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HUMPTY DUMPTY SAT ON A WALL—  
HUMPTY DUMPTY HAD A GREAT FALL.



## THE JUDGE.

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### SOME SENSIBLE IRISHMEN.

THERE are agitators and agitators: some are harmless and even salutary, and some are ferocious, criminal and cowardly. As it would seem that an Irishman is born to agitation as the sparks fly upward, it is a matter for congratulation when he contents himself with the former innocent methods, and pronounces disapproval of the latter. Of course we must make allowance for the perverse streak that seems to pervade a certain class of Irish human nature, and which declares itself in opposition to every form of constitutional authority. Pat, when he landed at Castle Garden, and, without pausing to ask how things were run over here, waved his shillelagh in the air and shouted "Here I am, and I'm agin the government!" is a real and readily recognizable type of his countrymen. Therefore, we repeat, it is no small matter for congratulation when a large and representative assemblage of Irishmen, like that recently held at Philadelphia, gets away in a measure from oratorical fire crackers, refuses to talk explosives, and practically kicks O'Donovan Rossa and his hellish dynamite out of the convention. Irishmen, though they may not choose to believe it, are by no means exempt from the ordinary shortcomings incidental to our fallen nature; neither is it at all likely that all history will reverse itself for a few pounds of dynamite. Violence will accomplish nothing, and has already well nigh alienated the sympathy of civilization from the Irish cause. Coolness and moral suasion may accomplish something, and at all events men can give it a trial without making outlaws and blackguards of themselves. If Ireland is ever free (by the way, have the patriots made up their mind what to do with her when they do get the chains off her?)—if Ireland is ever free, that result will be found to have been accomplished by brains, not by dynamite; by men like the representatives who met in Philadelphia, and not by big-mouthed, blatant professional patriots like O'Donovan Rossa.

### SOLVING THE INDIAN PROBLEM.

THE man who said "the only good Indian is a dead Indian" was not far from the truth. Experiments without number have been tried, and tried ineffectually; the treatment to which the inborn savagery of the red-skin will yield has yet to be discovered. Of course there is a great deal to be said in favor of the Indian's rights. He was here first; the soil was his long before a white man ever set foot on the continent. Indeed, people who are in favor of the Land League in Ireland, and cry "No landlords! Ireland for the Irish!" would find it difficult, with consistency, to escape from the logical consequence of their arguments, and to refrain from shouting "America for the Indians!" But there are a few white people in America, and as they propose to remain here it behooves them to grapple with the Indian problem as intelligently as may be.

Disabusing our minds, then, of all prejudice regarding the "noble savage" of fiction, what do we find the Indian of to-day to be? A lazy, idle, thieving, murdering reprobate, an incumbrance to the soil, and a danger to his neighbors; a man who subsists on government bounty, and also lives (while he is not murdering and looting among the whites) on a government reservation. Valuable lives are sacrificed by him every year. Large tracts of desirable land are forbidden to settlers by him and remain unimproved by the extending march of emigration and civilization. And in return for this, of what use is he? None, absolutely none. A drunken assassin, a dirty rough—he is yet allowed importance enough to become a national problem.

And how is this problem to be solved? Our civilization will not allow us to wipe the lawless band of ruffians from the face of the country; fortunately the problem is solving itself. White settlers on the frontiers are beginning to take the law into their own hands, and are retaliating on the red-skins for the almost daily outrages suffered at their hands. Then, being beligerents, they occasionally fight amongst themselves, and, by killing each other, accomplish the only useful work the race is capable of. A few more years of war and frontier whisky will no doubt work a marked improvement in the savage character; but not till the last one is dead will THE JUDGE be willing to admit that there are any good Indians.

### THE LIFE-SAVING CORPS OF OUR FIRE DEPARTMENT.

THE specially-trained life-saving corps will prove a valuable addition to the New York Fire Department, already the department *par excellence* of which our city has reason to be proud. At the recent trial of this newly organized branch, at French's Hotel, an exhibition was given which might put many a professional gymnast to the blush; and it is pleasant to feel that the exertions of these fine fellows will be directed, not to our amusement, but to our security. The fearful loss

of life which has attended on recent fires—that of the Milwaukee hotel, for example—has struck terror to the heart of everyone who lives in the upper stories of large buildings, and the popularity of apartment houses brings a large proportion of our population into this category. Everything that human means can do should be done to render such buildings fire-proof in the first instance, or, failing that, to render the loss of human life in the event of a catastrophe as small as possible. Our fire laddies are going the right way to work to accomplish the latter desideratum, and their efforts in this direction should be applauded and encouraged. Men who risk their lives daily to save the lives and property of their fellow-citizens deserve well of the community, and New York is proud of her Fire Department.

### OUR SPASMODIC MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

PROBABLY, as city governments go, the government of New York city works fairly; it does its duty indifferently well, and citizens live or die, wax rich or poor, and enjoy or bemoan existence under it, much as they do elsewhere. The trouble with it is that it is spasmodic. It is naturally a dilettante, let-well-enough-alone sort of institution, and activity is not natural to it; its activity is a disease, and an intermittent disease at that. Gambling-houses run along in flourishing profusion, no one hears or thinks of them, and clerks who get fleeced themselves fleece their employers to get even, till suddenly something rouses the municipal giant; it may be the sting of the press, or it may be any one of a thousand other causes; but all at once his diseased activity springs into full being; gambling-houses are raided, nothing is heard of but the suppression of vice, and police officials are rampant. But the disease runs its course; the giant sinks back into apathetic slumber again, and the city world wags as before. So with the Excise Law. Some fine Sunday the citizen wakes up to find his matutinal cocktail is unattainable, and his post-prandial cigar a thing difficult to be compassed. All this, too, under the same law which suffered the bar-rooms to dispense their fluids for a score of preceding Sabbaths. What a pity that all this activity, which is so excellent a thing in its way, should be so spasmodic as to be simply ridiculous. What a pity that the law cannot be evenly enforced (the objectionable parts of it would then be quickly repealed), and the very fact of a law's existence on the statute books be deemed reason enough for its enforcement. Now things are done so spasmodically that no one knows why they are done, or when they will be done. Of course, no one is responsible for this, for our city government is hydra-headed, and every head has a convenient pair of shoulders on to which blame can be shifted. The diagnosis of all this evidently points to something in the nature of chills and fever—a fever of activity and ultra-officious enforcement of every law; a chill of apathy, during which no notice is taken of anything.

**COURTSHIP ON THE "L."**  
BY THE JUDGE'S CITY LYRIST.

ANY place will do to court;  
Lover's phrases may be short,  
Yet may serve to make a match—  
Catch your chance where you can catch,  
Even in the city's crowd—  
Love need never speak aloud.

After day in Central Park,  
(Soft Spring evening, growing dark):  
Two, to reach the ferry line,  
Take the cars at Fifty-nine,  
Off they go, with smoke and whirl—  
Harlem fellow, Brooklyn girl.

Time for one fond word at last;  
But the stations come so fast,  
And the brakemen shout amain  
Names that cut soft words in twain:  
"Dearest, only say the word—  
Wilt thou be my—" "Fifty-third!"

"Life with thee would discount heaven;  
I am only—" "Forty-seven!"  
"On thy love my heart has reckoned—  
Let me be thy—" "Forty-second!"  
"As the needle to the north  
"Points my soul to—" "Thirty-fourth!"

"Let me, darling, know my fate;  
Must I wait for—" "Twenty-eight!"  
"Oh, my love, my dove, my bird!  
Heart meets heart in—" "Twenty-third!"  
"Where, to-morrow, shall we meet?  
Answer softly—" "Eighteenth Street!"

"Other swains may come between  
Thee and me, perhaps—" "Fourteen!"  
"Doubting, and (it may be) vexed,  
Thou'lt find me in—" "Ninth Street next!"  
"For I dote on you as Faust on  
Marguerite, my darling—" "Houston!"

"Let me take this little hand;  
Oh, our wedding shall be—" "Grand!"  
"But, if scorned by you, I shall  
Seek a grave in some—" "Canal!"  
"Oh, I'll never change at all —"  
"Chatham! change for City Hall!"

"Do not drive me to despair;  
Soon we'll be at—" "Franklin Square!"  
"Darling, 'yes' is short and sweet,  
And time presses—" "Fulton Street!"  
So his love-making is broken—  
Ferry reached, "Yes" yet unspoken.

THE price of spring lamb is exorbitant this year.

Mary bought a little lamb—  
It was so very small  
That when her husband took his share  
She'd none herself at all.

A GOOD many people have suffered severely in Wall Street during the past few days. The explanation appears in a paragraph in the morning papers: "A wild steer at large."

"THE wages of sin is death" sounds all right; but in these latter days the wages of sin assume the shape and form of silks, satins, velvets and sealskins.

"I SAY, Clem, dar's a big dog in yondah," said one chicken thief to another. "Wa'al, yo' try an' steal him w'ile I am a hookin' der chickings."

Now is the time of year when the average Christian falls from grace. It's the stove-pipe that does it.



A SUGGESTION FOR THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR.

Run him a few miles out to sea, and the High Priest can clap on the crown before the Nihilists get a chance at him.

**DEFINITIONS.**

**REFEREE.**—A fool who puts himself out that other fools may be put out with him.

**DRUMMER.**—A modern term for the ancient word bandit—a highway robber.

**BEWARE.**—A term of caution used in connection with the word dog, with which it forms an actively significant phrase.

**MAN,** (see the German).—A forked radish with a head.

**BATH.**—The leveller—a tub in which King, Burgher and Peasant look and act alike.

**BUMMER.**—A philosopher; the latter-day name for a modern Diogenes, derived from the Greek word TRAMP.

**SOLDIER.**—A machine working automatically; powerful for autocrats; powerless for democrats.

**THIEVING.**—A too visible appropriation of another person's goods; called speculation when artistically done.

**HONOR.**—An invisible quality that men swear by, not act by; a colloquial phrase.

**ARMY.**—A conglomeration of atoms, that one atom may raise itself above the others.

**HAPPINESS.**—An abstract term, meaning absence of misery.

**BLUE BLOOD.**—A life stream tinged blue with the dregs of centuries.

**POLITICIAN.**—A human fac-simile of the Keeley motor; a thing of promise and of little worth.

AN exchange heads an item. "What hot water will do." Well, if it is hot enough, it will make you take your hand out of it without argument—but, for that matter, it has no advantage over hot coffee in that respect.

THERE was a great deal of pleasure in the Star route business; only the Bliss remains now.

WHY don't Sullivan meet Slade? Is he afraid of him? Or does he think him too spicey because he has Mace?

**THE LADIES' ART ASSOCIATION.**

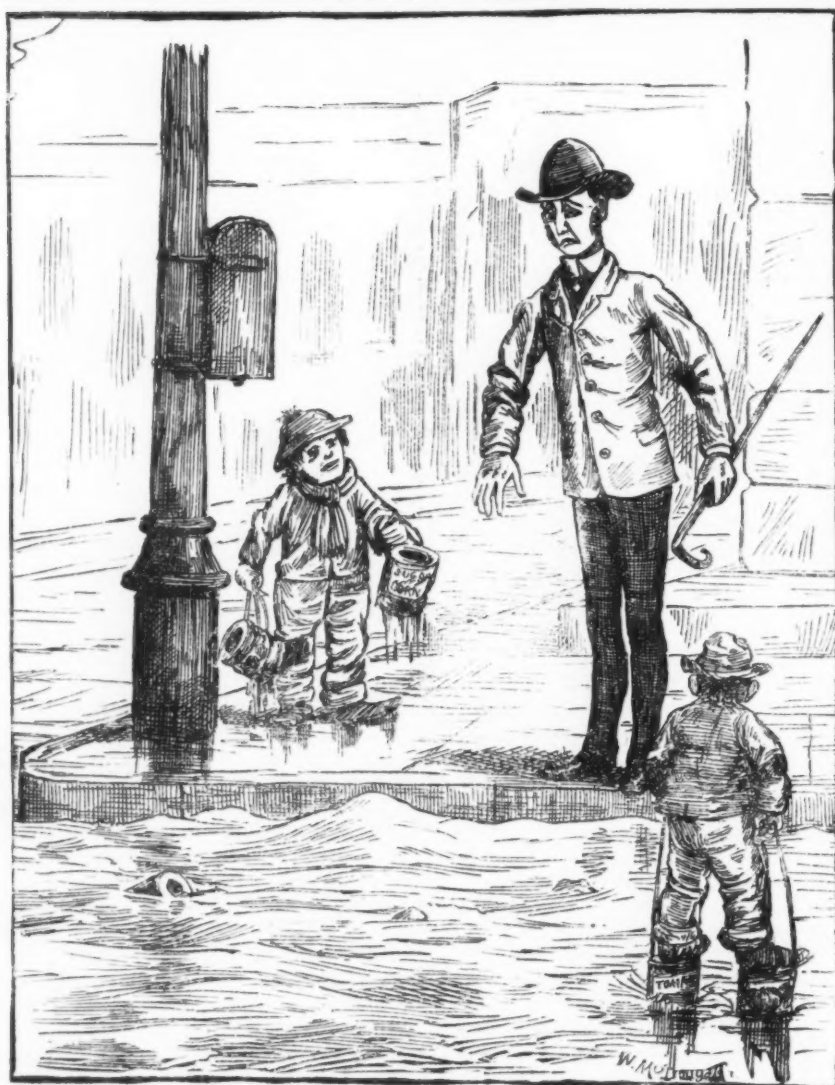
THE ladies—bless them!—the ladies of the Ladies' Art Association have sent us a copy of what the title page proclaims to be "A Preliminary Discussion." It is not the last word—though the dear creatures are bound to have that, too—it is just a preliminary discussion by a member of the Society of Lady Artists, and one of the ladies—we hope the author—has been kind enough to inscribe the Society's compliments, in a pretty feminine hand, on the title page. We hope the compliments came direct from the author, we repeat, for in the little pamphlet before us we have proof that the author is an uncommonly bright woman. We like them bright—indeed we like them anyway; but above all we like them bright. The little brochure before us gives us an insight into the proceedings of a regular "hen convention," a ladies' society. We suppose they do not talk in rhyme; we are afraid that is an exceptional meeting at which so many bright things are said as the "member" has collected into her little poem—but we thank her all the same. We have enjoyed our glimpse into the penetralia, and when the question is settled,

"Shall it be  
Simply tea?"—

THE JUDGE will hold himself in readiness for an invitation. We would suggest, however, that "Miss D." appears to be as sensible as anyone there; and her line, "I believe in substantial food and cigars in the gentlemen's cloak room," should be tacked on to the Apostle's Creed.

TARRYTOWN does not want any tramps, and has an emphatic way of conveying that fact to the understanding of the peripatetic brotherhood. The tramps think Tarrytown is a misnomer, and suggest that the name be changed to Moveoutville.

JUMBO is not white, and that's the reason they would not let him walk across the Brooklyn bridge. They felt that he might appear out of character with the structure.



A LIBERAL OFFER.

"'Ere ye are, boss! Ferry yer across in these 'ere for a nickel, or bail out the whole bloomin' gutter for a dime. Take yer choice."

## CREMATION.

THE advocates of cremation have a regularly incorporated society. They have more; they have common-sense on their side. It is wonderful that the semi-barbarous custom of putting our dead into holes in the ground should have survived as long as it has done. The ancients were wiser; they had a truer, finer sentiment, and an inexpressibly better appreciation of the sanitary laws when they reduced the corpse to ashes. The New York Cremation Society, organized under the laws of this State, has a good work to do, and THE JUDGE hopes it will accomplish it. If it succeeds (and with common sense on its side, succeed it must in the long run) we will have no more death-breeding funerals; no more pestilential grave-yards; no more costly and extravagant cemeteries. Only a furnace, an inexpensive ceremonial, a cinerary urn, and the dust of our dear will really repose under the care of the living, and not putrify in rank and loathsome graves. THE JUDGE advocates incineration, once for all and all the time, and he has yet to hear a single argument—save the stale one of custom—adduced on the other side.

"MEAT me once again" is what the hungry dog said to the butcher.

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL STORIES.

WITH PATENT SELF-SUGGESTING MORALS.

## NO. III.

THERE was once a very large boarding-school, whither flocked boys of every pattern, big and little, for the sake of the educational and other advantages the school was supposed to offer. As was natural in such a large assemblage, some of the boys were good, and a great many were bad, and the vast majority had nothing salient in their characters at all. A big school is only a microcosm of every-day life. As it was utterly impossible for the teachers to exercise adequate supervision over so many pupils, it was the custom to appoint some of the scholars monitors, and empower them to exercise a certain amount of authority over the school at large. These monitors varied in grade, and at the head of them all was one boy who was called the captain of the school. It is needless to say that this last position was greedily coveted by every boy who was at all eligible to fill it, and indeed by some who were quite the reverse.

At the time of which I am writing, the place of captain was filled by a boy who had slipped into the place by accident, as it were, owing to the removal from school of his pre-

decessor. It was universally conceded that he was not fit for his position; he was not strong enough; there were plenty of larger boys in the school, who could thrash him at will and lead him by the nose anywhere. There was, consequently, a great clamor to have him replaced, as it was claimed that the discipline of the school was suffering seriously from his weakness.

I should here state that the school at this time was split up into two great parties, one of which desired that the usual weekly half-holiday should be celebrated on Wednesday, and the other preferring the traditional and time-honored Saturday. Collisions were frequent between the Wednesdays and Saturdays, as they called themselves, and party feeling ran high. A big boy named Ben, who had frequently held positions as a subordinate monitor, was regarded as the champion of the Wednesday party—though, till a very recent period, he had been among the loudest advocates of the Saturday half-holiday. The nominal chief of the Saturday party was the captain of the school, Arthur, though in fact there were several boys in his party far more generally looked up to, and better fighters and stronger every way. Ben ardently coveted the position of captain of the school, and used every artifice to obtain it. He unearthed cases of bullying, punished the oppressors, and generally befriended the helpless small boys—all which his position as monitor enabled him to do most effectually. His popularity grew apace, and though it was mainly confined to those of the Wednesday persuasion, and little boys at that, still, being unchecked by the captain—who was at any time only too glad to let the school run itself; and steal away for an hour's fishing—it soon attained formidable dimensions.

One great difficulty Ben had to contend with was the fact that he had not always been the small boys' friend—indeed, that he had at one time belonged to the Saturday party, and was regarded as merely an uncertain convert by the one party, and as a base pervert by the other. Tales of bullying, too, were whispered against his past. For all this he had but one answer: "Let the past alone. You see what my present is; judge from that what my future will be. I have turned over a new leaf. Should I become your captain I will put down bullying—nothing shall go amiss. I shall inaugurate the golden age in the playground."

To which some people said, "Ben is sick for the captaincy. 'When the devil was sick the devil a monk would be; when the devil got well, the devil a monk was he.' Ethiopians and leopards are not successful, as a rule, in lightning changes where their skins and spots are concerned." Others, however, believed in the sincerity of Ben's reconstruction.

If THE JUDGE were to follow out the whole history of Ben's candidacy, and relate how he really did behave, the moral (or, rather, morals) suggested by the above would be valuable—for the story suggests two morals; so for once there is a good chance of everybody being pleased:

MORAL I.—The child is father to the man.

MORAL II.—You can't always prophecy the future of the horse from the performance of the colt.

THE New York *Era* says if it were asked to name the most important work of the century it would name "Progress and Poverty." It seems to us that Henry George named the book before the idea struck the *Era*.

## THE GHOST OF A GULL.

SOPHRONIA TURNER was a lovely and loving girl. She possessed a heart overflowing with affection, a complexion of strawberries and cream, and a tame gull. On this last possession the wealth of her young affections was lavished. Oh, it was a pure and tender passion—a love that had nothing sordid in its nature, for surely if poor humanity owns a feeling which is intrinsically disinterested, it is the love that we bestow upon a gull. And Sophronia loved this gull with a steady, unwavering passion. Whether the bird reciprocated or not was a point upon which she could never fully make up her mind, for gulls are undemonstrative; but she loved it, and that sufficed her. And her love was unchanging in its nature. Whether the gull flattered and pecked (its wings were clipped) in the full glory of its grey and white feathers, or whether it was moulting and its plumage resembled that of a sick hen caught in a thunder-shower, made no difference to Sophronia. She loved her gull.

On a visit to a farmer in the neighborhood was Jeremiah Tompkins. He, too, had a tender heart, but he had no gull. But he was a city-bred fellow, and really did not feel the want of one. The absence of a gull created no void in his life. In fact, had he seen a gull the chances are he would not have known what it was. But the time came when he was to be terribly enlightened—when the vivid idea of a sea-bird of gulline aspect was to be impressed on his mentality with the vividness of a picture; when a gull would torture his thoughts by day and haunt his dreams by night. And it was in this wise:

He had borrowed the farmer's gun, and had gone out shooting. This was nothing unusual; he had essayed to hunt every day during his brief visit, but hitherto he had not been very successful. The good-natured farmer said never a word when the doughty Tompkins, in default of better game, had emptied his gun among the chickens. One crusty neighbor had objected when his turkeys were made the mark for the young sportsman's prowess; but, on the whole, his shooting had been uneventful and barren of results. But this day—this memorable day—for the first time and last time in his life, he came in contact with a gull.

The bird evinced no fear of young Tompkins, and, to do him justice, he manifested corresponding intrepidity. He approached to within a foot or two of the feathered biped without faltering, he raised his gun, and his finger, as it pressed the trigger, did not tremble. A cloud of smoke, a roar, a puff of feathers, an exclamation of pain from the young man who never *could* hold a gun so that it would not hurt him by the recoil, and the gull was transferred to the capacious game-bag.

Tompkins sped homeward as if he were treading on air. Field sports are so exhilarating, and at last he had shot a creature which no one could accuse of being a domestic fowl. What it was he did not know, nor did he much care. He only knew that there was a birthday party at his host's house that evening, and to the assembled guests he would display, with pardonable pride, the captive of his bow and spear. So he was happy. Alas, poor short-sighted mortal! Could he but have known; could he but have seen.

That evening Sophronia's gull came not to peck its food from its mistress' hand. In point of fact, it had never been in the habit of taking its nourishment in that way, but it was a favorite fiction of Sophronia's that it

did, and who so strong-hearted as to gainsay her? But on this particular evening the gull failed to appear at all. Sunset melted into twilight, and twilight into darkness, and still the gull came not, nor could anything be guessed save that he was not.

Soon it became necessary for Sophronia to tire herself for a birthday party to which she was bidden. Her mind was but ill attuned to scenes of revelry, oppressed as she was with misgivings as to the fate of her favorite; but it was incumbent upon her to be present. The invitation had been accepted; a new muslin dress with lavender ribbons had been trimmed for the occasion, and, furthermore, there was to be a young man from the city among the guests, and Sophronia felt that in her tender heart there were stores of love as yet unlavished upon the gull, waiting to be garnered by some not impossible He.

"There was a sound of revelry by night." The dance had ended, and Sophronia Turner hung upon the arm of Jeremiah Tompkins. He was taking her to another room where was displayed the trophy of his morning's prowess—the mortal remains of a gull. Sophronia's grief was masked by smiles. In the glow of conscious beauty and unconscious innocence she walked to her doom.

A scream, a rushing of many feet, a tableau! Jeremiah Tompkins supporting the fainting form of Sophronia Turner in his arms, and the lifeless corpse of the once pulsating and animated gull at his feet! Let us draw a veil over the harrowing picture.

\* \* \* \* \*

The maiden was eventually consoled, but the hair of both had (or might have) turned as grey as the gull's plumage ere they exchanged their vows at the altar. For if the ancient mariner was haunted by the albatross he shot, how terribly did the gull avenge himself upon his murderer. Long did his shadowy wings keep two loving hearts asunder, for in Sophronia's eyes there was blood upon the hand he proffered her. But woman is forgiving; he was a city-man—the first real dude she had ever seen—and they were married in the following spring when the early violets were beginning to peep upon the gull's grave, and already Tompkins is beginning to suspect that he was the gull after all.

RIDEAU HALL, the official residence of the Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada, has been threatened lately by Fenians, burglars or some such unpleasant people. There is naturally some consternation experienced, as Rideau Hall is an out of the way, for-Lorne sort of place.

"APPLIQUE," says a fashion note, "is a very favorite method of decorating the surface of unpatterned materials." We have no very well defined idea as to what "applique" may be, but we should like to know if it is likely to supersede rouge and pearl powder.

"THERE is no man that may not instruct us. Even the folly of a fool may teach us," remarks our esteemed contemporary *Grit* of Williamsport. Thus in the great scheme of creation nothing is wasted. Even the dude has his uses.

A GREENBACKER has been elected Mayor of Moberley, Mo. They always did take kindly to anything that guaranteed any sort of money down there.

MAYDAY is moving time, but it won't make any difference to the tramp. He's changing his residence every day.



FACES WE SHOULD KNOW.

THOMAS C. ACTON.

WHAT man, of all men in the United States, signs papers and documents representing the most money. Not William H. Vanderbilt, not Gould, nor Field, nor Sage, nor any of those men whose names are always regarded as redolent of millions. No; the man whose signature carries more wealth with it than that of any other, is the quiet, unassuming gentleman whose portrait appears above—Thomas C. Acton, sub-treasurer of the United States. Surely he is one of the men whom the people should know.

A YOUNG man in Kansas made game of his mother-in-law by mistaking her for a pheasant and shooting her in the head. Almost any young married man is liable to make a mistake of this kind, and mothers-in-law, if they value their lives, should not come within gun-shot distance of their sons-in-law.

A NEW YORK paper speaks of "a baby three days old with a full suit of hair weighing ten pounds." How a three-days' old babe can carry ten pounds of hair is what will puzzle the average reader.

"So your father's a Vulcan?" said a passing tourist to a blacksmith's little boy sitting near the forge. "No, he's a son of a gun, so the helper, Bill Stubbs sez," coolly answered the boy.

Who was it that advised short men to enter the bonds of Hy-men? Doesn't he know that if they were to follow his advice they would soon become more "short" than ever?

NEWSPAPERS may have just as much influence as ever, but the women-folk say they are not making as big a bustle in the world as they did a few years ago.

A MAN was arrested in Philadelphia the other day for passing a bogus dollar on a storekeeper named Goode. It would seem that it is not always right to "do" Goode.

"ARE you a jurymen?" asked the clerk of the court of an intrusive Irishman. "No, sir, I'm a dhrayman," replied the latter.

"There's music in the heir," sighed a traveler seated behind a squalling male infant in the cars.



SIMILAR.

*Now, if I only had a pipe, I could pass that off as a portrait of myself.*

## GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

THE JUDGE has qualified for taking his place among the great financial institutions of the day. He has—or, rather, he had—a defaulter. Ah, that office boy! that office boy! How we all loved him, and how we all trusted him. He was so innocent, so sweet looking, so pensive (and expensive); and, above all, an orphan. And now he is a defaulter. We never thought of counting the change he brought back when we sent him to the corner for cigars; and now he is a defaulter. It was but the money for a single subscription that he defaulted with; but he is a defaulter. THE JUDGE will continue publication as usual, his enormous capital enabling him to regard the loss as trifling; but apprehensive that his credit might become impaired if it got about that he owned a defaulter, he reluctantly discharged the youth. We have parted with our beautiful office boy—we have parted in silence and tears, but we have parted amicably. The boy brings with him a cordial recommendation from this office, and will present it and his services to any financial institution in need of an embryo Erlanger. By our advice he will first try New Jersey, and he has promised us when he shall have fulfilled his manifest destiny and become a bank cashier, that he will look favorably upon our paper. Farewell, bright youth! There is a field for you in finance, in politics—in fact most anywhere.

MR. WARNER, of Rochester, offers two hundred dollars for each comet discovered during the present year.—*Ec.*

Robert Bonner pays more than that for a tale "to be continued in our next."

## VEREKER ON NATURAL SCIENCE.

"PA," said Vereker's little boy the other day, "the paper says that the folks that built the Brooklyn bridge have allowed for the expansion and contraction of the material—that iron expands and contracts according to temperature. Now I'd like to know what that means."

"It means, my son," began Vereker impressively, and very slowly, for the subject was by no means familiar to him, and he was feeling his way—"it means, my son, that iron being a marketable commodity and subject to fluctuation—"

"That ain't it," said young Hopeful. "What's that got to do with temperature?"

"Everything," replied Vereker, "for, look you; the people who built the bridge contracted to put it up for so much, and that's where the contraction comes in. Afterwards, when they came to look for the money, some of it was not there, and anyhow they hadn't enough to meet the expense—"

"And that's where the expansion came in. I see," murmured young Hopeful. "So it was owing to the expansion and contraction that it cost fifteen millions to build the bridge."

"Exactly, my boy," said the delighted Vereker; "you have an excellent idea of natural science."

"But still I don't see that the question about the temperature is explained," pursued the youngster.

"Oh, that—that," mused Mr. Vereker, who was non-plussed again, "oh, that merely refers to the future state of the contractors." The boy quit at that.

## A DIALOGUE.

SAYS Jay Gould to Vanderbilt,  
"All your paper's edged with gilt;  
All your stocks and shares are high  
Saving when you want to buy;  
All the market waits your nod  
Like a plutocratic god."

Then said Vanderbilt to Gould,  
"All your stocks are deftly pooled;  
And your luck is so immense,  
You've such funds of Wall street sense—  
Markets always come your way;  
All you deal in seems to pay."

"But the houses you have got—"  
"What are they beside your yacht?"  
"And the dealers you have fooled—"  
"There I can't approach you, Gould!"  
"Then I'll tell you what's the plan—  
Let us swim together, Van."

"Sorry, but I really can't—  
You are so extravagant.  
Recollect, you bought the *World*."  
Back Jay Gould the answer hurled,  
"One poor newspaper!" "But then  
Newspapers have ruined men."

So they parted; and each went  
Back to deals of cent. per cent.  
There's no quarrel in their heart,  
Yet they are a *World* apart.  
Roll on, *World*, if so thou wilt,  
'Twixt Jay Gould and Vanderbilt.

THE BUCKET-SHOP BARD.

## IT WAS THE OTHER ONE.

It was a pair of "dudes" who had been to Europe and they were conversing in a New York horse-car, much to the delectation of the other passengers.

"Things are awful stupid here," remarked one. "Everything's so new, you know, nothing to see."

Here the other passengers smiled audibly, apparently at something outside the window, and one old farmer laughed outright. The dude who had spoken looked around in mild surprise, and then continued:

"It's a terrible bore for a fellow to be compelled to stay here. People are so uncouth and sometimes absolutely rude. I think I shall go over again, pretty soon, to get where there is something, you know, and where a man can have a chance to spend his money."

Here the old farmer laughed aloud again, and the rest of the passengers appeared to enjoy something, too. The laugh of the farmer seemed so pointed, that the dude turned to him and said:

"Oh, aw! I beg pardon. But is there anything about me which amuses you?"

"Oh, no!" replied the farmer; "I was jest thinkin' of an old jackass that I used to have. I had as purty a piece of pastur' as ever you see, an' my neighbor Brown had an old field all grown up with thistles. I put my jackass in the pastur', but do all I could he would break through the fence, an' git into Brown's thistle field. At last, as the only way out, I made a bargain with Brown to let the fool stay there. Every one to their taste, says I. Oh, no! I wasn't laughing at you. I was jest a thinkin' of that other jackass."

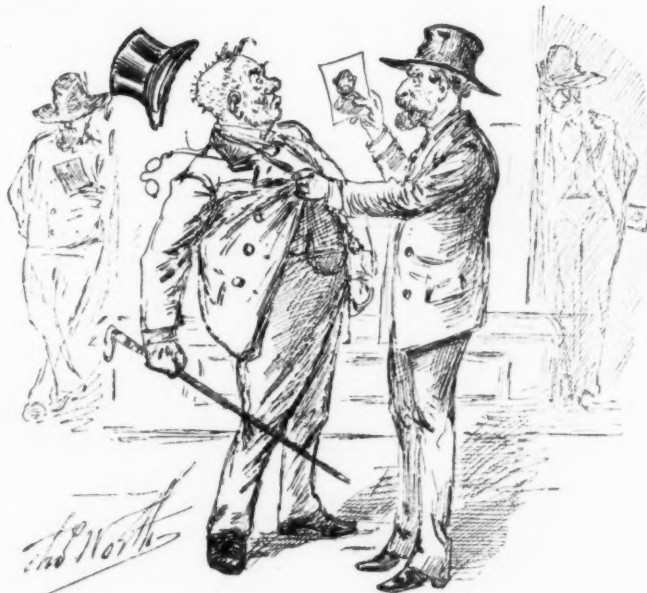
And then there was not another word said in the car until the dudes got off at the next corner.

HARRY J. SHELLMAN.

EVERY Irishman that goes to Florida doesn't become an Orangeman.

## Mrs. Pennyfeather's Peregrinations.

THE hat I purchased last week was a lovely little capote. It was covered with violets, and the brim and the strings were of Valenciennes lace. Of course it was becoming and just the style for a blonde, or else I shouldn't have bought it. Well, the temptation to wear it was too strong to resist, so when the night for Nilsson's farewell arrived, I appeared in it, although the weather was vile, and it almost rained cats and dogs. Heraclitus made a pretty little speech as to my looking quite charming in my new bonnet, but I didn't feel very comfortable, for the bill for it had already come home, and all through the concert I was racking my brains to invent some way of paying for it. The next morning I was still pondering on the subject, when there appeared on the scene Heraclitus' sister with her two children, and about a dozen boxes and bundles of all sorts and sizes. Any other time I should have been mad enough at such an unexpected visitation, but the instant I set my eyes on them I at once saw my way out of the difficulty about the hat, and so my greeting must have been quite cordial. Of course Lucinda had come to town to do her spring and summer shopping, and to be entertained by dear brother's wife. So, when dear brother came home, I just called him up stairs, and while he was preparing for dinner I asked him in plain language if he expected me to set the table for three extra ones, and pay their car fare all over town on the miserable little allowance he was pleased to let me have. I must say he behaved very well under the circumstances, and said: "Of course not, Penelope; here's fifty dollars; use it as you think best, only treat them well, and see that they have a good time." I hadn't forgotten how they treated me when I visited them last summer, but I said nothing. I just made up my mind it would be a cold day when Lucinda got anything for herself out of that fifty dollars. Besides I was going to use part of it to pay for my bonnet, and the rest would have to go on the table. Heraclitus would be mad if he didn't have the best of everything, though when I was up to Lucinda's I had salt pork for breakfast, pork and beans for dinner, and bread and butter and apple sauce for tea. Not a bit of cream, and bluer milk than ever I saw in the city. When we started off the next day I let her pay her own car fare and mine, too. She offered to, and I didn't object. We left the children home with the servants, as she wanted to get some things for herself first. If there's anything I hate it's shopping with country people. They always ask your advice, and then go and do exactly the reverse of what you tell them. In spite of all I could say and do to prevent it, she bought her a Fedora bonnet, with a pointed brim and a puffed crown, and all trimmed up with yellow ribbon, when a small Langtry hat, trimmed with a pretty spray of flowers and loops of narrow ribbon, would have been ever so much more becoming. Then instead of getting a nice serviceable satine, as I recommended, she got an old-fashioned organdie that will wrinkle and look old and mussy before she has worn it three times. When we got home I showed her a new brown satine, with white polka dots, I had just had made. It was made with a pleated skirt, an apron over-skirt and basque, trimmed with some pretty embroidery that I got awfully cheap at S—'s, and she was sick enough of her organdie, I can tell you, and wondered if she couldn't change it. I intimated that New York merchants didn't usually do business that way, and now, perhaps, another time she'll take my advice.



## WANTED, NO. 1.

OLD GENTLEMAN.—Hello! you sir! What are you taking hold of me for? Confound you!

DETECTIVE.—I am looking for No. 1. Just seeing how near you come to him.

She bought a lot of cheap underclothing at S. C. & S's. Some of the things were lovely, and if I'd had any money I should have got a few sets for myself, just to keep until I needed them. I took her once to E—s, and she was completely carried away with the housekeeping department. She got a real nice table-caster for two dollars and seventy-nine cents, and says she is going to send for me to get her a carpet there later in the season. I only hope she will, and not come down to get it herself, and whatever happens I hope she'll never bring those children again. I thought it was easier to leave them at home than to take them with us, but I've changed my mind. They upset everything, knocked over a table covered with small and rare pieces of bric-a-brac, and ate up nearly everything there was to eat in the house. They called old Dinah, our colored cook, a nigger, and she says she won't stand it. Thank goodness, they need some clothes, and will have to go to-morrow to be fitted, so the servants will, at least, have one day of peace; but I can tell you the clerks in the stores will have to suffer for it.

PENELOPE PENNYFEATHER.

SCENE on an elevated railroad car, very nearly full. Two unoccupied seats are directly opposite each other. Train stops at a station, and enter a lady and gentleman. They take the only two vacant seats, and sit facing one another. Train moves on. Extra polite gentleman at the lady's left rises and motions the male new arrival to the seat. Male new arrival takes no manner of notice. Continues motioning ineffectually, and finally says, "If you wish, I will change seats with you, sir, so that you can sit next the lady." "But I don't want to sit next the lady," replies the other. Confusion of extra polite gentleman as the fact is born in upon his mind that because a lady and gentleman enter a car at the same station and at nearly the same time, it does not necessarily follow that they are acquainted. Passengers snicker, e. p. gentleman relapses into the seat next the lady and prepares himself to disembark at the next station.

## RUS IN URBE.

SUGGESTED BY SEEING A BUTTERFLY FLITTING DOWN BROADWAY.

With a shimmer of sun on its wonderful pinions,  
Twin beds of the softest and slickest down,  
It flitted away from the summer's dominions  
And lost itself here in the dust of the town.  
What rivulet flowing, what spring zephyr blowing,  
Could ever have led it so widely astray?  
Whence came it, what brought it, and where is it going—  
This butterfly lost upon busy Broadway?

It hovers, it lights upon beauty's soft bosom—  
Do butterflies know that Eve's daughters are fair?  
Ah, no; the attraction it finds is the blossom.  
The bunch of late violets half hidden there.  
Alas, a delusion! It finds, with confusion,  
That waxen and cold are those flowers so gay.  
Poor wail! all in vain was thy daring intrusion,  
For all is not real we meet on Broadway.

The stages roll past, and the murmur of traffic  
Goes up through the tramp of the hurrying feet,  
As, poising aloft like a presence seraphic,  
The butterfly, wondering, watches the street.  
Will it stoop to the shadows or soar to the meadows?  
Will it rest on the pavement or perch on the spray?  
It flies—no, it falters—these false El Dorados  
Attract our poor butterfly back to Broadway.

'Tis lost in the throng of the comers and goers;  
Its corpse will be found in the mud of the streets—  
But never again will the innocent flowers  
Yield up to its kisses their hearts' hidden sweets.  
The cold, cruel city, with no touch of pity,  
Engulfs its light form as it flutters away—  
'Twas graceful and innocent, lightsome and pretty,  
But not the first butterfly lost on Broadway.

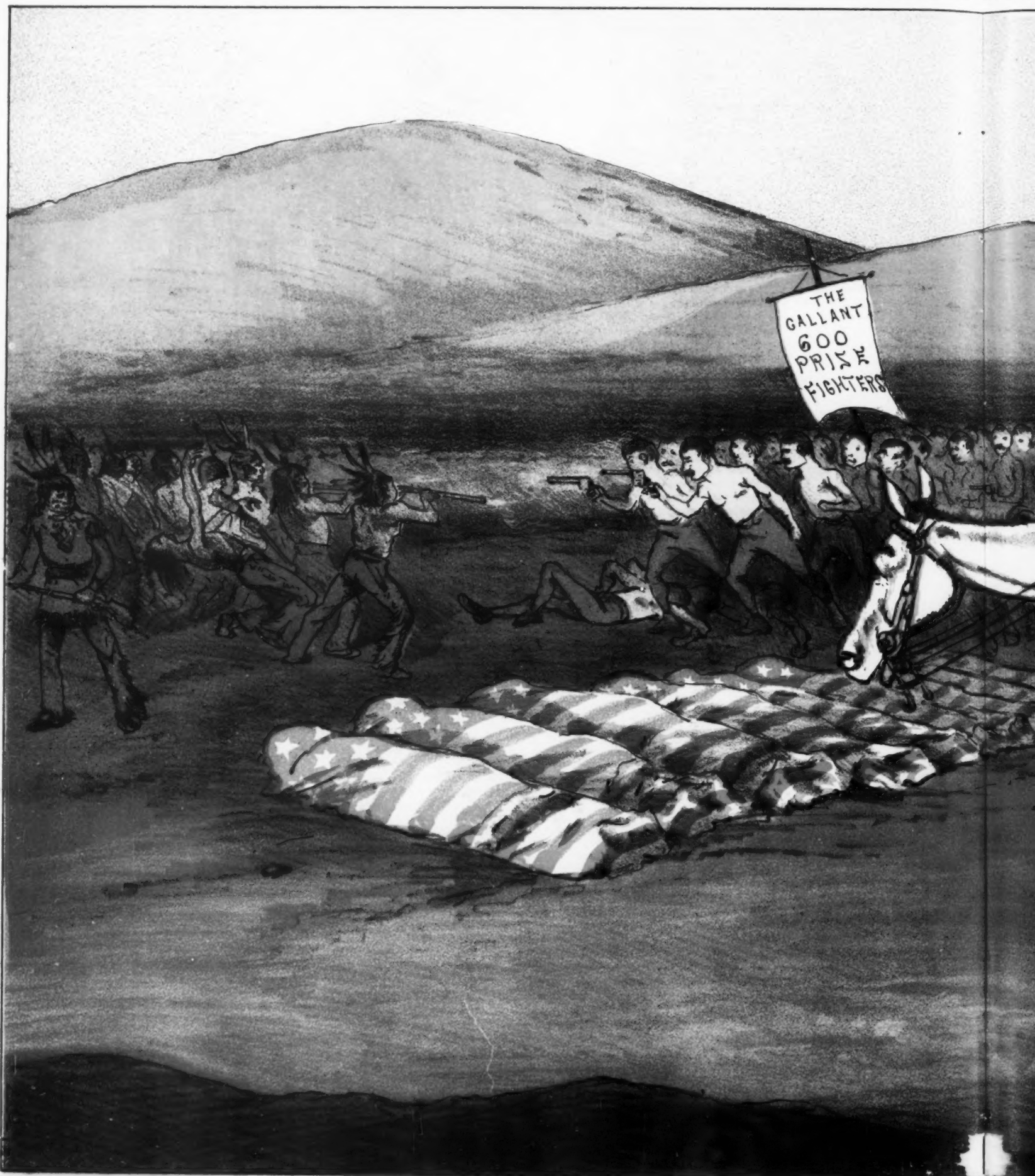
As light wings as these in the dust have been trailing;  
As innocent creatures have fluttered along;  
Home's faintly heard summons has proved unavailing—  
They soared, stooped and vanished, engulfed in the throng.  
Alas, for their lightness, their beauty and brightness!  
Alas for the impulse that led them astray!  
The mud of the city can smother any whiteness,  
And thousands of butterflies fall in Broadway.

G. H. JESSOP.

THE spring vest patterns are very pronounced, and it is said that there is a great competition among tailors to secure orders from David Davis, he being the only man in the country who can display an entire pattern on a single garment.

A PRIVATE soldier in the United States army has fallen heir to forty thousand dollars. This item properly comes under the head of military supplies.

ANOTHER journalistic anomaly. The *Dry Goods Reporter* has a leading article headed, "Regulation of the Liquor Traffic."



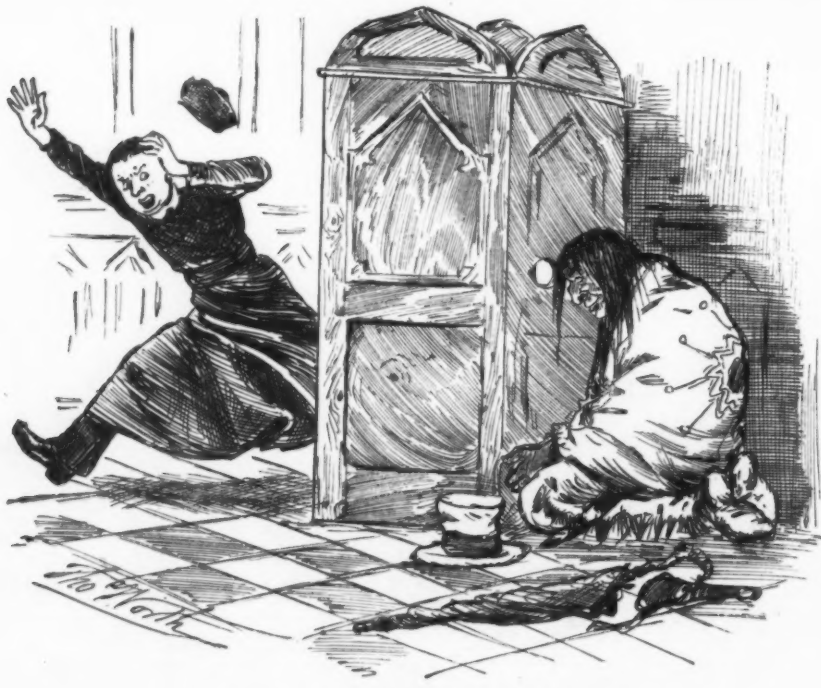
**SOLVING THE INDIAN**  
SEND OUT THE SHOULDER-STRIKERS AND



JUDGE.



DIAN PROBLEM.  
S AND GIVE THE ARMY A REST.



A NICE OLD CONVERT AT CONFESSIONAL.

*It has been reported that Sitting Bull has joined the Catholic Church. Is there any priest who could sit still and hear this old Indian tough confess the number of scalps he has taken, the murders and other crimes he has committed?*

#### Some Remarkable Transformations.

OUR young and energetic contemporary, *The Imp*, notices, as a remarkable transformation, the fact that a man who was presented with a quart of whisky immediately made a night of it. We have observed many startling changes of the same sort. A new bonnet was presented to an acquaintance of ours, and everybody remarked, directly she had put it on, that the bonnet became the lady. Who has not noticed how readily a sheep may be turned into a field, and a door, by the mere act of shutting it, is made two. A young lady—never mind her name—met a goat recently in a narrow lane, and without an instant's hesitation the animal turned to butter. Under certain circumstances a door may become a jar, and we have observed instances in which men, a moment before similar in all essential particulars to the general run of humanity, suddenly became board. Grocers frequently make the weights light, though they say there is no saving of gas in consequence, and money is habitually put up to serve the purpose of a steak. These instances might be multiplied indefinitely, but enough has been said to show how frequently natural phenomena are occurring around us.

OSCAR WILDE says: "Mary Anderson is the most beautiful and exquisite thing America has yet produced," and all the indigenous products of the soil, from the Texan cow-boy down to the Western paragon and the railroad millionaire, hang their heads in shame and feel that their lives have been wasted.

For weeds that all are smoking  
I do not care a D;  
Cigars that all are choking  
Are no cigars for me.  
And if Victoria Reina  
Is running me in debt,  
I never will disdain a  
More modest cigarette.

#### THE PASSION.

BY MALMI SORSE.

IT is not a play; there is nothing dramatic about it. No one who has seen the "Doctor of Lima" would accuse me of writing a play. Unfortunately, very few have seen the "Doctor of Lima." But it is a rank injustice to call the Passion a play. It is a liberal education, if you will; it is a wild, weird thing, full of hills and hollows and abrupt incidents. It is a scriptural lesson; just the sort of thing that your favorite minister reads to you from the pulpit every Sunday, and closes with the words "Here endeth the second lesson." Unfortunately the civic authorities closed my lesson before it had begun with "Here endeth the second lesson" or words of similar import, and I am left with a clamorous horde of chorus people on my hands and a rankling sense of injustice gnawing at my heart. To think of all I have gone through to prepare this Passion, and to perfect the realism thereof in every detail; it is atrocious! Oh, I am quite calm. I have been in one passion in my life. Never any more, thank you.

Five years did I live in Palestine, studying my subject. Perhaps you do not realize what five years in Palestine, at this epoch of the Christian era, means. Palestine is a country where fleas are as large as grasshoppers, and as voracious as an army contractor. You shudder! Well you may; but taking the whole creation, as found in Palestine—brute, insect and human—the fleas are the most innocent, the most guileless, the freest from predatory instincts. Then it is hot there—hot with an exceeding hotness—hot with the torrid heat that makes a man yearn to take off his flesh and sit in his bones. I look as if I had done so, and had forgotten to resume my outer envelope? Thanks; no doubt I do, for I have suffered much.

I have wrestled with the polysyllables of oriental languages, and with the extortionate

charges of the orientals who speak those languages. The appeal of the mendicant was the first sentence I learned, for I heard it more frequently than any other. All this I endured for five years—for five long, weary years, and then I determined to let you free-born Americans see how it is yourselves; for I designed to produce the result of my studies upon the stage, and I would have produced it with a fidelity to nature and a realism that would have paralyzed you.

The fleas? No; I should have been compelled to omit the fleas, for the insects, tho' of vast stature and formidable powers, do not bear transportation, and quickly lose their vivacity in a foreign climate—about as quickly as you would lose your vivacity in theirs. But I wander from my subject.

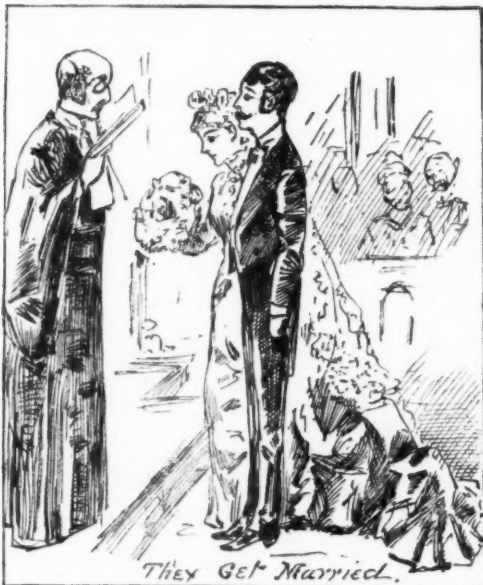
The Passion has been performed by mummers in the England of the middle ages; it is performed by Swiss peasants. Am I worse than a mediæval mummer or a Swiss peasant? I trow not. Why, then, did the mayor refuse us a license? I will tell you; let me whisper it in your ear gently. He did it for political reasons. Now this was manifestly unjust, for what have politics to do with passion, or passion to do with politics? Proverbially there is nothing in the world more dispassionate than politics. Dispassionately, there is nothing more political than a proverb; politically there is nothing more proverbial than a passion; yet I, in this free country, was forbidden to exhibit one.

For thus the mayor reasoned—and mark his reasoning well, for it is characteristic of the whole brood of mayors: If this man be suffered to produce his educator, his great moral lesson, he will educate the people to such a pitch that they will see me as I am—a mere machine mayor—and they will have none of me; and then—but why pursue the bent of his reasoning further? I was sacrificed to the political exigencies of the moment.

What do I intend to do about it? Ah, that is a leading question. I have not quite made up my mind. I shall probably leave New York wrapped in the Stygian darkness of its own piteous politics. I shall go to Switzerland, where the people are accustomed to be educated as I wish to educate them. I shall hire some secluded Alpine valley, and there I shall present my composition. But if even there the leaven of politics has penetrated, and the people rise in their ill-directed wrath and oust me; then, oh then, in some far-off island of the deep blue Pacific, I will seek a sequestered nook, and will give my performance to the mermaids and the crustacea and the monkeys. Among the monkeys I shall at least be returning to first principles. Here in New York I find no principles at all.

"God save Ireland!" said a Nationalist orator, winding up a speech in which he had distributed dynamite all over England, enthused upon the wild justice of revenge as exemplified by a blunderbuss from behind a hedge, and inveighed against informers in general and James Carey in particular. "God save Ireland from what?" inquired a bystander. The orator was puzzled, but finally said, "from her own recreant sons." "No use praying for that, my boy—the age of miracles has passed."

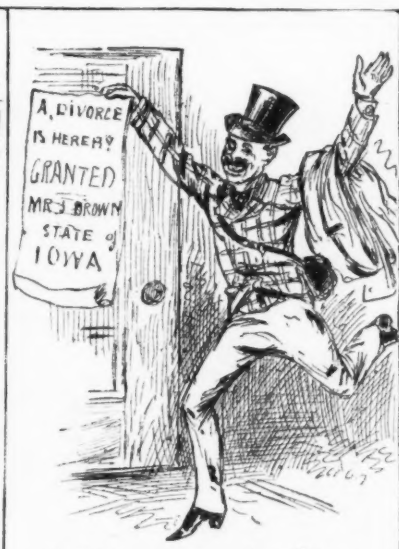
It is certainly to dudes that the advertisement about "that tired feeling" is addressed. If the dudes would consider the lilies, and leave off tiring themselves so extravagantly, no doubt the advertisement in question would disappear with its cause.



They Get Married.



They Quarrel



HE Gets a divorce from IOWA



She from Indiana



He marries again, then finds his divorce is good for nothing



She marries again and discovers that she has no legal divorce from first husband.

THE PLEASURES OF THE DIVORCE LAWS.

A HOTEL FABLE.

"HULLO!" cried a fox and a rooster who were traveling together, as they met an elephant, "you're a pretty old miser; why don't you hire an expressman to carry your trunk?"

The elephant made no reply to their insulting remarks, and a few hours later they all entered the hotel office together. The cock and fox stepped briskly up and registered, and asked to be shown up to their rooms immediately.

"Wait a moment," said the clerk; "you have no baggage; you'll have to pay in advance."

"He's got a gall," remarked the fox. "Well, I should crow," said the rooster.

"Oh, that's all very well," replied the clerk; "but we've had too much experience with fellows who have no more baggage than I see you have—a brush and a comb; so please 'ante' or skip."

The rooster, having expected to get his supper and lodging and then fly out of the window, and the fox, who had laid his plans to steal away at daylight, were completely nonplussed and knocked out, and took their leave unceremoniously. As they sneaked out, the

elephant yelled after them, "don't forget your trunk and expressman next time."

The moral hereby hanging is: a solid man is seldom mistaken for a beat, while his more gaudy companion may bear watching.

"An Illinois farmer has 300,000 bushels of corn on hand, and is happy." It makes a vast difference where you have your corn. We know a man who has only one corn on his foot, but he is not happy—especially when the corn embarks in the weather-prophet business and predicts a big storm.

It is proposed to erect a monument to the inventor of the steam-whistle. If the monument had been started about a year before the man invented the steam nerve-paralyzer, it would have met with a more cheerful response.

An Indian chief rejoices in the name of "Black Eye." It is not known whether his parents or his wife gave it to him.

"LENT is over," said Jones to Smith. "Yes, and can't you pay me that dollar I lent you," was the reply.

DYNAMITE.

"I'll rhyme you so, eight years together; dinners and suppers and sleeping hours excepted; it is the right butter-woman's rank to market. For a taste:—"

AS YOU LIKE IT. ACT III. SC. II.

If you cannot read or write,  
Blow up schools with dynamite.  
If a landlord seeks his right,  
Silence him with dynamite.  
If your bank account is light,  
Raise a fund for dynamite.  
If you're vexed, but dare not fight,  
Wage a war of dynamite.  
If your crops are spoiled by blight,  
Fire the Thames with dynamite.  
In short, if things don't suit you quite,  
Just wreck the world with dynamite.

A SPORTING journal says the best bed for a dog is one composed of dry deal shavings. If the dog is one of the howling species, and is troubled with fleas, the best bed for him is the bed of a river.

"An Arizona woman has lost her third husband by shooting." It has probably occurred to her by this time that if she wants to keep a husband she must stop shooting.



MR. PITT's new enterprise at the Bijou has proved most thoroughly successful. "Caste," Robertson's best comedy, is always interesting and always popular. There is not a dull line in it. As far as Mr. Pitt is personally concerned, he has not been seen in this country to better advantage than in this play. He is a fine comedian, and makes a model Captain Hawtree. Beside all this, he is surrounded by a clever troupe of actors, who, for the most part, are well "cast." Mr. Davidge gives us an admirable impersonation of the convivial old scoundrel Eccles, though perhaps the more repulsive features of the character might be toned down a little. Mr. Plympton, as the Honorable Geo. D'Alroy is manly and natural. Miss Addison's performance is the worst of all, though even this is not as bad as it might be. As far as looks go, she doesn't at all come up to THE JUDGE's idea of Esther, and she seems to have no conception of the sympathetic pathos of the part. Mme. Dolaw, from beginning to end, is very good. There is a certain demure archness about her comedy that is decidedly taking, and she is a most amusing Polly. Felix Morris as Sam Gerridge is clever, and Mrs. Jordan Chamberlain comes nearly up to the mark as the Marquise de St. Maur. Taken all in all, it is a charming comedy, exceedingly well rendered. Between laughter and tears the minutes pass all too quickly, and as it will soon give place to "The Roses," THE JUDGE advises everyone to see it while he or she has the chance.

Salvini, after being dined and wined, has departed, and he and Clara Morris will no longer combine to curdle the blood of those peculiarly constituted beings who delight in being horrified. Booth's Theatre, too, has become a thing of the past—Modjeska has gracefully passed through its portals for the last time, and the dulcet tones of Juliet and Romeo will be forgotten amid the bustle of dry-goods' clerks and the shrill cries of cash.

"The Sorcerer" continues with unabated success at The Casino. "Fortunio and his Seven Gifted Sisters" are on exhibition at The Cosmopolitan, and Mrs. Langtry still poses at the Fifth Avenue. "The Silver King" has been dethroned at Wallack's, and the Elephant and the Kiralfy's have departed from Haverly's.

"Cad the Tomboy" has not caught on at Daly's. As its name indicates, it is a coarse, slangy piece, utterly devoid of merit. Carrie Swan dances and sings, and goes through the usual amount of capers that plays of this ilk call for. As a variety actress she might pass very creditably; at Daly's she is entirely out of place. What a relief to turn from this to the Grand Opera House, where Maggie Mitchell is playing—Maggie, as graceful, as winsome and apparently as youthful as ever. "The Kirmess," (we should think The Koumys would be quite as appropriate), for the benefit of the Skin and Cancer Hospital was quite an unique entertainment, and proved fairly remunerative.

"The Shaughraun" at The Star; "A

Bunch of Keys" at the San Francisco Opera House, and "Vim" at Tony Pastor's, are all doing a good business, and The Wyndham Company and "The Russian Honeymoon" are still at the two "Squares."

## CORRESPONDENTS.

F. R., New Orleans.—Too local to your own city.

OLIVER H.—Your poem is a little too long drawn out, nor is the subject a good one. But you versify neatly. Try again.

F. S. P.—Your chances for seeing your prose sketches in THE JUDGE are ten times greater than your chances for poetry.

CHARON.—Thanks. We may have occasion for your services some day or other; most people do, they say—but till then we must decline respectfully.

J. G. C., Springfield.—We have set on foot a search for the document you refer to, which would seem to have vanished during the confusion incident to changing our offices.

P. T.—If you could round off your initials with the magical "Barnum" we might oblige you; but, as it is, we must decline. It would take Jumbo and all the other elephants to carry your doggerel.

DAVY.—Spring will manage to "expand into its vernal effervescence" (whatever that may mean) without your assistance. It will begin to expand when it gets good and ready. Your poetry is calculated to throw it back a week or more.

THE mortuary column: That over the family vault. The farmer's column: a hoe handle. The sporting column: a billiard cue. The financial column: a row of figures. The theatrical column: a regular stick. The telegraphic column: a telegraph pole. There; you see how easy it is to compile a newspaper of general interest.

"WHAT is a dude?" is the query that is now being thundered forth by the press from Maine to California, and the old lady from New England wipes her spectacles after a perusal of the conflicting opinions, and raising her hands helplessly, exclaims, "Dude tell!"

"I NOTICE you have a very reasonable suit," remarked Boodle as his friend came in sight. "Certainly," was the reply; "it ought to be reasonable—it's pepper and salt."

A DOMESTIC, not long over, who told her mistress that she could "bate the Jews at cookin'," was discovered cracking the last nutmeg. She explained that she was only trying to get a good one, "but devil a kernel was in wan iv'em."

IN boring an artesian well at Leadville, the drill passed through 1,500 feet of the earth's crust. Few persons believed that the place Col. Ingersoll says doesn't exist was located so far from Leadville.

STANDING before a clergyman who was about to marry him, a rustic was asked: "Wilt thou have this woman," etc. The man stared in surprise, and replied: "Ay, surely! Whoy, I kummed a-pupus!"

"Peace, peace!" cried the hen-pecked hubby. "Correct you are," replied his wife; "but you get no peace until you get a piece of my mind."

AN exchange remarks that weiss beer is thawed sand-paper. Well, let weiss beer alone and drink ginger ale. That is pepper and wind, and can hurt nobody.

THE ocean steamer which breaks its shaft depends on its sails. So does the man who makes shafts.

## AN ADDRESS TO THE JUDGE.

FROM A BROTHER ON THE BENCH.

THE JUDGE's native modesty had well nigh impelled him to return the appended lines, with his acknowledgments, to the writer. But the ingenious acrostic arrangement of the initial letters of each line, to say nothing of the delicate compliment conveyed by said initials, overcame him. Blushingly he accepts the compliment, and he prints the lines with a renewed determination to merit in the future the many kind things that have been said of him in the past.

THERE'S a Judge in New York who is witty and smart; How he rules with his head as he rules with his heart. I have known him long time, and I ne'er can forget Some things he has said since his Honor I met.

Just always, harsh never, and ever in trim;  
Unbiased, untrammelled by caprice or whim;  
Devoted to making his fellows more gay;  
Good natured, and brilliant, and happy alway,  
Endeared to his fellows more deeply each day.

I wonder why others, who *think* they are smart,  
Should not, like this Judge, render better his part?

The reason is plain—they take malice for wit,  
Howe'er it may sting, whomso'er it may hit,  
Enslaved to applause from the mob in the pit.

But the Judge whom I mean is a just Judge for all;  
Ever trying to save wayward men from a fall—  
So just that decisions are never appealed;  
There's a mine of great power and wisdom revealed.

"Judge not" is divinely commanded of men,  
Unless you possess supernatural ken;  
Depend this is right; but the Judge whom I mean  
Gauges men by their acts, which by all men are seen;  
Entreats first, then warns them, then tears down the screen.

O "wad [that] some power the giftie [might] gie us"  
For seeing "oursels as [some] others [may] see us!"

And would you, dear Judge, learn the verdict of men?  
Learn just what they think of your excellent pen?  
Leave off the first letters, and then you may ken.

W. K.

THE Romans boast of their cooks. "Rome to-day," says an enthusiastic gourmet, "will throw down the gauntlet of competition to the cooks of the world. And who dares take it up?"—*Et*

Probably Joe Cook will be heard from if this gets on the joke hook.

AT Holyoke, in Massachusetts, forty men turn out a million postal cards each working day. No wonder postmistresses are getting naggard and discouraged. Their curiosity can no longer keep up with the procession.

THE highly-colored report comes from Boston that its best shaped woman is a n-gress. Society is trying to coax her to submit to the ordeal of nickel-plating. Her mode of dressing the hair is the latest kink.

HE was rather boozy and it is likely didn't intend to make the puns, but this is exactly what he said: "Wheat took rye and became corned!"

THERE are many ways of bringing up boys, but the good old fashion of bringing them up with a round turn is a heavy blow to the cigarette industry.

A HIGHWAY PARADOX.—We could never understand why good-natured citizens build their houses on cross streets.

A CITY firm advertises for a boy with a mechanical taste. One scienced in jellies and preserves need not apply.

## PUBLIC GRIEVANCES.

BY E. E. TEN EYCK.

## NO. 1.—THE CAR-DRIVER'S COMPLAINT.

"Oh yes," uttered the car-driver, "I've got an easy berth, ain't I? At least some people appear to think so—most folks. Mind, I ain't a kicker; but the lack of sense some duffs—beggin' your pardon for the slang—exhibit, is enough to make anyone mad; seem to have an idea that I've got a perfect sinecure.

"I have, ain't I? All that I have to do is to work about fourteen hours out of the twenty-four; stand on my feet all of the day, and manage a pair of the worst horses that ever existed. You see, the stable-boss runs a boarding house, and because I don't board these—really I can't, for because I've got a family to support, and I can't stand his prices—he always shoves upon me the worst brutes that the company owns.

"Then I've got to look out for passengers, keep an eye ahead for vehicles that might get in my way, and am expected to always put on the brakes so that the rear platform will be upon an exact line with the sidewalk. Let one of these dainty madams or misses be compelled to walk an inch or two through the mud to get out the car, and watch how they go on!

"Generally they give it first to the conductor, but he can always get off all right. 'Taint my fault,' he'll say, 'it's the driver. Please move up, gents, and give this lady room.'

"Then there's the feller with the paint cans or pail of whitewash. Now that feller's a hard-working man, and he's got to go up-town. I've got a sort of sympathetic feeling for him. He can't afford to hire a cab or a four-horse barouche to reach his job, and if he don't get up to where he is wanted in time he probably will get left. I take him on.

"Suppose there is some—what do you call 'em?—these young plums with toothpick shoes and purgatory collars, upon the platform? these ones that always smoke mackerel-paper cigarettes; these—oh, I've got the title now—dudes. The car may give a lurch going around a curve, or it may come to a sudden halt on account of me breaking up in a hurry, and a splash of paint or a speck of whitewash flies upon his pantaloons, which, by the way, generally set to his legs as close as the skin of a sausage. The dude goes for me right away.

"'Gweat Gawd! fellah!' he exclaims, 'what do you mean by allowing that wuffian with all of those howwid pots and buckets upon the car. My pants are ruined, absolutely ruined, and they cost me twelve dollars. Two weeks' salahwy; fact! I will we-powt you to the ah-supewintendent.'

"Often he does. What is the result? I'm nothin' but a poor devil of a car-conductor. He's a gent—at least as far as his appearance and his card (a dozen for ten cents) show. "He talks big, and the superintendent gets impressed, especially if he names a friend of the president of the road—and generally you'll find out that the superintendent is a dead toady of the president, put there by his influence. I get laid off—violation of the rules for allowing paints, whitewash pails or such articles to be carried upon the front platform. Suppose that I had not let the fellow on with 'em, I would have been just as liable to have been laid off for passing a fare. Yes; I've got a pet of a situation; I live like a fighting-cock, I do!

"A man who gets one seventy-five a day can always get the first North River shad and

have his pick of early asparagus. One seventy-five a day is twelve twenty-five a week, for you work Sundays. We ain't got any business for a day of rest. If we take it, it's just a dollar and three quarters out.

"I pay four dollars a week for my rooms, five dollars for living, and two dollars to the old woman for family expenses—I've got three kids, I'd let you know. That leaves me a dollar and a quarter for myself. Nice time I can have on that! Box at the opera every night, and a game supper afterwards. That has got to buy me clothes and tobacco, and pay for washing, and if I get sick I have a rosy future before me, haven't I? My future is the hospital, then the morgue; the old woman's some charitable institution, and the kids, first the street and then probably the Island, windin' up, mebbe, at the gallows.

"No wonder I'm sometimes cross, and don't want to chin with my riders. Get up there and express! If you don't get out of the way I'll take a wheel off of you!"

## NIFF, THE SLUGGER.

A GREAT cedar has fallen in Lebanon.

"Cedar" is poetry for slugger.

Before climbing higher on my subject I will cogitate a few.

I am somewhat hefty at cogitation, altho' there is hardly a loud call for it in getting ready to write about Niff, the slugger; and, after all, perhaps plain facts in the shape of an ungalvanized tale would be more appropriate.

The first warm breath of notoriety which furrowed his inch-and-a-quarter brow came on account of his whipping an old lame man, and his friends made the most of it.

Niff is a herculean fellow, with a mug on him like a cocoanut, about as hard, and just about as intelligent looking. He looks very formidable, and feels so, or at least he did, and when his admirers heard about his whaling the lame old man, they began to talk it up. First, it was a celebrated boxer whom he knocked out, as they reported it, and finally they worked it up to three first-class boxers whom he had worsted in a bar-room fight. Then he got a reporter to write him up as the coming terror, and men came forward with published challenges to the world, offering to back Niff against the known world. And so his reputation grew—also his self-esteem, until he really began to believe that he could down anybody living, and in order to make good his terrible name, he would go into a bar-room occasionally, slam his ham of a fist down on the mahogany, announce his name, and then proceed to clean out the place. Niff didn't clean it out, but his terrible reputation did. Indeed, it got so in a few months that everybody was afraid of him, and he had things all his own way, while his admirers, who wished to keep solid with him, continually circulated stories of his prowess. Yes; and the story became current that he had actually driven his fist through an iron shutter, just for fun; that he knocked over a wild Texan steer that was running wild through First Avenue, whooping things up and knocking them down in his career.

At this period of his life Niff could dictate to the whole town. Even the police refused to interfere with his amusement, and everybody regarded him as a great and good bad man. Finally his friends tendered him a benefit, and there was a host of volunteer talent for a sparring exhibition at Madison Square Garden, although no boxer could be found who dared to wind up with him, for fear of being knocked over the ropes if not

through the side of the building. But it was finally announced that Niff would show himself in ring costume and play gently with Joe Coburn, agreeing to put in only "love taps" while allowing Joe to get in on him as often and as hard as he could—and this of course increased the interest and excitement ten-fold.

Things looked the color of a sunflower, and Niff actually begun to negotiate for a "hotel," which he proposed to open after his benefit. He didn't propose to go upon the road with any athletic combination, after the manner of Mace and Slade, and sometimes Boston's great Sullivan, simply because there was no one who could stand up before him.

Thus far it was all in favor of Niff. He was "a bigger man than old Grant," and his praises were warbled on every perfumed breath. But there occurred an accident in his career. Three or four days before the proposed benefit, while walking along the street, arrayed like Sol in all his glow, he took it into his head to upset a licensed vender's wagon, filled with shad, just for the amusement of his friends. Two Ninth Avenue fellows run that fish cart, and they somehow didn't see so much fun in the proceed-inff as Niff's laughing friends and admirers did; so they just went for him while his friends waited to see him stand them on their heads among their spilled fish which filled the gutter. Yes; those howlers of fish just went for Niff. They banged him in the nose, mouth, eyes, above and below the belt. One of them jumped on his new silk hat that had fallen in the scuffle, and he was completely blinded, dazed and done for inside of a minute, while his friends laughed and seemed to think that he was allowing them to fool him around just for fun, and were waiting to see him strike out. Indeed, it would have been an insult, they thought, for one of them to have interfered in his behalf. Finally they knocked him down among the spilled fish, and while one of them sat on him, the other took a shad by the tail and belabored the terror over the head most unmercifully, causing him to howl and whoop for help.

His admirers were astounded, and when one of them started to go to his assistance, another of them pulled him back, saying, "What's der matter wid you? Don't yer see that Niff is only workin' a racket? Wait til yer see him get up and slather tar onto 'em." But he didn't. That muscular idol was completely downed; that "terror of a slugger" was being pounded over the head with a stinking shad, and when his astonished friends saw a cop coming they took to their heels, and the officer joined right in with the majority and commenced to club that awful man in the most awful manner. Then he marched him to the station house and the charm was broken, as well as his nose. He tried to make it out that he was simply fooling with the young fellows; but when arraigned before the judge it looked more as though the young fellows had been fooling with him.

The news spread, and the idol was down. The benefit never came off. His friends, or those who had postured as such because they were afraid of him, deserted and derided him, and in less than a week there was none so poor as to do him reverence. Of course the fishmongers didn't know who he was, or they would probably have also been afraid; but, without knowing it, they pricked the bubble, and Niff is not the man he was. He has given up slugging, and is now earning an honest living as a blacksmith's striker.

BRICKTOP.

O, SEE the young girl,  
In beauty rare,  
Sans kink, sans curl,  
Banging her hair!

And hear the young man,  
At the piano there,  
Hard as he can,  
Banging his air!

A young mother stands,  
Oppressed with care,  
With slipper in hand,  
Banging her hair!—*Collegian.*

A FAT little man, who looked as if he might be a German, rushed into the Metropolitan last night, and pointing to the timepiece in the office, said: "Ish dot clock right up dare." "Yes," said Mr. Adams, "it is right up there, and has been right up there for years." "Vell," continued that excited man, "I wants to go to Baltimore." "All right," said the clerk, "but don't be gone long."—*Hotel Mail.*

AN exchange discourses on "the beauty of words." The writer has evidently read the controversy between the editors of the Philadelphia Press and the New York Com. Advertiser, wherein one is called "dog and scorpion," with "a sting in his tail," and the other is christened "the polecat of American journalism." There is a great beauty in words, that's a fact. Also strength.—*Norristown Herald.*

A LARGE safe was put into one of the upper stories of the building we occupy the other day. The funny part of it was that while five men did the work, it took about five hundred to loaf around the corners and see it done.—*Cincinnati Drummer.*

THERE are few things in the world more rasping than a file of unpaid bills.—*Toledo American.*

#### Castoria.

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

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weeks without knife, ligature, or caustic. Send for circular  
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destroy the character of the handwriting—always ready—  
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moth circular. Address, or call in per-  
son, ALF. BUYDAN, 65 & 67 Nassau St., New York City.

Now doth the angler angle,  
And get his lines in tangle,  
And from a tree-top dangle,  
And goodly language mangle,  
And guileless fish now fangle,  
And with snake-poison trangle,  
And with the truth he'll wrangle  
When telling of his angle.

—*Greenburg Press.*

"SUBSCRIBER wants to know how Dr. Holmes came to be called the "autocrat of the breakfast table." It is because that is the easiest position to assume in a boarding-house. Were he the autocrat of the dinner table he would have to carve. . . . An acre of land on Wall street costs fifteen millions of dollars, while in Texas you can buy the same amount for six cents. On the other hand, in Texas a steer would cost you from ten to fifteen dollars, while you can get a steer on Wall street for nothing.—*Lowell Cit.*

"THEN, if I understand you," said a merchant to a customer, "you do not intend to pay me the amount you owe?" "Your understanding is correct, Cap'n." "And yet you call yourself an honest man, do you?" "Yes, sir; if I were not honest I would tell you that I intend to pay; but being honest I do not wish to deceive you." He may have been dishonest, but he was evidently not a liar.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

"You say your wife gets mad and raises a row?" "I should say she did. She makes enough fuss to run a freight train forty miles an hour." "But if you knew that she was in the habit of getting mad, why did you marry her?" "Because, if I had held back she would have got madder than ever."—*Texas Siftings.*

EVEN some savages are polite. An English officer dining with a cannibal king was asked what religious denomination he affiliated with, as it might be more agreeable to him to have the missionary about to be served of another faith.—*Boston Post.*

SECRETS of the confessional: "Is it a sin," asks a fashionable lady of her spiritual adviser, "for me to feel pleasure when a gentleman says I am handsome?" "It is, my daughter," he replies gravely; "we should never delight in falsehood."—*Paris Wit.*

WE frequently see articles headed "The last words of great men." They must have been the greatest kind of great men if they had the last word while there were women around.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

In the ring of the circus, with sawdust all strewn,  
By the clown to his auditors fed,  
Old, toothless, bald-headed, they wobble along,  
Those jokes that we often think dead.

—*Oil City Blizzard.*

THE Hindoos have 350,000 gods, and think the missionaries must be blooming fresh to expect them to give up that number for one.—*Boston Post.*

UNDER the new tariff Chinese gods are to come in free. Thus is another of Connecticut's infant industries nipped in the bud.—*Philadelphia News.*

A SUGGESTION: If the originals cannot be induced to pose for the purpose, how would it do to shoot the Indians and hereafter model segar signs from dudes.—*Bradford Mail.*

WHEN you squeeze a girl rather tight she will be com-pressed—like other bales of cotton.—*Every Saturday.*

**Ross's Royal Belfast Ginger Ale.**  
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THE parlor of the mansion of Judge Havens is adorned with the portraits of a number of his ancestors. The picture of the father of Judge Havens represents him as an old man, while that of his grandfather was taken when he was quite young. Judge Havens was showing these pictures to Tom Higginson a few days ago. "Why, Judge," exclaimed Tom, in perfect amazement, "your father must have been 50 years of age before your grandfather was born."—*Texas Siftings*.

DURING the last days a Western member of the House, vindicating himself upon the floor, struck a Henry Clay attitude, and cried out, with all the fervor of original conviction, "Sir, I'd rather be right than President." "Don't worry yourself about that," shouted another member across the aisle, "you'll never be either."—*Harper's Magaz.*

Two men were blown up by dynamite, and a cruel joker who saw them ascend, remarked, "There they go—two for ascent." . . . "What is woman's greatest sphere?" asks a correspondent. Answer: Woman's greatest fear is a mouse.—*Whitehall Times*.

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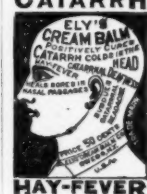
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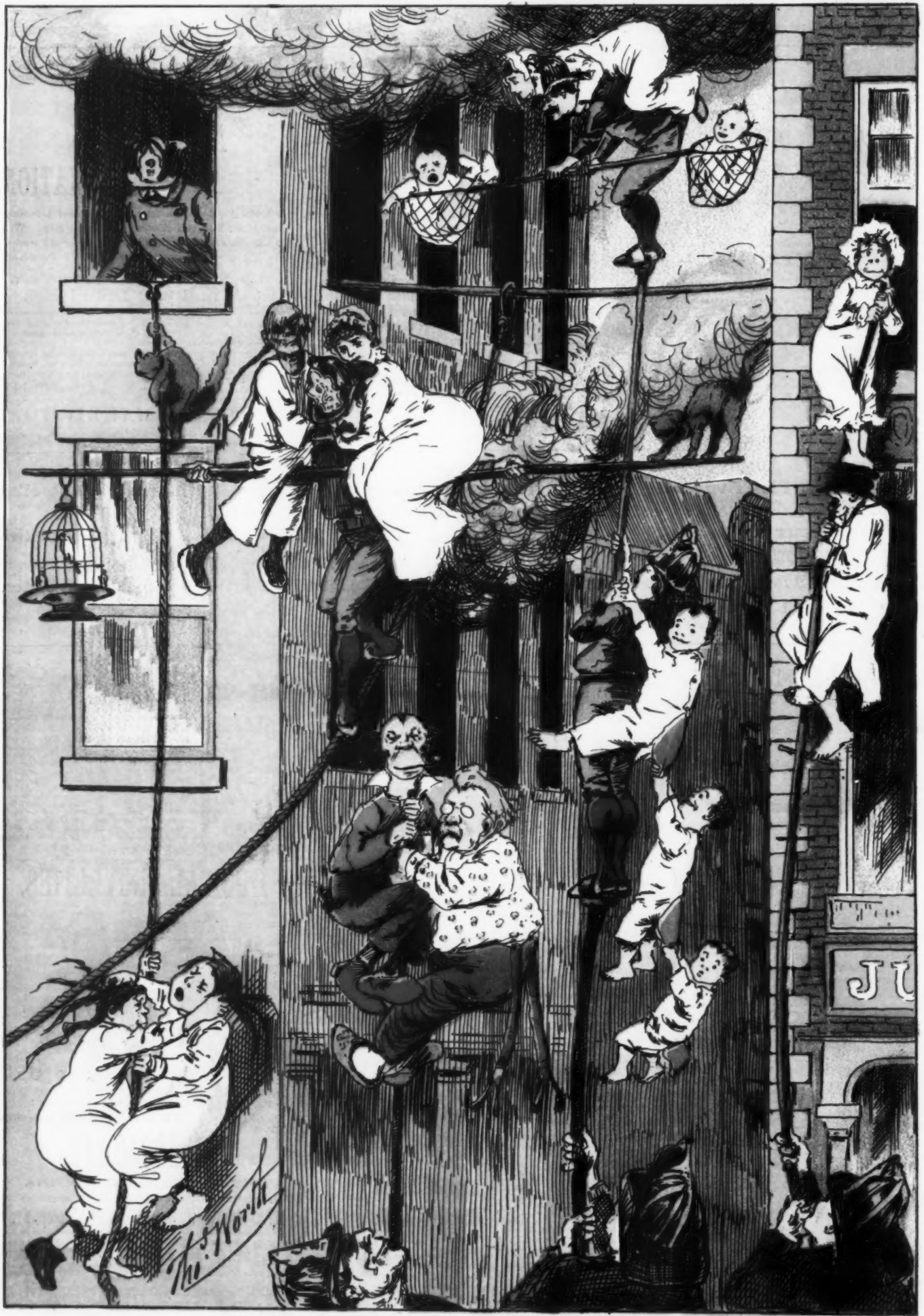
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