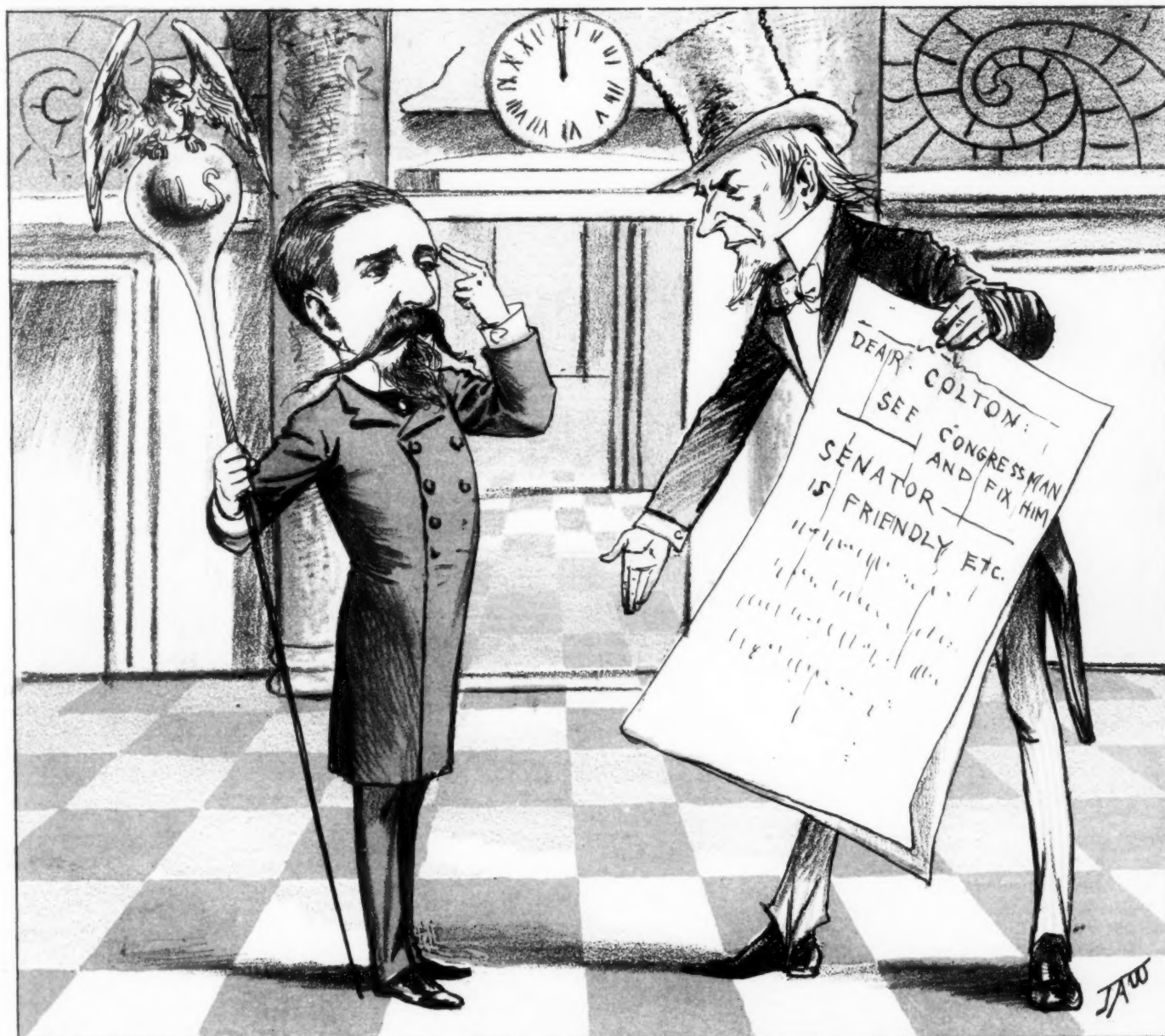


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UNCLE SAM TO SERGEANT-AT-ARMS LEEDOM.

"Bring C. P. Huntington before the House. I want this thing investigated."

THE JUDGE



THE JUDGE.

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THE JUDGE BEGS TO INFORM HIS READERS AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY, THAT IN FUTURE THEY WILL RECEIVE THIS PAPER AT THEIR RESIDENCES AND FIND IT ON THE NEWS STANDS ON THE WEDNESDAY OF EACH WEEK, INSTEAD OF ON THE FRIDAY, AS HERETOFORE.

FRENCH FLATS.

We have a great many foreign names for articles of daily use in the United States, which fact does not so much go to show the poverty of our language as it does to evidence the respect we feel to our old country friends, and our disposition to give credit where credit is due. In this matter of our apartment houses, for instance, which so many people call French Flats. There is nothing French about them, but the name. They are constructed on the original idea that rules the apartment houses in Paris, but that idea has been sublimated and improved upon by Yankee ingenuity till it has become almost original, and the end is not yet. Look at one of our apartment houses of the present—a little city in itself, housing under its ample roof more people than many a country town; ornamented by the art of the architect, fitted with every modern improvement—the harvest field of the plumber and the empire of the janitor. Before long we may expect to be supplied with rapid transit between the more distant apartments—elevators we have already in profusion—and every adjunct that will make the citizens of the Flat independent of the

plebeian street or mere city which surrounds them.

Certainly they are a great convenience, and their numbers and diversity, both of location and adornment, render them available as homes for every grade of income. The poor man can get his poor flat in a poor neighborhood—perhaps it will then be called a tenement, but what's in a name—or the rich man can pay the rent of a fashionable mansion for his section of a floor. The flat forms the connecting link between the domestic life of which we in New York have so little, and the hotel life of which we have so much. And the flat, or apartment house, though we may prefix the adjective "French" is every day becoming more and more a typical American institution.

OUR CANDIDATES.

A DELICATE subject—decidedly a delicate subject. Here we have them, a number of men, all with aspirations, some with ideas, and every one more or less firmly convinced that the country can best be served by himself, and that the place in which he can best serve it is the White House at Washington. Doubtless there is some good in all of them. Probably Logan has his good points, and no doubt Blaine has his. General Butler's are indisputable, and that is why General Butler never feels inclined to dispute them. How far the voice of the country at large, piped forth by political rings at nomination, or thundered forth by the people at the polls on election day, may be in accord with the sentiments of these aspiring gentlemen, remains to be seen. Some of them must be disappointed; it is very possible that all may be, but the country will go along just the same—at least, it always has, hitherto. There will be a great many questions discussed, but we do not look to see many settled. Tariff reform will be much talked about, but it is almost utopian to hope that any radical reform will result; and there will be a good deal of hard feeling and hard swearing, and hard voting, and somebody will be president, and somebody else will be vice-president, and there will be a great many bonfires, and illuminations and torch-light processions, and a great deal of printer's ink spilled, and possibly a little blood, and certainly a great deal of beer and wine and spirits. In short, there will be a presidential election, and that is all that, at the present writing, any one can feel reasonably sure of.

THE HUNTINGTON LETTERS.

"WHEN a woman says she will, she will, depend on't; and when she says she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't."

It is probable that Mr. C. P. Huntington, the Pacific Railroad king, has by this time made up his mind that there is some truth in this adage. On the death of Mr. Colton, Mr. Huntington's congressional manipulator,

Mrs. Colton required certain settlements at the railroad king's hands, and they not being forthcoming she proceeded to publish the Pacific magnate's letters to her late husband, and very racy reading they make. It seems that Mr. Huntington used to issue orders to Mr. Colton for the purchase of Congressmen, very much as a mercantile firm transmits its orders to its confidential buyer; there is no mincing of matters in Mr. Huntington's correspondence; there is an article he wishes to acquire, and he states his price unblushingly; it is a pure matter of business. Under date of January 16th, 1876, he writes:

In view of the many things we have now before Congress, and also in this sinking fund which we wish to establish, in which we propose to put all the company's lands in Utah and Nevada, it is very important that Carr's friends in Washington should be with us, and if that could be brought about by paying Carr say \$10,000 to \$20,000 a year, I think we could afford to do it, but of course not until he has controlled his friends.

This is a specimen, but there are dozens of others. He desires to get rid of some land at his own price, and desires his manipulator to have the newspapers take the ground that this land ought to be taken by the Government and held for the people. The demagogues can then work and vote for it. All this is damaging enough, but the correspondence contains even worse. On the whole, THE JUDGE is inclined to the opinion that a man who goes extensively into the business of purchasing congresses should never have learned to write; or if his education has been pushed to that dangerous accomplishment, that he should at least take pains to render himself solid with his correspondent's widow.

The Plancus Ring of the Greenback Party.

THE *Morning Journal* says that "General Butler will put the 'presses' to work and make a millionaire of every voter the first Christmas he spends in the White House."

Nymphia, who knows the "true inwardness" of the General, says, "if he don't make millionaires of all the good and honest citizens who vote for him when he becomes President, he will put them in the way of earning millions for themselves, and it will be an honest and honorable employment—with no tannery connections."

He will help the citizens individually and collectively. Any one who doubts his ability to rule the country wisely and well, and to decide all questions of finance according to the best interest of the whole community, should compare his views on the reduction of the tariff with those of Blaine.

Read the speech he made at the "Chamber of Commerce dinner" a few days ago, "it will give you something worth thinking about;" and if his ideas are followed and carried out, it will be a grand thing for commerce. Nymphia has read it till she knows it by heart, dear girl. She says "it will bring him the votes of every man in the country engaged in commercial pursuits," and she is no doubt right in her convictions.

The General is a laboring man himself, therefore it is but natural that working men and "Labor Leagues" turn to him as a friend who will do justice to their cause.

Already is there a "National-Greenback-Labor" party organized, and people are flocking to them to enroll themselves in the list, and march under the Butler banner.

If the General is bald-headed, he takes time by the forelock; keeps an eye out, and, in his own fascinating and inevitable manner, lures every wavering party to his side.

Massachusetts Republicans needn't be hilarious over the thought that Butler was defeated, for it places him a round higher on the ladder to the White House than if he had been successful. He wants all his time, and can now give his whole attention to canvassing for the Presidency; whereas, had he been Governor this year, it would have taken so much of his valuable time to expose crime, and break up fraud and corruption, that he would probably have lost the golden opportunity of becoming chief Magistrate of the nation.

Besides, Massachusetts is not what it was in the good old days of the Adamses. The State was once pretty proud of the intellect that centered there, but its glory has departed. Boston is no longer the "literary hub" around which the universe revolves. Authors who made the state famous have died or moved away, some even accepting honors and positions in foreign lands.

Many visitors of note now choose New York as a market for literary wares. Even Nymphia, in her short literary career, finds it the best.

Knowing all this, the General has made up his mind that Boston is fast becoming a third rate city which it is well for him to be out of, and he considers his defeat a blessing in disguise. One week more, and he will shake the dust from his feet and turn his back on the city; he will soon hold sway in a higher and more honored position than any the little State has to bestow.

Stars on the Ice.

A GENTLE youth on Annie gazed,
With oh! such tender eyes.
She paused a moment on her skates
And spoke, with some surprise.
"Oh! tell me why, my gentle youth,
Why do you gaze on me?"
"Because," he said, "You are the star
That rules my destiny."
But Annie, sore perplexed, replied
"That cannot sure be so.
It seems to me you make a star
No matter where you go."
He strode away upon his skates
With air as brave as Mars,
Then tumbled flat upon his back,
Exclaiming, "Oh! my stars."

AN editor frequently betrays his erratic inclinations in print.

Who discovered the Caramal Cave? A dentist who filled the girl's teeth.

THE ladder of Fame to some literary aspirants is as easy of ascension as the climbing of a greasy pole.

"I WOULD like to get this young man on the stage," said Mrs. de Splurge, presenting her son to a theatrical manager, wearied of applicants for histrionic honors.

"Very sorry, madam, but the stage's just gone by; however, there's a horse car coming around the corner, and you can put the lad on it presently."



OVER IN JERSEY.

MOTHER (to son who has cut his hand)—"Now, George, be careful and stay in the house till your hand gets better, or you'll be arrested on suspicion of murder."

Oscar and Ma-ma.

TREMBLE, ye editors. Tre-m-ble and quake. Get down on your knees and pray that your doom may be averted. She is on the war path, and she is Wilde!

When you read the report that came flying through the sea, unwashed of its bloody purpose, that Lady Wilde wanted to kill one of you, to make herself happy, you smiled, little thinking that while she was very distant there are those around you (their numbers are like Billie's dollars) who sigh for the blood of an "American editor."

Have you forgotten the host of "Rejected and Declined?" If you have, we have not forgotten you, and we have determined to assist the old lady in her great desire. Oscar shall be revenged.

All the writers of rejected articles held a meeting on Christmas day, to decide which editor should be given to satisfy Lady Wilde's wrath. The sentiment of the meeting was that an American editor must go, but which one is what stalled the meeting. The meekest member there wanted six destroyed, and some went up into the hundreds. Seeing that no conclusion could be reached, we determined to send the following poetry, as a trap, and the editor who refuses it, dies like an old maid:

The mother of Oscar Wilde
Wants to avenge her child,
By shedding the crimson gore
Of an American editor.

Slip up on the ice and fall!

Dress Hosker in long clothes,
Brush the wrinkles out of his nose,
And with him march to the fore,
We, dear lady, will punish the editor.

Slip up on the ice and fall!

Dear Oscar, sweetest, don't be sad,
It makes us feel "Vera" bad
To see ma-ma make such a fuss;
Leave the avenging, sweetthing, to us.
Slip up on the ice and fall!

S. B.

Don't Marry for Love.

IN choosing a wife, look sharp to the end,
And drive the best bargain you can,
And ease and contentment will surely attend,
The one who shall follow this plan.
Beware of sly Cupid, that slippery cuss.
Don't let him your heartstrings secure,
He'll tangle you up in a terrible muss,
Then skip away out the back door.
Fat living this Cupid can never scare up,
And that is what we all most desire.
And love without soup makes mighty poor sup,
Of which in short order we tire.
And Cupid loves children, a fact the world o'er—
His favorite gift to his tools—
He'll leave you a dozen, perhaps many more,
And you'll think you are happy, poor fools.
And when he has got you right under his thumb,
With nary a dime for a boost,
He'll skip, as we said, and will leave his dear chum,
Sir Poverty, boss of the roost.

HOWARD S. FULLER.

THOUGH the "play people" may not assemble in crowds
Where the self-righteous meet 'neath the steeple;
Yet, whenever the voice of humanity calls,
They become a most zealous *work* people.

THE English language is fast becoming the English slanguage.

A POOR attorney is called "No One" by his charitable friends, because ignorance of the law excuses no one.

Ballade of Pork and Beans.

Let others prate of foaming beer,
With Frankforter and Schweitzer too;
Or growing sadder drop a tear
In musing on an Irish stew;
Let others tell the feasts they knew
When turtle steamed in huge tureens,
I care not, though all men poolh poolh,
I sing in praise of pork and beans.

At Gallic mysteries I sneer,
Soups, entrees, rotis, or ragout;
I deem the *pate* strangely queer,
I scorn the gaudy-clad menu;
One dish alone I hold as true,
That scorns all garnishment of greens,
Or name in mongrel *parlez vous*,
I sing in praise of pork and beans.

Life does not seem so empty here,
When one has had a dish or two,
Nor honesty a thin veneer,
With its simplicity in view.
Alas! free lunches grow more few;
Not always hath the bard the means,
Nor may for tick the waiters woo—
I sing in praise of pork and beans.

ENVOY.

Boston—let others sing of you,
The haunt of culture's kings and queens,
For have I not enough to do?
I sing in praise of pork and beans.

SYDNEY HERBERT PIERSON.

Mr. Spilkins Sees the Old Year Out,

AND GETS "SLIGHTLY ELEVATED."

MR. SPILKINS received an invitation to make one of a little party of "choice spirits" at the house of a friend up town, to see the old year out. It was understood, of course, that the spirits would be more or less choice, and that the transit of old Father Time across the boundary line between the old and new year should be viewed through the medium of a glass—several of them in fact—but Mr. S., to his wife's admonitions to remember his lamentable weakness upon occasions of this kind, had replied that it was only to see the old year out; only that and nothing else; and that he could *not* see it as well at home, as she suggested, because his friend lived near the country, and the open fields about his house would afford a much better view.

"Yes, there's something in that," replied his wife, "but remember, Mr. Spilkins, dear, not a single glass. You will not forget, love."

"Sobriety's the word; give us a kiss to seal the pledge, ducky," responded Mr. S., affectionately, as he went forth brimful of good resolutions.

Mrs. Spilkins, as usual on such occasions, sat up for her husband. At about 2 o'clock a. m., certain ominous sounds broke the silence of the "stilly night." The shuffling of feet over the front door steps was followed by the noise of a dead-latch key in its futile efforts to find the hole in the lock, and, a few moments after, this was succeeded by the sound of the door being suddenly burst open, and a heavy fall upon the entry floor.

Mrs. Spilkins did not rush violently to the head of the stairs and pour forth a torrent of indiscriminate abuse upon the head of her guilty spouse; no, she walked there with a stately step and an air of majestic dignity that would have set becomingly on the brow of Mrs. Siddons as the tragic muse, and, on viewing the prostrate form of Mr. S., she merely remarked, in tones

No. 1. APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.



1ST TRAVELING GENT TO 2D DITTO—"We're in luck! Coast is clear—sure to catch something there!"

of calm and frigid severity, "Spilkins, you repulsive beast, you disgusting brute, you miserable object—you—you—" but the effort was too much for her. Her weak, feminine nature asserted itself; her sense of outraged affections overcome her, and she burst into tears.

"Call me (hic) pet names," murmured Mr. Spilkins, sitting up and looking bewilderedly about him. "Queer, isn't it? Only (hic) this evening I was Mr. Spilkins, and love and dear, and now I'm Spilkins, and (hic) repulsive beast and a (hic) disgusting brute. That old fellow Ovid's *Metamorphoses* isn't nothin' to it. But it's (hic) all ri' dear," continued Mr. S., with a smile of sweet benignity and forgiveness on his face, "only been (hic) slightly elevated; that's all. Rode home on Metropolitan Railway; he, he, he! But mum's the word, old lady—*Jules Mumm*; he, he, he! (hic). Gimme candle; let's go bed."

"Go!" exclaimed Mrs. Spilkins, with the tone and gesture of Lady Macbeth. She had conquered her momentary weakness, and again stood revealed as the living personification of an insulted and incensed wifehood. "Go, you miserable object;" and she pointed imperiously towards his chamber door above.

The "miserable object" struggled up upon his hands and knees, and crawled slowly up stairs, muttering in maudlin and incoherent tones the words of some love ditty (Mr. S. when in this state always became somewhat amatory and poetical), and upon reaching the upper landing he paused, kissed his hand towards his wife, winked his eye, and bestowed a weak and maudlin smile upon her, while in broken but pathetic tones he sweetly murmured—

Drink to me only with thine eyes, Mrs. Spilkins,
And I will (hic) pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss but in the (hic) cup, Mrs. Spilkins,
And I'll not look for wine.

* * * * *
The prettiest toast in (hic) all our town,
Was charming little Sally Brown.

* * * * *
Maid of Athens (hic) e're we part,
Give, oh give me back my (hic) heart.

Mrs. Spilkins, I drink to thee,
I pledge thee in (hic) ruby wine,

"And I will pledge you with a broomstick, Spilkins," cried Mrs. S., whose wifely sense of decorum had become too grossly outraged for her to remain silent any longer. She disappeared into a small closet at the head of the stairs, and a moment after emerged therefrom with the aforesaid article of domestic use clutched firmly in her hand.

Mr. Spilkins was not quite so far gone in his cups as not to have a painful sense, from former experience, of the full meaning of this dire threat, and the "miserable object" made most frantic and pitiable efforts to reach his chamber door and lock himself in. But he was too late. His irate spouse was close behind him. They entered the room together, the door was banged to, and Mrs. S. immediately proceeded to—but with a becoming sense of the impropriety of exposing to the public gaze the skeletons which are supposed to lie hid in the closets of domestic establishments, we forbear to disclose the painful little scene of conjugal infelicity which followed.

T. H. F.

Mrs. Squizzle's Journal.

WELL, the elevated company have come down handsomely for the damage done Sally Mari, and she's on her feet again.

We didn't have to go through even the formula of a lawsuit. They came to our room and saw for themselves how the poor child had fallen away. Then they brought a doctor of their own to examine her and see if she really was as badly hurt as she pretended. They found there was no humbug in the matter. The way the poor child screeched was enough to lift the roof from the house every time they attempted to move her right arm. It was all discolored, too, and crooked where the bone that was broken had been set. I called their attention to it, and they allowed it was rather a bad job generally. I didn't feel called upon to explain that the spots were ink marks, and the arm—broken four years ago by falling off a load of hay—was set crooked by a country

No. 2. APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.



And they caught it.

doctor who hadn't got into practice. They had brought their expert along, and I made up my mind if they found out that it wasn't a fresh break they would do it by their learning, not mine.

Her suffering increased to an alarming extent while they were in the room, and the doctor asked her where the principal pain seemed to be.

"In my right leg," said she, in a faint voice.

"Her prospects are ruined, as far as a matrimonial alliance is concerned; she'll have to go on crutches the remainder of her life, or lie in bed," said I.

"Oh, it's fashionable to limp," said one of 'em; "the Princess Alexandra of England has a most delightful gait."

"I don't know anything about your gates or fences either," says I, "but I do know it won't be a very nice thing for a president's wife to go limping around the White House."

"Is your daughter engaged to our excellent President?" he asked.

"Oh no, not engaged; she wisely took time to consider; and now that she hears an American girl is engaged to a duke, nothing but a duke will do for her. I'm afraid she won't even look at Arthur if she gets able to go abroad."

The committee now went off in one corner of the room and consulted awhile; then they came back and told Sally Mari that "they'd give her five thousand in cash to settle it—not that they ought to pay any such sum, but they didn't want the trouble of a lawsuit just then."

"I don't think five thousand enough," said Sally Mari.

"How much do you want?" said the leading man.

"Your whole road isn't worth what you've made me suffer," said she, "but money can't pay for pain. I'll take eight thousand and call it square."

"That is exorbitant," said he.

"I noticed in the papers that one of your elevated companies had to pay thirty-five thousand in a suit for damages, and I've got the same lawyer engaged that tried that case," said I.

That was a clincher.

They paid down the eight thousand, but made Sally Mari and I both sign papers of release from all further damages. Sally Mari had to make her mark with her left hand, as her right hand was powerless from the hurt, and as soon as this was done they departed.

Sally Mari kept up her groans and howls till the outside door closed on 'em; then, says I, "my dear, you howled to a good purpose this time, but let up on it now for I'm nearly crazy."

She quieted at once, and then we began calculating what it was best to do with our fortune.

Sally Mari said "the first thing for her to do was to purchase suitable paraphernalia and make her appearance in New York society. Then, as soon as the season was over, she would take a trip to Europe."

Says I, "if you'll listen to me I'll tell you what will be the most sensible way of doing."

"Go on," says she.

"If I were in your place," says I, "I'd go back to Gobbletown, buy Squire Hardknock's farm and marry Sam Sloper. You'd be well settled then, for Sam has got a pretty good farm joining the Hardknock's place, and plenty of money to furnish up the house and buy an elegant turnout."

Sally Mari hopped out of bed quicker than scat, and says she "as for the Hardknock's place, I don't want it; I shall get hard knocks enough without it, I reckon; and Sam Sloper I wouldn't marry if he was the last man in creation."

"You didn't think so once," says I.

"No, that's true," says she; "but, if I recollect right, he once turned up his nose at me, and went chasing up that Peggy Sykes; now he can have her and welcome."

"He'll leave Peggy Sykes quick enough if he thinks there's any show for him with you, I'll guarantee," says I; but Sally Mari was not only up on her feet but 'up on her ear.'

Just at that minute there came a terrific rap on the door. I hustled the greenbacks into the drawer, and Sally Mari sprang back into bed, and was taken with a severe pain in her broken arm which lassed till the visitor departed.

The Naked Drama.

THE drama called "legitimate"

Might suit a prudish age,
When blushing was not out of date,
And nakedness the rage;
But now in Nature's simple garb
Our Thespian nymphs appear,
And, waving handkerchiefs, we rise
Their lawnless legs to cheer.

Melpomene is *en chemise*,
Thalia's garments dun
Are reefed unseemly at the knees,
Terpsichore has none!
A most transparent, slender fraud,
A broad burlesque on dress,
That every night becomes more broad
Because its width gets less.

So be it—"Beauty unadorned
Is then adorned the most!"
Let envious skirts be henceforth scorned,
And bareness be our boast.
Here's—"May each centipedal play
That's placed the world before
Bear, with bare legs, the palm away
From brains forevermore."

The Metamorphosis of Rochefort Green.

IN THREE CHANGES.

CHANGE I.

ROCHEFORT GREEN was a young man of meek and moral habits, a regular attendant at church and Sunday-school, and possessed of undoubted and fervent piety. In fact, he was one of the "good young men" we so often read about—those dear, good souls, whom the pastor always selects to hand the ice-cream and strawberries among the people and lead in the Hallelujah chorus at festival time.

Though Rochefort was by long practice an adept at both these duties, and the old people of the church looked upon him as a bright and shining gospel light, he somehow never became popular among the young people. The girls called him "softy" and "Mr. Mush," and bled him for cream and oysters for all he was worth, while the young men took him to moral entertainments and dosed him with lemonade with a mysterious compound in it, which always brought him up with a heavy thump against his door in the early morning. The noise invariably roused the old folks around, who, on investigating the matter through opened windows, always observed loudly on the goodness of young Green in sitting up with the sick people of the community, and exhibiting so much of the true spirit of christianity. Rochefort himself firmly believed on awakening mornings that he had been on some such errand of mercy, but often wondered why he had such frightful headaches and such a bad taste in his mouth, on the morrow.

The one great subject of Rochefort's thoughts, by day and by night, was the girls. Girls, and especially pretty girls, were his hobby; but it so unfortunately happened that there was no girl of his acquaintance who possessed a similar hobby in reference to the young men; or, if there were such, she was careful never to let Rochefort know it.

After years of costly experience, it began to dawn on Rochefort that his success in the tournament of love were by no means on a par with those of most young men of his acquaintance; and after much cogitation he sought confidential advice from a wicked



WEIGHT WILL TELL.

MRS. GOSPRIGHTLY—*I think I hear some one under the bed.*

MR. GOSPRIGHTLY—*You don't think any one would be foolish enough to run that risk, do you? Under the bed; ha! ha!*

friend whom he thought best fitted to inform him of the why and wherefore. This sprig was no ways averse to posing as an adept in such matters, and held forth as follows:

"You see, Rochy, my boy, you're a little bit—just a trifle, you understand—too soft with the girls. You aint decided enough about things. What they want is a fellow that looks big and bristles all over, and talks fierce, and all that, you know. Now you go around as if you were half dead—with your remarks about parson's heavenly smile, and Squire Davis' beautiful charity towards weary dust-grubbers and highway-shankers, and such stuff as that. You must talk strong, use all the latest slang, and pass off as a man of the world, like me."

"But, er—don't the girls get, er—a little offended when a fellow speaks so common. I don't think a gentleman—"

"Gentleman be hanged. The girls like to hear such talk, and don't you forget it. It makes them think you're fast, and sorter *roue*. See? Now you do as I tell you. Get 'The Lovers Guide and Book of Slang.' Study it up. Make it a point to use it on every occasion, and you've no idea how you'll get along."

On mature reflection Rochefort resolved to try this plan, though, as a strict church member, he doubted the propriety of using strong expressions in his conversation.

He was employed in a jewelry store on a leading avenue; and one day, after a week of careful study, he prepared to embark on the stormy sea of scientific mashing. There entered the store a daughter of one of the heavy pillars of the church he attended, and who was out in all the beauty and freshness of early spring fashion. Rochefort had a

bowing acquaintance with her but had never presumed to address her. This was his golden opportunity. He advanced languidly towards the young lady, who raised her eyes and inclined her head in recognition, and was about to inquire the price of a diamond set in the window, when the wretched animal before her startled her with:

"Ah! How do you do? How you was? How's the weather suit you to-morrow, Christabella Philopene?"

"Sir-r-rr?" demanded the young lady, with blazing eyes, and in a voice Rochefort thought denoted some displeasure. "What do you mean, sir, are you crazy?"

"I suppose you're out this morning to paralyze all the chumps you meet, hey? Many mashes?"

"I will have you arrested. This is most outrageous."

"That greenhouse on your off shoulder must have struck the old man stiff for the boodle, eh?"

"Heaven save me. I shal' call a policeman instantly. You are a scoundrel, sir," and with tear-stained cheeks the belle hurried from the store, followed by:

"Ta, ta, little one—clinkety clack, clinkety clack," imitating the sound of her brass heels on the marble floor.

Rochefort thought this attempt hardly a shining success, and began to doubt the soundness of his friend's views. He however, resolved on one more trial.

His next acquaintance to drop in was the brother of the particular girl of his heart. He nodded to Rochefort, and began examining some wedding rings; when, thinking to impress the brother with his improved style, and at the same time to display his knowl-

edge of feminine characteristics, Rochefort struck in:

"Say, you crab-faced monk, do you know that you've got the tightest little box of goods at your house I ever see. She's a reg'lar pile-driver, and don't you say no."

"Wha—at? What's that?" said the young man, with a puzzled look.

"What's ther matter with yer. Go hammer yourself. This kind three for a ki-vahter. I said that sister of yours takes the cake for out and out first chop clinchin' destroyin'. She's a regular chum, she is."

"Oh; you miserable wreck," panted the young man as he ceased smoothing the mosaic floor with Rochefort's spine. "This, Cornwallis, is your father's grave. Chum, is she?"

"Ya-as, you pitcher-mouthed, bench-legged tarrier," chimed in the policeman, while the young lady smiled approvingly in the background, "this catches you where your shirt's frayed out. Into the county jail for thirty days you go for this," and they lugged him off. PAUL GELID.

Yea, verily, I've been Stuck.

Ah! Punic faith,
Where hath thy virtue fled?
Will days to come
Be like days dead?
Shall weakly man
Abjure his pet cigar?
And shall he walk—
Or mount the fleet (?) street car?
Shall he forego
The pleasure of his club,
Just for the sake
Of reading on check stub—
Two hundred dollars?
Would I had it back:
Laid on the altar
Of wife's sealskin sacque.

H. S. KELLER.

Extract from Kitty Virtu's Journal.

Went to luncheon with papa and mama at the Fortescues. Mama did my hair, and fixed the fronts so elegant. I had them in curl papers for a week before. Wore my lilac dress, and mama lent me her new "bustle," which is just twice as large as my own. Papa said I looked like a rag doll, or a "figure of fun." He had on his new boots; they always make him cross, and then he says sharp things, for they hurt his corns. Mama and I don't mind, for we know the reason. Papa said he would have none of my nonsense, and bid me keep all the "puppies" at a distance. He means young men when he says puppies. When we got to the Fortescues I went to the far end of the garden, where pa could not come, so I was able to do as I liked till luncheon. I liked Mr. Johns. He said something nice about my bright curls rippling in the sunshine, and we went in together; but when we came to table pa sat opposite to us. I had to whisper to Mr. Johns that we must be very careful, for I knew pa was glaring at us, and there was no hot meat but stuffed veal, which he can't bear. Just then I felt something softly moving on my back, shook myself gently, but there it stayed, and very gradually tightened itself round my waist. Looked at Mr. Johns and frowned, and shook my head. He said, "What is the matter?" What a fool I thought the man was, and pa was frowning at me and looking like a thunder cloud. I thought, "He sees; oh! he sees," and I made another effort to re-

lease myself. It now became very evident to me that the man's arm was round my waist, and, what was worse, that pa saw it. What could I do? Stick my fork into the offending hand? No, that would be undignified. Kick him under the table? He only smiled and said, "If you love me, tell me so; but don't soil my boots." I longed to cry, to roar, but that would have only made matters worse, so I could only sit there blushing like a fool till my ears tingled—or, as Hood so touchingly describes it:

"I heard such a rushing—I felt such a flushing,
I knew I was blushing."
"As red as a beet."

Pa just then bent across the table, and said in that "company voice" of his that always means mischief, "Kitty, my dear, I am afraid you are not well."

Oh! pa, pa. Why did you say it? I hate you, pa, and I hate Mr. Johns. If you hadn't said "My dear," I might have sat quiet; but I know "My dear" means, "Kitty Virtu, mind what you're about; you're going to catch it bye and bye." I felt so mad I cried out, "Pa, it's not my fault. I never asked him; he did it himself."

And then I turned to that odious Johns and said, aloud, as loud, "How dare you presume, sir, to put your arm round-my waist?"

"My arm round your waist, ma'am," he said, staring like a fool, "I never did—never thought of such a thing."

"Don't tell me sir," I said in a rage, for every one was tittering; so I stood up as straight as I could, and down rolled that nasty little terrier, Toby, that Mrs. Fortescue makes such a pet of. I saw at once how it was. The little wretch had crept up on my bustle, and I thought—oh! I thought it was Mr. John's arm. I didn't know if I was on my head or my heels, and I heard everyone, Johns and all, giggling like ninnies. And the solemn butler, John, and Mrs. Fortescue's tall footman, rushed out of the room and banged the door. And pa said, "Don't be idiotic, Kitty," as if it was not all his fault; and ma said, "Poor child, she is overcome, give her some cold water." And Flo Courtney, who is as ugly and as stupid and ill-natured as I don't know who, screamed out her laughing louder than any one. She wanted to go into lunch with Mr. Johns, instead of Colonel Topheavy, who has a deaf ear, and was three times married. It was disgusting. I will never go to the Fortescues again. I will cut Mr. Johns. I will give pa, himself, a slice of my mind; and ma may wear her own bustle in future; and I will, or I would, or I wish I could, poison Toby.

Oh! horror! My brother Jack has found my journal book and declares he will send this extract to THE JUDGE. If he has done so, please, dear Mr. editor, don't put it in, or if you have it printed, contradict again, and say it was all a story of Jack's; for he is a wicked story teller, ask pa if he isn't.

Yours distractedly,

KITTY VIRTU.

"It's all impulse," as the cork said to the soda-water.

THE Governor of New York has pardoned one William Russell, who was convicted of bigamy in Kings county in 1882 and sentenced to two years imprisonment. The Governor, doubtless, thought the much-married man sufficiently punished, as most married men find daily punishment in living with one.



A PROBLEM.

How can they do it on \$2,000 a year?

Matrimonial Loot.

He went a wooing to find him a mate,
Out in the world of deceit and duplicity;
He wanted a dame of fashion and state,
Stylish, and void of all vulgar rusticity;
Sprightly and sparkling, in converse to shine,
Cultured, of course, and a "pink of propriety;"
Not too much heart, but witty—in fine,
A pearl and a pet of politest society.

Well, he has won her—the belle of the day,
The queen of *haut ton*, with the loftiest rankable;
He captured the maid in the usual way—
Notes—of his debtors, and promises—bankable,
For 'tis important a man understand,
If he proposes to join Cupid's votaries,
Tenderest wooings must keep well in hand,
With settlements fat, all drawn up before notaries.

Yonder she whirls in the maze of the dance,
Followed by lovers with longings piratical;
Who would not worship this creature, perchance,
Exquisite figure, and motion ecstatic?
Golden her tresses, coiffured in the style,
Though I can't say that I like so much frizzling;
Greyish her eyes, and "lofty" her smile—
Lovely her face, and cold—as Greek chiseling.

Teeth that are pearly and lips all aglow—
Almost too thin to be perfectly kissable,
Though, by the dicta of fashion, you know,
Doings like that are but seldom permissible.
Yet, she is graceful, with exquisite bust,
So décolleté that it's hardly respectable;
Still, as the tyrant of fashion says "must,"
I suppose it's all right and highly delectable.

Well, he has won this immaculate maid;
Do not her draperies fit her deliciously?
Cost her papa a cool thousand—when paid,
So, their betrothal starts off most auspiciously.
Happy? Oh, yes, that cannot be denied;
Every one says they've made a good trade of it;
She purchased wealth—he, beauty and pride,
And, as the world goes, what more can be made of it.

I should go in for a little less ice—
A little more heart and not quite so much
haughtiness—
Devotion, perhaps, and, just for a spice,
I might even pardon a suspicion of naughtiness;

For, some of us know, though deny it we may,
The women who know the true way to handle us,
Are ready to meet our caresses half way,
Just switching us off on the verge of the scandalous.

He writes me, "My wife has 'At Homes'—you must come,

I flatter myself you will meet good society."
Ah, yes, and I also shall find there the sum
Of all things salacious in frigid propriety.

She in her parlors will give me the proof
How they harmonize still in their coolish complicity,

While he, in his smoking den under the roof,
Will regale me with gin and his "married felicity."

J. L. Cherry, in S. F. "Wasp."

A WESTERN politician, says R. P. Flower, stands the best chance as candidate for the next Presidency. His name will be the "open sesame" to the election, for "the ladies to a man" will go for flowers.

"Yes, dot is true," said honest Hans, "but de ladies don't vote, you know."

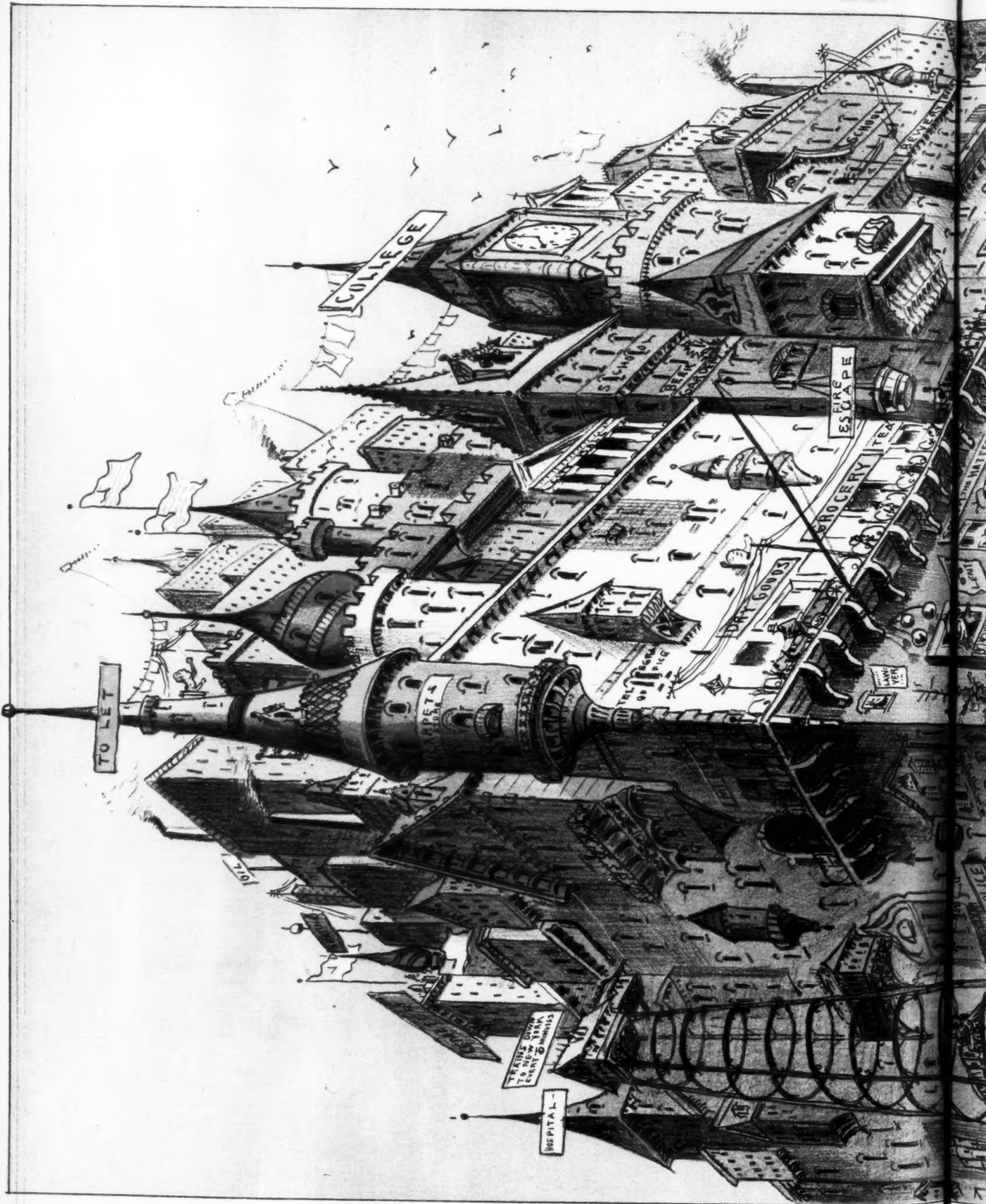
"To be sure the ladies don't vote," replied the politician, "but they exert an influence; and woe be to that man who don't vote to please his wife. I speak from experience."

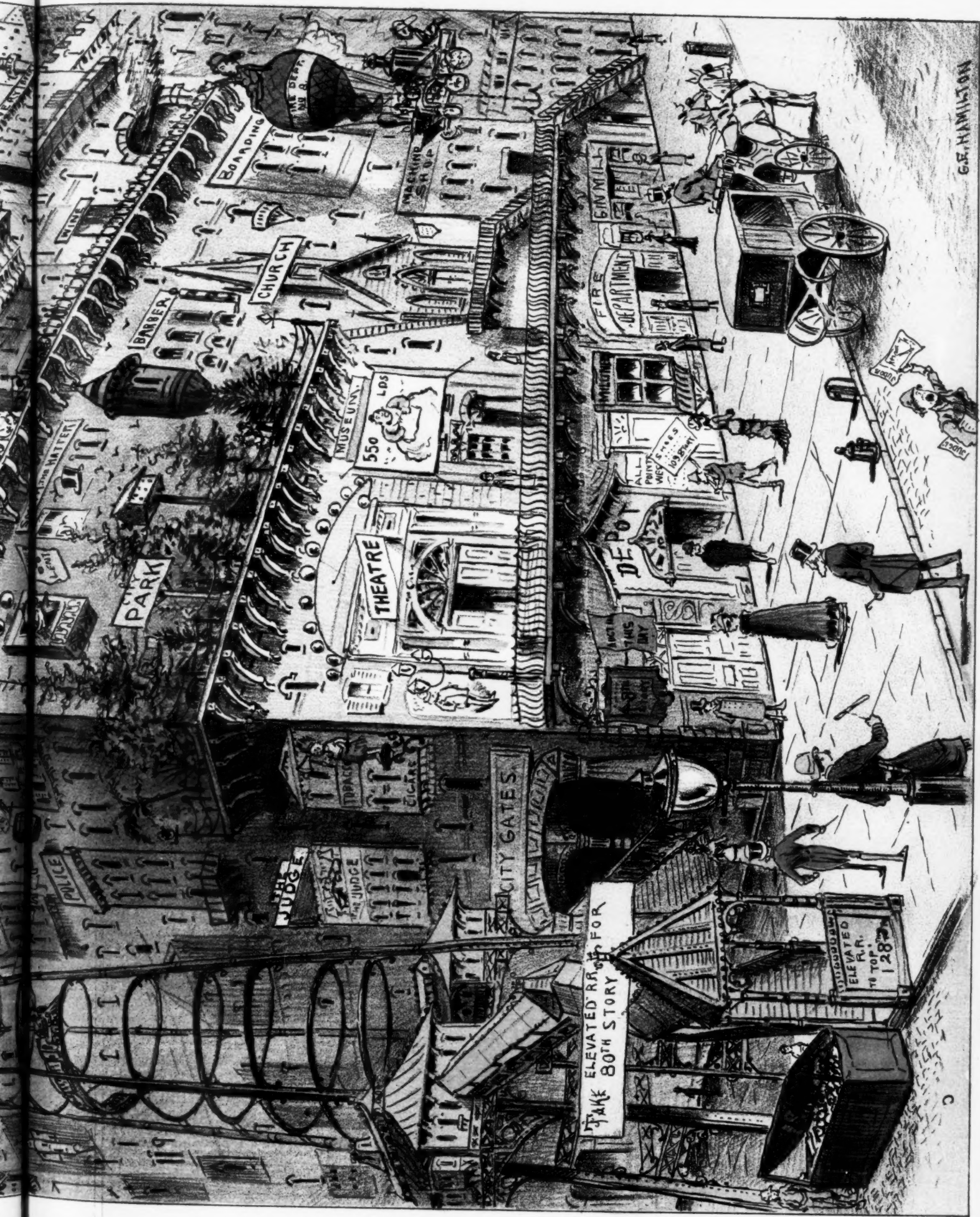
"So you have von frau," said Hans, meditatively. "Ah, mine goot vriend, I bitty's you."

THE old war-horses of a party are those that have a stable place at the public crib.

THE Sarahs of olden times were "good, pious women"—so we read—but the Sarahs of our own day are anything but what their foremothers were. What could be more savage than Sarah saluting her biographer with a horsewhip? This happened abroad, to be sure, but right here in our city another Sarah, of the servant-girl order, snapped a pistol at the daughter of her employer, a Miss Sinnott—in fun of course—but it went off and wounded the young lady. The girl evidently thought it no sin to snap a pistol pointed at Miss Sinnott. Whether the judge before whom she is taken will concur in her opinion remains to be seen.

THE JUDGE





THE JUDGE'S MODEL APARTMENT HOUSE OF THE FUTURE.



A FIGURE PIECE.



STUDY IN OIL.

Intercepted Letters.

DINAH MULBERRY, NEW YORK, TO MISS SOPHRO-
NISBA MULBERRY, NEW GUINEA, N. C.

MY DEAR CHILE:—I promised to write to you directly on my 'ribal norf, an so I will, but dis yer New York am for sartain snah de quarest place yer mudder ebber sot her black foot into.

Ob course being a first-class cook it didn't take Brudder White long to get me into a good home, or what they call a good home up yer, but I 'clar fo' goodness, honey, dat New York folkses ain't no more like our folkses down home, dan a hedge hog's like a shoat.

Yere's Missus a havin' tea kettle drums and exceptions ebbery week, and what wid de Christmassing an de weddin an 'de New Year's I'se jess about druv out o' mind, an no mistake.

When I fust got yers, de waitah man an I, war de only cullud pussons on de premises. Dar war a nuss dat dey called a french bun, and a trifflin' chambermaid dat was the impudest thing I eber did see, and she jess made herself too conspicuous for anything.

Soon affer I 'ribed she called me a haythen and a shpallpeen, but what in goodness name she meant by hit, I cud nebber tell you chile, not if I libbed a tousand years.

How som ebber I knod directly it war sumfin bad, so I jess tole her she war nuffin but poah white trash anyhow, and I'd got no use for her.

Den she went up to de Missus wid a string ob complaints as long as from here to Norf

Carliny, and my Fudder in Heaben knos dat's many a weary mile from dis pestiferous town.

Bym-bye de Missus, she calls me up into her boodore, and she axes me jess from curiosity, I reckon, "What all dis trouble about, anyhow?"

Den dat loafsome gal jess set her cantankerous tongue a gwine, and said i war a makin' cake an' bread to gib away outside de house, an' dat I eben tuk de scap an' de starch an' hid 'em whar she couldn't find 'em.

I was jess so riled at de lies dat gal done tole, dat I rose up in my mite, and says I to de missus: "Dat gal done gone crazy, for shuah. She bin dat way all de munf. I'se bin waitin' for de moon to change, tinkin' she'd come out all right, but de moon done changed last night and I haint seed no change in her."

De missus she jess larfed, and said well, she hoped nuffin' had been taken from her larder, and she didn't believe I'd do such a ting.

I tole her, if dar war any one ting I 'spised moah dan a tieving niggah, it war lym' white trash, like dat perspicuous Bridget, and dat affer de ancomium she hab heaped upon me, she and I could no longer continue to occupy de same apahment. Den I went down stairs, an' dat same day, dat chile o' Belial leff, and I heerd missus a tellin' massa trough de speakin' choob, dat she couldn't afford to lose a good cook, nohow.

Ob course, I hadn't taken nuffin' 'cept a few loaves ob bread an' a trifflin' lot ob cake an' jelly, round to Brudder White's donation party.

De Four Shylock Baptist Church has got to be supported an' de minister must lib. I'd a felt myself mighty small a goin' around dar to dat donation party empty handed.

I believes in de golden rule, I does, and in a doin' to Brudder White as I'd had him do to me, if I war poah and a workin' for de cause. If it hadn't been for dat pryin' sarvint Bridget, I'd a done a good deal moah.

Ob course, dar was no use savin' any thing on de subject to de missus. She's a 'piscotarian, says her prayers out ob a book, and aint got no sympathy wid de Baptises no how.

As for de soap and starch I jess laid em one side tinkin' I'd find time to do up Brudder White's shirts for him—but as I said befoah dis is a quare place—whar de ministers get along widout a shirt, and war collars and cuffs dat dey clean wid spit and a rag, as poor Martin Andrew Van Beuren used to do his slate after de wab, when he went to de refuge school.

De day after Bridget leff de missus got in a new gal, dis time a cullud pussun like de waitah Shakespeare, and myself.

She's been up Norf pretty considerable time and aint a church goer. How som ebber I reckon I can stand her.

De day she came dar was great doins at de house. Missus had what she called a silber weddin. Dar was lots of guests and lots of kerridges, and dey had a reg'lar tent outside de front door for de perlice to stand in out ob de snow an' slush. Dar warn't much for me to do, for dey had a caterer wid a troob ob polly-voers come in, an' dey did all de fixin' an' eberyting. De French bun, she war on her high heeled shoes, and de way she flirted an' conversed wid dem furriferous furreners would a scandalized old Guffy hisself.

I turned my back on such villainous proceedins to put a few little trifles in my

pocket for Brudder White, when de missus sent for me to come up de stars.

Dar she stood, jess like a pieter, all fixed off in white satin an' lace, and says she to me, "Dis is my weddin' dress Dinah, twenty-five years old, and I tought may be you'd like to see de bride."

"Wall, honey," says I, "yer looks mighty fine, an' no mistake, but sho now! Go 'way from me! You doan say you're been a libbin' wid dat man enjoying de holy bonds ob matrimony all dese twenty-five years, an' den calls yourself a bride?"

Wid dat de massa he gib a big shout, an' de missus she got all red like a Lady Washington derangerum, an' I went down stars an' put on my bunnit an' shawl to go to de spiritoal meetin' at Brudder White's, an' to take him de snack I'd sabed from de final catastrophe.

Hopin' you is all well, and dat de childers got dar Christmas giffs in perfrusion, I subscribes myself, Your 'steamed mudder,

DINAH MULBERRY.

THERE was a young fellow of Vichy
Whose descent was decidedly fishy,

As you'll say when I tell you the whole;
For his mother, though fair in the face,
Was considered a wee common plaice,
And his father a jolly old sole.

I KNOW a young girl in New York
Who never makes use of her fork;
I swear by my life
She eats all with her knife,
This dexterous girl of New York.

"THERE'S a screw loose somewhere," as
the scissors said when they fell asunder.

"A MISS is as good as a mile," he said,
when he walked round his girl who weighed
180.

"SHE almost called me honey," said the
aged lover, when his girl said "Old Bees-
wax" to him.

EVE shall be eternally blessed by her sex
for giving Adam the core of the apple, be-
cause it started the first conjugal quarrel.

ANDREW KOERNER, of Indianapolis, quar-
reled with his wife about some mince meat,
and settled it by making mince meat of her.
He is now under arrest for wife murder.

John Henry Spoke Up.

"Dad," he announced, as he dropped his
gripsack on the Old Colony depot platform,
while the light of a baleful purpose shone in
his eyes; "dad, you can take this valise.
I'm goin' to look round the town."

"Air you thinkm' of drinkin' any beer,
John Henry?" asked the old man, solemnly.

"I ain't never tasted any," replied John
Henry, doggedly; "an' I came here to see
some sights."

"Wal, here's hulf on't," said the old man,
backing his son against a shed and fixing
him with his glittering eye. "Will you
drink beer, lose yer watch, hev yer clo'es
stole off yer back, git sent to jail, mebbe,
an' miss yer sheer o' the farm; or will you
come with me an' walk over the Common an'
git some peanuts, an' then go out to your
Aunt Lizzie's, in Roxb'ry, an' mebbe tumble
right into a kissin' party this evenin'?" Speak
right up, John Henry."

The kissing party decided John Henry,
and he spoke right up for Roxbury and his
Aunt Lizzie.—*Fall River Line Journal.*

A BURR in the bush is worth two in the hair.

A FASHIONABLE four-in-hand—two pairs of aces.

UP TO SNUFF—pepper, if you merely wish to make some one sneeze.

WHY is Tennyson's fate to be deplored? Because he is the poet Laure ate.

Is Washington a malarial district because it is subject to *chill Blaine* affections?

WHY is Mary Anderson a desirable supper guest? Because she's such a sweet *Galatea*.

THE successful candidate makes it appoint of honor to give his friends the fat offices at his disposal.

HOMELY women have become so fashionable that certain cosmetic dealers are on the verge of bankruptcy.

WE frequently hear that people "took a new lease of life;" but it never occurs after the landlord has turned the tenant out.

"OH, I wish I was the letter "B," ma!" ejaculated a little girl on being awakened from a sound sleep to go to school the other morning.

"Why?" wonderingly inquired the mother. "Cause I'd be in bed all the time," replied the girl.

"MA," asked a youngster, "was pa to the dime museum last night?"

"My son, why do you ask me that question?"

"Because I heard you ask him if he had the snakes, when he was comin' upstairs to bed this morning," said the lad.

"IN domestic and church circles we always raise ourselves to *pieous* prominence," said an egotistic baker.

"All the same, you will knead some future purgatorial discipline for the auricular punishment you just inflicted on your hearers," said one of the latter.

"MISS Q.," said a professor at the normal, "you will have an oration next Friday, and you may take as a subject, 'The King of Spain.'" "Oh, professor, I cannot. That would be impossible." "Impossible! Why?" "Because it is impossible for a king to be a subject." Intense excitement in the class.—*Marathon Independent*.

As regards height, the Scotch are first, Irish second, English third, and Welsh fourth. As regards weight, the Scotch are first, Welsh second, English third and Irish fourth. The weight and height of Americans would be given, but there is no necessity for terrifying Europe just at this time.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

THE directions given in fashion journals for crocheting ties and things are very lively reading, but lack plot. If our memory is not at fault they run somehow this way: Work nine stitches, turn back, two stitches in third bar, two single in thirds, three chain B to Q 4th ch., K takes B, then make eight chain and fasten to centre of Q B 7th, loop and turn back, white to play and mate in three stitches. It seems easy enough.—*Norristown Herald*.

I Keep the Old Watch Going.

I have a bran-new golden watch,
With a beautiful pearl set in it;
From the spring's first blow till the fall of the snow,
It keeps the time to the minute.
I have set it down in my will to my boy,
And I hope when I'm gone he'll wear it;
'Twas a present to me from over the sea,
And I love the hand that bore it;
But my father gave me one long ago,
When I was a lad yet growing;
How can I part with a thing near my heart?
So I keep the old watch going.

You will find but right little gold in that,
And no pearl its face adorning;
But I thought it grand when I took it in hand
On my thirteenth birthday morning,
And my mother fastened a chain to its ring,
And my sister added a locket;
And I never felt since so much like a prince
As when first it went into my pocket.
My parents are dead; and my sister sank
Where the Indian waves are flowing.
But the light of the past shall shine on to the last,
So I keep the old watch going.

It is strange what oddities sometimes wake,
Good thoughts that have long lain sleeping;
For the great blows fall, and scarce move us at all
But little things set us weeping.
I'm afraid that my life has not been what it should,
And habit's a terrible fetter.
But my pulse beats quick when I list to that tick,
And I earnestly wish to be better.
O, I think that I see new hopes for me,
And a brighter prospect glowing:
Though my heart be chill, 'twould be colder still,
If my boyhood's watch stopped going.

—*Harper's Weekly*.

THE STREET CAR.

To a person not much accustomed to travel, there is a mild excitement in getting on board of a street car; it is in the nature of an adventure. The roar of the wheel in the iron track, the cheerful jingling of the bells, the effort to attract the attention of the driver, who, with one hand on the break and the other controlling his fiery steeds, is also looking for a belated and hurrying passenger up the wrong street; the scant courtesy of the conductor, who watches, with his hand on the bell-pull, the placing of your foot on the step in order to give you the little shock necessary to settle your ideas—this mere getting on board has its pleasing anxieties and surprises. And then there is always the curiosity as to your fellow passengers, and the advantage of studying character in a vehicle where people usually think it unnecessary to conceal their real natures. I have noticed that the first comers in a car seem to think they have a sort of a property in it, and they resent with a stare of surprise the entrance of the last comer, as if his right to a seat depended upon their courtesy. In no other conveyance, I think, does one so perfectly realize how queer people are. Nowhere else, perhaps, are ugliness and oddity and eccentricity in dress such an offence. And then the passengers, ugly as they may be, are so indifferent to your opinion. It is sometimes amazing, the conceit of ugly people.—*Christmas St. Nicholas*.

"YES," said the deacon, "that cow is badly hurt, and wouldn't bring five dollars. But I shall get more for her. A party of swell city fellows are coming down here to hunt, and I shall put her up in the scrubpine lot and then tell them deer abound up there. Oh, she's as good as sold for fifty dollars."—*Boston Post*.

Astonishing a Conductor.

"THE last time I went to Boston," confided a thin, consumptive looking traveler on the Eastern road to a fellow passenger, "the conductor grew monotonous. He insisted on examining my ticket at every station, and grew restless as we passed watering troughs. This time," the traveler continued, as he looked anxiously toward the car door, "we play a change of programme and the boxes are all taken." As the conductor entered with a pompous "tickets, please," the stranger quietly presented a single trip ticket for the next station. The next time he entered the unknown handed him a mileage ticket, following it later with a sportsman's ticket for Labrador. As the conductor was passing him on the next round the traveler pressed an emigrant's ticket for Puget Sound into his hand, and then tried to get him to take a first class passage to Sing Sing with sleeper check. "Didn't I just punch a Puget Sound ticket for you?" demanded the astonished conductor. "Must have been another party," quietly replied the traveler, burying himself in the last *Harper's*. Again, "tickets, please," echoed through the car, and the stranger confronted the conductor with a "Florida-for-the-winter" excursion via the Richmond boats. "See here," said the enraged official "what does this mean? I have punched tickets for you for all points of the globe. Haven't got a child's ticket to Patagonia or a Hong Kong cattle show excursion, have you? If you give me any more tickets to punch, I'll punch your head." "Yes," replied the traveler, with painful dignity, "I usually travel on this," presenting a director's pass, "but we understand that passengers on your train get lame in the arms showing their tickets, and have no time to take in the scenery; so I am instructed to notify you that there is a good vacancy on the night freight, unless we hear of improvement," and the frightened conductor passed two tramps 100 miles, not daring to call for tickets.—*New Haven Register*.

HE was driving out of Plainfield the other day with such a satisfied look on his face that an acquaintance hailed him with: "Well, Uncle Billy, what's happened?" "You know them five sons of mine?" "Oh, yes." "Well, they be always buyin' and sellin' and speculatin,' and not a day passes that some one of 'em don't ask me to indorse his note." "And of course you do?" "No. Them boys are rather shaky, you know; but I'm going to alter this. Hang it, I'm their own father, you see, and it looks kinder mean to refuse 'em. I've been down here and deeded the farm to the old woman, put a chattel mortgage on the stock, and sold off most of the tools, and now if the boys want my names on their notes I'll sit down and give it to 'em like a Spartan father!"—*Newark Sunday Call*.

A SOMEWHAT inebriated gentleman boarded a down car on Yonge street, Toronto. Balancing himself against the door he asked the conductor to let him off at Cruikshank street. When Wilton avenue was reached, he recognized his destination, and stumbling over to the bell-strap, gave it a tremendous tug. The conductor was irritated. "What do you mean by jerking the bell like that—ringing it at both ends?" he said with rising anger. "Well—(hic)—don't I wansh the car to stop—(hic)—at both ends?"—*Toronto Globe*.



"A FALSE STEP," is the name of Bartley Campbell's new comedy that is announced to follow "Storm Beaten" at the Union Square. It is an ominous title, and Mme. Dolaro, for one, will probably not feel sorry if it should prove prophetic. After all that has been said and written about her play, the fates, in the shape of Messrs. Shook and Collier, have decreed that it shall not be placed upon the stage of their theatre. Various are the reasons assigned for its non-production, but it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to get at the true inwardness of the matter.

There is a rumor afloat that Charles Coghlan, after he leaves the company of John Stetson, will revisit the scene of his former failures and become again the leading man at the Square. If this be true, what is to become of McKee Rankin? Perhaps he'll take another *false step*.

After a short rest, our ears are again attuned to the warbling of Mapleson's and Abbey's song birds, as well as to the seductive notes of the French opera troupe.

Aimee and Angele were to have sung at the Standard, but fire can not wither, nor custom stale their infinite variety, and they make things quite as lively at The San Francisco Opera House as did their sable brethren, lately departed. From burnt cork to opera bouffe is a startling change, but we are used to surprises in these days.

Patti is at the Academy, but there is very little left to talk about, as far as she is concerned, except her new car and—Nicolini. Various theories are set forth as to why and how she and the alleged tenor continue to live together, and the question is as diligently discussed as if it were one of vital importance.

As for Nicolini, it is natural to suppose that he or any other man would prefer swinging round the circle with a pretty prima donna in a \$40,000 palace car, to eating onions and mushrooms in Alsace with a peasant wife and seven little olive branches; but why the charming Adeline should lavish her affection and waste her ducats on the lank Italian singer, is past finding out. When she first started out to live with him she had a pretty lively time with her first husband, one Marquis de Caux, and it cost her upwards of \$200,000 and her title before she could get rid of the old love and on with the new. Now Nicolini may be worth all this trouble and expense, but to look at his legs, and listen to his voice, one would hardly think it.

The car, too, may be worth \$40,000—as an advertisement. The price sounds big, but eight nights of warbling will pay for the whole business. This wonderful machine on wheels was gotten up or invented by somebody named Mann, and contains a few more than the ordinary modern improvements. In one description of it we are told that the ventilation is chastened, and that by the Mann system more privacy is

secured than by any other. This is as it should be, but what a pity it is Mrs. Langtry and Freddie didn't travel in such a car last summer. Think of the privacy and chastened ventilation they might have enjoyed at Long Branch and other places. By the way, Mr. Stetson has been obliged to remove "The Glass of Fashion" that he said "was in everybody's mouth," all on account of the fair Lily, who goes through her society acts, and shows her fine points, on the stage of the Fifth Avenue, very much as she did a year ago.

John T. Raymond was as funny as ever last week, down at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, playing "In Paradise."

At Niblo's "The Pavements of Paris" holds the boards, and Mr. Belasco, we hear, is soon to give us a new play, called "The Outcasts of New York." He will search the Five Points, Baxter street, etc., in search of choice characters, and will be accompanied in his rambles by two detectives. Why doesn't he ask Talmage to join his party and throw additional light on the subject?

The Roses.

I MET an angel, lacking wings,
She looked as sweet as summer clover,
At Saratoga's famous springs,
And, Romeo-like, I flopp'd right over.

Her beauty set my heart ablaze;
She looked like Egypt's amorous queen,
Whom oft—in boyhood's halcyon days,
In waxen figure I had seen.

My love for that bewitching sprite,
All other thoughts of love consumed;
Like diamonds, her eyes were bright,
And on her cheeks the roses bloomed.

I there and then my love confess'd,
While Cupid's arrows pierced me through;
But when my lips her cheeks had press'd,
The roses fled, and—Cupid too.

O. JONES.

German Student Pomposity.

A PARTY of American travelers were on the railroad platform at Heidelberg. One of the travelers happened to crowd a Heidelberg student, when he drew himself up, scowled pompously, and said:

"Sir, you are crowding; keep back, sir!"
"Don't you like it, sonny?" asked the American.

"Sir!" scowled the student, "allow me to tell you, sir, that I am at your service at any time and place."

"Oh, you are at my service, are you?" said the American. "Then just carry this satchel to the hotel for me!"

MANY of the sunsets during the past week have been red. We have only heard of one "blue" sunset, and that was "Sunset Cox," of New York, visible in Washington.—*Norristown Herald*.

AN ingenious gentleman of Connecticut is said to have invented an electric machine by which he claims to be able to raise the dead. It is said that Ben Butler is investigating the matter.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

AFTER you have purchased what you wanted, sit and chat with the salesman for a while. People who are waiting to buy will forget their impatience in contemplation of your remarkable conversational powers.—*Boston Transcript*.

If conscience is what makes cowards of us all, there ought to be a great many very brave men these days.—*Philadelphia Call*.

Answers to Correspondents.

JUNIUS.—Judging by what you send us, we agree thoroughly with your own *very modest* opinion, that you possess neither the wit nor the wisdom of your famous *nom de plume* namesake of former days, over the water. We will even venture a little further, and tell you to your face that your ability does not entitle you to even attempt to masquerade in a borrowed name which was famous long before you emerged from the swaddling period of your infantile existence. And we have very serious doubts as to whether you have wholly emerged from it yet. Good-day, "Junius!"

OLD FOGIE, N. Y. City.—Not at all, old friend. Your "hope I don't intrude" attitude is wholly out of place in presence of THE JUDGE, who, albeit almost wholly dwelling in the "living present," is pleased to list an occasional echo from the "dead past." Your kind words of appreciation are proof positive—"strong as proofs of Holy Writ"—that THE JUDGE was highly appreciated before he was born. No proof needed, other than his own jolly and rubicund weekly appearance in public, to show that he has been appreciated since. Let us have the benefit of your words of wisdom and encouragement as often as you wish, but on one condition, namely, that you request no introduction to our readers.

JOHN BROWN, Brooklyn.—'Pon our comical conscience, we are sorely tempted to imagine that you may be the materialized spirit of Queen Vic's departed Scotch "gillie" seeking communication with this mundane sphere once more, through the *medium* of THE JUDGE. It may be that the shadowy character of your calligraphy suggested this weird idea, and, if correct in our surmise, then we respectfully advise you to communicate with *Punch*, which is largely indebted to you for much of its fun and frolic at the expense of royalty. And John, let us request you not to haunt our wastebasket, as we have just consigned your communication to the flames.

EASTERN cities have been bragging a good deal about the brilliant sunsets that have been calling out the fire departments recently. These sunsets are very fine, no doubt, but the moment the Eastern papers commenced blowing about them it was a foregone conclusion that as soon as some Western paper got time to spit on its hands the chromatic evening displays of the slow East would be double discounted. The Virginia City Enterprise is now out with the statement that in Nevada they had two sunsets the same evening. One was at the regular time announced on the small bills, while the other took place about two hours after. The thing is easily explained, of course, although the Enterprise makes quite a to-do about the matter. One sunset took place on local time and the other on standard time. Until we get the time question settled these double sunsets are always liable to happen.—*Detroit Free Press*.

TOUCHING Mr. Tennyson's new \$1,000 spring poem, it may be confessed that there is nothing inconsistent between its poetic character and the elevation of its author to the peerage. Its general tone of idiocy is in entire harmony with the atmosphere of the House of Lords.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

COMMENTING on the grandiloquent boasting of an exchange that Washington never saw a steamboat, John Adams a railroad, Andrew Jackson the telegraph, or Abraham Lincoln the telephone, we would say that if Lincoln ever had seen a telephone heaven only knows what stories he would have told in connection therewith.—*Boston Post*.

AN ARKANSAS PROPOSAL.

"Can I have a few words with you, sir?" asked young Arthur Gregg, entering a richly carpeted office and addressing Colonel Bibley.

"I suppose you can," the Colonel replied, nervously turning in his revolving chair and glancing at Arthur in a way so devoid of interest that the young man inwardly wished he had not sought an interview with the crusty old fellow.

"I will not detain you long, for I know that your time is well occupied—"

"It was well occupied," said the Colonel. "Whether or not it is well occupied—"

"Your sarcasm, Colonel, is lost on me. You could no doubt spend your time more profitably than by talking to me."

"No doubt," the Colonel assented.

"I am glad to see," said the young man bowing, "that there are subjects on which we agree, and since you have unwittingly led me, step by step, to the very threshold of the subject, in which above others I desire your concurrence, I will at once open the door. I think that I would make an admirable son-in-law. Do you agree with me?"

"I do. You would undoubtedly make a good son-in-law—of a donkey."

"Ah, I see. Then pray allow me to ask your daughter's hand in marriage."

The Colonel glared at the young man for a moment and replied: "If impudence were wit, then I would regard you as capable of taking care of a wife."

"And if arrogance were generosity then I would have had no hesitancy in approaching you."

"Ah, you are quite equal to the emergency. Do you love my daughter with a truth and depth of devotion which in the future shall ever prevent any other love from arising to the surface; do you think that in after years, when your ambition has elevated you to the height of a longed-for eminence that your love will be strong enough to keep pace with your advancement, and lift my child step by step as you yourself are lifted?"

"I do," solemnly said the young man, inclining his head in reverence.

"My daughter is loving but not ambitious. In her life affection will be everything. Will you ever speak cross to her?"

"Never."

"What assurance have I?"

"This sir!" and the young man drew a bottle from his side pocket.

"What have we here? Kentucky?"

"Kentucky."

"Ah," said the Colonel, as he threw out a chew of tobacco and took the bottle. "Here's looking at you!"

"Drink hearty," the young man replied, and taking the bottle he held it up and added: "Here's to the hair off your head."

The marriage was solemnly celebrated, and the young man, who is a horse doctor, has begun to ascend the ladder of ambition.—*Ark. Traveler.*

Kalamazoo.

A GERMAN paper declares the origin of the word Kalamazoo by declaring that the first settler in the place was a German; that he had a son named Karl; that he had a saloon which he closed regularly at nine o'clock, his injunction to his son being regularly made at that hour in these words: "Karl, mach' zu!" which was corrupted by the Indians into Kalamazoo, or the shutting off of whisky. It is needless to add that the old German is dead now, and the name is very inappropriate.—*Texas Siftings.*

American Traits.

Why does that gentleman rise from his seat?

Because he gets out at the next station. But we have not got near the next station yet.

I beg your pardon. From an American point of view, we are very near it. It is less than a mile away.

See, he rushes wildly toward the door; and now he is on the platform. Is he not in danger?

The only danger he dreads is the danger of losing one-quarter of a second.

Ah, we are almost at the station now. Will he not wait until the cars stop?

No, indeed; that would be a waste of precious time.

There he goes. Good heavens! he has fallen; the cars have run over him!

Yes, such things frequently happen in America; but you know where one man is killed, half a dozen jump off successfully! The chances of death are only one in six, or thereabouts.

They have picked him up. His lips move. He is speaking.

Yes, he says, "I die a true American."—*Exchange.*

A Slow Man.

"I DON'T believe you intend to pay me that little bill," said Brown angrily to Bixby, whom he met on the street. "Well, I declare," said Bixby, "is it possible that you have just found that out? I am disappointed in you. I always thought you were a man of keen perception. If any person had come to me and asked my honest opinion about your judgment I would have said it was sound, and yet it has taken you two years to find out that I don't pay bills. Seems to me you'll have to brush up your faculties or you'll get left by the accommodation train one of these days."—*Middle-town Transcript.*

A Sure Cure.

"REBECCA," said Mose Schaumberg, an Austin merchant prince to his wife, "I vaunts you to gif me your photograph."

"Und vat in de world do you vant mit mine photograph?" inquired the wife.

"I vants to paste it on mine pipe. Times vas so pad dat I vants to preak mineself of shmoking," answered Mose.—*Texas Siftings.*

THERE are very few women employed upon the London papers. This probably accounts for their dreary dryness. (What? Bouquets? Thanks, ladies.)—*Bismarck Tribune.*

PRESIDENT Arthur, recently, while out driving, stopped his team fifteen minutes to listen to the strains of a hand-organ. Congress, it is said, will make an effort to impeach him, but it is probable that an officer of the S. P. C. A. will have him arrested for cruelty to animals.—*Norristown Herald.*

"AH, old fellow," said an Austin gentleman, meeting another on the avenue, "so you are married at last. Allow me to congratulate you, for I hear you have an excellent and accomplished wife." "I have, indeed," was the reply; "she is so accomplished. Why, sir, she is perfectly at home in literature; at home in music; at home in art; at home in science—in short, at home everywhere, except—" "Except what?" "Except at home."—*Texas Siftings.*

THE barber is not far out of the way in calling himself an "artist." None of the old masters could draw blood half so artistically.

"Tired," said Byrnesmonkey to Tawmus, "what have you done to be tired?" "Paid out \$76," replied the fatigued Tawmus.—*Boston Post.*

AT a New Jersey wedding the middle aisle of the church was covered with Autumn leaves. If the bride resisted the temptation to gather a couple of armfuls she certainly deserves a husband.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

THERE is one extreme of goodness to which we have never known the most perfect saint to attain, and that is the refusal to pass off a punched and filled coin when the opportunity offers.—*Burlington Free Press.*

THE victims of the Newhall house fire in Milwaukee are to have a monument. A monument, when a night's safe lodging was all a guest expected, is something in the way of a gratuity that is entirely superfluous.—*Hartford Post.*

A NEGRO girl in Laurens county bears the lovely name of "Fair Rosa Beauty Spot, Temptation Touch Me Not." She was baptized by immersion. There wasn't enough to finish the names the other way.—*Boston Post.*

Thirty thousand children live on canal boats in England. It is probably a special arrangement of Providence that there should be drowning conveniences where there are so many youngsters.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

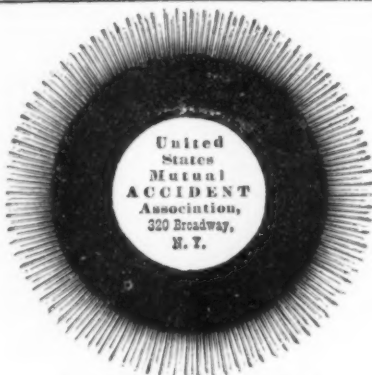
THE *Texas Siftings* sneeringly remarks that "if you want your grave dug in Memphis they make you pay cash in advance." There is nothing very wrong in that. Once allow a man to try on his grave and he will never come back to pay for it.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

It was his first attempt on roller skates, and as they brought him to in the toilet room he remarked; "I tell you, boys, that was gorgeous. I must have kicked in the whole dome of heaven the way those stars flew 'round. I wonder if there's any left for the next man."—*Oil City Blizzard.*

A BAY State girl frightened her lover entirely out of his matrimonial notions by working and presenting him with the motto: "I Need Thee Every Hour." He says he would be perfectly willing to give her the greater portion of his time, but that his health demanded an hour or two out-of-doors every day for exercise.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

SAVING AT THE SPIGOT.—Adele is a splendid cook, but it is evident that she cannot content everybody and his father. The other evening madame went into the kitchen and found the gas stove lighted. "Why, Adele, do you light your stove at this hour?" "But I have not put it out since morning." "Why, girl, are you crazy?" "No; but madame is always complaining that I use too many matches."—*Paris Paper.*

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Happy New Year, 1884.

Happy Year! Bright New Year!
Eighteen-Eighty-four is here!
Time of pleasant salutation,
Time of kind congratulation!
Time of happy social meetings,
Time of good old-fashioned greetings;
Time of home hilarity,
Time of generous charity;
Time for worthy resolution,
Sometimes missing execution.
Bright the prospect—never brighter;
Clear the skies are—never lighter;
Seems as if the heavens o'er us
Speak of luck and profit for us.

Yet the wise and careful student
Of the future should be prudent.
Spite our very best intention,
Risks too numerous to mention
Every hour of life befall us—
Every day and night they call us
To be wise and make provision
'Gainst disaster and collision.

Now make a useful resolution;
Put it into execution!
On the Mutual Accident plan,
Which avails for every man,
Be in time—your life insuring—
For your family securing
Freedom from distressed vexation;
For yourself the compensation,
Paid with regularity,
Better than the best of charity.
While disabled, if thus thrifty,
You will be receiving fifty
Greenback dollars every week,
Stopping many a household leak.
If you chance to lose your life,
There's ten thousand for your wife!

Eighteen-Eighty-four is here!
Be wise! Insure! This bright New Year!

JAMES R. PITCHER,

Secretary.

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A MAN always finds out when there is a hole in the bottom of his stocking. He makes the discovery when he takes his boots off at night and puts his foot down on the hot register to warm. He rarely forgets to speak right out about it.—*Rockland Courier-Gazette*.

"I WOULD rather be right than be president," said Henry Clay; and President Arthur, since ascertaining the tone of the press on his attitude on the Mormon question, murmurs, as he contemplates himself in his looking-glass, "It is nice to be both."—*Somerville Journal*.

THE cost of the czar's coronation is said to be \$15,000,000, and yet he is described by an Englishman who has been behind the scenes in Russia as an incredibly ignorant, obstinate, pigheaded fool. That reminds us of United States campaign literature.—*Washington Hatchet*.

It is proposed to compel the Chinese to provide themselves with certificates containing detailed descriptions of their personal appearance. It will be an economical measure so far as the Chinese are concerned, as the description of one will do for all.—*Boston Transcript*.

NEWBERN, Tenn., has a law that imposes a fine of not less than \$25 or more than \$50 on any person who goes into a saloon on Sunday. The citizens think it is a very unjust law that impels a man to enter a saloon on Saturday night and remain there until Monday morning.—*Norr. Herald*.

NEVER speak of your failings, my son. Everybody who knows you knows them. Never speak of your good qualities. Nobody but yourself believes you possess them. In short, never speak of yourself at all. Of course, you will appear eccentric, but you will be readily forgiven by everybody.—*Boston Transcript*.

"OH, I don't care whether I get anything in my stocking or not," said Adolphus, adding, with a look of undying devotion, "but Clara, I should like to have what is in your stockings." "Oh, yes," said Clara, naively, "you mean corns. What a foolish boy." Thus was love's young dream dispelled, and hence it is that Clara is still called "Miss."—*Boston Transcript*.

"YES," said the merchant. "I always mark the most expensive of my goods as 'Sold,' during the holiday season. When women read the signs it makes them crazy to have the same article, and they are so disappointed that I finally promise to try and get them another—which of course, I have no trouble in doing. Oh, it's a great scheme, I tell you, and never fails."—*Rockland Courier-Gazette*.

SMITHERS.—"I hear a great deal of talk about the number of miles a man walks during an evening, playing billiards, and have a great mind to learn the game just for exercise." Blithers. "That is not a bad idea. Most gentlemen play billiards." Smithers.—"And you consider it good exercise?" Blithers.—"Certainly, very much better than sitting still." Smithers.—"About what distance, on an average, will a man cover in one game?" Blithers.—"Well, that depends a good deal on the distance of the table from the bar."—*Phila. Call*.

THE Publishers of the Richmond, Va. Enquirer heartily recommend Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and say: "It has been well tried in our office and composing room, and has cured our city editor of a very bad case of Bronchitis."

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NEW rule for the senate—Senators pairing shall not throw the peelings on the floor of the senate chamber.—*Washington Capital.*

VERILY, wonders never cease. We have a poem expressly telegraphed across the ocean, and now we have readings by Cable.—*Boston Times.*

"DON'T," said Tawmus, "don't throw that away; it's something I am very proud of." "It's only an old tailor's bill." "Yes, but it's paid."—*Boston Post.*

A STATUE to G. Washington, the man who never told a lie, has been set up in Wall street. There is a grim sarcasm about this we rather admire.—*Chicago News.*

A CONNECTICUT woman claims to be 117 years old, and she probably is, for we see by the papers that she knows how to make old-fashioned pumpkin pies.—*Exchange.*

CHRISTMAS is a great institution. It makes the boy live all the year on the hopes of getting a painted top in his stocking on the 25th day of December.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

WHEN Samson's hair was cut short he was of no more account than an ordinary man, and, as a parallel case in modern history, Oscar Wilde is a poor example.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

AN old criminal lawyer, of Cincinnati, says the majority of those convicted are innocent, while the majority of those acquitted are guilty. Shouldn't be surprised if the latter half of the statement was true.—*Hartford Post.*

DOLLS are now made that cry and say papa and mama, and now all that is really needed to make the childless home supremely happy is some one to smear molasses candy over carpets and furniture.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

THE world, taken as a whole, is short of newspapers. But it's hard to obtain belief of this fact in the man who is vainly struggling to disentangle himself from a mob of newsbobs bellowing, grabbing and gesticulating at him.—*Boston Post.*

"WHAT will you think of your beautiful wife twenty or thirty years from now?—that is the question," according to Monsignor Capel. That is not a hard question, Monsignor Capel. Most likely we will think she is a much better cook than she was at first.—*Philadelphia Call.*

THE young man who, at the rink Saturday evening, observed the writer and a lady skating together and made some remark about "beauty and the beast" will hear something to his disadvantage if he will call at this office. No punishment is too severe for a brute who will call a lady a beast.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

"JENNIE," said a man at a Cortland hotel, "what is this?" and he held up an object at the end of his fork. "That is a buckwheat cake, sir." "Oh, it is, eh. I didn't know but what it was a new kind of postage stamp, or an old-fashioned letter wafer. Do you use a three-cent piece for a griddle and bake a dozen at a time?"—*Marathon Independent.*

BEST men and ushers, heretofore presented with scarf pins by the bridegroom, now think they ought to have gold watches, dress suits and silk hats. They have ruined the business by greed. Fashion will say there is only one best man at a wedding, and that is the one the bride goes for.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

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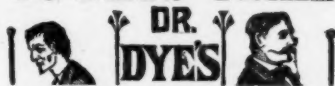
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