

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK AS SECOND CLASS MATTER. COPYRIGHT 1881 BY THE JUDGE PUBLISHING CO.

Price

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 9, 1884.

10 Cents.



FRANKLIN SQUARE LITH. CO. NEW YORK.

A COLD DAY IN WALL STREET.  
Gould catches a few suckers.

THE JUDGE



## THE JUDGE.

324, 326 and 328 Pearl St., (Franklin Square.)  
NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

### TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)  
IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers, . . . . . \$5.00  
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers, . . . . . 2.50  
One copy, for 13 weeks, . . . . . 1.25

POSTAGE FREE.

Address,  
THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
324, 326 and 328 Pearl St., New York.

EUROPEAN AGENTS:  
THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 11 Boulevard St., (Fleet St.)  
LONDON, ENGLAND.

### NOTICE.

Contributors must put their valuation upon the articles they send to us (subject to a price we may ourselves fix), or otherwise they will be regarded as gratuitous. Stamps should be inclosed for return postage, with name and address, if writers wish to regain their declined articles.

### CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRESPONDENTS WILL PLEASE TAKE NOTICE THAT THEY SEND MSS. TO THIS OFFICE AT THEIR OWN RISK. WHERE STAMPS ARE ENCLOSED WE WILL RETURN REJECTED MATTER AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, BUT WE DISTINCTLY REPUDEATE ALL RESPONSIBILITY FOR SUCH IN EVERY CASE. WHERE A PRICE IS NOT AFFIXED BY THE WRITER, CONTRIBUTIONS WILL BE REGARDED AS GRATUITOUS, AND NO SUBSEQUENT CLAIM FOR REMUNERATION WILL BE ENTERTAINED.

### About Church Choirs.

It is getting so that there is almost as much competition in our churches as in our theatres, and religion is becoming a very expensive thing. A metropolitan church choir is a costly organization, and a good one is an opera troupe in little, with its tenors, sopranos, contraltos, basses, baritones, choruses, and what not. Hitherto, however, save in very exceptional instances of the revival school, the band has not taken the place of the organ. What is the result? All this expense has to be defrayed somehow; the princely salary of the star pastor has to be paid, and the interest on the debt of the handsome edifice has to be met. Consequently pews and sittings are sold like opera boxes, and the congregation is called upon to put its hand in its pocket every time it goes to worship. This is not the old and pure idea of christianity. It is rather a speculative kind of religion, which engages all possible attractions for a church, with the view of drawing a large audience, and there is much heart-burning and jealousy among different flocks of the fold with regard to the drawing capacity of their respective pastors or choirs. If this is not doing the business pretty much as the theatres do theirs, THE JUDGE would be glad to know where the difference lies. Whether extra attractions will in the future be provided for the choir, after the manner suggested by our artist, remains to be seen; but if the object be, as it

appears to be, to provide the maximum of attraction at the minimum of expense, the engagement of colored singers might be a good one. They are always popular and they come cheap. Unless we are mistaken, the experiment has been tried with startlingly good effect at negro camp meetings, and if the present choirs feel aggrieved at being ousted they can always organize opera companies, after the fashion of the "church choir 'Pinafore' troupes" of blessed memory, and make money through the country. The spectacle would not be very edifying, but, then, neither is the present system.

### A Cold Day on Wall Street.

BUSINESS has not been very brisk round the Stock Exchange of late. Vainly have the manipulators advertised their stocks with all the ingenuity and profusion of a dry goods store or a theatrical manager. Somehow the public are not buying. Suckers do not stray along, and the lambs have retired into winter quarters to grow their fleeces. They do not seem to speculate with their old freedom, and a horrible fear is springing up in the bosoms of our millionaires, that this state of affairs may become permanent—that the dear public has been scared away for good and all. This is a serious reflection to all right-minded citizens. An important industry is threatened; a small but deserving body of men seems liable to be thrown out of employment—our millionaires may be reduced to enforced idleness. This is all very sad and the spectacle of starving millionaires—Vanderbilt foregoing his opera-box, and Jay Gould pawning his yacht—is calculated to melt the most callous to tears. Let us hope things will not reach this painful crisis. We may echo the immortal words of William H., "the public be —," but we cannot do without our millionaires.

### The White Elephant of '84.

Probably nothing in nature is more antagonistic than two individuals, or aggregations of individuals, each desiring its own way, except, perhaps, the same individuals or aggregations divided by the fact that the one possesses what the other desires. For what says the wise man :

Two cats and one mouse.  
Two women in one house,  
Two dogs and one bone  
Never agree in one.

In just the position of the two cats, or the two women, or the two dogs, stand the two great representative parties of the United States at the present moment. The Republican party occupies the enviable position of the cat that has caught the mouse, the woman who owns the house, the dog who is in the actual fruition of the bone. None the less, however, does it regard with distrust and suspicion the Democratic interloper, who is ever and always in wait to snatch the tempting morsel from its jaws, or its paws, or its

taper fingers, as the case may be. Imagine then, how vital must be a question upon which these two opposing interests are in accord. Nothing short of the imminent escape of the mouse, the possible infusion of arsenic into the bone, or a fire in the kitchen chimney of the house would seem adequate to produce even a temporary fusion of interests. If Democrats and Republicans unite upon any one question, we may feel well assured that it involves something threatening the well-being of both. And here we are constrained to call upon yet another fable, illustrating the position of the parties; and when we speak of Democrats and Republicans, we would be here understood to mean the professional politicians—the machine of both parties, as opposed to the rank and file of the voters who naturally have only the interests of the country at heart.

Well, to return to our fable, which relates how the lion and the unicorn were fighting for the crown, when up came the little dog and knocked them both down! The application to the two parties is very plain, and the role of the little dog is capably filled by the burning question of Tariff Reform. Our artist has chosen to represent Tariff Reform as an elephant, but that is a mere question of detail. Both parties are in sore dread of this question, and, for once, are bending their united energies to keep it from before the country. They do not know what to do with it; it is a dreadful incubus on their hands; it refuses to be ignored and insists on thrusting its threatening visage into all they can say or all they can do. In this sense it is, indeed, a white elephant—the white elephant of '84. The country is all agog about it; the newspapers discuss it; the people demand it, and the politicians endeavor to shirk it. And yet it is *the* question of the hour. And now, would the politicians like to hear THE JUDGE's advice on the subject,—very impartial advice, inasmuch as it is offered to both parties alike? It is this: Grapple the question boldly; deal with it fearlessly and intelligently, and adjust it sensibly. The party which does this will have made a great stride towards achieving victory in this year of grace, 1884.

### Marketable Beauty.

THE engagement which Mrs. Langtry recently concluded at The Fifth Avenue Theatre was, in a pecuniary sense, one of the most successful that has been played in New York this season. As the pecuniary standpoint is the only one from which a manager will estimate a star, it follows that Mrs. Langtry, in the eyes of theatrical managers, is one of the best actresses in the country. Is she one of the best in the eyes of the public as well? In sooth it would seem so, to judge by the scramble for seats, the rushing business done by speculators, the crowded houses, and all the other evidences of a prosperous engagement. Stay, there was one not unusual adjunct of a prosperous en-

gagement conspicuously absent—the applause. Cold and careless the large audience sat, while the Langtry raved and wept, or flirted and posed through her lines. These people had not come here to be entranced, and, sooth to say, the actress did not try to distress them or flurry them out of the calm of their quiet repose. They came simply to gratify a feeling of curiosity, strong in some, languid in others, but existing in every member of those large audiences, to see a woman to whom rumor had ascribed the favors of a prince, and who was credited with being one of London's famous beauties. And it is just here that Mrs. Langtry's power lies—the power which fills a house with dollars, where more meritorious effort would starve; the power which makes her, in spite of passionless acting and the cold, mechanical gestures of a marionette, one of the best-paying stars in the theatrical business to-day.

So it is on all hands admitted that it is the renown of her beauty, and not of her talents, which enables Mrs. Langtry to attract large audiences, and to hold them in their seats throughout four acts of the prurient suggestiveness and overt nastiness of one of the filthiest plays that ever emanated from the pen of a French dramatist. We say advisedly, the *renown* of her beauty, and not her beauty itself, for it does not require a second glance to assure the spectator that he may meet prettier women by the score any fine afternoon on Broadway or Fifth Avenue. Such charms as Mrs. Langtry possesses have been well advertised, that is all; her beauty has been made marketable, and she and her managers are reaping the profits.

What a strange mode of livelihood, after all, is that of the professional beauty. The stock in trade is simple enough—a few charms of face and figure (no matter about the mind), a prince, or his equivalent, in the background, and a reputation which has been talked threadbare. There you are. Then you advertise liberally; have assurance enough for anything; submit yourself fearlessly to the interviewer; have no secrets from the public and the public press, unless it be a secret involving dyed hair or padded bust; distribute your photographs broadcast over the land, and then fill a theatre with people who are inquisitive enough to pay money for the privilege of looking at such a creature as you have made of yourself.

WHOSE head carries most liquor? The hog'shead.

WHICH of your pets do you always keep on your parlor floor? None of them.

What! not even your car-pet?

A POET in one of our exchanges speaks of a mower "with head as trenchant as a god's." Why a god's head should be trenchant is at first sight puzzling, but with regard to the mower, it is evident enough that he is in a position to have his hair cut at any time without the intervention of a barber.

### Taking Down the Old Church Bell.

A REMINISCENCE.

THROUGH the ruined church's steeple—through the timbers rudely bared  
By the hands of stalwart workmen—once so proudly heavenward reared—  
Saw I in the morning sunlight glimpses of the dark-blue sky,  
And I knew our faith's old temple could no longer tower on high.

Mammon claimed another trophy, from the old and sacred won;  
Trade must have his mart or traffic, though the whole world be undone;  
And the graves where slept our fathers, long before to pick and spade  
All their old and honored relics had uncovered and betrayed.

Now had fallen roof and cornice, and like ribs of stranded ships  
Peered the bare and blackened rafters, with their laths in broken strips;  
And, the ruthless work completing, o'er them crawled the forms of men—  
Like so many greedy earthworms turning man to dust again.

I had seen the rude pine coffins, handled with irreverent haste,  
Borne away in jolting wagons, and in far-off graveyards placed;  
Not a mourner left to follow, of the crowd who long ago  
To their grieved and honored burials paced with footsteps sad and slow.

Upward to the swift destruction sadly looked the passing crowd,  
Sadly downward from the heavens reverent eyes saw faces bowed;  
And the hearts that time and sorrow had not rendered stern and cold  
Grieved that in the New's young footsteps perished all that decked the Old.

Then at noon, when in the bustle of the hurried, crowded day,  
All the softer thoughts of morning with its mists had rolled away—  
From the wrecked and mangled steeple came a faint and broken toll,  
Such as Sorrow's trembling fingers might have rung when passed a soul.

From its fastenings in the tower, where proud hands its weight had hung  
In the days when England ruled us—when King George the Third was young—  
As if well those men remembered how the dying claimed a knell,  
They were striking as they lowered—taking down the old church bell,

Then I thought how o'er the city—through the night and through the day—  
Tolling out for joy or sorrow—those old chimes had rung away;  
When our land a struggling infant seemed 'neath tyrant feet to lie,—  
When dispirited and beaten they had fled as tyrants fly:—

When in after years the nations saw our light across the sea,  
And here flocked the trampled millions who had spirit to be free;  
When in one the nations blending saw the eagle's wing unfurled,  
And we grew to be a power and a wonder in the world.

Those old chimes had rung at noontide, when the hearts of men beat high;  
Those old chimes had rung at midnight, when the red flames flushed the sky:—  
Pealing for a nation's birthday, tolling for a great man's doom,  
Ringing out their intonations for the triumph or the tomb,  
Up the street where vice was flashing on its wild and reckless course—  
Down the street where heartless traffic swept with all its giant force—  
Telling to the generations sleeping now beneath the sod,  
There was yet a pause in Nature—there was yet in Heaven a God.  
Now 'twas ended:—church and steeple—bell whose tongue such memories told—  
Passing as all things are passing that are revered, gray and old.  
In the city's crowd still hear I, as an undertone, that knell—  
As it rung when men were busy, taking down the old church bell.

H. M.

### Uncle Ike's Sarmons.

BY CUTE CARRAWAY.

UNKLE IKE is an old negro that preaches to a "semblage ob culurd pussons" away down in the "Sunny South," where the whangdoodle and the turtle dove layeth themselves down to sleep every night and where the bullfrog's dulcet notes are heard in the land. Isaac Smith, like all old darkies in the southern land, has been called "Uncle Ike" for many years, longer than the writer can remember. We love to hear him preach. We heard him the other night. As the cracked bell, aloft in the substitute for a steeple, ceased tolling its chimes, the "bretherin" united in "prar," and sung "de gospel hymn, de old Ship ob Zion." And then Uncle Ike arose, spectacles donned, wiping his massive forehead, which extended to the back of his neck, with a red bandanna. The old man looked pale and careworn. He looked as if he had a "most awful" task to explain, and scoured with firey eloquence upon the theme he had selected. Gazing vacantly around upon his audience, the old man smiled and said:

"My brudderin and sisterin, de text frum which I am to de-lin-i-ate am found somewhar in de ole Testemint. What am de precise pint am more dan de speaker kin tell you. Hit am somewhar betwix the lids ob dat good ole book. Dats quantum sufficient. De tex am worded, 'And Jonah swallowed de whale.' Now, you kin see frum de wordn ob de tex dat dar was a man by de name ob Jonah. What Jonah hit were de good book don't tell. We know not whedder hit were Jonah Smith, Jonah Green, Jonah Brown, or sum udder Johah. But hit am sufficient fur dis occasion ob bibological investigation to know dat hit war one Mister Jonah, and dat he war flung oberboard inter de stormy, competuous sea by mariner men who got mad wid him because he tickled de cap'n wid a goose quill when he war asleep. When Jonah landed in de briney deep de waves rolled high, de win blew, de litning flashed, and de flunder roared, and he war sore distressed. But yer talk 'bout a nigger gitting skeered; I tell yer he war one skeered nigger when he seed a big buck whale cum runnin fur him. His har stood on end till hit lifted de hat offen his head. But Jonah war a nigger not to be gyroted wid. Wid one glance ob de eye he seed dat he must eder swallow the



whale or de whale would swallow him. So he tuk a seat on a neig'bring rock, rolled up his sleeves, unbuttoned his collar, pulled down his vest, wiped off his chin, and waited fur de whale to git in close proximity. Wern't hit fur de diwine rebelations, yer would say dat de whale got de best ob Johah, but we am told dat Jonah got de best ob de whale, fur de text says, "and Jonah swallowed de whale." No, my brudderin, Jonah got head uv de ordinary nigger who kin hide de watermelon in his mouf when de owner ob de patch cums long. Hit am a purty good sign at a toluble big obicular cavity. But we are digresin. Now, don't you know, my brudderin, dat when Jonah swallowed dat whale he grunted wus'n General Grant did at de Chicago Convenshun? Hit war a whale at a swallow. De whale's body am like unto de hen egg, case hit am big in de middle part, and when Jonah commenced to swallow de whale he went down all O. K. till he cum to de middle, and den hit war so tite a squeeze dat dere was an awful rumpus kicked up in dem waters. Hit war fur awhile nip and tuck whedder de whale should keep on down into Jonah or go back and den swallow his accrostic. At last de nigger held 'im breff and gib a mity strain, and down went de whale till he cum to his tail, and dat getting tangled in Jonah's teef dere was anudder struggle, but, 'nigger fur luck,' one ob Jonah's teef pulled out, and down went de whale into Jonah's belly wid a hawful slush. Dat nigger war den a whale ob a full nigger. He war suddenly metamofoursed from a little, slim dried-up nigger to a great big fat one. Hit am useless, my brudderin, to tell you dat Jonah busted his west buttons, as you know he must've. De most 'markable part ob dis story am dat the whale immigrated roun in de insides ob Jonah for free days, and den made him so

sick at de stumick dat he slipped out'n de back door and puked him up. What came ob de whale no one knows. Hit am surprisin dat the great animal fencer, Mr. Barnum, didn't ketch him. When de whale got outen Jonah, he slunk back to his nateral size. Brudder Jeremiah Jones will please pass roun de hat."

#### The Novel Bull.

A LESSON IN NATURAL HISTORY.

LISTEN—Amelia wearing a red shawl (the heroine always wears a red shawl) is walking through the verdant meadows with Orlando. When they reached the middle of the field (crafty animal that bull—always lets them get to the *middle* of the field) a bull shows himself, and bellows.

"Walk quietly to the gate" says Orlando, "I'll take off his attention." (wonderful how easily the novel bull will allow his attention to be taken off).

After a short hesitation, Amelia walks towards the gate, leaving the red shawl in Orlando's possession. Bull stares as if he hardly understood this arrangement, finally does a little bellowing and trots forward. Orlando shouts and waves the shawl. Bull stops, stares, and again trots forward. More shouting and waving of shawl, more staring and trotting.

By this time Amelia has reached the gate. Bull being satisfied about this, makes his rush. Orlando performs astonishing feats with stones and hat, steadily retreating, finally with all the skill of a matador blinds bull with shawl and escapes.

The father of Amelia, having seen all from his study window, descends, and places Amelia's hand in Orlando's, blesses them, and so on. Same old story.

Sometimes it is varied by laborers with pitchforks and hoes, but it comes to exactly the same thing in the end, the bull foiled, and the lovers happy.

The principal attributes of the novel bull are, a great taste for stamping, bellowing, staring, lashing himself with his tail, and digging up the turf with his horns. Then good nature and forbearance are very strong points with him, for he never really hurts the lady, he is only in fun. A careful study of the novel bull has assured me of the fact, that he never makes his rush till the lady has reached the gate.

Still further, he never hurts the lover; he makes a rush at him, stamps on his hat, sometimes sends a horn through his coat-tail, but *never* hurts him. What, hurt the lover? not for the smiles of a hundred cows. He would die first. Yes, sir; die!

That bull that ran at Lucy Ashton and was shot by Edgar Ravenswood, in dying gave life to hundreds.

But in whatever manner the novel bull is used, it is to show the bravery of the true lover and the cowardice of the false.

Oh, heroes and heroines, fear the novel bull no more; though his bellowing may sound harsh, it is in reality a kindness. Bless the bull, all the novelists that ever made use of him ought to subscribe and raise a statue to him; the dear, old, hardworked, bellowing, stamping, ill-used, harmless bull.

B. T. P.

Now that Tennyson is a real British peer, the aristocratic circles of this country will not receive his name with such a vacant stare.

MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, contemplates a trip to Australia. As all sala's (sailors) are fond of the sea he will doubtless enjoy his trip.

**A Leap Year Episode.**

Can I forget that winter night  
 In eighteen eighty-four,  
 When Nellie, charming little sprite,  
 Came tapping at the door?  
 "Good evening, miss," I blushing said,  
 For in my heart I knew—  
 And knowing, hung my pretty head—  
 That Nellie came to woo.

She clasped my old red hand and fell  
 Adown upon her knees,  
 And cried: "You know I love you well,  
 So be my husband, please?"  
 And then she swore she'd ever be  
 A tender wife and true.  
 Ah! what delight it was to me  
 That Nellie came to woo.

She'd lace my shoes and darn my hose  
 And mend my shirts, she said,  
 And grease my comely Roman nose  
 Each night on going to bed.  
 She'd build the fires and fetch the coal,  
 And split the kindling, too—  
 Love's perjuries o'erwhelmed her soul  
 When Nellie came to woo.

And as I, blushing, gave no check  
 To her advances rash,  
 She twined her arms around my neck  
 And toyed with my moustache;  
 And then she pleaded for a kiss,  
 While I—what could I do  
 But coyly yield me to that bliss  
 When Nellie came to woo?

I am engaged, and proudly wear  
 A gorgeous diamond ring;  
 And I shall wed my lover fair  
 Some time in gentle spring.  
 I face my doom without a sigh—  
 And so, forsooth, would you,  
 If you but loved so fond as I,  
 And Nellie came to woo.

—Eugene Field, in *Chicago News*.

**A Specimen New York Newspaper "Interview."**

Specially reported for THE JUDGE.

SCENE.—An up-town hotel. TIME.—Immediately after landing passengers from incoming European steamer.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—Mr. Celebrity (a well known lecturer on political economy who has been duly heralded by cable at the expense of his "manager"); Mr. C's wife; Mr. Buttonholer, the *gentlemanly* and *clever* foreign-guest interviewer of the N. Y. Daily *Tittle Tattle*.

Mr. B. (with obsequious bow and professional smirk, note book and pencil in hand). Mr. Celebrity from London I presume?

Mr. C. (courteously). The same, sir, at your service; what can I do for you?

Mr. B. Hope you had a pleasant voyage, Mr. Celebrity? I am the foreign-guest reporter of the Daily *Tittle Tattle*, which I presume you heard of at the other side, and my mission is to interview you in regard to the past, present and future of your illustrious career which is already familiar to our host of readers.

(The *Tittle Tattle* has about 500 city and an equal provincial circulation—managing to exist, heaven and its managers alone know how.)

Mr. C. Considering the season, we had a very pleasant voyage, indeed—



James J. Coogan.

JAMES J. COOGAN is a man whom our readers will be glad to know, and therefore THE JUDGE takes much pleasure in introducing him to them. He is a very good-looking man, and, as beauty makes friends, he has plenty of well-wishers. He is as good as he is pretty—handsome is that handsome does—therefore he is popular. For the rest,

Mr. B. (interrupting, as if he had already forgotten a point in his programme)—What may be your age now, Mr. C.? Where were you born? and what income did you derive from your lectures on the other side?—all these matters are of interest to our readers?

(These questions being answered to Mr. B.'s satisfaction, and answers duly noted, the interviewer proceeds to unwind his programme.)

Mr. B. Was you or Mrs. C. (looking at Mrs. C. inquiringly, with the air of a medical professional) seasick on the voyage? and, if so, what were your sensations?

(Mrs. C. being the only one of both who had experienced sea-sickness, here intervenes and volubly explains her experiences—all which is faithfully noted for publication.)

Mr. B. What are your intentions during your proposed stay in this country, Mr. C.?

Mr. C. I intend to stay here until I return, and to deliver my celebrated lecture on my favorite subject of political economy in the principal cities of the Union. I shall study your institutions and comment on the same when I return. I also intend to criticise the manners and methods of your people in a

he is in the furniture trade for business, and more or less in politics for pleasure. It was in contemplation not long ago to nominate him for the mayoralty; and indeed he has been mentioned in connection with many prominent offices. For the rest, Mr. Coogan is a man of characteristic energy and business ability, shrewd, far-seeing, but of unquestioned commercial and political honesty—in short, a "white man."

volume of "Notes" to be brought out by a well known London publisher.

Mr. B. What are your impressions of America so far, Mr. C.?

(An intelligent question, truly, to be put to a foreigner just landed.)

Mr. C. (not seemingly noticing the absurdity of the query, for his mission is to make money, and he cannot therefore afford to make newspaper enemies). So far, my impressions of America and her people are quite favorable, and I hope we will like one another better on further acquaintance.

Mr. B. Will Mrs. C. accompany you on your travels through the country (again gazing inquiringly at Mrs. C.)?

Mr. C. As to that, sir, I cannot positively answer at present, as much will depend upon the plans of my manager, which I am not acquainted with. (Mentally—I have heard of the attractiveness of American women, and it may not be convenient at all times to have Mrs. C. proximate—think I'll leave her in New York. Mrs. C., with the instinctiveness of her sex, divines the unspoken purpose of her liege lord and makes an attempt to be heard in her own defense, which is sup-



## HER FACE HER PROTECTION.

AUNT—"My, my; I was chased by a man, and oh! how I did run away from him!"  
 SMALL BOY—"Why didn't you face him, and he would have run away from you."

pressed by the gentlemanly newspaper representative, in his eagerness to propound the next crucial question on the programme, and which is cleverly intended to unmask the secret of the lecturer's inner domestic history, a faint echo of which has already reached New York newspaper ghouls-dom:)

Mr. B. (with an air of innocent unconsciousness born of his reportorial apprenticeship in the office of the *Tittle Tattle*)—Were you ever married before, Mr. C.? and, if so, when did your first wife die? Were there any children of that marriage? and if so, where are they now?

This being evidently a crucial and tender point, in view of the fact that Mr. C. has been legally divorced from wife No. 1, who with the children remain in the old country, Mr. C. looks like a convicted criminal, blushes deeply, and stammers out something half audible about people minding their own business, and the impertinence of American newspaper interviewers, which the reporter fails to catch, but reportorially guesses the meaning of, and mentally notes for further use. Mrs. C. (who has been wholly unaware of those prior matrimonial complications and notices the confusion and hesitancy of her liege lord) looks daggers at the lecturer and his triumphant interlocutor, tells Mr. C. that it is time to be thinking of unpacking, and the interview abruptly ends. (We drop the curtain on the inevitable "curtain lecture" which followed, with a tear of pity for Mr. C.)

But the matter is very far from ending here; the inquisitorial buttonholer has his clue, and the opportunity for sowing the thistle-seeds of another first-class scandal is too good to be lost. In the *Tittle Tattle* of the following morning appears an extended report of the above interview in large type and with flaming caption, including a full and "circumstantial" history of Mr. Celebrity's former marriage, his domestic disabilities, and his divorce from wife No. 1. Thus is the skeleton in Mr. C.'s closet exposed to the inquisitive scrutiny of the readers of the *Tittle Tattle*, and from that enterprising

sheet (notwithstanding its very limited circulation) the sweet and savory morsel of scandal is widely copied by its enterprising contemporaries throughout the land, until at length it reaches and finds ready credence at home, where heretofore it was confined to the immediate circle of Mr. C.'s friends; and wherever in future Mr. C. and wife No. 2 may travel, they will find the grinning skeleton awaiting their advent—the result of the spirited enterprise of our bright and breezy daily *Tittle Tattle* and the combined ingenuity and vivid imagination of Mr. Buttonhole, its inquisitorial foreign-guest interlocutor. And this it is that is to-day recognized and applauded as genuine American newspaper enterprise, forsooth! No wonder, JUDGE, that our trans-Atlantic cousins are periodically regaled with Dickensonian "American Notes."

THE O'CALLAHAN.

## The Annual Ball of the Michael Mulbothorem Association.

BY OUR FASHION REPORTER.

THE annual ball of the Michael Mulbothorem Association, named in honor of the genial burglar of the Shantytown district, took place last Thursday night at the palatial residence of Jamesey Briggs, Esq., the well-known and successful sneak-thief of Morrissania. The management of the floor devolved upon Patsy Corcoran, the champion light-weight of Mott Haven, who was assisted by Tip Sluggins, the highly popular bartender of Harlem Flats. Buck Tompkins headed the reception committee, and Fatty McCarthy and Side-Curl Tommy were deputized to keep order and throw out all fresh roosters who might labor under the impression that heaven had delegated to Westchester County the mission of cleaning out the first families of the annexed district. Alderman Michael Mulbothorem, the leading guest of the association, was accompanied by his only daughter, the petite Bridget, dressed in white silesia trimmed with frills of

cafe au lait, and elegantly festooned with rows of pretzels. Noticeable among the goodly company were Taffy McLaughlin and Pat Slocum, of Dead Man's Row, accompanied by Miss Gussy de Smythe, costumed in a blue and green cotton sash, and Balmoral shoes trimmed with lilies of the valley and two rows of pink shoe strings; and Miss Adelia Blithers, attired in a ruby velvet basque, cut bias, and a sweet perfume of patchouli and onions; the genial Hank Dobson, and wife wearing black tights, and a corsage of wild sage brush, and their bright little son, who has, to his honor be it said, already filled two terms in the Reformatory. Tuff Swingbrunn waited upon his fiancee, Dolly McBurke, in a scarlet redingote and blue coral bracelets. Accompanying Jake Bludsoe were the charming sisters Flossie and Blanche Rosenbaum, the former wearing a morning wrapper of chocolate-colored muslin, and Miss Blanche in a sweet ballet costume of two rows of open-work mosquito netting and bangles, and her gallant was Porkey Skuggs, the champion beer-slinger of Tremont. In their set were Mr. and Mrs. Bartolph Qwulbrick, the well-known society platelayer of the N. H. & H. R. R. R. and his wife, the belle of 197th street, in company with their children Bub and Janey. Altogether, it may be pronounced the most fashionable gathering of notabilities of the season, and one would be compelled to ransack the Tombs, Auburn and Sing Sing to find its mate. Only three fights took place the whole evening, which speaks well for the admirable manner in which Fatty and Side-Curl Tommy attended to their business, and the desire of all concerned to make this festive occasion one long to be remembered as the most elegant and recherche in the annals of Harlem.

(N. B.—Our Fashion Reporter will furnish notices, of which the foregoing is a specimen copy, at prices marked down to suit the pressure of the times, as follows: Describing entire outfit of lady, \$1.00; describing portions of same, from 50 to 75 cts; careful analysis of jewels, 65 cts; for use of the words "tout ensemble" and other French expressions, 10 cts. a word, or a dozen for \$1.00; describing complexion, 50 cts; describing complexion with mention of hair, 65 cts. A great reduction made for colored ladies.—ED. JUDGE.)

## The Brooklyn Dutch Grocer.

THE Dutch grocer is the natural enemy of the American grocer.

When he squats down in the American's neighborhood, sooner or later, the latter will have to fold up his tent, and silently steal away.

He has been a clerk for a fellow countryman, and, by his economy, and maybe a lift from Yarmony, or his sweetheart, Louisa, he opens a store for himself.

He keeps bachelor's hall, he and a future Dutch grocer, in a room in the rear of the store, living, not on the fat of the land, but on the stale of the shop, and pursues the even tenor of his way, until Louisa gets clamorous for her money, and he marries her to end the matter.

Wars, the rumor of wars, politics or any other ics' or isms rarely disturbs him.

While the American must see Patti, Booth, Fritz or Barnum, or go to the sea-side during the summer, his Dutch neighbor is satisfied with "Pfungst Montag" for a holiday, and, for summer excursions, the Bushwick avenue

cars to the suburban parks covers his wildest dreams of pleasure, making himself a source of great nervousness to the conductor, as he is never certain how he will get on or off.

The usual method is to get in first, and, after the car has got under way, to look around complacently to see what luck his *frau* and the children had in getting in. The idea of seeing the wife and children in first is always beneath a Dutchman's notice.

Nearly all the accidents that befall passengers in large cities fall upon the heads of Dutchmen, at least they bear Dutch names; being a slow thinker he never misses an opportunity to stay where he is and get hurt.

But this is digression.

Some fine morning, not long after his advent into the neighborhood, the American fails to take his shutters down.

Hans looks at his clerk significantly, remarking:

"He overshleps mit himself alretty."

I am of the opinion that the reason for this is the generous measure the Teuton gives.

His nasty way of handling goods is winked at by the customer, whose aim is to get good measure and weight.

We have seen him break off a lump of butter, with his immense hands, often bearing the marks of the coal dust of '82, or maybe, the sacred soil of fatherland.

We have seen him dexterously apply the knuckle of his thumb to his nose, and sprinkle a gentle shower on the spinach, at the same time he would build such a tower of potatoes on the half-peck measure that the customer could not find fault with any of his eccentric ways.

The only time his hands approach any perfection of cleanliness is on Saturday night, being a time *saur kraut* is generally bought.

He forks it out of a barrel with the five tines nature has affixed to his immense spades, causing them to assume a presentable appearance for Sunday.

He is a hardy man to deal with, for you can blow him skyhigh, whenever and wherever you like.

What the pride of the American grocer would resent, his Dutch opponent answers with a "yah?"

After a few years, having accumulated a competence, he yearns to see his old friends in fatherland, and generally makes the voyage.

The figure of bloated wealth that he cuts in the rural village of his boyhood is too sacred for these pages, filling the minds of the youthful rustics, for miles around, with a burning desire to come to America and antagonize some other American grocer.

When he returns, he usually brings over a half dozen wooden-shoed relatives, and marches out of Castle Garden, at the head of his uncouth brigade, with the air of one who has been there before. Is he ashamed to lead the column up Broadway? Well, scarcely.

WHY should it be particularly easy to rob the house of an old man? Because his gait is feeble, and his locks are few.

WHY is a man too drunk to walk like rapid transit in Brooklyn? Because, though elevated, he is not ready for travel.

ONE of our foremost men—Herr Most's father. He had to be 'fore Most.

A BAD cold—cold hash.



#### NEIGHBORLY REGARD.

MRS. PAUL PRY—"What makes Mr. Cuffbutton stay away from his home so much?"  
MRS. CUFFBUTTON—"To avoid meeting impudent neighbors, I suppose."

#### Won from the Waste-basket.

A TALE OF THE POSSIBLE.

MARGARET COLTON BLARNEY has earned her spurs, and the blood dabbles the sides of Pegasus. Dabbles the sides of Pegasus and runs riot in the veins of her enemies. For Margaret has many foes; bitter and vengeful foes, who are constantly addressing editors inimical to Miss Blarney's patrons and publishers—addressing them with tales of the plagiarism of their own rejected effusions by this new favorite.

Margaret C. Blarney sees them not; she never reads rival magazines—never pays attention to reported calumnies. No one knows or has ever seen her. Report says she never issues forth in the vulgar, garish day. That the sun-light but serves to guide her pen through sonnet and rondeau, or to add a careless line and signature to the effusions so greedily sought by the editors of the "Centennial" and "Gothamite." This eccentricity but naturally tends to heighten her popularity.

She has already begun to rely upon her new-born fame; her verses are less elegant than formerly. This is seldom attended by bad results; her case is not a lonely exception. She is as popular as ever.

The famous humorist of "Mirth" is unhappy. What avails his *viscomica* when editors reject his pastorals? His wit, when nature's poems meet but scorn? Yes, he is very miserable. It sickens him to reflect that he owes much of his reputation to his oft-repeated travesties on the goat of Theocritus.

"Only females with three names," he groans, "catch the degraded ear of to-day."

Wearily he turns the pages of an exchange that caters to the degraded, but suddenly drops it, while his face blazes rage.

"Nature's Mirror: Margaret Colton Blarney," he slowly mutters. "My own, my own!"

Hastily grabbing a pen, while a sudden inspiration seizes him, he dashes off "An Orphan Dandelion," in verses long pent up—signing a fictitious *nom de plume*. Then, directing it to his own editor in chief, he mails it. He makes a copy, dates it and puts it in a blank envelope, then entrusts it to a surprised and amused *confrere*, with a request for its retention till called for.

In the natural course of events, "An Orphan Dandelion" hides its blushes in the waste-basket.

Next month the humorist is seen eagerly searching the pages of the latest exchanges. His search seems rewarded, and, smiling, he approaches the holder of the, to him, mysterious package.

"Open and read," he says, excitedly.

"But—but," begins the other, as he catches sight of verses.

"Read, I say, read!" shouts the poet.

He reads and an open magazine is placed before him, with more verses.

"Now, read *this*."

"It seems to be pretty much the same old thing," the reader replies, wearily. "Did you write it? Is Margaret Colton Blarney *your nom de plume*? I congratulate you, old boy. You know I always said that if you only persevered."

"Did I write it? My *nom de plume*?" yells the goat's traducer, dancing round in a frenzy. But he quiets down, explains the package and relates the sending and rejection of the "Orphan Dandelion."

"But I don't quite see," says the other.

"Don't quite see!" shouts the poet scornfully; "don't quite see! Margaret Colton Blarney, the editor's pet, Margaret C. Blarney, the favorite of a degraded ear, M. C. B., the gross plagiarist," he screams, seeming to take delight in variations of the hated name, "is—is"—he pauses for breath.

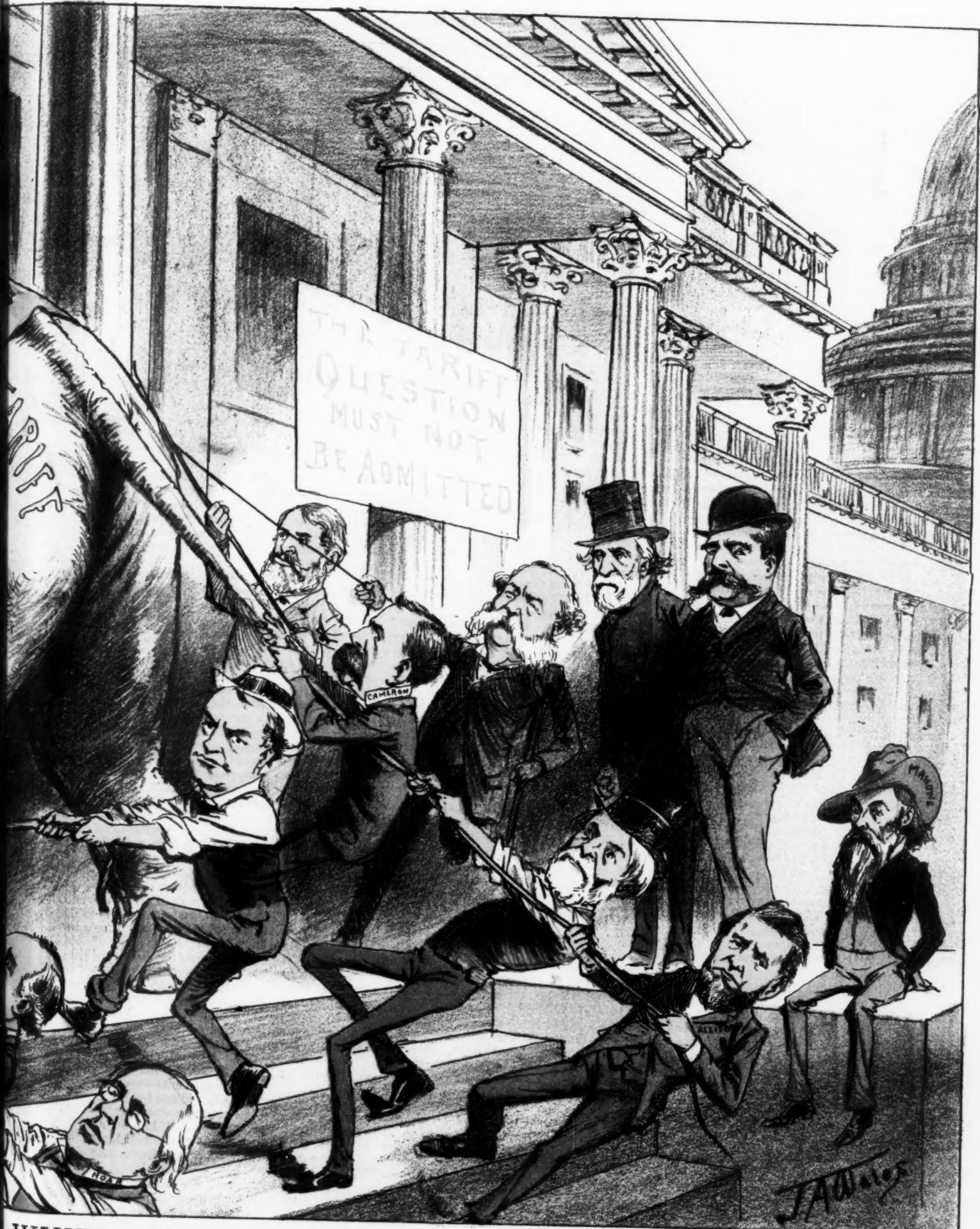
"Is what?"

"THE WASTE-PAPER MERCHANT."

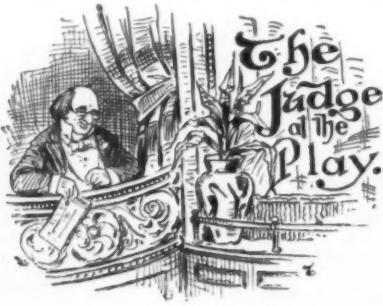


BOTH PARTIES ENDEAVOR TO KEEP THE W





WHITE ELEPHANT OUT OF CONGRESS.



MR. CABLE has completed his course of readings in New York, and was greeted throughout by large and responsive audiences. The interest in the readings increased from the beginning, and Mr. Cable is to be congratulated upon his marked success in a very difficult undertaking, namely, in holding the attention of his hearers by the simple presentation of the creations of his delicate art. After the turmoil of business, we seek distraction and find it in the beating of the tomtom, in the capering and kicking of innumerable legs, in advertised shows of scandalized beauties, in burnt cork and magnesium light. We crave *sauce piquante* to stimulate the æsthetic side of our natures, and managers very properly see to it that it is not wanting on the bill of fare. Intellectual entertainments in a metropolis receive their patronage from ladies of intellectual tastes or aspirations, who have a sufficiently abnormal grip upon their husbands and consorts to force them, through the potent influences of love or fear, to endure an hour of boredom in the lecture room or music hall. But Mr. Cable's audiences have been really interested and closely attentive; and since the reputation of the author and reader has not been of the sort to draw a crowd from mere curiosity to see him, he may be said to have scored a genuine and unusual success.

This result is due to the fresh and original quality of his literary work and to his reading, which is executed in the substantial respect of bringing out clearly and effectively the poetic and dramatic in the written word. The creole dialect, too, he renders delightfully. To readers not familiar with French, this dialect is an impediment in the text.

Mr. Cable is not an elocutionist (the Lord be praised!) nor is he a trained singer. His voice is a high tenor, and the semi-barbaric creole songs are rendered pleasantly. To us, the unpleasant feature of the reading was the falsetto, which it is the fashion to assume when impersonating the female. The feminine voice pipes, but it pipes sweetly, and the male imitator approximates no nearer to it than a bassoon to a lute.

At the final reading, Mr. Cable rendered very neatly a love scene from the "Grandisimes," and several dialogues from advance sheets of "Dr. Sevier," and sang a number of creole songs, most of which may be found in printed collections of negro melodies.

The *Narcisse* promises to be an original and charming character, as the story of "Dr. Sevier" progresses. The reader was called out by hearty applause at the conclusion of the entertainment, and responded with a creole love song.

In person, Mr. Cable would not rival Mr. Sullivan, the Boston æsthetic and slugger, in his peculiar line of physique, but he has a refined and intelligent face and not ungraceful manner on the platform.

At the theatres, a few changes have taken place. Mr. Stetson has finally succeeded in



1. THE AMBUSH.



2. THE ATTACK.

placing on the stage of the Fifth Avenue the play called "Confusion." This piece carries with it a considerable amount of live stock, including a pug dog and a baby, all of which may be seen most any evening by paying the usual price for the privilege.

"Separation" has also been placed on the boards of the Union Square, and "Storm Beaten" has gone upon the road. Shook and Collier have lost considerable money on this piece, and in time will doubtless learn to believe that London failures are not apt to prove profitable investments for New York and vicinity.

There is no opera in the city at present, but stories about running over messenger boys and the adopting of strange dogs by the prima donna serve to keep alive a quasi interest in the subject. Mr. Mapleson's song birds occasionally take an eccentric course by way of variety, and some of them have been known to make mistakes and flit Northward instead of toward the balmy South, on the approach of a cold wave.

#### Lectures on Popular Subjects.

THIS evening's study, gentlemen, is the feline species. We will observe the peculiarities and idiosyncracies of the domestic animal. Besides being a quadruped the cat has four distinct crural appendages, *i. e.*, legs; as everything in nature is symbolical of something else, so are these four appurtenances of the feline anatomy symbolical of the animal's four distinctive and predominating cardinal characteristics, *viz.*: courtship, serenade, woodshed, bootjack. These legs possess an almost inconceivable amount of vital animation, for, when in active operation, the paces taken rival the "Strides of Time." After careful study and observation, it has been finally settled that the head is empty; a recapitulation of all the different experiments and tests would be tedious, therefore suffice it to give the main and most plausible reason for this remarkable phenomena: how could it be possible to produce so much noise to the square inch if it were not empty? This is conclusive. It has but one mouth—a Providential mistake! the excruciating intensity of the musical tones emanating from that orifice is just sufficient to shatter the tympanum of the unfortunate bootjack-hurler, while more than one of these organs would produce atmospheric vibrations disastrous to the auditory membrane of the vocalist himself. It has two eyes, for,

having an enviable reputation as a vigilance committee, one sleeps while the other guards, and the other guards while the one sleeps. Two ears adorn the sides of the cranium, and these seem to have been expressly provided for small boys to stick straws into; the usual consequences of this performance afford to the boy the same excruciatingly pleasurable sensation, as follows the gentle fondling of the posterior extremity of the mellifluous inhabitant of the apiary.

The caudal extremity of its anatomy is useful as a nose warmer, while it is not unfrequently used in the dairy as a scumming-ladle. I have also noticed that this useful appendage is sometimes used in the same capacity as the index-finger of the human being. One day I was watching a masculine specimen of this zoological species manœuvring beside my residence, and whenever he came under the water-spout, he raised his tail to a perpendicular attitude, pointing with significant and mathematical precision to the region whence the Greenback Party had soared!

It is covered from stem to stern with a cinereous epidermis; the fur has a marvelous affinity for doeskin pants; when in a normal condition it is usually smooth and velvety; but during nocturnal peregrinations and woodshed serenades its touch reminds one of a wire hair-brush, and it sometimes even becomes electric. In this condition it has been recommended for rheumatism—the only difficulty in obtaining a cure is its effectual application without undergoing partial vivisection. That it has claws is an indisputable fact, in spite of the denials of several so-called zoologists. *I have discovered them myself!* It was in this wise:—I was, not long ago, carelessly stroking a Thomas' spinal column in a southerly direction—this produced a sort o' Coney Island ebb and flow in the motion of said vertebral column, and afforded the cat such rapturous titillation that in order to display his gratitude he very deliberately and liberally spread his winter attire over my nether garments—my legs looked as if they'd been tarred and feathered! But for a change (I like most changes, especially Uncle Sam's) I stroked him in an opposite direction, and lo! and behold I made the discovery! Look at my hands and be convinced.

This, gentlemen, concludes our study this evening. At our next meeting the hog (*sus domestica*) shall occupy our scientific attention.

Lines to the Cushing Girls.

BY AN OLD STAGER.

Don't make yourselves such idols, girls,  
I know you're young and silly,  
But I tell you that your special friends,  
Your Tom, or Jack, or Billy,  
Though you may deem him grand and good,  
The noblest and the best;  
I tell you to your faces, he's  
No better than the rest.

I know he praises your bright eyes,  
Your golden tresses shining;  
And writes you piles of rapturous stuff,  
Adjectives underlining.  
You read them o'er and o'er and o'er,  
Each time with added zest;  
But wait a while, you'll find that he's  
No better than the rest.

He tells you that he never loved,  
Before the day he met you;  
But to a score of other girls  
He says the same, I bet you.  
He says he don't know how to swear,  
Thinks Cards an awful pest;  
Depend upon it, dears, he is,  
No better than the rest.

Wait till you're wed a little while,  
And then, I think, you'll spy  
Which is the one that speaks the truth,  
I think you'll own it's I.  
You'll find that he has hidden depths,  
At which you never guessed,  
You'll wonder how you fancied he  
Was better than the rest.

"Twixt Courtship, girls, and marriage, you  
Will find a gulf is fixed,  
They are two very different things;  
You never find them mixed.  
Think of your lover as a man,  
I know you'll find it best;  
Your heroes and your gods, they are  
No better than the rest.

Subdue those very flowing tints,  
With which your love you paint,  
And don't give time's stern hand the chance  
To make them dim and faint.  
You may do very well with him,  
Though bad enough's the best—  
But I'm the only one, dear girls—  
That's better than the rest.

M. K. J.

The Top of the Ladder;  
OR,  
THE STAR OF AN EVENING.

BY CHARLES H. DAY.

[The following verbatim extracts are from the letters of an aspirant for dramatic honors, written to her best friend. It is to be hoped that they will serve as a "frightful example and terrible warning" to those who would "mount the top of the ladder at a single bound."]

EPISTLE I.

\* \* \* You recollect how very successful I used to be in amateur theatricals? You may be surprised, but my tastes and inclinations being in that direction, I am going to study for the stage. Not that I have any necessity for pursuing such a course, as you, of course, know I have no need of money, but I do need fame and adulation, my whole nature craves for it. You may have heard of that Kentucky girl who grasped the diadem at the first—no weary struggles, no menial apprenticeship, but her living genius



COOL AS ICE.

CLARA—"Is it possible you cannot skate?"

MR. FIDDLE-FADDLE—"Oh, yes; I can skate well enough, but I cannot keep my feet."

alone asserted her superiority as the interpreter of the loves and hates of the great dramatists' superb creations. In every shop window you see her picture, and the telegraph records and flashes to every land her fame and triumphs. How delightful!

EPISTLE II.

\* \* \* Since I wrote you last I have got fairly started on the road that leads to the shining Temple of fame. I called on several managers and received from them next to no encouragement at all. They all talked in the same strain about the foot of the ladder, beginning at the beginning, learning to walk before I soared, and all that sort of thing. I very plainly informed them that I never could think of that; then they advised me to stop where I was. That only made me the more determined to go on.

"There is a Royal road!" I exclaimed, "and I will travel it."

One of the managers, the eldest of them all, made answer: "Young lady, yours is a mad scheme; where one succeeds, thousands fail; study, work and time assist art and genius, and remember this, the top of the ladder is a dizzy height and the fall therefrom is a terrible one."

As I am determined to have my own head in the matter, I have secured a teacher of the dramatic art, an elocutionist who once acted with Forrest, Davenport and Gustave Brooke. You shall hear how I progress in my next.

EPISTLE III.

\* \* \* Well I have been "learning the steps." My instructor is very complimentary. He says that I remind him so much of Rachel at times, and then again he thinks my style is more that of Cushman. He is so very flattering and still so sincere. He remarked only yesterday:

"Miss, your beauty alone will carry you through."

My glass tells me that, but it is so delightful to be told it all the same.

EPISTLE IV.

\* \* \* You must excuse me not answering your last more promptly, I have been so much engrossed in my studies that I quite neglected you. Of course you are dying to know how I am progressing? Splendid! my tutor says I am the most apt pupil he has under his tuition, and "he has had all the most prominent actresses on the boards to-day." Isn't that too sweet for anything. He is a darling old fellow, and has had so much experience, he knows "all the business of all the great stars that have illuminated the dramatic firmament for the past half a century" to quote from one of his circulars.

EPISTLE VI.

\* \* \* You ask what dramatist I am studying most. The divine William, the Bard of Avon, none other, but I may after a while touch Bulwer. I am completely infatuated with Shakespeare, and my dear old tutor shares my enthusiasm. What a dear delightful old man he is, he has Shakespeare at his tongue's end, I believe he could repeat it word for word without so much as looking in the book. By this mail I forward you some marked copies of newspapers in which I receive personal mention. The professor is well acquainted with the gentlemen of the press. You will see that they are quite complimentary, speak of me as a society belle, etc. A thousand kisses; no more this time.

EPISTLE VI.

\* \* \* It is fully determined upon; I am going to make my debut and the fact has been duly chronicled in the press. The professor says I am the most apt pupil he ever had and I have made most wonderful progress, "Praise from such a source is praise indeed." Too busy to write more.



SURELY THE MAN'S FEELINGS ARE HURT.

## EPISTLE VII.

\* \* \* Oh dear, I am so put out. The professor has been endeavoring to secure "an opening" for me as he calls it, but those horrid managers won't have it. Only think of it; no longer ago than yesterday one of them told him:

"Shakespeare is played out."

The wretch! and another quite as bad, if not infinitely worse:

"What! an amateur, and in Shakespeare too, do you take me for a lunatic?"

I take him for a rude unfeeling bear and that is what he is. No more at this time, better news in my next I hope.

## EPISTLE VIII.

\* \* \* I wrote you last in a fit of the blues. The dear old Professor has found a way for me to thwart those horrid managers. I am going to take a theatre and be my own manager. The papers are to be signed to-day. As the afternoon newspapers have it, "further particulars in our next edition."

## EPISTLE IX.

\* \* \* Oh dear, I am up to my ears in work, never was so busy in all the world, have leased the theatre "for one week with the privilege." Have also secured a manager, can't say that I like him very well, his whiskers are dyed, and he is fragrant with the odor of tobacco, cloves and liquor. But the Professor who knows everything says, "he is the best in the business." The dear old man knows everything. The folks are half crazy, the house is overrun with artists, printers and newspaper men. I have been interviewed three times, and no less than a score of representatives of the press have called to solicit advertisements. This latter class I have referred to my manager.

## EPISTLE X.

\* \* \* You have no idea, my dear, what a stream of money has been going out since I embarked in this double venture of a debut and theatrical speculation. First there was the rent of the theatre to pay in advance, and it seems as though there would be no end to the demand for money. I am so inexperienced in such matters that I trust it all implicitly to the Professor and my manager. I have had my photograph taken in as many as twenty positions. You know I make my debut as Juliet, or didn't I tell

you? I can't recollect whether I told you or not. You should just see my wardrobe. We theatrical people don't say dresses, we say wardrobe. I am to have a lithograph and a three-sheet poster in character. They are very costly, but very necessary.

## EPISTLE IX.

\* \* \* I send you by this post a description of my wardrobe in the *Dramatic Record*. My lithographs are in all the shop windows. I gave a reading the other night to a select party of journalists, they seemed highly delighted and all remained to the end except one gentleman, who excused himself on the ground that "he had to report a dog fight." Oh dear, from Shakespeare to a dog fight; I would not be a journalist for the world.

## EPISTLE XII.

\* \* \* To-night I make my debut, but I confess I feel more like going to my bed and remaining there. What with constant rehearsals and the anxieties attendant upon my novel position, I have had neither time to eat or sleep. I feel more like a criminal who is about to be led to the scaffold. The hour of the execution approaches, and it will soon be over. I will write you the result to-morrow.

## EPISTLE XIII.

\* \* \* "Open confession is good for the soul." I "attempted to fly before I was out of my nest," misjudging the strength of my wings. The old manager was right, when one falls from the top of the ladder, great is the fall. I am bruised and sore in spirit, I have not only been bled in the heart, but in the pocket. I dare not mail you copies of the papers, the critics were too cruel, they have literally "torn me to pieces." The kindest of them all was bad enough, he wrote:

"For one thing the aspirant can be thankful, the attendance was meagre, had it been greater it could but have added to her mortification."

The Professor and my manager have come and gone, I want to see them no more. On the theatre door is the following notice:

"This Theatre will remain closed for the balance of the week on account of the illness of the star."

That is true, I am the sickest woman in

the city. As soon as I am able I am coming to you in the country, where I shall remain until my dreadful failure blows over. There will be economy in that too, for my bank account has been sadly depleted. Every time the door bell rings I know that it is a bill, and the end is not yet. It is an expensive luxury to be THE STAR OF THE EVENING.

## It Makes a Difference.

"So you have been fighting again on your way home from school?" "Y-yes sir."

"Didn't I tell you that this sort of business had got to stop?"

"Yes, pa, but—"

"No excuses, sir! You probably provoked the quarrel!"

"O, no, no! He called me names!"

"Names! What of it? When a boy calls you names walk along about your business. Take off that coat!"

"But he didn't call me names!"

"Oh he didn't? Take off that vest, sir, at once!"

"When he called me names I never looked at him, but when he pitched into you I—I had to fight!"

"What! Did he call me names?"

"Lots of 'em, father! He said you lied to your constituents, and went back on the caucus and had—!"

"William, put on your coat and vest. I don't want you to come up a slugger, and I wish you to stand well with your teacher, but if you can lick that boy who says I ever bolted a regular nomination, or went back on my end of the ward, don't be afraid to sail in."—*Exchange*.

## The Amateur.

OF all the living beings that inhabit the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, there is none so heartily detested by the professional man as the amateur in his own especial branch of art and science. If one desires to discover the extent of the powers of invective and vituperation of which a regular follower of art is capable, he has only to incite him to deliver his frank and complete opinion of those who follow his craft as an amusement and recreation, and especially should the speaker chance recently to have been brought into contact with one of these dilettanti, will the earth and sky be likely to tremble beneath the vigorous denunciations. Ask, for instance, a thoroughly trained actor how he likes the amateur players with whom he has been forced to perform for some fashionable benefit; the painter, what may be his candid opinion of the young lady whose untrained handiwork he has been called upon to praise; the musician, whether he is prepared cordially to endorse the execution of the self-satisfied noisemongers who talk to him complacently of taking a few lessons "to finish off," and you will be likely to acquire some not wholly adequate idea of the professional feeling towards the amateur.—*Detroit Chaff*.

TO HAVE your boots blacked by a porter, a full-grown man, who looks as though he had more sense than half the aldermen, and then go and put your life in the hands of a shrimp of a boy in charge of the elevator, does not make a hotel guest feel very contented. The average elevator boy is thinking all the time of how long it will be before he gets off watch, so he can go skating, and he does not think of the lives he holds in his hands.—*Peck's Sun*.

**A Thoughtful Husband.**

A DETROIT lady, who is subject to heart disease, took tea last Sunday with a neighbor, and while sitting at table, her husband rushed in without a hat, and in his shirt sleeves.

"Be calm!" he exclaimed, hurriedly to his wife; "don't excite yourself; you know you can't stand excitement, and it might be worse."

"Good heavens!" cried his wife; "the children!"

"They're all right! Now, Mary, don't get excited. Keep calm and cool—it can't be helped now; we must bear those visitations of Providence with philosophy!"

"Then it's mother!" gasped his wife.

"Your mother's safe; get on your things but don't hurry or worry. It's too late to be of any use, but I'll fly back and see what I can do. I only came to tell you not to get excited."

"For mercy sake!" implored the almost fainting woman, "tell me the worst!"

"Well, if you will have it, the consequences be on your head, Mary. I've tried to prepare you, and if you will know—don't excite yourself—try and survive—but our chimney's on fire, and the whole department and all the neighbors are in our front yard!"

She survived.—*Free Press.*

**How They Provided for Her.**

OLD PETE BRISTOW, charter member of the Knights of the Cotton Stalk, and a gentleman whose color of intensified darkness entitled him, at one time, to a special compartment of protection in the freedman's bureau, was recently knocked from the unsteady pedestal of life by the hard hand of death. He died happily in that faith which has buoyed many a weary soul, and with his last breath commended his wife to the care of that noble order of knights of which he was a founder. He was buried with great display, two drums and a tremulous fife, blown by a slippery little negro with a monstrous lip, leading the procession.

Several weeks after the funeral, the widow Bristow called on the High Planter, ruler of the conclave, and said:

"I hab called heah, sah, fur de puppus o' transackin' a little bus'ness dis mow'nin'."

"Whut's de matter now?" asked the High Planter, "ain't yer husband buried to suit yer tas'e?"

"Oh, yes, sah, he wuz put away mighty fine, but it's de libin' 'stead o' de dead whut now wanster 'gage yer 'tention. Dar ain't no meat down ter my house."

"I kain' he'p dat."

"Yas, but I un'erstood dat de order o' de knights wuz ter he'p me 'long in de worl'."

The High Planter gazed at the woman for a moment and said:

"Lady, yer's no doubt innocent o' de gall of dis worl'." Dar's a few eye-teeth summers about yer chile-like system dat ain't been cut yit."

"Yas, an de teeth whut I hab got ain't mashed on bread for seberal days. My husban' said dat de s'ciety would take kere o' me."

"Daughter o' the flesh, yer husban' wuz a mighty good man, a kind hearted man an' a mighty hard man to fling in fa'r fall, but he sometimes he 'lowed hisse'f to step offen dem very necessary articles p'litley knowed as his pins. When he flung out the proclamation dat de conclave would take kere o' yer, he meant well, but de brudders of de order

didn't jine in wid him perzactly in dat idee. We's done mo' fur yer chile o' de mistaken jedgement, den we does fur udder folks, an' we thinks dat oughter satisfy yer."

"Whut hab yer done fur me? Whut hab yer done? Jis name de fack."

"Lady o' de hot temper an' red peppery dispersion, yer talks wild. Whut hab we done? Now dat am a question fur a smart woman ter ax. W'y, didn' we sen' yer a copy o' de resolutions wharin we said dat deLawd an' de cholera morbus had seed fit ter remube our dear brudder? Co'se we did. Whut more ken yer ax? Talk 'bout chawin' bread in de face o' sich a high degree being 'ferred on yer? Lady, go on away an' wash fur de white folks."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

**A Story by Senator Frye.**

"I SEE," said Senator Frye, "that a Washington paper, in a very complimentary notice, sets me down as a poor man, not worth over \$25,000. 'That's too much,'" said Mr. Frye. "But the fellow who wrote that does not know the reason I am so poor. It came about in this wise. I was brought up in a Quaker family, and when, in my boyhood, I got a chance to go up to Boston, my Quaker grandfather gave me \$5 to spend. I did not know any boys in Boston, and I could think of no way to have \$5 worth of fun without boys. When I got home my grandfather asked me how I spent the \$5, and I, with the air of one who had done a virtuous action, said: 'I did not spend it at all, grandfather; I saved it and have it in my pocket.'" Whereupon my grandfather said: "You may give me back the money, William. I gave you that money to spend at Boston." "Ever since that," said the Senator, "I have known better than to save money."—*Lewiston Journal.*

**Bring on the Bier.**

A story is told of a provincial theater in Ireland where Macready was personating Virgilius. In preparing for the scene in which the body of Dentatus is brought on the stage the manager called to the Irish attendant—his property man—for the bier. Pat responded to the call at once, and soon returned with a full foaming pot of ale, but was received with a string of anathemas for his confounded stupidity.

"The bier, you block-head!" thundered the manager.

"And sure, isn't it here?" explained Pat, presenting the highly polished quart measure.

"Not that, you stupid fellow? I mean the barrow for Dentatus."

"Then why don't you call things by their right name?" said Pat. "Who would imagine for a moment you meant the barrow when you called for the beer."—*Exchange.*

THE man who comes round every few minutes begging for a match is rather a nuisance, but when he slides into a crowd and asks: "Is there any man here who is mean enough to refuse to give me a match?" there's nothing to do but to hand one over at once, and if you don't happen to have one, you really feel obliged to make an apology and explanation, to protect yourself from a suspicion of contemptible meanness.—*Boston Post.*

THE fast men are generally the loosest characters.—*Texas Siftings.*

**"Charity begins at Home."**

"SIMMER it down, and public charity means takin' de money which a man has saved by hard work an' economy an' usin' it to support de man who has squandered time an' money widout a car' as to what became of him. It am blackmail on industry—it am a slap at economy—it am a kick at industry. How does it come dat wid dis kentry constantly growin' in' wealth an' constantly furnishing increased chances fur poo' men to get along, dat pauperism am also increasin'? Eight-tenths of de saloons in America am supported by men whose families need ebery cent dey airn fur clothin' an bread, an' who rely on public charity in case of a hard winter. De kentry has five times as many paupers as it had fifteen y'ars ago! Why? Kase we raise five times as much money to support them.

"An' now let me ask you a plain qeshun: If I work hard, week in an' week out—if my wife works hard an' economizes—if we patch an' economizes—if we patch an' darn, dye, an' cut ober—if we buy cheap tea an' coffee, an' pare the 'taters close, an' manage to pay for a little home, an' put money in de bank for sickness or death, has any human being a right to ask me to give one penny to a man who has thrown away scores of dollars for beer an' tobacco—who plays kerds an' shakes dice for money—who works only when he feels like it—who never dreams of economy—who never practices self-denial? I reckon not! Let us now turn our faces toward de rowteen ob bizzness."—*Brother Gardner in Detroit Free Press.*

**Wanted to Qualify.**

MR. PUFFUP DOUGHNUT received an appointment to office the other day, and with an important air he strode into old Squire Squintum's room and remarked:

"Squire, I want to be qualified for my new office, and pretty blamed quick, too."

The Squire looked him over and then slowly said:

"Well, Puffup, I can swear you in, but no power on earth can qualify you for the office."

—*Hatchet.*

**Why He Didn't Cure Her.**

A doctor obligated himself to cure a man's wife, but failed.

"You said that you would cure her," exclaimed the indignant husband.

"Yes, I said so."

"Well, why didn't you?"

"Why, my dear sir, because she died. If she hadn't died the chances are that she would have lived."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

**Just What He Wanted.**

"Say, mister, ain't you the orator man what made a speech to us yesterday?" asked a country bumpkin of a Newman politician a few days ago.

"I have that honor," was the reply.

"D'ye remember what you said?"

"Well no—yes, I remember the substance of my remarks. But why do you ask?"

"Why, you said that you made the welkin ring, and I've tried all over town to get one big enough for Mariar's finger, and there ain't any big enough, and I thought as how I would come to your shop and get ye to make her one of them thar welkin rings. She's a stunner, and it'll take lots of welkin to make one big enough for her."—*Newman Independent.*

**Domestic Dynamite.**

LITTLE MRS. DYNAMITE IS WITHOUT A COOK.

In a fit of desperation, she trips down to the kitchen in a pair of number 2 slippers with Louis XV. heels, and by the time she has made a pudding that no one can eat, and has burned three of her dainty, well-manicured fingers, she is in a state of mind bordering on distraction, and ready to explode on the slightest provocation.

Mr. D., with his usual want of tact, fails to see the necessity of pouring oil upon the troubled waters, and, on taking his seat at the dinner table, unconsciously ignites the fuse that causes the final catastrophe, by attempts to be facetious.

"Oh, dear" sighs Mrs. D. "I am so tired, and my feet hurt awfully! I must say that French slippers are not good things to cook in."

"No" replies her liege lord. "I should think a sauce pan would answer better."

The black eyes snap, and the little feminine tongue sharply retorts.

"I didn't know that sauce pans conversed!"

Mr. D still fails to see the little flame creeping slowly but surely along, and most indiscreetly continues the repartee, remarking.

"Sauce-boxes do, my dear."

More scintillations from the black eyes, followed by a quivering of the dimpled chin, as the little woman says—

"First I'm hot, and then I'm cold. Now I'm so chilly that it seems as if I should never get warm in the world"

Mr. D. (unfeelingly), "Well, you will in the next my love!"

Grand explosion!!!

"You're a brute to make fun of my sufferings, that's what you are! Boo-hoo-hoo!"

Fragments afterwards found in dining room—1 husband, 1 French slipper, 1 delicately perfumed cambric mouchoir, a puddle of tear drops and a bad pudding!

A FUNERAL is a finished performance.—*Merchant Traveler.*

If three removes are as bad as a fire, the earthly experience of a Methodist clergyman must be nearly as bad as the fate which he beseeches his flock to flee from.—*Boston Transcript.*

**The Manhattan Life Insurance Co.**

—OF NEW YORK—  
No. 156 and 158 BROADWAY.

ORGANIZED IN 1850.

PRESIDENT HENRY STOKES.  
FIRST VICE-PRES. J. L. HALSEY.  
SECOND VICE-PRES. H. B. STOKES.  
SECRETARY H. Y. WEMPLE.  
ACTUARY S. N. STEBBINS.

From the Home Journal.

The thirty-fourth annual report of this old-established company gives evidence of the sound financial condition and increasing prosperity of this institution. Its income for the year 1903 was \$2,380,729; its disbursements \$1,475,178.34, leaving a balance of nearly eleven millions of gross assets. Deducting for claims not yet reported, claims unpaid dividends, the reserve on existing policies, etc., there remains a surplus of nearly two and a quarter millions. The increase in its net assets over last year is \$250,000.

Read's 3-minute Headache and Neuralgia Cure never Fails.

Sent by mail on receipt of 30 cts.  
W. H. READ, Baltimore and Light Sts., Baltimore, Md.



**Columbia Bicycle**

Is what every Boy wants, and what every Man ought to have.

Send 2-cent stamp for new, elegantly illustrated 32-page Catalogue and Price List.

THE POPE MANUFACTURING CO.,

226 Washington St., Boston, Mass.  
New York Riding School, 34th St., near 3d av.

Oh, woman's a curious riddle;

Dame Nature's most wonderful trick!

At one thing for two hours together

She can't for the life of her stick!

If ever this world held a puzzle,

My sweetheart is surely that one.

If she gives me a kiss in the morning,

In the evening she'll snub me for fun!

—Philadelphia Call.

WHILE rummaging in the garret last night we came across an old diary of ours bearing the date 1884.—*Philadelphia Call.*

To PAY as you go is the best plan; especially if the man in charge will not let you go until you do pay.—*N. O. Picayune.*

AN exchange says that Judge David Davis recently "sat on a jury." We hereby offer our entire stock of sympathy to the jury.—*Middletown Transcript.*

THE man who married a girl because she "struck his fancy," says she strikes him anywhere that comes handy now.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

THIS is the best country in the world for a poor man. Except when he is married he has a right here to do as he pleases with what he makes.—*Hotel Mail.*

NO MAN, except he be blind, can pass the window of a drug store without being reminded that there is something the matter with his liver.—*N. O. Picayune.*

GEORGE PECK thinks of dramatizing his "Bad Boy!" The *Graphic* suggests killing him early in the first act. We suggest that Peck go hide his head for his offenses in this kind of literature.—*Hartford Post.*

"WHAT'S that you're tanning?" asked a visitor to a Woburn tannery the other day. "It is an elephant's skin," was the reply. "Do you do much in that line?" "Oh, no. Elephants' skins are scarce, but this is a special order to make a pair of slippers for a Chicago girl."—*Somerville Journal.*

WE are to have five eclipses this year, not including that of the Republican party, which will be visible in all parts of the country.—*Atlanta Constitution.* Now we know what has become of Wiggins, the False Prophet of Canada. He is editing the *Atlanta Constitution*.—*Norr. Herald.*

SOME women take a fiendish delight in placing a piece of oil cloth where husbands are sure to step on it in the morning, when they spring out of bed, when the thermometer is hovering about zero; and for a moment the marrow-chilled man thinks he has discovered the North Pole.—*Norr. Herald.*

"YES," she said. "Mary came near being an old maid. You see, her father was a governor, her brother a colonel, and her brother-in-law a scientist of note. Being of such a distinguished family she had to be very particular who she married, and she came biling near not getting anybody."—*Boston Post.*

IN playing a game of seven-up with a young lady from St. Paul, a wicked Bismarcker told her that every time she held the jack of trumps it was a sure sign that her lover was thinking of her. Then the impenitent fiend watched her face at each deal, and every time she blushed and looked pleased led out and caught her jack.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

ONE of the drawbacks of married life is sickness of the little ones. For a Cold or Cough you cannot find a better remedy than Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Nearly all physicians prescribe it and no family should be without it.

**FLANAGAN, NAY & CO.**  
COLUMBIAN  
**BREWERY and MALT HOUSE**

450 W. 26th Street,

BETWEEN NINTH & TENTH AVE'S.

JAMES FLANAGAN,  
JOSEPH O. NAY,  
WM. L. FLANAGAN.

NEW YORK.

**REMINGTON STANDARD TYPE-WRITER.**



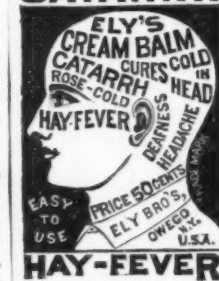
Can you afford to do your writing with the tedious pen, when you can do it in one-third the time, and without fatigue, with the Type-Writer?

Send for illustrated pamphlet with testimonials.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT,

281 and 283 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

**CATARRH**



ELIZABETH.

Ex Mayor R. W. Townley; Judge T. F. McCormick; E. H. Sherwood, Banker; J. McGuire, Banker; G. S. Davis, Banker, and J. O. Tichenor, Merchant—all of Elizabeth, N. J., earnestly commend Ely's Cream Balm as a specific for catarrhal affection.

CREAM BALM cures no pain. Gives relief at once. Cleanses the head. Causes healthy secretions. Abates inflammation. A thorough treatment will cure. Not a liquid or snuff. Applied with the finger.

Send for circular. Sold by druggists. Mailed for 50c. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, N. Y.

**30 DAYS' TRIAL**

DR. DYES'

ELECTRO-VOLTAIC Belt and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES are sent on 30 Days' Trial TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD, who are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, WASTING WEAKNESS, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE, resulting from ACIDITIES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration to HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address  
**Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.**

**EMBROIDERY.** Our Book "Manual

of Needlework,"—100 Pages, is a complete guide to all kinds of EMBROIDERY. Gives diagrams and full instruction in KENSINGTON, AKA-SENE and all the new embroidery articles, also gives directions for Crocheting and Knitting with cotton twine, several handsome patterns of window and mantle Lambrequins, also to crochet and knit fifty other useful and ornamental articles. Teaches how to make Modern Point, Honiton and Macramé Lace; also Bag Making, Tatting, &c. &c. Profusely illustrated. Price 25 cents post-paid; Four for One Dollar. Stamping Outfit of 100 full size perforated Embroidery Patterns, with powder, pad, &c., 60 cents. Book of 100 Embroidery Designs 25 cts. All the above \$1.00. Patten Pub. Co. 47 Barclay St. N. York.



**FREE GIFT**  
GIVEN AWAY! In order to introduce other goods and secure future trade, we will on receipt of 16 one cent stamps and the names and addresses of two of your friends, send you by return mail this beautiful little four blade tortoise shell handle knife and toilet companion. It is finely finished and gives satisfaction wherever it goes. Two will be sent to one address for 25 cents. We also send free of charge, with every order, a **WONDERFUL POCKET BOOK** with something in it that will surely interest you. Address all orders, **W. H. BIZER, 7 & 9 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.**



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

Testimonial of a Boston Lady.

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

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

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Cleers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

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

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price—Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, \$1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL Co., Boston, Mass.

**Gold Watch Free.**

The publishers of the Capitol City Home Guest, the well-known Illustrated Literary and Family Magazine, make the following liberal offer for the New Year: The person telling us the longest verse in the Bible, before March 1st, will receive a **Solid Gold, Lady's Hunting Case Swiss Watch**, worth \$60; If there be more than one correct answer, the second will receive an elegant **Stem-winding Gentleman's Watch**; the third, a key-winding English Watch. Each person must send 25 cts. with their answer, for which they will receive three months' subscription to the Home Guest, a 50 page illustrated New Year Book, a Case of 25 articles that the ladies will appreciate, and paper containing names of winners. Address Pubs. of HOME GUEST, HARTFORD, CONN.

**BEHNING**

FIRST CLASS

Grand Square & Upright PIANOS.

Warerooms: 15 E. 14th St. & 129 E. 125th St.

Factory, N. E. corner 124th st. and 1st ave., New York.

**ABSOLUTELY THE BEST. WILSON'S LIGHTNING SEWER!**

To thousand stitches a minute. The only absolutely first-class Sewing Machine in the world. Sent on trial. Warranted 5 years. Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Circular. Agents Wanted. THE WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO., Chicago or New York.



**ABCOCK FIRE EXTINGUISHER.**  
S. F. HAYWARD, Gen'l Agent,  
407 Broadway N.Y. City.



**LOOK! LOOK! THE MAGIC REVEALER** Examines the hidden beautiful and **SECRET** wonders of nature. Something that every young man and woman wants. Will magnify 1000 times. This is something entirely new and a Rare Bargain to those who wish to see the Beautiful in Nature Revealed. Price 25c. 5 for \$1.00 (Silver or P. O. Stamps.) All handsomely mounted in Ore and Ivory, and sent secure from observation on receipt of price. When not in use its object cannot be detected. With every order we will send free of charge, a New Wonderful and **RARE BOOK**, which will surely please you. (Cut this out and send with order.) Mention this paper.

STAR NOVELTY CO., GREENPOINT, N. Y. (Box 98)

**PERFECTION MAGIC LANTERNS.**

Best Quality. Latest Improvements.

Advertising Stereopticons, new and second-hand, A SPECIALTY, with Full Instructions.

Their compact form and accurate work particularly adapt them for Public Exhibitions.

With a FEW DOLLARS' outlay a comfortable living may be earned. 27 VIEWS in stock, and made to order. Send for Catalogue.

JAKOBI & HART,  
185 Fifth Avenue, New York.

**AGENTS CAN NOW GRASP A FORTUNE.**  
Outfit worth \$10 free. Address  
E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay st., N. Y.

A DUEL is the quickest kind of an encounter, because it only takes two seconds.—*Boston Times.*

THE double ripper is the toy pistol of the winter season. Beware of it when it is overloaded.—*Hartford Post.*

ONE reason why women should not be elected to Congress is that there would be too much "pairing off."—*Cottage Star City.*

"It's a good thing Christmas comes but once a year," grumbles old Skinflint. "If it did, nobody would make anything but the assignees."—*Washington Hatchet.*

A RIVER called Kissmelonga has been discovered by Stanley in Central Africa. We think we have heard the name before, but not in this connection.—*Boston Transcript.*

ST. LOUIS has a benevolent society which annually spends \$2,000 in distributing \$200. It is evidently run on a more economical basis than some benevolent societies.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A MAN in Iowa has patented a hen's nest. By and by some man will patent the hen and then we will have to pay for eggs until a plain omelet will taste like a \$10 bill.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

It is Mr. Beecher's opinion that it is a crime to print a newspaper in small type. There have been some things printed in newspapers which we should suppose Mr. Beecher would prefer to have in small type.—*Boston Post.*

"YES, John is a little wild, and I'm somewhat afraid of him, but he's got a good run of trade, and we can't discharge him very well. Tell you what let's do. Take him into the firm, and I guess he'll be glad to get out in less than six months."—*Boston Transcript.*

FRANK JAMES is developing such angelic qualities that it is regarded uncertain whether he will teach a kindergarten or take charge of the women's prayer meeting when he comes out of jail. It does seem a pity to keep such a good man in jail.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"WHAT ails your arm?" said Major Sol-firth to Captain McSwisp, yesterday. "I was shot with a toy pistol." "What! and live to tell the tale? Great goodness, man, how did you escape instant death?" "The boy who fired the blamed thing was cross-eyed."—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

"YOUNG MAN" writes to learn what multum in parvo means. "Young Man," did you ever call to see your best girl and have her cruel father meet you at the door and with one crushing glance say: "Go?" Well, that is multum in parvo, and it is about all you want.—*Middletown Transcript.*

DR. B., after having bought a lot in the Montparnasse Cemetery, went to the marble worker to order the tomb. After the details were arranged, the marble worker said: "Monsieur did well to select this cemetery, it is so quiet. And then, Monsieur le docteur must know a good many people here!"—*French paper.*

TO TEST your musical talent.—Whistle all the time. Sing the rest of the time. Hum a bar of every new opera incessantly. Drum on the table with your fingers and pat the floor with your foot. If your friends do not place you in a lunatic asylum after this, you will be warranted in buying a cornet, flute, violin, accordion, or hiring a piano.—*Hartford Post.*

WITH **FIVE DOLLARS**

YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE **IMPERIAL AUSTRIAN 100 Florins Government Bond**

ISSUED IN 1864. Which bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemed in drawings

**THREE TIMES ANNUALLY,** Until each and every bond is drawn with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond MUST draw a Prize, as there are NO BLANKS.

THE THREE HIGHEST PRIZES AMOUNT TO **200,000 FLORINS, 20,000 FLORINS, 15,000 FLORINS,**

And bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a Premium of not less than **200 FLORINS.**

The next drawing takes place on the **1st of March, 1884,**

and every Bond bought of us on or before the 1st of February, is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. Out-of-town orders, sent in registered letters and enclosing \$5, will secure one of these Bonds for the next drawing.

For orders, circulars and any other information, address **INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO., 160 Fulton st., cor. Broadway, N. Y. City.**

ESTABLISHED SINCE 1874. The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatever, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the United States.

N. B.—In writing, please say that you saw this in THE JUDGE.

**"WEAK AND UNDEVELOPED PARTS OF THE HUMAN BODY ENLARGED, DEVELOPED & STRENGTHENED,"** etc., is an interesting advertisement long run in our paper. In reply to inquiries we will say that there is no evidence of humbug about this. On the contrary, the advertisers are very highly endorsed. Interested persons may get sealed circulars giving all particulars, by addressing **EMER MEDICAL CO., P. O. Box 513, Buffalo, N. Y.**—[Toledo Evening Bee,

**FOR SALE CHEAP.**

**A NEW \$1,000 GRAND SQUARE PIANO.**

Purchaser can select from stock of one of the very best makers. **W. H. G. P. O. Box, 2,643.**



This elegant solid plain ring, made of Heavy 18 K. Rolled Gold, packed in Velvet Gasket, warranted 5 years, post-paid, 4c. 5 for \$1.25. 50 cards, "Beauties," all Gold, Silver, Roses, Lilies, Motives, &c., with name on, 10c., 11 packs \$1.00 bill, and the Gold Ring Free. **U. S. CARD CO., CENTERBROOK, CONN.**

**EUROPE EDUCATIONAL EXCURSIONS**

1884 Combining unequalled advantages. Send for Descriptive Circular, Free. Register early. **E. TOURJEE, Franklin Sq., Boston**

**SALOON-MEN, STUDY YOUR INTERESTS!**



This machine is entirely automatic, requiring no attention when once started; it will force any number of barrels of beer or other liquids from the cellar and keep them pure and fresh, down to the last glass. Flat Beer is never known where it is used. No live saloon can afford to be without it. It will pay for its cost in a short time. For descriptive catalogue and price, to any address, apply to

**"THE STANDARD PUMP MANUF'G CO." 215 Centre Street, New York.** Agents wanted in every town and city. Address as above for full particulars. Mention THE JUDGE.

**Print Your Own Cards Labels, Envelopes, &c., with our \$5 PRINTING PRESS.** Larger sizes, for Circulars, &c., \$8 to \$75. For pleasure, money making, young or old. Everything easy. Printed instructions. Send two stamps for Catalogue of Presses, Type, Cards, &c., to the Factory. **KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.**

**RUPTURE**

RELIEVED AND CURED without the injury Trusses inflict, by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method. Office, 251 Broadway, New York His book, with photographic likenesses of bad cases, before and after cure, mailed for 10 cents.

**CONSUMPTION**

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands are being cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send **TWO BOTTLES FREE** together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address **D. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.**

THE JUDGE



A CHURCH CHOIR OF THE NEAR FUTURE.