drawn on the same general lines as her Rosalind. That is, any one familiar with the two heroines could accurately predict, from a memory of Modjeska's Rosalind, how she would render any given passage of Viola. By the way, speaking of "As You Like It," we have had another ambitious Rosalind in the neighborhood. The part has been essayed by Margaret Mather, in Williamsburg, and the good people of Eastern Brooklyn have been edified by the—alas!—not uncommon spectacle of a raw amateur, with nothing to recommend her save unlimited assurance and circus-like advertising, undertaking to portray one of the most beautiful and delicately shaded creations of Shakespeare's genius. Poor Williamsburg! It could only enter a mute protest against the act of vandalism by its absence from the theater, and this it did most eloquently. Every row of empty benches protested thousand-tongued against the profanation. Miss Mather's Rosalind was a shade or two worse than Mrs. Langtry's. Figure out its depths of abasement, ye who thought amateur idiocy had reached its lowest abyss in the Jersey Lily.

"Old Heads and Young Hearts" re-introduced John Gilbert to his old friends at Wallack's, and he was received with a hearty welcome. The change from the

inanity of the "Queen's Shilling" is a welcome one. Lotta has been working hard and successfully at the Grand, and has recovered a portion of the ten thousand dollars which, in a weak moment, she paid to Messrs. Reade and Pettitt for the American right in an unwritten drama—said drama, as THE JUDGE has already taken occasion to remark, having proved so rank a failure as barely to survive its initial production. The other theaters have drifted past Christmas, and are contemplating the opening of a new year without an event worthy THE JUDGE's attention, or that of his friends.

"A cow and a German woman were seen in Minnesota, the other day, under the same yoke hauling a drag in the field." When Mr. S. P. C. A. Bergh hears this, his heart will bleed for that poor cow.

A MAN in Illinois recently sold his wife for a keg of beer. Since the Democratic victory beer is almost given away in some States.

THE dog census of the United States is estimated at 15,000,000. Now some mathematical fiend will not be happy until he informs the public how many times around the world their tails would reach, if amputated and spliced together—an undertaking, by the way, that seems almost impracticable.

At Keyport recently, girl twins born to one family, were matched next day by a pair of boys born to another family living directly opposite. And now a newspaper man, not long married, living in that town, has moved to a house facing a residence occupied by four old maids. He believes in the motto "In time of war prepare for peace."

THE Imperial Gazette of Peking is fifteen hundred years old; but the report that American circus clowns select their jokes from the first volume of this journal is a base slander. The Gazette is as free from jokes as a London comic weekly.

An exchange prints an article entitled "How to Behave at a Funeral." It is timely. Nothing is more calculated to cause adverse comment at a funeral than for the mourners to indulge in a game of leap-frog, or play seven-up for the drinks, while the late lamented is being lowered into the silent tomb.

A SCIENTIFIC sharp has measured the film of a soap bubble about to burst, and finds it about three-fourths of a millionth of an inch in thickness. We always thought it was about that thick. He should now bend his energies to ascertaining the number of pages in a volume of smoke.

OSCAR WILDE says he possesses more brains than his critics. If he were to be arrested on that charge, and tried in court, an average jury would pronounce him "not guilty," without leaving the box.

A DR. ICHIS practices medicine in an Ohio town. It would be cruel to say that his patients are "killed by inches,"—although it might be true.

COURSE of events: The race-course, of course.

HOPING against hope: Taking a policy ticket.

COOL undertaking: Harvesting the ice crop.

TIME may find plenty of sand for his hour glass in any sugar case.

An up-town teetotaler recently broke off a match because the young lady had an amazing flow of spirits.

SOCIALISM is just now doing Herr Most, if not worst, in New York.

WE hear a great deal about "legal tender," but the man who makes a practice of going to law often finds it rather more tough than tender.

A NOVEL called "A Golden Sorrow" is advertised. We are looking for a sequel entitled "Cast-Iron Happiness," or "A Silver Joy."

"THE wicked stand on slippery places," so we read. Are we to infer from this that the righteous fall thereon? It is well to be explicit in illustration, as in other things.

A "CONSTANT READER" writes to a rural journal complaining of "dead cats in the spring." Goodness, man! what do you want, anyhow? Dead cats in the spring are preferable to live cats in the fall—or in any other season. They are not so vociferously vocal.

A WOMAN entered a saloon in Jersey City, kicked over a table, smashed a dozen glasses, shook her fist under the bar-keeper's nose and called him a fiend, and led her husband out by the ear. The bar-keeper from over the Rhine, closed one eye significantly, and remarked to a terrified customer, "By chinks! maybe she vas mad about somedings—eh?"

WHIFFS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

G. Y. C.—The matter has been attended to.

E. T. HANSON.—No more, good friend, no more!

W. D. P.—Not available, but you might try again.

G. K.—Excuse us if we turn our back on your last.

P. BEARLEIGH.—A happy New Year and many returns.

O. F. EATON.—Not available, but another motion will be in order.

J. E. FERGUSON.—Your "Elevator" is not elevating enough, besides it is too old.

A. M. T.—Some accepted, but the longest are too long and unoriginal. You can do better.

S. W. C.—You go back too far—we use, pay for, or return whenever stamps are sent with articles.

R. T. L.—"Have we any use for another paragrapher?" Well, send on something and we will tell you.

"SOME WATERMELONS."—You sent us an ordinary sketch, but—most extraordinary—you sent no address.

D. DINWIDDY.—Your last "ballad" hath an ancient and fish-like flavor. Don't try the thing again if you please. It will work only once in a lifetime.

"V."—Very tart. Perhaps you think *Patience* and *Bunthorn* something new. There was a time when such an effusion as yours might have been crowded down—into a waste basket.

FREDRICK LENNOX.—No, Freddy, we do not publish bathing scenes in winter. They somehow seem inappropriate. But be good and keep on trying; you may get on to something seasonable during the next twelve months.

FRANK B.—We do not like to publish ground plans or marginal notes with our illustrations, which we should be obliged to do if we made use of your "I stood on the bridge at midnight." Don't sin in this way again and we will forgive you.

Castoria.

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Children bloom but they die in teething;
Example take from Queen Victoria—
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BISMARCK has ordered that American pork shall not be allowed to be sold in Germany. Does that man realize what a fearful retaliation America could indulge in, that would make Bismarck put his finger to his nose and say: "Vas ish dot? Mine Got in himmel, dose vill nefer do."—*Peck's Sun.*

SOME one has discovered that very rich people are rarely found in places of amusement. Probably on account of their inability to obtain free passes.—*Norris town Herald.*

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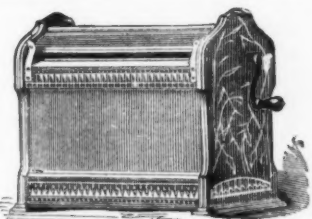
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A young lady complains to us in a letter because her affianced lover called her "ox-eyed," in a recent epistle, which was otherwise of a loving and affectionate character. The term is highly classical and complimentary. Homer speaks of "ox-eyed Juno," and it is a tribute to the beauty of your orbs. So don't get ox-eyed about it.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

We felt some alarm when we read the announcement that the Municipal Bank of Skopin, Russia, had failed for twelve millions, until we discovered on examination of our various bank accounts that we had no money deposited with that concern. They haven't been Skopin in any of our ducats.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

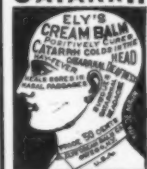
"Your husband is a staid man now, is he not?" asked a former schoolmate of her friend who had married a man rather noted for his fast habits. "I think so," was the reply; "he stayed out all last night.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

MADAME LABOUCHERE, just before sailing for Europe, lost a trunk containing fourteen bonnets, four silk sacques, and other property. Fortunately her other twenty-five bonnets were in another trunk, so she was not compelled to go home bareheaded.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Indian Department," Washington, D. C.

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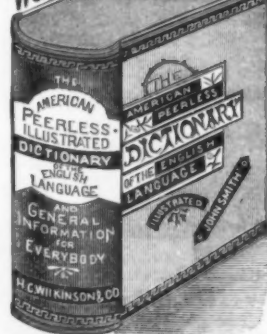
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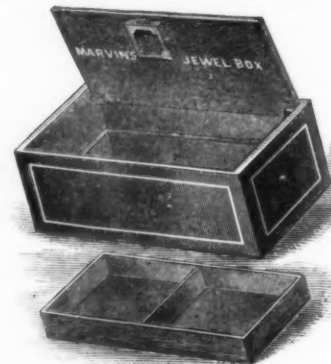
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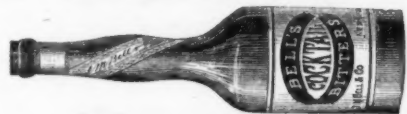
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For can't you see with half an eye,
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I'd be the one to wield the strap,
And pa would get the spanking!"
—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A CONNECTICUT man has invented a machine for counting money. Editors have long felt the want of some such labor-saving machinery; and now if the Connecticut man will put an attachment on his machine to enable a man to get money as fast as it will count it, he can sell the contrivance for seven dollars and a half.—*Norristown Herald.*

An article entitled "How to Wash the Baby" is going the rounds of the press. Persons who read it will be surprised to learn that the infant is washed with water, but is not run through a wringing machine and hung out on the line to dry.—*Norristown Herald.*

"HEAVENS!" shrieked an excited mother, as the nurse let the baby fall over the second floor banister; "two inches nearer the wall and that child would have smashed a \$50 statuette and the hall lamp!" And then they picked up the baby.—*Bergen County Democrat.*

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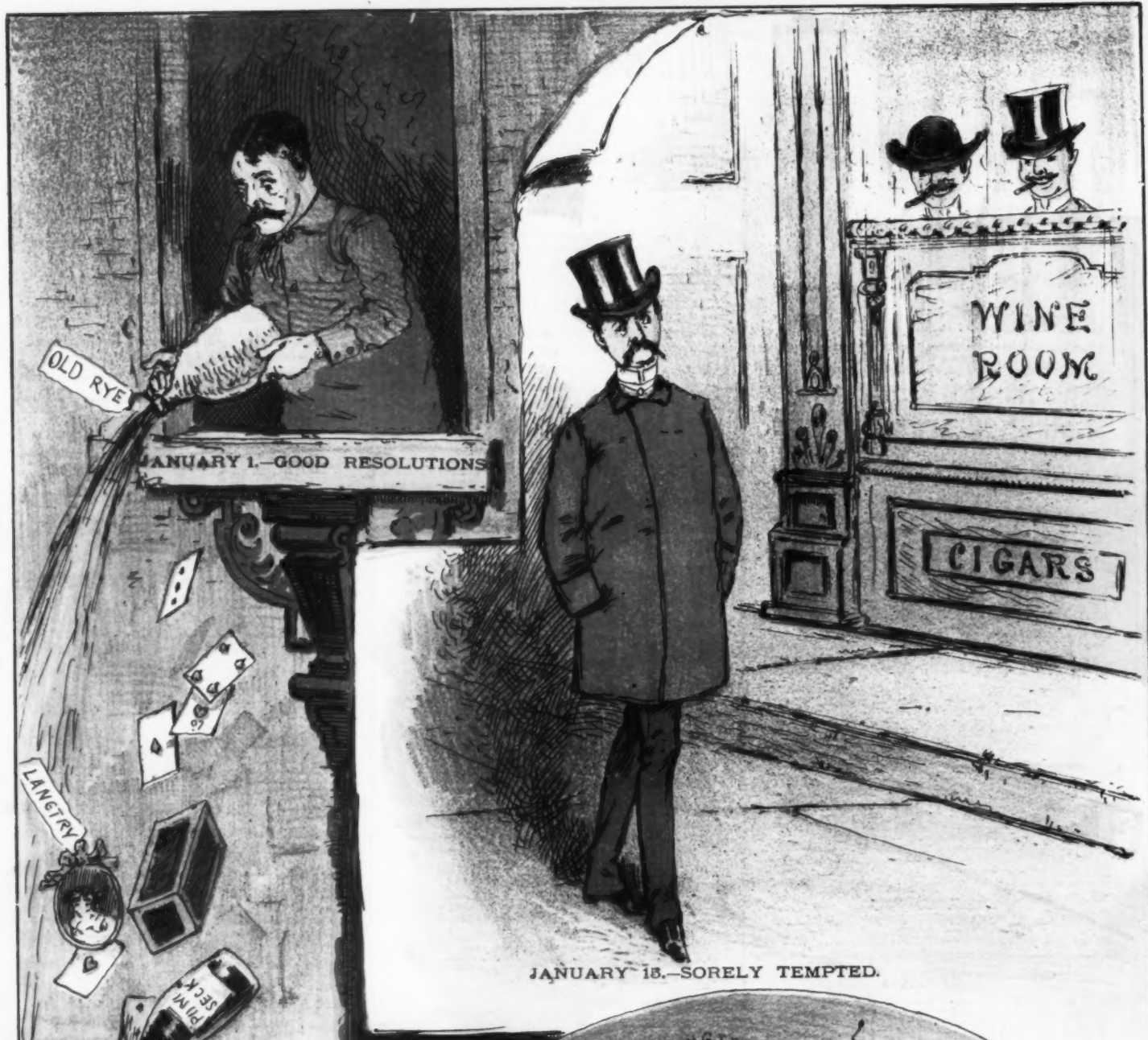
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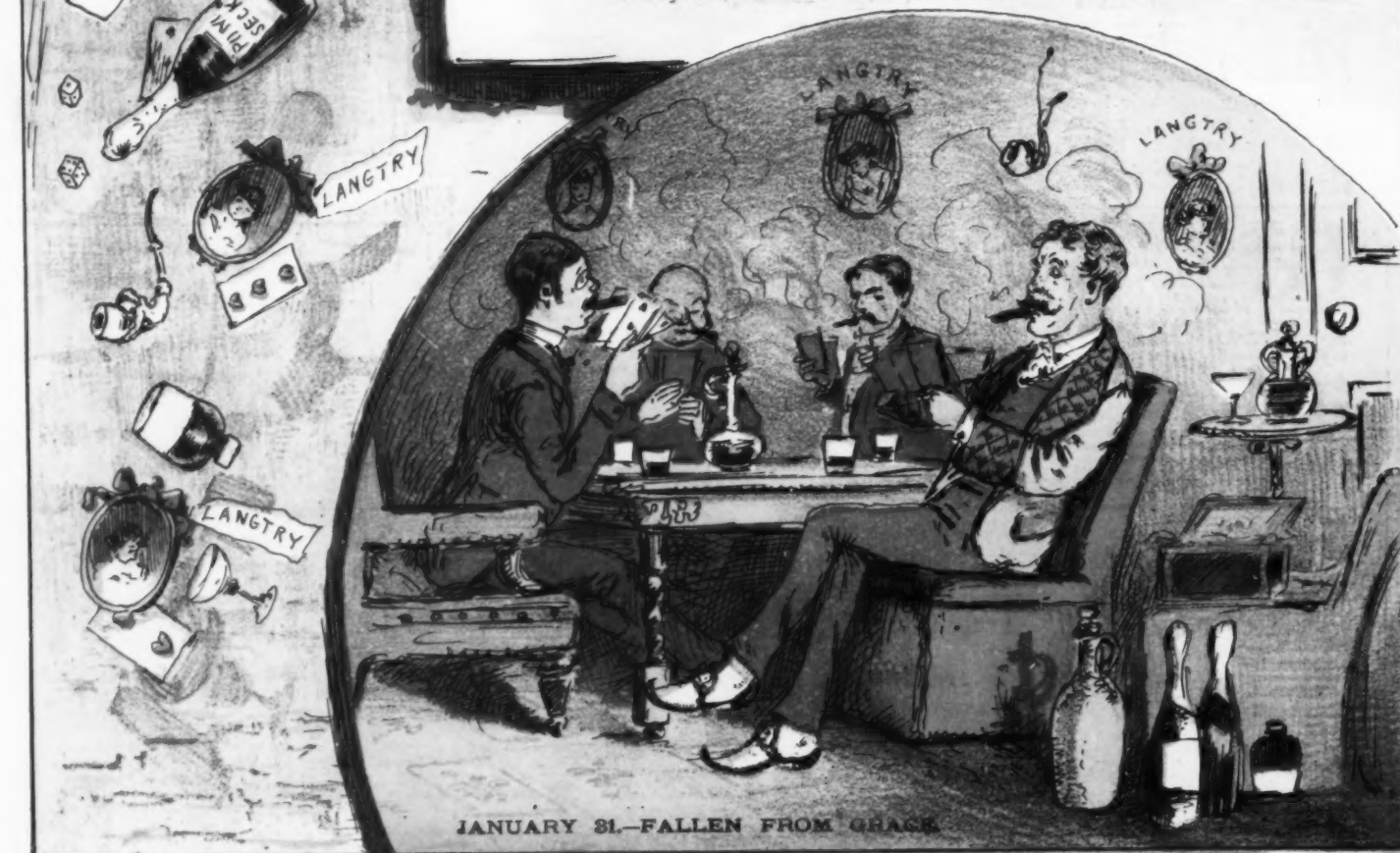
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