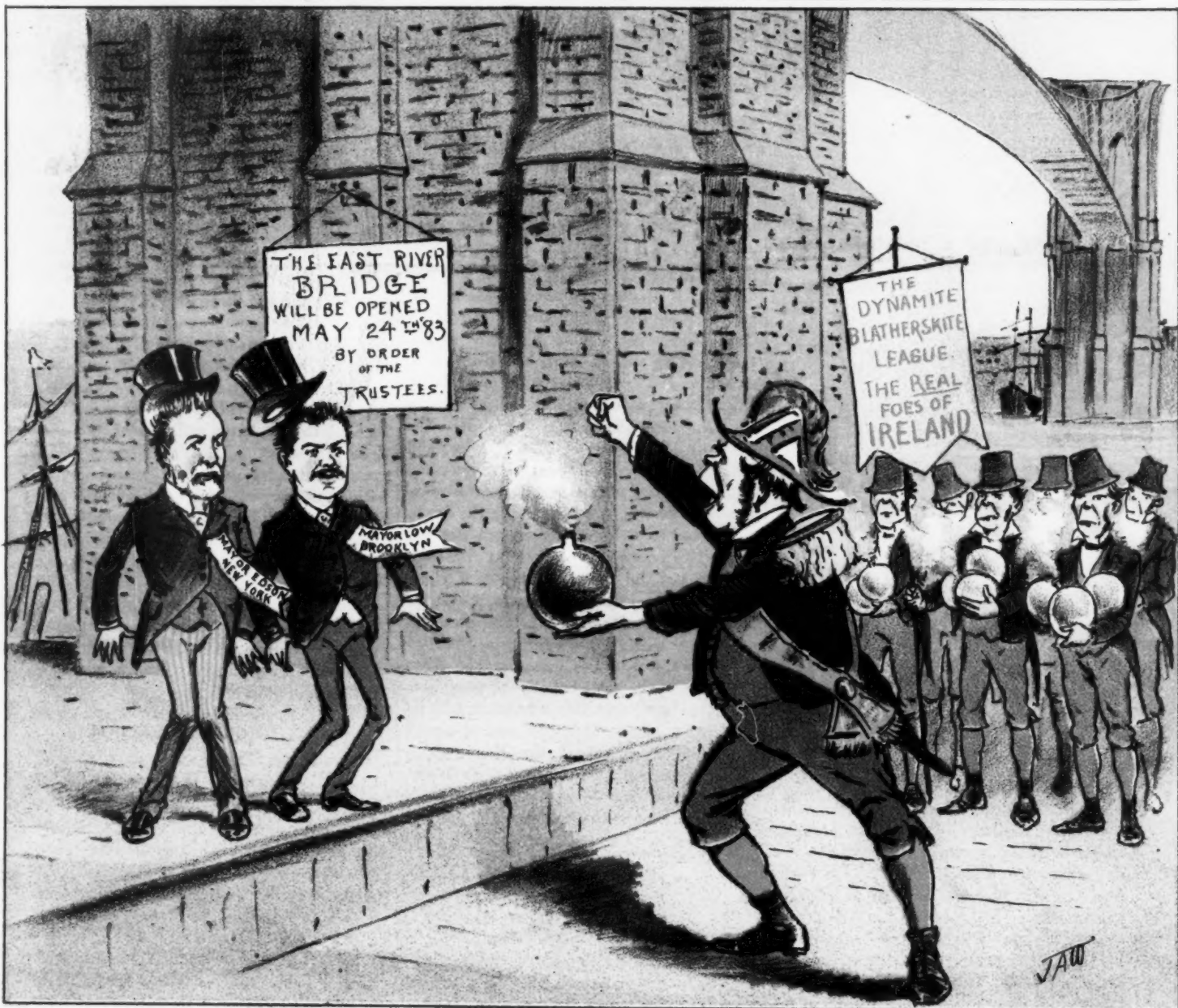


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MORE INTIMIDATION.

"If yez attempt to open that Bridge on the Quane's Birthday, we'll blow it up wid dinnymight!"



THE JUDGE.

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SENSITIVE IRISHMEN.

IN the present crowded condition of this world, a good many people are born every day, and we have no reason for supposing that the twenty-fourth of May is less prolific than any other day of the year. Among other people who were born on that day was Victoria, by the grace of God Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India. Consequently, with true Hibernian consistency, our Irish fellow-mortals abhor that day whereon Queen Victoria presumed to be born, though, in itself, it is a quiet, inoffensive sort of spring day, differing in no essential particular from its immediate predecessor, the twenty-third, or its immediate successor, the twenty-fifth. But when this ordinarily quiet and inoffensive day was designated as a fit and suitable one for opening the Brooklyn Bridge, it seemed as if a deliberate slur had been put upon Ireland. A great outcry was raised by these insular refugees, not merely by their infants and children, but by grown up people, who, one would suppose, had lived long enough in the world to know better. The Hibernian coat-tail had been trodden upon in a wholesale manner, and the Hibernian wearer squealed lustily. Of course, a being who takes offence at a thing like this is no more to be reasoned with than a child who loses temper at the wind for blowing in his face. Indeed, in the average Irish mind, argument and dynamite are synonymous terms, and as dynamite is an argument which the big bridge would find peculiarly convincing, the trustees had better look to it that their gigantic charge is carefully guarded on that day, for dynamite respects nothing, and some Irishmen would be just as capable of blowing up an American building for a fancied affront as of blowing up a London government building for a fancied piece of misgovernment. Indeed, THE JUDGE would be almost inclined to urge the cession of the point for

harmony's sake, were it not that he realizes the fact that it would be extremely difficult to select any day in the year which is not the natal day of some English man, woman or child. Besides which, it strikes us that Irish ignorance and prejudice are being deferred to a little too much already in this community. Grant a baby all its silly, babyish requests and you will spoil it; though spoiling a certain class of Irishmen would be as difficult a task as making fools of some people; and for the same reason. In both cases nature has forestalled art.

DANGER AHEAD!

It was Dean Swift, who, when he was about engaging a coachman, put to the applicants for the position the crucial question, "How near would you drive to a precipice?" Some stated that they would venture at full speed within so many or so few yards of the abyss, and some even reduced this measure of their prowess to feet; but for all the Dean had but one answer—none of them seemed to suit. At length one, an Irishman, in answer to the question, replied: "How nigh wud I go to a precipice, is it? Begorra, I'd kape away from it; I wudn't go nixt nor nigh it at all, at all." The Dean concluded that this was the sort of coachman he wanted, and engaged him accordingly.

This is the kind of coachman the Republican party needs, also. The road that the party coach has to follow is beset with pitfalls and precipices enough without courting danger by skirting an abyss when a safer path is practicable. Above all, the driver should be careful, conscientious and reliable. He is driving a precious freight over a dangerous road, and all his senses should be on the alert, and all his skill should be exercised. And, beyond this, he should drive the coach in the interests of his employer, and not in accordance with instructions issued by loiterers on the wayside, and expressly designed to land the whole party in the ditch.

It is bad enough when President Arthur, whose position should render him the chief of his party, and the circumstances of whose accession to power should be fresh enough in his mind to stimulate his prudence and common sense, if not his gratitude—it is bad enough when the President suffers himself to be driven at all; but when he blindly obeys the guidance of a man like Chandler, who no less blindly obeys the instructions of a man whose interests point in the direction in which Blaine's point, it needs no soothsayer to predict a fearful disaster to the party when it meets its first serious obstacle on the dangerous road it is traveling.

THE THREATENED CIGARETTE FAMINE.

A TERRIBLE calamity has fallen upon one of the most interesting aggregations of beings in our social system. The cigarette makers have struck, and the dudes are

threatened with a cigarette famine. With the merits or demerits of the strike itself THE JUDGE has nothing to do. Whether the young ladies, whose fairy fingers inclosed the fragrant Havana (culled from cigar stumps which had outlived their usefulness) in the dainty *papier de riz*, were overpaid or underpaid THE JUDGE cannot now pause to consider; his whole being is dissolved in sympathy for the pitiable condition of the dude. For, consider! the cigarette is the dude's sole means of subsistence; it is meat and drink to him; it is the solace of his never-ending leisure, the only comfort to which he can turn if his coachman's coat should wrinkle at the back, if his beautiful pantaloons should bag at the knee, or—which is more probable—split at the—ahem, the other extremity.

And the case is aggravated by the brainless condition of the dude—his very idiocy, which we rank among the most beautiful of his attributes, militates against him. When a famine is impending, wise men, from the time of Joseph down to the present, have provided for the scarcity of the future out of the abundance of the present; but what dude could be expected to possess forethought? As well look for it in the butterfly, or the grasshopper, or the croton bug, or any other purely ornamental and entirely useless insect. It is safe to say that in all dudedom there lives not a single dude who has stored up a packet of cigarettes for a rainy day.

Under these circumstances, what is to be done? THE JUDGE asks the community piteously, what is to be done? Are we to suffer one of the chief ornaments of our race, one of the few home-raised adornments of our country, to perish from the face of the earth for lack of their customary pabulum? Never. The duty of supporting the dudes through the present appalling crisis devolves upon the public, and THE JUDGE suggests a popular subscription. He will head the list with an entire, unbroken package of cigarettes, of whatever brand experience has shown to be most necessary to the dude, and all subscriptions forwarded to this office in support of this worthy charity will be duly acknowledged in these columns, and THE JUDGE will see that they reach the proper quarter. No subscriptions of less than one cigarette will be received. Now is a chance for the charitable.

CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM.

TO LAY a lance in rest against Civil Service Reform would be, THE JUDGE feels, almost as thankless a task as Don Quixote's crusade against the windmills; yet Civil Service Reform is no more an unmixed good than wind mills are an unmixed evil. At first blush the Reform certainly seems only an advantage, relying, as it does, on the selection of the fittest men for public office, their fitness being guaranteed by the most stringent tests. But would not this result in the formation of a class—a caste, almost—of

office-holders? and no matter how worthy the members of this caste may be, the very idea of the existence of such a body is repugnant to the very essence of a Republic. The Republic of ancient Rome was a Republic only in name, through the existence of a governing oligarchy.

Nor is this the only, or even the most serious objection to which Civil Service Reform is open; and in dissecting its underlying evils, THE JUDGE is compelled to recur again to that much maligned factor of political life, the machine. This machine, made up of professional politicians, has its life and being for and through the rewards of office—commonly known as the spoils. Democrats and Republicans are alike in this; the professional politician, true to human nature, under whatever banner he may rally, is there to make as much out of his profession as possible. Bring in Civil Service Reform, annihilate the rewards of office, and the professional politician will cease to exist with his reason for existence.

"But this would be an unheard-of blessing," exclaims the average citizen, whose mind has been formed by anti-machine papers, and who regards the professional politician as something inexpressibly vile. THE JUDGE has not taken the stand to defend the politicians, but to follow the consequence of their annihilation to its logical conclusion, and any man who will part from prejudice and exercise his reason, can follow it, too.

The professional politician having been removed, politics will be run by some one—by whom? By your merchants, your solid men, your gentlemen of standing in the community? Oh, no; experience has shown that such men will not dirty their hands with the slime of politics. The primary disgusts them; it is rarely they will even take the trouble to cast a vote on election day. Then who will take an interest in politics? Obviously those who have something to gain by it; and who has so much to gain as your monopolists, your corporations, your widely-ramifying corporate wealth, which already spends hundreds of thousands to attain an uncertain and precarious end in legislative assemblies, and which would grasp with avidity the opportunity offered by the withdrawal of the professional politician to install its own creatures in the highest places of the government. For the professional politician is of two parties, and whatever his personal character may be, and whatever may be the private purposes he has to subserve, his endeavor will be to put before the people the best men obtainable, that he may secure the people's vote and defeat the opposite party, which is lying in wait to take advantage of any error he may make, to secure its own ends. Here, then, are two sets of machines, both with the same object to subserve: namely, their own advantage; and both with only one means of doing it: namely, by pleasing the people. They are therefore a mutual check on each other, and both are the public's very humble servants,



"The L roads consume 800,000 gallons a day." We are not surprised.

and both are a natural and invaluable check on the encroachments of corporate wealth.

Do away with them, as the removal of all incentive for exertion would infallibly do away with them, and monopoly rules. Everybody knows what the rule of monopoly implies. But, it may be argued, the people could at any time outnumber the monopolists at the polls. The answer is obvious. If they complain of the professional politicians, whom they outnumber in the ratio of thousands to one, and yet permit the professional politicians to make their slates for them, is it likely they would organize an effectual resistance to the monopolists? Certainly not; at least until they began to feel the pinch of monopoly rule, and by that time the government would be composed of creatures of the corporations, in whose power it would be to hamper the franchise with a property qualification, against which the people would have no appeal but an appeal to arms—and that would be revolution.

But this is carrying the argument to an extreme which the good sense of the Republic will never allow it to reach. The choice still lies with the people; will they be ruled by politicians whom they can and do control, or by monopolists who (the checks to their aggrandizement having been removed) can and will control them? There is the question of Civil Service Reform in a nutshell.

SYCAMORE, Ill., according to the *Elgin Daily News*, is talking of taking gas. Laughing gas, we presume. Well, if Tennyson gives us a talking oak, why should not Illinois furnish us a laughing Sycamore?

THE luckiest people in the world are the umbrella makers. They are about the only ones who can recover an umbrella at any time.

ABOUT LIGHT.

EXPERIMENTS with electricity have gone far enough to convince everyone that, in the matter of street illumination, at all events, we have nothing at our command as efficient as the electric light; and yet how few of our streets are as yet illuminated in that way. Broadway and a few of our principal squares and avenues have seized upon the results of modern science and set night at defiance. And yet Broadway and the great avenues which are the arteries of trade have really less need of this brilliance than the comparatively unimportant and slighted side-streets. Some of these are disgracefully lighted, if they can properly be said to be lighted at all; and, assuredly, if illumination be a protection to our city at night, that protection is even more imperatively needed in the lonesome side streets than in the crowded avenues. Besides, in a business thoroughfare the blaze from busy stores does more to dispel darkness than the street lamps proper. THE JUDGE will gladly welcome the day, or rather night, when he sees the advantages of the electric light extended, even to a small extent, to the side streets of New York.

"How do you make out now?" inquired a gentleman of an uptown gambler. "You can't deal any more, can you, while the police are so vigilant?" "Oh, yes," was the reply; "we deal in futures." "Deal in futures! What do you mean?" "Well, we kinder hang on by the skin of our teeth and wait till the clouds roll by, Jenny—rally."

BAKERS, it would seem, are a very shiftless lot—they always sell what they knead most.

LOOK out for the alligator. He has a very open, honest countenance; but if you give him the chance he'll take you in.



A TALE OF THE TIMES.

He was a suspicious-looking Irishman, and carried a suspicious looking parcel in his pocket. The detectives were immediately put upon his track, and

At a convenient time and place he was surrounded, held and searched. This is what they found.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL STORIES.

WITH PATENT SELF-SUGGESTING MORALS.

NO. IV.

ONCE upon a time a colony of beavers lived on a certain stream, and a very happy and prosperous colony it was. Trees were abundant in the neighborhood, and supplied food from their bark, and building material from their trunks in great abundance. To be sure, there was a certain amount of rivalry among the beavers, as is almost necessarily the case where a number of animals, or men either, for that matter, get together; but, on the whole, no colony in the neighborhood was as wealthy, as comfortable and as much looked up to in every way as was this one.

But a summer of severe drought threatened the industrious little animals with a water famine. This would be a serious thing for beavers, or for men either, for that matter, and the united wisdom of the colony was called on to determine the question of how and whence the water supply was to be replenished.

And out spoke a beaver of considerable adipose tissue, who carried much weight with the colony: "I know a stream not far hence, and by damming that and diverting it into another channel, we can have all the water we want."

"Is that so?" inquired the presiding beaver.

"My hide and whiskers on it," answered the adipose beaver who had suggested the scheme.

"The stream be damned, then," said the presiding beaver, and on putting the question to vote such seemed to be the prevailing sense of the assembly.

But the question now arose, How was the stream to be dammed, and by whom? For, though beavers in general, and especially the beavers in which we are at present interested, dam a good deal upon occasion, yet the present promised to be a job of such magnitude that the colony naturally stood aghast at it for a moment.

"If it must be done, let it be done," said the presiding beaver.

"I will undertake the work," said the adipose beaver.

"Hear, hear!" chorused the beavers assembled.

"But if I undertake the work, it is upon the understanding that the colony must unite for my assistance. They must labor upon the

dam or provide substitutes; and, above all, they must cut down as many trees as may be required for the work."

This all seemed fair enough, and was immediately agreed to; and nothing more would have been thought of the matter had not one little gray-whiskered beaver piped up from an obscure corner: "And pray, when we have cut down the trees and stripped them, who is to have the bark?"

This question created a profound sensation, for bark is valued among beavers much as money is valued among men.

"Oh, I'll take charge of that," said the adipose beaver.

"Oh no, you won't!" chorused the assemblage; "the bark must be fairly divided among all of us."

And right on that question issue was joined, and the dam is not built yet. The colony is rapidly running out of water, but the delegates appointed to consider the dam are at a deadlock. Their bark is worse than their bite, and they refuse to bite down a single tree till they know exactly where the bark is going to. The adipose beaver maintains that the bark which is picked from the trees used in constructing the dam is nothing more than the legitimate pickings of the job; and the beavers in general think that they may as well do without water as have the whole forest stripped of bark for the benefit of a single beaver.

"We'll have less water but more bark," they say.

Will Hubert O. Thompson kindly run over the principal features of the new aqueduct scheme in his mind, and furnish us with a moral for the foregoing?

"GIVE us a man with an aim," shouts an exchange. Quite so; but before THE JUDGE echoes this aspiration he wants to make up his mind what use he is going to put the man to when he gets him. If we want him to shoot prairie chicken and quail for market, or if we desire to match him against Carver or Bogardus, by all means give us a man with an aim. But if we are likely to fall in love with any of his female relatives, or to tread on his favorite corn, or to interchange Texan compliments with him, the less aim he has the better he will suit us.

WHAT relation is the mat to the front stoop? A step farther.

OUR BROADWAY BEAUTIES.

BY THE JUDGE'S CITY LIST.

NEVER a scent of the sweetness of clover,
Never a breath of the newly-mown hay;
Never a trace of the "farm" I discover
As she flits silently past me each day;
Only the odor of musk or patchouli,
Flung from a handkerchief, lace-trim'd and small;
Only the flush of a ribbon unruly,
Wind-waved from tip of a light parasol.

Countrified airs! She knows nothing about them;
There as she walks she's a type of them all.
Ladies of Broadway, we can't do without them—
Belles of the matinee, sidewalk and ball.
See, she flits past with a toss of her pretty head,
Crowned, like a queen's, with her own golden curls;
Stately and beautiful, thorough and city-bred,
Matchless, bewildering, "one of the girls."

Country or city bred? Give me the latter;
Give me the grace that refinement can lend;
Not as a wife—that's a different matter—
But as the sweet, winning, amiable friend.
Talk of your cheeks like the bloom upon peaches,
Talk of gold tresses, blue eyes, rosebud lips;
Press into service your prettiest speeches—
We have girls here that they cannot eclipse.

Fast, do you call them? Well, granted. The streamlet
Rapidly running hath ever a charm.
When you, 'mid music as soft as a dream, let
Amorous pressure steal into the arm
Circling her waist, do you feel the less pleasure
As the strains blend with your passionate tone,
If you should fancy an answering pressure
Thrills in the soft hand you hold in your own?

Flirts, do you call them? Well, then, what is flirting?
Playing the love game for nominal stakes;
Prudish old maids may grow gray in asserting
Terrible tales of the mischief it makes.
Why, 'tis as innocent as parlor faro,
Where we pay nothing for unredeemed chips;
What need we care if the soft "mio caro"
Stir not the heart as it comes from the lips?

Pretty they are, you acknowledge? Sweet beauties—
Blonde or brunette, the *petite* or the tall.
Some wise man ranks among woman's chief duties
Looking her loveliest, chiefest of all:
And I agree with him. What more Elysian
Than to walk out with the girl of your heart,
If she be all *de rigueur*, and Parisian
As to the costume in every part?

They understand it; step into the matinee;
Watch them out shopping some fine afternoon;
Look at their dresses, rich, silky or satiny,
Tints harmonize like an opera tune.
Look them all over. The closest inspection
Shows naught for caviling critics I ween,
From the hand, ten-button-gloved to perfection,
Down to the trim-fitting little *bottine*.

No use in talking—we can't do without them—
I'd hate to try it myself if we might—
But, while I'm standing and dreaming about them,
My special fair one has passed out of sight.
Well, if they placed me upon a committee
To pick the prettiest, best, the most dear,
I'd scarcely wander beyond our own city—
We have a corner on darlings right here.

MAY is a month of comparisons. On the first of May we leave our late home; during the month the growing geniality of the weather is apt to bring us later home; and at the end of the month we testify our gratitude to those who fought and bled for the country by decorating their last home. Decidedly, May is a progressive month to everything except the oyster.

A NIGHT IN A MUSEUM.

I AM a countryman. I do not mean to say that I have hayseed in my hair, or that in maple sugar begins and ends for me every sweet in life. No, no. I am not that kind of a countryman. I am educated, well informed, and have little or no hair for hayseed to find a lodgment in. And what little hair I have is white—white as the driven snow, though I am still young. It turned in a single night, and it turned in this wise:

One day, having disposed of my turnips at a good profit, I resolved to come down to York. York had been the subject of my thoughts by day and my dreams by night. Do not from this imagine that I am a dreamer. I am a practical, hard-headed (and now white-headed) farmer, and no visionary. But, such as I was, I came to the city to see the sights, as many a countryman has done before me. But did man ever see such sights and go through such experiences as I did? I grow not. But to my tale.

Well, I reached the city; I wandered about from early morning to dewy eve; I plunged boldly into the vortex of city dissipation. I played pool for drinks, and sampled the various brands of stimulants in every ward from Harlem to the Battery; and when night came I found myself—there, why should I blush to own it? I am a rustic; and, as such, the outcome was inevitable. I found myself in the Bowery.

I walked along that wondrous and crowded thoroughfare with head erect and firm step. I felt as if I owned it. I turned a deaf ear to the wiles of the bunco men; I was not to be had. At last, at last, some works of art displayed in front of a door attracted my attention; a brass band discoursing delicious music arrested my footsteps. The palatial doors of the mansion stood invitingly open. I paid my dime and entered.

Shall I pause to dilate on all the wonders, natural, unnatural and monstrous, that I beheld in that enchanting palace. Better not; anyone can see them for a dime, and what I have to tell concerns what mortal eyes save mine have never seen, and will, I trust, never see—and time presses.

I wandered on, examining novelties of all kinds till my brain fairly reeled beneath the unaccustomed strain—perhaps the liquor I had taken, spurred into activity by the heat and brilliance of the place, may have had something to do with it. I found a seat in a retired corner; I closed my eyes a moment to avoid the glare; I nodded, roused myself violently, nodded again, and finally slept.

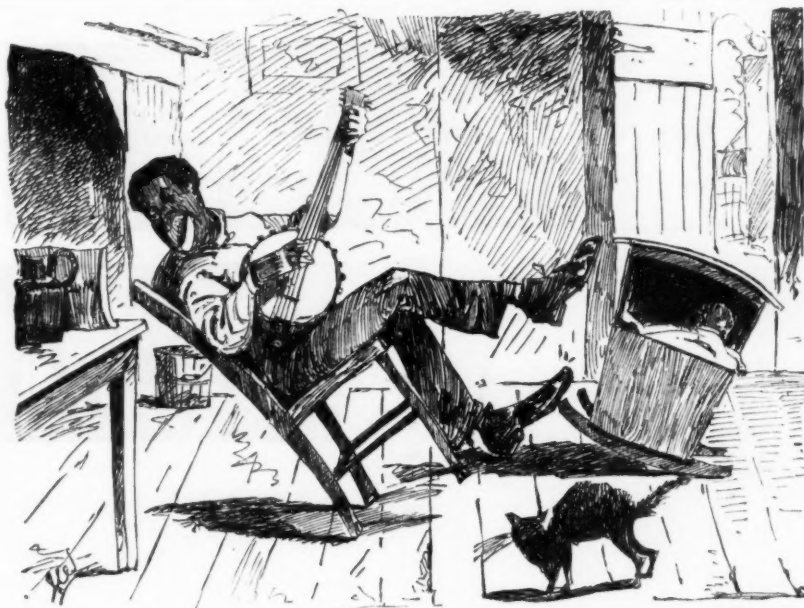
How long I slept I do not know, but when I awoke it was with an instant keenness of perception, and a sudden rallying of all my faculties that showed I must have been startled into wakefulness by something out of the common. The place seemed deserted; the glare of the evening was superseded by the dim light of a few scattered gas jets turned low, and out of the obscurity a gigantic figure advanced towards me.

"What are you doing here?" he asked; and his voice was a shrill treble, so utterly out of keeping with the bulky shape from which it issued that I actually started. "What are you doing here? Are you a freak?"

I attempted to explain. I said I had been having a little freak, but the giant interrupted me.

"You've been having a little freak, have you? Well, where is it? Trot it out. I'd like to see it."

At this utterly absurd and inconsequent request I could only stare.



"Sleep on! dem angels am whispering to thee."

"Come here, mother!" piped out the big man. "Here's a fellow that says he's a little freak—"

"Freak! Nonsense!" wheezed a woman, waddling towards me. What a woman! Incomparably the fattest human being I ever beheld. "He's no freak; he don't know what it is. How did you get here, anyhow?"

I attempted to explain that I had fallen asleep, and must have been inadvertently locked up when the museum closed for the night; but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I could not utter a word.

"Sulky, eh?" shrilled the big man.

"If you don't speak when you're spoken to, I'll sit on you!" wheezed the fat woman.

Out of the terror which this tremendous threat conjured up, I found voice to explain my situation.

"Why, he's an outsider!" croaked the woman, in a voice like that of an asthmatic bullfrog on a foggy night; "come here, all of you; look at this!"

And in a moment I was surrounded by such an assemblage of thin men and fat women, and bearded ladies, and living skeletons, and tattooed beings and monstrosities of any and every kind that my brain whirled again. I am convinced that it was at that moment the color of my hair began to change.

"Oh, what a lark!" said an infinitesimal small dwarf, in a voice that reminded one of the roaring of Niagara. "Are you a freak?"

"What is a freak?" I asked, in desperation.

"I'm a freak," bellowed the dwarf; "we're all freaks."

"Oh, freaks of nature," I mused. "I should say you were."

"You don't seem to have anything out of the common," remarked a boy with a skin like a crocodile.

I owned that I had not, and for the first time in my life blushed because I was not malformed, when I heard a chorus of indignant contempt around me.

"Not a freak?" said one.

"Not even six fingers!"

"Not an extra toe!"

"We can all see he has only one head."

"Blessed if I think he's even blind!"

All of which led by different roads to the

unanswerable inquiry, What was I doing here? My explanation was not satisfactory, and the outraged freaks proceeded to avenge their invaded solitude. Clasped in the bony arms of the living skeleton, I was hurled to the ground, where the fat woman seated herself squarely on my face. The alligator-boy rasped my flesh with his scaly hide; the bearded woman kissed me; the tattooed man proceeded to transfer some of the art depicted on his body to mine; the whole band the while yelling like demons. My hair whitened rapidly just then.

At length I broke from my tormentors and gained the door—and it was when I found it fastened that the last remaining dark hairs of my head assumed their silvery hue. The grewsome band was close behind me; with the energy of despair I beat against the closed door, shouting for assistance like a madman.

Oh, joy! the door opens. The frantic crew of freaks pause in their mad career; I stagger out into the open air, but my feelings are too far overwrought; the reaction is too much, and I sink fainting into the arms of a policeman.

When I regained consciousness I lay in the alcoholic ward of Bellevue Hospital, just recovering, the doctor told me, from a severe attack of delirium tremens. Delirium tremens, forsooth! This is their boasted medical science. The horrors of that night had crazed my brain; the freaks had wrecked my reason, and the doctor called it alcohol!

But out of evil good may come! I have been offered a position as a freak—a man whose hair turned white in a single night. I shall enter the glorious fraternity; I shall, in my turn, terrify any poor wretch who finds himself in the position I was in. And if anyone twits me in the future for having the regulation number of limbs, I can twit him back with his natural hair, for (whisper it gently!) mine is glued on—but I am as good a freak as the most of them, all the same!

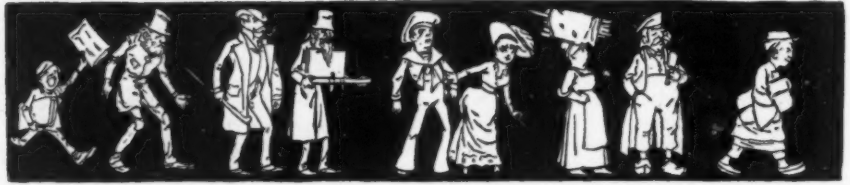
WON of the finest: When the magistrate fined Spillkens \$10 for being drunk, and S. matched him double or quits, and got off even.

WHEN the days are "close" we call it mean weather.

OUR SOCIAL ZOO.



When Spring awakes the odors
That slept the Winter through;
When mud and dust—those goaders
Of oaths nor faint nor few—
Pervade the Bowery, near your
Front window you may view
The animals inferior
That pace our social Zoo.



WHEN Zephyr, with soft murmur,
Woeth the sweet Spring dew,
The Dude, with footstep firmer,
Creeps down Fifth Avenue,
And ogles the well-dressed beauties,
And ogles the nurse-girls, too,
While the cop performs his duties
And marshals our social Zoo.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

BRIDGET O'RAFFERTY TO MRS. DAN HOULIHAN.

MY DEAR AUNT—It was when me brother Miles, long life to him, sent me over a ten pound note that I first tuk the notion of going to America. Ah, and the blessed day it was when I stepped on the steamer, not but what I was say sick enough by rason of the tossing and tumbling about, but sure what did that signify afther I seen the iligant green shores of Staten Island, for all the world like the Cove of Cork, and Castle Garden itself, lookin' as natural as Limerick Jail come over to welcome me. Miles had written me to take the train and come to a place called Lebanon, where he is himself; and I think I'd ha' been very apt to ha' gone, for all the place sounds like a name out of the Bible, if it had not been for one thing. As I walked out of the place there was an ignorant omadhoun of a fellow in the road, and someone pushes him away, and sez, sez he, "Why don't yez lave the way for the lady?" sez he, maning me. Now, no one ever called me a lady afore, and I didn't expect the likes, but whin I heard it that settled it. "Oh, by this and by that," sez I to meself, "I'll niver lave a place where they know I'm a lady the first minute they set eyes on me." Whether they knew it by the turn of the head of me, or how, I'll niver rightly know, but sure I was a lady, anyhow; and I med up me mind that New York was a mighty polite place, and in New York I'd stick. Sure, I might go further and fare worse. And sorra long I had to wait till another iligant lady came to ax me if I wouldn't like to live wid her and help her, for it seems they have no servants here at all at all, but only help. I said I didn't care, and I axed her for a riference and sixteen dollars a month, for they tould me on the steamer I was worth just sixteen times as much in the States as I was at home, and, more betoken, what wud I want to cross the say for if I wasn't? Well, to make a long story short, she agreed to give me fourteen, and two evenings in the week, and the hought of good livin' into the bargain. And if I didn't have mate three times a day in that house, may I niver; but that wasn't nothing, as I soon found out—and it wasn't long before I larned to kick as hard as the best of them if they dared to give us cold mate or warmed over, except at lunch once in a while. By and by I thought it best to change me name and call meself Mademosel Rafferte, for it's no good havin' everyone as wise as yerself as regards to where yez come from; and more betoken I'm gittin' an iligant French accent through discoursin wid the

bun, as they calls the nurse. By and by I'll be givin' lessons meself if all ither thrades fail; but sure I'm comfortable enough where I am for the prisent.

The lady av the house is young, and don't know much yet about house-keeping nor nothing else, and I'm kindly doin' my best to larn her. But surely she's very onexperienced. It was only the ither day that she sez, "Marie," sez she—for I forgot to say that me name bein' Bridget Mary, I called meself Marie for short, and to kape company with the iligant French sound in Rafferte—"Marie," sez she, "is it a fact that a young man calls to see yez here in the kitchen ivery evening?" "And why not, av ye plaze?" sez I. "Do ye think I'm a brute baste that all the comfort in life is to be tuk away from me. There does come a young gintleman to call on me—and why shouldn't they?" Well, she hadn't a word to say to that, and well for her she hadn't, for I knew my place, and I'd plenty more ready to give her. But she's too soft, too easy, so she is, and my janius doesn't get room to work. I'm afraid I'll have to lave her, but it'll brake her heart to part wid me. But I'm tinder hearted, and I'll ax for a rise of wages, and thin she won't fale so bad to let me go, for she's payin' me more than she can afford me. And av I get a place wid a woman of some charakter, so that I can devilup me janius, I'll have something more to tell yez; but no more at prisent from your faithful friend,

MADEMOSAL B. MARIE RAFFERTE.

A MORNING contemporary has an article headed "Water furnished the city." This is interesting reading to young housekeepers who, just recovering from the chaos of their May moving, are beginning to wonder where "that dizzy old chair could have come from; that never was part of my furniture." On the authority of our contemporary they can now rest satisfied that water furnished it, in common with the other furniture of the city. But perhaps our contemporary means that water furnished the city itself—i. e., that there would be no city here at all if it were not for the water. This is extremely probable, though it does not evince the same degree of faith as was manifested by the old Scotch dominie who called the attention of his flock to the wisdom of the Creator as evidenced by the fact that great rivers nearly always ran past great cities.

THE *Elevated Railway Journal* has an article on the Broadway Underground Railway. This plainly indicates a descent from the high standard of that journal.

ENGLISH RUN MAD.

OUR esteemed contemporary, the *Tribune*, is nothing if not æsthetic; its dramatic criticisms are very little if not intelligible. Of course we can understand how the scribe of the *Tribune*, with his impassioned soul soaring into the infinite, and his poetic wings beating against the verbal wires of the cage of language, must be hampered by the necessity of putting his maunderings into words at all. It would be so much easier and so much more natural to swoon in an ecstasy of transcendental delirium, and express the sublimity of thought by a row of dashes and asterisks—and, to tell the truth, it would be quite as intelligible. Sometimes the *Tribune's* passion-pulverizing paragrapher gets hold of a really congenial subject, and then he is up in the clouds in an instant like a balloon when you cut the guy-ropes. He recently encountered such a subject in Mrs. Langtry, and then we had such a feast of language run mad as we have not enjoyed in many a day. The lady's "spacious figure" is the first object of his eulogium, and before we can pause to identify the quality of spaciousness—so desirable in a street or dwelling-house—with a lady's figure, we are hurried on to contemplate her "mental repose at a high pitch of excitement," and are called on to admire her "affluent power of passion." Can it be possible that the man who perpetrates such monstrosities of language is ignorant that he is writing as a parrot might talk; that he is stringing syllables together without the faintest regard to their meaning; that if a character who talks as he writes were introduced in a play, it would be assigned to the low comedian? We always visit the morgue after reading such an effusion as we have quoted from, apprehending that we may there find the corpse of the *Tribune* man choked with one of his own polysyllables.

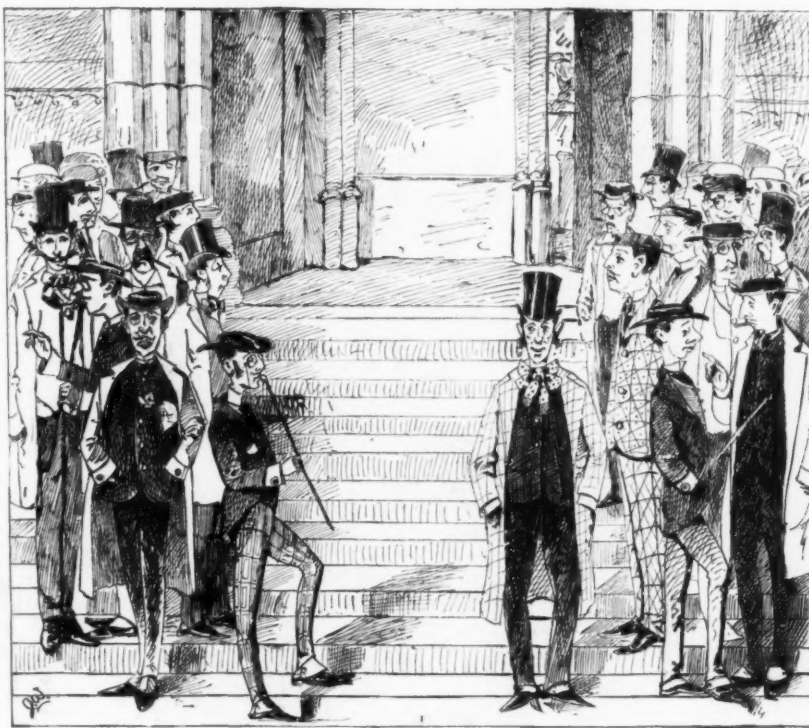
IN order to prevent the embezzlement of another \$250,000, Mayor Low has appointed Mr. Benjamin H. Huntington, Secretary of the Dimes Savings Bank, as an expert accountant to examine the accounts of the Brooklyn Board of Education.—*Brooklyn Paper*.

Mr. Huntington takes this opportunity of informing the public that he is at all times ready to prevent the embezzlement of \$250,000. Those who desire the embezzlers of larger or smaller amounts checkmated will apply elsewhere.

THROW your bread on the waters, and you will be called a good Samaritan; but if you throw it over the backyard fence, it gives evidence you are a tramp.

Mrs. Pennyfeather's Peregrinations.

If there's anything I'm thankful for it is that those dreadful children and their mother started for home before we commenced to pack up to move. Heraclitus had to behave himself as long as they staid, but he celebrated their departure by remaining out more than half the night, and came home in "the early morning's rosy dawn" in an extremely hilarious condition, without a whole dollar in his pockets. This is all the thanks I get for putting myself to no end of inconvenience for his relatives. I did everything for those young ones. I took them to Macy's and all around, and if I say they acted like wild Indians on the streets and in the stores, I am drawing it very mild. I'm sure I never realized before what it was to be a mother of boys, and even Heraclitus is at last willing to admit that he is glad our own sweet little Troddledums is a girl. The mischief they contrived to do was absolutely appalling, and nearly resulted in putting an untimely end to the career of our precious child. While I was out shopping one day with their mother, they thought they would play funeral; so they took the baby, who was asleep at the time, and put her very quietly into an empty box they'd found somewhere, and were just in the act of nailing down the lid, when the little thing awoke and commenced to cry. The nurse, who had left the room for a few minutes, rushed in when she heard the noise, or goodness knows what might have happened. But the worst was the day I went to the auction. You see, there was a sale next door to us, and I thought as I'd never been to one I'd just go in and see what it was like and take a look around at the things our neighbors had. I knew perfectly well that Heraclitus wouldn't approve of my doing such a thing, so I waited till he'd gone off down town before I started, and I didn't notice till I got inside the house that the oldest boy, Harry, had followed me. The place was filled with about the worst rubbish I ever saw, but in one of the rooms up stairs I discovered six old-fashioned, rail-backed chairs that would just match our ancient sideboard that belonged to Herac's great grandfather, and I thought I wouldn't mind giving eight or ten dollars for the lot, so I stood around and waited for the auctioneer to reach the number on the catalogue. Well, they were started at five dollars and I bid six, but the sound of my own voice scared me so that I trembled all over. Then several people cried seven, and the bidding became quite spirited. It seemed now as if everybody wanted the chairs, and of course that made me want them all the more, and I must have become a little excited, for I kept on advancing the price till they reached seventeen dollars. I then bid seventeen and a half, when they were struck down. Judge of my horror when the auctioneer shouted out: "Seventeen dollars and a half apiece to Mrs.—who?" "Pennyfeather," yelled Master Harry, before I could stop him. Oh, I could have eaten the little rascal on the spot. Of course, when I found out they were seventeen dollars and a half apiece, I just tried to look unconscious, and wasn't going to answer when they asked what name, but that young hopeful was too quick for me, and by his smartness his uncle had to pay one hundred and five dollars for six old worn-out chairs that will have to go through the additional expense of being re-upholstered before they are fit to look at. As if that wasn't enough, as soon as we were comfortably seated at dinner that night, the little wretch piped out, "Oh, Uncle Heraclitus, Aunt



MODERN ARCHITECTURE.

Decorative Doorway of a 19th Century Church.

Penelope went to an auction to-day, and she bought a lot of awful old chairs, and paid more than a hundred dollars for them; and ma says you must be pretty rich or you couldn't afford such extravagance." I was completely flabbergasted for once, and Heraclitus just laid down his knife and fork and gazed at me in speechless astonishment. Of course I knew I should have to tell him sooner or later, for I couldn't pay for the things unless he gave me the money, but I expected to break it to him gently, after dinner. However, he behaved better than I expected he would. As a matter of course, he didn't approve of a young and attractive woman like myself (these are his words) going to an auction, particularly alone. As for the chairs, he said, I'd either got hold of some veritable antiques, or else been terribly cheated; but he wrote me a check to pay for them. I've just made up my mind to go down to Sypher's to-morrow to find out if they are worth anything or not. If I have secured a bargain without knowing it, all right. If they are valueless, he won't dare say much, for I haven't settled with him for his last evening away from home. I do hope they will prove a treasure, though, for I want him to be particularly good-natured and buy a lot of nice things for the new house, into which we shall move in a few days. As to his sister Lucinda's speech about my extravagance, I'll never forgive her, and I'll pay her back for it some time, as sure as my name is

PENELOPE PENNYFEATHER.

"Do NOT look for wrong and evil; you will find them if you do," writes a young Western poetess. It strikes us that this is a funny way to discourage people from looking for things. Fancy saying to a burglar, "Don't look for a handy way to get into this house after midnight; you will find it if you do."

INSURANCE hath charms to move the salvage breast.

LEATHER.

THOUGH a certain amount of concession
Can scarce be with justice denied
To a person who views his profession
With purely professional pride;
To the end of veracity's tether

That fellow has certainly run
Who says there is nothing like leather,
As the cobbler is said to have done.

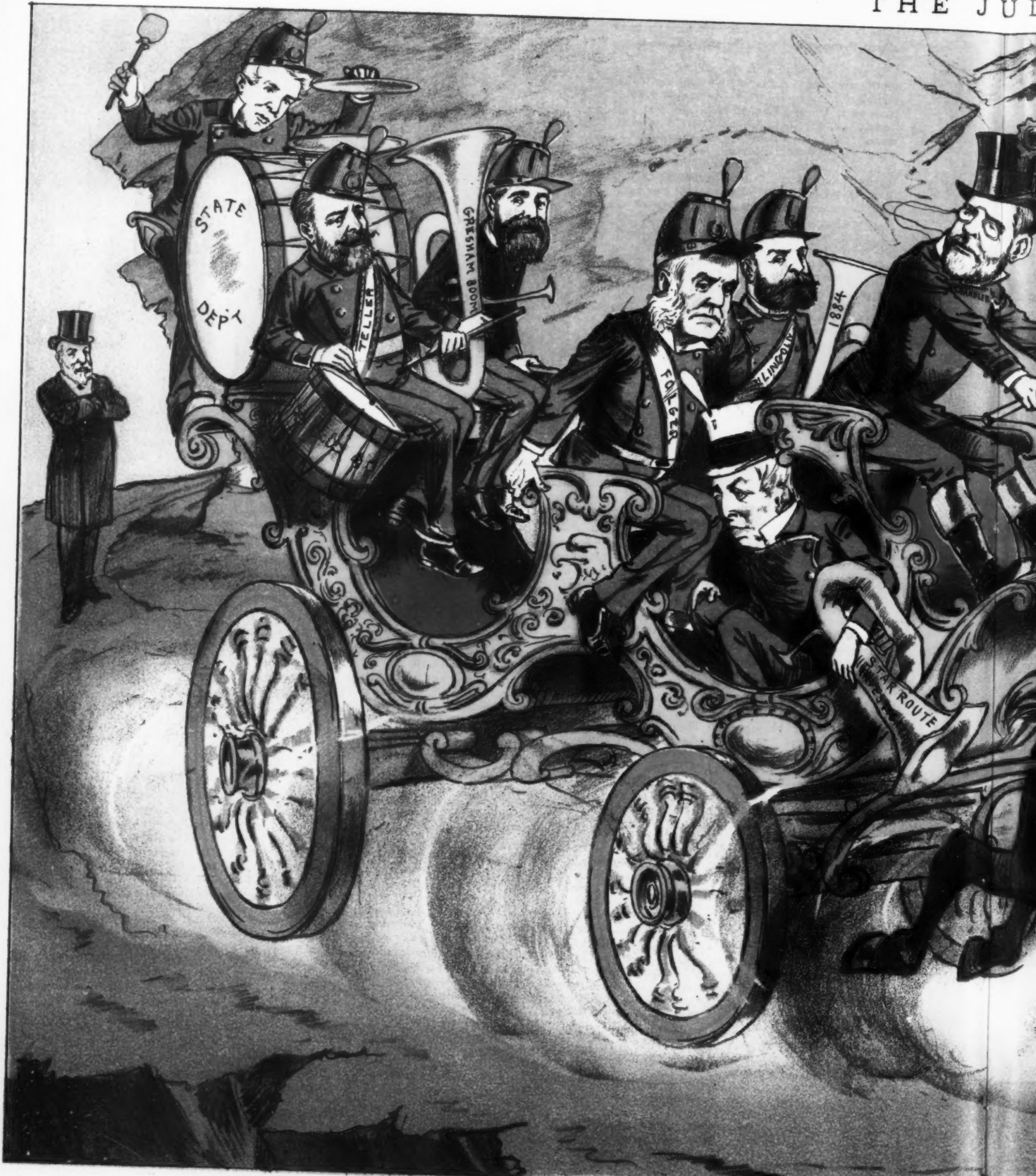
There are plenty of things look like leather,
Unearthed by discovery's march,
Whether pure composition, or whether
The simple brown paper and starch.
If nothing should leather resemble,
Alas for the dollar valise;
And beasts in their skins well might tremble,
With hides at five dollars apiece.

So, though making all sorts of concession,
In a problem as tough as a hide,
To a person who views his profession
With purely professional pride,
We maintain that the leatherine function
Is discharged without leatherine waste
By the modern artistic conjunction
Of common brown paper and paste. PERCY P.

THERE is no truth in old aphorisms any more. A barrel-organ man had the legend "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast" engraved and hung on the front of his peripatetic music box, and he says that he has experienced more vituperation than ever. Perhaps folks think he is adding insult to injury.

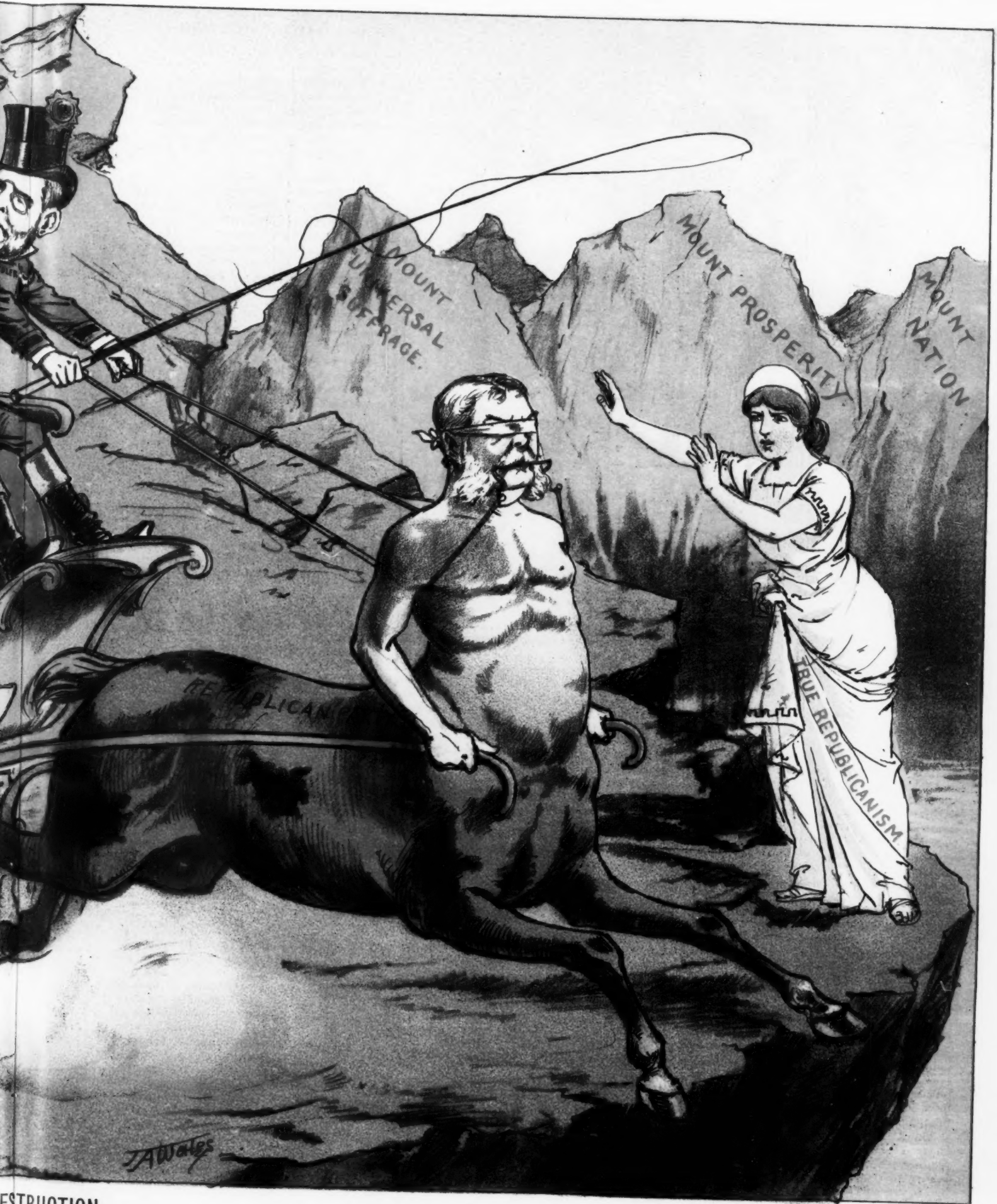
TASSO, the Italian poet, his Life informs us, was often distressed for five shillings. In a poet of his ability, living in an age when the vast field of spring poetry was practically unexplored, this implies a degree of shiftlessness that is inexcusable.

"SHORT mantles are coming down," says a fashion note. By this process they will be longer in time.



DRIVING TO DESTRUCT
CHANDLER.—“I have put my hook in his nose and my bridle in 1

JUDGE.



DESTRUCTION.
y bridle in his lips, and he shall go whither I will."



The country youth, after twelve months' polishing and experience in a city dry-goods' store, returns to his native heath. Observe the widely-different emotions which his store clothes excite in the bosoms of the male and female portions of the population.

LADIES AS DRUG CLERKS.

Young ladies are studying to fit themselves for the position of drug clerks. That is the bald, formal announcement; but, gentlemen, pause and ponder on the depths of meaning underlying those words, and the vast social revolution they imply. Young ladies are to become drug clerks. Now, the duties of drug clerks do not begin and end as many people naturally imagine they do, at the soda-water fountain. They have other questions to ask than "strawberry or lemon flavoring?" They have other observations to make than those on the beauty of the day in particular or the charms of our climate in general. They have to dispense drugs, dr-r-r-rugs, gentlemen. They have to bray assafoetida in a mortar, and they have to weigh out Epsom salts—and be particularly careful not to substitute arsenic for the latter commodity, either. They have to pooh, pooh St. Jacob's Oil and kindred remedies, for the retailer's profit on patent medicine (unless it be his own) is comparatively small. Fancy a young lady pooh-poohing St. Jacob's Oil! But they will have to do it, and induce the purchaser to content himself with some unpatented compound which they will put up for him, and charge him a patented price for. All this is terrible enough to contemplate—but there is worse behind.

Think of the immense stimulus which will be given to valetudinarianism when every nostrum-swallower is smiled on by the eyes of beauty and encouraged in his dreadful career by the taper fingers which tie up his packages for him, and the rosy lips that murmur

"The directions are on the label." Why, it may come to this, that our young men will go to the drug store each morning for quinine pills instead of to the saloon for a cocktail. Then think of the crabbed doctor's Latin the fair dispensers will have to puzzle over; think of the embarrassment, too, contingent on the purchase of some kinds of medicines. Why, THE JUDGE himself (but, to be sure, he is extra modest,) has waited half an hour for the store to get clear of ladies before he could muster up courage enough to ask the clerk for a seidlitz powder; and if the clerk had been a lady! The very idea makes us tingle all over.

No, no. The new scheme will never work. Woman is charming, wonderfully charming, in her proper place—but her proper place is not behind the counter of a drug store. Over the perfumery department she might preside with peace and propriety; but into the inner penetralia of the temple of Esculapius let her not presume to thrust her pretty little nose. There are drugs there that would paralyze it.

THE Virginia *Enterprise* tells a story which it calls "A Race for a Kiss," and a very pretty and moral story it is. Lord Byron, though, was the man who formulated a plan of a kiss for a race, and he did it when he wished that all womankind had but "one rosy mouth, that I might kiss them all, from North to South."

"THE way of the transgressor is hard." Very likely that is the reason why some transgressors are called "hard cases."

OUR MAID OF ALL WORK.

A FIGURE of the willowy type,
A well-shaped hand, tho' coarse with toil;
Lips fit for playing cherry ripe,
That even labor cannot spoil.
A russet dress, whose dingy spots
Show the bold hand spilled soup can write
Through close communion with the pots,
And a long apron, *never* white;

Two velvet-black eyes looking out
Beneath two arching brows of jet;
A wealth of hair all tossed about
Or bundled in a tattered net;
A pair of cheeks whose rosy hue
Is marred by frequent sooty smudge—
And thus I introduce to you
Our pretty, dirty household drudge.

Sometimes in fancy I divest
Her face of what is always there:
I see her—still in fancy—dressed
In white, with roses in her hair;
I see the willowy form erect,
Not bent by weighty loads of coal;
I light that face with intellect,
And place behind those eyes a soul.

Pardon the fancy I employ,
For then—I know not how it is—
Methinks that the fair bride of Troy
Might have been woman such as this.
Methinks in those dark eyes might lurk
The fire that wrought a city's doom—
Those lips might have begun the work
That ended in a nation's tomb.

Start not, ye stately dames, who move
In sibilant silk and costly furs;
Ye may be fair, have time for love—
Your lots are very far from hers.
But deck her form as yours are decked,—
Ay, far more simply—ere ye judge;
Trust me, your charms would scarce be recked
Beside our pretty, dirty drudge.

But raise her, as a lily crushed
And trampled in the miry clay,
And be your criticisms hushed
Till you have washed the stains away—
Then place her, ne'er so modestly,
Half out of sight in your parterre,
And men will pause in passing by—
"Was ever flower so wondrous fair?"

Capricious Fate, that seem'st to take
Delight in thwarting each design
Of nature, wherefore didst thou make
A queenly star that ne'er can shine?
Why fix a prize that none may win,
A stake that never can be played?—
But Mary's bringing dinner in,
Poor, pretty, dirty servant maid!

G. H. JESSOP.

THE cable informs us that "at the opening of the International Fisheries Exhibition on the 12th of May, parties of fishergirls and fishermen from France, Belgium and Holland will attend the ceremony in national costume. Bodies of fishermen in full costume will be brought from every distinctive fishery in the British and Channel Islands."

The exhibition of the bodies of fishermen—presumably those who have been drowned in pursuit of their avocation—strikes THE JUDGE as revolting and unnecessary. The fact that they will be in full national costume takes somewhat from the horror of the idea, but even so it seems as if it would be in better taste to let the fishermen's bodies rest. What good purpose can they serve at a fisheries' exhibition? Surely, surely, they are not brought to feed to the fishes.

THE VEREKERS AT AN AUCTION.

Mrs. VEREKER took her husband to an auction sale a few days ago. Poor V. went along like a sheep led to the slaughter, but he had no redress. Mrs. Vereker bid on quite a number of things she didn't want, just for fun, and ran them up so close to purchasing price that the marrow froze in Vereker's bones. Finally she concluded that she wouldn't wait, as there was only one article she really wanted—a carpet, and it was low down on the list. She instructed Vereker to purchase it, authorizing him to run the bidding up to one dollar thirty-five a yard, and she took her departure. That is to say, she started to go, but meeting a friend near the door she stopped for ten minutes' gossip, and the result was she was still wedged in the crowd near the door when the carpet was put up at seventy-five cents. "Eighty!" shouted Vereker. "Eighty-five!" shouted Mrs. Vereker, who had forgotten all about her husband, and had a single eye on the carpet. "Ninety!" said Vereker. "Ninety-five!" came from his spouse. "A dollar!" said the husband. "A dollar and a quarter!" said the wife, determined to clinch the bargain, as she seemed to have but one opponent. "A dollar thirty-five!" said Mr. Vereker, determinedly. "A dollar and a half!" said the lady desperately. Mr. Vereker now became silent, as his limit had been passed, and the carpet was knocked down to Mrs. Vereker. "What name? if you please," said the auctioneer, and when Mrs. V. gave her name and stepped up to pay her deposit there was quite a little circus, and the spectators were tickled to death at the badinage that passed between the worthy couple. Mrs. Vereker declares she will never take her husband to an auction sale again, and he, though he cannot just see where he was to blame in the matter, says he hopes she won't.

We are informed that Homer was a beggar, and several thousand school boys think that if they had been the Grecian public he would not have begged enough to buy writing materials—not much.

ENGLAND has had the coldest March known there in thirty-eight years, and that, too, in spite of the energetic efforts of Irishmen on both sides of the Atlantic to make it warm for her.

THERE was a young lady named Mary
Who contracted disease pulmonary;
By anticipating
The advent of spring,
She has gone where the climate don't vary.

At the next meeting of the Ladies' Art Association a number of new designs will be submitted by members. THE JUDGE fears that the Society must contain several designing women.

WE read of an actress disappearing without her trunks. Most of the actresses nowadays would disappear if it wasn't for their padding, which usually doesn't extend way up to their trunks.

"WHAT does a man have to dude to become a successful masher?" inquires the Oil City *Blizzard*. What does he have to dude? To do de lardy dah, to be sure.

A PIG would seem the best subject for medical students to experiment on, as he could be killed first and cured afterwards.



A PICTURE OF SUBJECTION.
Illustrating the Power of Mind over Matter.

MRS. DAVIS' LITTLE JOKE.

DAVID DAVIS and his bride, while on their wedding tour, visited a Tom Thumb entertainment. Mrs. Davis suddenly turned her face to her husband, tapped him with her fan and laughed merrily. When the latter asked the cause of her mirth, she said, "O deary, it was such a funny idea!" "Tell it to your own ownest, my lovey." "Well, do you know, my old precious," whispered the bride, and vainly trying to suppress a giggle, "do you know, you old darling, that I was just thinking—O, it is so funny!—I was just thinking that if you were cut up with a cross-cut saw you'd make nearly a dozen Tom Thumbs!" and she laughed again, while the ex-senator looked serious, and mentally made the Spoopendykian observation that all she needed was a blue lead pencil and a chunk of taffy to be an entire Paragaphers' Association.

THE Pennsylvania Senate has passed to its third reading the bill to prevent one person treating another. Experience shows that the most effectual bill to prevent treating is a one dollar bill, especially if it be the last in the owner's possession, and he sees no immediate prospect of obtaining another. In that case, he will almost invariably treat himself and let his friends wait till Saturday.

TROUBLES OF SURFACE TRAVEL.

SCENE, a very crowded street car going up Third avenue. Enter an Irishman, carrying a large laundry basket. There is no seat for him, and but scant standing room for the basket. The car rolls on; the Irishman looks resigned. Presently the car stops. The Irishman looks hopeful. Two fat ladies and an elderly gentleman get on; the Irishman looks disgusted. The car starts up and after a block or so stops again; no one gets off, and the Irishman looks belligerent. Car stops again, and a section of a young ladies' seminary piles into place. Irishman looks disheartened. Many blocks are now passed without a single passenger getting out. Finally, the car having stopped again, but only for the purpose of adding to its already excessive load, the Irishman gasps in a crushed and despondent bass: "Mother av Moses! Have none of yez got any homes at all, at all?" He got a seat at the next block.

GEN. WOLSELEY is to attend the coronation ceremonies in Russia as one of the representatives of the British government. Brave man! Ever foremost in the ranks of danger, and facing England's foes.

A NEW DISH.—*Pate a la Nicolini*. It is usually spelled "Patti," and costs about \$5,000 a portion.

PUBLIC GRIEVANCES.

BY E. E. TEN EYCK.

No. 2.

"Yes, sir," said the policeman, "my path is all roses. That is the public impression, anyhow. All that I have to do, according to the average man's supposition, is to walk around with a bran-new uniform, flirt with the pretty nurse girls, awe small boys, and once in a while arrest some paralytic or consumptive, and amuse myself while dragging them to the station house—as a rule I am always considered to have dragged them to the hotel with the green light by the hair—by clubbing the life out of them.

"That is folk's idea. That is where folks get left. You can bet your sweet life that if I could get any other sort of a job, I would leave off being 'one of the finest' right away. Nice, ain't it, to be out in all kinds of weather, a-shivering and shaking in the middle of a snow storm, or getting sopped thro' to the skin in a thunder shower. No wonder we sometimes take refuge in a hall door or under the grocer's awning.

"Nice, isn't it, to have to patrol such a post as Battle Row in Shantytown; charming localities, where the sole ambition of every man, woman and child upon your beat is to kill you? Splendid sensation to walk along with the momentary expectation of having a bullet put through your back or a chimney dropped in sections on your head.

"Nice, ain't it, to have to battle with five or six ruffians all your size, and then get fits in the papers next day because you did not capture all of them? Oh, yes, us coppers have got a sugared existence.

"Then we get it for not closing up the saloons on Sunday. I tried that once. Pulled in the proprietor of a gin mill on my beat. He was selling whisky sure as whisky ever was sold. What happened? He swore that he was giving away cough medicine to a customer for the customer's sick child. He was honorably discharged. Come to find out, his brother-in-law was a cousin to the judge's wife. The day after, the captain called me into his private office. He intimated that I had been too fresh altogether in making the arrest, and if I was not careful I might be fired up amongst the goats. Good incentive for a man to do his duty, isn't it?

"We get such brilliant pay, too. Sometimes I think after a couple of years I will leave the force altogether, and go to Europe in my own yacht. Eight hundred dollars is a princely income. I had to pay a party one hundred and fifty to get appointed, and my uniform wasn't a gift. Then I've got to see the roundsman a fiver about once a month or he'll have me up before the commissioners on some charge or another, and I'll get socked a couple of weeks' pay.

"Guess that I have about five hundred left to support my family—the wife, three kids and my sister's four girls; she's crippled. They can live off of that like Vanderbilts. The seventh floor of a tenement house has to do them.

"Then there's the ticket-selling nuisance. Every benefit that is got up we have to sell tickets. No matter whether they are for the annual failure of the Hamfatter's Sangerbund or the monthly performance for the benefit of the Bartholomew Statue, we are expected to peddle them around. Suppose we get ten—that is the usual number, and a dollar apiece is the usual price. We are charged with the tickets. If we don't sell them, we have to buy them ourselves. The

papers say different, but that is the taffy given to the reporters. Reporters will swallow anything that comes from the desk. They have to. If they didn't, the sergeants would never let them see the blotter.

"We're generally accused of blackmailing the saloons on our post. Well, sometimes we do, frequently. But if any one thinks that us patrolmen capture the boodle they are off. It goes to the ward detectives, and they give it to—well, never mind. It's nice to be captain of a precinct and drive fast horses.

"Hello, there goes a horse down!
"I've got to go and help him up. Me with my new summer gloves on, too. Confound the luck! So long; try your best to get on the force if you want a soft thing."

MRS. VEREKER has been much annoyed by the constant breakage of several eggs in each order sent to her house by the grocer. She determined to see if it couldn't be remedied, and so went to the grocery store herself, and, after blowing up the grocer thoroughly, announced her intention of bringing home the eggs herself. She did so, in a paper bag, and took a stage to reach home. While *en route*, a sudden jolt of that most exasperating vehicle landed a dude squarely in her lap, with nothing to break the force of the concussion but the bag of eggs. Mrs. Vereker was mad, and the dude was considerably embarrassed, but the grocer is to be allowed to send home the eggs in future.

THE drop of comfort was very low in the decanter which Mrs. Purfleet presented to THE JUDGE when he called upon her the other evening, and he helped himself sparingly in consequence. Kind Mrs. Purfleet noticed this and hastened to reassure him. "Don't be afraid; take all you want. There's a whole demigod full in the next room."

WE have to be very careful with our scissors these times. Ninety per cent. of the funniest items in our exchanges wind up with a more or less outspoken reference to St. Jacob's Oil. N. B.—This is not an "ad;" but even if it were we would print it right here, for it differs from the majority of "ads" in that it is true.

"Raw silks in novel tints will be worn this Spring," says a fashion note. If we have any more such Spring weather as the snow storm which April got ready to say good-bye to us in, we should say that anything raw would be highly appropriate to the weather—the rawer the better.

A CURRENT item says: "About 450 miles of thread are made each day in American mills. It was all imported thirty years ago." Now, the question is, how could it be made here every day if it was imported so many years back?

FOUR pounds of gold, worth about \$1,000, were recently collected from the soot adhering to the inner lining of the chimney of the royal mint in Berlin. That's the kind of smut to soot us.

AN Illinois court has decided that a woman's lie about her age will invalidate an insurance policy, and now no woman who has any respect for herself will take out a policy of insurance in that State.

A NEW wind-up for an obituary notice: "What is our loss is the undertaker's gain."



The much-looked for Return of Susan B.

RHYMELETS.

A CRAMP bent a young swimmer double;
He sank with a gurgle and bubble;
While the water is chilly
Sea-bathing is silly;
He has gone where cold water won't trouble.

A lady of Ninth Avenue
Invested in gum for a chew;
The juice of the spruce
Made her teeth loose,
But the dentist will fit her out new.

A clerk in a grocery store
Has diamond rings half a score.
The proprietor wonders
What pilferer plunders
The daily receipts from the drawer.

Material supplied for a wake:—
The fire in the range would not take;
With kerosene's aid
The fire it was made,
And Bridget was burned at the steak.

A young dude on Madison Square
Saw the moon shining placid and fair
He thought, being tight,
'Twas the electrical light—
"How the doose did they get it up there?"

THE fresh and budding humorist evidently labors under the erroneous belief that, in order to succeed and become a second Artemus Ward, it is necessary to use the profane combination "dam fine" several times in a half-column article. He should be kindly informed that such is not the case—that it is even possible to become a humorist without the words once in a lifetime.

CAN a man eat more than
One thing at a time?
Is a question which I'll not refuse you
To answer because it is easy as rhyme:
He always can if he chews two.

JOUBERT says "Gravity is the rind of wisdom;" but this is not always so. It frequently occurs that there is wisdom in the peel of laughter.

BLONDIE says she likes cool, breezy weather, it brings the chaps to her lips.



BEFORE very long, THE JUDGE will find himself compelled to dispose of his evening otherwise than at the theatre. Plays worth going to are the antithesis of the swallow, and take their flight, as a rule, when those feathered harbingers of summer begin to arrive, and poor, long-suffering New York is given over to the predatory, "out-of-the-season" summer snaps, such as "Cad, the Tom-boy," and others of that ilk. Even Wallack's falls into the fashion set by the lengthening days, and produces the time-worn "Snowball," preceded by "The Cape Mail," which its author, Mr. Clement Scott, is pleased to call a *petite* comedy. A wise precaution that, by-the-way, of translating the adjective into French. It is just possible that some of the audience may fail to penetrate the flimsy disguise of a foreign language, and recognize just how small a thing the comedy really is. The materials of this "Cape Mail" are so old as to be threadbare; it depends for its interest on a device as old as the stage itself, and when the Cape Mail goes down with all hands no one will regret it. Stay, though, there is one fair passenger whom THE JUDGE would be unwilling to include in this sentence. Rose Coghlan cannot be spared, and we cannot blame her for Mr. Scott's wretched fustian.

A lively upheaval has taken place at Union Square—the Square *par excellence*. Mr. A. M. Palmer has resigned the managerial reins into the hands of Messrs. Shook and Collier, and retires into private life. Mr. Palmer has been a shrewd and successful manager, and we cannot help regarding this last departure as one of the shrewdest moves in his career. With the prestige of twelve years of extraordinarily successful and popular management, he leaves the theatre at a moment when the old company, its ranks shattered by death and desertion, has lost much of its former attractiveness; when the upward march of fashion and society leaves the house in the equivocal position of a down-town theatre—this is the moment when Mr. Palmer disposes of his interest for a handsome sum, and will calmly bide his time, secure that any mistakes or misfortunes which may involve his successors will only redound to his own managerial credit, and ready to come up smiling in a new theatre when circumstances shall render it advisable for him to do so. Astute Mr. Palmer! THE JUDGE shakes hands with you, and gives you credit for having done many good things well, and above all, for the possession of that rarest knowledge—the knowledge when to quit.

Messrs. Shook & Collier, likewise, have our best wishes for the success of their enterprise, and, though Mr. Palmer has had the cream of the old house, no doubt there is something better than skim milk left, and Mr. Collier is just the man to bring it to the surface. THE JUDGE notes one fact with pleasure—neither of the new managers have run off to Europe in search of attractions. It may be that they will pursue the policy so successfully inaugurated by the Madison

Square of relying on home talent for home material. The history of some of the recent foreign investments in dramatic ware has not been such as to encourage managers in this costly form of speculation, and yet the usual managerial exodus has fairly set in, and many an American dollar will, during the next three months, pass into the pockets of English and French dramatists—with what results the coming season alone can tell.

"Caste," after a brilliantly successful run, has been withdrawn at the Bijou in favor of "The Two Roses." Mr. Pitt has collected an excellent company around him—whose lustre is in no wise dimmed by the secession of Miss Fanny Addison—and has earned the triumph he is achieving. The Barton Opera Company is giving "Satanella" at the Standard. "The Professor," with his bevy of giggling girls, holds high carnival at Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre. Wyndham's Company is elucidating those phases of married life wherein his patrons at the Criterion taught him money was to be made through the medium of "The Great Divorce Case" at the Union Square. A big minstrel show at the Cosmopolitan will, the managers hope, reconcile the public to the absence of Barnum, and prevent jealousy of Cincinnati, which certainly collected the greatest aggregation of histrionic talent ever seen in any city in this country in a single week. Mrs. Langtry has departed from the Fifth Avenue, an event which is not calculated to entail much woe on the amusement-loving public, nor to leave any broken hearts behind her, especially as she presumably has taken Freddy's with her. She is succeeded by Etelka Borry—a lady who is running the gamut of Gallic woe as exemplified by Camille and Adrienne with indifferent success. Oh, when will those sorely-tried Frenchwomen be laid away in some quiet nook, where they can nauseate the theatre-goer no more? If only, among the myriads of Camilles and Adriennes we have seen expire more or less efficiently, some one had killed the character beyond resurrection! Some have well nigh succeeded, but there seems to be a tenacity of life in those off-color Parisiennes which discounts the fabled performance of the cat, and so we have Etelka Borrys and kindred afflictions, and probably shall have to the end of the chapter.

CORRESPONDENTS.

FERDINAND.—We veto verse—at least such verse as yours.

E. C.—Not at all in our line. Keep it till Mr. Talmage runs short of material and send it to him.

TEN-DOLLAR ARTIST.—Your sketch is declined. If you want it returned send on another stamp. It was insufficiently prepaid.

PONCE DE LEON.—The whole virtue of the fount of perpetual youth must have concentrated itself on your cheek, or you would never have tried our temper with such a manuscript.

A. B. C.—Take pattern by your own initials, and stick to the alphabet. The artistic tendency which somebody says is latent in every man, is unusually latent in you.

J. SMITH.—Do we err in calling you John? If so, accept our apologies and the wish which we express for you in all good feeling. May you live a thousand years to sketch for the delectation of your friends. An angry public would not suffer you to survive an hour if we published the specimen you sent us.

ANNIE S.—Oh, Annie! your sex excuses you, but you really ought to know better. "The budding spring time" may be "The proper ring time," but you had better tell him so in a letter, not in the columns of THE JUDGE; and if you desire more publicity than an ordinary letter furnishes, send him a postal card.

Castoria.

Stomachs will sour and milk will curdle
In spite of doctors and the cradle;
Thus it was that our pet Victoria
Made home howl until sweet Castoria
Cured her pains.—Then for peaceful slumber,
All said our prayers and slept like thunder.

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DECEMBER, 1882,	25 working days,	1,410
JANUARY, 1883,	21 working days,	1,102
FEBRUARY, 1883,	23 working days,	1,152
MARCH, 1883,	27 working days,	1,435
APRIL, 1883,	23 working days,	1,335

119 6,434

The days specified above are actual working days. December has one holiday, Christmas; January, New Years; five days of January were lost in erecting a new 500 horse-power double engine, during which time everything was at a standstill; February has a holiday, Washington's birthday; March having no holidays full time was made, 27 working days, and giving us the enormous output of 1,435 Cabinet Organs; in April two days were lost, the first being annual moving, and on the 9th the municipal election occurred, at which time the Mayor, Common Council, etc., were chosen. As all National, gubernatorial and Municipal elections are legal holidays the factory was closed. Upon this day, the 9th of April, I was chosen by the citizens as their Chief Magistrate for the fifth consecutive term, by far the largest majority ever given a Mayor since the place was incorporated.

The following is clipped from the New York Daily "Times":
A POPULAR MAYOR RE-ELECTED.

WASHINGTON, N. J., April 9.—At the municipal election held today, Daniel F. Beatty was re-elected Mayor for the fifth time by an overwhelming majority. The largest vote ever known was polled.—[New York Daily Times, April 10th, 1883.]

Taking into consideration that about twelve years ago, or in 1870, I left my father's farm penniless, and, by industry, honesty and thrift, and by strictly adhering to the principle of "the best goods for the least money," I have steadily risen and am achieving a success that is a wonder to the slow-going monopolists, and have accomplished it unaided, save by the support of patrons.

The record is an unanswerable fact, and proves without the possibility of refutation that the Beatty Organs are giving the best of satisfaction. The record of shipments in April far surpasses any ever made in the world, the daily average out put being a fraction over 58 Organs, the total being over 1,335 Organs in 23 days.

The average for the past five months is ABOVE 54 PER DAY! I challenge any manufacturer in this country or Europe, or the world to equal this record of 6,434 Organs in 119 working days. If it has been equaled, I will donate \$10,000 to any charitable institution that may be agreed upon.

This is not blow. It is the record of honest facts! So anxious am I to have all come and see my factory and books for themselves and purchase an organ, that I will allow \$10 traveling expenses instead of \$5 as heretofore. If necessary, I will pay all traveling expenses from any reasonable distance. Bear in mind that these were no "small organs" in the above record. They were all large Chapel, Parlor, Church and Cathedral Organs; none were made containing less than 5 octave manual and from 9 to 36 octaves of reeds.

NOTE.—The above record does not include the shipments of Beatty's Pianofortes, Grand, Square and Upright. A large number of these instruments were also shipped during this period.

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Charles H. Davis, being duly sworn, on his oath saith that he is Superintendent of Daniel F. Beatty's Manufacturing Establishment, and that the foregoing shipment of Organs as above stated is true.

Sworn and subscribed before me, May 1st, 1883,
P. H. HANN, Notary Public.

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"LET's have more blacksmiths and less pugilists," cries the Philadelphia Chronicle. There is very little glory in the profession of a blacksmith. He might knock out five hundred horseshoes a day, and the great dailies wouldn't devote half as much space to the feat as they would to the pugilist who knocked out a man in five minutes.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE *Home Journal* advances an argument in favor of dynamite in settling the Irish troubles. For a long time the *Journal* has been wrestling with a "bad spell." A paper that spells physician "fizh," is liable to fly off the handle at any moment, as some old philosopher once remarked.—*Norr. Herald.*

An Illinois man boxed his wife's ears because she invested \$2 in a lottery ticket. She left him, and her ticket soon after drew \$5,000. This should teach husbands a lesson. When their wives invest in lottery tickets they should defer boxing their ears until after the drawing comes off.—*Norristown Herald.*

THERE is some agitation in certain circles on account of wine being charged with carbonic acid gas. We can stand it; but what hurts is the wine we have been getting which is charged with pen and ink, and the figures look as big as a clothing sign on a suburban bulletin.—*Cincinnati Drummer.*

"WHAT can a boy do?" asks an exchange. We are just Yankee enough to answer by asking another: "What can't a boy do?" Parents who have brought up male offspring will at once see the force of the reply.—*Lowell Citizen.*

DR. ARMITAGE says: "Man should always be graceful." Did the Doctor ever have on a new spring suit, and try to get out of the way of a watering-cart? Guess not.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A MAN went into a drug store the other day to buy some medicine. "Do you keep the best drugs?" "You can't get better, sir." "Too bad; no use of medicine, then; good day."—*Gas.*

RUSSIA has the largest telescope in the world. It will prove useful about the time of the coronation, to ascertain just how high the Czar will ascend when blown up.—*Wheeling Leader.*

A good watch is known by its works. It may be real good without having a pretty face.—*Phila. Chronicle-Herald.*

SOMEBODY has tried to blackmail Mary Anderson; wanted to play Othello to her Desdemona, we suppose.—*Boston Com. Bulletin.*

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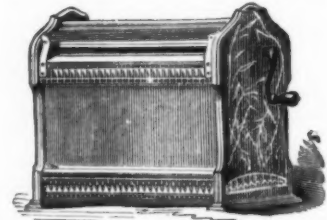
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If there is anything in the world that has more power than a smile, when it is shot off from the right kind of a gun, we have never seen it.—Exchange. The "right kind of a gun," we suspect, is a glass arrangement holding nearly a quart. "Smiles" shot from such guns have the power to bankrupt a man and knock him endways.—Norristown Herald.

REV. JOSEPH COOK told a Chicago audience that "we must take American journalism and reform it; and if we do not, break its neck and choke its sensational utterances." The papers have commenced the work of reform by discontinuing the reports of Cook's lectures. He probably didn't mean that.—Norristown Herald.

A HARLEM young man, who took his affianced to hear the divine singer, Nilsson, warble her sweetest songs, asked the young lady how she liked the singer's repertoire. "Very much indeed; I think it fits her beautifully," was the surprising reply.—Harlem Times.

JESSIE ACE, the keeper of Mumbles lighthouse on the coast of Wales, saved the lives of two seamen during the gale of January 27. The Queen has sent for the heroine's photograph. The Queen, you will observe, takes the Ace in this instance.—Boston Trans.

If Gov. Butler is a chicken in politics, his V-toes show him to be a dorking.—Turner Falls Reporter.



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24 STOPS. 1. Cello, 8 ft. tone; 2. Mendon, 8 ft. tone; 3. Clarabella, 8 ft. tone; 4. Manual Sub-Bass, 16 ft. tone; 5. Diapason, 8 ft. tone; 6. Saxophone, 8 ft. tone; 7. Organ, 8 ft. tone; 8. Viola Dolce, 8 ft. tone; 9. Grand Expression, 8 ft. tone; 10. French Horn, 8 ft. tone; 11. Harp Kollan; 12. Vox Humana; 13. Echo, 8 ft. tone; 14. Dulciana, 8 ft. tone; 15. Clarinet, 8 ft. tone; 16. Violin, 4 ft. tone; 17. Vox Jubilante, 8 ft. tone; 18. Piccolo, 4 ft. tone; 19. Coupler Harmonique; 20. Orchestral Forte; 21. Grand Organ Knee Stop; 22. Right Organ Knee Stop.

THIS ORGAN is a triumph of the organ-builder's art. IT IS VERY BEAUTIFUL IN APPEARANCE, BEING EXACTLY LIKE ONE OF THE MOST VALUABLE AND PROFUSELY ORNAMENTED WITH HAND-CARVED AND EXPENSIVE FANCY VENEERS. THE PIPE-TOP IS OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL DESIGN EXISTING. IT IS DESERVING OF A PLACE IN THE MILLIONAIRE'S PARLOR AND WOULD ORNAMENT THE BOUDOIR OF A PRINCESS.

FIVE SETS REEDS.—Five Octaves, handsome appearance. It will not take the dirt or dust. It contains the Sweet VOIX CELESTE STOP, the famous French Horn Solo Combination, New Grand Organ Right and Left Knee Stops, to control the entire motion by the knee, if necessary. Five (5) Sets of GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS, as follows: a set of powerful Sub-Bass Reeds, a set of 3 Octaves of VOIX CELESTE, one set of FRENCH HORN REEDS, and 2 1/2 Octaves each of regular GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS. Besides all this, it is fitted up with an OCTAVE COUPLER, which doubles the power of the instrument. Lamp Stands, Pocket for Music, Beatty's Patent Stop Action, also Sounding Boards, &c. It has a Sliding Lid and conveniently arranged Handles for moving. The Bellows, which are of the upright pattern, are made from the best quality of rubber cloth, are of great power, and are fitted up with steel springs and the best quality of pedal straps. The Pedals, instead of being covered with carpet, are polished metal of neat design, and never get out of repair or worn.

Shipments of Beatty's Organs during the past four months, were as follows:

December, 1882, 1410 February, 1883, 1152 Total 5099

January, 1883, 1102 March, 1883, 1435

The above is the largest number of Cabinet Organs shipped by any one house (for the same length of time) in existence.

SPECIAL TEN-DAY OFFER TO READERS OF THE JUDGE.

If you will remit me \$45.00 and the annexed Coupon within 10 days from the date hereof, I will send you this Organ, with Organ Bench, Book, &c., exactly the same as I sell for \$85. You should order immediately, and in no case later than 10 days. One year's best trial given and a full warranty for six years. GIVEN UNDER MY HAND AND SEAL

WASHINGTON, N. J. MAY 27, 1883. Daniel F. Beatty

COUPON On receipt of this Coupon from any readers of THE JUDGE, \$40.00

and \$45.00 in cash by Bank Draft, Post Office Money Order, Registered Letter, Express prepaid, or by Check on your Bank, if forwarded within 10 days from date hereof, I hereby agree to accept this Coupon for \$40.00 as part payment on my celebrated 24 Stop \$85 Parlor Organ, with Bench, Book, &c., providing the cash balance of \$45.00 accompanies this Coupon, and I will send you a receipted bill in full for \$85, and box and ship you the Organ just as it is advertised, fully warranted for six years. Money refunded with interest from date of remittance if not as represented after one year's use.

FREIGHT PREPAID. As a further inducement for you, (provided you order immediately within the 10 days) I agree to prepay freight on the above Organ to your nearest railroad freight station any point east of the Mississippi River, or that far on any going west of it. This is a rare opportunity to place an instrument, as it were, at your very door, all freight prepaid, at manufacturer's wholesale prices. Order now, nothing saved by correspondence.

HOW TO ORDER. Enclosed find \$45.00 for Organ. I have read your statement of the advertisement and I order one on condition that it must prove exactly as represented in this advertisement, or I shall return it at the end of one year's use and demand the return of my money, with interest from the very moment I forwarded it, at six per cent, according to your offer. Be very particular to give Name, Post Office, County, State, Freight Station, and on what Railroad. Be sure to remit by Bank Draft, P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, Express prepaid, or by Bank Check. You may accept by telegraph on last day and remit by mail on that day, which will secure this special offer. I desire this magnificent instrument introduced without delay, hence this special price. Providing order is given immediately. Address or call upon D. F. BEATTY, the Manufacturer, DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

LATEST STYLE, No. 1600. Dimensions—Height, 74 ins., Depth, 35 ins., Length, 60 ins., Weight, boxed, about 450 lbs.

CIGARETTE MANUFACTORY

THE JUDGE.



THE STRIKE OF THE CIGARETTE MAKERS.
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