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ADVICE TO THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.  
Better get on the other side and saw.

THE JUDGE



## THE JUDGE.

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### FREE TRADE AND THE TARIFF.

THE pivotal question of the present year is the tariff. On it all eyes are fixed, and if tongues for the most part are silent, it is because neither party has made up its mind how to grapple with it effectually. The Republicans have all along posed as the party of high protection, and they naturally are loth to abandon that position; still, in view of the widespread popular feeling upon the subject, they do not assert that the tariff is not in need of reformation. The Democrats, on the other hand, have stoutly advocated free trade; but latterly it has begun to dawn upon the leaders of the party that this issue is not altogether a popular one. A revolution in the tariff, however beneficially it might operate in the future, would unsettle so many industries in the immediate present, and would produce such a turmoil in the business world, that people shrink from it. They are inclined to let well enough alone, and are content rather to bear the evils that they have than fly to others that they know not of. This feeling places the leaders of both parties in a peculiar and embarrassing position. Recognizing the fact that the question is the leading one *par excellence* in the politics of the day, they both shrink from grappling with it, conscious that a single false step might prove their ruin. Perhaps, of the two, the position is more trying for the Democrats. To abandon free trade altogether, would be to kick away the support

on which in the past they have mainly depended. To advocate any modified form of tariff reform would be to shout in the Republican procession. Of two evils, choose the least, and, at any rate in appearance, do not let the choice seem compulsory. Before abandoning free trade, the Democrats would do well to settle themselves firmly on some other detail of the great question of tariff reform—and there are plenty of them—and thereby secure an issue of their own on which to take their stand, before they finally lop off the somewhat superfluous branch of free trade.

### RAPID TRANSIT.

DIVIDING with politics the interest of the moment, and, in the opinion of many, of far more practical importance, the question of rapid transit, or, at any rate, of reasonably quick and convenient internal communication between and throughout New York and Brooklyn, is actively under discussion. THE JUDGE not long ago adverted to the slow methods of our neighbors across the river, and their contentment with street cars—of which, to do them justice, they certainly seem to have an overpowering abundance. However, the fact that the bridge can never do all that has been expected of it, except in connection with an elevated railroad system on both sides of the river, seems to be gradually forcing its way to Brooklyn comprehension, and in a very short time we hope to see Brooklyn rapid transit an accomplished fact. Meanwhile, however, the means of local communication in New York are far from being what they ought to be, and the Rapid Transit Commission at present in session has a difficult task to regulate the matter, with a due regard to the conflicting interests of the great public and the property holders. That the public must be paramount in a matter of this kind is indubitable; but we must remember that the property owners, too, have rights, if they be only the rights of a minority, which, as far as may be, are bound to be respected. Some of the most recent plans will cut wofully into private property, in some cases not even confining themselves to the lines of public property occupied by the streets themselves. To the execution of these, great obstacles will no doubt be presented. The incompleteness of our existing system of elevated railroads lies in the fact that they furnish little or no means of cross-town communication. We have four great arteries for travel running up and down town on Ninth, Sixth, Third, and Second avenues respectively. These resolve themselves practically into two, the Ninth and Sixth avenues becoming merged for a portion of their route on the west side, as the Second and Third avenue routes are on the east. Now we need better means of connection between the two. Between Canal and Twenty-third streets the cross-town lines, of which there are several, supply adequate connection, but in all the busy district

below Canal, and all the thickly settled and densely populated streets from Twenty-third street up, we have scarcely any means of crossing town. It is above Twenty-third street that this inconvenience is most felt, not only because the distances are greater, but because in the up-town regions the cars are needed by ladies and children, physically incapable of taking long walks; while downtown the cars would be required and patronized mostly by men. Not for a distance of nearly two miles, from the time we leave the cross-town cars on Twenty-third street till we reach the Belt line at Fifty-ninth, is there any connection between the east and west. There should be a cross-town line on Thirty-fourth street and certainly another on Forty-second. All the elevated railways have stations on the latter street; on it stand two great railroad depots, the Grand Central and the West Shore, and the street is abundantly broad enough throughout its entire length to accommodate a double railroad track. The most important work before the Transit Commission will be to see to the establishing of a line of cars on Forty-second street from river to river. The other improvements in our means of local travel the public will be ready to welcome as great conveniences. This is an absolute necessity.

### ABOUT FUTURE PRESIDENTS.

IN this, as in every other year which brings the country face to face with the problem of a presidential election, we meet a very large number of people perfectly willing, and, in their own opinion, perfectly able to tell the world all about it in advance. They indulge in forecasts, they see visions, and they dream dreams, and draw their deductions accordingly. Now, as a matter of fact, at the present writing it would be utterly impossible for any one to point with any degree of certainty to the next president; and it would be extremely difficult, and, in fact, no better than a guess, to hazard an opinion as to which of the two great parties will furnish him. Read the Republican papers for a week, and you will be well assured that nothing short of the universal cataclysm can keep the Republicans out of the White House next term; read a Democratic paper for just half as long, and you will realize how utterly impossible it is that the Democracy can fail to carry the day.

Who shall decide when doctors disagree? Between the Press of the two great parties, who shall attempt to hold the balance? Certainly not THE JUDGE.

But THE JUDGE will own that, to a dispassionate observer, it must appear that not for a quarter of a century has the Republican party been in so dangerous a position as it is to-day. True, it holds the fort, but how unceasingly and intelligently is the assault being pushed forward. And the walls of the Republican stronghold are far from being as strong as they were. Sapped in every direction by fraud, by internal dissension, and by

mutual distrust, they offer many a practicable breach to the patient and wary foe. The truth is that the country is ripe for a change, and the Democrats knowing this, are pushing the Republican fastness for all they are worth. The title once proudly arrogated by the party in power, "the party which saved the country," has lost its significance. More than twenty years in office, "with all that the term implies," has made the party intellect crass and stupid. The spoils, abundant as they were, have not satisfied everybody, and there have been quarrels over their division, and one result of these quarrels has been to let in a stream of light upon administrative methods which few administrations could bear—certainly not the present one. Then, a somewhat dilettante president complicates the situation, and the very deed that was the cause of his promotion from the vice-presidency, though the act of an irresponsible crank, intensifies the bitterness of feeling between the two factions.

On the other hand, the Democrats present a solid and united front. Long forbearance from the sweets of office have made them lean and in good condition for the race. As far as the memory of the rising generation goes, they have been honest in federal politics; perhaps because they have lacked temptation and opportunity for speculation; but, be the reason what it may, the majority of voters will think that they cannot be worse off than they are, and will advocate a change at any cost. Again, the Democrats are not so torn by internal dissensions as are the Republicans. You see, they have not had so much to fight about. In a word, despite the strongly entrenched position of the Republican party; despite the wealth of patronage it controls, and the solid phalanx of sentimental or interested votes it can always command, its position this year is a dangerous one. Republicanism has waxed fat while Democracy was waxing desperate, and, as the adage says, it is ill arguing between a full man and a fasting. But both parties will tell you that they are going to elect the next president, and, as both cannot succeed, which one is telling a lie? Time and the little Sphinx that hides in every ballot box can alone answer that conundrum.

For some time past there has been talk of electing John J. Dunn president of the Police Endowment Fund Association, and now they have been and gone and dunn it.

An exchange says Senator Payne has fired off his presidential gun, and is now waiting for the boom to reverberate through the country. We wonder if it will prove a telling shot. If so, it will give the country great Payne for the next four years.

BOSS McLAUGHLIN, of Brooklyn, is minus one of his henchmen, by the disappearance of Peter J. Meaney, who was to have reported to the auditing committee with \$20,000 of the funds of the Iron Molders' Union.—*Morning Journal*. Has Meany disappeared with the money? If so, he is a meaner man than his comrades took him to be.



JOYS OF WINTER.

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

**Mrs. Squizzle Chooses a Profession.**

A NEWSPAPER—which never yet made a false statement and had to contradict it—asserts that no person, male or female, in this literary, intellectual, and cultured community but what has at one time or another written a play.

Surprised at this statement, for I boast of some literary ability myself, I read the paragraph aloud to Sally Mari.

Sez she, "Ma, go to work on a drama at once, or you'll be considered of no account by the literati here."

With that, she brought me pen, ink, and paper, but I hesitated, and, watching me with an anxious face, she said, "What will be the subject of your play?"

"My own life, of course," sez I, sternly. "Not a single incident in it, since I became the wife of Jabez Squizzle, that has not sufficient dramatic action for a good play, and worthy of representation on any stage."

"Yes, indeed," chimed in the dear girl, "the incidents and accidents of your life and mine, couched in your eloquent language, will, if properly arranged, make a drama worthy of being witnessed by people of the highest position both in our own country and Urip."

Her encouraging words, together with the inspiration of the time and place, put me in the proper mood, and, in less time than it takes me to tell it, I was the author of an original play. I held it up, and shouted "victory!" when the last word was transcribed to the paper. The task was completed.

After reading it carefully through to Sally Mari, we decided that "Victory" would be a very appropriate name for it, and I immediately sent on and had it copyrighted under that title.

I had no doubt, when it became known to the managers of the different theatres that a "new and original play" had been produced, they would all be after it, but, to our surprise, nobody called, though Sally Mari and I both sate in state (in our best bib and tucker) in the drawing-room to receive them for a whole week. "I'm not going to stand this much longer," said I, and at the end of the week I started out, and called or at-

tempted to call on some of the most popular managers.

But not a face did I get sight at, though I saw the back hair and coat-tails of several individuals squeezing through half-open doors when my name and business was announced by the porter. At length I was driven to such a state of desperation that I consulted a manipulator of other people's productions. He told me, in confidence, that he had been in this business for some years and had amassed quite a fortune. He never failed to get a play produced when he fairly tackled a manager.

"Something depends on the merit of the drama, I presume," sez I.

"Not a bit of it," sez he. "It all depends on the way you strike out."

My blood curdled when I saw him deposit an Indian war club in a large pocket in the tail of the long ulster he wore; and then he carefully slipped the roll of manuscript in the other pocket, and he started off at a brisk pace.

"I use a little diplomacy, but I invariably obtain from managers the desired end," said he.

"Pray tell me how," I cried, excitedly.

"Wait patiently and you will see," he replied.

There was no time to say more, for just then the doorkeeper put in an appearance, and asked, in a rough voice, what we wanted.

"I have an appointment with the manager—that is, he wants to see me about the next play to be produced," said the manipulator.

"And this lady—what does she want?" he asked, giving me rather an impertinent stare.

"Oh, she's booked for a character part," says the manipulator, as cool as though he was telling the honest truth.

After again scrutinizing us closely, the doorkeeper led the way slowly to the manager's room.

He was sitting tipped back in his chair, his feet on the desk and his back towards us, smoking.

When he got a sight of his distinguished visitors—which was not until we had made a circuit of the room, walking up and stopping short, directly in front of him—he as-



A "THOMAS CONCERT."

tempted to rise, but the manipulator bade him keep his seat, and at the same time drawing the club from one ulster pocket and the roll of MS. from the other, cried, in tragic tones, "Move one inch and you are a dead man."

With the air of a crushed tragedian, the manager "dropped" to the situation. Still brandishing the war club in his face, the manipulator shouted, as he handed the MS. to me, "Read, while I keep a close watch that he don't escape between the acts."

"How many acts are there?" asked the manager, in a faint voice.

"Ten and a prologue," said I.

"Brain me at once and have done with it," said he, casting a look of agony first on the manipulator then on me.

The manipulator gave him a rap, which laid him back easy; then he sez to me, "Hurry up, and get through it against he comes too sufficiently to write his name." So I commenced the MS., and read till my jaws ached, but he wouldn't allow me to rest or let up for a minute.

Once or twice the doorkeeper peeped in, but the manipulator waved him away, and there was nothing else for him to do but retire.

At last it was finished. The manager, when I ceased, rubbed his eyes and made a faint effort to rise.

"What do you think of it?" asked the manipulator, still brandishing the war club, and at the same time placing a hand on his shoulder to keep him from rising till he had his answer.

The manager looked at the threatening club, and, seeing there was no possible way of escape, he said: "Why, I like it! Of course I like it—the best of anything I have heard in a long time."

"When will you produce it, and on what terms?" demanded the manipulator.

Another glance at the club, and he said: "We will pay the usual cash price, produce it as soon as it can be properly rehearsed, and give a royalty to the author of 10 per cent on profits."

"Agreed," said the manipulator, and he dropped his club, grasped the hand of the manager, and they had a hearty shake over it. Then the manipulator introduced me as the author of the wonderful production he had listened to so interestedly and attentively, and we shook hands, and were politely

waited upon to the door by the gentlemanly manager. But, alas, during the interim, a long line of authors, each with a roll of manuscript, stood in Indian file waiting to see him. With a howl of despair, he banged the door, and we heard the huge key grate in the lock as we took our departure, leaving the crowd to disperse when they should tire of waiting for an interview, which can never be obtained without the diplomacy of a sagacious manipulator.

#### The Old Clay Pipe.

You can talk about your pipes of stone,  
You can talk about your pipes of bone,  
You can talk about your corncobs too,  
Or your meerschaums colored through and through;  
But the pipe of all that's dear to me,  
Is that old time plebe: the clay T. D.

You can talk about your pipes of peace,  
You can talk about your pipes from Greece,  
Or your Turk, all covered with ancient lore,  
Costing a couple of hundred or more;  
But the dearest pipe of all, to me,  
Is the common, one-for-a-cent, T. D.

I have smoked the great, I have smoked the small,  
I have smoked the short, I have smoked the tall;  
I pick them up, I let them fall,  
Or angrily throw them against the wall;  
For the only pipe that's dear to me,  
Is the laborer's friend, the old T. D.

Our ancestors smoked it in days that are dead,  
They smoked it at work, they smoked it in bed,  
They loaded it high with the sweet smelling weed,  
And puffed as they planted the first freedom seed;  
And the pipe that they loved, is the pipe, sir, for me,  
That tried and true friend, the common T. D.

Now friends, when you find you must have a smoke,  
I don't give a d—, be you rich or dead broke,  
Remember ye gents and remember ye ladies,  
Whether living on earth, or deep down in hades;  
The only good smoke is the smoke that may be  
Pulled out through the stem of a common T. D.

T. W. LAWSON.

HAVE an aim in life and you will be pretty sure to get a name.

THE good Maker, when He started the world on her round, exhibited sense that was good and sound. If she is caught napping when her watchfulness she laxes, she is supplied with good weapons—revolver and axes.

#### "The young Man about Town."

I'm a pretty smart young fellow,  
At least as fellows go,  
A favorite in society,  
At least folks tell me so;  
I dine but where the dinner's good,  
Balls, I am always at,  
But when it comes to kettledrum,  
I draw the line at that.

To theatres I mostly go  
Say, once or twice a week;  
So always of the last new star  
I'm qualified to speak.  
I never go without a pass;  
In some things I'm a flat,  
But as to paying for my seat,  
I draw the line at that.

I never go without my girl,  
A fellow must have one;  
The worst thing is the way they feed,  
After the show is done;  
Mine, ate "Blue-points," the other night,  
Enough to fill my hat,  
But when she called for ginger ale,  
I drew the line at that.

I'm very fond of pretty girls,  
I guess they like me too,  
I praise them all—brunette and blonde,  
Black eyes, or brown, or blue;  
I like to flirt and dance with them,  
To ride, to walk, and chat,  
But not to marry—no dear girls,  
I draw the line at that.

My costume always looks the thing,  
Why yes, it does I know;  
But tradesmen are an awful bore,  
At least, I find them so.  
I always have the very best,  
From my shoes up to my hat,  
But when they ask for C. O. D.,  
I draw the line at that.

My name upon subscription lists,  
Is one well known in town,  
So when collectors come to me,  
I always put it down;  
It never does me any harm,  
It helps the poor church rat;  
But, as to paying him a cent,  
I draw the line at that.

Do I approve of borrowing,  
Or lending cash—why yes;  
Now you could lend me seventy,  
Quite easily, I guess.  
Want me to lend? You do! No sir,  
I am not quite a flat,  
I borrow, but I never lend,  
I draw the line at that.

M. K. J.

#### Diary of Patrick O'Callahan, Conductor.

ME black eye an me sore hed hev lashted me moar thin a wake altogether, an its throuble enuff oive had wid the loikes of 'em.

Fwat wid lishnin day and noight to the rrayproaches of Maggie me woife, an baying obloiged by saircumstances to go widout a dhrop of the crayture for comfort, its mony a time oive wished mesilf back in the ould country, a tendin me pig and a diggin me perraties, inshtid of thryin to roise to that shpear that Maggie do be foriver talkin about.

Iver since we lift the two rooms we lived in on Tinth avenue, she's bin growin worrus and worrus. As soon as oi became a cair conductor, she declairred we must "resoid in an apartment"—and thin we moaved

into this place that she cauled a "flaht."  
"Flaht," sez oi, its a dale moar loike a shtep laddher thin enything else, and aiven to this day whin I mounts all the shtairs to git to the "flaht," me moind revairts to me former occupaytion, and I kin almost fale the hod on me back agin.

But Maggie! arrah musha, she's not the same colleen that I found in the cabin in Connaught, at all, at all. She's so foine wid her grand airs an her big wurruds that I can hairdly belove me sinsis at toimes. Theres no ind to her aspirations at all, an whoile I was stretched upon me bed of pain, not only rayfused me me cushtomary dhrop, but sed she was a saivin oop the money to buy her a saleshkin sack.

"Bedad" sez oi, "fwhat will yez be wantin nixt?"

"The nixt thing I want," sez she, "is for yez to behave yer sif an not git into foights wid shluggers in the cair."

Thin she projooed from her pocket a littler from her furst cousin's husband, the alderman, to the superintindint of the cair company, which I presnted to him the nixt morning, an I was soon at me ould posht on the rare platform of me usual cair.

I was thirshtin for a dhrop av whishkey, but sorry a chince did oi foind to git wan, for soon affther I shtairted, Maggie tuk a sate in the cair and there she sat an road the whole of the blissid fournoon. I thought I'd niver be affther gittin rid av her, but late in the afternoon she lift, to go home for the supper, and I immaydiately imbraced sivriral opperthunities to shtay me thurrust. Whin oi wint home for me ghrub, the furrust thing she sed was: "You've been dhrinkin agen, bad cess to yez, an oill ride wid yez awl the avenin now," sez she, "to see that yez doant forgit to take out yer proper amount of fares from the total amount."

"Go along wid yer total amount," sez oi, "Oive not been dhrinkin, but oi wish yes ud shpake a langwidge that common payple cud oondershtand."

Thin she wint for me, but oi tuk a frinch lave an loaded mesif oop wid a hot punch befoar I aggin boarded me cair.

On me nixt thrip flown I found Maggie awaitin me arrival, and begorra if she warn't as good as her wurrud, for she rode wid me the rist of the aivenin. Her prisince, an her conthinoal watchin of me, maddened me, an about the toime the theaytre payple began to come aboard, the whishkey an me timper began to wurruk togithir till I losht all conthraol of mesif, and I cud no moar till who hed paid their faires and who hadn't, thin I cud av counted the shtars in the cloudid shkoy.

Purty soon I was partially reshtored to me sinsis by Maggie whishperin to me, while I stood nair her, wid me hand trough the hole in the door waitin for a frunt platform faire, "Pathrick O'Callahan," sez she, "fwhat ails ye? Yez hev lift tin faires uncollected, an awl the payple air laffin at yez."

Thin whin I demanded the money, I cuddn't for the loife av me tell a tin from a foive cint pace, an I thought the men wad niver be satisfoid wid their change.

Things kept a gittin wurrus and wurrus, and ivry toime I looked toward Maggie her oyes were shnapping moar an moar, until awl I cud say wid me own oyes, an in troth awl I cud kape me moind on, was the black shpairs that at lasht comminced to fly all about the cair.

The nixt thing I knew we war raichin the depot, an Maggie was besoid me on the platform a shaking me airm, an crying,



Lester Wallack.

THE name of Lester Wallack has been for two long generations inseparably connected with the history of the American stage. Wallack's theatre, moving up town as it has gradually moved with the upward progress of the city, has always been regarded as the premier theatre of the United States. The Mr. Lester Wallack, whose portrait appears above, and whose name is so familiar to the present generation of New Yorkers, has taken the lead in theatrical management for many years. He is also a sterling and favorite actor, as he has proved and still proves

"Pathrick," "Pathrick," sez she, fwhy doant yez ring the cair bell and lit the passingers off?"

"Maggie," sez oi, "fwhats the mather wid yersif. Are you dhrunk, that yez can't haire the bell, whin oive been a ringin it for the lasht half hour?"

"Oh Pathrick, Pathrick," sez she, a crying and a taking on loike wan possissid of tin divils, it's the fair bell yez are ringin awl the toime," sez she, "instead of the bell shtrap."

Begorra, she was right, for whin we raiched the depot oi hed twenty faires to pay out of me own pocket, or rayther out of Maggie's pocket, for I hadn't a cint lift av me own.

Oi got home somehow, I doant know how, but its me hed that hurted me all the morning, and its Maggie that lift the house airly, and where she's gone, I doant know, but I suppose she's at the alderman's.

(NOTE.—Oive got the bist of her ennyhow in wan way at laste, for oive written this

in an extensive round of highly dissimilar parts, and his judgment and attention to detail have caused him to be regarded as one of the best practical stage managers in the country. The theatre which now bears his name stands on Broadway at the corner of Thirtieth street, and is one of the handsomest places of amusement in the city, and draws its patronage from among the best classes of our theatre-goers. Wallack's is a land-mark, and THE JUDGE, in wishing Mr. Lester Wallack a long continuance of his prosperous managerial career, but echoes the wishes of all New York and the country at large.

widout her knowin it, oi'll shlip it in amongst the other laves, and whin the book is published, me postirity will know by these presints, that Pathrick O'Callahan is not a worrum to be down throdden upon and oppressed by enny faymale fwhatsomiver.)

THE thief's favorite metals—steal and then I run.

THE waste-basket should always be a receiver of stolen articles.

ARKANSAS has a queer curiosity in the shape of a Little Rock, Ark.

"JIMMY, where were you yesterday evening?" "Well, the first part of the evening I tied a pack of firecrackers to our dog's tail and he ran under the smoke-house and set it afire, and after that pa and me want off on a whaling expedition."



THE CAUSE HURT.

Civil Service receives its first hard knock at the hands of Sec. Chandler.

## A Pitiable Case.

HERCULES HALLIBURTON writes:

DEAR JUDGE.—I have always been a most romantic temperament, and from my earliest childhood it was ever my dearest wish to be the hero of some romance. I did not object to its being one of a painful nature; in fact, the more harrowing it was to the feelings, the better. I felt I should like it. Why should our most cherished hopes always be doomed to blighting and disappointment? I never had a love that wasted my heart and life away in hopeless consuming fire. I never loved a dear gazelle that was sure to droop and die. On the contrary, my only two pets, so called, viz: a guinea pig and a cocker spaniel, both lived and still live in a state of age, imbecility and unpleasant infirmities, which render the thought of romance in their life or regret for their death utterly impossible sentiments. I wish they would droop and die. In my early manhood I learned to look languishing, to quote Byron, and to caress an incipient moustache. I changed my name from odious, commonplace Billy Snooks to refined, euphonious and aristocratic Hercules Halliburton. I bought a lock of hair at a hair-store—a lock of golden hue that softly curled. I purchased a sweet girl face at an eminent photographers. I had both enclosed in a jewelled locket with "H. H." "Thine ever thine," on the outside. I wore it on my watch chain and wandered on the sea beach by the hour, murmuring, "My love, my Evangeline," though I never knew a lady of that name. I know I attracted much attention, as I often saw the passers-by glance at me, with interest and compassion I thought, until one day a lady called on me to implore me to join the blue ribbon army, as it really pained her to see a boy of my age in so constant a state of inebrity, and she and her friends often talked it over. I saw

at once they had no souls, save for material things, so I took my locket, my guinea pig, and my spaniel and fled. I felt they would now be my best earthly comforters. My landlady, sordid wretch, claimed, nay clamored, for the filthy lucre she considered her due, so I left her suddenly, drawing a romantic veil of mystery over the place I intended to be my destination. I, of course, was driven to return to the embrace of my maternal relative, resumed my former name, and lent my aid to her in her odious "profession of sausage-maker." For months I assisted in the preparation of pork all day, and at night wandered through the streets engaged in the pursuit of cats! Oh! what a life for me. Then, at my mother's stern command, I made Maggie Blair, the green grocer's heiress, my wife. She was fat, red haired, and, to a soul like mine, altogether material and repulsive. She ruled me with her strong will, seized the locket with my Evangeline portrait, and kept me still hard at work at the sausage.

From this life I have fled, taking with me all the vile dross on which her affections are placed. That and my imagination are now my sole support. Recommend me to some young and lovely being on whom to fix my yearning soul. Make me the desperate love lorn being I would be. Infuse this romance into my life, and you shall hear the history of its every beat—i. e., as long as it beats.

Permit me, MR. JUDGE, to subscribe myself yours with a waiting heart.

HERCULES HALLIBURTON.

THE letter "e" is a criterion for young men. It always makes a huge thing out of a hug.

It is said in the piece of "Mary's Little Lamb" that the teacher drove the sheep out, but it has since been proved beyond a doubt that they are fond of "lams."

## Lines to my Love.

BEING THE WILD WESTERN REPRODUCTION OF THE AMATORY POETS OF THE DAY.

Oh love! My love, I could bust your wizen,  
In the howling craze of my mad desire,  
I could tear you asunder from deck to mizzen,  
And roast your soul in a raging fire.  
I could yank your heart from your jumping bosom,  
And drown out your life in a sea of bliss—  
If I had a million lives I'd loose 'em,  
For a whooping whack at a fire-fringed kiss.  
I could chew your ear till the flashing gristle  
Collapsed like the crash of a wild cyclone,  
I could shriek in glee like a railroad whistle,  
And gnaw your chin to the gleaming bone!  
I could swallow your breath like the toper swallows  
The fiery flagon of rot-gut rye.  
I could wallow in love as the hot hog wallows  
In the pliant depths of the backyard sty.  
I could snatch you bald in a holy minute,  
And yell like a Yahoo to hear you squeal.  
I could peel your hide from your head and pin it  
With fiery spike to your bulging heel.  
Oh yes, I could hug you, and kiss you, and kill you,  
And yet my mad passion I'd never subdue  
You darling, delightful old liver-pill, you,  
I'd make you believe I was only too true.

## Mr. Spilkins's Dilemma.

MRS. SPILKINS had become greatly alarmed at several robberies which had been committed in the neighborhood of late, and insisted upon her husband's buying a dog to keep guard over the premises at night.

"None of your terriers or poodles for me, Mr. Spilkins," she impressed upon her husband. "I want a big dog."

"Very well, my dear," he assented, and in the evening made his appearance in the sitting room leading after him a ferocious looking mastiff, with an enormous brass collar around his neck, to which was attached about three yards of chain cable.

"He'll do," said Mrs. S., approvingly.

"I rather think he will, my dear," remarked her husband, regarding his purchase with an admiring eye. "He has killed half a dozen men, and swallowed any number of other dogs whole. Upon that recommendation, of course I bought him. Yes, he'll do."

"It's a comfort to have such an animal in the house," said Mrs. S., in a satisfied tone.

"It is, my dear," assented her husband. "The ease and celerity with which that noble beast would convert into mince-meat any burglar who might venture in here would be truly edifying."

The following evening Mr. Spilkins attended a political meeting down town, and, as he should not return home until quite late, he said, he told his wife to go to bed and not sit up for him, assuring her that with such a protector as "Caesar" in the house, she need feel no anxiety.

At about two o'clock, A. M., Mr. Spilkins ascended his doorsteps. The meeting of course had not lasted that long, but on the way home, emboldened by the thought that his wife for the last three or four hours would be peacefully snoozing in bed, and consequently in a state of blissful ignorance in regard to her husband's whereabouts, he had called in to see a particular friend, where the festive pleasures of cards, wine and cigars (strictly forbidden him at home) had detained him until near the aforesaid hour.

Still it was with considerable care that he inserted his latch-key into the lock, and had cautiously pushed the door open about two feet, when there was a sudden rushing sound



THE FEBRUARY THAW.  
WELL PREPARED.

along the entry, and some heavy object apparently hurled violently against the door, which struck him with such force upon the forehead that he reeled backwards, lost his footing, rolled down the steps, and finally brought up in the gutter.

"Good gracious! What's happened?" he exclaimed, gathering himself up and looking bewilderedly about him.

Mr. Spilkins' first impression was that he had been struck by lightning; his second, that there had been an earthquake, and then that he had been caught in a cyclone; and finally, after he had collected his scattered senses, that it was all that infernal beast of a dog.

"It will never do to go in by the front door," said Mr. S., to himself, scrambling up upon his feet, and shaking the mud and water from his clothes. "I must circumvent that brute some way or other."

At this moment he luckily bethought himself of one of the back parlor windows from which the catch had been broken off, and through which he might get an entrance, trusting to the doors being closed, and so shutting Caesar out. But rather than ven-



"Oh my Neville, if you should ever prove untrue to me, I think I would disfigure you for life with a bottle of vitriol!"

ture up stairs, he could sleep on the sofa all night, he thought.

So, stealing quietly around by a side yard to the back of the house, he got a stepladder and put it cautiously up to the window. Mounting as noiselessly as possible, he lifted the sash and peered into the room. All was profoundly still, and thus encouraged he had just crept softly in when there was a sudden scrambling of feet over the entry floor, followed by a tremendous crash among the parlor furniture. Mr. S. heard no more; for to place himself outside the window and drop to the ground was the work of the next instant. He must have made a narrow escape, for upon rising he found that he was minus his coat-tails.

"This is very embarrassing, not to say painful," said the poor old gentleman, in a rueful tone of voice. "But that Caesar's a splendid watch dog, and no mistake; but how to get in, that's the question."

Going quietly around to one of the kitchen windows, he inserted the blade of his pen-knife between the sashes, and at last succeeded in pushing back the catch. Scarcely daring to breathe, he stepped cautiously in, and took an anxious survey of the room. The doors were all closed and he felt relieved. "I can sleep here all night," he said to himself, quietly taking off his coat, waistcoat, and then his trousers. "I might be in a worse place," he consolingly reflected, "and this blanket," taking one off a table, "will keep me warm enough before the fire." He wrapped it about him, for he could never bear to sleep in his clothes, and then stretched himself on the floor before the fire. The night was intensely cold, and in his movement to get nearer to the range, he unluckily brought his foot into sharp collision with the coal scuttle, which overturned it with considerable noise. Trembling with terror, while drops of perspiration started out upon his forehead and his hair bristled up, he sat bolt upright and listened. Suddenly he jumped up, threw off his blanket and made for the window, through which he dashed, knocking his head against the upper sash, shattering three or four panes, and then rushing to the lower end of the yard he scaled an apple tree with the agility of a squirrel. At the same instant Caesar darted out of the kitchen window. A window above was raised and Mrs. Spilkins appeared thereat yelling "murder, thieves," at the top of her voice; while a couple of policemen jumped over the railing in the front of the house and ran around to the back yard. The dog who had been making frantic leaps in the air to reach Mr. Spilkins, now turned about and went for the enemy in the rear, much to Mr. S.'s relief, who, taking advantage of the melee going on between Caesar and his two antagonists, slipped down from his perch, his teeth chattering with cold and fright, rushed in at the window and up the stairs, and never stopped until he had burst open the door of his room and rolled headlong in upon the floor, where he found Mrs. S. in a state of violent hysterics.

Next morning the mutilated remains of two policemen were picked up in the yard, and it only remains for us to add that on that same day the further services of Caesar were dispensed with.

T. H. F.

"TERMS invariably in advance; we don't do a credit business at this office," inspiringly wrote a rural editor. "We recognize that fact," sarcastically remarked a neighboring paper.

The artist's motto—"True to the line."



THE FEBRUARY THAW.  
TOTALLY UNPROVIDED.

Hurrah for the Man who Pays.

There are men of brains who count their gains  
By the million dollars or more;  
They buy and sell, and really do well  
On the money of the poor.  
They manage to get quite deep in debt  
By various crooked ways;  
And so we say that the man to-day  
Is the honest man who pays.

When in town he never sneaks down  
Some alley or back-way street;  
With head erect he will never deflect,  
But boldly each man meet.  
He counts the cost, before he is lost  
In debt's mysterious maze,  
And he never buys in a manner unwise,  
But calls for his bill, and pays.

There's a certain air of debonair  
In the man who buys for cash;  
He is not afraid of being betrayed  
By a jack-leg shyster's dash.  
What he says to you he will certainly do,  
If it's cash or thirty days;  
And when he goes out the clerks will shout  
Hurrah for the man who pays!

—Lyons Republican.

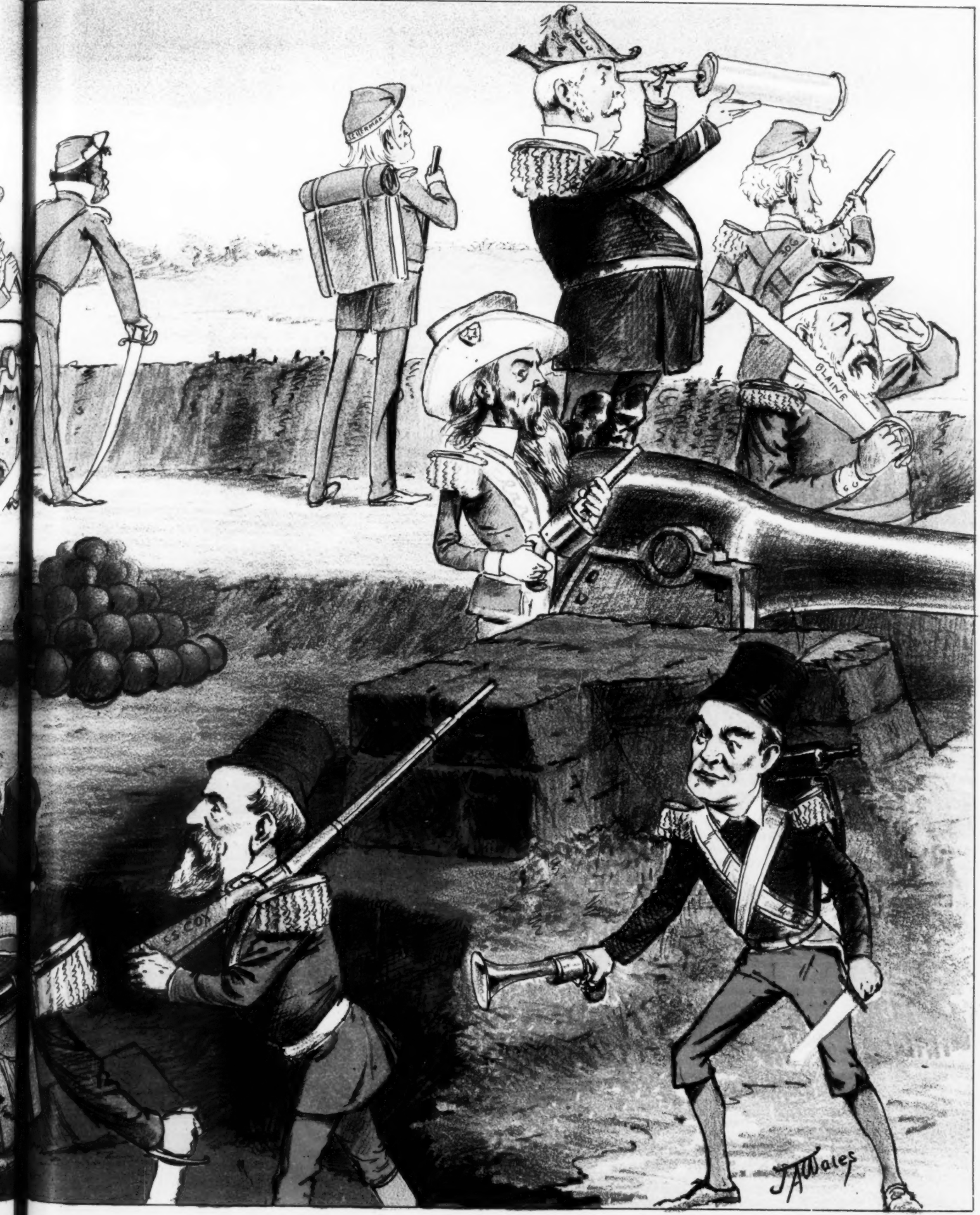


THE HUNGRY TRAMP.

"SAY, MISSUS, CAN'T YOU GIVE ME SOMETHING TO EAT?"









EVERYTHING goes at the Casino, and the "Merry War" which was supposed to be played out a year ago, has been revived with great success. The house is crowded at each performance, a rainy Saturday for a matinee does not diminish the box receipts.

Lily Post is a most attractive *Violetta*, and sings most melodiously. Carleton is always Carleton, whether he be a *Beggar Student*, a *Claude Duval*, or a *General Umberto Spinola*. His stride, his gestures, and his voice never change—and he accepts his traditional matinee bouquet with his customary non-chalance.

Cottrelly is a vivacious *Elsa*, and differs from Louise Paullin in various ways. She dresses the part accurately, and has strength of mind enough to wear a hideously unbecoming Dutch cap, instead of the little French affair that lent an irresistible charm to the pretty Louise.

But something is the matter with Cottrelly's voice. Of course it cannot be impaired by age! Not for worlds would we insinuate such a thing; but her waist is so very, very small, and her dress is so very, very tight, that, if we might be permitted, we would timidly suggest that she let out a reef or two in her brocaded corsage and give her vocal and respiratory organs a little more room.

Fred Leslie as the Tulip Grower is a poor substitute for Adolphi, and Perugini, as the Marquis, is more of a monkey than was Golden in the same part. Scarcely a word he utters can be understood, but that is a small matter, and all other defects are atoned for by the gorgeous appearance of a score or more of maidens, who, clad in glittering armor, go through the tiresome female drill that we have had in burlesque performances time out of mind. This time Rose Beaudet, in a golden corslet, helmet and gauntlets, leads the forces, who are resplendent in shimmering steel and silver, and, when the colored calcium lights are turned on, the enthusiasm of the dudes knows no bounds, and this most artistic part of the programme always gets an encore. Indeed we are inclined to suspect that this is the attraction that crowds the house.

Bartley Campbell's play "Separation" pursues the undimmed splendor of its way at the Union Square, and Mr. Campbell, a few evenings ago, invited the members of the caste and a few others to a banquet at the Brunswick, where the fortunate ones enjoyed a feast of reason and a flow of soul which lasted until an early hour in the morning.

Modjeska is playing her farewell engagement at the Star, and is doing well, but alas, we would rather not hear the talk of farewells. Such a gifted and talented actress, we shall never be ready to part with. Space forbids us to comment upon her new play, by Maurice Barrymore, which we shall be glad to speak about in our next issue.

Mrs. Langtry has departed, and now "Uncle Tom's Cabin" may be seen at Niblo's.

At the New Park, Salisbury's Troubadours did such a good business that they were able to buy off McKee Rankin and play a two weeks instead of a one week engagement.

Daly and Wallack have both been bringing out new plays. Daly has the best comedy company in America, and that ought to go a good way to make a piece successful, but we doubt if anything will be found to run as has "7-20-8."

"Orpheus and Eurydice" may still be seen at the Bijou, Max Freeman having resumed his original part of *Pluto*.

Mr. Stetson's two New York theatres are flourishing, with Gilbert and Sullivan's "Princess Ida" at the one, and "Confusion" at the other.

"The Rajah" appears again this week at The Grand Opera House and Mr. Boyesen's play, "Alpine Roses," is flourishing at the Madison Square. Miss Marie Burroughs has made more of a hit than has the play itself, while poor Whiffen struggles with a part entirely out of his line.

It is to be hoped that Robert Buchanan's "exquisite domestic drama" "Lady Clare," will prove a greater success, than did his play of "Storm Beaten" at the Square. *Nous verrons.*

MADAM SEMBRICH gleefully informed a reporter, the other day, that her husband was going to buy her a jumbo to practice on. She meant a banjo.

IF ex-Senator Dorsey is tired of newspaper notoriety, as he said when he stepped down and out, we "dorsay" he'll be hankering after it when election time rolls round again.

WHEN Byron plaintively sang "Hast thou a charm to stay the *Morning Star*?" he betrayed how little he knew of the effect one-cent morning papers would have on the circulation of those that retail for two cents or upwards.

THE quiet and unoffending portion of the inhabitants in the mountains of North Carolina are trying to invent some word for "still." The revenue officers around are as thick as grasshoppers, and a man sitting by his fireside is afraid to simply remark that it is a still house, for fear of receiving a raid upon his peaceful home.

"JOHNNY, do not call Joseph Jones, Joe. 'Always address a person by their full name,'" said the Sunday-school teacher. After he had finished, he said, "Now, Johnny, you may read the 10th Psalm." Whereupon, Johnny instantly turned to the 10th chapter of Samuel and triumphantly said, "Teacher, always say Samuel."

THE De Meli's matrimonial infelicities are showing to the world the strange taste of Mrs. De M., if what they say is true.

"Tis said some women for true love wed,  
Some marry for land and houses;  
She married him for his coat, she said,  
But he believes 'twas his trousers.

VEREKER had a bad toothache the other day, and went to one of those places where they give you laughing gas, determined to have it out. However, the dentist made a mistake, and when Vereker recovered consciousness he was minus a sound grinder, while the acher still remained in its place. The victim was naturally wroth. "What kind of a dental operation do you call this?" he sputtered indignantly. "Accidental," calmly responded the man of the forceps."



THE NEWSPAPER BILLY McGLORY.



MR. GIBBS' BILLY McGLORY.

## She Couldn't Do It.

MRS. PERKINSON expected company to dinner, and had given her cook orders for the increase, to the effect that she was to broil a pair of chickens and bone a turkey. Before dinner time, Mrs. D. received a telegram, which informed her that the expected company would not come until the next day. She immediately notified her cook of this through the speaking tubes, and told her to serve the dinner as ordered, but to postpone the turkey.

"Well I clar to gracious," exclaimed the cook, Dinah, "I kin do most all kind ob cookin, but I nebber did larn how to *post bone* a turkey; guess I better do it de ole way: stuff it wid inions and iysters."

J. W. MCK.

WATER difference there is between milk and butter. Although the milk can be weak the butter may be strong.

## Answers to Correspondents.

"HONORIUS," HARLEM.—You are right. THE JUDGE has two natures, the comic and the sad. But this is not odd, in view of like realities and contradictions developed in the biographies of prominent men of letters. For instance, we are told that Burton, author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," was extremely facetious in conversation; that Byron, morbidly gloomy and misanthropic in his writings, was one of the most brilliant and humorous of associates; that Heron wrote "The Comforts of Human Life" in a prison, under peculiarly distressing circumstances, while, on the contrary, "The Miseries of Human Life," by Beresford, was composed in a drawing-room, where the author was surrounded by all that wealth could supply or luxury demand; that Homer is said to have had such an instinctive aversion to music that he could not be prevailed upon to walk the banks of a murmuring brook, although he is said, at the same time, to have sung his own ballads; that Seneca wrote in praise of poverty, on a table of solid gold, and with millions out at usury; that Sterne, albeit a most selfish man, excelled as a writer in pathos and charity—at one time beating and starving his wife, at another wasting his sympathies over a dead donkey; that Sallust, who so eloquently declaims against the licentiousness of his age, was repeatedly, and with seeming good cause, accused in the Senate of public and habitual debaucheries; that Steele wrote excellently on temperance, albeit himself a besotted drunkard; that Johnson's essays on politeness are admirable: yet, his "You lie, sir!" and "You don't understand the question, sir!" were common characteristics of his colloquies; that Young, whose gloomy poetic fancies are evidenced by his "Night Thoughts," was in society a brisk, lively man, continually pelting his hearers with puerile puns; that the same poet's favorite theme was the nothingness of worldly things, while his daily pursuit was rank and riches; that Bacon, with his comprehensive intellect and apparent benevolence, was meanly and servilely ambitious of place and preferment; and while teaching morals we find him taking bribes; that More, in his "Utopia," declares that no man should be punished for his religious belief, yet was he an active persecutor of the opponents of his own; that we find Rosseau giving with the same pen versions of the Psalms, and the most infamous epigrams; that we find the melancholy Cowper, who passed so many dark days of religious depression, devoting the hours of the night to the production of the mirth-moving story of "John Gilpin"—but why further cite examples?

And now, paraphrasing Moore, let us ask you to—  
Blame not THE JUDGE if he fly to the bowers  
Where pleasure lies carelessly smiling at pain;  
He was born to amuse, but in stormier hours  
Might have wielded a bodkin on red fields of slain.

"JUSTITIA."—Thanks; but we are overstocked with contributions of the same character and calibre as yours. We return your MS. by mail, as requested.

"YOUNG HUMORIST."—There is a delicate bud of promise in your "initial effort" which leads us to look for something acceptable in the future. When your pin-feathers wax stronger let THE JUDGE hear from you again.

WHEN two young ladies kiss each other they fulfill a gospel injunction. They are doing to one another as they would men should do unto them. When an oculist, on the other hand, examines a patient's eye, or a dentist clears a victim's mouth of stumps, and replaces them with "this style, twenty-five dollars a set," they are following the Mosaic law, which teaches: "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."



FOND FRANK.—"I say my dear, don't you worship the very ground I walk on?"  
MAUDE.—"Oh I should if you only owned it."

## The Ghost of the Distillery.

He was a supercilious clerk,  
In a Kentucky distillery,  
And every evening after dark,  
He would "talk to the gallery."

He talked of more than he had read,  
Of politics and philosophy,  
Seated high on a barrel head,  
Did this clerk of the distillery.

One early eve [the naughty scamp]  
The United States gauger stuck,  
Thick with paste his twelve inch stamp  
On this barrel head, for luck.

Discussing the pleasing majority,  
Old Nelson county gave  
To the principles of democracy,  
In the state with the Mammoth Cave,

Gathered the crowd, but no one dared  
To take that inviting seat,  
Because of that sticky, sticky snare,  
Although it looked so neat.

Till the distillery clerk arrived,  
When he sat down there,  
And much pleasure he derived,  
On his comfortable chair.

Oh! Vanity, vanity oft dost thou  
Thy commands make us obey,  
Which discretion, with courtly bow,  
Vainly asks us to fling away.

The crowd dispersed, the eve grew night,  
The night grew early morn,  
Rosy fingered Aurora's light  
Proclaimed another day was born.

But the shutters on the office door  
Were very tightly shut,  
And no one walked the office floor;  
Where is that clerk's mighty strut?

Go! ask of the empty jeans  
That flopped in the morning air,  
Lashing that barrel like fiends  
Caught in an awful snare.

Go! ask the back side street,  
Of the breechless ghost that dashed  
The night before, with clashing feet,  
Faster than the lightning flashed.

Ask the breechless ghost  
Of that Kentucky distillery,  
That again shall never boast,  
Or "talk to the gallery."

No more shall talk of what he'd read,  
Of politics and philosophy;  
The jeans are on the barrel head,  
Where is the clerk of the distillery?

He was a supercilious clerk,  
Now a ghost that haunts the distillery,  
For every evening after dark,  
He would "talk to the gallery."

He would talk of more than he had read,  
Of politics and philosophy;  
Seated high on a barrel head,  
This ghost of the distillery.

MISS MURPHY, a schoolmistress of Fort Worth, Texas, came near being poisoned by a box of candy bearing the name of a friend. Arsenic sufficient to poison a dozen persons was found in the candy, which proves conclusively that the friend was a fiend. Another teacher, one Mrs. Askcome, of Fostoria, Oreg., has been so persecuted with anonymous letters, threatening her life, that the whole town has been aroused and policemen stationed about the school building to protect her. She remains calm, attending to her daily duty of teaching. Says "she is not conscious of having any enemies; if she knew who they were she would Askcome what they meant."



## A NEW EXCUSE.

"Not 'toxicated my dear, only been drinkin' some of McGlory's 'table' beer."

## Her Warm Revenge.

AS THE car stopped at the opera house crossing, several men got in. A lady was seated at the front end. She had on a light wrap, a bonnet which covered only four inches of her head, kid gloves, and only a bit of lace at her neck. The car windows were iced over, and every breath spun out half way across the car.

"Hanged if I ain't nigh frozen!" said one of the men in a big beaver overcoat and furlined overshoes.

"Never felt the cold so in my life!" added another, whose clothing must have weighed thirty pounds.

"Bet you ten to one I've frozen my ears!" said a third, as he lifted off a sealskin cap and removed a heavy muffler from his neck.

There were two other men, each having a heavy overcoat, muffler, overshoes, and warm gloves, and yet they stamped their feet and blew on their fingers and declared that they were freezing.

The lady sat there calm and serene and as warm as toast. She saw the men glaring at her and wondering why on earth the marrow in her bones didn't turn to icicles, but she was not disturbed. As the last one settled back with a shiver and a groan, she pleasantly asked:

"Will one of you gentlemen please open the door? It's hot enough in here to fry fish."—*Detroit Free Press.*

MOTTO FOR BOSTON.—*Ubi bean, ibi patria.*

STRANGE, that a lead pencil always has to be driven.

THE chemist is the wittiest of men—he is always ready with a retort.

## A Sympathetic Lawyer.

"HAVE you ever been in prison?" asked a badgering lawyer of a modest witness whom he was trying to bully.

The witness did not answer.

"Come now, speak up; no concealment, sir. Have you ever been in prison?"

"Yes, sir, once," said the witness, looking to the floor.

"I thought so. When and where were you in prison?"

"In 1863."

"And where?"

The witness hesitated.

"Own up now; no dodging," said the lawyer. "Tell me, now, where were you in prison?"

"In—in—in—"

"Don't stammer, sir. Out with it! Tell me the prison."

"In—in Andersonville, sir."

A moments painful pause.

Then the lawyer, who was an old soldier, put his hand on his forehead, as if a pistol shot had struck him, while the tears came to his eyes. Then, jumping forward, he clasped his arms around the witness's neck, and exclaimed:

"My God! I was there myself!"—*Inter-Ocean.*

AFTER pure reading matter—Anthony Comstock.

THE Department of the Interior—the culinary department.

OSCAR WILDE has now become a drug in the market. If properly compounded, what would be his medical properties? Anæsthetic, I guess.

## Value of Human Life.

A STRANGER who got into the Union depot yards yesterday while trying to find the railroad ferry slip would have been run down by one the numerous switch locomotives, had not a man at work in the flour sheds seized him and pulled him off the track. The stranger was greatly confused and shaken up for a moment, but after he had taken a seat on the platform and gotten his breath, he called out:

"My man, that was nobly done! I expect you can make use of \$5,000 in cash?"

"Well, perhaps."

The stranger breathed heavily, rubbed his arm, and after a minute continued:

"Yes, I feel just like making you a present of a thousand dollars."

This was a painful reduction from the first observation, but it wasn't for the flour-roller to find fault. He brushed away at the stranger's hat to get the dust off, and as he handed it over, he was informed:

"I think you would know where to put \$100 if you had it, eh?"

"I want nothing sir. You were in danger and I pulled you away."

"But I shall insist upon your accepting something. You certainly saved my life, and I shouldn't begrudge \$25."

He got out his wallet, which was crowded full of bills, and as he handled them over he remarked:

"Ten dollars would buy your wife a dress, and every time she wore it you could think of me."

"Yes, sir."

The bill came out but was quickly replaced, and after a minute spent in some mental calculation the stranger all at once handed out a \$2 bill with the observation:

"Here, my man, go and get you a new hat, and rest assured, I shall ever be grateful to you."

Then it was seen that the laborer was painfully embarrassed. He shifted from one leg to the other, looked up and down the shed, and when asked the trouble he replied:

"Please sir, but havn't you any small change about you? I think a quarter would be plenty of reward for saving your life."

"A quarter! Well, considering the railroad company pays you for the time you were hauling me around, maybe that's enough. Here it is, and I hope you will make good use of it. I guess I can get down to the slip all right from here, but if you happen to save my life again you can look for a half a dollar at least."—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHAT is the shape of a kiss? Elliptical.

MOTTO FOR CINCINNATI.—*Eat hog genus omne.*

WHAT sort of rooms make the best sauce? Mushrooms.

THE likeliest place for finding "a mare's nest" would doubtless be in Maine.

WHAT do you say when you tell a horse to hold its tongue? Three words: "Don't say nay."

IF speech is really "the picture of the mind," what a sad lot of mental chromos there are, to be sure!

CARE will kill a cat, says the proverb. We think the proverb lies. The world is full of care, but the cats still hang on.

**A Quarantine Against Missionaries.**

"I SUPPOSED as a general rule you passed clergymen," said the red-nosed man in a disappointed tone, "and my case is particularly a hard one."

"If there is any good reason why you should have a pass I will consider the matter," said the superintendent. "Are you in distress, out of a job, anything of that kind?"

"I am out of business entirely," explained the red-nosed man earnestly. "I was a missionary to Japan, but now the Japanese pretend that they have discovered trichinosis in missionaries and they won't let us into their ports any more. That has ruined my business and I am bankrupt."

On the next train there was a red-nosed man who showed the biggest pass ever issued over that road or its leased branches.—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine.*

**The Connecticut Girl.**

"WHERE are you going, Mary?"

"Across the street with Nellie Blank."

"Are you sure there are no strange characters lurking around?"

"I have looked out of all the windows and cannot see any one except, of course, the detectives."

"Have you notified them that you wished to go out?"

"Yes, and they promised to be on the alert."

"You have your revolver and bowie-knife and police rattle in your pockets, of course?"

"Yes, ma."

"Well you may go, but don't stay long, for it looks like rain and your cartridges might get damp."—*Chicago Eye.*

THE medical profession is overcrowded. Also the cemeteries.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

Circus Manager—"Well, everything is ready now for getting up next season's posters and handbills except your name."

Elephant Keeper—"My name?"

Circus Manager—"Yes, you have not given that to me yet."

Elephant Keeper—"You know very well that it is Don Caesar De Neronni."

Circus Manager—"Oh! that will never do. That was your name last year, and, you remember, you were killed by the elephants last fall at St. Louis."—*Philadelphia Call.*

WHEN a young man marries for money he is obliged to repeat the marriage ceremony several hundred times before he can, without faltering, give an affirmative response to the question: "For richer, for poorer?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

It is becoming almost a daily incident for some woman to sue for support a man who swears he was never married to her. Hereafter no marriage ceremony will be complete until the officiating clergyman has branded with a hot iron the date of the ceremony and the maiden name of the wife on the back of the groom.—*Chicago Telegram.*

THERE are now only four of the old soldiers of Napoleon First left at the Hotel des Invalides in Paris. Their respective ages are 92, 93, 94 and 95 years. The oldest of these can be met hobbling about the grounds when the weather is pleasant, and insists that he is looking for a wife. He probably looks upon the man of 92 as a mere miserable boy.—*Boston Post.*

"DR." TALMAGE assures "Boy Preacher" Harrison that of the 200 converts he made at the Brooklyn Tabernacle every one has remained constant. Harrison should label all his work "warranted," after this.—*Hartford Post.*

"UNCLE, when sis sings in the choir Sunday nights, why does she go behind the organ and taste the tenor's moustache?" "Oh, don't bother me, sonny! I suppose they have to do it to find out if they're in tune."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

STUDENT (to Parker House barber)— "What! twenty cents for a shave! Why I can get shaved twice in Cambridge for twenty cents." Barber (consoling)— "Oh, well, sir, ten cents a year ain't much of a saving."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A PHILOSOPHICAL contemporary requests us not to despise small things, but what are you going to do in the case of the fellow who runs his hands up over your vest front and takes the last cigar out of your upper watch pocket?—*Rockland Courier.*

"I SHOULD be glad to hear you sing some day," remarked a gentleman to a young lady who was studying music. "I shall be delighted. I have the song with me now, and will sing it for you." "What song?" "Why, 'Some Day'." "Ah! yes. I meant some other day when I shall have more leisure."—*Musical Record.*

AN Idaho man who has just recovered from a dangerous illness says that he was so near the gates of death he could hear the twanging harps of the New Jerusalem. How he could mistake the roaring of flames for the twanging of harps is a conundrum with which his friends are yet wrestling.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

FRED DOUGLASS first met his new wife when she was six years old. She refused to kiss her future husband, and only submitted through fear of a threatened whipping. The moral of this would seem to be that little girls run a great risk in refusing to kiss strange gentlemen. They may have to marry them one day.—*Boston Transcript.*

PERSONS sometimes get answers they don't expect, even from children. One of them was questioning a Sunday-school class about the man who fell among thieves on the way from Jerusalem to Jericho. Bringing the story to a point, he asked: "Now, why did the priest and the Levite pass by on the other side?" A scholar held out his hand. "Well, my boy, why did the priest pass by on the other side?" "I know," said the lad, "because the man was already robbed."—*Exchange.*

ON a recent slippery morning an elderly and corpulent citizen was carefully picking his way down the street, when he noticed a small boy with two front teeth gone, industriously sprinkling ashes on the icy walk. The elderly citizen's heart bounded and his eyes glistened. With a muttered word of approval he impulsively pulled off his glove and shot his hand deep down into his pocket. The boy saw the movement, heard the jingle of silver, and smiled expectantly. The elderly citizen recovered his hand, looked fixedly at the boy, fitted the lingering remains of a plug of tobacco into his mouth, and passed cheerily on, while the boy sat down on the hard, cold sidewalk with a dull and passionless thud. It is things like these that cover our oceans and creeks with boy pirates.—*Rockland Courier-Gazette.*

**Why Some Men Wed.**

If man could live a thousand years,  
When half his life had passed  
He might, by strict economy,  
A fortune have amassed.

Then, having gained some common sense,  
And knowledge, too, of life;  
He could select the woman who  
Would make him a true wife.

But as it is, man hasn't time  
To even pay his debts,  
And weds to be acquainted with  
The woman whom he gets.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

**The Inquisitive Boy.**

ALMOST every father knows about the inquisitive boy, and frequently has occasions to wish his boys were girls. A North Hill father began shaving himself in the presence of his four-year-old hopeful. The boy commenced and kept on, with a result somewhat as follows:

"What you doing, papa?"  
"Shaving."  
"What you shaving for?"  
"To get my face clean."  
"Why don't you wash your face to get it clean? 'At's the way I do."  
"I shave it to get the hair off."  
"What hair?"  
"The hair that grows on my face."  
"What hair that grows on your face?"  
"My whiskers."  
"What are whiskers, papa?"  
"Hair that grows on the face."  
"What does the whisker hair grow on the face for?"  
"I don't know."  
"Why don't you know why whisker hairs grow on the face?"  
"Because—"

The interview came to a sudden termination. A long gash and flowing blood was the cause, with the sudden departure of Young America in his mother's arms as an incident.—*Des Moines Mail.*

**Health Topic.**

LITTLE DOT had just past the ordeal of vaccination. Looking at her inflamed arm, she anxiously queried:

"Mamma, I won't have to be baptized now, will I?"—*The Hoosier.*

THE other night in the grocery store they were talking about the unhealthfulness of the various occupations of man. "Well," said the man on the soap box, "the vocation of postmaster is less trying to a person's health than any other I can think of." "Why so?" asked the man on the mackerel barrel. "Because," answered the man on the soap box, "I am fifty-nine years old, and I have never yet heard of a postmaster resigning on account of poor health."—*Middletown Transcript.*

LITTLE NELL—"Mamma, what is color blind?"

Mamma—"Inability to tell one color from another, dear."

Little Nell—"Then I dess the man dat made my g'ography is color blind."

Mamma—"And why, my pet?"

Little Nell—"Tause he's got Greenland painted yellow."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A MONUMENT to Wendell Phillips is already talked of in Boston. Lucky that he won't be alive to criticise it when it is erected.—*Hartford Post.*

Oh, see that dear delightful girl,  
With such a charming blush—  
Good Gracious! Look the other way!  
She's sat down in the slush.

—Merchant Traveler.

BEER brewed in 1883: In New York City, 3,239,000 barrels; in Philadelphia, 1,023,000; in Milwaukee, 986,300; in St. Louis 943,000; in Brooklyn, 836,000; in Chicago, 676,000. The cutting down of our forests has no visible effect on the beer supply.—*Hartford Post*.

THERE are no oaths in the Chinese language. When a Chinaman has his legs knocked from under him by a boy on a clipper, he probably hurries home and slams the door with thundering emphasis. There must be some way to give vent to his feelings.—*Norristown Herald*.

"How poorly you look, Octave! They are right in saying that the young men of to-day are feeble. Look at me. I am thirty or forty years older than you, and I am as solid as an oak. I shall live one hundred years." "Oh, uncle! How can you speak so to your heir? You find only disagreeable things to say to me."—*French Paper*.

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THE OLD WAY.

The wretch condemned with life to part,  
Still, still on hope relies,  
And every pang that rends his heart  
Bids expectation rise.  
Hope, like the gleaming tapers light,  
Adorns and cheers the way,  
And still as darker grows the night,  
Emits a brighter ray.

—Oliver Goldsmith.

THE NEW WAY.

The wretch condemned with life to part  
Does not on hope rely,  
But acts in jail the idiot's part,  
And feigns insanity.  
Then of proceedings in the case  
The lawyers get a stay,  
Thus murderers live to plague the race  
And kill some other day.

—*Smercille Journal*.

How could the Western Union stock help being watered when it swallowed the Atlantic and Pacific.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

KEELY'S motor is now announced to "mote" on the 29th of February. We presume the 29th of February, 1885, is intended.—*Hartford Post*.

The *Boston Post* is in doubt as to what the *Boston Herald* will say next week, but reflects and calmly says: "God knows." Even this may be susceptible of doubt.—*Hartford Post*.

AN Omaha pastor is trying to put a stop to Sunday night courting. Mrs. Partington can pause in her efforts to sweep back the Atlantic Ocean with a broom to laugh at this man.—*Boston Post*.

IF the persons who draw blanks were as fond of telling it as the man who draws a hundred dollars after spending two hundred, the lotteries wouldn't flourish to any great extent.—*Boston Transcript*.

GENERAL BUTLER has written a letter to an Erie man, in which he states he is out of politics "for good." The General does not state whether it is for his own or for the country's.—*Oil City Blizzard*.

A 13-YEAR old girl of Amherst, Wis., has only blue spots on her face where her eyes should be. We have seen such phenomena before, particularly after Fourth of July, Christmas and elections.—*Texas Siftings*.

"YES, Brownjug is an M. D., I believe; but he is an M. D. without practice." "Then he has the advantage of the rest of you doctors. His slumbers cannot be disturbed by the ghosts of departed patients."—*Boston Transcript*.

ANOTHER volume of Jo Cook is announced, with a dreadful title, "Occident and Orient." In this he undoubtedly uses up the whole "varsal arth," and there is nothing more left for us except humility.—*Springfield Republican*.

THE Life of a Kentuckian has been shortened by tobacco. A hoghead of the weed fell on him and crushed him out of symmetrical proportions. It cannot be denied that tobacco in large quantities is injurious.—*Arkansas Traveler*.

AN exchange, relating the case of a man frozen to death, says, "A bottle of whiskey not far from the prostrate form told the story of the cause and effect." Poor fellow, he froze to death before he could reach the bottle.—*Boston Transcript*.

PEOPLE who cannot spend the season of winds and cold rains in sunny Florida should keep Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in the house. It is the best remedy for Colds and Coughs, and will relieve sufferers at once.

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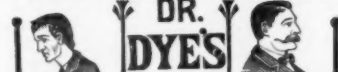
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Yes! It is an open winter—open at both ends and the winter blows right through it.—*Holyoke Transcript.*

THE eloquence of "the silver tongued orator" must be remembered as one of the "Lost Arts."—*Hartford Post.*

AN Indianapolis maiden at the Berthold Agency is named "Heapocash." She has considerable money in her own name.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

If it be true that the physicians have plenty to do attending to imaginary ailments, it is equally true that the sick have plenty to pay for imaginary cures.—*Boston Transcript.*

KATE SHELLY, the brave Iowa girl who saved a railway train from destruction, is being made the subject for poets' songs. She deserves a better fate.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

THERE are forty-eight registered physicians in Pittsburg, Pa., who have no diplomas. Medical-diploma factories are running on half time this winter.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"DID you put it in with facks or putty?" asked a merchant traveler for a Pittsburg glass house, as he gazed, in an absent-minded way, at the hotel clerk's diamond.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A CHICAGO firm is introducing wooden slippers into this country. The small boy is all in a sweat for fear his mother will take it into her head to buy a pair.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A CHICAGO critic says of Henry Irving, there is "godlike power in the bending of his little finger." There must be Jove-like ditto in the crooking of his aesthetic elbow.—*Boston Courier.*

THE Gay Head aborigines have been so liberally rewarded that people on other parts of the coast will go and look longingly out to sea and wonder why a wreck doesn't come ashore near them.—*Boston Post.*

A BOSTON boy writes to the *Globe* that he is a graduate of the public schools, and he does not believe they ever did him any harm. This is considered quite a compliment to the schools in Boston.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

THEY do say that the photograph of a Colorado senator got mixed into a pack of cards in use at a game in Washington and wasn't noticed for eight hands, everybody playing it for the Jack of spades.—*Boston Post.*

A LABORING man in the eastern part of the city has a wife and fourteen children to kick their heels under his table, and yet some of his neighbors blame him for not taking more interest in politics.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A ST. LOUIS doctor says that bonbons, sweetmeats, ice cream, etc., cause indigestion, headache, congestion of the liver, and is a great source of boils and pimples. Cut this out and show it to your girl.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A PRIEST visited a coachman who was seriously ill. "Have you the habit of going to the church?" "I can't say that I have," said the coachman in a feeble voice; "but I have driven a great many persons there."—*French Paper.*

A WOMAN who invaded West Bend, Wis., and claimed to be the proprietor of the town and the whole country, was declared to be crazy, and taken care of by the town officials. This furnishes a precedent for locking up the railroad men who labor under the delusion that they own the earth.—*Boston Globe.*

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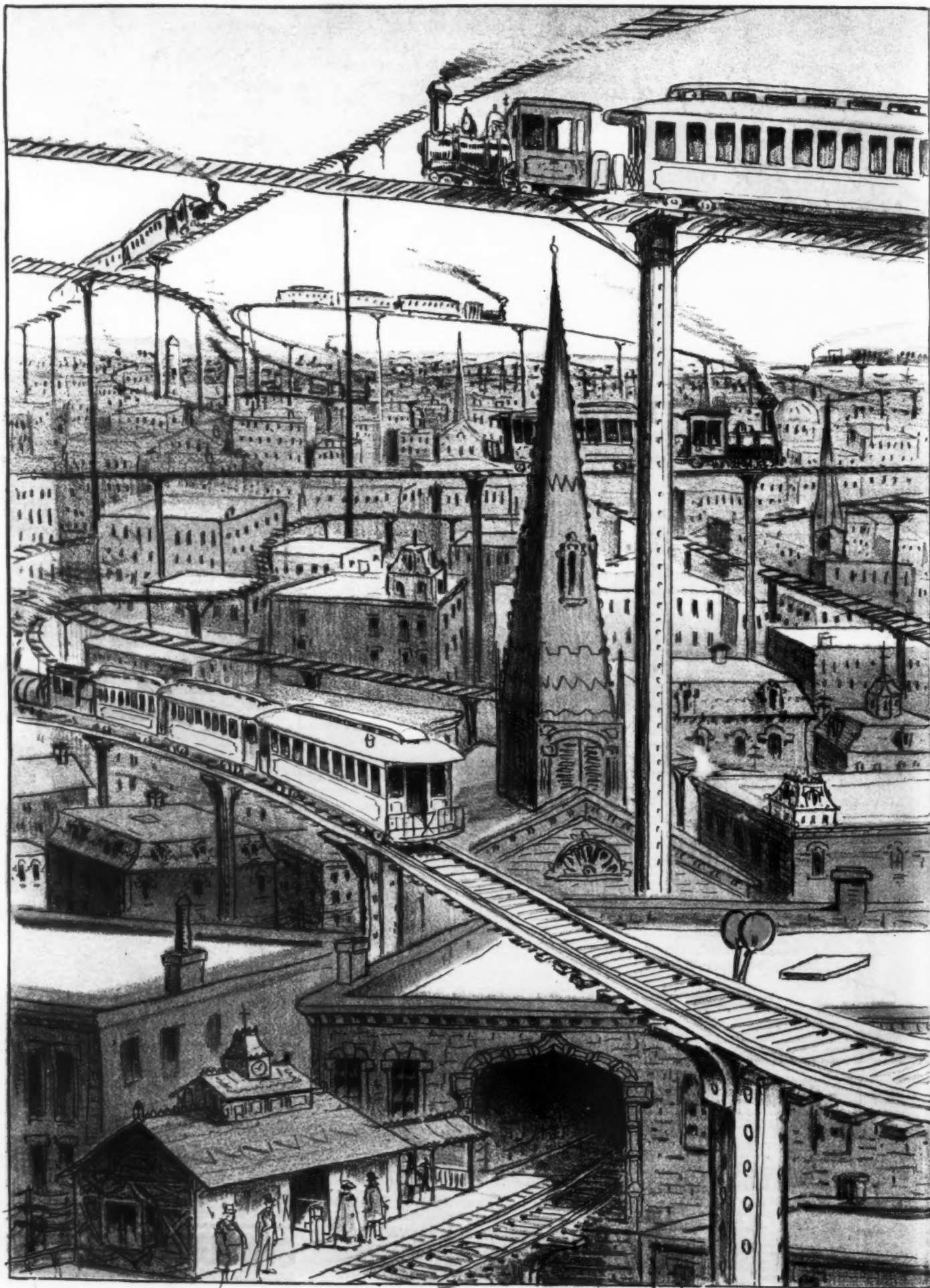
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