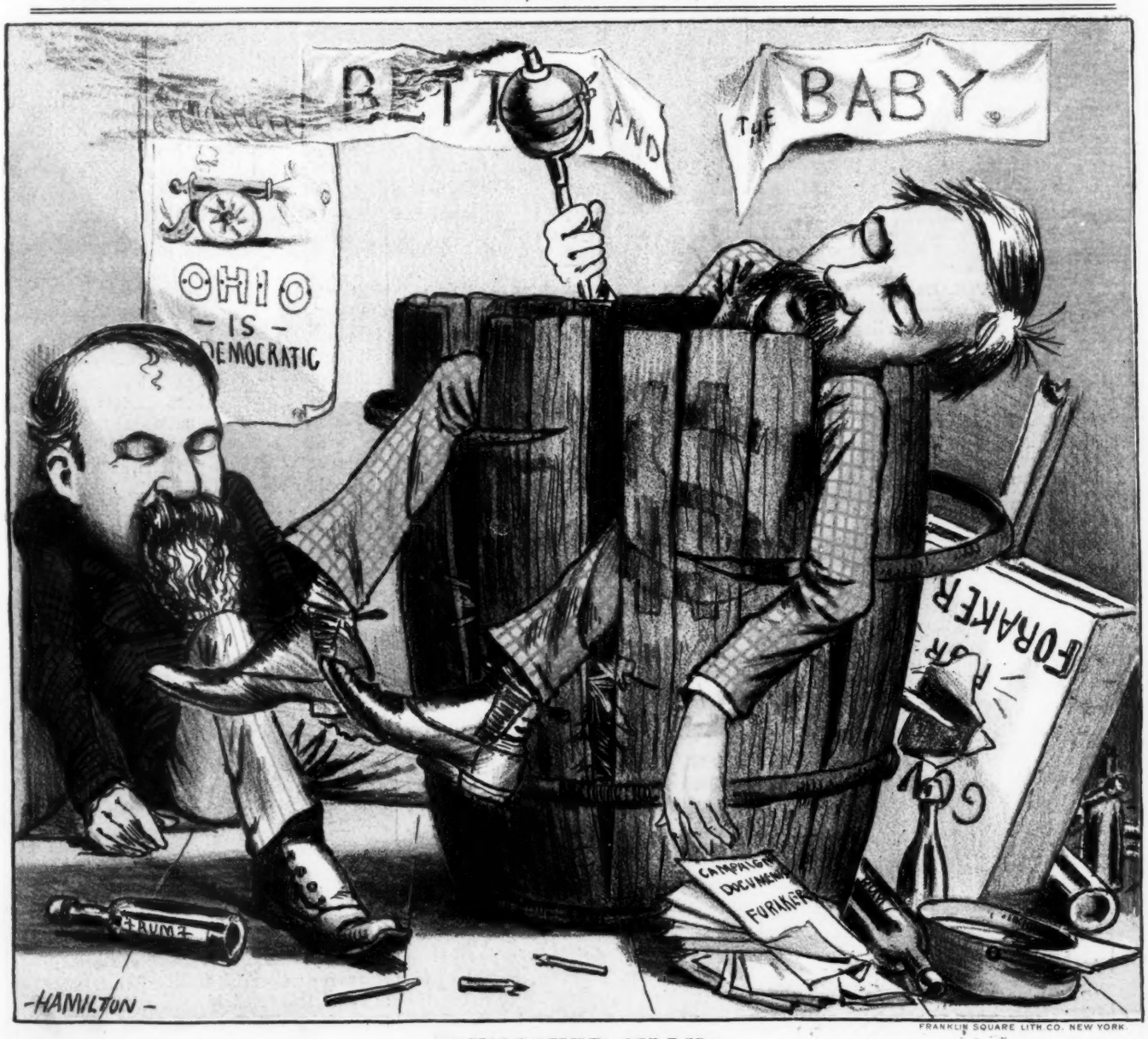
VOL. 5. Nº 105.

THE JUDGE.

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

Price NEW YORK, OCTOBER 27, 1883. 10 Cents.



"KNOCKED SILLY."

THE JUDGE.

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

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.
(UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)
IN ADVANCE.

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

POSTAGE FREE.

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

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

NOTICE.

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

CORRESPONDENTS.

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

VOLUME V.

IT is with feelings of no ordinary pride and pleasure that THE JUDGE steps to the front and presents his friends with a V. A V. is always welcome, we have noticed—only a degree less welcome than an X.—and if our readers will be patient they will be in due season presented with an X, and plenty of them. Meanwhile, as to the V. It will be genuine—you may take THE JUDGE'S word for that—and will be as good as we can make it: and the public has testified, in a pretty substantial manner during the last couple of years that they believe THE JUDGE both can and will give them a pretty good article when he puts his mind squarely down to it. And the V. that we commence with this number will last you longer than any V. you ever had in your life before, and you will get more fun out of it, too.

THE JUDGE enters on his Fifth Volume with bright prospects and high hopes—with a warm corner of gratitude in his kindly, rugged old heart for the public that has stood by him so liberally and so steadfastly, and with a strong determination to merit the same kind recognition in the future. And so, with every confidence in the friends we have made, and a rapid but warm shake of the hands all round the constantly extending circle, THE JUDGE steps off "boldly and fearlessly" into the unknown vista of the future, which is to be marked and vivified by this

. . . VOLUME V. . . .

UNCLE SAM'S LEADING MAN.

NEXT year Uncle Sam will have to choose somebody to put at the head of the country and of his Government, and we sincerely hope that his choice will fall upon somebody that is a little more than a figurehead. THE JUDGE does not wish to insinuate anything; but he is inclined to the opinion that we have had more sticks than necessary on the Executive stage since that stage was built. Good Presidents—thoroughly good ones—have not been numerous. Now, we have a population of upwards of fifty millions to choose from, and it will be hard luck if we cannot find a good one. THE JUDGE thinks it very likely that the people could find and elect just the man they want if the politicians would let them—but these politicians! They are the real difficulty. Never mind the party; there are good men in both—and politicians, too, worse luck! But Uncle Sam is on the eve of making an important selection—and THE JUDGE hopes he will be suffered to choose with his eyes open.

THE REVEREND TALMAGE.

WHEN Alexander the Great wept because there were no more worlds for him to conquer, China had not yet been discovered. That is where the Rev. Talmage has the advantage of Alexander. Sensational subjects being exhausted, Mr. Talmage does not fall back on moodiness and tears—no, he tackles China. He takes the vilified and abused Mongolian under his protecting ægis, and defies Dennis Kearney and all his works—or, rather, Dennis Kearney and all his words—for the doughty champion of the sand lots was always stronger "on the talk" than on "the work." Mr. Talmage may now reasonably flatter himself that he has a subject which will last him for the remainder of his natural life, for when he has exhausted the Chinaman in the abstract, he can always go on to details, and it will require quite a number of sermons to run through a nation of three or four hundred millions. And there is always Mormonism as a side issue. The Latter-Day Saints can always be reckoned on to supply targets for a certain amount of pulpit ammunition; and it is fashionable to execrate them, anyhow. But, after all, it is in the Mongolian field that Mr. Talmage may disport himself to a practically unlimited extent. There is so much to be said about our yellow brothers; and since China has got into an argument with France, the Celestial is more fashionable than ever. Then, too, the advent of the Corean embassy has given Eastern civilization a boom, and the *Herald's* war maps of the Corean treaty may help to advertise Brother Talmage. On the whole, our pet Presbyterian may be congratulated on having struck a practically inexhaustible lead of orthodox sensationalism.

DEMOCRATIC OHIO.

EVERY one knows that whisky is strong, that rum is powerful, and that lager beer is mighty to prevail—but exactly how strong, how powerful and how mighty those constituents are, no one suspected till Judge Hoadly came triumphantly to the head of the polls in Ohio last week. Probably no one was more astonished than Hoadly himself, and the pæans of rejoicing that sound through the Democratic ranks are proof of the hopes that the result in Ohio has inspired. Certainly such a triumph, on the eve of a Presidential election, is enough to fire the Democratic heart throughout the length and breadth of the country. Sammy Tilden will renew his youth; Dana will infuse fresh vigor into his cry, "The Republican party must go!" and even General Butler may begin to regret his change of base. And all this from Ohio! They raise some things out there that are more interesting than buckeyes, after all.

STEAM AND STREET RAILROADS.

A FEW days ago a railroad train ran into a Philadelphia street car, knocking the vehicle into kindling wood, and killing and maiming the occupants. As might have been expected the car was one of those which an economical company runs without conductors, and the driver was inside collecting the fares. He entrusted the lines and brake to a boy who happened to be on the platfarm, and stepped inside the car. Along came the locomotive and added a few more to the long list of lives annually sacrificed in this country to corporate greed. Now, such an accident as this should not be suffered to pass without some of the morals with which it is burdened being brought prominently and repeatedly before the public. In the first place, no traveled road, much less any street should be suffered to cross a railroad track on the same level. The system of running trains and vehicles higgledy-piggledy over the same crossing on the same grade has been and will always continue to be a fruitful source of accidents. It would be interesting to read the statistics of lives lost and property destroyed in a single state—New Jersey for example,—by this means alone in the course of a year. In the next place, it should be made obligatory upon every street car company to furnish a conductor as well as a driver for each of its cars. The comfort and convenience of the passengers demand this, and it now seems as if it were a matter that concerned their safety as well. It is certainly an outrage to expect the public, which has conceded valuable

privileges to these corporations, not only to pay their fare, but to elbow their way through a crowded and jolting conveyance in order to deposit it in the place which the puissant company has designated for the purpose—to say nothing of the petty impositions to which passengers are liable in the matter of incorrect change; for that the little envelopes do not *always* contain the sum they purport to do is notorious. But this is a matter in which the public has it in its power to vindicate itself. If passengers will refuse to pay their fares except on the demand of the conductor, and refuse to step up any longer to the fare box at the jingle of the driver's bell, the companies will speedily find their account in manning their cars properly. The running of locomotives across streets on the same level, however, is a more serious matter, and in view of the constantly recurring accidents arising from that cause should be promptly dealt with. In England no railway is suffered to cross a street or road on the same level, and in New York the pressure of public opinion compelled Vanderbilt to sink his tracks leading into the Grand Central depot after he had tried the experiment of running them through Fourth Avenue on the same level, and sacrificed a whole holocaust of lives to his locomotives. The public should insist on the tracks being sunk, for its own safety, and on conductors being attached to street cars for its own convenience.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.

WE have had another sharp skirmish in the medical war, and the end is not yet. Allopaths and homœopaths seem to be natural enemies, and the burning question of large doses or small doses is agitating the medical world. To a dispassionate observer like THE JUDGE there does not seem to be much difference. People die, and people get well, under any kind of treatment, and frequently without treatment at all. But on one point, at least, we must coincide with that portion of the profession known as "liberals." There should be as little red tape as possible stretched around the sick bed. Human suffering appealing to human skill should be accorded all the alleviation skill can give it, without regard to professional etiquette or the technicalities of the schools. If the homœopaths are in error, as allopaths claim they are, ignoring them will certainly never wean them from the error of their ways, and the patient must be the sufferer. Why should an allopath refuse the benefit of his services to a sick man because that sick man has first consulted a homœopath? It may be that the former may be called on to meet the latter in consultation at the sick bed, and it is a very strained rule of etiquette which would forbid the meeting. The common sense of the profession as well as of the public is enlisted on the side of the "liberals," who are willing to meet the homœopaths on the neutral ground of the sick room—and we trust that the "liberals" will carry their point, as they seem now to be in a fair way of doing.

MR. COLVILLE'S SUPERS.

A FEW weeks ago, THE JUDGE, in commenting upon Mr. Colville's remarks upon the accident at his theatre, whereby certain supernumeraries were more or less seriously injured, inadvertently wounded Mr. C.'s too sensitive feelings. At least so we infer from certain observations made by the super-sensitive gentleman through the columns of a weekly dramatic sheet. Mr. Colville says that what THE JUDGE said made him "pretty mad." We are glad if we have made Mr. Colville pretty, but we doubt it. We are sorry if we have made him mad, but we don't doubt it. You see, Mr. Colville resembles the Behemoth, as described in the Book of Job: "Behold now Behemoth" . . [We will spare our readers the quotation;] and THE JUDGE did not credit him with any feelings worth considering. Certainly his remark about the damaged supers, that it did not particularly matter what happened to them, inasmuch as they *were* supers, does not indicate the possession of very fine susceptibilities. We are glad to see, however, that the supers have been settled with in a manner perfectly in accord with Mr. Colville's well known princely munificence. On the authority of the dramatic paper aforementioned, we can assert that Mr. Colville holds receipts for "sums" varying from $3 to $10 in full satisfaction of all the injuries received by various and sundry people in the accident at his theatre. In the face of a liberality that will give a man, disabled in your service, such a fortune as three dollars, criticism is dumb.

But the fact is that Mr. Colville, who has for many years managed a provincial "leg show" with varying success, has been injected, by a series of astonishing chances, into the position of a metropolitan manager, and now falls into the common error of imagining he owns New York. Perhaps he does; but he will find his account in veiling his real feelings in newspaper interviews, even if he is inclined to say "Supers be d—d," when discussing the injuries accident may inflict on his employees.

The Plancus Ring Joins the Greenbackers.

FACTS to the contray, the General is a dear, good, high-principled soul. Nymphia said so.

She is evincing the most remarkable talent. Already she has embroidered the General's likeness in Berlin wool. It is remarkable how she has caught the expression of his eyes with her needle.

Already is she putting her artistic ability to account by working the likeness of the General on the badges to be worn at the great parade. The General is himself highly pleased with her suggestion, and it will be a grand thing to get an order for ten thousand badges, in more ways than one, for it will give employment to the pupils in the "Kensington Branch School" that Nymphia has just started, further the cause of artistic art and fill Nymphia's pockets.

A company is already organized called the "Plancus Ring" of the Greenback party. They are all to wear green embroidered jackets, with the badge on the right shoulder; and they are to scour the country with Syllabub at their head. Stump speeches and curb-stone lectures will add many converts to the party by proving to the world at large the General's ability to wield the gubernatorial sceptre, to detect and punish fraud and corruption, in fact to bring about the long prayed for millenium in the old Bay State.

Syllabub at first had quite a mind to join the "kickers," but a few unanswerable statements made by the Governor at his last visit, brought him back into the traces, and he bids fair to make one of the most stirring political speakers of the time.

Nymphia is very busy at the school, drawing designs for the back of the regimentals, for they are to be "Greenbackers" in every sense of the word; yet she devotes her evenings to the General if he calls; if not, she holds communion with the muse who has inspired her of late with something remarkable in the way of poetry. The General is delighted with it. He says it is just suited for the occasion and will show how he stands morally and politically.

He has concluded to have a hundred thousand copies printed and distributed in every town and village in the good old Bay State, that every man who casts a vote for him may know who he is voting for.

This is the first copy printed and distributed:

The Song of the Plancus Ring.

They cry war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt;
But you and I know, Ben, no blood will be spilt.
They think if the "reg'lars" and "kickers" join forces,
Greenbackers will be, after 'lection, cold corses;
And they vow they can furnish a book with some facts in;
But who'll stop to read, when you sound the war tocsin.
If the record they get of your order to Lowell
The facts to your credit, dear Ben, will not show ill.
They've first to get at 'em: I reckon they can't
Make a bugbear from what they will get out of Grant.
In noise and harangue they come out loud and strong,
And Robinson pleads of corruption and wrong;
While Codman reviews you in merciless manner;
But buncome won't capture the Greenbackers' banner.
Let, then, Chester and Grant do whatever they can,
They'll find it no joke to squelch the old man.
With a man of your muscle there's nothing to fear
So don't give a thought to the statements you hear;
No matter, sir, what they pretend to disclose,
Politicians are liars—that every one knows.
Wherever you're known you're an "innocent dear."
So, Benjamin, keep a bold front in the rear.
Scandal-mongers may screech of corruption exposed,
You can knock them all out with an eye partly closed.

THE insurance agent, or adjuster as Heraclitus calls him, has been here and gone, and I am richer by six hundred dollars than I was before he came. At least I was richer, for of course I've already spent most of the money. This all happened several days ago, directly after my brilliant husband's exploit of setting fire to the curtains.

I have heard that gentlemen in offices down town often buy books and things of agents just to get rid of being talked to death, and I strongly suspect that my tongue had something to do with the amount of money I received from the insurance company. Heraclitus said there was no doubt about it when I related my experience to him (he does make such mean speeches lately). I just informed him that it was a good thing he wasn't left to show up the damages to the agent; he'd have been nicely bamboozled, and if the perfidious creature had offered him three hundred and fifty dollars, as he did me at first, he'd probably have accepted it and said nothing. "Very likely," he replied. "Three hundred and fifty dollars would amply compensate for all loss sustained." I just said to him that he talked like an inspired idiot, and when he went off into a long harangue about uprightness and fair dealing, I lost all manner of patience, and told him he'd better practice what he preached: that when he had a case to argue he used his tongue as vigorously as ever I did mine, and I had quite as good a right to make the adjuster think our damages greater than they actually were, as he had to make a jury think black was white, and bring in a verdict of not guilty for some rascal that everybody knew deserved hanging. I declare it took more talk to convince him than it did the insurance man himself, and when I had finally finished he gave a prolonged whistle, and said if that was the way I talked to the agent I'd earned my money, and he didn't wonder the man was willing to pay six hundred dollars to escape.

I suppose he couldn't think of any thing else disagreeable to say, so he commenced to ask questions and wanted to know how I managed to get full value for a carpet which was very little burned. I informed him that life was too short and time was too precious for me to spend it repeating conversations, and I'd got too much shopping to do (that six hundred dollars was burning in my pocket) to listen to another lecture from him. He really didn't know how badly damaged the carpet was, and I wasn't fool enough to go and tell him how a few days before the fire I had burned a big hole in it myself. It happened in this way. There had been ever so many moths in my clothes press and armoire, and mamma told me if I'd burn sulphur in the room it would kill them all; so, according to her directions, I had the chambermaid bring up a pan of hot coals which I placed on the floor, and then hastily throwing on about a pound of sulphur I rushed from the room without inhaling the fumes, and left the moths to enjoy the odor. In three or four hours I sent the girl up to remove the pan and open the windows so that Heraclitus wouldn't swear at the smell when he came home. Imagine my horror when she came down and said the pan had burned a big hole in the carpet, almost in the middle of the room. Sure enough, there it was, a nice thing for my husband to see and make remarks upon. Why he'd have got a whole sermon out of that hole if he'd only have known it was there, and how he would have enjoyed holding it over my head when I accused him of carelessness. The only way I could hide it was by placing a table with a very large spread on it over the place. For once fortune favored me, and although Heraclitus found something heathenish to say about my manner of arranging furniture, he never found out why I placed it on that particular spot.

Of course when the insurance man came I took good care to show up all defects, and let the hole go in with the other scorched places. He remarked, when he looked at it, that the carpet could be fixed over. I told him all right, he could fix it over if he wanted to after he'd paid me for it, whereupon he laughed and said he guessed he'd have to let me have my own way about it.

Some how or other Heraclitus has got it into his head that the adjuster was an old man. I have taken pains not to disabuse him of this opinion, but the man was not old at all. He was young, well-dressed, and very good-looking. When he came I wore a pretty and becoming costume, and I put on one of my sweetest smiles as I asked him up to "the scene of the late conflagration." He laughed at my calling it by so long a name, and he kept on laughing and joking all the time he was here. Heraclitus thinks I haggled with him and badgered him into paying me the money, but he was never so much mistaken in his life. No, I blush to own, that I, his wife, Penelope Pennoyer that was, Penelope Pennyfeather that is, have been guilty, for once in my life, of exercising my blandishments upon an obscure myrmidon of a Fire Insurance Company. But then, to go back to first principles, whose fault was it? If a man doesn't want his wife to get up a flirtation with a so-called adjuster, let him not set the window curtains on fire. If by his own carelessness he brings down trouble on his head, let him suffer the consequences. I made out a list of all the goods and chattels in the room that were at all injured, and affixed thereunto what I considered their fair valuation. It reached the sum total of eight hundred dollars. When I handed this list, written in my best handwriting on perfumed monogramed note paper to Mr. Brown, or whatever his name was, he laughed and said, "Now my dear Mrs. Pennyfeather, you certainly don't expect the company will allow you such a sum as that." Then I put on a deeply-grieved and injured look, squeezed out a few tears, which I quickly dried on a lovely little handkerchief, all delicately embroidered and edged with Valenciennes lace, and said, "Oh, dear, I don't know anything about this business at all. I rely on your generosity and sense of what is right to allow me something like a proper compensation for the articles injured, some of which were dear to me for the sake of old associations." I saw he was moved, and while he again scanned the list, I kept wishing that the old piano had got a scorching too. Goodness knows when I shall ever get a new one. Heraclitus seems to have forgotten all his promises on the subject.

Then Mr. Brown asked me to sit down on the sofa and go over the list with him. I couldn't see the slightest necessity for this, but I politely acquiesced, and when he finally arose, and taking my hand said he would allow me six hundred dollars, I was astonished to see how long a time we had been talking together, and bewildered at the amount of money I should have to spend. In my wildest dreams I had never anticipated getting over four hundred, and he kept on holding my hand quite a while before I had presence of mind to withdraw it. Then I bade him a kindly farewell, and when Heraclitus came home, and commenced to find fault with me for trying to get a good price for the things, I was too provoked to tell him anything about the personal appearance of the man. I even alluded to him as a perfidious creature, just to throw him off the track, as it were. I certainly didn't tell him, what Mr. Brown said on leaving, "that if Mr. Pennyfeather should again set fire to the house, he (Mr. Brown) would be only too happy to call and again adjust matters to Mrs. Pennyfeather's entire satisfaction."

No, Mr. Pennyfeather, you'll never know exactly how I managed to get that six hundred dollars, and I very much doubt if you'll ever find out how I disbursed it. In fact, a good deal of it has already disappeared, and I scarcely know myself what I've done with it. To-morrow I shall select new curtains and a carpet. The furniture can all be repaired, and I'm glad I waited before purchasing a cloak. Thanks to the Insurance Company I'll have a nicer one than could have been bought with the money given me by my liege lord.

As I have before remarked, its an ill wind that blows nobody good, and a very ill one, when nothing advantageous can be extracted from it by PENELOPE PENNYFEATHER.

A DOUBTFUL SHADE.

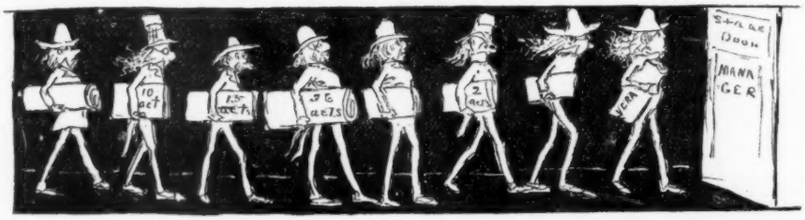
CUSTOMER—*If you please, sah, I'd like to 'xamine some of yer flesh-cullud hosiery.*

(Clerk is paralyzed.)

A SCIENTIST asserts that the American jaw is increasing in breadth. Ichabod Outlate don't object to breadth—no, indeed! It's the "long jaw" when he returns from a "business engagement" during the wee sma' hours, that tells on his constitution.

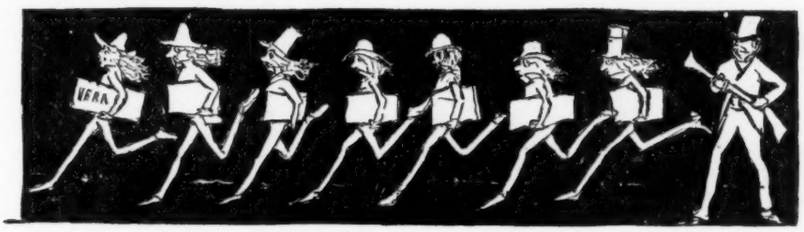
IRON is decidedly the most ironical of metals, for it is so often a railing.

REJECTED MSS.



RAGES around stage doors the strife
Of authors' hopes and terrors,
With tragedies of modern life
And comedies of errors—
And all their patience, prayers and fears
Can't pierce the circle magic,
With comedies that move to tears,
And smile provoking tragic.

WHAT leisure have our managers
To wade through long MS'S,
When all the public thrills and stirs
O'er leading ladies' dresses;
While Drama, tempted down to earth,
Sees cities wax ecstatic
O'er gaudy toilets *a la* Worth—
The modern art dramatic?



Chronicles of Gotham.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1. Now in these days certain of the men in the camp, the takers of the tribute, and the takers of the tax moneys, and the takers of customs,

2. Were found to be taking the money, not for the good of the camp, but to the filling of their own pouches.

3. And when these things were found out, they did say:

4. Wherefore are we here; did ye expect that we would work for the greatness of the camp?

5. For, verily, I say unto ye, we work for our own glory and profit, for we have but a few years to gain to ourselves shekels.

6. Know that when we can, we make; find ye, then, no fault.

7. But the dwellers in the camp and the tax-payers said one to the other: This is not just; we toil and strive to pay these heavy burdens laid upon us;

8. And the men who we put in the high places, do they not promise to do all things for our comfort and good, and to have good men to see that these things are done?

9. Yet, when the time comes that they are in the high places and should keep their word,

10. Lo, and behold, they are afar off, striving for Phat Jobs and Big Seats, yea even for places in the kingdom of Unkul-psalm.

11. Some of them saying, in a loud voice, Nay, I want no more offices—I will stand aside and watch.

12. While he who is surnamed the Boss stood aside, he had more and greater chances to gain to himself shekels.

13. Now while these things were being carried on after the manner of Bill Tweed and Peter Sweeney, the people did become alarmed.

14. So they appointed a kommittee to look into these things, and they did find:

15. That, from the highest to the lowest, they did steal, and did take bribes, and did make false witness in their books.

16. And they did find also that the men who were on the borders of the big water, to get just tribute from the travelers,

17. Did make them pay tribute—double, yea, triple times—and receive bribes. Peradventure, the traveler had not the wherewithal to satisfy these men;

18. Then his goods and chattels were seized, and he himself was thrust into prison till the tribute was forthcoming.

19. And the takers of tax did receive the tax, but made no entry of it, and the dwellers in the camp did have to pay again.

20. And the taker of the tribute for the vile smelling liquid called "water," which they supplied the camp with, did they not steal the moneys?

21. Now while these things were being done by the rulers and their following, the merchants and dealers were troubled also:

22. For had they not numbers of young men, workers for them, and did not each one take to himself much or little, as much as he dared?

23. And the merchants and traders did have one who was called Bookkeeper, and he was the one most to be feared; and the merchants did give him big pay—but it was no use, he would still steal.

24. And the treasure-houses, they had a worker called the Cashier, and he was the worst of all, for he would take thousands and hundreds of thousands, and leave the kingdom.

25. Now these things are of daily happening throughout the camp and the kingdom. For the truth of which read the reports sent through the land, called papers.

26. Yet, there is no help for it—for can not any one go free who will give presents to the judges and the jury?

27. Verily, I say unto you, It is time to change—to get honest men, and turn out the Bosses and their following.

28. And let the Camp of Gotham be ruled by their own men. For by that means ye may have honesty and justice. B. T. P.

AN exchange heads an article of a column length "How to get eggs." THE JUDGE can offer a briefer recipe. If you have money go to the grocery store and shell out. If you haven't, go there and light out—in neither case forgetting the eggs.

COMPOSITORS are the most generous people in the world. They are always setting em up.

MINISTERING ANGELS—the maidens in the flock of a young and unmarried pastor.

Alonzo Busbee: His Life and Impressions.

BY WILLIAM GILL.

CHAP. X.

"OH, the gallant drummer's life!
It is the best of any;
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis beloved by many." —*Dr. Watts.*

IMAGINE DON JUAN waking up from his swoon, occasioned by his involuntary surf-bath, in the cave by the shores of the blue Ægean sea—his senses intoxicated by the perfume of Haidee's breath upon his brow; her supple arms around him; his head reclining on her soft white bosom—imagine, too, the surroundings: the firm and glittering sand, stretching out from the entrance to the cave unto the rippling, laughing ocean; blue, intensely blue—almost as blue as an Orange county farmer's milk after its introduction to a New York dealer; the spacious vault of heaven undimmed by cloud or smoke from the twin funnels of a coasting steamer; the air soft and languid, imparting to the breather a dreamy luxuriousness, a passive longing to do nothing all the time, and have some one to do it for him—impelling one to refuse an invitation to go out and take a beer or witness the ennobling and beautiful spectacle of a dog fight; in the distance the purple hills of Italy dipping their vine-clad feet into the wooing ocean, while their umbrageous summits pierced the blue Empyrean. Imagine all the foregoing, and it will not give you the faintest idea of my state upon emerging from the muddy waters of the Essex and Morris canal. There was no daisy of a Haidee for me to rest *my* head on—no balmy breath, freighted with the perfumes of "Araby the blest," flirted with *my* dark and curling locks; and no soft white hand waved fan of palm leaves in front of *my* phyzzymahogany—not much!

No such luck for 'Lonzo.

Haidees, beautiful as houris, and clad in ventilated Excelsior garments, don't, as a rule, go roaming along canal tow-paths on the lookout for shipwrecked Apollos, whom they can kiss back to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. At least that is my experience. Perhaps I should say it is *not* my experience. I never had any Haidee in mine.

What I actually did see bending over me when I had scraped the mud out of my eyes,

"HERE'S YOUR HERALD, ONLY—

was a book agent with a wart on his nose. He told me he had fished me out of the canal, being in the act of passing by at the time of the wreck. He produced a soda-water bottle containing whisky, and told me to drink some. I did not feel much better. He told me his business—I told him mine—again the truth. I said I was the only son of a millionaire who had perished in the wreck while on his way to Europe with his family in the canal boat "Skowhegan," and that all his wealth, being in diamonds, had gone to the bottom of the raging canawl! I knew he did not believe my story—that indicated his shrewdness. But he didn't say so: that showed his delicacy. Seeing that I possessed the divine gift of "cheek," he offered me an interest in his business. I accepted it—and together we tramped the country, selling books, patent medicines, lightning rods, Harrigan & Hart's latest songs, and the Revised Edition of the Bible. We sold ointments that cured corns, bunions, æsthetic aspirations for the unattainable, flea-bites, and freckles. Bitters, which supplied the place of whisky, rum, sin, snakes, apple-jack, corner-grocery reminiscences and drug-store soda fountains. Tooth-powders, which not only gave the teeth a lustre and brilliancy, and polish, but coaxed old half-buried molars out of the recesses of the gums into which they had modestly retired, and started them fresh on a masticating tour of free-lunch routes. Anti-fat mixtures—three bottles of which, at $1.50 a day, would bring any ordinary 300-pound matron in two months down to a state of transparency calculated to make a dime-museum living skeleton rattle the joints of his spinal column in despair—and anti-lean medicines which piled on the much-needed adipose tissue with reckless prodigality, and fitted the recipient to occupy, and fill to its utmost capacity, one of the Brooklyn furniture-store's advertising chairs in less than six weeks.

Then we did a thriving trade in books which interpreted dreams in a complete and satisfactory manner, calculated to sink into nothingness the exploits of all the Josephs, Daniels and Jeremiahs who lied and prevaricated and bamboozled through several thousand years of Jewish history. Here are a few solutions, picked at random from the pages of "The Royal-Family Dream Book," from which Napoleon Bonaparte, Geo. Washington, Mary Queen of Scots, Ben Butler, Prince Bismarck, James Gordon Bennett, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Talleyrand, Jo. Coburn, Alfred the Great, Dion Boucicault, Horace Greely, Harriet Martineau, King Alfonso, John Kelly, and many other notables have drawn reasons for acts of the past and auguries for the future:

"If one dreams of banana peelings, it is a sign that he (or she) will slip up in some undertaking.

"To dream of a man failing for $250,000, and then buying his wife a set of diamonds and a Russian sable cloak, signifies that charity should always begin at home—and end there.

"To dream of sitting on the sharp end of a tack signifies, if a lady, that she will marry a blond-eyed young gentleman with weak knees, his hair banged, and a cast in his left eye, who will one day probably make his mark—if he can write. If a gentleman, that his board bill is two weeks overdue, and that the weather's cold enough to warrant him getting his Ulster out of pawn—if he can.

"To dream of a blue cat, with gray eyes, a purple nose, pink ears and four crushed-strawberry colored hairs in a crimson tail, means that the dreamer had better give up whisky right away.

"To dream of chewing gum signifies that you will soon lose your teeth.

"To dream of falling from a great height means that you should never pay three cents for the *Herald* when you can get it off your neighbor's doorstep for nothing.

"To dream that you went to the theatre and saw a wretchedly-written and worse-acted play, and then read in the theatrical advertisements the next morning that it was an unparalleled success, signifies that all the liars are not yet dead.

"To dream of cats making love outside your bedroom window means that you should lay in a stock of old boots.

"To dream of paying $1,200 for a season of Italian opera, signifies that you have more money than brains.

"To dream of a baby means that you should look out for squalls.

"To dream of steers signifies that you will soon meet a bunco man.

"To dream that your wife is slamming you over the head with the stove-shaker, means that you had better stop fooling with the pretty hired girl.

"To dream that if you want a decent seat in a theatre you must pay a ticket-scalper all the way from 50 cents to $1.50 extra for it, signifies that theatrical managers have partners whose names do not appear on the bills.

"To dream that you are a popular preacher with a salary of $20,000 a year, means that although it may be a good thing to lay up treasures in heaven, it is useful, at times, to have a hundred-dollar bill in your clothes on earth.

"To dream that you have broken into a bank and abstracted $10,000,000 in currency is a sure sign that it would be unwise to leave anything portable, with the exception of a red-hot stove, within your reach.

"To dream that you can make a friend of a man by doing him a favor, or of a woman by pointing out her faults, signifies that you had better hire a hermit's outfit and immure yourself in the deepest recess of the Rocky Mountains, or devote your life to the task of amassing wealth by selling the *Herald* at a profit of one-third of a cent per copy.

[To be continued in our next—unless the author goes to Indiana and lectures on the immorality of the divorce laws.]

Washington Gossip.

BY OUR OWN LIAR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., OCT. 18.

HAIL to the chief! His Accidency, Chester A. Arthur, is back with his loyal subjects of Washington once more. Oh, Chester! we have missed you; where have you been? and how did you like the geysers and the Yellowstone cuisine? If Arthur has not made his mark as a President, he certainly has as a fisherman, and his big fish which he landed in the Eastern waters a week or two since, may fairly rank as the most valuable scaly monster the world has ever seen, considering the fact that it cost the country $12,500—for that fish is about all the Chief Magistrate has to show the people of the United States in the way of earning three-months' salary. Fish come high this year, but Chester A. has got to have 'em.

Your correspondent has prepared a simple sum in arithmetic for the rising young Americans who glory in their country, and are anxious that the memory of the great men who laid its foundation stones and cemented the building of this great Republic with their loving labor and toil and self-abnegation, and in many cases, heart's blood, should be kept ever green, to solve: If the Washington monument progresses toward completion at the rate of three inches a year, and its foundation sinks in the earth at the rate of nine inches, in how many years will it disappear entirely from view? Send postage stamps with answer, not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith.

What is the matter with the Holman

boom, which started off so aggressively in the columns of your esteemed contemporary, the *Sun*, a week or so ago? Is the editor of that great moral luminary waiting to hear Mr. Holman say, "Mr. Dana, I object"; or has Charles A. raised his advertising rates on the great objector of Indiana? The palpitating heart of the nation stills its beating in order to catch the reply.

Several of our Western Senators are said to have commenced life as cowboys and mule drivers; some of their envious neighbors are wicked enough to say that it would be better for the nation if they had remained so—but perhaps the horned cattle and the mules would object!

Calico Charley Foster, of Ohio, was in the city last week, bragging about how his generalship had made Judge Hoadly sick. That's nothing. Politics in Ohio are in such a hoggish condition that they are making the whole nation heave with disgust.

Miss Hill, of California, declares that Ex-Senator Bill Sharon is an old fraud. Those who remember how efficiently and diligently he did not attend to the high duties he was paid by his country to perform, will be inclined to back the lady up in her outspoken opinion.

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

Be good enough to accept the foregoing asterisks in lieu of the important gossip your correspondent would have collected for your readers had he not been prevented by one of the most extraordinary convulsions of nature it has ever been his lot to encounter. Your correspondent had been visiting the bedside of a sick friend, to whom he had been reading the 821st volume of census statistics, in order that he might await the coming of the grim King of Terrors with composure, not to say eagerness. As he closed the front door behind him it was exactly one o'clock A. M. He is quite certain it was one o'clock, as he heard the clock in the tower of the cathedral, close by, strike that hour three consecutive times. It was at this moment that the phenomena, to which he has referred, commenced. The sidewalk, which hitherto had been as level as a billiard table, suddenly upheaved, and struck your correspondent a severe blow on the nose; staggered by the unlooked for and unprovoked assault, he made for a lamp-post which stood near by. Picture his astonishment at beholding it swerve to one side as though to elude his grasp, by which extraordinary behavior of a hitherto inoffensive and reliable iron gas-holder, your correspondent was precipitated head-first into the middle of the street. On attempting to rise, he found, to his horror, that the street was beginning to make preparation to stand up on end, and it was with the greatest difficulty that your correspondent prevented himself from sliding down hill for several miles. As it was, his hat rolled away, and was soon lost in the darkness. By herculean efforts he at length managed to assume an upright posture, but so violent was the earthquake that he felt as if he were standing on the deck of a vessel in the midst of a cyclone, and he had to make ten determined attempts before he could regain the sidewalk. It had quieted down somewhat by this time, and your correspondent managed to progress perhaps three blocks when a huge brown-stone-and-marble house, which adorned the corner, suddenly slipped in front of him and barred his way. To say that your correspondent was horrified at this terrible state of things, but poorly expresses his feelings. In order to get away from that perambulating mansion the writer was compelled to walk around the capitol building twice, and then take an entirely different way home. After incredible exertions he reached the door of his domicile, and here a new and awful surprise awaited him. The force of the shock had split up the keyholes, and there were upward of six of them gaping at him from different parts of the door. By the ingenious device of shutting one eye, your correspondent reduced their number to three, out of which, after some fifteen minutes' exertion, he found the original one, only to discover, to his amazement, that he had been trying to unlock the door with the handle of his toothbrush, which, during the struggle with agitated nature, had found its way into the pocket where your correspondent usually keeps his latch-key. Keeping up his courage amid the horrors which would certainly have unnerved a man of weaker intellect, the writer went for that keyhole again, and eventually got the best of it—but, as he entered the house and the door slammed noisily behind him, the terrors through which he had struggled overcame him, and he must have fainted away, for when, at seven o'clock, the servant girl came to take in the milk, she discovered your correspondent stretched helpless on the floor of the hallway—his heels entangled in the umbrella stand, and his head hanging loosely over the edge of the porcelain cuspidor. Strange to say, no mention was made in any of the morning papers of this marvelous convulsion of nature's forces. Your correspondent can only account for the omission by supposing everybody in the city but himself was asleep—or too intoxicated to notice it.

[This is the fifth time our correspondent has been overtaken by one of these earthquakes. If it occurs again we shall be compelled—as he appears to possess the faculty of writing up that sort of thing—to send him to Ischia or the Java coast, and make him stay there until their next upheaval takes place.]—ED.

A SAVING CLAUSE.

PARSON BLACKBERRY—*Now, den, Brudder Simon, you know de good book says we neber git to hebben unless we forgubs our enemies.*

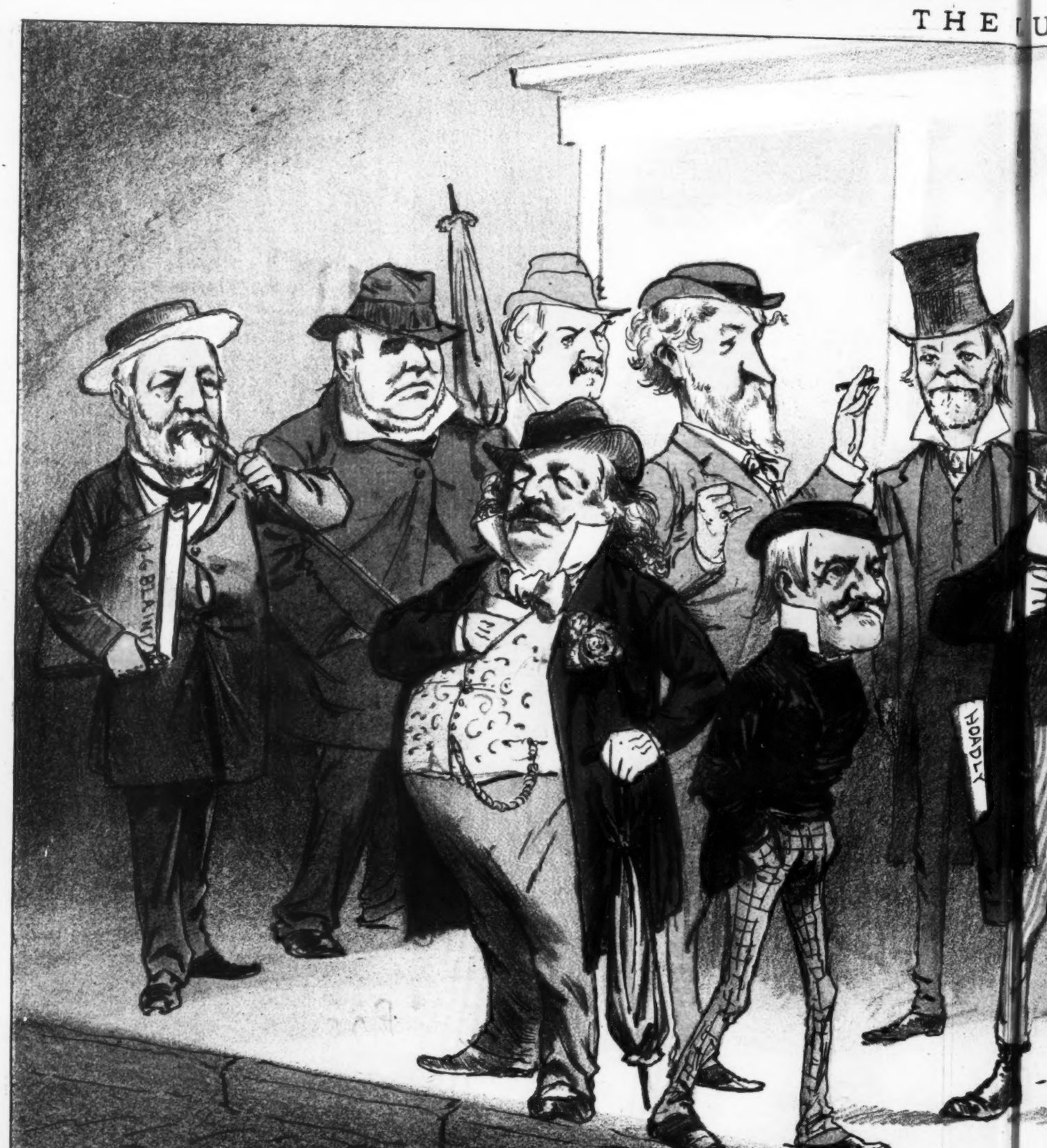
SIMON (very sick)—*Yes, dat's a fack—but I can't forgib dis yere Sam Johnsing.*

PARSON (awfully solemn)—*Den yer knows whar yer g'wine.*

SIMON (to Sam, who is very penitent)—*Well den, Sam, I forgubs yer—but recolleck, if I happens to git ober dis, de ole grudge stands good.*

IT is said, by some envious folks, that John L. Sullivan has never "struck the happy medium." That's merely because the happy medium never had the sand to stand up to the Hobby of the Hub.

"To err is human; to forgive, divine," is a good old adage, but we notice that it is never quoted to us when we make a mistake. We have to do the quoting for ourselves.



ON THE SQ
Uncle Sam in Search of a Co

HE SQUARE.

of a Competent Leading Man

A FEW TYPES OF AMERICANS MR. HENRY IRVING WILL BEHOLD IN THE ORCHESTRA CIRCLE.

THE GALLERY OF "THE GODS."

Passing Away:

OR

THE CONFLICT IN THE COW YARD.

It was evening and the shadows were deepening.

Susannah Swopplehopper had dashed open the pasture gate and was preparing to milk the cows.

But, hark! what wild shriek bursts upon her ear?

Was it the howl of a cow or the scream of a katydid?

Neither.

It was the voice of one of her lovers, Billy Bigby; he was coming to see her.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Susannah, "why does he come so early? He might have waited until I had milked the cows." And then she said to Billy, as he galloped up to the gate on his chestnut sorrel, "Why didn't you wait until I had put on my Sunday clothes?"

"Couldn't wait," said Billy. "It has seemed like forty years since we last met."

Billy had only ceased speaking when Charley Quigley, another lover, dashed up to the gate. He did not ride upon a chestnut sorrel. He rode upon a stick.

"Goodness! and here's Charley too!" exclaimed Susannah. "Couldn't you wait untill I had milked the cows, strained the milk and put on my sparking clothes?"

Charley dismounted and then he said, "Indeed, I couldn't. Something told me that I must come immediately and I came, It seems like forty-six years since last we met. Susannah Swopplehopper, will you be mine?"

"Oh, dear! I didn't expect it so soon!" sighed Susannah, and she set down the milk and leaned against the fence for support.

"You had no business to ask her that question when I was here first," howled Billy.

"Who are you talking to?" responded Charley, in a window-harp tone. "Oh, don't fight!" said Susannah. "Why did you both come at the one time?"

"Will you be my wife?" inquired Billy.

"Don't have anything to do with him," urged Charley.

"Oh, such a trying position to be placed in!" moaned the happy Susannah. "Two proposals in less than two minutes, and I don't know which to accept."

Susannah pulled her sun-bonnet down over her face and thought the matter over. "Billy has a five acre lot," she reasoned, "but he'd be a hard man to get along with. He'd never be the noble man which my heart desires. I want to marry a true heart who will always go to bed first on cold nights and always have the breakfast ready when I rise in the morning. I fear Billy would not be so pliable and kind and tender as to do this. But then Billy has five acres and he raises onions in abundance. Oh, I don't know what to do about it!"

Then she turned her thoughts to Charley. "Charley is a lovely man. He would sweep the kitchen floor for me, I know, but, alas! he has no five acre lot, and what would life be to me without a five acre lot? Even now he has come here riding on a stick instead of a chestnut sorrel. Oh! what shall I do? How shall I decide?"

"Susannah Swopplehopper, I asked you a question," howled Billy. "Will you be my wife?"

"I asked her first," said Charley. "Oh, Susannah, don't crush out the rising flame—don't let me sink into the gloom of darkness and despair. Say the word, Susannah; say that you will be mine, and I'll pledge my word that I'll keep a hired girl every day and every year of your life. In addition to this I agree to supply bountifully, and you shall live upon plum jam and tallow pudding. Oh, Susannah, say the word and lift me up into the sunlight of joy and happiness."

"Here!" shouted Susannah's mother, "what are you doin' there, Suze? Talkin' to them boys, are you? Better send them home and attend to your milkin'. You know you've got old Brindle to milk this evening, and she's tough and kicks like blazes."

"I have it!" exclaimed Susannah. "The man who successfully milks Brindle and doesn't get kicked over shall be my husband."

Billy's face paled to an ashen hue. "I never milked a cow, and how can I commence now, and on a tough cow too? I know I'd be kicked all to pieces. Oh, Susannah, unsay those cruel words!"

But Susannah was firm.

Charley also began to feel pale and wish he wasn't there. Said he, "Susannah, you know I love you. Oh! why will you inflict this great wrong upon me? I never milked a tough cow in my life, and if I should get kicked by the inhuman brute I should never be able to hold up my head again."

"The edict has gone forth," replied Susannah, "and if either of you would win my hand you must first milk old Brindle successfully and not get a kick nor a scratch."

"Well," said Billy, "I love you fondly and I must try, but I fear I shall fail. If I do, bury me gently 'neath the waving branches of the old butternut tree. I feel that my race is run, and that the candle of my life is flickering in the socket. The grave opens and the blasted old cow stands ready to kick me in. Adieu, Susannah. If I fail, remember that I loved you. If my nose should be spattered mith mud in the great conflict which is now coming on, wipe it off, and kiss my marble brow with your steel blue lips as I sink into the open tomb."

These were Billy's last words.

He tackled old Brindle and the next minute he was laid low. He rose not again—he passed away.

"Now, Charley," said Susannah, "you see what has befallen Billy, and you know what a trying ordeal you must pass. Do you shrink from it? Do you shudder and turn away?"

"Shudder nothing," said Charley. "No, I'm not afraid. 'Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish' I'll make the attempt. Give me the pail. But if it would be all the same to you, Susannah, I'd just as lieve take you without having anything to do with the cow. I don't like the looks of her; she has a bad eye in her head. And I say again, Susannah, if you will link your destiny with mine I'll keep a hired girl continually and you shall never want for plum-pie and tallow pudding."

"Talk about keeping a hired girl," said Susannah with bitter sarcasm, "when you haven't even a horse to ride upon, but came here this morning upon a stick. Billy, the noble Billy, did not shrink in the trying hour. But now he is gone—he has passed away."

"I do not shrink," said Charley; "no, I do not shrink—give me the pail; but I was going to remark that if there was any other way—"

"There's Brindle; try your hand or go home," said Susannah severely.

And Charley went to work.

But he proceeded cautiously. He tied Brindle's tail to one of his legs so that he might not be annoyed if she used her caudal appendage to flail the flies.

Then he commenced his perilous work, but the next instant Brindle was going around the cow-yard on the gallop, and Charley was going along on one foot.

"Whoa! stop! thunder and lightning!" he shouted. "Susannah! whoa! whoa! stop! fire and furies! Won't you stop, you blasted old cow?"

On they went, Brindle and Charley, until they had made about twenty-five rounds of the cow-yard, when Brindle grew more excited and she sailed over the cow-yard fence.

And Charley sailed over, too.

Susannah had been alternately shuddering and giggling, and when Brindle and Charley went over the fence she feared that they would both pass away.

And they did. They passed on toward the setting sun and haven't been heard from since.

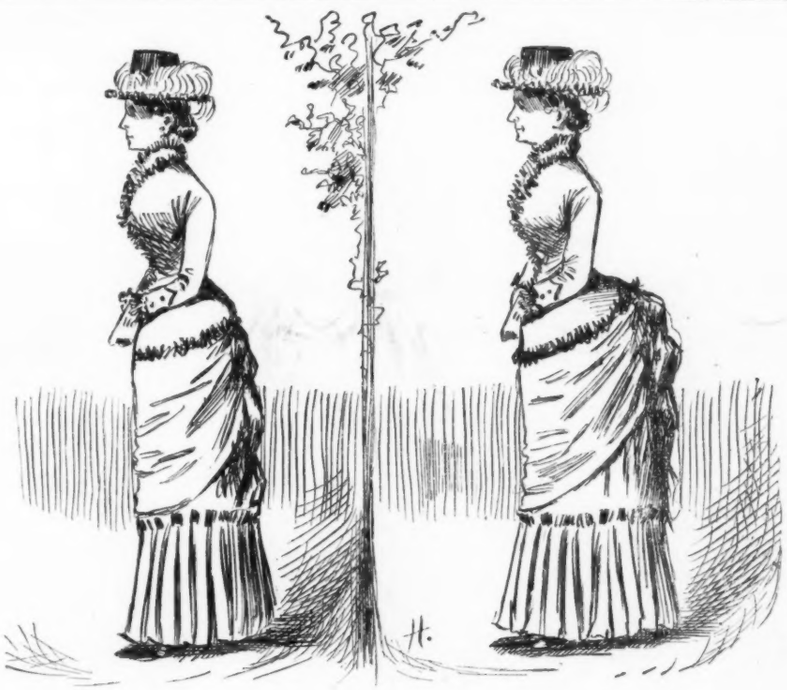
Susannah married a preacher and went to Texas.

(THE END).

He Could Tell.

A DIGNIFIED gentleman was recently examining an infantile class in the primary department of one of our schools on natural history. He was catechising one bright little fellow about the cat, and made him describe his idea of the familiar household quadruped; but somehow the boy's description was not complete enough. He seemed to have no adequate idea of the extraordinary quickness and agility of the cat as compared with poor humanity. Finally the examiner said: "Can't you tell me anything a cat can do that I can't?" Oh yes, the boy could tell that easily enough. "Well, then; what can a cat do that I can't?" "A cat can have kittens and you can't," was the child's reply, and the examiner let him alone after that.

THE various phases of the tender passion have thus been exemplified: A ship is foolishly in love when she is attached to a buoy; she is prudently in love when she leaves the buoy for the pier; she places her affection beneath her when she is 'ancoring after a heavy swell, and she is desperately in love when she is tender to a man-of-war.



BEFORE. AFTER.

EFFECT OF THE REDUCTION IN PRICE OF THE DAILY NEWSPAPERS.

Shadows.

In days of my youth I oft dreamed beneath
The shade of the laurel bough,
And twined of its leaves, in my dreams, a wreath
Of triumph, to bind my brow.
I read of the chivalrous knights of old,
Who live by the monkish pen,
And fancied men's hearts were as warm and bold,
And the world as young as then—
But, leaving the shade that the laurel made,
I saw my wreaths and my visions fade.

I dreamed in the shade of the myrtle tree—
Ah, a tenderer dream was this!—
Of a love that lives for eternity,
And the world well lost for a kiss.
'Twas a foolish vision, for boyhood mete—
I loved as we love a star,
Contented to lie at my lady's feet
And worship her from afar.
But the myrtle leaf was as sweet as brief,
And faded as quickly as childhood's grief.

And then came the waking! All dreams above:
The sweetest vision of all—
A vision of beauty and wedded love
In shade of a cottage wall.
And the sunlight shivered and gleamed and glanced
Through the vines that clad the eaves;
And the 'broidered shadows before me danced
As the zephyr stirred the leaves—
Yet I saw o'er all, like the darkness, fall
The motionless shade of the funeral pall.

Silent and sorrowful, prone on her grave
I lay in the cypress gloom;
Of all the visions my fancy gave
There only remained a tomb—
For the cypress shadow was grim and tall.
It shaded the rest beneath,
The laurel, the myrtle, the cottage wall,
And the end of the dreaming—Death:
And the gloomy shade that the cypress made
Was the only shadow that did not fade.

G. H. JESSOP.

Men of mark—Men who can't write.

One More Unfortunate.

ONE more unfortunate
"Shiner" of gold,
Rashly importunate,
Skipped from my hold.

Others, before it,
Have gone in the past—
But this seemed the nearest:
Ah, this was the dearest,
For this was the last.

Look at my purse,
No longer a curse—
No longer a blessing,
Or anything worse.

Sadly I gaze on thee,
Tearfully muse on thee,
Empty old purse—
Wondering amazingly
Whether my case will be
Better or worse.

Oh, for the holidays!
Oh, for the jolly days
Once I enjoyed!
Oh, that my purse so light,
Sadly laid out of sight,
Might be employed.

B. T. P.

PROF. RICHARD A. PROCTOR has made a careful calculation of the exact probability of drawing a straight flush, four of a kind, &c., in the noble game of draw. And yet some people maintain that scientists are unpractical men.

IT is said that Sara Jewett will travel with Pique and Divorce. We are not surprised at the pique; she had that when she played with Maud Harrison at the Union Square, but the divorce—oh Sara!

THE proper treatment for a fallen fence—picket up.

SINCE Fanny Davenport purchased her ten-thousand dollar play, she has enjoyed about as much cheap advertising as did the frail and attenuated Sara when she first took it into her blonde and frizzled head to visit this country. Both before and since the production of Fedora, the important fact as to whether Sardou did or did not adapt it from one of Belot's novels, has been duly discussed. Cablegrams and letters from the author have been published gratis; the decrease in the physical proportions of the fair Fanny has been properly commented upon, and her dresses and her talents have each received their just praise. Last, but not least, Mr. Mantell, who plays the principal male part in the piece, has been made the hero of various newspaper articles, and the fact of his having been gobbled by the Madison Square management for a period of three years, has served as food for paragraphers all over the land. Such is fame!

A year ago the whole town was exercised over the brilliant success of Richard Mansfield, who, after a brief but glorious career as Baron Chevreuil in A Parisian Romance, has also been led to see the error of his ways, and is about to forsake the secular and worldly company of the Union Square to join the ranks of those who play in pieces not so highly spiced, at the theatre of the Mallorys. The Madison Square management probably knows its own business, and THE JUDGE fondly hopes it will never find itself in the same embarrassing situation as did the old woman whose numerous offspring caused her so much inconvenience and perplexity while living in her peculiar pedal covering.

Jefferson, at the Union Square, is having crowded houses. His Caleb Plummer is an artistic piece of acting, and Tilly Slowboy was never better played than by the genial Joseph's sister, Cornelia Jackson. The Cricket on the Hearth, without these two, would be ineffably stupid—as it is, they infuse into it life and sparkle enough to carry a dozen plays. The cushion dance, at the end of the last act, is admirably done, and it goes without saying that, as Mr. Golightly, in Lend me Five Shillings, Jefferson is simply inimitable.

The mercenary plays, Money, and Dollars and Sense, are to be seen respectively at the Fifth Avenue and Daly's. Mrs. Chamberlain seems to have made a hit as Lady Franklin in the first mentioned play—but unless Mr. Coghlan and Miss Gerard improve upon their first night's performance, Mr. Stetson will probably discover that he is paying out too much "money."

Owing to a previous arrangement, the Florences were obliged to play in Eileen Oge at the Grand Opera House for two weeks. Facts proved an undeniable success the first week of their engagement, and will be their principal piece hereafter.

Various changes have been made at several theatres. Peg Woffington, in the shape of the magnificent Rose, is no more to be seen at Wallacks—Moths having succeeded Masks and Faces. At the Casino, The Princess of Trebizonde is warbling as of yore; and Das Spitzentuch der Koeningin is breaking the jaws of those who try to sing it, at The Thalia.

The Rankins are making a tour of the city, and have gone from their own theatre over to the Twenty-third Street house, while Emmet disports himself on the stage they have just vacated.

The new opera house will doubtless be opened next week. The outside of the building is plain and unpretentious, but the interior is really gorgeous. The stage settings are very fine, and the prospects for the opening night are decidedly brilliant.

Kate Castleton has re-joined Rice's Surprise Party, and last week was playing in Pop at Harry Miner's People's Theatre. This week The Flying Dutchman, with Mr. C. P. Flockton in the title role, and Miss Helen Bancroft as Madeline.

Agnes Booth declines to travel, and it is said that Mr. Stetson has engaged Sara Jewett to travel with Pique and Divorce.

The sale of seats for the Irving performances has brought large prices, and they are becoming scarce.

Effie Ellsler has been playing in a piece of Gunter's, called Courage, that met with a signal failure when it was first produced, a year or two ago. What has become of La Justice, that Brooks and Dickson purchased for her last summer?

The title of The Soldier's Wife has been changed to In the Ranks, and when this piece is produced at The Standard we shall have the pleasure of seeing Sidney Cowell in an important character.

"CARBOLIC acid," says an exchange, "diluted with warm water and poured into the ear is a sovereign cure for earache." In this connection we may mention that warm water, tinctured with common soap-suds and poured into the mouth, is a sovereign cure for snoring.

Now the poet begins to hum,
"Autumn's come, with its yum, yum, yum,"
And he writes of the falling leaves.

Jess, the Gipsy.

THE grass was green; beneath his feet
The crocus cups were springing,
When 'cross the field came Tommy Treat
The tinker, gaily singing.

"Tin ware to mend! tin ware to mend!
Pots, frying pans and kettles!
I've walked five miles since daylight dawned,
Yet scarcely earned my victuals."

Now little Jess, the gipsy maid,
Grown faint from lengthened fasting—
Was resting in the hawthorn glade
That Tommy Treat was passing.

Her nut-brown hands crossed on her breast,
Her scarlet cloak drawn round her—
Thus in despair sat Gipsy Jess
When Tom the tinker found her.

A pretty maiden, young in years,
By tribe and kin deserted;
She listened to his song while tears
Within her dark eyes started.

She told her tale with quiet grace—
Tom's eyes with moisture glistened
As, bending o'er her upturned face,
With longing gaze he listened.

"Sweet maid!" cried Tom, "I have a heart
That trouble never harrows;
Be thou my wife—no more we'll part,
But share life's joys and sorrows."

No answer came; the drooping head
Upon his breast reposes,
While lips and cheeks and brow grow red
As jaqueminot roses.

No answer—but the lad can guess
What words are slow revealing,
As from the lips of Gipsy Jess
Fond kisses he is stealing.

DIODORA.

A LEARNED chemist has discovered that soda-water is combustible in the stomach, and that when it explodes, its gas gets out by—by—bursting the person open. He advises against the drinking of soda-water, and suggests ice-cream, instead. [This is a lie, but some girls wanted us to tell it.]

That Stage Wedding.

A TRUTHFUL REPORT OF THE PRIZE JOKE.

THAT was a notable gathering on the stage of the Baldwin Theatre Saturday evening last. The curtain was down and the guests were assembled for the wedding supper given by their manager to the parties of the Hyer-Freeman wedding, which had taken place on the stage an hour before. The festivities of the eventful occasion were of a rich and varied nature, and made brilliant by the elegant toilets and flashing diamonds of the beauty and fashion present, and yet more brilliant still by the sparkling gems of wit of the gentlemen guests. The well-known and bounteous hospitalities of the hosts assured a bountiful supply of choice viands and flow of ruby wine, and all went merry as a marriage bell. After the magnificent banquet had been partaken of to their satisfaction by the guests, toasts were drunk in the sparkling vintages of sunny Sonoma, and many happy responses enlived the fleeting hours. The groaning board was presided over by that prince of good fellows, Harry Grimm, who, in a few neat and well-chosen sentences, congratulated the dusky groom and bride upon the auspicious occasion, and in a touching manner reminded them of the fact that several speeches were to follow. Mr. Grimm then called upon Nick Luning to propose the first conundrum of the evening. Being assured that it was not a forfeit game, and he would not have to pay anything if it was a bad one, he blushingly asked, "Why, is Mr. Freeman as high in his happiness as it is possible for him to get?"

"I know," said Alex. Badlam, who was nervously fishing the ice out of his glass.

"Why?"

"Because he couldn't get higher."

At this Captain Kentzel fell under the table, but the rest of the party didn't tumble.

General Barnes looked up and said, "But he's got Hyer already."

"That's what he said," explained Mr. Pixley, absently filling his water goblet with champagne. "Alex. said he could't get any more Hyer," and the great journalist winked at Charley Crocker, who was himself winking at one of the plantation females at the other end of the table, and consequently did not see Pixley's wink.

"Why, mon, dinna ye ken," suddenly exclaimed Peter Robertson of the *Chronicle*, "the nude Freeman can gang na higher, because he has all the Hyer he can have already, mon."

This lucid and masterful explanation woke up Rube Lloyd, who remarked, "If it please your Honor, I understand counsel on the other side to set up the proposition that the prisoner—I mean the bridegroom—can't get no higher——"

"No more higher," chipped in Crocker.

"Well, can't get no more higher."

"Dot's shust der case," assented Chairman Grimm.

"Then I object," continued Mr. Lloyd. "It is easy to see that Mr. Freeman can get more Hyer by marrying the other sister."

A deep and dreadful silence fell over the assembled gents, until suddenly Alex. Badlam moved to adjourn, and the motion tearfully prevailed.—*San Francisco Wasp.*

IT is said that a certain millionaire in this city was a horse car conductor thirty years ago. Those were the good old days when it was imperative to "punch in the presence of the passenger."—*New York Journal.*

THE TAILOR'S GOOSE.

Several Kinds of Girls.

ON this most interesting topic we give the following pointers to our young-men readers:

A good girl to have—Sal Vation.
A disagreeable girl—Annie Mosity.
A fighting girl—Hittie Maginn.
Not a Christian girl—Hettie Rodoxy.
A sweet girl—Carrie Mel.
A very pleasant girl—Jennie Rossity.
A Summer girl—Hellen Blazes.
A sick girl—Sallie Vate.
A smooth girl—Amelia Ration.
A seedy girl—Cora Ander.
One of the best girls—Ella Gant.
A clear case of girl—E. Lucy Date.
A geometrical girl—Polly Gon.
A flower-girl—Rhoda Dendron.
A musical girl—Sarah Nade.
A profound girl—Mettie Physics.
A star girl—Meta Oric.
A clinging girl—Jessie Mine.
A nervous girl—Hester Ical.
A muscular girl—Callie Sthenics.
A lively girl—Annie Mation.
An uncertain girl—Eva Nescent.
A sad girl—Ella G.
A serene girl—Mollie Fy.
A great big girl—Ellie Phant.
A warlike girl—Millie Tary.
The best girl of all—Your own.

—*Merchant Traveler.*

A MAN in Coalville who cracked a railroad torpedo with a hammer says he will not repeat the operation "as long as he lives;" and as he is not expected to live longer than three days, his friends believe him.—*Norristown Herald.*

The Youth and the Guitar.

THERE is a time in the life of every body when he is taken with the fever to learn to play the guitar. The fever comes on about the time that he first falls in love, and that is at the age of fourteen or fifteen. He may think he is in love at twelve years of age, but that is only a symptom. At fourteen he is in love to such an extent that it actually makes him tired to carry it around. He has been reading novels in which there is always a Spaniard, or an Italian lover, dressed in fantastic costume, who takes a guitar and goes to serenade the girl in the novel, and she comes to the window and throws a kiss at the lover, and then comes down herself, and they lallygag on the grass and talk foreign love and catch cold, and the boy thinks that is about the finest scheme that he ever read of, and he decides to obtain a guitar. Shortly afterward there is a weird, ghostly sound coming from the attic, that is a cross between the æolian music of a breeze sighing through a wire window screen and a couple of cats tuning up for a gooseberry bush symphony in E-flat, with boot-jack bouquets. The boy thumbs the strings of the guitar in silence, when his father is not around, and dreams of the time when he can play an accompaniment to a love song, and put on a velvet jacket, trimmed with gold lace, a wide sombrero, and go to the house of his girl and warble through the black mustache which he is sure will soon put in appearance on his lip. O, how he suffers, as he thumbs the strings and fails to detect the first principles of a tune, but how patiently he works. He keeps it up until he wears the skin off his fingers, about which time he is surprised by his father, who follows up the strange, weird sound, and takes the boy by the neck and in two minutes shakes the love all out of him and sets him at work mowing away hay in the barn. There is no one thing that will take the incipient fourteen-year-old love out of a boy like mowing away hay in a barn. He does not have time to dream of the Spaniard with the guitar, and the beautiful girl at the casement dressed in flowing robes, and her hair gathered in a blue ribbon. He has to pitch hay or be covered up, and so he pitches hay.—*Peck's Sun.*

Colored Provisions.

EVERY man has his favorite story, and the Hon. Roswell P. Flower tells the following:

"One day an old negro clad in rags and carrying a burden on his head, ambled into the executive chamber, and dropped his load on the floor. Stepping toward the governor, he said:

"Am you de gubner, sah?"

Being answered in the affirmative, he said:

"If dat am a fac' I'se glad ter meet yer. Yer see I libs way up dar in de back ob de country, and is a poor man, sah. I h'ar dar is some pervishuns in de con'stution fer de culled man, and I am har to get some ob em, sah."—*Whitehall Times.*

IF other proof were wanting, the departure of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company from their native heath would be sufficient evidence of the severity of the water famine in Boston.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Is shaving a necessity?" is the question that was argued by a Western debating society. When a vote was taken it was noted that all the down-lipped youths voted "Yes," and all the old men "No."—*Phila. Call.*

Closet Courtship.

THE late Rev. Dr. Wightman, of Kirmahoe, one night sitting later than usual, sunk in the profundities of a great folio tome, imagined he had heard a sound in the kitchen inconsistent with the quietude and security of a manse, so, taking his candle, he proceeded to investigate the cause. His foot being heard in the lobby, the housekeeper began with all earnestness to cover the fire, as if preparing for bed.

"Ye're late up to-night, Mary."

"I'm just rakin' the fire, sir, and gaun to bed."

"That's right, Mary; I like timeous hours." On his way back to the study he passed the coal closet, and, turning the key, took it with him.

Next morning, at an early hour, there was a rap at the bedroom door, and a request for the key to light the fire.

"Ye're too soon up, Mary; go back to your bed."

Half an hour later there was another knock and a similar request in order to prepare the breakfast.

"I don't want breakfast so soon, Mary; go back to your bed."

Another half hour, and another knock, with an entreaty for the key, as it was washing day. This was enough. He rose and handed out the key, saying:

"Go and let the man out!"

Mary's sweetheart had, as the minister shrewdly suspected, been imprisoned all night in the coal closet, where, Pyramis and Thisbe like, they had breathed their love to each other through the keyhole.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

He Takes the Odds.

"DRAP dat watermillion, Jeemes, drap dat million. Don't you know dat de cholera is in Europe?"

"No, is dat a fac?"

"An' it's gwine to come here."

"Is dat so?"

"It is fur a fac', an' watermillions am de wussest kind ob fruit to bring on de cholery. Han' dat million ober heah, I'se done had de cholery wunst, an' I ain't afeered."

"Does folkses hab de cholery often?"

"Nebber but wonst, nebber but wonst. When it strikes a nigger he's mos'ly done dead de fust clatter."

"Don't it kill dem as don't eat watermillions?"

"Yes, it do, but it's wusser on dem as eats de fruit. If ye hab de watermillion habit ye stan' ten to one to die."

"Well, Uncle Mose, I'se jes made up my mind ter take de odds."—*Texas Siftings.*

Not that Far.

"And you say you never saw a silver mine?"

"Never!" answered the man from Philadelphia.

"Well, that's odd."

"Yes, it may seem so for a man of my age, and one who has traveled as much. I started to see a mine once, but gave it up."

"Country too rough?"

"Oh, no. I had put $27,000 into it, and I wanted to see the president."

"Yes?"

"But I was always unlucky. A chap who had put in less than $20,000, got to the mine first."

"Ah!"

"He was a very careless fellow, by all accounts. His revolver went off, and being the hole was handy he buried the president in our mine. I heard of it and turned back. When a graveyard gets ahead of me, I quit and tackle something else."—*Wall Street News.*

"No," said Mr. Littleman, "I didn't get the nomination for Governor; in fact I wasn't named for any office; but I had the satisfaction of hearing the President cry out amidst the assembled thousands, 'I have a telegram for Mr. Small Littleman of Squashville.' It cost me twenty-five cents, but, by gosh! it was worth it."—*Boston Transcript.*

YOUNG lady (just from boarding-school, at dinner table)—"Please, papa, I'd like a leg of roast chicken."

Papa—"You have had one, my dear, and your brother had the other."

Young lady (in a sprightly manner)—"Oh, sure enough! a chicken has only two legs. It's a duck that has four."—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE hotel waiter's costume still remains the standard for an American man's full dress. To prevent mistakes at parties, however, the waiter is directed to carry a towel on his arm instead of a young lady.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A YOUNG man in Toledo plays two cornets at the same time. The citizens are unwisely waiting for the invention of a way to kill him twice at the same time.—*Boston Post.*

WOMAN is of a tender, trusting nature, and this unfits her to keep a grocery store. That requires somebody who will demand cash.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

A Bitter Revenge.

"Well, sir!" exclaimed the managing editor, springing from his chair with a hearty smile of welcome for the religious editor, who threw his duster over the back of the sofa and lighted the heel in the managing editor's pipe. "Well, sir, I'm glad to see you back. What kind of a time did you have at the camp-meeting?"

"So, so," replied the religious editor, quietly. "It was pretty much the same old thing. Singing, experience, souls garnered and generally a precious and refreshing season. I say, any letters for me in a delicate chirograph?"

"Haven't seen any," grinned the managing editor. "What's been going on?"

"I didn't know but something might have come for me in my absence," returned the religious editor, evasively. "No lady called in to see if I had come home?"

"No one been up here," smiled the managing editor shaking his head. "Did you expect any?"

"I didn't know but some one might have dropped in casually," and the religious editor looked rather disappointed. "Do you think I am looking pretty well?"

"Never saw you looking better," replied the managing editor. "I say, about this lady. Tell me what made you expect her to come up here after you?" and as if to encourage confidence the managing editor drew a corkscrew from his pocket and rubbed his nose reflectively.

"You're too hard on a fellow," murmured the religious editor, gazing at the corkscrew abstractedly. "You haven't seen a tall, graceful blonde standing on the opposite side of the street and looking up at my window with a wistful sort of glance, I suppose?"

"Was she very tall?" inquired the managing editor, with a keen expression of the eye.

"Yes," assented the religious editor eagerly, "with waving golden hair, deep blue eyes, and a mouth like the coral beds of the Orient! Have you seen her?"

"No," said the managing editor, "I haven't seen anything of the kind, but I'd like to. How did you come to strike it?"

"Never mind," grunted the religious editor, still contemplating the corkscrew. "It's too hot to talk. How have you been in my absence?"

"First-rate," retorted the managing editor, reluctantly bringing forth the demijohn. "Try a little of this," and he poured out a generous dose of refreshment. "When you get through with the glass I will drink to the radiant blonde."

"Very nice," commented the religious editor, too polite to make his chief wait long.

"Was she?" smiled the managing editor.

"I mean the boose," grunted the religious editor.

"That's the best you ever had. Sometimes you don't get as good, but this—"

"Try another," recommended the managing editor, eyeing him suspiciously. "Take another and then tell me where you caught the blonde."

"Strange she hasn't been here," muttered the religious editor. "May be she dropped in when you were out, or when she got here and didn't see me about, her courage failed her and she went away without asking for me. You haven't seen any girl round here dressed in white and her golden curls tied back with an azure ribbon?"

"No, no," cried the delirious managing editor. "Haven't seen anything of the sort. I say, take a little more of this. As you remarked, it's the best I ever had. Here's to the curls. Did you catch her at the camp-meeting?"

"That is good," conceded the religious editor, eyeing the mercy as it trickled into the glass. "That's uncommonly good, and I was dry. There may be a letter down in the counting-room for me. I'll go and inquire."

"Don't go," pleaded the managing editor. "There's nearly a demijohn full. Is she young?"

"Well, I should smile," replied the religious editor, helping himself without interference. "She is all that any man could wish of pure and divine loveliness. You may talk about the beauty of angels, but they will get behind the door when that one puts on her feathers. Here's to her dear health," and the religious editor, to do the subject justice, poured himself out a corker and drank it standing.

"Does she live in Brooklyn?" demanded the managing editor, beside himself with curiosity. "Look here, if you don't tell me about her I'll put the demijohn away!"

"Put it away!" grunted the religious editor, helping himself before the threat could be carried out. "As for the girl, she's a new servant I ordered this morning, and the next time you send me to camp-meeting in the expectation that I'm going to play poker with a euchre-deck, or you ship me ten gallons of cider when I send for apple whisky, you want to look out for the day when I get home!" and the religious editor strolled out, leaving the managing editor to realize that the way of the practical transgressor is uncommonly hard.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"The Chinese may stay, but the Mormons must go."--DeWitt Talmage.