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THE DUELING MANIA.

NOWADAYS an editor must not only write, but he must fight. Miles Standish, deploring his lack of education, admired Julius Cæsar, who was at once a writer and a fighter, "and in both was equally skillful." J. Cæsar, then, would have made a model editor for a nineteenth century American newspaper. This is pretty hard on editors. It is difficult enough to have an idea—much less a conviction—this warm weather; but when it comes to defending your ideas or convictions with a pistol at twenty paces, on the green-sward of honor, many would prefer not to hazard any opinion whatever. "Hazard" is a good word, by-the-way, in this connection; and if a certain Virginia editor had not hazarded an opinion, he would not have hazarded a life. In all seriousness, however, this dueling—always a barbarity—has become ridiculous. At least it is ridiculous where it is not tragical. At one time the state of society rendered it necessary, and the law winked at it. Now it is reprobated by every respectable man in the community, it is severely dealt with by the law (though not half severely enough, in THE JUDGE'S opinion), and it is high time that the advancing civilization of the age relegated it forever to its proper place among the exploded barbarities of the past—the Inquisition, the burning of witches, and kindred atrocities. And yet it is among members of the press that we find most of our duellists. Those who fight duels have little enough brains for the duties of their position, my masters. They had much better keep what they have, and employ them for the benefit of the public whom they serve, than set themselves up as a target for the pistol of another fellow as silly as they are, on the so-called "field of honor."

ICE-MEN have a peculiar weigh with them.

DRIFTING DEMOCRACY.

PEOPLE who have admired Tennyson's beautiful idyl of Elaine, and the scarcely less beautiful picture which Toby Rosenthal has founded upon it, have perhaps never paused to ponder on the folly of entrusting the mythical barge with its freight of deceased maidenhood to such uncertain guidance as that of the dumb old servitor. A dumb steersman, he could not hail passing craft and tell them to keep out of his way; and, if dumb, he was probably also deaf, and could not hear the whistles of passing steamboats or the shouts of the sailors. Assuredly, it was more by good luck than good guidance, that the corpse of Elaine was guided safely into "towered Camelot."

The remains of Democracy are being steered along the course of a far more crowded river than the old Severn, and it is being steered by a helmsman who is deaf, dumb, purblind, and decrepid with age. Poor old Samuel J. Tilden! They have thrust you into the post of responsibility—Henry Waterson and his fellows—and you know in your heart that you are unfit to hold the helm. Wind and tide are in the barge's favor—circumstances may carry Democracy very near the goal—but it will be "more by good luck than good guidance," as Elaine reached Camelot.

THE TRADE DOLLAR.

THE crusade against the trade dollar has been short, sharp and decisive, and the obnoxious coin has been relegated to the obscurity whence it should never have emerged. No one will receive it except the brokers, who buy it at their own price (a heavy discount) for their own purposes; and those who have been "stuck" with it are loud in their objurgations. It is a good thing that the unauthorized disc has passed out of circulation. It is difficult to see how it came in, or what good purpose has ever been subserved by its being. Originally coined for a foreign market, it has been gradually introduced (principally by the greed of employers) into home circulation, and millions of the alleged "dollars" have been paid out to working people and factory hands. It never was a dollar; it never was even a promise to pay a dollar—the letters stamped on its surface were the spelling of a lie. And thus it went through the country, irredeemable by any responsible or ultimate "treasury of appeal," parading on its own comparatively insignificant merits, and foisting its eighty-odd cents' worth of silver on a patient community as a hundred cents. It is all over now, and permanently over, THE JUDGE trusts. What the outcome will be—who, if anyone, will pay the difference between the real and actual value of the coins in circulation—remains to be seen. But the stupendous idiocy of unnecessarily introducing such a coin into circulation, remains. What was it for? There was no lack of subsidiary sil-

ver; dollar bills, redeemable by the Government in gold, were tolerably plenty, and the gold dollar could have been had at any time. Ah, well; it is like many another deal; thousands have been lost by the trade dollar, and those thousands must have been made by somebody.

ASSISTED EMIGRATION.

FOR sometime past we have been receiving a good many people from the other side of the ocean whose passages have been paid in part by the British government. An impression seems to have become prevalent that these people are paupers; that England is shipping off her useless and superfluous population—people who have been a charge upon the community at home—and is saddling them as a charge upon the community here. If that were the case we could well understand that a vigorous protest from this side would be in order; but as there appears to be neither proof nor presumption that such is the case, we fear there have been a great many words wasted about the matter. In the first place, the vast majority of these emigrants were never paupers in the proper sense of the term. They were assisted to emigrate, not deported. They pay a portion of their own passage, and arrive here, usually with a few dollars in their pocket, and almost invariably with stout hearts and strong arms, ready to work for more. Such men are the most desirable class of immigrants we could have, and everyone of them is worth a thousand dollars or more to the wealth of the country of his adoption. If, among a large number of such immigrants, we receive one here and there who is not of this desirable class, we have little right to complain. According to the laws of proportion, in every given number comprising a community, a certain number must be—whether from old age, sickness or any other infirmity—dependent on the others. The purchaser of a roast of beef might as reasonably refuse to pay for the bone, as the country that receives ten thousand emigrants refuse to support that quota of helpless which the tables teach us to expect in that number. Furthermore, and as far as regards the allegation of pauperism which is charged against these people: That they are poor, goes without the saying, else they would not come here as assisted emigrants; but a man who cannot find work—which is the reason for their leaving Ireland—is not necessarily a pauper, nor does it follow that he will be idle when he does find employment. The conditions of life are very different in America from what they are in Ireland, as many of our citizens can testify. We have room here—and a need, as well—for a practically unlimited supply of immigrants. In Ireland the country is altogether overpopulated. A man who would starve there has a fair chance of becoming moderately independent here; and even if his government has assisted him to reach a country where he can better himself, that is no reason

why we should refuse him. We have a good right to set our face against the imposition on us of criminals and of people incapable of supporting themselves—but we have none to refuse emigrants because they are assisted, or to argue from the fact of their needing that assistance that they are paupers.

CUI BONO?

Now that the glorious Fourth is gloriously over, and separated from the present by such a lapse of time as permits of its being dispassionately considered, the question *Cui bono?* arises very forcibly. Of what good were all these firecrackers that were burned, all these pyrotechnics that were let off? Of what good was the city ordinance that prohibits such senseless and dangerous displays? Of what good are the various fingers and other *disjecta membra*, belonging to small boys, which were detached in the process? To what purpose were fires—practically incendiary—kindled in various parts of the city on a phenomenally warm night? and why should so much extra work be imposed upon our Fire Department on a national holiday? Why should the sleep of thousands of good and law-abiding—perchance sick and suffering—citizens be disturbed that Jemmie might let off a bunch of firecrackers? In view of the frequent resultant fires, it would seem as if it might pay the insurance companies to prosecute the offenders against the firework ordinance, and thereby secure its enforcement. But no; it seemed to be nobody's business; the ordinance remained unenforced, and the city was a pandemonium. How senseless, how silly is all this. What a puerile way of commemorating a great national anniversary; and now that it is all over, the city and the insurance companies and the parents of the maimed and disfigured children, foot the bills, and ask themselves—no doubt very feelingly—“*cui bono?*”

“WHY, CERTAINLY.”

THE JUDGE, *Puck's* rival, may be counted on to assist Mr. Blaine for the Presidency. It is Blaine's involuntary aid. It seems to injure him, but its abuse is as sure to make him friends as the sun is sure to shine. Abuse always produces this result.—*Pittsburg Eve. Chronicle.*

MERCI BIEN.

THE best thing that Wales has done is “Watterson's Giant” in this week's JUDGE, being a cartoon of the Tilden of Watterson's fancy confronted by the Tilden of fact.—*St. Louis Evening Chronicle.*

HARK YE, friend Bierce—you of the *San Francisco Wasp*—THE JUDGE is entirely pleased that you should transfer to your columns a few verses on “A Blue Bride,” which appeared in ours (see JUDGE, No. 86); but what he is puzzled about is why you should credit said verses to the *Hour* instead of THE JUDGE, for whom the lines were written, and who originally gave them publicity.

THE sea shores are now cool and clam-y.



THE LATEST APPLICATION OF THE SARATOGA TRUNK.
It makes an admirable residence for fashionable city people.

AN UNHOLY ALLIANCE.

SOME SERIO-COMIC RHYMES ON THE NEW PRO-ENGLISH PAPAL BULL.—BY RED RAIN.

“If Rome enters into an unholy alliance with England against us, we shall stand for national rights and the liberties of Ireland against Rome and England combined.”—*Dublin Nation.*

Ho! ho! the old game is being played again,
And a one-horned Bull has been made again;
Alas! Pontiff power is arrayed again

With England, 'gainst Ireland and Right.
But Earth has changed somewhat since olden time,
When kings' “divine right” had a golden time,
And the “Green Isle of Saints,” sure, was sold in time

To save her, in Heaven's own sight,
From darkness of savagery's might
And spiritual blight,
By Adrian of Rome.

That old Papal Bull—called a “thundering Lie” by poor Burke—was sad blundering,
And, as history tells, came near sundering
The land of the old Gael and Rome;
And this new Bull, in our generation, O,
Though it may be all right for salvation, O,
Is a weak piece of priestly inflation, O.

Sure, the Pope would look better at home,
Saying his beads 'neath St. Peter's high dome,
Where old Tiber's waves foam
Nigh the Catacombs' loam.

It seems rather queer, on my conscience, O,
That Rome should promulgate such nonsense, O;
The thing may be proper in one sense, O,
But in rhyme and in reason 'tis wrong.

In sooth, it seems sad, in these latter days,
After all Ireland's tearful and slaughter days,
To hear the old Pope, o'er the water, raise
His voice for the guilty and strong,
And barter our land for a song,
As in days long ago,
To the heretic foe.

By my land and my faith, it was bad enough—
And for poor Innisfail has proved sad enough—
Sure, the memory to-day makes us mad enough—
When Adrian gave Ireland away.

Bad cess to St. Patrick! before whose time
The Gael had a gallant and glorious time,
A pleasant and grand and uproarious time,
And the Green Isle was happy and gay—
But look at the Old Land to-day:
Decrepid and wrinkled and gray;
In mourning and woe,
'Neath the heel of the foe.

But the old game of chess will not play to-day,
For the Gael stands in manhood's array to-day—
To the great Pope of Rome we would say, to-day,
That charity begins at home;
Both our land and our faith we love dearly, Pope;
“Peter's pence” we have paid to you yearly, Pope;
But as sure as my name is—well, merely, Pope,
We'll take no dictation from Rome
Save in morals and faith.
And thus New Ireland saith:
Let Bulls and anathemas come,
And church canons boom!

To end—if the Muse has been sinning fast,
And heterodox rhymes has been spinning fast,
Remorse is already beginning fast
To prey on her Catholic soul;
And if she's been guilty of heresy
Against the old faith and the very See,
May that Muse never more glad or merry be,
And her rhyming be tinctured with dole—
Though I'm fain to believe, on the whole,
That she hasn't sinned so,
As things now-a-days go—
Sing hey! hi! O!

THE unfortunate sailor often finds death
in a “stiff” breeze.



I HAVE always abominated the ocean. I neither like to go on it or in it, and I never could see the fun in getting one's self all wet and sticky with salt water. It wouldn't be so bad if one could keep one's hair dry, but an oil-silk cap looks like a fright, and Heraclitus always insists on my wetting my head; so I made up my mind before I came to the Branch that ten thousand wild horses couldn't draw me into the water this summer, and I never brought a bathing-dress.

There is an extremely fascinating widow at the hotel—at least the gentlemen appear to think so. Of course she bathes—widows always do. They are also invariably anxious to learn to swim, but they are so timid in the water that they require the attention of every gentleman within a radius of a mile and a half. I can't bear this woman, and I don't believe she is a widow at all, for when I asked her, one day, what her husband's last illness was, she made some unintelligible reply, but said he was buried at sea. Now-a-days, with divorces as common as marriages, when a woman can't point to her husband's grave, I feel pretty sure she never had one, and it's my private opinion that Mrs. Dove's husband—if she ever possessed such an article—is no nearer heaven than she is at this minute. When she informed me that the late Mr. D. was buried at sea, I told her I shouldn't suppose, under such circumstances, she'd ever want to look at the ocean again. She made no reply, but I saw a malicious gleam in her eye, and I know she meant mischief.

The first time Heraclitus came down, he went in bathing, and so did the widow, and my distinguished husband was so assiduous in his attentions to her that I forgot all about the wild horses, and made up my mind to have a handsome bathing suit before he came down again, and to go in the water if it killed me.

I think now that she must have turned his brain, for he did the stupidest thing I ever knew him to do, and he hasn't heard the last of it yet. I told him, when he went back to the city to get me a suit he thought would be becoming, and to send it down with some other little things I found I needed from the house. The next day there arrived by express a bag that I recognized as one of our old ones, and as I was impatient to see what kind of a suit he had selected, I proceeded to open it at once. I soon found it was securely locked, and there was no key visible. As it came by express, there was no sense in fastening it up so tight, anyway—and I called the porter and told him to break it open. He did so, and there on top of everything was a little note from Heraclitus, saying:

"DEAR PENELOPE—I hope you will like the suit. I send the key by mail."

I began to think he was what he calls *non*

compos to write a note like that and then lock it up in the bag, but when I saw the bathing suit I was quite sure he was off his balance. To look at it, one would have thought I was a professional expert, and was going to swim for exhibition. It was made of some soft white material, sleeves and pantalettes both very short, and the neck decidedly *decoletee*. I don't know where he bought it, but he says the clerk told him it was an imported one—and I guess he told the truth, for it is a regular French affair, and might do at Trouville or Dieppe; but if I appeared in it here I would have all the gossips at the hotel talking about me.

The next morning I took the early train up to the city, and arrived at the house before Heraclitus had left to go down town. I asked him to take me out to lunch with him, but he said he had an important engagement between one and two, and couldn't possibly do it. I said "Good-bye" to him, and after I'd looked around the house a little and found that Dinah had everything in the best of order, I went over to Ehrichs'. There I found a lovely bathing suit of dark-blue and red. I've added a little embroidery to it in the shape of anchors on the collar and cuffs, and have put red herring-bone stitching each side of the trimming. I have stockings to match, and I shall twist a large square of red silk around my head in place of a hat, and I dare say I shall look very well—till I get wet. I made some other purchases at the same store, and then I thought I'd have my lunch. I rather hated to go to a large restaurant alone, and while I was making up my mind just what I would do, I walked up Fifth avenue past Delmonico's. Happening to glance up at one of the windows, whom should I see but Mr. Heraclitus seated at a table with two very swell-looking ladies, neither of them old. At the same moment there appeared on the sidewalk before me one of his college chums and intimate friends, Mr. Smith. After shaking hands he asked if I was in town on a shopping tour, and added, "You look tired; come into Delmonico's and take lunch with me." I think he was a trifle surprised at the alacrity with which I responded, "Thank you—you're very kind." Of course he hadn't seen Heraclitus as I had; he's near-sighted, any way—and we walked in and took the very

next table to the one occupied by my delectable husband, who was so engrossed with his guests that he didn't see us enter. My back was toward him, but after Mr. Smith had given the waiter his order he glanced around the room, and suddenly exclaimed, "By Jove! there's your husband." Of course I expressed due surprise, and just then Heraclitus, turning partly around, saw us. I heard him say, "Excuse me for one moment, ladies," and then he came over to our table. He looked most uncomfortable, but tried to be polite. He asked what train I was going to take back, and said he'd go down to the Branch with me. I smiled serenely, but said, "Don't do so if it will interfere with any important engagement you may have made for this evening." Mr. Smith laughed, and said "Don't let us keep you from your friends." Heraclitus colored up to the roots of his hair, and if I hadn't been so mad I should have been sorry for him. He had to escort his ladies out, and I wouldn't have felt as mean as I know he did for a hundred-dollar bill. I had an excellent lunch, and enjoyed it. Catching Mr. Heraclitus so nicely seemed to enliven my spirits, and we laughed and chatted till it was time for me to leave. Mr. Smith put me into a coupe, and when I arrived at the station, Heraclitus was there, sure enough. I knew he was dying for an explanation, but I just thought I'd let him "open the ball," and so I acted as "sweetly indifferent" as I knew how to do. I kept up my air of unconscious innocence until he lost all patience and exclaimed, "Why don't you say something, Penelope? Blow me up; call me a brute, or do anything you please; only don't sit there and try to look seraphic when I know you are ready to tear me in pieces. Those ladies were clients of mine, and as they were in the office till one o'clock, I had to ask them out to lunch." "Of course," said I, "you couldn't help it any more than you could the rain at Coney Island. If you'd only told me that your important engagement consisted in taking two ladies to lunch at Delmonico's, Mr. Smith and I wouldn't have intruded. By-the-way," I added, "how agreeable Mr. Smith is, and how kind of him to ask me to lunch. I hadn't been to his office, and wasn't even a client." Well, it all ended as it usually does.



THE LIGHT OF INTELLECT.

CLARENCE FITZDUKE, in the absence of | And the effect is bewildering—and, beyond question, makes
a diamond, cunningly inserts a small elec- | him the star of the ball-room.
tric lantern in the bosom of his shirt.

He said he was sorry it happened so, and I suppose he was—sorry that I found him out. He keeps persisting that the ladies were clients, but he doesn't take divorce cases, and I don't quite see what their business with him was. However, for the present I've got my hands full with the widow. She's made a dead set for him, and no mistake, but I'm on the war-path. He needn't flatter himself that he can make a client out of her. I heard her tell him she hadn't been in bathing since the last time he was down, she "was so timid in the water."

Never mind. The next time he bathes, I'll be there, and I'll astonish both her and the natives with my stunning suit. My figure is better than hers, any day. My hair is, to say the least, all my own; and she'll have to be smart to be any more timid, or require any more attention in the water than

PENELOPE PENNYFEATHER.

"UPON THIS HINT."

WHEN my little woman hinted,
With her pretty cheeks pink-tinted—
And a world of pleading petulance
Outlooking from her eyes—
That she needed, yes, she needed,
And I knew as well as she did,
A sea-side wrap, a summer hat,
A pair of Newport ties;

I scarcely e'en reflected—
What else had I expected?
What less demand could be evoked
From quarter feminine?
I simply drew my check-book;
I was at her nod, her beck, look—
And wrote as nice and round a check
As ever I did sign.

Then my little woman hinted
That the coins which now are minted
Have not half the power of purchase
That the coins had long ago;
I never quailed or grumbled,
But in my desk I fumbled
To extract that little check-book
And increase the debts I owe.

Then my little woman whispered—
Ne'er before was sweeter lisp heard—
That she actually dying was
For ear-rings, (single gem);
And I, still uncomplaining,
Drew the trifle yet remaining,
Remitted the amount to her,
To meet the cost of them.

Then my little woman, weening
She had made the final gleaning
Of the years that had uphoarded
My tiny pile of pelf,
Not boldly and not coldly,
But with listless languor, told me
She had gotten over (*sic*) with me—
And left me to myself.

Then, not till then, I hinted
That she wore false hair and squinted;
That her form was artificial,
As her dress-maker confessed;
That her manners were abhorrent—
What did she? She got a warrant—
The charge, "abusive language"—
And she compassed my arrest.

Since then, when woman hinteth,
My admiration stinteth:
My check-book lingers lovingly
In its accustomed drawer.
No pinkness of complexion
Can capture my affection—
And my ditty, like the raven's
Bears the burden "Nevermore."

G. H. J.



SCARING THE OLD MAN.

DOCTOR.—Well, Uncle Daniel, you are suffering from the contraction of the extensor longus digitorum, and the gastrocnemius externus.

UNCLE DANIEL.—Fore de Lord, den Id better see de minister.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL STORIES.

WITH PATENT SELF-SUGGESTING MORALS.

NO. XII.

MANY years ago a certain tribe dwelt in the interior of Africa. It was very much more civilized than the tribes which surrounded it, and was powerful enough to make it peaceful—its neighbors were afraid to interfere with it, so it grew and prospered, and eventually became very rich. Now, the currency of that part of the country consisted exclusively of cowry shells, and as the wealth of the tribe in which we are interested increased, and its financial transactions became larger, it was found convenient to substitute some other mode of numismatics for the cumbersome cowry shells, for it took considerable of them to pay even a small sum of money. However, the rulers were equal to the occasion, and they began to employ the bark of a certain kind of a tree, whereon figures could be engraved, so that a man might carry the value of more cowry shells than he could lift in a little strip of bark in his waistcoat pocket—that is, if he wore a waistcoat, which he didn't. At first this innovation was regarded with suspicion by the surrounding tribes, which refused to understand how a little piece of bark, even though stamped with the chief's name, could take the place of the shells to which they had been so long accustomed; but by-and-by, when it was found that the certificates could be at any time exchanged for the full number of cowries promised on the face, the new money became popular and passed freely among all the neighboring tribes. Things were in this position when it occurred to certain influential and wealthy men, who owned a large plantation of the trees from which this financial bark was stripped, and who, in fact, used to supply it to the chiefs, that it would be a good plan to use the bark on their own account. An arrangement was entered into by virtue of which the Government stamp

was affixed to as much of the bark as they chose to bring in, without, however, the signature of the chief, which guaranteed its redemption in cowries. The outcome which was natural was not slow to follow. For a long time the new currency, apparently the same in all essential particulars as the popular stamped bark, had a large circulation—but the bark, although rare and costly, had by no means the intrinsic value of the cowries stamped upon it, and as the Government would not redeem it—lacking, as it did, the chief's signature and sanction—it gradually fell into disrepute. This result had long been foreseen by the more far-seeing men of the tribe—shrewd financiers, who made money out of everything, and were not slow to make it out of the new departure in currency. Consequently the unsigned bark was found to have accumulated in the hands of the poorer part of the population, who had accepted it at its face value, and now found that it was worth only its price as bark. So there was a great loss, and the outcry among the tribe was so great that the chief was compelled to take up the bark at a small discount from its face value, which he did, to his own no small loss and embarrassment. However, the lesson was not wholly lost, and a very stringent law was enacted to prevent the issuing of any form of money unendorsed by the Government, and for which the Government did not hold itself responsible.

* * * * *

In this enactment we trust Congress will find moral enough to make the future coinage and issuing of such an anomaly as the trade dollar impossible.

INVETERATE poker players may be both modest and sad. They have been known to show evidence of a flush, and sometimes to give out ace-high.

It is dangerous to be a warrior in a king's ship, for one is so subject to rex.

OUR CITIZEN-SOLDIERY.



MANY degress less unpleasant
Is the "lay off" in the shade,
Duly admired by the peasant,
Chaffing the buxom milkmaid;
Singing camp-songs in the gloaming,
Songs we have all heard before—
Drinking the lager's fresh foaming—
These are the pleasures of war.



THERMOMETER up in the nineties!
Jeminy Christmas! 'tis hard,
Polishing rusty old muskets,
Drilling and standing on guard.
War may be great and be glorious—
Sham battles sometimes are fun—
Yet even the party victorious
Is vanished by midsummer sun.

MACSWEENEY AND HIS HOD.

A TALE FOUNDED ON MODERN FACT.

MR. JOHN MACSWEENEY is a "raal" live Milesian, but a few short months from the "ould dart," and resides with his wife and children at No. 108 — street, this city. Mr. MacSweeney, like many others of his exiled countrymen here, before they become active in ward politics, proprietors of corner liquor stores, or blue-coated, brass-buttoned and batoned members of our high toned "finest," follows the classic occupation commonly known as "carrying the hod." But that Mr. MacS. has higher aims, and holds his reputation, rights and liberty far above the par of his humble and unremunerative calling, will be seen in the sequel.

About the ides of last November as our hero was sauntering along East 42d street, philosophically musing on mundane uncertainties and especially bent on hunting up a "job of work" to keep the wolf from the door of the MacSweeney household, he met a fellow countryman with a hod balanced on his shoulder with professional poise, or, in other parlance, with that military precision observable at the "shoulder arms" of our "gallant Sixty-ninth." The bearer of the hod intuitively recognizing in our friend Mac, a member of his own polite profession, and being anxious, for certain good and cogent reasons, the nature of which the reader will learn further on, to convert the said hod into ready cash, offered to sell it to our hero at a price somewhat below its practical value to an industrious member of the classic profession. MacSweeney being a critical judge of hods, and thinking the proposed bargain an advantageous one, and having no good reason to doubt that the then possessor was the lawful owner in fee simple absolute, free from all claims, liens and encumbrances, without further parley or question paid over the required price, and became then and there seized and possessed of the hod. The bargain, sale and delivery being thus made, the late proprietor did not "stand on the order of his going" for the next bar-room, it is presumed, to invest his newly-acquired capital, while our hero bore off his purchase in triumph, little anticipating the serious results to follow, and perhaps trolling, as he went, some such musical and appropriate stave as this—

Since I left the ould sod I have shouldered the hod,
Up the ladder I alway wint first;

I get dhrunk upon Sunday, but work upon Monday,
And devil a haporth the worst;
Whin my day's work is done, its homeward I run,
With my hod and my ould dinner-can;
And as I pass by, the naybors all cry
"He's a smart little bit of a man."

Now follow the developments in rapid succession. About the time of the bargain and sale above mentioned, Mr. Peter H. Walsh, who is a stevedore and contractor, having his place of business at No. 333 — street, missed one of his hods, which then mysteriously disappeared and left no trace behind. Not very long subsequent to these events, Mr. MacSweeney and his hod, in the aesthetic pursuit of their usual and useful, though humble occupation, associated as it is with many ups and downs, were industriously at work on a building in course of erection in East 86th street, and with the erection of which the aforesaid Mr. Walsh, in his capacity as contractor, was connected. Mr. Walsh's superintendent is a certain Mr. Jeremiah Robbins. Superintendent Robbins, in the midst of his arduous duties, had not, it would seem, wholly forgotten the missing hod. For some reason best known to Mr. Robbins, our friend MacSweeney and his hod were the unconscious objects of special attention on the part of the astute superintendent from the very day and hour that Mac and his hod commenced work. The more closely and continuously Mr. R. studied the hod, the more the belief strengthened within him that Mac's hod and the missing namesake were one and the same, and, consequently, that its present possessor was the mysterious "Number One" he wanted. Having reached this logical and definite conclusion after several days of close observation and analytical reasoning, he imparted his suspicions to Mr. Walsh, and the immediate result of their joint deliberations was the arrest of the unsuspecting MacSweeney, whom they charged with "being guilty of feloniously stealing a certain hod belonging to the said Walsh." The arrest occurred on February 22d last. The accused, accompanied by the hod, having been locked up for the night in a police cell, without opportunity even to acquaint his family, was taken before Justice Murray at the Harlem Police Court next morning, and being arraigned on the above charge of Messrs. Walsh and Robbins, was, despite his earnest protestations of innocence, and his statement of the sale and purchase of the hod as above narrated, held in \$100 bail

for trial at Special Sessions, where he elected to be tried. Having been held in "durance vile," or, as stated in legal phrase in his sworn complaint in the suit hereinafter mentioned, "unlawfully restrained of his liberty until the first day of March, 1883, he was tried for said alleged crime, duly acquitted thereof and discharged out of custody" at Special Sessions. But Mr. MacSweeney, not satisfied with such triumphant vindication, smarting under the wrong, insult and injury inflicted on him, and rightly appreciating the value of the liberty, credit and reputation of the individual (citizen or alien) so well and wisely recognized in both the letter and spirit of our free republican institutions and our National and State laws, was determined not to rest the case at that vantage point. Through his attorney, Mr. John F. Kavanagh, whose office is at No. 82 Nassau street, Mr. MacSweeney has commenced suit in the Superior Court against Messrs. Walsh and Robbins for false imprisonment, claiming five thousand dollars damages. The summons and complaint have been recently served on both defendants. Mr. Clark B. Augustine, same office, is associated with Mr. Kavanagh as advising counsel in the case. The defendants have not yet answered. MacSweeney says that although he is but a poor and obscure Irish hod-carrier, he does not care a *thraneen* for the money, but vehemently asserts that he "will make the *spalpeens* understand that a poor hod carrier has rights which rich *bodaghs* of bosses must respect in this free land."

Should this *cause celebre* result favorably to the plaintiff, it is both possible and probable that he may yet figure as Alderman-at-large (albeit a small man physically) of this great metropolis before he becomes a full-fledged naturalized citizen of these United States. That would be far better and more glorious for THE MACSWEENEY than wasting his precious years digging potatoes or cutting turf in the salubrious bogs of "ould Ireland." Mac, undoubtedly possesses a keen appreciation of the value of liberty and (notwithstanding the assertion above) of money, *also*, in a strange land.

Such are the facts connected with and the possibilities made probable by the accidental possession of that humble but well-known symbol of horny-handed labor—a hod. Should Mr. John MacSweeney attain fame and fortune through these hodge complications, and eventually become the proud proprietor of the coveted corner liquor store, as well as the corpulent embodiment of Aldermanic

honors, as aforesaid, we respectfully suggest that he adopt the hod as his family coat of arms. We will even venture further and respectfully hint that he might advantageously as well as appropriately dub the prospective corner liquor store, "Hod Carriers' Rendezvous" or some such suggestive and democratic nomen—and here we take leave of Mr. MacSweeny and his hod for the present, and shall anxiously watch and wait for further interesting developments in the peculiar case of MacSweeny, plaintiff, *vs.* Walsh and Robbins, defendants.

T. O'D. O'C.

HER QUESTIONS.

BEFORE I answer "yes" to you
Or hear your soft "adores"—
Before I give up flirting life
And let you call me "yours"—
Before I trust my all to you,
Answer for me a thing or two.

I give up every beau I have,
(Have just refused you, Dude),
You know he's richer, far, than you—
Now, pray, don't think I'm rude—
Can you grant me as much again?
If not, our courtship's been in vain.

Is there within your heart a need
Of honor, wealth, or fame?
Of beauty, love's divinest charms,
Called up by some old flame?
If so, while yet your heart is free,
Reflect, ere it is pledged to me.

Does there within your nature dwell
A shadow of regret
For loves of other days and years,
That you can't quite forget?
Speak out; lest when you feel remorse,
We'll have to seek for a divorce.

My bonds, and cash, and real estate,
Will be all yours, you know—
Can love and union both remain
When all these riches go?
If not, while we have hold on youth,
Don't hesitate to speak the truth.

Could you withdraw your hand one day
When all my money's spent,
And make lament that life is drear,
And love not worth a cent?
Before I'm mortgaged, let me know
If you could ever treat me so.

Now as you take my "lovely" hand,
And toy with diamonds there,
Can you dream of a happy life
In which mine has no share?
Speak now, for it will be too late
To throw me off when once we mate.

Don't speak—we'll wed; and do our best
Life's ennui to beguile;
And through all changes that occur
Keep up the best of style.
While fortune favors we can brave
Life's adverse breezes to the grave.

OMAR BARTLETTE.

A MAN in a perfectly nude state, was recently arrested in a prominent street in Brooklyn, at an early hour in the morning, and he was singing a little song of his own, evidently a nude-ditty. He told the policeman that he was Adam. The policeman remarked: "I don't care, Adam," and took him in. As the prisoner didn't see any snakes during the day, they concluded he was insane.



THE CODE.

"TEXAS is a great State," remarked Mr. Knox, of the *Siftings*, didactically.
"It isn't," curtly retorted Mr. Sheehan, the sculptor, with an enunciation as clean cut as one of his own statues.

"Ha! this to me?" said Mr. Knox; "this is past a joke." Mr. Knox is editor of *Texas Siftings*, and may reasonably be supposed to be an expert on the exact limits of a joke.

"Aye, to your beard!" was the defiance hurled back by Sheehan. Knox does not wear a beard. (*Vide illustration.*)

Then came the repartee—quick, spirited, epigrammatic, and quite Shakespearian in its sequence. However, ere the countercheck quarrelsome was reached, it became evident that there was but one resort left—an appeal to arms.

Oh Texas—in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
When flow retorts, with "thee" and "thou,"
'Tis hard to beat thee in a row.

The preliminaries having been arranged, Mr. Knox was armed with a Mackinnon pen, which was loaded by the second of the opposite party in the presence of the belligerents. Mr. Sheehan's weapon was, of course, his chisel.

Mr. Sheehan flung his deadly chisel at Mr. Knox. It described a parabola like the boomerang of Oceania, and soared upwards. Mr. Knox attempted to parry it, but on this occasion the pen was not mightier than the soared, and he was wounded. "Three cheers for Galway!" shouted Mr. Sheehan, and his manly voice might have been heard caroling

forth (as he fled from the State) the well-known refrain—

To drink a toast, a proctor roast,
Or bailiff, (as the case is)—
To kiss your wife, or take your life
At ten or fourteen paces—
To keep game-cocks, to hunt the fox,
Or drink, in punch, the Solway—
With debts galore, but fun far more,
Oh, that's the man for Galway!

As Mr. Sheehan departed from the stricken field he had not the least doubt that he was exactly the man for Galway, and doubtless wished that he was there or in some other country where his merits would be more fully appreciated.

As for Mr. Knox, he remarked, feebly, "Hurrah for Texas!" and returned thither on the first train.

And thus was honor satisfied.

A LOT of adventurers want to seize the Oklahoma district of the Indian territory, with Payne. The Indians don't want them to take it without payin', and the National Government is determined that if they do go in the soldiers will see to it that they have pain. This is a painful subject and difficult of settlement; a question in which the officials "see as through a pane, darkly."

FRUITS meet for repentance—green apples and water melons.

MANY men, who do not consider paying the tariff a pleasing duty, are bound by the custom.



THE DEMOCRATS
"The Dead, steered by the Dumb, v



DEMOCRATIC ELAINE.
"Dumb, went upward with the flood."



After the season is over,
After the drama is done—
With the very first breath of summer,
Come the actors one by one.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

FROM MRS. ISABELLA FLASHMAN TO ALFRED FLASHMAN, ESQ.

SARATOGA, JULY.

MY OWN AND EVER-DEAREST ALFRED—Your dear, sweet letter was safely received this morning, and I ran away with it to my own room, and enjoyed every word of it, except that I fear you are working too hard. Take care of your precious health, darling, and remember that neither poker, nor races, nor any of these archaeological pursuits you are so fond of will restore it to you if you lose it, or repay you for the loss of it. Mr. Tompkins says poker, besides being wearing, is a very expensive pursuit. Do not be too extravagant, darling, for you know your means are limited, and I am necessarily under a great deal of expense here. Speaking of that, I wish you would send me up a hundred or seventy-five dollars when you write—or perhaps you had better make it two hundred—even money is so much more easily transmitted. And do, please, write soon, for the only comfort I have while I am separated from you is your letters, and I really need money immediately.

By-the-way, I don't think I have told you about Mr. Tompkins. He is so nice and so attentive. Just about my own age, you know, and he seems real fond of me—it seems hardly possible that I have known him barely two weeks. He takes me everywhere; drives me out in the morning, and dances with me in the evening—oh, he does dance exquisitely! I cannot help contrasting him with my dear old awkward Alfred, who never could take a step without putting his foot through my dress. Really, dear, you should take some dancing lessons while I am away, so as to astonish me with your proficiency on my return. But, to return to Mr. Tompkins. You must ask him to spend a week with us in the fall or winter—he belongs in Boston—for his kindness to me certainly merits some return. Only fancy—the other evening I admired a diamond which he wore in a stud, and what does the dear, foolish fellow do? He sent off the diamond and had it set in a ring, which he presented to me this morning. Of course I didn't want to take it, and tried to refuse it; but after he had been to all the trouble and expense of having the setting altered, I could not persist in my refusal, especially as he seemed

quite hurt by it; so I am wearing the ring, which I am sure you will admire very much when you see it. And I only tell you this as a specimen of his kindness, for he is forever showing me just such little delicate attentions.

And now, my own love, I must say good-bye. I will be anxiously on the look out for your next letter, and pray don't forget the two hundred. I try not to be extravagant, pet; but money runs through one's fingers like water here. But don't fret about me. I am really having a delightful time, and I don't miss you half as much as I thought I would. Mr. Tompkins is so very, very attentive. Still, I am very anxious to see you again and hear you say, as I am sure you will, that you find a great improvement in every way in your own loving BELLA.

'T WAS EVER THUS.

C. JUDSON P. SMITH was in love. The cause of his cerebral affection was banker Jones' only child, fortunately a girl. But she, the sole and original aesthete of all Jonesboro', smiled not upon the prosaic wooing of one who was content to wear the customary suits of solemn black, and to rely upon a treacherous memory for his poetry and his wit. So, urged on by debt and despair, Smith abandoned the habits of a lifetime and took to knee-breeches of approved brevity, and to sunflowers gorgeous to behold. His cards, too, were changed, and the too-too common, unideal, and utterly unsuggestive "C. Julian P. Smith" gave way to "C. Julian Smith P." At last, growing more and more defiant, more and more heedless of church and carping criticism, he devoted many, many sleepless nights to putative poetry and prolonged profanity. Finally, having resolved to hazard all upon the tune and the words of his really own and only song, he chose "the hour when lovers' vows seem sweet in every whispered word," (2 A. M.), and, striking a pre-Adamate attitude beneath the curtained window of the fair Lucille, sang soft, sang low—

My heart has flown away,
Flown far away, away I know not where.
Look in thy purse, I pray,
O, maiden, kind and fair,
And see if my absent heart be there.

Look where thy arching lips,
Just like a spring bud, slowly unroll
Their length'ning curves—it sips,
Perchance, the dentist's gold—
And 'tis thy gold I'm hunting, gold, gold, gold!

He paused, breathless, expectant; but no voice responsive broke upon the stilly night air; no answering light gleamed through the darkened window; no tinted, scented note came fluttering gently down; no beer was produced.

Again, after an intensely passionate glance at the lowering clouds that hid his studied, winsome posture even from the man in the moon, he began—

Look—

"Out!" yelled Jones, *pater*, from above. But alas! alas! the delayed warning fell slower than the full and frescoed cuspidor, and, the next instant, burning with indignation and nicotine, poor Smith dashed blindly through the shrubbery, and fled shrieking toward the wide, wild West. G. NIRPS.

CICERO says that "whatever is becoming is honest." Rouge on the cheek and penciled eyebrows may be becoming, but how can they be honest when they are a lie on the face?

THE RIVER.

A SINGULAR thing is a river;
Its mouth is so far from its head;
It ne'er rests, but keeps running ever,
Yet rarely gets out of its bed;
It may get some feet out at seasons,
When its arms come down with much force;
But for this I may not give reasons,
Because it's a matter of course.

It's strange that when lowest it's tide up—
That is, it runs out when tide in;
You can trace the whole river's hide up,
But never discover its skin.
It's oftentimes fast, and 'tis said of it
That sometimes 'twill get on a high;
Yet it seems, from what I have read of it,
It never gets full when it's dry.

It drinks not, but one often sees it
Round a bar, a-reeling like fun;
Through its arms it takes water, then frees it,
By, from its mouth, letting it run.
Oft much on its bosom it's bearing—
But this is a matter of taste.
One frequently notes what it's wearing,
And sees that it's going to waist.

Though never accustomed to lay up,
It often is said to be flush—
And if it should chance to get way up,
It breaks its own banks with a rush.
Sometimes it is quite green and shallow,
Sometimes it is deep and well red—
And, appearance deceives I will allow,
It oft seems much out of its head.

A singular thing is a river;
Without legs it often runs swift,
Though often obscure, you will never,
If watchful, miss seeing its drift.
Sometimes it gets mad when one holds it,
And then 'tis not easily calmed;
Seems to say to the one who controls it,
"If you stop me, then I'll be damned."

BENJAMIN J. SHELLMAN.

VIRGINIA duels are getting to be really alarming, and a great deal of trouble to the civil authorities. When an appointment is made the police start out after the principals, and if they succeed in finding one, the other is sure to be a hundred miles or more away in another county. If there were any way in which the seconds could manage to get the combatants in the same locality at the same time, it would be a great economy of railroad fare. There is a terrific amount of gore—go-o'er the State—in a Virginia duel, and as the frenzied fighters always seem to go in different directions, it is very annoying to the authorities. Probably if they would pass a law compelling the blood-thirsty gentlemen to meet and shoot at each other, there would be a cessation of this nonsense.



HON. GEO. L. HOADLEY'S BARL.
"There's millions in it!"



Affectionate, but very ordinary looking husband—"Nay, my dear darling, I must leave you for a week. Be sure and use a life-preserver when bathing. Remember, I'm not here to protect you."

A LIBERAL CONSTRUCTION.
(Husband returns at the bathing hour).—WIFE: "Why, Hubby dear, is that you? Now haven't I been good? I've been using two life-preservers every day, instead of one!"

AT OUR BOARDING-HOUSE.

"It was positively disgraceful!" said Miss Staleybutt.
"In a man of his age, too," sighed Miss Simper.
"And apparent respectability," added Mrs. Sling.
"If it had been a young gentleman, like Mr. Slasher, now—" resumed Miss Simper.
"It would have been equally reprehensible," said Miss Staleybutt.
"Oh, come now," broke in young Slasher, "what's the use of lugging my name into the discussion at all. I didn't stop out till three o'clock this morning—"
"Three forty-seven," interposed Mrs. Sling.
"Well, whatever time it was. You seem to have got it down pretty fine. I didn't come home tight; I didn't crawl up stairs on all fours—"
"Like a brute beast," said Miss Staleybutt.
"How degrading," said Miss Simper.
"I certainly had a different opinion of Mr. Jugerson," said Mrs. Sling.
"Well, to tell you the truth, I did not," said Miss Staleybutt, "I have always felt convinced that man would come to some bad end."
"That is true, Miss Staleybutt," said Miss Simper; "and now you see you were right."
"Well, for my part, I can't see that a man's coming home once in his life a little how-come-you-so proves that he has come to a bad end," said young Slasher.
"Oh, Mr. Slasher!" cried the three ladies, in chorus.
"Wine is a mocker," said Miss Simper.
"Very likely," replied Slasher, "but I don't drink wine. I can't afford it. Rye is rich enough for my blood."
"Oh, Mr. Slasher!" went the chorus again.
And at this moment Mr. Jugerson entered. There was an ominous silence for about two minutes as Old Jugerson took his seat at the breakfast table. Mrs. Sling, in her capacity as mistress of the house, was the first to speak.
"May I send you a cup of coffee, Mr. Jugerson?"

"Please, ma'am; and hurry up. I'm a little late, and want to get down town."
Another silence while the coffee was being poured out and handed. Young Slasher contemplated the delinquent with admiration. Old Jugerson was a seasoned vessel, and showed up, all things considered, in better shape than he (Slasher) could have supposed possible.
"That was a terrible occurrence last night, Mr. Jugerson," said Miss Simper, who had a good deal of the missionary in her, and felt called on for a homily.
"What was that, ma'am?" innocently inquired Jugerson.
"Your condition, Mr. Jugerson. Oh, sir, do you never pray?"
"Pray? What in the d—deuce do you mean?"
"Saving grace, Mr. Jugerson," said Miss Simper.
Jugerson stared, and Mrs. Sling took up the parable.
"Might I ask why you ascended the stairs last night, or, rather this morning, on all fours, Mr. Jugerson?"
"Certainly, ma'am. I was a little top-heavy, and did it as a matter of precaution."
"You had been drinking, sir."
"Guessed it first time! I see you know how it is, yourself," said Jugerson, with a coarse chuckle.
"And what drove you to dissipation, Mr. Jugerson," said Miss Simper. "It seems to me there is no excuse for you. You have nothing to trouble you."
"Indeed I have, ma'am; sore troubles," said Jugerson. "Troubles that make my life a burden to me; troubles that I cannot escape, morning, noon or night."
"And what are they?" asked Miss Simper, gently. Despite the terrible occurrence of last night, she would not have been altogether averse to soothing and comforting the declining years of the reprobate Jugerson.
"What are they?"
"Old maids, ma'am!" said Jugerson; then rising from the table and glancing at his watch: "Bless my soul! how late I am. Excuse me, ladies," and he was gone.
The remainder of the meal passed in silence.

A SUMMER SNAP.

BY THE JUDGE'S CITY LYRIST.

The lithograph hung in the bar-room hall,
And the poster it streamed from the old dead-wall,
And the manager's agent was blythe and gay,
For the sale of the tickets begins to-day.

The manager saw, with a proper pride,
The leading lady he'd defied;
While she, in her make-up, seemed to be
The star of that goodly company.

[south,
And the rustics from north, and the rustics from
Admired her picture with open mouth;
And the villagers' children, with grace and dash,
Enhanced her attractions with cork moustache.

And the rustics from north, and the rustics from
south,
From east and from west, with distended mouth
Admired the lithograph of the show,
But never a pocket was opened so.

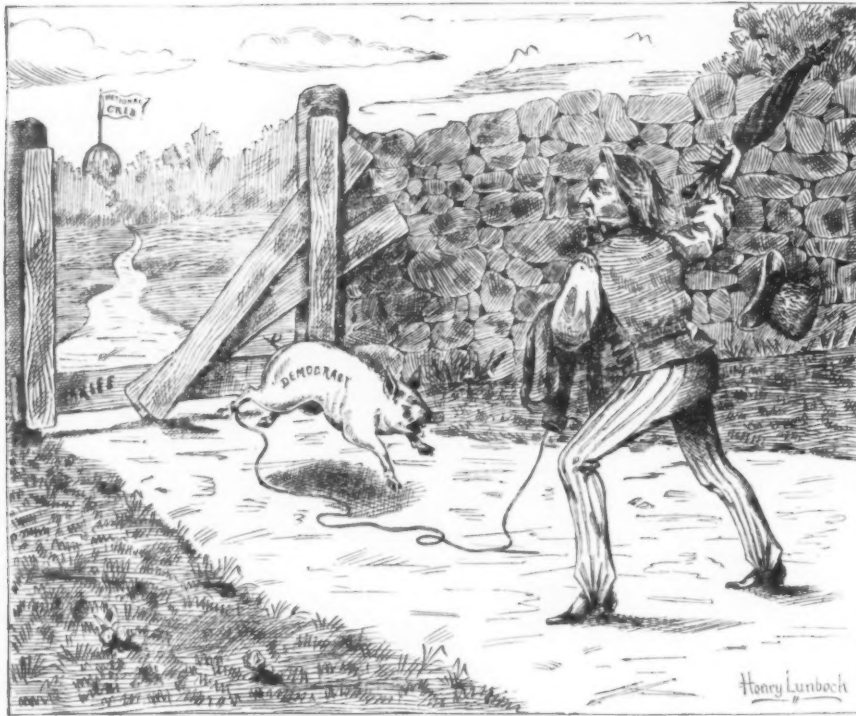
And the audience was scant, and the audience was
few,
And for one who paid there were dead-heads two;
And the lady's costumes (not since restored)
Were ruthlessly seized for the lady's board—

For the hall rent exhausted the small receipts,
And the villagers spoke of the troupe as "beats";
And the actors laid all the blame on the play
As homeward they plodded their weary way.

But the manager sat in a drawing-room car,
(He was going to look up another "star")
And the villagers jeered at "them actor chaps,"
And awaited the next of the "summer snaps."

ONE JOHN DAVIS, we learn from a New Jersey paper, has been frequently in jail in Trenton for annoying young ladies by claiming them as his wives. We don't seem to have quite got at the true inwardness of this yet. Why were the young ladies annoyed? Was poor John so very, very homely?

JOHN HAY receives \$100,000 and his wife \$600,000 by the will of Amasa Stone. Lucky Hay! he never grumbled when he asked for a father-in-law and was given A. Stone, and now he receives his reward.



UNCLE SAM—"Confound his stupidity! He never knows when he's on the road to prosperity."

CHRONICLES OF GOTHAM.

CHAPTER VII.

1. Now it came to pass that certain of the rulers and law makers, did say—Let us give to the laborers, male and female workers, and to ourselves a feast and pleasure on the last half day of the week.

2. So when the day was half spent, lo and behold! all the temples of the law makers and the money changers and of the high priests were closed.

3. Now it so happened that near to the borders of the camp, down by the big water, were large and high temples set up for the dwellers in the camps to make merry in.

4. Yea, verily do I say unto ye, these temples were large and high, both in build and charge, and the dwellers who sojourned therein were high also.

5. Now when evening was come, and the dwellers of all the camps, of the camp of Gotham, and the camp of the Tabernacle, and the camp of Jharzeys, and of the lesser camps round about,

6. Did by reason of strong waters, and of shell fish, and of divers strange things, get to fighting amongst themselves, and the noise of the fray could be heard afar off.

7. And on the high way called Thebrige, were many more of the people, so many that all the guards and centurions could not keep the dwellers of one camp from the dwellers in the other.

8. Yet the law makers did in no wise profit by the rows and the quarrels, but still said amongst themselves, We will do this thing to please the people;

9. So that in the future time they will give to us praise, and, what is more to our liking, the pieces of paper called votes—so that we can still hold to our places and get phatjobs.

10. For have we not got the decree from Kleveland, the chief ruler, saying we can do our liking on the Akerduck?

11. But, listen, oh ye brethren of the tribes, we must not make our own troubles

too plain before the eyes of the dwellers in the camp.

12. For will they not say amongst themselves: There is too much of this thing, and we must change; yet for our own sake, there must be no change.

13. Now it had come to pass that a few of the tribe of Ta-many, and of the tribes of Dimmikrats, and of Republicans, had refused to obey the command of Theboss, whose name is Khelley.

14. For he had issued a command for the men of his following that they should vote and uphold a certain man for a commander in the camp.

15. Now the high priest of the camp, by name Edzoon, did want some of his own kin to share with him in the phatjobs.

16. And some of these men, who are called Ass-embly, did kick, but Edzoon did pay little heed to those, as he was backed by Theboss.

17. There was a certain man in the camp who had in time past been a ruler over the soldiers, and by reason of his marching at the head of his following, covered from head to foot with gold and blue, they thought he would be a fit man to see the camp was kept clean throughout its borders.

18. So when Edzoon did say to the Ass-embly, this is the man, some did say—How is this man fit; in what does he do better than any other?

19. But Edzoon was firm, and Khelley was firm, and the firmness prevailed, and so to keep peace, the men did grant to the chief ruler and Theboss their wish.

20. And it came to pass, that no sooner was this man given power, than round through the ways and borders of the camps could be seen strange men and wagons and little brooms.

21. Now some of these ways are mighty, yet these men were few and the wagons were small, and the cleanliness of the camp is not yet to be wondered at.

22. But in the time to come it is promised us that it will be wonderful to behold.

OLD SAWS RE-SET.

"CONCERNING the dead say" nothing, or lie like a tombstone.

"NOTHING produces nothing"—only you must except the naughts on a check.

"EXPERIENCE teaches even fools," but dudes never have experience.

"FROM the specimen, judge of the whole," except in the case of a mine. (N. B. Sometimes there ain't any hole.)

"Tis sweet to hold office for one's country.

"Fortune favors fools," as is evident from the fact those who are not favored know they are too blamed smart to succeed.

"HE who follows two hares gets neither," and he who follows a whole switch often gets left.

"THE red pepper of our grandmothers—what has become of it?" shrieks an Eastern editor. He may search us. We haven't seen it. We are not surprised that he is excited over its loss, for all sorts of odd things are in demand now—save old maids. It is an absurd idea, too, and we should certainly draw the line at a red pepper which must be in rather a seedy and dried-up condition by this time. If the Eastern editor can't find his grandmother's red pepper, he should advertise it, and offer a liberal reward. But has he looked in the old broken-nosed blue-china teapot of his grandmother? It may be there. Our grandmother's cracked china teapot used to contain a greater variety of articles than can be found now-a-days in the drawer of a family sewing machine.

A SCIENTIFIC writer says that "if you play on an accordeon near an oyster, the bivalve will open its shell." A young accordeon player, who has caused considerable profanity (if not insanity) in this world, concluded to try the experiment, and had not squeezed out more than half of "The Sweet By-and-Bye" before the oyster not only opened its crustaceous covering, but, in a fit of anger: actually threw its shell at the head of the player. And no wonder!

"DON'T grasp at the shadow and lose the substance," advises a patent-medicine advertisement. We never do. The best plan is to blow the froth off before drinking it, although there may be very little substance left.

It was rumored in Boston, the other day, that a policeman had been found paying for his beer, and it was said there was a large indignation meeting among the blue-coats to secure the discharge of the offending member who had thus dishonored the force.

ENGINEER BOLLER has reported to the Park Board that "Macomb's Dam Bridge is unsafe, and it will require \$27,800 to repair it." That is a good deal of money, but there is no use in the engineer being profane about it.

IF General Sherman should be made a Presidential candidate, among his supporters he would embrace nearly all the pretty girls in the country. It looks as though he might be the candidate Te-cum-seh.

IT is said to be half the battle of life to know what you are adapted for. This is the rub. Many men spend all their lives trying to find out.

A FRIEND in need—an impecunious Quaker.



WHILE Booth's is being speedily demolished on the west end of town, McKee Rankin's new theatre on Third Avenue is rapidly approaching completion. The Grand Opera House, Niblo's, The Windsor, and the Mt. Morris Theatre formed a "whip-row" for nearly all the combinations that visited the city last season; and now we shall have Rankin's to add to the list. It will now be an easy matter for any of the first-class troupes to play a six-weeks' engagement in and around New York, giving only a week at each place of amusement; and people on the north, south, east and west sides of town, as well as our cousins in Brooklyn and Williamsburgh will have a chance to see all the popular favorites at popular prices, without being obliged to add their car-fare to the price of their tickets.

The new theatre promises to be quite a fine affair. While the arrangement of the balcony is very like that of the Casino, the proscenium is different from that of any other building. It is shaped like a horse-shoe, and the customary drapery will be dispensed with. Patent seats, that can be turned at the will of the occupant, will fill the parquet, and the whole interior is to be finished in Queen Anne style. The house is to have the electric light, and every effort is being made to have it absolutely fire-proof. It is expected that Joseph Jefferson will open here Sept. 3d, in Rip Van Winkle, and the Florences, Raymond, Barrett, McCullough, M. B. Curtis, and Clara Morris are already booked for the season. Even the celebrated Langtry will condescend to grace Third Avenue with her presence, and Janauschek may be better understood here, if not more highly appreciated, than ever before.

Harry Miner is also erecting a new theatre in the Bowery, which would probably have been completed by Sept. 1st had not the storm of July 2d blown it nearly to pieces. As the front wall, part of the roof, and nearly all the side walls fell in, it will take some time to repair damages. The work had been pushed very rapidly, and it is safe to infer it was not very thoroughly done. It would be as well to remember the old adage, "The more haste the less speed" while constructing a theatre, as in doing anything else.

Work on the New Opera House is progressing finely, and from the names Abbey is continually adding to his list of artists, the season, as far as he is concerned, promises to be a brilliant one, and will probably eclipse all former enterprises.

Beside all these new buildings we are to have in the fall, several of the old theatres are undergoing extensive repairs. The Fifth Avenue is to have an orchestra circle, and is to be embellished in various ways. It seems to be a settled fact that Mr. Stetson will run it as a stock theatre, and that he will commence the regular season with "Storm Beaten." James O'Neill, Barton Hill, DeBelleville, and Kelsey (from Wallack's) are said to have been engaged; but who the principal

ladies of the company will be, is a question not yet fully decided upon.

"Pop" has departed, and the Bijou is to be adorned in some mysterious way. We wish it might be better ventilated. The Standard, too, is to be altered and improved, and what was once Haverly's will probably change its appearance as well as its name. Bishop has done well here in "Strictly Business." Emma Pierce, the lady who supports the "Dr.," has a part nearly as good as his own, and has made a decided hit. She is very pretty, dresses beautifully, and acts skillfully. What more could be desired.

The "Rajah" drags its slow length along at Madison Square. Mr. Pitt has been engaged by the Madison Square Company, and will soon take the place now filled by Mr. George Clarke. Pitt will play the part excellently, but it is hardly worthy of him. He is capable of much better things, and it seems a pity to have him waste his talent on anything as weak as the "Rajah," under any circumstances, must continue to be. Frohman says "the piece was judged by too high a standard," and that "it was intended as a light, attractive summer comedy." That it is light, no one will attempt to deny; but as to its being attractive, opinions seem to differ.

THE JUDGE would be glad to give ample credit for this funny little effort—but its paternity is unknown:

THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST.

MOLLIE had a little ram,
Fleece black as rubber shoe,
And everywhere that Mollie went
He emigrated to.

He went with her to church one day—
The folks hi-la-rious grew
To see him walk de-mure-ly into
Dea-con Al-len's pew.

The worthy deacon quickly let
His angry passions rise,
And gave it an un-Christ-ian kick
Between the sad brown eyes.

This landed rammy in the aisle—
The deacon followed fast,
And raised his foot again,
But, ah! that first kick was his last!

For Mr. Sheep walked slowly back
About a rod, 'tis said,
And ere the deacon could retreat
It stood him on his head.

The con-gre-ga-tion then arose
And went for that ere sheep—
But several well-directed butts
Just piled them in a heap.

Then rushed they straightway for the door,
With curses long and loud,
While rammy struck the hindmost man
And shot him through the crowd.

EVEN though the Chinaman should be
bathed in perspiration he can always go to
his laun-dry.

JOSH BILLINGS is said to have once re-
ceived \$400 for writing twelve words. It is
seldom such "cooings" follow "billings."

MILTON says: "Beauty stands only in the
admiration of weak minds," but then every
one knows that the poor poet was blind.

A DESIGNING fellow—an architect.

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IN EVERY CASE. WHERE A PRICE IS NOT AFFIXED BY THE WRITER,
CONTRIBUTIONS WILL BE REGARDED AS GRATUITOUS, AND NO SUBSE-
QUENT CLAIM FOR REMUNERATION WILL BE ENTERTAINED.

W. T. G.—Send them along.

C. S. W., 28th St.—Accepted.

ABEL.—You are too ambitious.

TURNER.—Not for a week or two.

FANNY.—We cannot use any of them.

HANNIBAL GRAY.—Entirely too long for our col-
umns.

C. F. C., Somerville. We have received no such
manuscript.

CURFEW.—You shall not ring to-night—at least
not in these columns.

EARLY ROSE.—You must rise yet earlier before
you can make us accept that joke as original.

AVON.—Do not ask us conundrums about horse-
races. We presume, in the case you mention, the
horse that came in first won, unless some other animal
happened to be carrying the judge's money.

A. F. T.—Better burn your spring poetry. It is
scarcely worth holding over for another year, and
during the prevailing temperature our faith is not
sufficient to assure us that there will ever be spring
weather again—and if there should be, it will
(judging by appearances) bring out a beautiful crop
of spring poets. Yours will never be missed.

KING HUMBERT, of Italy, would like to
be a reporter. As there are several report-
ers who would like to be King Humbert,
that sort of evens it up.

ALTHOUGH he may be moral and upright,
the man with a club-foot is sure to have a
bad end.

If the police ever close up all the opium-
dens, the Chinese will think "the times are
out of joint."

It is easy to be philanthropic over other
people's misfortunes. Anyone can stand the
toothache in another fellow's jaw.

WHEN a Chinaman becomes a Christian
he generally wants to cut off his pig-tail, so
he uses his religion as an ex-cues.

It is evident that "falsehood reigns su-
preme" when we consider the fact that
"Truth lies at the bottom of a well."

THE mosquito is a sociable insect. It takes
great interest in society; goes a great deal up-
on blood, and is always found "to hum."

PLAUTUS, the Roman comic poet, turned
a mill, so history tells us—probably "ground
out" his jokes like many modern humorists.

THE popular breeze—wind at the sea-side.
THE first edition—Cain.
To act with spirit—reverse the decanter.

It is generally supposed that only one can
be first, but Brooklyn proves to the contrary
by having four First streets.

If there are no telephones in heaven, why
is it that the angels will be known by their
halos?

To enjoy a sleigh-ride in July—Put your
feet in a bucket of ice-water and ring a bell.

A NEW novel is called "Divorced." It is
probably a sequel to "Thrown Together!"

A FREAK of nature—the dude.

HE BLEW THE BUGLE.

A SMALL party of Austin young men were standing on the corner of Austin avenue and Rebecca street the other evening. They were curiously examining a bugle belonging to one of them, and as a stranger came along an animated discussion arose.

"I wish I could play on it," said one.

"Play on it!" exclaimed another. "I wish that I could make a noise on it."

"It's a pretty hard thing to do, observed a third, "if you haven't got the hang of the thing just right."

"Hard thing to do!" chimed in the stranger, halting, and regarding the party with evident contempt. "why, I could blow a bugle before I was a foot high."

"Well, some bugles are different from others," said one of the young men.

"Gimme that bugle," said the stranger excitedly. It was immediately handed him, and putting it to his lips he made one trial trip. There was a subdued splutter, and then the stranger commenced a kind of war dance, at the same time holding his mouth in both hands.

"Great Cleopatra's Needle!" he yelled, with tears streaming from his eyes. "Who in thunder filled that mouthpiece with Cayenne pepper? I'm small, gentlemen, light and fragile, but I can lick the man who peppered the horn."—*Texas Siftings*.

"A WOMAN'S devilish deed" is the heading of an article in an exchange. We haven't read it but we suspect the editor's wife has been putting up a new clothes line, and that the editor has come home late in the night and hung himself up on it by the chin.—*Middletown Transcript*.

"I've never saw the play," said a stage carpenter to an actor. "Watch out for your grammar, Mr. Carpenter," said the actor. "Why? I haven't done nothin' wrong, have I?" "Oh, no; you merely put in a 'saw' where you should have placed a 'scene.'"—*Williamsport Breakfast-Table*.

HAPPY thought: Daughter of the house (having tried her partner and not finding him up to the mark)—"Stop! Do you know, I see that Miss Blinkinsop isn't dancing? I really must give you up to her!"—*London Punch*.

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I guarantee six boxes to cure any case.

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SOLD HIMSELF.

THE Sioux City *Journal* says: "They tell a good story of a Correctionville farmer, who sold a load of corn at that town the other day. When it was weighed he slyly stepped on the scales, and then drove off to unload. When the wagon was weighed he took good care not to be on it, and congratulated himself that he had played it on the buyer in good shape. The grain dealer called him in, and after figuring up the load, paid him in full. As he buttoned up his coat to go out, the buyer kindly asked him to smoke with him, and then talked over the crops and the price of hogs, and the likelihood of the Maple Valley railroad building up that way, till the farmer fairly squirmed in his chair with uneasiness about the chores at home. At last he could stand it no longer and said he must go. The dealer quietly said that was not to be thought of, that he had bought the farmer at full weight and paid him his own price, and that he had a right to do as he pleased with his own property. The raiser of corn saw that he had indeed sold himself, in one sense at least. He acknowledged the corn—as it were—and compromised the affair.

"DON'T say 'entry,' Charles," said Mrs. Culture to her son; "'hall' is much more elegant." Next day the young man astonished his friends by speaking of Alderman Shaughnessy's "hall" into office. But the boy wasn't so far out of the way; had he spelled it "haul," he would have been quite correct.—*Boston Transcript*.

NATURE was wise when it ordained that chickens should not have teeth. If it were possible to look into a chicken's mouth and tell its age, like that of a horse, by its teeth, it would be a square give away on the farmer who was trying to palm off an old hen as a young pullet.—*Phila. Herald*.

VICTOR HUGO says: "Woman is the conundrum of the nineteenth century." Young Sklipps says he was forcibly impressed with this fact when his girl recently became acquainted with a wealthy young man, and he had to "give her up."

"Aw, I have such a dwdful cawld in me hed," remarked an Ivy street dude, as he stroked the tender tip of his nose. "Better that than nothing," was the witty but cruel response of a Peachtree street maiden who heard him.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

A VERMONT editor wants to know what gives color to pure water. We don't know what they generally use up in Vermont, but down this way it is generally something that is not legally sold except under license.—*Lowell Courier*.

A NEW Kentucky law fixes the legal distance between a church and the nearest saloon at one mile. This will make it a long time between drinks for those who attend church on Sundays.—*Lowell Citizen*.

A TEACHER in the Chinese Sunday school was relating to one of his pupils the story of Job, when the heathen suddenly exclaimed: "Bile no good; Job muchee git well. Me see his name on wagons."—*S. F. Paper*.

HENRY IRVING has 200 pairs of suspenders. But what doth it profit a man if he hath 200 pairs of suspenders if he lose one button?—*Phila. News*.

EVEN the buzz-saw will turn and rend the hand that smites it.

IN the policeman's hand the club is mighty, and will prevail.



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A FAIR EXCHANGE.

"ARRESTED for carrying a pistol, was he?" asked a magistrate of an officer, referring to a gentleman that had just been arraigned. "Let's see the pistol." The pistol was produced and handed to the Judge, who examined it and said:

"Where did you get it?"
"Bought it at a hardware store."
"What did it cost?"
"Fifteen dollars."
"Fine implement. How'll you swap?" and the Judge drew out a pistol and handed it to the prisoner.
"Take ten dollars to boot."
"All right. I fine you ten dollars. That makes us even."—S. F. Wasp.

THE daily newspaper editor is not above practicing deceit. A man went into an Arkansas newspaper office, and said to the editor.

"Have you got the Wignleville *Bottlefly* handy?"
"No sir, I never saw it."
"You exchange with it."
"No, for we have no use for such papers."
"I know you exchange with it, for I send it to you every week. I am the editor of the *Bottlefly*."
"Oh, the *Bottlefly*! Why certainly, we exchange with it. Most valuable exchange on the list, but I haven't got it here as I always take it home." Country editor went away highly flattered.—Ark. Traveler.

MAJOR MANGUM went home Wednesday and found the first sergeant of his family trying to butcher a cat with the major's best razor. "Come here you young scamp! Will you never behave yourself? Do you want to grow up in this horrible way and die on the gallows?" "Yes sir!" "Great grief! You do?" exclaimed the astounded major. "That's my racket now!" "What for?" "Cause, pa, that's the dead sure way of going to heaven." The major escaped fatal apoplexy by a scratch only.—Geo. Maj.

THE late Baron de Rothschild once took a cab to his office, and on alighting tendered the proper fare. The cabman received it, but kept his hand open and looked at the money significantly, which caused the baron to inquire whether it was not right. "Oh, yes," replied the cabman, "it's quite right, but your sons usually give me double." "They do, do they?" was the Baron's reply; "well, they have a rich father, and can afford it; I have not."—London Society.

THE editor of a newspaper in Bolivia, who denounced the war and clamored for peace, was arrested and his ears bored. In this country editors frequently have their ears bored when they desire peace and quiet, and if the Bolivia editor was not accustomed to that sort of punishment, he must have been a very new hand at the business.—Norristown Herald.

"I WANTER pound o' black tea," said Witherspunter to Deacon Gilpin.
"I thought your folks used Jap tea," suggested the Deacon.
"We did; but you see my wife's sister, out in Injanna, is dead, and she's wearing mournin,' and she thought it'd be more appropriate like to use black tea for awhile now."—Marathon Independent.

A YALE student swallowed his diamond pin and is 99 cents out of pocket thereby.—Norristown Herald.

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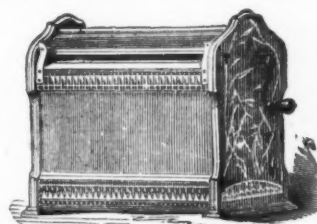
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