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A LONG ISLAND FARMER GOING TO HIS BARN.

THE JUDGE



## THE JUDGE.

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### THE POLITICAL TRICK-MULE.

SOME of the tenderest and most cherished recollections of our early childhood must be connected with the circus. Every small boy loves the odor of sawdust and has thrilled with an excitement that the ring alone can inspire; and it has fallen to the lot of most small boys to visit one or more circuses in their day, whether admission was obtained openly by payment of good coin or bills, or surreptitiously by insinuation under the canvas border of an imperfectly fastened tent. And in one or other of his many visits it must have fallen to the lot of the average small boy to attempt to ride the tricky quadruped which is one of the most cherished apanages of most circuses. The unrideable beast may be a pony, a jackass, or that most cross-grained of compromises between the two—a mule. Sufficient that it is a four legged beast, thoroughly trained to reject a two legged rider, and it will answer all the purposes of its proprietors. It will answer all the purposes of the small boy also, who only requires to be dared to it, to undertake any adventure. Besides, there is generally a prize offered to whoever can accomplish the hitherto unaccomplished feat of keeping his seat round the ring.

To introduce the circus into politics may not be a very dignified proceeding, but it is a very common one. Every political campaign has a more or less intractable beast attached to it, which aspirants are invited to

mount and ride—if they can. They are always ready to try, and many and serious are the falls that result; more hopes and hearts are broken in the political circus than ever bones were damaged in the showman's ring. The present campaign, which bids fair, in the advertising showman's grandiloquent language, "to outshine all previous exhibitions," has two or three intractable beasts attached to it. One in particular, which for want of a better name, people call Tariff Reform, has such a truculent and ferocious aspect that visitors are fairly cowed and nobody has as yet had the courage to mount it at all. There is a little half-breed Republican mule too, which has already given more than one candidate an awkward fall, and which is liable to give a good many more before the circus is over. But, "walk up gentlemen," says the ringmaster, "there is a very fat prize waiting for any one who can canter round the course on this little quadruped."

### SEE-SAW.

SHOW us a man who reads Republican papers exclusively and we will show you a man who entertains no manner of doubt but that Republican principles—or what passes for such—will be triumphantly successful in the elections of this year. Show us a man who confines his morning literature to papers of the Democratic persuasion, and we will show you a man that believes no power on the earth or under the earth can keep the Democrats out of power another year. Show us a man who reads the papers of all political complexions, or, better still, who reads THE JUDGE, and he will candidly confess that it would take somebody smarter than Wiggins to predict from what quarter the political breezes will blow during the current year. The fact is, the situation is one of those whose eventuality, in the words of the late lamented Lord Dundreary, "No fellah can find out." The whole thing is a big see-saw, and Republicans and Democrats have been balancing across a log since the parties learned their names, and before that they were balancing under other names. Twenty odd years ago the Republicans got the beam well down on their end, and sent the Democrats flying up, and there the Democrats have staid ever since, kicking and squirming, but never succeeding in bringing their end to earth. The Republicans have been weighting their end of the beam all these years, and they have got it pretty firmly locked; still, of late it has shown a disposition to shake a little, and all the offices and preferments the Republicans have been able to pile on it have scarcely been able to hold it steady. You see, the Democrats have been accumulating weight, too. Money weighs heavily, and the bars of Sammy and others have been tapped to some purpose. The beam oscillates; a grand effort will be made on both sides when the real tug of war comes. Something is bound to happen and somebody will be very much surprised. Who? Ask Wiggins.

### CRIME ON LONG ISLAND.

QUITE recently Long Island has stepped into the front rank of criminal localities, with an array of outrages calculated to put Connecticut to the blush, and to make Kansas, Missouri and Co. hang their heads with shame. Now this is very singular. Heretofore Long Island, if it was remarkable for anything else but mosquitoes and being a hundred miles long, was remarkable for its quietude, its pastoral pursuits, and its general odor of sanctity. Its principal city, Brooklyn, has earned the title of the City of Churches, and sits, like a second St. Paul, at the feet of those twin Gamaliels, Beecher and Talmage. But now all is changed. The churches and the odor of sanctity remain, but the quietude and the pastoral pursuits, where are they? The former has vanished and the latter are pursued under difficulties which might well appal a stouter heart than that of the Long Island farmer. A carnival of crime seems to have been let loose upon the hitherto peaceful scene, and there has been more bloodshed on the Island in the last few months than there has been since the British evacuated it. Long Island shares with Connecticut this disadvantage; however innately pure and holy may be its natives, its geographical situation, so perilously close to godless New York, is against it. It suffers the ordinary penalties for keeping bad company. The negro Rugg was not an indigent product; he was an export from wicked Gotham. Long Island is certainly ahead of Connecticut, in that it has brought home some of the crimes that have disgraced it to the guilty one, but there is much to be done yet. It should have securer jails. Some of its superfluous churches might be utilized for this purpose, for, by all accounts, Rugg's pursuers had more difficulty in breaking into the church in which he had sought sanctuary than the desperado had in breaking out of the jail in which he had been confined. But we cannot have everything at once. Long Island's epidemic of crime has been sudden and found the community unprepared to grapple with it. Let us be thankful that the officials found the criminal and not criticize them for letting him escape.

Meanwhile the lot of the Long Island farmer is not a happy one. He never seeks his barn without a lurking misgiving that a tramp-assassin may be lying in wait for him. He can never leave his family in the morning with any degree of certainty that he will find them as he left them when he returns at night. His life must be as uncomfortable as that of a soldier on picket duty. If this state of things is to continue we shall never be surprised to hear that Judge Lynch has become one of the most valued and respected citizens on Long Island.

### A PURR chase—a run after a cat.

If a man is killed by a large *ice* falling on him its an icy kill.

Farewell to the Queen of Tahiti.

"THE Queen of Tahiti is indignant at the treatment she has received from the reporters," said M. De Behian, the agent of the French line of steamers, to a *Telegram* representative this morning. "She came on board the steamer St. Laurent on Tuesday evening. She considers their conduct as very ungalant as toward a lady who is traveling solely for her pleasure. She had no sooner landed at San Francisco than an army of reporters followed her everywhere and endeavored to chronicle all her movements, and here in this city her situation has been even worse than in San Francisco. The Queen declares that she never wishes to see either of these cities again. She expects to visit Paris and other places in Europe, but the programme of her movements has not been laid out. She will decide upon nothing until she arrives in Paris. Of one thing, however, she is certain—that is, that she will return to Tahiti by some other route than by the way of New York and San Francisco. She will endeavor, if possible, to avoid the reporters on her homeward bound voyage."

Dr. Le Roy, the surgeon of the St. Laurent, said to the *Telegram* reporter that the health of the Queen appears to be excellent since she has been on the steamer. She has expressed great impatience at the prevalence of the fog, which prevents her departure. Dr. Le Roy says that the Queen did not leave the steamer last evening to seek amusement on shore, as many other passengers did, but she passed the time quietly on the vessel.—*Eve. Telegram.*

With coquettish grace  
To hide her sweet face  
She sought, but in vain—more's the pity.  
And the glimpse that was caught,  
Shall not pass for naught,  
Of the glorious Queen of Tahiti.

Through the lace veil I ween  
Enough could be seen  
To pronounce her face bright, if not pretty;  
Hair, straight-black I know,  
As the wing of a crow—  
Decked the head of the Queen of Tahiti.

On her olive cheek glows  
The pure tint of the rose,  
Yet she don't show the spirit she ought-ter.  
There's a fire in her eyes  
As she tartly replies,  
To the bold and ungalant reporter.

Perhaps not as fair  
As our Venus's are,  
Still her form appears plump and well chiseled.  
She allowed, 'twas a shame,  
That each day since she came  
The clouds had persistently drizzled."

"While with wet weather bored,  
Her health—bless the Lord,  
The Ayer's and the Brandreth's, and Herrick's—  
Was tolerably good;  
Else surely she would  
Have gone off in a fit of hysterics."

In a fit of the blues  
'Board the steamer she goes,  
The reporters to shun altogether;  
For her temper was bad,  
And she even got 'mad',  
And found fault with the clerk of the weather.

But the quill-driving horde  
Soon followed on board,  
The mystified Queen of Tahiti;  
And she vowed, "ne'er a foot  
Again would she put  
In this nasty, unmannerly city."

Then her head high she threw,  
To her stateroom withdrew,  
As the fog settled down on the city,  
And caused a delay,  
Of a night and a day,  
In the voyage of the Queen of Tahiti.

FRANK WARE.

THE right man in the write place—the editor in his sanctum.



1. WAITING.  
A BEAU WHO STAID OUT LATE.



2. THE HOURS SLIP GENTLY BY.

Mrs. Squizzle on Politeness.

I ALWAYS did admire politeness. Some people have to go through a course of study to acquire this necessary characteristic, having no innate politeness in their nature. My daughter, Sally Mari, was born polite. She took it from my side of the house, that everybody knows. The Squizzle family had none to lose.

I've talked to Jabez with tears in my eyes, by the hour, but it don't make a gentleman of him.

He'll whip up his team and drive past a weary-looking pedestrian without so much as thinking he could give him a lift of a mile or two in his empty wagon.

I've seen him do this in Gobbletown times without number.

When I made my first visit to the city I found every gentleman I met on the way chock full of politeness. I had a nice little chat with two or three, and every one was ready to pass the time of day with me.

Says I to myself, I only wish Jabez Squizzle was here to see what true politeness is.

But the women on the cars—I won't call 'em ladies—they turned their heads away in disdain whenever I addressed them.

"Can you tell me the name of this place?" says I to one sitting in front of me. She never answered me a word, but turned around and gave me a stare that might have frightened a less determined individual into silence.

"My dear madam," says I, "you have left your politeness at home—that is, if you ever had any, and I should advise you to take the next train back for it."

"Who are you that you dare address such



3. A VISIT FROM THE OLD MAN.



4. A HASTY DEPARTURE.

language to me?" she replied with a look of scorn.

"I'm Sabbrina Squizzle, of Gobbletown. I write for the *Gobbletown Gazette*, and deliver lectures on politeness and good manners about the country sometimes—perhaps you've heard of me," says I.

She gave her lips a peculiar pucker, but didn't reply, so I passed her out a ticket, but she only set her nose higher.

"My next lecture will be on true politeness at home and abroad. You'd better take the ticket, it will do you good," says I.

As she didn't reply, I didn't attempt to keep up the conversation.

On arriving at the depot I found a great number of men with carriages ready to escort me about the city; they almost came to blows before it was settled which one should have the honor. I had no idea I was so well known or had such a reputation so far from home; but literary ability travels fast, says I to myself.

I stopped the strife among the owners of the carriages by selecting the best looking one.

"Where shall I drive you?" says he.

"I'm down here to see the sights. You probably know, better than I, where they are; so I'll leave it to you," says I, as I seated myself in the carriage.

He looked sort of mystified as I said that, and went about fixing the straps at the back of the carriage.

"What are you doing?" says I.

"Fixing a place for your trunk," says he.



"DER LENDIN SEASON VAS DER SEASON,  
FOR ME. BRING OY YOUR ULSTERS BOYS!"



STAVO — THIS LENTIN SEASON IS AWFUL STUPID!  
CLARA — YES, BUT THAVE HEAVENS THE ICE CREAM  
SEASON DRAVVS WEAR!!



"If you'll give me the check, I'll get it right away."

"Do you think I'm one of the McFlim-sies that travel with twelve Saratoga trunks, a band-box and satchel? No, sir; I'm a literary woman with only a change of clothes in this satchel that I carry, and an extra blue stocking," says I.

"In that case I'll have to collect fare before we start," says he.

"What do you mean?" looking him square in the face.

"We charge one dollar a mile," says he. "If you want to go to the Park, to High Bridge, or thereabouts, it will be from six to eight dollars the round trip. We always collect fare before we start when there's no baggage."

I rose up in the carriage with the satchel in my hand, and says I, "There's not a man in Gobbletown that owns a span of horses and carriage that wouldn't be proud of the honor of carrying me as far as I would go, and never charge me a cent, either. I admire politeness, young man, but when it is mingled with selfishness, such as you have exhibited this day, I must go back on the mixture, and decline your proffered services."

With that I stepped out of the carriage. The other young men who stood looking on laughed at him, and he looked rather crestfallen as I walked away with my satchel under my arm.

I hadn't gone far before a well dressed gentleman, walking the same way as I was going, asked me very politely if he should not carry my satchel.

"Is there any charge for it?" says I.

"Oh no, indeed, ma'am," says he, touching his hat with the air of a true gentleman.

"In that case, as you seem to be going my way, I don't care if you do," says I.

It was getting pretty heavy, and I found it quite a relief when he took it.

He told me the names of all the big buildings we passed, and seemed to know all about the city.

At length we came to an immense white marble building, which he said was a dry goods store kept by his uncle.

He said he had left his umbrella there in the morning, and if I would wait outside he would step in and get it. He wouldn't be gone a minute.

I waited, standing first on one foot, then on the other, for my shoes were rather tight and we had walked a long distance. At last a gentleman in a blue coat, whom I had seen parading up and down the sidewalk, asked me "what I was waiting there for?"

"The man who went inside with my satchel," says I. "This is his uncle's store, and he went in for his umbrella," he said.

"How long has he been gone?" says the man.

"About two hours, as near as I can judge," says I.

"He has probably forgotten to come back and gone out the other way," says he.

"Perhaps he's got bewildered and lost his way," said I.

The man laughed, and said "he guessed he was one of those fellows that often lost their presence of mind when in possession of other people's property, and if he had his

way, they would some of them lose their heads."

Whether it was forgetfulness or bewilderment I never knew that caused the polite individual to disappear so suddenly. One thing is certain, I have never laid eyes on either him or the satchel since.

#### Colored Revival.

Sister Sallum please ter pray,

Glory, glory, glory!

Show dese sinners all, der way;

Glory hallelu'!

Tell dem not ter shout an' ery;

But if dey wants ter see de by-m-by,

Ter drap der sins an clim' abo'rd;

Glory, glory!

Tell dem, sister, not ter wait;

Glory, glory, glory!

But ter start rite off fer de pearly gate;

Glory hallelu'!

Tell dem de wo'ld am almos' done,

'Case dars spots upon de sun.

De lus' ter come hab no reward,

Dey'll be driften way wid de flamin swo'd;

Glory, glory!

Ask Gab'reel ter come down he-ah;

Glory, glory, glory!

An' pierce dar hearts as wid a spe-ah;

Glory hallelu'!

Ter fill dem wid de great desire,

All ter 'scape de 'ternal fire.

Soon dey'll t'ar der ha'r an' rave,

Case it am too late ter save.

Glory, glory!



J. H. Haverly.

J. H. HAVERLY, or, as he is familiarly known to his many friends, "Colonel Jack Haverly," is perhaps as good a type of the shrewd, active, wide-awake, enterprising American as the country affords. Energetic and persevering, plucky with the pluck that not only refuses to accept defeat but even turns it into victory, he has made for himself a name which is tolerably familiar wherever the English language is spoken. Primarily Col. Haverly is a showman, but the arena of public amusements, wide as it is, has by no means sufficed to contain his vaulting ambition. He is, or has been the owner

of a Chicago race-course, a Colorado silver mine, and other little side issues of that nature; but primarily, and before everything else, he has been for many years the most active and enterprising caterer to the public taste in amusements in the country. Haverly's Theatres are to be found in about a dozen of our principal cities; Haverly's Minstrels are to be met with wherever burnt cork is appreciated on either side of the Atlantic, and memory carries us back to a time when Haverly's Pinafore Companies were pervading this broad land and carrying the gospel of Gilbert and Sullivan wherever a piano could be made to jingle or a brass band could be procured to stir the sensibilities

of the populace. Col. Haverly is a man who no more needs an introduction to THE JUDGE's readers than good wine needs a bush, but we think that very many people, to whom Haverly's name has been a household word, will be glad to have an authentic portrait of the great manager, in memory of some of the pleasant evenings they have spent at one or another of his entertainments.

#### The Romance of the Fair Laurinda Letitia.

It was a calm sunny morning in early spring. The baker, with his customary agility, had fired his rolls into the basement hall, and the voice of the milkman was heard in the land. His piercing shriek had penetrated the tympanum of our fair and fragile heroine, Laurinda Letitia, who awoke with a start and made a hasty but triumphant exit from the patent upright-folding bed, that transformed itself into an *etagere* by day, to ornament the back parlor of her ma's boarding house in Ravenly Place.

Soon she was deep in the mysteries of her toilet, and as she stood before the mirror pinning on her false bang and her new Langtry tuck-up, she was heard to exclaim, in a voice of concentrated misery, "Goodness gracious, how that corn does hurt!"

But when she tackled a pair of No. 3 French-heeled slippers (misfits that she had bought cheap on Eighth Ave. the day before), and attempted to plant within them her No. 6 feet, her anguish was painful to witness.

By a superhuman effort she managed to get them on and attain an upright position, and then, hobbling to the shut-up washstand that stood behind a screen in a remote corner of her apartment, she extracted from the hidden recess a bottle, labeled Oriental Kalsomine.

By a liberal application of the white-wash to her face, she was soon able to obliterate the traces of pain that the tight shoes had stamped upon her receding brow, and when the brazen breakfast bell announced that the sausages and buckwheat cakes were ready for the matutinal onslaught, she was able to take her seat at the table with apparent composure.

Not for the world would she have had one of her mother's boarders suspect that her Spanish arched feet were adorned with a superfluity of horny excrescences, and not for a wilderness of worlds would she have mentioned anything as vulgar as corns in the presence of the latest addition to her mother's list of hash consumers, the elegant young dude who wore such swell clothes and occupied the rear hall bed-room on the top floor.

No, Algernon Augustus de Brown (that was the name she had discovered, beside a foreign label on his trunk), Algernon Augustus must never know the agony she endured; so assuming a smile of serenity that but illy accorded with the torture she was experiencing, she nonchalantly spread the fragrant oleomargarine over her buckwheat and listened to the soft remarks of the young swell. Her answers to his questions were rather brief, it must be confessed, but lest in an unguarded moment she should emit an unearthly groan, she felt the stern necessity of keeping her mouth as tightly closed as possible, and thus her replies were mostly in monosyllables.

One thing she then and there secretly resolved to do. As soon as Algernon Augustus should take his departure, she would put on a pair of old boots, and, closely veiling herself, would proceed to some chiropo-

dist and end this horrible agony, or die in the attempt.

She had seen a sign on Broadway the day before, "Corns extracted without pain for 25 cents," and thither she would betake herself without delay. To be sure she had as many corns as she had toes, and having them all removed would be an expensive operation; but there was only one that hurt unbearably, and deep in the recesses of her imitation alligator hand-bag reposed a glittering quarter that her mother had given her to pay the ashman with.

The garbage might stand on the sidewalk another week, for all she cared, and mamma could say what she pleased. Have that corn extracted she must and would, before dear Algernon Augustus discovered her limping about the house.

She was startled from her reverie by hearing him inquire "if she were going out."

"Perhaps," was her laconic reply.

"You are not looking well, and I should think a walk in the fresh morning air would do you good," said he.

At these sympathetic words her heart gave one wild leap, and an extra twinge from the offending corn brought the tears to her eyes.

"You are in trouble," he continued; "why not confide in me? I cannot bear to see those lovely orbs suffused with tears."

Oh if she could only tell him; could only throw herself upon his manly shirt bosom and sob out all her woe! but no! What would he think of her?

That he was a young duke or lord, or, at least, a baronet in disguise, she had not the slightest doubt. His business was most mysterious. Not one of the boarders had succeeded in finding out what it was.

She, she alone had read the foreign label on his trunk, and had noticed the English accent with which he spoke. From remarks he had made to her alone, it was quite evident that he had been on intimate terms with the Royal family, and once she had heard him speak of the Prince of Wales in the most familiar manner. Beside all this, his room contained numerous photographs of English beauties with their names and titles written below the pictures, and she had read them all.

Under such circumstances, she was firmly convinced it were better to suffer in silence.

Biting her lips to conceal her emotion she made an evasive reply to his last sentence. The sausages and buckwheat cakes had by this time vanished from the table, and there being no further excuse for lingering, Algernon Augustus said good morning, and departed. As soon as he had gone, our suffering Laurinda wended her way slowly back to her apartment. Once behind the folding doors, she quickly kicked off her slippers, and encased her feet in a pair of her mother's well-worn shoes.

Locomotion becoming a much less painful operation, she was soon able to garb herself in street attire and reach the chiropodist's establishment.

Her heart beat furiously while ascending the long flight of stairs that led to the corn doctor's quarters.

What if any one, worst of all, Algernon, should see her, and what if the wretched operator should hurt her. But it was too late to turn back. She had already reached the door, which stood open to allow another patient to make her exit.

A young man bowed politely to Laurinda and showed her into a small box of a room, partitioned off from another box of similar size.



### VERY EVIDENT.

(COMMERCIAL MAN TO RAILWAY ACQUAINTANCE.) "You are from Chicago, I judge?" LADY. "Dear me! how did you know it?"

Telling her to prepare herself he left her to her own devices. She hastily divested herself of one shoe and stocking. Being a young lady of extremely delicate sensibilities, she had not forgotten to bring with her a small bottle of redolent musk perfumery. She drew the bottle from her pocket, and poured some of the fluid on her handkerchief, and proceeded to bathe the afflicted member.

She was just wondering if the young man who ushered her in was the operator, when a slight tap was heard at the door of her compartment, and a strangely familiar voice inquired if she was ready.

"Yes," she tremblingly responded.

The door slowly opened, and there, horror of horrors, stood before her, holding in his hands a box containing salve, plasters and implements, none other than her own, her precious Algernon Augustus de Brown.

One agonizing shriek escaped her ashy lips and her head fell back against the adjoining partition. The bottle of musk slipped from her grasp and rolled upon the floor. Algernon seized it, and with great presence of mind applied it to her nostrils, and she soon recovered consciousness.

Overcoming their mutual embarrassment, to a certain extent, our hero commenced operations upon the painful toe. As he patiently delved away, her feelings of repugnance were gradually overcome, and the delicate touch of his soft hand upon her foot produced such a melting influence upon her heart, that when he took occasion to look up at her and ask,

"Was this the cause of those pearly tear drops this morning, my loved one?" she was able to murmur a reluctant "yes."

"Why, oh why, my sweet one," he inquired, "did you not confide in me, before this enormous growth had been reached? but I forgive you, I forgive you, my poor tortured one."

Unable longer to suppress her feelings, she allowed her head to sink forward upon his shoulder. Still grasping his corn knife in his right hand, with his left arm he en-

circled her expansive waist, and then and there he swore that never should corns grow again till he had called her his own.

That night, in the dimly-lighted front parlor of the boarding house, the engagement was announced, and Algernon Augustus' occupation ceased to be a mystery.

The next morning after Algernon had departed, the fair Laurinda Letitia, starting on her usual round of chamber work, found the following lines pinned upon the door of her beloved one:—

"It was not a viscount, it was not an earl,  
It was not a baronet that carried off the prize,  
But a young dude extractor of corns of great size."  
FREDERICA CUTLER.

### My First Appearance.

TELL you about our wedding! well, dear, it was splendid, beyond my powers of description. Bill Billie was quite too unutterably sweet. On our wedding tour we went to Niagara Falls, and we put our fingers in our ears, and danced the Highland schottische at each other. To tell you the truth I was delighted when we got back to "New York" and made the round of the theatres. Bill Billie bought me the dearest love of a bonnet, and whispered, "you must look your best, for I'm going to let the "old folks" in England give me credit for taste, so gather all the finery you want." Well, we made our journey most successfully to London, and I was only sea-sick once, and Bill Billie wished it might be oftener, that he might hold my head; and now I'm sure you'd like to hear how I dressed for my first party. Bill Billie's people lived in the country, and he told me, speaking of his mother, "she hates fal-dals, so only take what you can see on yourself." I obeyed him (which I'll never do again), for as soon as I was in the blue-papered parlor (not aesthetic), the old girl says, "Billie, you'll take her" pointing at me, "to see the Hervingtons; they have come lately, and are gigantically rich cotton spinners, with everything of the first water."

I made a face at him, and I believe



BISMARCK SELF-CONFESSED.

"Tunder und blitzen! I'll send your pigs and resolutions to the right about. I am hog enough for all Yermany meinself. I dinks so some."

showed all my false teeth, for I had not a stitch fit to put on, all my dresses left at the hotel, but I was obliged to do the best I could. First, my curls had to be frizzed—if you could have seen Bill Billie standing on a chair (he is the smallest man, only 4 feet 3 inches) trying to make each refractory piece of hair look like a love lock. I burnt my neck more than once trying to do it myself, and Billie sobbed and said, "I'll learn to do it dear," but he muttered down in his throat, "that I may do it so badly you'll never ask me again."

My dress on, the humps (those are the high shoulders), were all flattened from traveling, and I made Billie take my sleeves and blow up them till he was tired, and his face red as a turkey-cock. I ought to tell you the dress was electric blue to match my eyes, and quite too-too in every way. Oscar Wilde might have let me wear it in his "House Beautiful."

But oh, horror of horrors! my waterfall would not sit out enough, so I sent Bill Billie off to the nearest shop for a parcel of boots on approval, and told him to sew the brown paper wrapped round them into a gigantic crinolette shape, and the inflation made me look like a butterfly going to light on a rose.

At last my toilet was complete. "Come in, darling, and see muddy," said Bille. The old lady looked me through and through.

"My dear," she said, "if you are artificial, you're beautiful!" Wasn't it rude; why, I had only rouged twice that day, and had curled my hair four times, and the electric blue was my fourth best without the wedding gown tailor made. You know men do understand dressing the fair sex, and are never jealous of them.

But oh, pity me, Arabella, the brougham was a single one, and I knew if I sat down all my bustle would be flat; so I kissed Bill Billie, and whispered, "get me a footstool," which he did, and then I knelt down upon it. Billie wanted to put his arm round me, but I said emphatically, No!

It was rather trying driving ten miles kneeling. I hated the big moon for glaring

at me, but I had my reward when Mrs. Her-vington whispered to the host, "my dear, she's chic to a degree, and has the best skin, highest humps and largest tournure, with the most knowing bon-bon curls, and is by long odds the smartest little woman here to-night."

G. H. JESSOP.

"TERRIBLY high wind to-day," remarked Vereker. "As I was coming up Fourth avenue this morning a shutter was blown clear off a window over a store, and struck a wagon that was standing underneath." "Gracious," said Mrs. V., "did it do any damage?" "Well, it knocked it speechless," answered Vereker. "Knocked a wagon speechless! What on earth do you mean?" queried the lady. "Well, it knocked the wagon's tongue out," said Vereker; "and what's more, it was tried for it. The fellos impanelled a jury on the spot and re-tired and sentenced it to be hung!" "Try a shutter? What nonsense," said his better-half. "What did they do that for?" "For a blind," answered the incorrigible joker, as he quickly slid out of doors while Mrs. V. was looking for something to throw at him.

Rather Fishy.

"SEE this funny little fish," said Mr. Brown, holding up a diminutive sole for his wife to look at.

"I don't see anything particularly funny about it," she remarked.

"Don't you know that brevity is the soul of wit, my dear," said her husband.

"That's rather far fetched, I think," retorted his better half.

"You're quite right, my dear. It came all the way from England."

THE write man in the rite place—the editor at church.

THE *Detroit Free Press* prints a regular column of "Dramatic Drift." Must refer to the sticks in the profession.

Telling Fortunes.

"Let this gypsy tell our fortune!"  
Thus did Amabel importune—  
"I have often wondered can a  
Gypsy tell me what I am."  
And, as still we paused and wavered,  
Raven-tressed and not ill-favored,  
To our side approached Gitana,  
With a dusky, outstretched palm.

And her great dark eyes, uplifted  
Through the tresses that had drifted  
Zephyr-blown across her forehead,  
Burned like Sibyl's eyes of old;  
Burned so weirdly, Amy, frightened,  
On my arm her light grasp tightened;  
Saying, "oh, that gypsy's horrid!  
I don't want my fortune told."

"Stay, my maiden," urged Gitana,  
And her voice, as sweet as manna,  
Soft and soothing in its accent,  
Reassured my Amy's fears;  
Pure as though some bird had lost it,  
Rich as bride-cake, sugar-frosted,  
Foreign music, Anglo-Saxoned  
By a residence of years.

"Stay, my maiden; deign to suit your  
Present mood to brighter future,  
And you'll win and wear a lover  
Singled out of all the land!  
Will you listen?" Amy bridled,  
Blushed, and half behind me sidled,  
Then a triumph of the glover  
Drew from her reluctant hand.

Though I knew not what the fee was,  
I, as I could plainly see, was  
Looked to by her as the legal  
Debtor for the usual "cross."  
So, with some half-smothered sighing,  
And some fruitless pocket trying,  
I drew forth a quarter-eagle,  
Stood and pocketed the loss.

"You will wed," began the seeress,  
"A proud earl and be a peeress,  
And will dwell beyond the waters  
In his old ancestral hall —"  
"Pleasant, so far," whispered Amy;  
I assented as became me —  
"Will have many sons and daughters,  
And have pleasure in them all.

Yet life's line is not quite flawless,  
Your proud lord's love will be lawless,  
For he never has repressed it;  
Till his death shall set you free."  
"And when he is dead?" she queried—  
"Then of life you will be wearied."  
"Nay," I playfully suggested,  
"Then you can come back to me."

At the word, the gypsy mournful  
Flashed on me a glance so scornful  
I felt chidden for some meanness —  
She took up the tale again:  
"And this wedding, as I read it,  
Will be ere the fall hath seeded  
You wheat, waving in its greenness;  
Ere the spring-time turns to rain."

Amy let her blue eyes linger  
On the ring that spanned her finger,  
Smiled on me; then — "Fair Gitana,  
All you say is very nice;  
But your earl's too slow a comer,  
I told some one 'yes' last summer;  
Now the point arises, can a  
Girl so soon get married twice?"

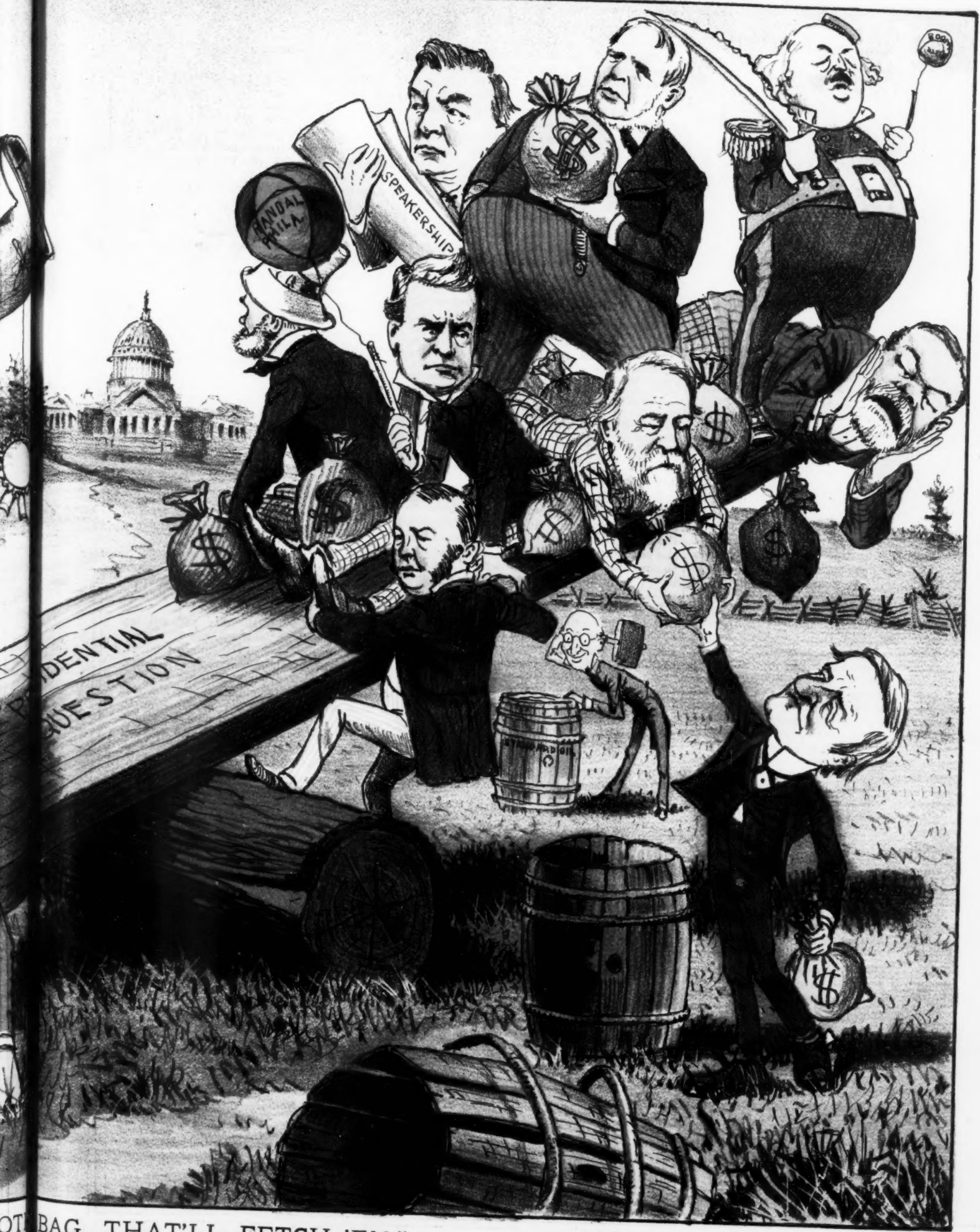
G. H. JESSOP.

A CHILLICOTH man calls his wife's tongue "charity," because it begins at home, as soon as he gets there.



"SAMMY, HAND US ANOT BA





OT BAG, THAT'LL FETCH 'EM."



NEXT week the doors of the Metropolitan Opera House will again be thrown open to the public, and if Mr. Abley does half as much as he promises to do, there will be a visible falling off in the theatrical audiences.

Lent is bad enough, but Lent and Grand Opera combined are sufficient to make the slowest managerial heart quake within him.

The operatic repertoire for the first week reads well. Monday night "Hamlet" with Scelchi and Sembrich. Wednesday night the highly moral and edifying "Don Giovanni" with Nilsson and Sembrich. Friday, "Martha" with Sembrich and Trebelli, and "Faust" for the Saturday matinee.

Five dollars seems a good deal to pay for an orchestra chair, but when one takes into consideration the fact that he can hear two or three prima donnas and numerous tenors for this amount it looks cheaper. The average American likes to get the worth of his money, and if he can get a comfortable seat, and hear the females warble at the rate of \$2.50 a head, he is quite content; that is, if music has any charms at all, to soothe his savage heart.

Speaking of savages, puts us in mind of some of Miss Mary Blackburn's encounters with the noble red man at the Cosmopolitan Theatre. To say that those who witnessed these performances were highly amused, is stating a positive fact. The only solemn thing connected with "On the Yellowstone," was the untimely death of poor Salmi Morse, who seems in some mysterious way to have been associated with the play and the actress.

The fair Modjeska has closed her engagement at the Star and Mrs. Langtry has at last reluctantly withdrawn herself and her remarkable posters from our midst.

We thought nothing in the way of theatrical advertising could ever again surprise us, but when Mrs. Langtry's "Three Sheets" for the New Park Theatre appeared, resplendent with the glory of the Royal Coat of Arms for a heading, we confess we were somewhat taken aback.

The Prince of Wales' crest at the head of a play-bill, certainly presented a peculiar appearance, but when we came near enough to read the time honored proverb inscribed thereon "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*" we began to think it might not be quite so inappropriate after all.

McCullough now holds forth at The Star and the horrors of "Nadjezda" fade from our minds as we witness the terrors of "Virgilius."

Heaven be praised, there is still left in New York something to laugh at and enjoy, but the little Comedy Theatre is not half large enough to hold the people that go to enjoy "Confusion."

Mr. Joseph Derrick, without new material, other than a live pug and a flesh and blood baby, has succeeded in writing a most clever and amusing comedy.

If one wishes to laugh and grow fat, he had better visit The Comedy Theatre with-

out delay. The farce called "Distinguished Foreigners," which precedes the comedy, is an extravagant conceit by Mr. Wm. Gill, and in it Mr. Dixey and Miss Sadie Martinot give us some clever impersonations, and are greeted with roars of merriment.

It is a pity, as far as dollars are concerned, that Mr. Stetson did not delay his production of "The Princess Ida" and give the "Confusion" company a longer run at the Fifth Avenue.

The audiences that go to listen to Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera are not as large as they were at first, but the piece "in other respects is doing quite well."

For truthful items commend us to the out of town correspondent! Apropos of which we quote the following extract from a New York letter to the San Francisco *Argonaut*:

"Agnes Herndon begins a bold flight for prosperity and renown every year by the assertion that she is first cousin to President Arthur. Miss Herndon seems to think that this ought to carry her up to the topmost pinnacle of fame in the theatre, but doesn't. People won't pay \$1.50 to see an actress because she is President Arthur's first cousin. If she were his maiden aunt five times removed it would be quite as strong a card. Miss Herndon has been gathered into the Madison Square fold, and is at present scouring the country in one of the Madison Square's numerical organizations. I think it is company No. 217. It is possible that Miss Herndon's relationship to the President is what caused her to be engaged by the Madison Square Theatre."

Without going into particulars regarding Miss Herndon's pedigree, we beg leave to state, that however much she may deplore the unwholesome condition of the country, she has never felt called upon to undertake the onerous duty of "scouring it," but has been resting at home most of the season, and that instead of playing "Hazel Kirke," "Esmeralda" or any of the pieces that go to make up the somewhat limited repertoire of the Madison Square, she will soon appear in a new play she has recently accepted from the hands of Messrs. Jessop and Gill.

Mr. and Mrs. Nat. Goodwin are amusing themselves and their audiences at the Fourteenth Street Theatre in a new comedy called "Warranted" and in a burlesque entitled "Those Bells." In this last the redoubtable Nat rivals the impressible Dixey in his impersonation of a famous actor.

Robson & Crane in "Sharps and Flats" have succeeded Raymond at the Grand Opera House, but it is a self-evident fact that the "The Two Dromios" are sadly in need of a new play.

"Lady Clare" at Wallack's, "The Country Girl" at Daly's and "Separation" at the Union Square still hold the boards.

### The Theatrical Alphabet.

SPECIALLY COMPILED FOR THE JUDGE.

A is the Author who writes us the play,  
 B the Box office for gathering the pay;  
 C is the Critic, who's always an ass,  
 D is the Deadhead who comes on a pass;  
 E is the Evening the play saw the light,  
 F is the Fakir who *wouldn't* do right;  
 G is the Greenroom, where folks never are,  
 H is the Hero,—some call him the star;  
 I is the *ingenue*, pretty, well dressed,  
 J is the Jealousy of all the rest;  
 K is the Kisses—mere shams of the stage,  
 L Leading Lady—but don't ask her age;  
 M is the Manager, looking so wise,  
 N is the Newspaper Notice he buys;  
 O is the Orchestra, as you may guess,  
 P is the Play—an undoubted success;  
 Q is the Quarrel, that ends in a duel,  
 R the Rehearsal, necessity cruel;  
 S is the Super, crude, awkward and thin,  
 T is the Ticket on which you get in;  
 U Upper gallery, where poor folks ascend,  
 V is the Villain who's foiled in the end;  
 W the Waits, when men go out to smoke,  
 X is the Xylophone—wish it was broke;  
 Y is the Yawning of those who are bored,  
 Z is the Zeal which the curtain encored.

### A Pointer.

"So you want a situation on the road as conductor?" said the superintendent, tapping the ends of his fingers together.

"Yes, sir," replied the applicant.

"Now suppose you would run your train into another, kill three or four hundred people, and block up the road for a day or two. What would be your course?"

"I'd hurry back to the city and sell ten thousand shares of the stock, short."

"Very good," replied the superintendent. "But I'm afraid there is no vacancy. You'd have to strike down two-thirds of your receipts to put up for margins; but the rest of your scheme strikes me as being worth examining. The day after you hear of a holocaust on this line, drop in and see me. If a brakeman happens to be killed I'll think you over."—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine.*

"He stood six feet two, in his stockings, and every inch a man," says an exchange. H'm! That is seventy-four inches; "every inch a man," would make seventy-four men. This must be the same identical customer who was a "host in himself."



A LONG ISLAND FARMER'S IMAGINATION.



"NO SMOKING ALLOWED."

He was a lank, long-legged denizen of the far west, and he entered the little railway station with a long cigar in his mouth, drew a chair up to the fire and prepared to make himself comfortable.

Presently an official of the road stepped up to him, and, touching him upon the arm, remarked:

"Do you see that notice, sir? It says, 'No Smoking Allowed.'"

"Well, I aint smokin' aloud," said the man. "I'm smokin' in silence. I aint makin' any noise about it, am I?"

"But we don't permit smoking in this room, sir."

"Well, who in thunder said you did?"

"I mean, said the official, sternly, "that you must put your cigar out."

"Out where—out the winder or out the door?"

"You must put out your light, sir," exclaimed the other, angrily.

"Can't be done—quite impossible," replied the man.

"Can't be done; why not?" said the astonished official.

"Because it aint lit, you idiot," exclaimed the lank Westerner, and suddenly rising to a height of over six feet, and displaying a pair of brawny arms, he added in calm, but very persuasive tones, "Now look here, my friend, the sooner you light out of this room the better it will be for you. Do you tumble to that?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the official, humbly, and he disappeared with very commendable haste.

The guileless child of the prairie winked expressively at the other persons in the room, moved his seat quietly round to the other side of the stove, struck his match upon it, applied the light to his cigar, and stretching himself comfortably out, proceeded to enjoy himself until the arrival of the train.

It is perhaps unnecessary to remark that he was not again molested. F.

A SHORT time since a man was heard singing, as he went down the Bowery, an air from an ancient and long forgotten Opera called "Pinafore." A discussion springing up in the New York Press as to the age and authorship of the said opera, the historical Archaeological, and Antiquarian Societies were called upon to decide the matter; and after a weeks investigation, they reported "that the opera was written in 1387 by a lady named Joan Gilbertos, who afterwards became female Pontiff of Rome, and, that the music was composed by a musician named John L. Sullivan, who, also, had some reputation as an amateur boxer."

LAST sad (writes)—obituary notes.

A CALL to arms—"John take the baby."

## Twins.

My love was a beautiful daisy,  
Light-hearted and free as the air;  
Some thought her a little bit crazy,  
Some said 'twas because of red hair.

She could chatter and chin by the hour,  
Talk you deaf, dumb and blind in a week.  
Oh! others than I know the power  
Of the tongue, in all seeming, so meek.

I took her to balls and theatres,  
I treated to stews, raws, and fries;  
Yet her favorite dish was pertaters,  
With a couple of good custard pies.

Spite of this, Oh! I loved her so dearly  
That I reck'd not the length of her tongue;  
What, though she sometimes acted queerly,  
Still I longed, with herself, to be one.

Our love ran as smooth as deep water,  
Till the time that I altered my tune;  
Yes, another chap got 'round and caught her,  
And red-head was married last June.

At her home, now, all day there's a squalling,  
Yes, it's now that her trouble begins,  
Shall I tell you the cause of the bawling?  
She's been blessed(?) with a sweet pair of twins.

WM. M., JR.

## What Was It?

WHAT was it? We had only just gone to bed; my sister Eliza and I. Eliza had put on her flannel night-cap, and I had put out the gas. It was on a Saturday night, about eleven o'clock, so you see I was wide awake, and remember it all quite distinctly. Ding, dong—ding, dong, went the door bell.

"Law! Eliza, what's that?" said I.

"Law! Tabitha, what's that?" said Eliza.

"Maybe the rats rang it," said I.

"Or the street boys," said Eliza.

"Maybe its burglars," I gasped.

"Or cut-throats," whispered Eliza.

Ding, dong—ding, dong, went the bell.

"You get up, Tabitha," said Eliza,

"you're the youngest, and don't get rheumatism; put on your flannel wrapper; don't open the door unless a burglar bursts it; ask who's there, in a gruff voice, like a man—and if they don't go away call John, Thomas, Peter—all the men's names you can think of—go, quick!"

Ding, dong—ding, dong, went the bell again.

My heart rose to my mouth, and then sank into my shoes, but I never dreamed of disobeying Eliza. With trembling hands I fastened my wrapper, then slowly and reluctantly descended the stairs, as the bell rang out its fourth summons, making the night horrible with its discordant clangs. I reached the door, and with a strong effort to pitch my trembling voice in a manly key I called, "Who's there!" A very gruff voice responded, but the words I could not catch, then I heard the sound of footsteps evidently retreating. I went up and reported progress to Eliza. We both got up and peered cautiously out of the window, and saw a large, oddly shaped parcel, closely covered with a white sheet. It was lying on our door-step, but the deep shadow of the house prevented our seeing what it was. There was no one near; no one in sight even; the whole street seemed unusually deserted.

"What is it?" said Eliza.

"Must we take it in?" I asked.

"What if it was a corpse?" said Eliza.

"Or a baby," said I.

"We can't leave it there for the neighbors to see," said I.



## A Queen who Said Zounds.

LIVING in a pretty little cottage in the West End is an intelligent English woman who at one time lived in the presence of royalty. To a reporter she said the other day: "My father was a gardener at Windsor Castle, and when I was about sixteen—that's eleven years ago—I was taken in as a general utility maid."

"Were you in any way thrown in the company of the Queen?"

"Yes, quite often. You see some of the servants she never saw, but my duties took me all around the castle, and I saw her more than any of the others."

"Did the Queen ever come into the kitchen, like the ladies of lesser degree are supposed to do?"

"Of course she did, and she enjoyed it, too. Why, I've seen her Majesty take the rolling-pin out of the pastry cook's hands and roll a piece of piecrust out till it was just the right thickness."

"So the Queen eats pie, does she?"

"I've seen her make a pie and I've seen her eat her share of one. She has a good appetite and a good digestion and pie never hurt her at all."

"It is said she loves roasted apples, is it so?"

"Yes, I've seen her take in her own hands a dish of nicely browned apples and carry them to her room to eat at leisure."

"When she used to be in the kitchen did she seem interested in the work?"

"Very much. Why, one day she came in dressed in a plain black dress, with a great big white apron on and she made a cake and fixed up a whole lot of other dishes. She rolled up her sleeves and went at her work as if she was getting £2 a week and her board and lodging for it. She was always nice and kind to us, too, and talked just like some American ladies talk and not at all like some others talk when they get mad."

"Didn't Victoria ever get angry?"

"Not very. I've heard her say 'Zounds' sometimes when she put her fingers on the hot stove or something like that."—*Cincinnati News-Journal*.

## Left All Around.

THERE was a stranger from down the river hunting along the wharves yesterday in search of the office of a certain steamboat line, and by and by he came across a man, who replied:

"Why, sir, that line went out of existence last fall."

"All gone, eh?"

"Yes, sir. No boats, no office, no nothing."

"Well, that's a mean trick to play on a man, and I don't care who hears me say so. I'm a fisherman from down below."

"I see."

"Last fall one of the boats of that line backed into my skiff and smashed it to pieces and drowned my old woman."

"Too bad."

"You bet it was. They were very anxious to settle, and I was offered a free pass over the line for life, or \$25 in cash. The old woman was worth more'n that, but I didn't want a lawsuit, and so I took the pass. I thought it would be kind o' nice to sail up and down the river whenever I wanted to, and having nobody demanding tickets."

"Well, you are left."

"Sure's you're born, Left on a good skiff, left on a wife who'd catch more bass than any two men in Detroit, left on a pass from Detroit to Malden, good for life."—*Detroit Free Press*.

## A Question in Arithmetic.

"WHAT are you doing?" asked one of the spectators.

"Why, I've drawn \$600 from the bank, and we are counting it over to see if it's all right."

"And isn't it?"

"No, I counted fust and made \$610. Then the old woman counted it and made \$590. Then I counted and made \$620, and now she's handled the pile and there's \$585."

"And I'm right," said the woman.

"I don't believe it!" he replied. "You never went to skule a day in your life, and what do you know about counting?"

"And when did you go to skule?" she hotly demanded. "If that's \$600 in that pile, I'll eat every dollar of it!"

"I'll count it for you," said one of the spectators, and in about five minutes he announced that the sum total was an even \$600.

A second was asked to count it, and he made the total the same.

"That's all right," said the old man as he stuffed the "wad" into his overcoat and rose up.

"I don't know about that!" added the wife. "S'posen we git home and find we are \$50 short."

"You come along!" he commanded.

"Don't you see that we have both of us made a show of our ignorance? I'm thinkin' of runnin' fur the legislatur', and you are a boss of two sewin' societies, and here we've went and let on that we don't know 'nuff to count up a drove o' hogs and make tails tally with the heads!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

## The Suitor Suited.

"SIR," said a young man, entering a private office in which was seated an old gentleman, "I am a stranger to you, though well acquainted with your daughter. But before demanding her hand in marriage I would like to ask you a few questions."

"Certainly, sir; proceed."

"How much are you worth?"

"Well, I should say, that my fortune would cover three million dollars at least."

"Quite a respectable amount. How is it invested?"

"United States bonds."

"Ah, yes; safe investment; and the entire amount goes to your daughter at your death?"

"Every cent of it."

"Quite right. Well, I have had some little conversation with the young lady in regard to our forthcoming marriage, and she suggested that I had better mention the marriage to you."

"You are very kind," replied the old gentleman, meekly. "Would it be presumptuous on my part if I were to ask you who you are?"

"Certainly, sir. You possess that right, undoubtedly. I am one of the directors of the New York Coaching Club and will drive third in line in our Fifth Avenue parade next May."

The old man struggled with his emotions for a moment, and then, in a broken voice, replied: "She is yours, my dear sir; she is yours."—*Philadelphia Call*.

"PAPA, what is meant by an anomaly?"

"An anomaly, my son," replied the father, "is a man who pays his gas bill without referring to the company as a thief."—*Philadelphia Call*.

## A Hard Winter on the Poor.

"Aw, Cholly, how d'y do?"

"Howd'y, Gus?"

"I say, Cholly, how did you make it with that rich girl you were talking of, don't you know?"

"It's a cold day, Gus, when I get left."

"Right you ah, Cholly."

"Yes, and it was 200 degrees below zero and falling, don't you know, when I called yesterday."

"Don't mention it, Gus. Give me a cigarette, ol fel' to calm my shattahd nerves, don't you know?"

"I haven't a one, old boy."

"Don't mention it, let's take a glass of Apollinaris straight."

"Beg pahdon, lend me a dime?"

"Sorry, me boy, but I'm bwoke; flat stwapped, don't you know."

"Is that so, Cholly? Well me boy, it's going to be a deuced hahd wintah on the poah, don't you know, deuced hahd."

Then they both smiled at a couple of pretty girls and tripped along down the street with them, talking of the last reception and keeping out near the curbstone when they passed a caramel shop.—*Merchant Traveler*.

## Wanted to be Counted In.

"Oh! I think it must be so nice to be connected with a newspaper," said Miss McFlynn to young Quilldriver, as they sat together one evening.

"Yes, it is, so so," he replied; "but why do you think it is?"

"Why, it has so many advantages. I should think you would glory in the freedom, the power, the liberty, and all the privileges of the press."

"Certainly I do. It's a pity, with all your enthusiasm on the subject, that you are not a journalist."

"I think so, too; but you know it is hard for a woman to get recognition. I should be delighted to feel that the press embraced me."

"Oh! you would, would you? Great Scott! wait till I turn down the gas."—*Texas Siftings*.

## Where They Went.

A FARMER boarded a Central train at Syracuse the other day, and took his seat beside a handsomely uniformed army officer on his way to his post at Governor's Island.

"Well sir," commenced the officer, keen for a little fun. "How are the potato bugs this year? Good crop?"

The old man eyed him a moment and shook his head sadly.

"Ain't no more potato bugs," said he. "Can't find an insect in York State nowhere. Even the army worms is gone."

"Have, eh?" replied the officer with a grin. "What has become of them?"

"I don't know," sighed the old man.

"Leastway, I don't know for sure, but I heard that a good many on 'em have been jugged for duplicating their pay accounts."—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine*.

RATHER ambiguous is the report of the New York milk market—that it is flooded.—*Boston Transcript*.

THE report that Miss Terry has four living husbands is a mean, miserable, despicable slander started by the venomous tongues of gossip. She has only three.—*Philadelphia Call*.

# THE JUDGE.

## Wendell Phillips' Wit.

SEVERAL clergymen boarded a street car in Boston one day, and one of them hearing it intimated that Wendell Phillips was in the car, got up and asked the conductor to point him out. The conductor did so, and the minister going up to the orator said:

"You are Mr. Phillips, I am told?"

"Yes, sir."

"I should like to speak to you about something, and I trust, sir, you will not be fended?"

"There is no fear of it," was the sturdy answer, and then the minister began to ask Mr. Phillips earnestly why he persisted in stirring up such an unfriendly agitation in one part of the country about an evil that existed in another part.

"Why," said the clergyman, "do you not go South and kick up this fuss and leave the North in peace?"

Mr. Phillips was not the least ruffled, and answered smilingly:

"You, sir, I presume, are a minister of the gospel?"

"I am, sir," said the clergyman.

"And your calling is to save souls from hell?"

"Exactly, sir."

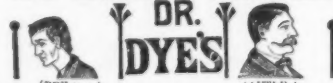
"Well, then, why don't you go there?"—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

THE human is supposed to be far more intelligent than the brute creation, and yet ordinarily the street-car horse answers the bell much quicker than the servant girl will.—*Car Driver's Chronicle.*

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Two little Newport girls heard their neighbor mothers speaking of burglars getting into houses, when the following innocent prattle took place:

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"No, cause we keep all the doors locked, and then they can't get in."

"We keep all the doors locked, too, and papa he's dot a night key."

"My papa he's dot a night key, too, but mamma she took it away from him, 'cause it made him stay out so late. Does your papa's night key make him stay out late?"

"No, 'cause mamma won't let papa go out by himself, and she goes out wif him and then he comes home soon."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

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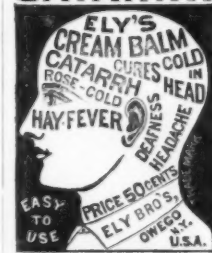
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To all mankind death is but a question of time; with womankind the length of her life is often merely a question of veracity.—*Boston Transcript.*

A CITIZEN of Dallas, Ga., has lost three daughters this winter by elopement. Several Pennsylvania fathers with large female families are thinking of moving South.—*Oil City Derrick.*

A FACETIOUS swell who danced with a couple of Chicago girls at a party recently, remarked that although he liked rings on his fingers, he couldn't stand belles on his toes.—*Texas Siftings.*

SOME idea of the great length of the Brooklyn Bridge may be conveyed by the information that a Michigan congressman at one end can't yell loud enough to be heard at the other.—*Boston Post.*

VANDERBILT says, "We might have no government in a year or two, while railroads are a necessity." Railroads without a government to go to for land grants and special favors would be puzzled to know why they existed.—*Hartford Post.*

"I HEAR," said Alpha to Omega, "that your property is in the hands of the sheriff?" "Worse than that," replied Omega gloomily; "a water pipe burst this morning, and the house is in the hands of the plumber.—*Norristown Herald.*

"GENTLEMEN," said the Texas man, trying to learn how they get along on roller-skates. "Gentlemen, I say, there's nothing funny about this." As he held a revolver in each hand the proposition was agreed to unanimously.—*Boston Post.*

AN idle and dissipated young man, who turned over a new leaf and went to work the first of the year, says he don't see why it is: all his creditors seemed to be anxious to have him settle down, but that no sooner had he done so than they simultaneously wanted to have him settle up.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

A YOUNG man who had been going with a Vermont girl for some time, and had made her several presents, asked her one day if she would accept a puppy. He was awful mad when she replied that her mother had told her, if he proposed to her, to say no.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"No," said Mr. Byrnesmonkey, "I can't stand a room on the top floor of a hotel. Not that I'm afraid of fire; oh, no! I don't have to climb stairs, for there's an elevator, and I'm not afraid the elevator will break. The objection is that it takes a bell boy so long to bring up the drinks."—*Boston Post.*

"Yes," said the Southern sheriff, "we used to hunt men down with bloodhounds. We do it cheaper now. We merely send a book agent after the man we want, and he's sure to be found in half the time it would take a bloodhound. Cruel? Yes, it is rather more cruel than the old way; but a sheriff can't permit sentimental considerations to interfere with his business."—*Boston Transcript.*

To test your endurance: Stay out of doors this weather. Wear a rubber overcoat and rubber boots. Listen to the story of the man who needs just \$5,000 more to put him "under way." Go to the theatre and hear a modern American play acted by modern American actors with good clothes. If you can endure all this without flinching, you will be warranted in marrying a widow who will bring you two mothers-in-law.—*Hartford Post.*

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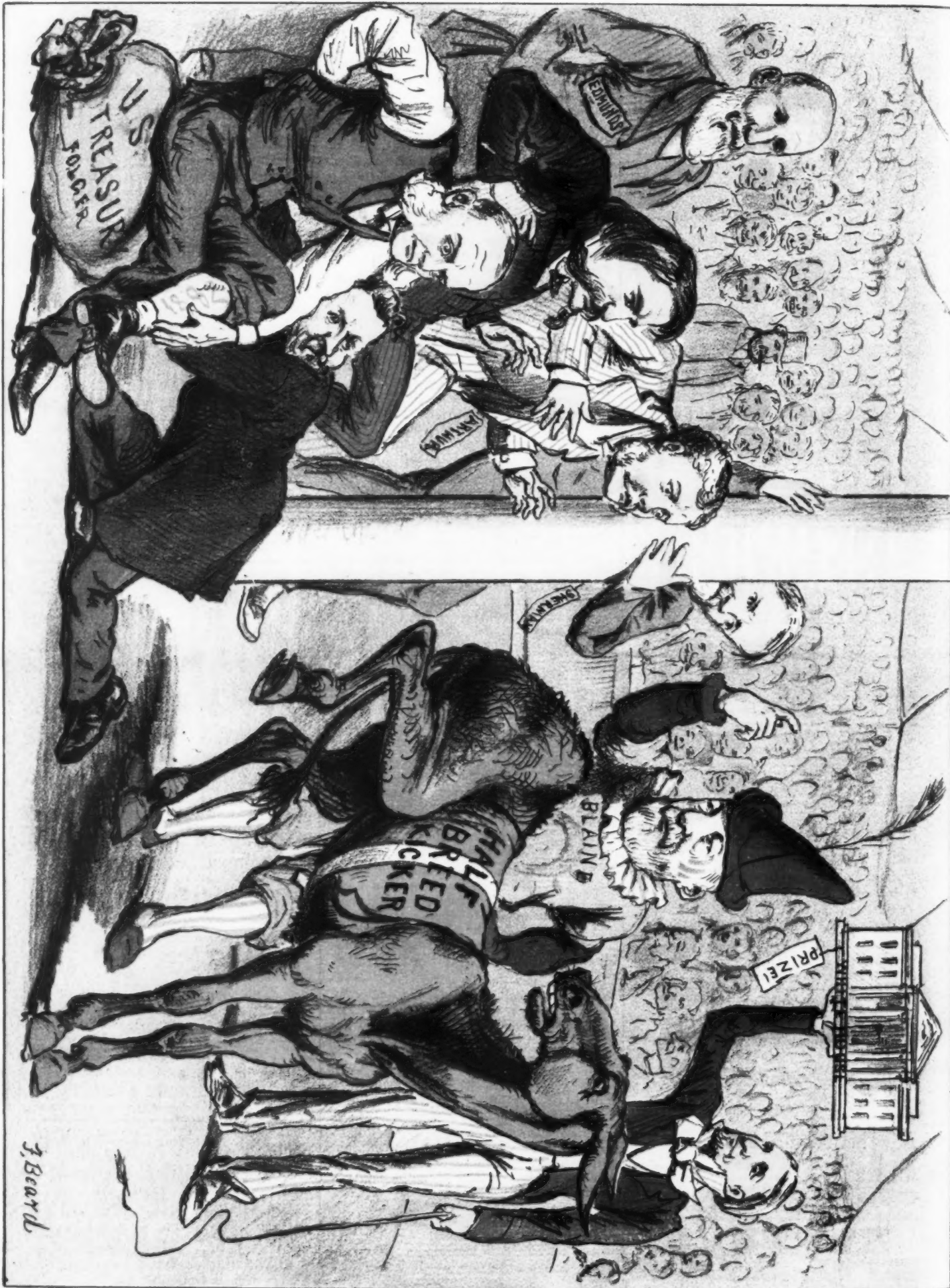
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