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THE REPUBLICAN SHIP OF STATE.

The good ship "Republican" has run upon a pretty bad reef out in Ohio, and has stove a hole in her bottom which will take all the resources of her crew to tinker up. And if she is not tinkered up somehow, how is the ship to float next year? As long ago as last May, in Vol. IV, No. 80, of this paper, THE JUDGE foreshadowed this result. Perhaps our readers would like to see what we said, for what was then foreshadowed under the guise of a "Sunday School Story" has become an actuality of political history now. We extract from THE JUDGE of May 5th:

There was an angry whistle in the wind, and the darkness which was gathering fast contributed to make the scene more terrible. On one side was the mighty ocean, lashed into fury by the tempest, and on the other was the white line of breakers that marked the rocks of a low-lying and treacherous shore. And close, perilously close to the cruel stony beach, the good ship "Republican" battled with the hurricane, and strove to claw off the lee shore that menaced her with destruction. On her deck all was confusion. The officers were bawling to the men, who ran hither and thither in obedience to the half-heard and contradictory orders; but nothing was accomplished, and the resistless set of the mighty waves was bearing the ship nearer and nearer to the dreaded rocks. But where was the captain?

Message after message had been brought to him in his cabin, but whether he refused to realize the imminence of the peril, or whether, sunk in the apathy of despair, he had lost faith in the power of human aid, he did not rouse himself. Suddenly, with a sound like the report of a canon, heard above the howling of the tempest, the mainsail was blown from its bolt-ropes, and vanished like a white cloud in the darkness to leeward. The captain started; at the same instant the door of the cabin was dashed open and ex-pilot C-k-g entered.

"Captain Arthur," he said, firmly but respectfully,

"you have thought proper to take the charge of this ship out of my hands. How you will answer to the owners if accident befalls is no concern of mine. I can only regret that I used my influence with the owners to secure you the appointment to a position which you are manifestly unfitted to fill. Meanwhile, however, I and my friends are on board this ship, and we do not propose to see her go to pieces without an effort being made to save her. Rouse yourself, then. You used to be a good sailor. Your place is on deck, not down here."

"Are things so bad, then?" inquired the captain.

"They are as bad as they can be. Come on deck and see for yourself."

In another moment the captain was on the bridge, and his night-glass swept the horizon. "There are breakers under our lee," he said.

"Is it possible that this is the first intimation he has had of them?" thought the pilot.

"Breakers dead ahead!" sang out the look-out in the bows.

"I thought as much," said the pilot. "That is the '84 shoal, and if we strike it there won't be a plank in this ship fit to swim again."

"But what am I to do?" asked the captain, helplessly.

"Take command of your own ship; you have men on board who have weathered as bad storms as this one—though I don't know that the grand old ship was ever in such a tight place before," added the pilot, as his keen eye took in at a glance all the manifold horrors of the situation. "How ever did you manage to get her into such a box? Who was the officer of the watch?"

"Lieutenant Chandler," answered the captain.

"That settles it."

"Well," began the captain—but a terrific shock, which threw both from their feet, interrupted him. All was confusion in a moment. The ship had struck.

LOW OF BROOKLYN.

The bold, base Republicans of Brooklyn, have taken the wind out of the Democratic sails by their endorsement of Low. This is a severe shock to the Democrats, who were fully prepared to endorse him themselves, while his affiliations were, in their eyes, comparatively clean; but a Republican bantling—faugh! The Brooklyn Democracy is disgusted, and whether their disgust will shorten the life—physical or political—of Brooklyn's young Mayor, is more than doubtful.

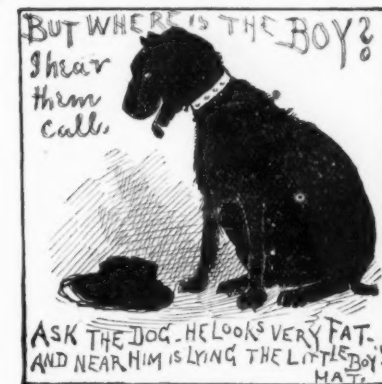
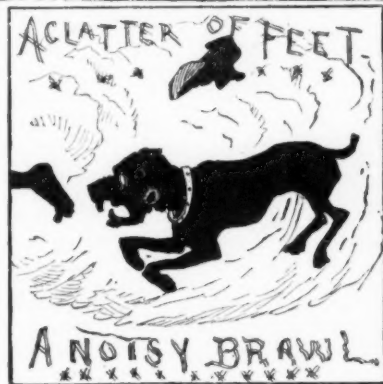
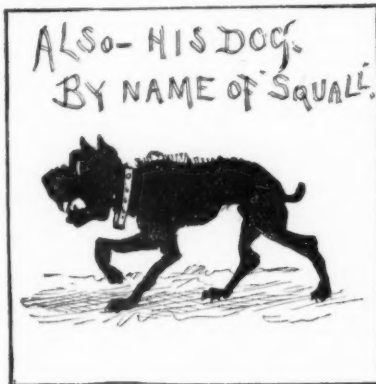
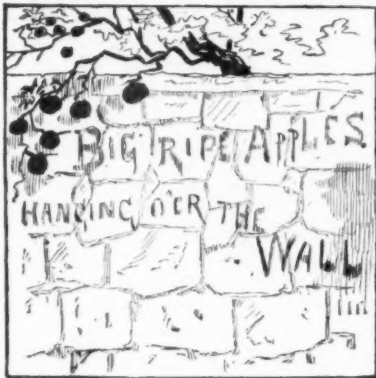
MR. HATTON AND THE RURAL POSTMASTERS.

THERE is a good deal of talk about the beauties and graces of civil service reform, but those who are especially in a position to enforce its doctrines practically are the very people for whom it seems to have no charms. Office-holders, as a rule, cannot see much in civil service reform. After all, why should they? They are in office (they imagine) for the sole and single purpose of feathering their own nests as speedily and completely as possible. From their point of observation their view of the situation is, we must admit, both logical and rational. The outspoken language of the Democrats—"to the victors belong the spoils"—finds an echo of secret assent in the breast of every, or almost every Republican office-holder. The man who is in office knows how he got there; he is fully conscious that he underwent the ordeal of a difficult nomination, an expensive canvass, a candidature in which all his own faults and failings, as well as those of his ancestors to

the third and fourth generation, were held up to public reprobation and abhorrence. While running for office he probably discovered that his grandfather was hanged for horse-stealing, and his grandmother eloped with the hired man. He is apt to be informed that all his own wealth is the outcome of successful speculation—a fact which does not prevent his being called upon to disburse it liberally during his canvass and candidature; and, after all this trouble and annoyance, supposing he is defeated—but no, that thought is too terrible! Let us rather suppose he is duly elected. Well, having been elected to an office whose direct and legitimate pecuniary returns are in an inverse ratio to the opportunities it offers for plunder of various kinds, the average office-holder is going to make his office pay him if he can. He will look to it to reimburse him for his trouble and expense, and it will be a pretty poor office if he cannot make it do so, although he may only hold it for a few years. This is what the average office-holder will do every time, and does do whenever he gets the chance, all the talk about civil service reform to the contrary notwithstanding.

Mr. Frank Hatton, first assistant postmaster general, is a gentleman whose methods of making his office pay are just a little ahead of anything that has been brought under THE JUDGE'S cognizance so far. Mr. Hatton is supreme, or nearly so, in the postal department. He also is the owner of a newspaper. Some people say he owns two. So Mr. Hatton, recognizing the exceptional facilities offered by his position for booming the circulation of his paper, and conceiving that his tenure of office might not be perpetual, grasped time by the forelock. He directed the rural postmasters throughout the United States to get up clubs of subscribers for his paper. Each postmaster is required to send at least ten names under a (tacit and implied) threat of removal. When we reflect how many rural postmasters there are in the United States, and multiply their number by ten, we gain some idea of the enormous boom which Mr. Hatton will give to his newspaper.

But, as if it were not hard enough for the poor postmasters to drum up ten subscribers apiece, Mr. Hatton, by a refinement of cruelty, requires that the ten names shall be those of "good Republicans." Is this condition necessary? THE JUDGE thinks not. THE JUDGE thinks Mr. Hatton will be inclined to reconsider it. Is not Democratic money as good as Republican, or, if he is not disposed to view the question from so sordid a standpoint, might not his paper occasionally convert a Democratic brother from the error of his ways. A man who has the check and ingenuity to pervert the machinery of a great National Department to his own aggrandizement, ought surely to be able to turn out a very good paper—ingenious and sophisticated enough to turn even a staunch old Jacksonian Democrat from darkness unto light—from the rugged orthodoxy of his political creed to the pleasant pastures of Republican statesmanship.



EMOTIONAL INSANITY.

EMOTIONAL insanity is a malady of purely American origin, and was originally devised as a plea in murder cases where that of "self defence" was obviously untenable. A defence of pure insanity had the inconvenience of requiring the defendant to be really mad; but emotional insanity is convenient and elastic, and the person afflicted in this way might commit murder when the humor seized him, with comparative impunity, though at other times and in the discharge of his ordinary avocations of life he might know a "hawk from a handsaw." Many of our most illustrious criminals have escaped hanging on this plea, and are now walking about under the blue vault of heaven with pistols in their hip pockets, ornaments and terrors of the community. It is gratifying to reflect, however—gratifying, at least, to the non-murderous portion of the community—that emotional insanity is becoming, to use an homely but most expressive phrase, "played out." It has been overdone somehow; there has generally been another motive unearthed in the course of murder trials, which supplies tangible reason enough for the criminal's conduct without searching through the unreal and visionary phantoms of an emotional lunatic's brain. Revenge, lust or greed of gain have been not unusual concomitants of such fits of emotional insanity as have culminated in murder. So juries are beginning to distrust the plea, and judges in general, and this JUDGE in particular, are glad of it. The trouble with emotional insanity is that it gives no previ-

ous indication of its murderous proclivities till it pulls the pistol and shoots, and then the disease is too far advanced for any but the most heroic remedies. The hangman's rope perhaps has been found, in the rare cases to which it has been applied, the most effectual and permanent cure. It is to be hoped that juries will continue to diagnose cases of emotional insanity with as much intelligence as did the jury which last week found Miss Leonard guilty of shooting and wounding Mrs. Smith, and was the means of sending her where her emotions will have little chance of injuring her neighbors for three or four years to come.

The Major Speaks.

MR. EDITOR—We had a meeting here in Podunk, last Thursday eve, which has not been reported, I believe. Major Muggs made the oration, and was received with an ovation such as no man ever got before. After a few remarks, the chairman, Lawyer Wade, introduced the Major, who came forward and said: Fellow-citizens and ladies—We propose to make it hot as Hades for those opposition fellers who'll shut up like umbrellas after next election day. We no longer can afford to keep in office such a horde [and; As now are eating up the substance of the They parade their army titles And loudly roar About deeds they'd done During the war! Well, didn't the country pay 'em? When I say she keeps on paying 'em, Isn't it true? (A voice in the crowd, "She do.")

Now comes the opposition candidate; I propose to treat of him— And I assure you, my dear hearers, I will do it with a vim. He is the very Devil! And will never find his level Till he's taken down below. He is everything that's evil— [weevil. Why, my farmer friends, he's worse than the You, my Irish friend, he calls "A Mick," And says you are a poll evil On the body politic. Last year he was with us, And for reform the loudest cried; This year behold him— Heading the ticket on the other side. We skip his remarks on the issues of the day; Of our own candidate, this he had to say: Fellow citizens—never yet in chair of state Sat as good a man as our candidate. I call upon the Almighty, With all due reverence, To witness that he never yet has been Straddle of the fence; Always true and steady; Honest in every way Is the man we ask your votes for on Next election day. Fellow-citizens—let's pull together In the cause of Truth and Right, And we'll go to bed the winners Next election night. On the Tariff I have very little to say. One party went into power with The cry of "Free the slave!" [said; "History repeats itself," it has been truly And we'll march on to Washington Under the banner of Free Trade! I thank you for your kind attention, And bid you all adieu. The kindest feelings of my heart Will ever go out to you. s. b.

MR. GEBHARD has returned on the Arizona. So far as known, he has no lily in his button-hole.



"No, sir!" the ancient man replied,
 "Though now I'm doubtless seedy,
 I have trod stages at the side
 Of Forrest and Macready.

"Methinks I hear the gallery still
 Applauding my Laertes—
 Though oft they sent me their good will
 In shape of egg—which dirties.

"The costly costume of the part ——"
 "And so you knew Macready?"

Alonzo Busbee: His Life and Impressions.

BY WILLIAM GILL.

CHAP. XI.

"The best of friends must part."—G. W. Childs.

I REMAINED with the book agent, Titus P. Duzenberg—such was his euphonious name—for upwards of two years.

When I entered into, what may be termed, a partnership with him, I was a growing lad of sixteen, enveloped in the awkwardness, uncouthness, and angles appertaining to that hobbledehoy age; two years after I found myself a young man of eighteen, handsome as a dry-goods clerk in the eyes of a Sixth avenue belle whom he has mashed while selling her underwear; as finely proportioned as George Edgar Gommery; a voice and manner of winning sweetness, and a mind stored to the brim. It may appear like egotism thus to describe my personal and mental gifts, but, as the reader will perceive, if he possesses vitality enough to follow my varied fortunes to the end, the description is necessary for the proper understanding of what is to come. Thanks to Titus P. my education during those two years had been well looked after. I was quick and earnest in my studies, for I had sense enough to know that if one desires to attain distinction in any walk of life—from prig to philanthropist—his chances are improved ten thousand per cent. if he has a liberal education to back him up. There are many ward politicians, but there is but one Johnny O'Brien. There are many confidence men, but there is but one Hungry Joe! There are many clowns, but there is but one Talmage! There are many hoary-headed old hypocrites, but there is but one H. W. Beecher! There are many infidels, but there is but one Ingersoll! There are many snide actresses, but there is but one Langtry! I had a smattering of Greek; could have taken the position of

Vagabond.

THE sun was slanting towards the west—
 He drew his coat around him
 To hide a somewhat tattered vest—
 And, sitting so, I found him.

An old man, rather run to seed,
 His rags his form scarce cloaking,
 Palsied in fingers, trembling-kneed,
 And very calmly smoking.

"Who art thou, ancient, weary man,
 Thy name, degree, character?"
 He hid his old tomato can,
 And proudly said, "An actor!"

"Indeed! To judge by how you're decked,
 Since 'tis no longer summer,
 I'd say the part you most affect
 Is that of Caleb Plummer."

"Knew him; knew him? Yes, sir, by heart,
 Indeedy and indeedy!"

"Can't say a line of Shakespeare?" "Back,
 Ye thronging memories! Can I?
 'Ho, rogue! bring me a cup of sack,'
 'Tis years since I've had any."

I took the hint—he took the drink,
 And, warming with its fire,
 Told tales which almost make me think
 He was a tramp and liar. G. H. J.

clerk in a drug store on the strength of my Latin; was conversant with Sanscrit, Brazilian, Portugese, Aztec and Japanese; and knew enough about German, Spanish and French to enable me to steal a play from any German, Spanish or French author; give it a new title and claim it to be original, with all the ease, grace and embellishing effrontery of any Boucicault, Daly, Howard or Belasco that ever stole and swore he didn't. I could read Horace, Chevalier de Faublas and Boccaccio in the original, and passsed many delightful hours perusing the works of G. W. M. Reynolds and other classics. I could perform the lightning-calculator act on a blackboard with neatness and despatch; tell fortunes on the cards; steer a bunco victim; manipulate the three-card game; give pointers to a public-school teacher; lie like an office-seeker, and mash more girls than a popular matinee-actor. I don't mind confessing now that I am the man who invented the ingenious device of tapping the wires leading from the Jerome Park race-track, and I was the first to discover the possibilities for laying the foundations of a gigantic fortune that existed in the scheme of inducing theatrical managers to become the select partners of lobby and sidewalk ticket scalpers. I never invented a mouse-trap, but I'll lay considerable odds that for innate and unterrified rascality I could have taken the pie from Jay Gould himself.

During those two years Titus and I took in all the large cities of the Union, and as many of their inhabitants as we could gain access to. We were, as some old patriarch in the Bible advises people to be, "all things to all men," and reaped a golden harvest in consequence, and, acting on the belief that "every hour a sucker is born," we were never at a loss for vic—I mean customers. But I began to tire of incessant wandering, and longed to settle down in some quiet, retired nook, where I could pursue my law studies, uninterrupted by the unwelcome presence of

policeman, sheriff or detective—we had had a good deal of unpleasant business with those gentry—for to the practice of the law I had made up my mind to devote my future, as I was shrewd enough to perceive that in that profession the greatest opportunities for advancement existed. I pictured myself first as a shyster in a police court, aiding the sneak thief to wriggle out of the clutch of justice, and the pure-minded, persecuted lottery-ticket seller to escape his doom. Then step by step on the legal ladder I saw myself mounting until as counsel for a railroad or a monopolistic oil company, I amassed sufficient wealth to buy a Democratic Governorship in a Republican State, from which I would step into the United States Senate, where my talents could be employed on star routes and credit mobilier swindles; and then extravagant fancy took the brush from my trembling hand and painted the picture of the Presidential Chair with Alonzo Busbee seated in it. It may appear to some a wild field of imagination to waste my time wandering in, but, as I remarked to myself at the time these glittering possibilities floated across my mental vision, "This is a free country and nothing is impossible to the man who has the nerve to see, the pluck to steal, and money enough to buy up an incorruptible jury when detected."

So Titus P. Duzenberg and I parted, not by the river side, but in a bed chamber which we occupied in common. When the separation took place Titus was asleep; I awake, wide awake to my own interests; so emptying the contents of his wallet into mine, and taking from our stock of odds and ends the articles upon which I would have no difficulty in inducing some obliging pawnbroker to lend money, I took a voiceless farewell of my late companion. Had he been in a condition to hear my farewell, I am satisfied that it would still have been voiceless, for emotion almost choked me. As I gazed at his sleeping form, I thought of all he had done for me since he pulled me half drowned from the raging waters of the tempest-tossed canal, and I felt so grateful to him for his kindness that I went through his clothes once more in the hope of finding one more little memento by which I could remember him in the years to come. My search was in vain; my first inquiry into the state of his pockets had been too thorough to leave anything but a lead nickle and a broken toothbrush in them. Heaping blessings on his unconscious head, and exchanging boots—mine were gone a little in the heel, while his had been purchased that morning—I left the room, and in twelve hours was 250 miles away from Titus P. Duzenberg, my friend, my fellow-companion, my mentor.

[To be continued in our next, unless the author goes tapping the wires and gets caught.]

CAMPANINI, after an absence of two years, has returned to warble in The New Opera House. He says he had rather be in New York than in any other place on earth; and New York had rather have him than any other tenor, so there is satisfaction on both sides. He claims to have passed his time in farming. It may be a pleasant employment, but it is doubtful if he reaps as rich a harvest from it as he does from the stage.

HENRY JAMES, the novelist, will hereafter live in Europe. "No matter," says an exchange, "America will have the benefit of his writings all the same, so long as no international copyright law exists."

Chronicles of Gotham.

CHAPTER XXI.

1. AND it came to pass that when the men of the tribes of Politicians had returned from the land of the big lakes,

2. Yea, even from that land, and the camp thereof, which beareth the name of the beast; the land of Kleveland, the high priest,

3. That they were not agreed among themselves—there was no harmony, but great disturbances.

4. Then did Kelley, called the Boss, arise and say: Harken to me, oh ye of little faith! Did I not say to ye, Let these men have their talk, let them have their say?

5. But what availeth it to them? The County Democracy and the Irving Hall party, of what use is their blowing of trumpets? Do they think the walls of Ta-many will fall?

6. Verily, I say unto ye, I will give to them peace-offerings and gifts; yea, will I give to them an office or two to make them glad, if they do as I say;

7. But woe unto them if they do not as I, the Boss—I, John Kelley, Big Injun of the tribe of Ta-many, Chief Mogul of the Dimmekrats, shall say.

8. For if they disobey me in but a single thing, I will arise and use my power, and will crush them:

9. They shall not have a single office, and their votes will go for naught. Lo, I have spoken.

10. Now the dwellers in the camp did hear this thing, and did say: Harken to the loud braying! While others did look around to find themselves a place and an office, so that they might have some of the pickings and stealings in the time to come.

11. But the Republicans did say as yet no thing, either way, for were they not preparing for the fight in great secrecy? and therefore did not make loud cries.

12. And as the time drew near for the choosing of the rulers and law-makers, the noise of the fighting men did increase; yet these men did not fight with weapons, but with their jaws, and by the wagging of their tongues:

13. And the manner of the fight was in this wise: One of a certain tribe would arise, and in a loud voice cry aloud all he knew or could make up about the character and goodness of the man, of his tribe; but would cast reproaches and vile words, yea, even bear false witness against the man of the tribe opposing him.

14. And the men of the camps would gather round, and yell, and cheer, and shout aloud. And the drums would beat, and the trumpets sound, and great was the noise.

15. And there were flags and banners, and marchings to and fro, and bonfires and illuminations, and many shekels spent.

16. And to the getting of these shekels a large number of epistles were sent through the camp:

17. And the reading of them did make the office-holder quake, for was he not obliged to pay to the big men of the tribes tithes of his wage?

18. Peradventure he did not pay, he was (in the language of the camp) "bounced," and held no longer office in the camp.

19. Now while these things were being done by the lesser men of the tribes, the big men and the mighty ones were busy after their own manner;

20. And the manner of their doing was to go to the men who had an axe that needed grinding; and they did say:



HENRY IRVING, THE H'ACTOR.

I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me.—Midsummer Night's Dream.

21. Give to us your votes, and shekels, and we will in fulness of time give to you a way to make sharp the axe now dull and make it easy for you to have more axes, also.

22. And to the merchants, and dealers, and the money-changers did they say: Give to us, and we will do as you wish in the time to come.

23. And, lo and behold, they got what they desired—for the god of the camp is Almighty Da-lah.

23. Now in these days the battle of the tribes wages fierce and loud—but which will win or lose, no man knoweth.

22. The tribe that has the longest money-bag and the most trickery, is the best in the camp of Gotham—for is it not ruled by tricksters and they that do strange things? Verily, a day of change is near at hand. B.T.P.

CATS are fashionable. They always have been in the back yard, but this fall fashion dictates that they come to the front, and they accordingly are seen peeping from beneath the bows and feathers of fashionable hats and muffs. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." With the slaughter of the innocent felines we shall be sure of quiet nights. May none be left tosing the praises of the departed on the fence during the wee sma' hours.

A Palpable Hit.

THE following little story seems worthy to be rescued from the quasi-oblivion of most reprinted articles, and to be added to the long succession of smart repartees credited to the Irish race:

"A New England lady was asking her cock the other day about a waitress she proposed to hire and said: 'Mary, is she Irish?' 'No, ma'am,' said Mary, 'she's American.' 'What is her name, Mary?' 'Bridget O'Connor, ma'am.' 'Why, then, of course she is Irish, Mary.' 'No, ma'am; she was born in Lynn.' 'Oh, but that makes no difference, Mary; she is not an American.' 'Well, in faith; perhaps she ain't, ma'am. They tell me the real ones is red.'

MR. JOEL C. HARRIS, the author of "Uncle Remus" has made about \$3,000 by the sale of his book. Thompson, the author of "Major Jones' Courtship" made only about \$1,200, by that excellent contribution to literature, but then courtship is seldom profitable.

JOAQUIN MILLER says "Boston Common has become a disgraceful place." What else could be expected of a thing that is common?



YESTERDAY was my birthday, and I've had so many beautiful presents that I'm about the happiest woman in New York.

When Mamma came around yesterday morning and asked me to go shopping with her, I was only too willing, for I half suspected she was going to get something for me, but I'd no idea it would turn out to be anything quite so expensive.

As Mamma very well knew, I had been ransacking the stores for two weeks, looking for a cloak, and had found nothing that suited me. So when she suggested going to Shayne's I didn't object, but I'd no idea he had such a bewildering stock of fur goods. Mamma commenced by having me try on seal-skin dolmans, and she finished by purchasing for me about the handsomest one I ever saw. I don't believe we could have done any better in London or Paris. I am just delighted with it, and besides I've saved a considerable amount of the money I received from the fire insurance company. In the afternoon Aunt Penelope's present arrived. I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw it. Such a lovely jewelled bracelet, and such an odd design! It is perfectly indescribable. I'm glad I'm getting back the flesh I lost when I was sick, and have something like a decent arm on which to place such a beauty.

The rest of the day I passed in wondering what Heraclitus would give me. From numerous hints I had let fall, I half expected he would buy me a new piano, but when dinner time came, and nothing from him arrived, I began to be somewhat vexed.

It was rather late when he came home, but he was in good spirits, and expressed great admiration for the cloak and bracelet. Said mother was a brick, and Aunt Penelope another. Then he insisted on kissing me—well, as many times as I'd had birthdays, but made no mention of his gift to me. I said nothing about it at the table, neither did he, and I was just about boiling inside when the door bell rang and the waitress appeared with a package from Tiffany's. I opened it, but was perfectly disgusted to find nothing but a rather pretty, inexpensive shopping bag.

I looked up at Heraclitus, who sat there grinning in a way not calculated to soothe my ruffled feelings, when it suddenly occurred to me it would be a good plan to open the bag. Imagine my delight on finding therein a tiny box containing a perfectly lovely sapphire and diamond ring. I love sapphires, and this was just what I wanted. It fitted exactly, and Heraclitus said my hand looked whiter and prettier than ever. He staid at home all the evening and was awfully nice, or would have been if the sub-

ject of that abominable overcoat had not come up.

We were discussing the sealskin dolman and cold weather, when he suddenly asked me where his last winter's overcoat was. I was somewhat taken a-back, but I answered as nonchalantly as I could, that I didn't know, which was certainly true enough.

"Have you taken it out of the cedar closet yet?" said he.

"No," I replied, "I haven't taken it out, and to tell the truth, I've no recollection of putting it in there."

This seemed to astonish him, as well it might, for if there's anything I'm particular about, it is the careful putting away of winter clothing. I use up yards of muslin, and bushels of tissue paper and camphor every year, and always do up every article myself; so I was not surprised when he said he didn't understand it at all. For a woman that was always fighting moths, and fussing among the woolens in the cedar closet as I was, it was rather strange I hadn't noticed the absence of his winter overcoat before.

Well, I didn't know what to say at all. I couldn't tell him about the old clothes woman, for I thought he'd never forgive me, so in order to gain time, I said that Marie was out, but perhaps she knew where it was, and I'd ask her in the morning.

"Penelope," said he, turning around and looking at me, "you're trying to hide something from me, and you're not succeeding well."

"By the way," he continued, "while coming up town on the elevated, I noticed hanging outside a second-hand shop on Sixth avenue, a dress that looked very much like one I've seen you wear."

By this time I'd collected my wits, and knew just where I stood; so I replied, "well, and supposing you did. I very often give Marie my dresses, and I presume she sells those that are not suitable for her to wear. It's nothing to me what she does with them after I give them to her."

"Certainly not?" said he, "only I noticed by the side of the dress an overcoat with a peculiar lining that looked very much like my last winter's one."

"Good gracious, Heraclitus," said I, "what are you thinking of? You don't suppose Marie would steal, do you?"

"I don't think anything," he replied, "I only know that my new overcoat is not done, and if its at all cold to-morrow, I want my old one."

Fortunately for me, the morning dawned so mild and pleasant, and his head was so full of an important case he was going to try, that he never once thought of the overcoat. I was so afraid he would remember it that I chattered like a magpie, and scarcely swallowed a mouthful of breakfast. After he'd gone, I waited half an hour, and then I started off on an investigating tour. I took the elevated down town, and I kept my eyes peeled for all the second-hand shops. The fact of Heraclitus mentioning that he saw the dress on Sixth avenue simplified the matter greatly. I made up my mind to ride down as far as Eighth street, and inspect one side of the avenue going down, and the other coming back. My diligence was rewarded sooner than I had hoped for. Flaunting in the breeze in front of a horrid looking hole was my old lavender silk party dress that I sold to the old clothes woman last summer, and close beside it was an overcoat that might or might not have once covered the broad shoulders of my worthy husband. Nothing on earth would have tempted me

ALWAYS THE CASE.



THIS IS A DRY DAY.



THIS IS A WET DAY, AND NO UMBRELLA.

to go into such a vile place. No; sooner than do that, I would have confessed the whole business to Heraclitus, but fortunately there was no necessity of doing this. I got off at the next station and walked back past the place to get the number and see if the coat was really the one I wanted. About the dress there could be no mistake, and on closer inspection, I felt quite sure about the coat. I immediately went home, and after explaining things to Marie, I gave her some money and told her to bring the coat home, no matter what it cost. She was gone a long time, and had to pay twenty dollars for it. They commenced by asking her thirty-five, but she finally jewed them down to twenty. I was only too glad to get it at any price. It is now out in the yard undergoing a vigorous brushing, and I trust it will have sufficient airing to purify it from all the vileness with which it has come in contact. When my young man comes home to-night he will find his coat, for all intents and purposes, as good as ever, and he'll never know that it cost me no end of trouble, and twenty dollars. If he should become aware of the facts of the

case, I dare say he'd be so pleased to think I was out of pocket by the operation that it would counteract his angry feelings at my selling it. I don't see how I ever made such a mistake. One thing is certain, I shall retire from the second-hand clothes business, and if ever I'm caught in such a fix again, I'll know it.

All's well that ends well, and there's no use crying for spilt milk. These thoughts, and my new cloak, bracelet and ring are very consoling, and the loss of the twenty dollars doesn't affect me as it would have done before Heraclitus so considerably set the curtains on fire.

I know he was very suspicious about the coat last evening, and he'd never put it on if he knew where it had been. Well, "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." It is to be hoped that it won't give us all the small-pox. If I only had time to fumigate it with sulphur! but I haven't, for I hear his latch-key in the front door this very minute.

Now to confront him with the lost article and make him ashamed of himself for doubting, for one instant, the veracity of his truthful little wife,

PENELOPE PENNYFEATHER.

October.

AMONG the tall and stately pines
The winds wail sad and sober—
The grapes hang purple on the vines,
For it is now October.

Jack Frost has kissed each maple bough,
And crimson leaves are falling—
Red in the west the sun sinks low,
And birds their mates are calling

Back to the old familiar nest
Within the larches' cover—
A thousand sparrows chirp, "To rest!
The day is nearly over."

And years have fled since in yon wood
We culled autumnal flowers—
How little then we understood—
Those were our happiest hours.

And on the stile—the dear old place!
I live the sweet scene over—
You by my side in witching grace,
And I a happy lover.

And lingering there until night threw
Her velvet mantle o'er us,
We pledged to each our love anew,
And all seemed joy before us.

Alas! how little then we knew
Our vows must soon be broken—
And each fond word—to us so true—
Had better ne'er been spoken.

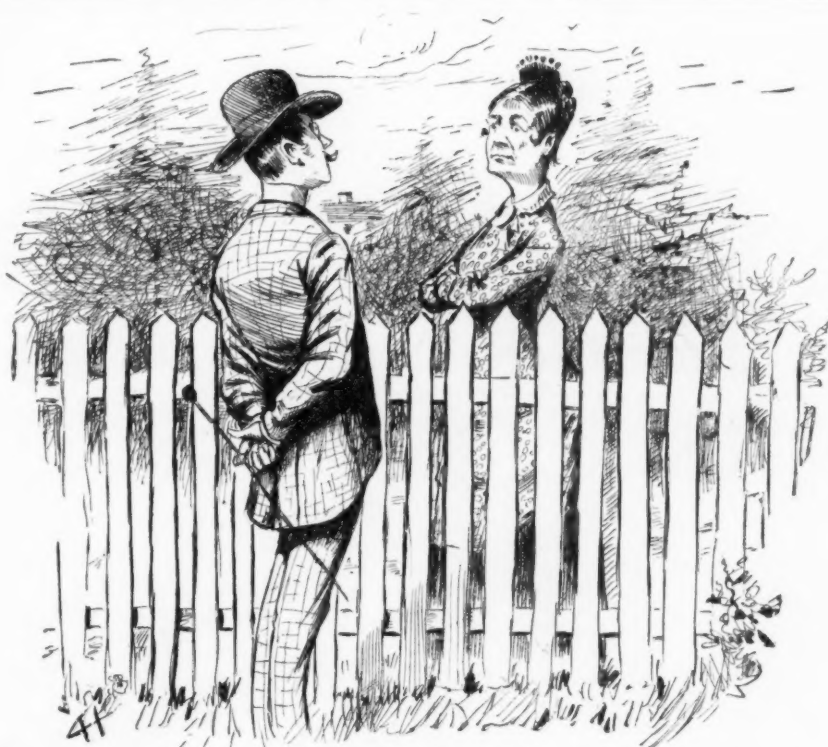
DIODORA.

Washington Gossip.

BY OUR OWN LIAISON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., OCT. 25.

RECOGNIZING—with your local chief magistrate, Mayor Edson—the fact that there are times when too much zeal in a public officer has to be put down by the hand of stern authority; that there is such a thing as being too darn smart, especially when some of the bosses' political friends are likely to suffer by the mistimed zeal, the heads of departments here have lately made several removals for cause, and although some of them have your correspondent's unqualified approval, he fears that in the majority of cases, outside influence has had much more to do with the dismissal than any unofficial act committed by



MISS (uncertain age)—*I pride myself on my descent; one of my ancestors came over in the Mayflower.*

DESMITH—*Was it your father or mother.*

the discharged employee. Here is a list of the decapitated, together with description of crimes for which they suffered. Percy R. Huter, War Department; cause—wasting the time of the public hunting up the record of a pension applicant instead of improving his mind by a perusal of the morning journals. Royal Binks, Interior Department; cause—being at the office on time every morning. Reginald McAlpine, Treasury Department; cause—doing work he was paid to perform. Albert Slocum, Department of Justice; cause—endeavoring to do duties to-day that could as well be left over till to-morrow. P. Algernon Ducker, Navy Department; cause—pointing out an error in John Roach's bill, said error being in J. R.'s favor, and Thomas T. Biles, Post Office Department; cause—answering an important letter instead of attending to his lunch.

In view of the speedy occupancy of the White House by the President, many improvements are being made, and alterations that were suggested by Mr. Arthur, carried out. Your correspondent, thanks to the courtesy of Paul Angelo De Wart, the Major Domo of the official mansion, is enabled to give your readers some faint ideas of the work now rapidly being performed. The first part of the residence visited was the kitchen, where your correspondent was a witness to the interesting ceremony of removing an old stovepipe, and the fixing of a new one; to all those who have experienced the operation of adjusting a stovepipe, I need scarcely say that the atmosphere of the department was for quite a while tinged blue with blaspheming. Were your correspondent a moral philanthropist, one of his first acts would be the establishment of a society for the suppression of stovepipes, for he is satisfied that they are the cause of much loud and outspoken profanity. Three plumbers were preparing to take their places in the ranks of the millionaires, by

stopping up a hole in the waste-pipe of the kitchen sink, while a colored citizen was doing his best to lessen the surplus in the treasury by a lavish slinging around of white-wash. Guided by the amiable De Wart, your correspondent next visited the President's cellar, where he found a generous supply of various malt and spirituous liquors just laid down in the space reserved for their reception. Ale, from England; Hock, Champagne, Mozelle, from sunny France; whisky, from Kentucky; gin, from Germany; Zhin, from Switzerland; bitterish, from Hostetter; prezzels 'n sheese, from—three sheers for Arsher—besht Prestant—hic—shinse Ole Grant—hip, hip, hic, 'oray—

[In consequence of a sudden and severe attack of malaria, by our correspondent contracted in the Presidential cellar, for further description of alterations and improvements in the White House, we must refer our readers to our next issue.]—ED.

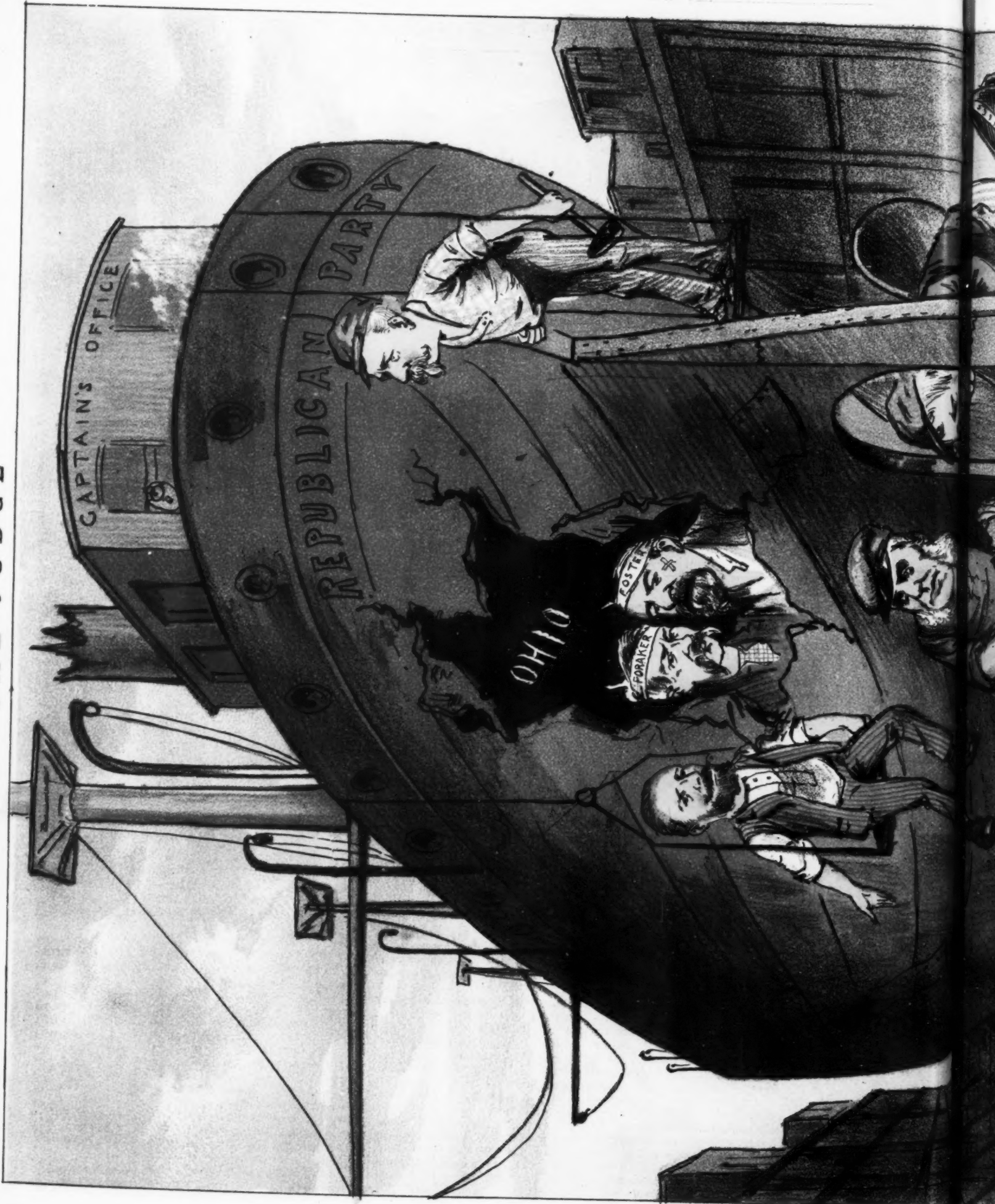
Mrs. McELROY, the President's sister, will again assume charge of the White House, all on account of that house having no mistress. Do you hear that, girls? When he was fishing so earnestly why weren't some of you on hand to be caught?

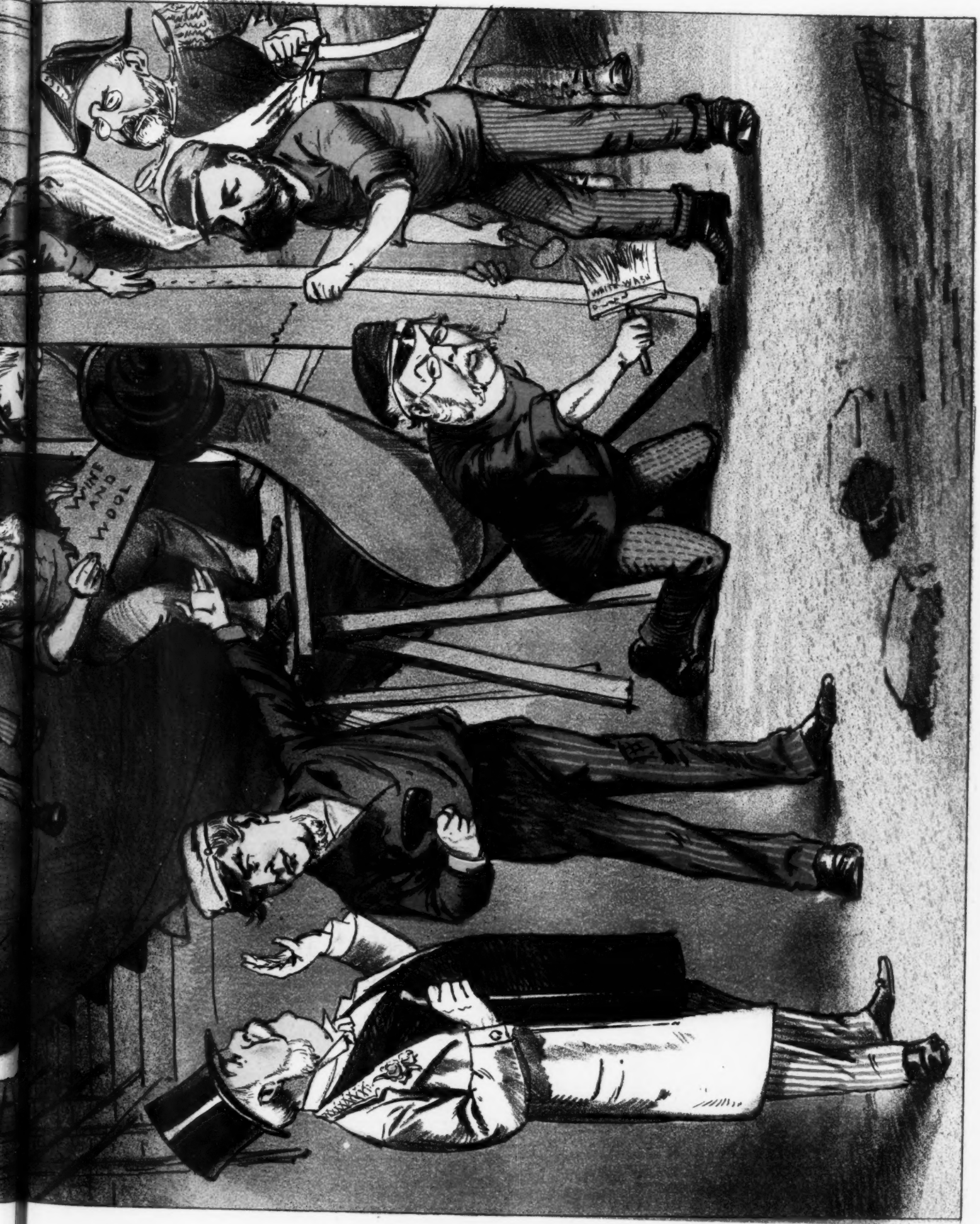
LORD LORNE has sent two buffaloes to Scotland—a reminder they will be to him of the times spent on the happy hunting grounds of the country he governed for his mother-in-law.

GOVERNOR BUTLER, of Massachusetts, is a guest of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. It is thought he came on from Boston to congratulate the President. They are known to be fond of each other.

MAYOR LOW is again to be Mayor of Brooklyn. Henry Ward Beecher says so.

THE JUDGE





ON THE DRY DOCK.
The Grand Old Republican Ship in a Bad Way.



THOROUGHLY RESPECTABLE.

COLORED PUSSON—*Am you de Reserector ob de Piscopalyun Church dat wants a secon?*
 RECTOR—*Yes, I am in need of one, and think perhaps, from your looks, that you'd suit. What is your name?*
 COLORED PUSSON—*Ingersoll, sah.*
 RECTOR—*What?*
 COLORED PUSSON (startled)—*O! O! I'se no 'lation to de Ingersoll dat's In-fi-DEL—none whatsumdever.*

Inspiration.

SHALL I sing a gay song
 If I sing to-night—
 Something very joyous,
 Something very bright?
 Shall the mirth and laughter
 Yet more gladly ring,
 For the joyous music
 Of the song I sing?

Shall I sing a sad song,
 Plaintive, low and clear,
 That shall hush the laughter
 Or provoke a tear?
 Touch a tender memory
 In that joyous throng?
 Tell me—you must tell me—
 What shall be my song.

Yet what telling need I?
 In my heart 'twill ring—
 I shall know this evening
 Just the song to sing,
 And the moment's feeling
 In the strain I'll show,
 And the tale it telleth
 You alone will know.

M.K.J.

Sketches in Natural History.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "BAD BOY ABROAD."

No. III—A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.

"PAPA," said Fanny, looking up from the double-leaded columns of one of those cheap-John-lately-reduced-below-cost-metropolitan-two-for-a-cent dailies, "What is a Presidential candidate?"

"A Presidential candidate, my dear," said the professor, shooing away the bee that was vainly endeavoring to force an entrance into his smoking cap, evidently mistaking his smooth and polished pate for that of Ben Butler, "a Presidential candidate is, to speak figuratively, a nonentity."

"What class of animals does it belong to, papa?"

"Scientific men have classed them, my dear, as an offshoot of a species of the genus *homo*, known as *Damphoolin Politicianibus*."

"What is there peculiar in their organization, papa?"

"The cerebral organs are remarkable for their extreme shallowness. This peculiarity is supposed to be caused by the transmission of virus from the stinger of an insect called *apis Presidentialis*. In fact it is a species

of disease, considered by eminent physicians to be incurable."

"Is there more than one kind, papa?"

"Yes, my dear; there are several kinds. The principal ones are the Democrats and Republicans. The Democrats are considered the most dangerous. They ride a diminutive jackass, and just when they are about realizing their hopes, the other species get solid with the jackass by feeding it a distilled liquid, called whisky, which makes it kick and throw the candidate over its head. This occurs once in every period of four years. The *candidatus Democratibus* is then compelled to breathe the bracing air, and lave itself in the briny waters of Salt River."

"Does the species *Republicanus* suffer in the same manner, papa?"

"No, darling, they are not subject to these periodic disorders, being well fed on a nutritive preparation called Governmental pap. They occasionally become gluttonous, tho', and absorb so much that they are compelled to evacuate the whole thing."

"Are they honest, papa?"

"It is to be hoped so, my dear; but it is usually conceded that their reputation comes under the heading of D. D."

"Will Presidential candidates go to heaven, papa?"

"Hush, Fanny; we shouldn't judge them, but your prayers might help them to about six inches of standing room."

Mr. Spilkins as a Bicyclist.

A BRAND new bicycle arrived at Mr. Spilkins's door the other night. Mr. S. had often declared of late that he was tired of horse-cars, omnibuses and elevated railroads, and that he was going to try the new means of locomotion in going to and from his place of business, as being quicker and more economical. The next morning he prudently retired to the back yard to practice a little, while his wife posted herself at the back sitting-room window with a contemptuous look on her face, to witness the proceedings.

"Now, let's see you get on the thing," she exclaimed sneeringly to her husband, who was trying to steady it. There were very few of Mr. Spilkins's ideas or acts that she didn't sneer at.

"Why don't you get on, dear?" she pursued, in a tantalizing tone of voice. "I'd like to see you go riding down Broadway on that thing, running down and tumbling over on the people. You'd be arrested for wholesale manslaughter before you'd gone a block."

"The plaguery thing won't stand up," said Mr. S.

"Of course it won't, you idiot," exclaimed his wife. "Lean it against that tree."

"Thank you for the suggestion, dear," said Mr. Spilkins gratefully, obeying his wife's command.

Mr. S. was somewhat short, and the bicycle a rather high one, and stepping back a little way for a start, he sprang up off the ground with such vigor that he o'erleaped the seat and struck his head with such force against the tree that he rebounded back upon the ground with considerable violence. Fortunately he was thick-skulled, as well as short and stout, and what would have stunned another man only gave him a sore spot on his head. So he pushed it along a little way and made frantic efforts to get his leg over the seat, first on one side, then on the other, hopping ridiculously along on his

other foot, until compelled to desist from sheer exhaustion.

"Get on the thing from behind, you fool!" cried his wife, in a disgusted tone of voice. "Any body would know you'd never seen a bicycle before."

But all to no purpose. It would start away from him when he tried to mount it from behind, or his foot would catch, with a most exasperating persistency, between the wheels, and they would both tumble heavily over on to the ground, Spilkins generally under and the bicycle on top.

"I have it," he suddenly exclaimed, after crawling out from under the vehicle for about the twentieth time, and rising to his feet, mopping the streams of perspiration from his brow with his pocket-handkerchief, and blowing like an overgrown porpoise. Like a person actuated by a sudden gleam of inspiration, Mr. Spilkins placed his bicycle against the wall directly under the sitting-room window, and then securing some fifty feet of clothes line ascended the stairs triumphantly. "I'll conquer the plaguey thing or perish in the attempt," he exclaimed heroically to his wife as he entered the room. But a full-to-overflowing measure of contempt and disgust had rendered his amiable spouse quite incapable of any further remark upon her husband's "insane-antics" as she was subsequently heard to characterize them; so she only looked on in grim silence.

After twisting the rope together until strong enough to bear him, and fastening one end to the leg of a heavy table, which he placed directly under the window, Mr. Spilkins let himself slide slowly down until his feet were within a foot of the bicycle. But unfortunately the perpendicular fall of the rope dropped about a foot and a half to one side of the seat, so instead of descending plump upon it as he had intended, his feet swayed wildly about in the air in his efforts to prevent himself from sitting down between the wheels, while he banged his knees against the wall, skinned his fingers almost to the bone, turned round and round upon the rope, getting it hopelessly twisted about his legs, and bringing his head into sharp collisions with the edge of the shutter, and kicking three panes of glass out of the kitchen window. After dangling in mid-air for a few moments more, whether from sheer exhaustion or dizziness, Mr. Spilkins suddenly lost his grip upon the rope, and fell heavily to the ground, the bicycle falling over on him. This time he was picked up insensible and carried up stairs by his wife and maid and put to bed.

"Oh, dear, no," said Mrs. S. decisively, and with a look of grim satisfaction, to a neighbor who had called about a month afterwards (during which time she had tended her husband for a broken head and a sprained ankle). "Mr. Spilkins is not a famous bicyclist. Who ever told you so must have meant it for a joke. In fact I am quite sure I have heard him declare that he had no idea of ever having anything to do with bicycles."

T. H. F.

At Hamburg it is fashionable to limp. One must carry a stick between the size of a common walking cane and an alpenstock, and assume a lameness, if they have it not. Too bad that we of the Western world have not a gouty king to ape in walking.

MELROSE ABBEY, which had fallen to ruin, has been carefully restored to its former beauty by the Duke of Buccleugh to whom it belongs. Hurroo for Buccleugh.



BURGLAR (to Friend)—Jimmy, I think I'll quit crackin', and git a job in the City Finance Department. The stealin's are bigger, and there's no danger.

Characteristic Connecticut.

CONNECTICUT is fitly styled "the land of steady habits." In New Haven, one of her large cities, it is not permissible to sound an alarm of fire, unless the consent of the chief engineer is first obtained in writing.

This may, in general, be a very wise ordinance, but there are exceptions when it promotes a little confusion and pecuniary loss. The other day the chief was enjoying his usual after-dinner cigar, when a fat, bald-headed citizen rushed breathlessly in, and, after running three times around the office yelling fire, fell exhausted into a chair and panted out that his store up town was burning like hell-o Pete, and he wanted permission to sound an alarm. Now, the chief usually keeps a number of permits all filled up but the name, but the supply had been exhausted a few days before, and he had neglected preparing more. Consequence was, the flurried official hastily spread himself all over the desk, grabbed a pen and jabbed at the ink-stand, but it was not there; the office boy had taken it out to fill it up, and and not yet returned it. Slamming the pen savagely down, the chief made a break for ink; he borrowed a bottle at a neighboring office, returned, feverishly seized the pen again, and went at it; but now the pen wouldn't write; it had doubled all up and crossed its legs when he threw it down. He tried to jerk it from the holder, but it wouldn't budge, so he had to put it under a chair leg, sit down, bend over, and pull it out that way. Then he put a new pen in, but like all fresh pens, it wouldn't hold ink enough to write two words. All this time the bald-headed citizen was puffing, and swearing, and trotting around the office howling fire like mad.

Of course this flurried the chief, and he could scarcely frame the permit. He had just got as far as "and I do hereby authorize and permit," when a little, nervous woman flopped into the office with, "Oh, my

good gracious, my earthly treasures are on fire; do, for my sake, give me a permit!"

"Yes, yes," cried the chief, "sit down and keep quiet. I'll give it to you in a minute."

"Minute! oh, my dearly beloved smoke-house!" And then she threw up the window and yelled murder, while the fat man started in afresh bellowing fire.

This, naturally, distracted the chief, and he laid his pen down to reason with them, when the door flew open with a crash, and a wild-eyed German, a glass of beer in one hand, a pretzel in the other, entered.

"Mein Gott! here, shoost tink dese dings pooty soon, und gif me dot ding to ring mit de fire out!" he exclaimed, pressing upon the official.

"Go way!" shouted the chief, "take them damned things out of here."

"Mein Gott! but Sheneral, mine saloon vhas burning one tam hale, und de beer."

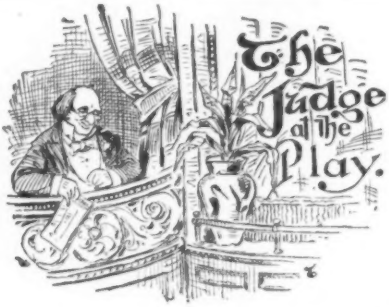
"Sit down, then, will ye, until I can 'tend to ye," cried the chief, all in a frenzy, "Here," to the first applicant, "what's your name?"

"David I. Bartholomew!" "Zadoc Lynch!" "Chris. Loudenslager!" all three yelled as one man.

"Oh, darnation to darnation, take it," groaned the chief, and in utter desperation he slapped in something for a name, and held the permit out. Every man grabbed for it; every man got a piece and started away just as two or three hundred citizens charged on the chief to tell him the whole city was on fire, and ask when in hades the fire department was going to wake up.

As we have remarked, that ordinance may be a very wise one in certain cases, but in some others, it will occasion some little annoyance, and operate against insurance companies.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR was fifty-three on Friday, October 5th, and yet a widower. Hear that, oh fair damsels who sigh to be mistresses of the White House.



IN SPITE of the Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage and several other divines, theatres in New York, instead of sinking into the bottomless pit, are increasing in numbers and taking an upward course.

The new building at the corner of Thirty-fifth street and Broadway, is quite an acquisition to the already large number of uptown places of amusement. Following in the footsteps of the Madison Square, which is not on Madison Square, and the Fifth Avenue which is not on Fifth avenue; this new house has been dubbed the New Park Theatre, presumably because it is not near any park.

It was successfully opened on the 15th by Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels and has been leased by Messrs. Knowles & Morris, of the Brooklyn Grand Opera House, for a period of five years. Later on we are to have here in place of the minstrels "The Stranglers of Paris," with Agnes Booth in an important part.

The New Park, The Casino, The Cosmopolitan and last but not least, the new Metropolitan Opera House, form a constellation that irradiate what was a short time ago a dismal and dreary part of Broadway, and all this without detracting from the life and animation that surround Niblo's and the Theatre Comique on the same street down town.

Excelsior is as brilliant a spectacle as one can expect to witness on this mundane sphere, and Harrigan and Hart are making lots of fun and plenty of money with their "Mulligan Guard Picnic." The audiences at all the up-town theatres have suffered a perceptible diminution in numbers since the two Grand Opera Companies set their forces to work, but though Nilsson and Patti may screech never so wildly and Irving and Ellen Terry do their worst, they can never seriously interfere with the business of the Theatre Comique. Even Mrs. Langtry has a rival in the person of Rebecca Allup, who plays a part, and wears a jersey that the Lily can never hope to fill. Mr. Braham is a musician that can lead an orchestra, whether it be placed before, above, or on a level with the stage, which is more than some of the Italian importations seem to be capable of doing, and his two musical compositions "Going Home with Nelly after Five" and "Hurry Little Children Sunday Morn," never fail to bring down the house. For a good hearty laugh, and a thoroughly enjoyable evening, go to Harrigan and Hart's. THE JUDGE gets his feelings sufficiently harrowed during the day to be able to dispense with the spectacle of a stage strewn with corpses in the evening, and his unclassical ear is capable of being pleased with melodies and tunes that are not supposed to be the wild, wierd, leaf-rustlings of Erl-kings, or the shrieks of despairing Gretchens and malevolent Mephistos.

The Princess of Trebizonde, with Jennie Winston in place of the lost Lillian, and



EXIT DUSTER.

Marie Jansen as Regina, will keep the stage at the Casino till the Beggar Student can be produced. Wilson as Tremolini has made as big a hit in this opera as he did in Prince Methusalem.

"Money" was a failure at the Fifth Avenue, and the management was compelled to withdraw it and place "A Celebrated Case" on the boards preparatory to the revival of "The Duke's Motto."

The Coghlan family appear to be well represented in New York this winter. Rose is, as a matter of course, at Wallack's, Charles is at the Fifth Avenue and Eily, another sister, is to appear at the Standard "In the Ranks" next week.

The French Opera Troupe has succeeded the "Merry Duchess" and will be here one week. Mr. Grau has parted with Mlle. Nixau amicably, for a consideration of \$3,000, and the fair cantatrice has apparently found that it pays her better to confine her seductive warblings to a single ear or pair of ears, than to attempt to charm the festive throng. Her pecuniary success is greater than Theo's, for she has captured, it is said, somewhere near \$50,000 dollars worth of presents in about four weeks time, and a ten thousand dollar diamond necklace from Tiffany's adorns her pretty neck.

Mlle. Jeanne Fouquet will take Mlle. Nixau's place in Grau's company and the three thousand dollars will probably amply compensate for all loss incurred.

Anybody that likes "Moths" can be gratified at Wallack's and "Dollars and Sense" may still be seen at Daly's. Jefferson has been playing to crowded houses all along at the Union Square, and Fedora has extended her visit for three weeks at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

This week will finish Barrett's engagement at The Star. The Florences have departed from the Grand Opera House and Annie Pixley fills their places as well as she can with "Zara."

Kate Claxton is congealing herself and her audiences in "The Sea of Ice" at the Third Avenue, and this week will see the last of the Equine Paradox at the Cosmopolitan.

The American Institute Fair is now in full blast at Third avenue and Sixty-third street, and one can see all the machinery and his or her country cousins as they listen to the melodious strains of Conterno's Ninth Regiment Band.

GOULD's life shows 'tis good to prey.



ENTER NEWMARKET.

He Couldn't Understand it.

"I CAN'T imagine," observed Mr. Spilkins to his wife at the supper-table the other evening, "what they want girls on umbrellas for. I don't see how a girl could get on an umbrella, anyhow. But of course they can't mean open ones."

"What do you mean by girls on umbrellas?" exclaimed Mrs. S. in a disgusted tone.

"That's what it said, my dear," replied her husband.

"What said?" cried Mrs. S. snappishly.

"Why, the sign," said Mr. S. with a puzzled look. "'Wanted—Girls on Umbrellas.' Now if it had said girls *under* umbrellas, it would have been more intelligible. But I don't see why they should want girls *under* umbrellas, either. Why the girls wouldn't do without the umbrellas, or the umbrellas without the girls, is what puzzles me. But a girl *under* an umbrella wouldn't be so bad, eh?" pursued Mr. S. with a sly look at his wife, "especially if that girl was a pretty one, and the umbrella was a very small one, and it was raining very hard, and I was holding that umbrella, and we had to keep very close together to avoid getting wet—eh, Mrs. S.?" But I'll be flabbergasted if I can understand it. It gits me altogether."

"Something will git you, Spilkins," cried Mrs. S. wrathfully, "if you don't mend your grammar and your ways, and be a little less profane. How dare you use such shameful language to me about pretty girls, you bald-headed old idiot!" and the irate Mrs. S. proceeded from words to a vigorous course of action which made her spouse wish just at that moment that *he* had an umbrella to shield himself from the deluge of hot tea that descended upon his head.

And all this trouble the unsophisticated Mr. Spilkins brought upon himself simply from his inability to understand the meaning of a notice he had seen suspended in the window of a Broadway store.

Beatty's Parlor Organs.

WE are reliably informed that Mayor Beatty, of Washington, New Jersey, is manufacturing and shipping a complete Organ every five minutes, and that he has over 5,000 constantly in process of manufacture. If you desire to secure his latest limited time price of only \$45.75, you should be sure to order within 5 days from date of this newspaper. Read his advertisement, and order without delay.

On the Half-Shell.

"My wife all der time says to me: 'Carl Dunder, if you vash to be kilt by a butcher cart or ice wagon, or some shteamboat plow you opp on der river, I vash left mit no money. Why doan' you pe insured mit your life?'"

"Vhell, I tink about dot a good deal. It vhas my duty dot my wife und Katie doan' go mit der poor house if I can help it, und I tink it vhas pest to get some insurance. I spheake to my frendt, Shon Plazes, about it, und Shon he says:

"Of course you vhand insurance. You shall come into my lodge of der United Order of Half-Shells. Dot vhas an order which only costs you one dollar a year, und if you die your family puts on style mit der ten thousand dollar in greenbacks. I calls a meeting right avhay mit your saloon, und we put you through like some streaks of greased lightning."

"Vhell, I goas home and tells der old vhomans und she says dot vhas O. K. She doan' like too me die, but if some shmall-pox or yellow fever comes to Detroit und takes me avhay she likes to haf a long funeral procession und build nie a grave-stone which reads dot Carl Dunder vhas a goot husband, a kind fadder, und dot he has gone to Heaven only a leetle vvhile before he vvas reedy. I shpeak for my daughter Katie und she sheds some tears und tells me dot she looks as cute as an angel in some mourning cloze for me. So it vvas all right und I

sweep out my saloon und about twenty men come in dot eafnings to make me a Half-Shell.

"Oxuse me if I vvas mad und use some vords like a pirate. My frendt, Shon Plazes, vvas dere mit a red cap on his head und a voice so solemn dot I feels shills go up my pack. He calls der meetings to order und says I like to shoin und become a Half-shell.

"Does he like peer?" asks some mans in der corner:

"He does," said Shon Plazes.

"Und so do we!" yells all der meeting, und Shon says I vvas to come down mit ter peer. Dot was nineteen glasses.

"Den Shon Plazes he reads from a book mit a plue cover, dot man vvas dying ebry day so fest dot you can't count 'em, or some-dings like dot, und he calls out:

"What shall save dis man?"

"Und eaferybody yells 'lager peer!' Dot means I set him oop again, und dot vvas nineteen glasses more! Den two men take me und vvhalk me all around, und Shon Plazes he cries out:

"We vvas here to-day und gone tomorrow! In der midnight, when eaferybody vvas ashleep, a tief comes und shsteals our life away! Yhat keeps dot tief afar off?"

"Und eaferybody groans out like he vvas dying! 'Cool lager!' Dot means I vvas to set 'em oop agin, und dot vvas nineteen glasses more. Den Shon Plazes he leads me twice aroundt und says:

"Carl Dunder, you tink you vvas made

a Half-shell already, but you vvas mistaken. Put oudt your left handt! Dot vvas goot. Now, my frendt, vvat vas der foundation ston of liberty, equality und protection?"

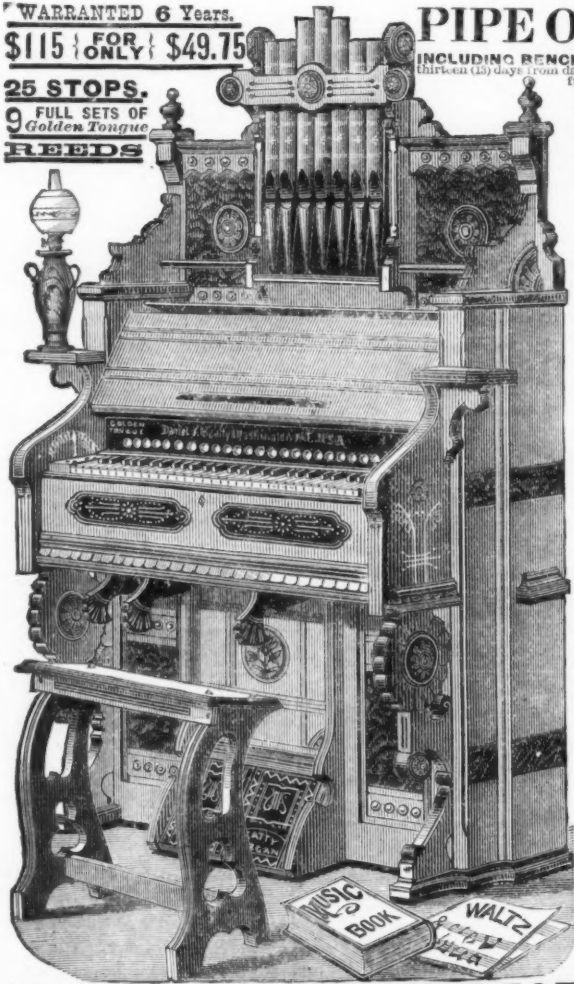
"Und eaferybody lifts oop his voice und groans oudt: 'All der lager man vvhants!' Dat means I vvas to tap a fresh keg; und I pelieve dot growd drinks more as forty glasses. I doan' like it so previous like. I didn't, but my frendt Shon Plazes tells me to lie down on der table on my pack, und shut my eyes. When I vvas in bosition he hit me tree times mit his fist in der stomach, und cries oudt:

"When he vvas alive he vvas kind mit der poor; when he vvas deadt we forget his faults! Brudders, vvat vvas der great brin-ciple dot leads to charity und pencevotence?"

"Und eaferybody shumps to his feet, und yells oudt: 'Some more lager und cigars!' Vhell, I set 'em oop once more, und den I vvas so madd dot I take my glub und clean dot growd oudt mit der street. I pelief he vvas a fraud on me. I believ dot Shon Plazes tells all der poys, und it vvas a put oop shob. I loose my peer und cigars, und somebody carries off more ash ten bottles of whiskey from my par, und I vvas no more a Half-shell as you are. If dot vvas someway to insure me so dot my wife und Katie haf some mourning goods und puy me a gravestone mit a leetle lamb on top, I go out of polly-ticks right avay. Oxuse me dot I shed some tears, und kick oafder der shairs und tables, for I vvas madd like some cats on a gloze-line."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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unable to buy now, write your reasons why. Remember this offer cannot be continued after the limited time has expired, as the WINTER MONTHS are fast approaching, when I sell thousands at the regular price for Holiday Presents. Read the following brief description and let me hear from you anyway, whether you buy or not.

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 - 11-Folion, 12-Clarinet, 13-Cello, 14-Violins, 15-Clarinella, 16-Grand Forte, 17-Melodia, 18-Burdon, 19-Viol di Gamba, 20-Viola Dolce, 21-Grand Expression, 22-Harp Flute, 23-Echo, 24-Aerostatic Expression Indicator.
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This notice, if sent to my reader of the **JUDGE**, together with only \$45.75 or \$49.75 CASH by P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, Check or Bank Draft, mailed with a five (5) or thirteen (13) days, as specified, I hereby agree to receive same in full payment for one of my Pipe Organs New Style, No. 3,000, etc. Money refunded, with interest at 6 per cent, from date of your remittance, if not as represented, after year's use.

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Address or Call upon the Manufacturer, **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.**

Topnoody.

"MY DEAR," said Mr. Topnoody to his wife last Tuesday, "did you know Lord Coleridge, Chief Justice of England, was in town?"

"Topnoody," she answered, "do you think I would let you spend thirty cents a week on a daily newspaper, and not get the value of the money?"

"I don't believe you would, my dear, so I conclude you know of the distinguished arrival. Now, what would you think if I brought him home with me?"

"Well, Topnoody, I should think you were drunk and Coleridge was crazy."

"I don't see why, my dear; I had a case once in court before him, when he was not so high and mighty, and we became fast friends."

"I saw his nose, as he drove past in his carriage to-day, and I should imagine from its resemblance to yours, that you were fast friends, very fast, and hadn't slowed down entirely yet."

"Don't talk that way, Mrs. Topnoody, I won't have it."

"Won't you? Well, you'd better file a bill of exceptions, or take an appeal before your friend Coleridge."

"No, my dear, I shall not quarrel with you, nor shall I bring the Chief Justice here."

"Well, I'm glad of it, Topnoody, for if there is any inconsistency in your character which would be peculiarly and strikingly prominent, it is that you should bring the Chief Justice of England into this house, at this time, when during all our previous marriage you have never permitted the common, ordinary justice of the United States to enter here and characterize your action toward the wife of your bosom. So, there, you mean, contemptible it."

Mr. Topnoody was so hurt that he stayed away from the St. Nicholas banquet and saved \$25.—*Merchant Traveler.*

How Good Men Fall.

A BROADWAY car conductor has been probing human nature to its lowest depths. A few evenings since, before starting, he scattered over the seats of his car several of those white metal counters, stamped in imitation of quarters. He desired to see who would take them and who wouldn't. The Hon. ——— entered the car. He is a great lawyer. He owns many genuine twenty-five cent pieces. You wouldn't suppose such a man would stoop to pick up a genuine twenty-five cent piece in the street. But he sat right down on the bogus quarter. When he got up to leave the car the quarter was not there. He did not ride far. Perhaps he thought he had made expenses on that trip. "Sold and got the money," murmured the conductor. Mr. ———, a big banker, got in. He sat near one of the quarters. Then he saw it. Then he glanced around to see who was looking. Then he looked at the presumed coin again. Then he looked at the car ceiling. He shifted his seat in an absent-minded sort of fashion. And when he departed the coin must have stuck to him, for it was invisible. "What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!" quoth the conductor. He now set two more bogus quarters. The car was now at Fourteenth street. An actor entered. Soon a coin struck his line of vision. Just then he seemed to feel the heat of the day. He took off his hat. In a dreamy sort of way he laid the hat over the quarter. He caught it as he would a but-

terfly. The hat and the butterfly must both have gone on his head together, "Poor human nature!" murmured the conductor. "Alas, poor Yorick!"—*New York Graphic.*

THEY call certain art-daubers that you can make neither top nor tail of, "Studies," because it would take a year's study to find out what the painter tried to do.—*Oil City Derrick.*

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Tuesday, LES CLONCHES DE CORNEVILLE.
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Thursday, BENEFIT BELGIUM BENEVOLENT Society.
Friday, LA JOIE PARFUMÉE.
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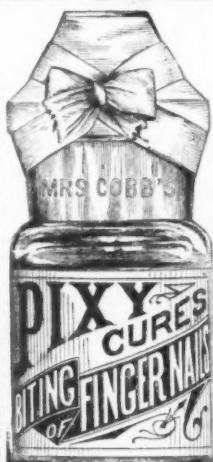
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He Was the Man.

IT WAS on a Western railroad. The conductor had been his rounds, and taken a seat beside a very quiet and unassuming passenger.

"Pretty full train," finally observed the passenger.

"Yes."

"Road seems to be doing a good business."

"Oh, the road makes plenty of money, but—"

"But what?" asked the passenger, as the other hesitated.

"Bad management. It is the worst managed line in this whole country."

"Is that so?"

"That's so. The board of officials might know how to run a side-show to a circus, but they can't tackle a railroad."

"Who is the biggest fool in the lot?"

"Well, the Superintendent is."

"I'm glad of that," said the passenger, as his face lighted up. "I was afraid you would say it was the President."

"Suppose I had?"

"Why, I'm the man."—Wall Street News.

"Mr. WHITE," said a Harrisburg lawyer to a witness in the box. "At the time these papers were executed you were speculating, were you not?" "Yes, sir." "You were in oil?" "I was." "And what are you in now?" "Bankruptcy," was the solemn reply.—Wall Street News.

A MEDICAL advertisement says red noses are often caused by dyspepsia. By the immortal Jove, there's the excuse this country has been prospecting for ever since the dawn of creation. What a nation of dyspeptics we are.—Bismarck Tribune.

A PENNSYLVANIA paper believes that buttermilk will ere long supersede beer as the national beverage. That can never be. Buttermilk, for instance, is not intoxicating enough for political purposes.—New Orleans Picayune.

"Yes," said Farmer John, "my summer boarders complain that the nights are cold, but they certainly have no right to expect me to take the blankets off the tomato vines such weather as this."—Philadelphia Call.

IRVING, the English actor, will write a book giving his "Impressions of America." Mr. Irving's Impressions of America will be mainly determined by America's impressions of him.—Lowell Courier.

DARWIN says that the monkey can blush. He certainly ought to when he sees the way his descendants are cutting up.—Burlington Free Press.

MR. BADBIT, who is carrying a lot of stocks, is such a determined bull that he even declines to look at the constellation known as the great bear.—Boston Post.

"You didn't shoot the old straw hat yet, I see," said Jones to Brown. "No," replied Brown, with a rueful air, "I haven't got any ammunition."—Somerville Journal.

"OUIDA" wishes the American press to contradict the recent statement that her health was delicate. We take pleasure in stating that there is nothing delicate about "Ouida."—Burlington Hawkeye.

"Yes," said the drummer, watching an arrival at a hotel: "it's his first trip this way. Don't you see, he isn't on flirting terms with the table girl?"—Boston Post.

The coming holidays will be more generally observed than any for many years, and we would remind our readers that a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will prove a most acceptable holiday present.

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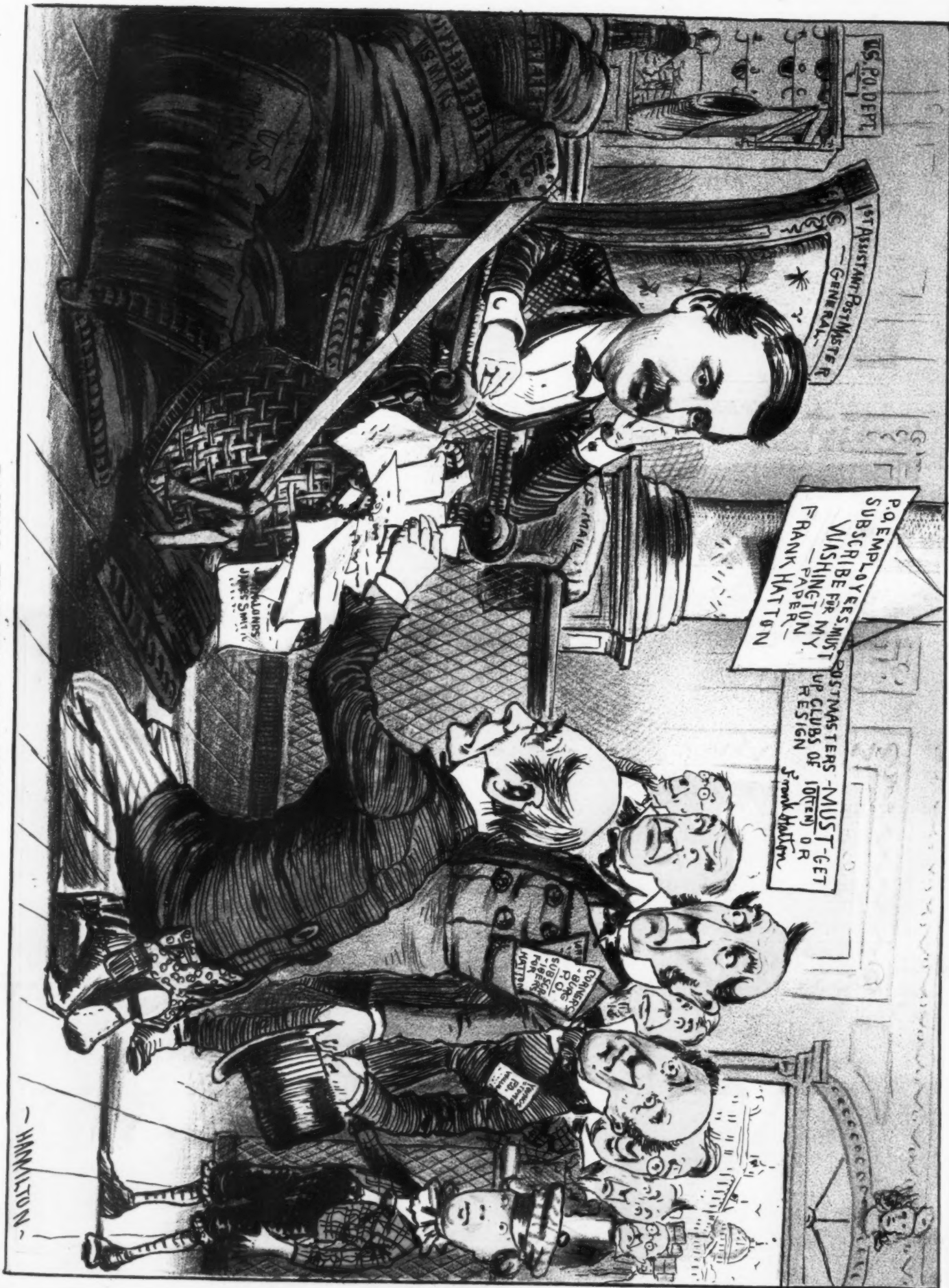
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