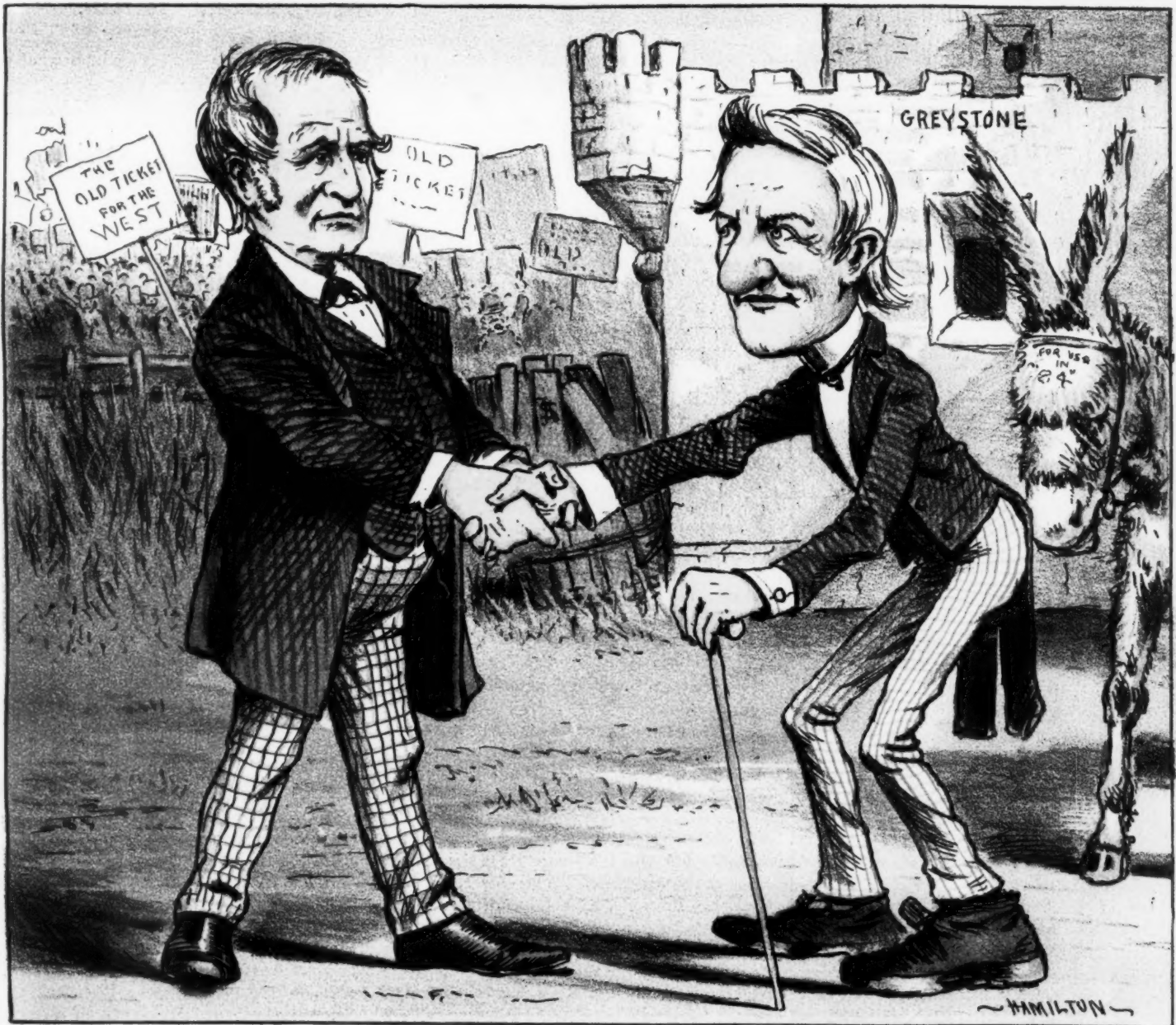


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TILDEN AND HENDRICKS.

"SHAKE, brother!" "Brother, shake!" What a loyal greeting; what a vista of pleasant possibilities for Mr. Tilden; what a mirage of hope for Mr. Hendricks. What a sense of being requisite for the latter; what a sense of being indispensable for the former. It would be so easy for THE JUDGE to construct a conversation of mutual admiration and ecstatic congratulation between these two distinguished men; but THE JUDGE cannot bring himself to construct interviews and conversations out of whole cloth; he leaves that to his enterprising friends, the dailies. But as a hint to Mr. Henry Watterson, it will be no harm to jot down what Mr. Tilden might have been supposed to say. Mr. Watterson's vivid imagination will abundantly fill in all the requisite details. Tilden feels now, that his party cannot do without him. He fully realizes what a mess they would be apt to make of it if they tried. He feels that he comes high, but they must have him; and he renews his youth like the eagle—not as Mr. Watterson renewed it for him, by the unsubstantial rejuvenator of printer's ink; but in a real, adolescent feeling of great hopes, high prospects and boundless capabilities for most anything. And Hendricks! Do you suppose he does not feel that the Mayoralty of Brooklyn would have fallen into different hands if that other Hendrix could have finished his signature with a "cks" instead of with that

aboriginal "x?" So "shake, brother." "Brother, shake." Messrs. Tilden and Hendricks feel that they are men of very far-reaching importance.

PURELY POLITICAL.

WELL, it is all over now; the strife and the turmoil, the heart-burning and the anxiety—at least for a little while. The people have risen in their might and spoken words that cannot now be gainsaid or contradicted; the polls are swept away; the election is a thing of the past; the defeated may sit down and nurse their wounds and bruises; the victors may drain to the dregs the intoxicating cup of success; but for good or for ill, the contest is over.

It cannot be said that the result of the polls has developed many surprises. The fact that Maynard ran so far behind his ticket only goes to show that it does not pay for a Democrat to be a temperance man—that is, when his temperance leads him to what good Democrats consider the wrong side of the license question. John Kelly's trading was judiciously done, and he has probably secured for Tammany as much as could have been expected. There will be a potent use for aldermen in the arrangement of sundry fat jobs in the near future; and though the carrying of an aldermanic ward may not be a very showy or brilliant success, it brings with it some solid advantages whose weight none can judge better than Mr. John Kelly. Hence the trading; and hence a very substantial assortment of Tammany votes on Republican tickets, in return for the assistance which enabled John Kelly to snatch sundry wards from Irving Hall and the Hay Seed Brigade.

It really looks as if the days of Republicanism and Democracy, as distinct and utterly antagonistic elements in politics, were numbered. In the Republican ranks we find far more real rivalry, and good, downright political hatred existing between the Stalwarts and Half-Breeds than we do between Republicans and Democrats proper. And in New York, at least, any of the Democratic factions would rather see a Republican come to the front than the nominee of a rival clique in their own party. How far this feeling may extend in the future, or to what results it may lead, is not easy to predict. If the disintegration were confined to one party, it would be safe to predict that party's overthrow; but, extending as it does through both, the result may merely be to impair prestige and tighten the insignificant ties of faction at the expense of the broader bands of party. Probably, both Democrats and Republicans have to thank the quadriennial recurrence of the Presidential election that their organization has subsisted as long as it has. Generals say that there is nothing so good for the discipline of a disaffected army as a hard-fought battle, and the same rule

may readily be applied in politics. Where the stake is so great as it is in a Presidential election, both sides may be counted upon to fight hard for it; and to lay internecine bickering aside for a time, at least. Much has been said of the apathy of the Republican party, bred of a long and uninterrupted series of successes; but, once in four years, or whenever their tenure of the Presidential chair is seriously menaced, we see no apathy and but little dissension in the great masses of the party. There is little, however, in the result of the New York election to guide the political seer in a Presidential prophecy. Massachusetts, by its rejection of General Butler, has shortened the bead roll of possible Presidential candidates by one name which was recently heard too often—but there are plenty more where he came from—and elsewhere.

THE RURAL CONGRESSMAN.

WE have a brand of legislator peculiar to this great and growing country. We find him nowhere else; which, on the whole, may be regarded as fortunate for nowhere else. Mr. Ben. Woolf, of Boston, thought this particular kind of legislator very comical, so he wrote about him and called him "Bardwell Slote;" and when Mr. Florence presented this cross between Solon and Thersites upon the stage, the public thought he was very funny too, and laughed loud and long at him. But in his own eyes, and in the eyes of his native village, the rural Congressman is by no means a subject for ill-timed levity. On the contrary he is a great man, and the future of the nation depends very largely upon him. He is willing to be President and expects to be before he dies. He generally keeps on expecting; and is still expecting when death overtakes and vanquishes him after a hard struggle, for your rural Congressman is tough. But he is a very great man at home, and he knows it. At Washington he is not so great, for there he finds other men almost as great as himself; and perhaps those pestilent newspapers choose to think that some of them are greater. Never mind. He is a Congressman and has a vote. He is conscious of his great destiny. He is not unmindful of the day when he chopped logs to fit himself for his great destiny, and when a pretty lobbyist puts a pair of white arms round his neck, and tells him how great and good and noble he is, he fully believes her, and is conscious that she loves him for himself alone. He remembers that he has a vote, and so does she. Ah well; the rural Congressman is only flesh and blood after all; and when he returns home, and resumes his uneventful labors of chopping wood, he is solaced by the memory of his winter in Washington, and by the inward conviction of his own greatness. Of course, we have a great many rural Congressmen, but that only shows what

a wonderful country the United States is, to have produced such an aggregation of talent—for they are all great men, every one of them—each in his own village.

PROGNOSTICATIONS.

As a nation we are weatherwise; as a race we incline to forecasts. Ezekiel, Isaiah and Company would have prospered in our midst. John would have had a chance to change his leathern girdle for a broadcloth suit and dude pantaloons, and to quit locusts and wild honey and dine at Delmonico's. We have always encouraged talent in that way. Next to its war maps the *Herald* has attracted more attention by its interviews with storm centres, and its society gossip about arctic currents, than in any other way. And then we have had Wiggins! let us not forget him. The immortal, the incalculable Wiggins! Furthermore, we have had from time to time, a vast army of minor prophets; and from present indications there is no reason to apprehend that the supply will run short in the near future. We are also largely inclined towards portents and omens; not that we are superstitious. No, no; still less are we credulous; but we are very, very imaginative. For instance; if we see a policeman taking a drink, we accept it as a sure sign that he will shoot or club somebody before night. If we miss half a dozen of our choicest chickens, we at once infer that something (or somebody) darker than the shades of evening has come upon our hen-roost. If we hear a dog howl, we infer somebody has been kicking the animal. If a man tells us he is going to shoe a mule, we do not feel surprised if we notice a funeral passing within a day or two. These portents might be multiplied without end; but we have said enough to convince the most sceptical that the almanac is a great natural necessity; and we feel that no great paper is complete unless it pays some attention to the subject. That is the reason THE JUDGE has taken the matter up.

Borrowmore Blower's Letter.

"BORROWMORE," said Mrs. Blower in rather severe tones, as I entered the dining-room one day last week. The expression of her face struck me all of a heap, and I got into a chair as soon as possible. I merely said "Well?" in response, and waited in breathless agitation for what was coming. I am not naturally nervous, but you see I had been borrowing heavily from her for the past few weeks, to take advantage of the stock market, which I convinced her was perfectly safe, and just right for a speculative enterprise. "I could go in and win." She had put faith in my statements and advanced the cash. I was to do the business, and share the profits with her. For a time all went well. Fortune favored my efforts. But, alas! the tide turned against me when I least expected it. I found myself in a tight place, without the power to extricate myself. I was a beggar—nay, worse than a beggar by several thousand dollars. Fully conscious of



"Lay on, MacDuff, and cuss me if I first cry 'Hold! enough!'"

my impecunious condition, is it a wonder that I showed the white feather at the sound of her voice?

I wondered if she knew whether I was a bull or a bear. Did she read the papers, and were my unfortunate speculations already known to her? Hurriedly I calculated in my mind the best way to break the news, and had actually opened my lips to speak, when she interrupted me with—

"Borrowmore, are we to go to the opera to-night?"

"I should think not, my dear, when the prices are so high for choice seats."

"I thought you were just now making so much in stocks, that you would feel rich enough for anything," she said.

I groaned inwardly as I replied, "I'll see, my dear; but I fear the best seats are already gone. You should have mentioned it before. The fact is, I have been so busy that I haven't given it a thought. I had even forgotten this was the opening night."

"Your attention to business is most commendable, dear. I thought how it would be, so I got Dearman to select the best seats possible this morning." There was a merry twinkle in her eyes as she laid the tickets by my plate.

"What did you pay for them?" I asked.

"Never mind; it's all in the family. I want you to bank what you make, and at the end of a month we'll see what the amount is.

I'll pay living expenses from my own private funds."

Heavens! if she knew how I had banked what she had already lent me, the dickens would be to pay. Of course I couldn't tell her then.

We went to the opera. I haven't seen my wife in such jubilant spirits since she became Mrs. Blower. She applauded every sound, even to the creak of a door and the wail of a cat that, mistaking the tones of a stringed instrument in the orchestra for the call of her Thomas, walked deliberately up the aisle.

As for myself, I couldn't tell who sang or what they sang. Even to this day I am entirely ignorant of the opera. Mrs. Blower says it was the most charming performance she ever witnessed.

"Weren't you impressed, Borrowmore?" she asked, on our way home.

Of course I said "Yes." I could have added that I had been squeezed, pressed and oppressed during the past few days. But I kept silent, thinking there would come a better time to tell the "short" story, or rather, "the little story of shorts," which will be not only interesting but exciting. As matters now stand, we shall have no trouble in a division of the profits.

After the night, the day; after the storm the calm—
After election, bets to pay, and blasted hopes to d-n.



Stone walls do not a prison make,
But corset-steels are more embracing—
And, from her figure, she must take
The entire bakery in lacing.
This is outdoors, of course—perhaps
At home she is not quite so dapper,
And doubtless takes her stolen naps
In stayless ease and floating wrapper.

Election Notes; or, The Opera House Mystery.

BELWHANGER kept a "bakery" in a quiet street; 'twas Mulberry, near "the Bend." A bureau served as counter, it might have been a bar; and Mrs. B., in a turcoman red gabielle, stood solidly behind this counter and mixed some Tom and Jerry in a three quart pail.

It was noon: the midday meal approached. Refreshment for man and beast; worn slices of attenuated ham, laid in between the aerial "pumpernickel," a bottle of catsup of "Vesey and Greenwich" brand, and a dish of flabby brains stood on one corner of the bureau, while a roll of foreign sausage graced the other. A sound was heard; hurriedly the wife of Belwhanger bent all her lissome body; with secret haste she lifted the lower plank and set in her pail of toddy; as carefully she closed the space and stood upon the plank; then rising, "Naught but the cop," she sighed, "all vain, my struggle." The sergeant entered. He drew his whistle from his belt and wet it. "How's business?" he asked tenderly. "Oh, my lord," said the trembling woman, "my lord, there's nothing in it."

"I tell you there's millions in it," he said, examining his sandwich sternly and with averted eye. "Where is Belwhanger?" "Outside."

"Then call him, woman," said the sergeant in a muffled voice.

The obedient woman swept her gabielle in semi-circle; the umbrageant train disturbed the sawdust as it lay upon the tessellated pavement; she careened to the door, put out her queenly head and shouted:

"Belwhanger!"

"Somebody's Darling."

HE is not fair to outward view;
Indoors, perhaps she pans out better—
My hours for judging have been few,
'Tis only in the street I've met her.
Her feet seem cramped—she wears a "two,"
In which her gait is far from active;
She limps, as corn-raised girls will do—
Slipshod, she may be more attractive.

She's all my fancy painted her;
I've never seen those ruddy glows leave
Her cheeks, where blushes never stir,
Whose tints are changeless as a roseleaf.
Perhaps she wets her face at eve,
And rubs it dry before retiring;
Outdoors, one guards coat-tail and sleeve,
And shuns "Fresh Paint" before admiring.

We never speak as we pass by—
Perhaps because we're not acquainted;
That must be the sole reason why,
For she is more than fancy painted.
Her costumes all are fashion's pink,
And quite expensive in material.
Her modiste's bill must be, I think,
As long as *Harper's* longest serial.

She walks in beauty like the night
Your wife found out you paid *that* visit;
The beauty may be there all right,
But you're inclined to ask "where is it?"
That eye so soft, like violets blue,
Downcast beneath its tinted lashes,
Is not so soft, I'm telling you,
As any fellow whom she mashes. G. H. J.

Enter the partner of her joys and sorrows.
Upon the features of this nature-moulded
subject, the fires of perpetual youth seemed
grazing.

"Well, and what is it?" he thundered.
"Have you heard the news?" the policeman murmured bitterly, as he removed the ravaged trace of his repast, with all his sumptuous sleeve; then, taking his courage, *a deux mains*, he added, with eloquence, "You are nominated!" "Nominated!" shrieked the impressionable woman, and she sank with fair head resting upon the lifted plank behind the bureau.

Filled with a thousand fears, the devoted husband approached unto her.

"Light of my soul!" he whispered.
There was no reply.
Kneeling by her side, he inserted one hand below the plank, and thence drew forth a bottle.

"Drink," he fluttered, "drink, pretty creature, drink."

Then with a groan he bathed the pallid lips.

There was a gurgle.
"Rise," he adjured her, "rise, Sariah; my time has come."

And seeing all was quiet, the policeman added: "Belwhanger, you are nominated!"

"Nominated! Me nominated!"

"You are nominated coroner."

"Coroner! Himmel auf der Heide!" yelled Belwhanger in supreme astonishment;

"\$50,000 a year mit perquisites!"

Then, in a calm voice, "Well, I thought so; I expected it."

"Yes," said the cop, with bitter sneer, "you thought it. I thought so—the game is in your hands."

"Yes, I think so," said Belwhanger. "Oxcuse me," he said in gentle accents, and he took the bottle and the pail and replaced them in the floor and set the plank. "Let us go," he quavered in a tremulous voice. And they went.

Sariah Belwhanger looked after them, put down the hand-knotted fringes of the imported oil-cloth curtain, put on her bonnet with its nodding plume of willow feathers, wrapped about her graceful sloping shoulders the classical folds of her metallic ulster, lined with the incalculable richness of its priceless sealskin muleteers, drew upon the delicate trotters her No. seven Brandebourgs, closed the door behind her, locked it, dropped the key into its coquettish pocket *a la duchesse*, and went out with head erect to tell the neighbors.

From that day Belwhanger's was a rendezvous; the situation boomed; the baronial castle sported a transparency upon its front; the tide of emigration had set in, and it dashed its waves upon the shores of Belwhanger. Voters registered and registered, tar-barrels blazed, pastors preached to eager and pious auditoriums, and Belwhanger, in a suit redeemed from Simpson's beds of lavender, exhaled the fragrance of anxiety and bloomed on rich and poor alike, dispensed "Bernheimer and Schmitt" and "Yungling" in their concentrated form to his constituents, and perched upon the bureau in the "bakery," inflamed by zeal and glory, he assured them that he held himself at liberty to strike in independence for his fellow men.

"I bind myself to no one!" he roared in truculent accents; "I make no pledges to man nor party. I tremble before no corporations! Down with the railroad kings! Down with monopoly! Down with the festering fever that bites and grovels and rends and curdles in your veins!" and overcome by his own eloquence, he burst out into beery tears.

Belwhanger was growing unmistakably as his popularity increased; and the pretty widow whose sign had hung outside of an uptown fashionable boarding-house, began to prattle sweetly to herself, and removing to the vacancy just opposite the office of the coroner, scrubbed and polished with her own fair hands and settled in her nest and sent forth her advertisement with a guaranty to cure obesity, while in the light of bon-fires bare-legged little boys danced and scampered and peeled the inner skin from off their shrunken oranges, and screamed and capered in their scanty rags. And now the day drew near. Election came and past. Belwhanger was elected. Elected, and by two majority. Overcome by excitement and by anxiety, Belwhanger slept with upcurled nostril on his dainty pillow; the draught had been all-potent. Outside, the band played furiously, and shouts for "Belwhanger" were heard upon the air, and in the celestial purity of her nocturnal drapings, the waving ruffles of her drooping cap all floating, the figure of the faithful wife kept watch and ward from behind the burnished jalousies in the mullioned windows of her turret.

Yes, Belwhanger was elected, and by two majority. And as for the first time he stretched his legs under the coronial desk a voice outside called "Extra!" "Extra! Extra! dreadful accident! terrible loss of life! The Opera House has burst and the valets de chambre of my Lord, his Lordship, *d'ye see, you know, etc.*, has went up with the house!"

Then a bell tinkled in the outer office. "Telegram for the coroner!" "What?" "Telegram for my lord, the coroner!" Bel-

whanger touched a button, a secret drawer flew open; he drew a bottle from it, applied it to his lips, then sallied forth.

The bodies of the valets lay just where they fell. A cordon of policemen kept guard around them, and withdrew the crowd who wished to take a bite.

The coroner attempted in vain to take his seat upon the inanimate bodies—he was drawn off. "Unhand me, ruffians!" he shouted. "Am not I called to sit upon these bodies?"

"S—t!" hissed a voice in stealthy whispers. "I fain would speak with thee!"

"Would'st speak? and to me?"

"Aye! and in private."

"S'death, speak!" he uttered, withdrawing with his interlocutor to a neighboring "inn," and then, and only then, did he see his mysterious visitor. A man about the middle height stood near him—in the shining countenance above the hotened cheeks the blue eyes glimmered, and glimmering, rested on a well brushed tile. "Ha! I see," muttered the coroner. At a single eagle glance he knew 'twas Fowler, the New York detective! "Ten thousand deaths!" he groaned.

"Hist!" whispered Fowler. "S'blood! Wilt hearken?"

"Wilt."

"Then hearken! those bodies upon which thou art called to sit enshroud a secret—a mystery—a golden fillygree of puree a la mouton! fabricant a Paris; of golden livres and embossed design, in case of Argent brevete-de-consomme! Dost comprehend?"

The coroner gazed upon the great detective with gasping mouth, from which pelucid drops of water slowly trickled; and with glittering eyes.

"What's the stake?" he asked, with an assumption of coronial authority.

"Ten thousand golden gullions!" whispered the detective, as he clasped the placid hand of the trembling official. "List! 'Tis an investiture! Thou know'st the clan of Geld and Wonderblast—the formerful Wonderblast, the mighty, mighty Geld? Ha! know'st? 'Tis well! They had their private boxes. One of these lordships bought a jewel for the first danseuse of this great ballet—see? Sabby? Well, this garland as I say, 'twas purchased by some lord—'twas left unpaid for." "Abbe!" muttered the coroner with stifling breath. "No, hist. The *bijoutier* who made it meant to get his pay; this man, fired by his greed, risked all; he sent his bill; he alone could tell, could name the secret purchaser; he sent his bill—to guard against such onslaughts, a valet stood on guard outside these boxes. Now hearken well! it may have been—I do not say it was. Hark ye! I say it might have been, co-operation! Sabby? I could have spotted my game at once, had only been on guard *one* valet; but a valet stood at every box." The chin of the coroner was wobbled. "Co-operation!" he whispered wildly.

"It looks like it," replied the great detective; "time presses."

"I know it does."

"Let's go."

"Yes, let's."

"Stay! hold!"

"What?"

"The bill for all those jewels rests on the form of one of those dead valets; find it for me and—"

"What?"

"A roll of golden gullions."

"'Tis well? Avaunt! let us be gone."

Ten thousand golden gullions coldly gleamed up on the air.



ARTHUR, THE COMFORTER.

COME, sit on my knee, little Billy Mahone. And deposit your little bald head on my breast; It would seem 'tis the Democrat's party that's gone. So perhaps Mr. DANA will give us a rest.

"I'll do it, though I perish," sighed the coroner with a sinister smile.

"On!" he thundered. "Stay! where shall I send the bill when found?"

"To the wife of the name at the address you find it."

"Enough! pass on!"

They returned; ten minutes later a coroner bent over a dozen lifeless valets. He fumbled in their pockets and left his traces on their gorgeous livery.

"Hold!" he cried; "a pack of cloves, a silver clove box. Ha!" he cried wildly; "papers! In the name of the law," he yelled, as he rammed them into his pocket. "Impannel a jury!" he roared, stamping with both feet as he bit his purpled lips.

"These men are dead!" he uttered in a judicial voice. "Yes, I repeat it—dead; bring in the verdict."

An hour later Belwhanger cooled his coronial heels in his own summer parlor.

"Sariah," he murmured, "I am rich, rich like the devil. I—I will build myself a flat, and you shall go to Yurup."

That night, in the embellished *salon* of an up-town palace, a frenzied woman danced upon the prostrate body of a human creature. To have seen him in his prime you would have said he was a bachelor. Now he lay, the sport of an avenged and jealous wife. "Hell bath no fury like a woman scorned."

As he lay, she danced upon him; and upon the open grate, between encaustic tilings, a tuft of loose gray hair lay frizzling in the blazing sea-coal. J. G. M.

HORACE LOVE married his living wife's sister at Denman, Ga., and goes to prison for bigamy.

Thus does history repeat itself;

"He loved not wisely, but two well."

STOCK EXPRESSIONS FROM MODERN LITERATURE.



"— and threw himself upon the lounge in an agony of despair."

Culchaw.

MISS PALLAS EUDORA VON BLURKY.
She didn't know chicken from turkey.
High Spanish and Greek
She could fluently speak.
But her knowledge of poultry was murky.

She could tell the great uncle of Moses,
And the dates of the Wars of the Roses;
And the reasons of things,
Why the Indians wore rings
In their red aboriginal noses.

Why Shakespeare was wrong in his grammar
And the meaning of Emerson's "Brahma;"
And she went chipping rocks,
With a little black box,
And a small geological hammer.

She had views upon co-education.
And the principal needs of the nation;
And her glasses were blue,
And the number she knew,
Of the stars in each high constellation.

And she wrote in a handwriting clerky,
And she spoke with an emphasis jerky;
And she painted on tiles
In the sweetest of styles,
But her knowledge of poultry was murky.

Her Way.

ACROSS my lap the baby lies,
The soul-light dawning in his eyes:
I, bending, turn aside to look
Adown the pages of my book.

My Say.

ACROSS my lap the baby lies,
The tears are starting in his eyes:
I sadly raise on high my hand—
Soon there'll be music in the land.

Bill Nye's Say.

ACROSS my lap the baby lies,
His digits a-gouging at his eyes:
I, weirdly, give his dress a yank,
And grandly, gloomy, falls the spank.

"Two men fout up-town to-day, Pete."
"Dat am pretty grammar for a nigger dat
calls hissself a scholar. Why don't yer say,
'Two men fit up-town'; dat am de grammar
ob it."



"She tripped lightly down the stairs."

Alonzo Busbee: His Life and Impressions.

BY WILLIAM GILL.

CHAP. XIV.

"And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe;
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale." —*Durwin.*

FIVE and twenty years have elapsed since writing the last chapter. I mean that five and twenty years have elapsed since the incidents treated of in my last chapter transpired. I must "speak by the card, lest equivocation undo me!" I left your society, dear reader, in Shueville, O. I resume my story in Tamataos, Madagascar. That's a pretty good jump, I know; but in this age of steam and balloons and bicycles I really know one can get over a good deal of ground and water in twenty-five years.

I need scarcely remark that I had passed through a great many varied experiences during these years. Those fleeting moments had seen me law student; police court shyster; district attorney; justice; member of the State Legislature; the successful candidate for Congress; coroner; saloon-keeper; married man; widower (twice), and left me high and dry on the elevated station of Consul to Tamataos, Mad. These years had watched my progress since early manhood to rotund middle-age; they had beheld the first faint symptoms of down upon my cheek—not the down of my cheek, *that* no earthly power could ever down—develop into the monster moustache and dandy side-sluggers of the period; they had watched my forehead expand until, from an unimportant bald place on the front of my face, it blossomed out, a vast anti-hirsute region, whereon in summer the festive house flies organized a league club and played baseball, and whose massive bareness entitled me to a whole front row of parquette chairs at the ballet; they had observed the gradual growth of the girth of my stomach, which, from being three inches less in circumference than my chest, had attained the proud distinction of seventeen inches more. They had witnessed the perils of a great civil war, wherein I did not shine; and the inception, consequent upon the war, of a vast scheme of corruption, wherein I did; and they must have come to



"— and tore herself from his embrace."

the conclusion, if they were, as I take them to be, years of observation and reflection and condensation of experience, that if I write my sublime disregard for the precepts which are instilled in the mind of the pious little Sunday school scholar, could be successful, morality was at a discount in this great and glorious Republic, where every man's hand is against the other fellow, and one man is just as good as another, and a darned sight better if he has the cash with which to set 'em up for the gang.

In short, I left you, in chapter XII, a strippling of eighteen, full of hope, full of ardor; full of a great determination to get top of the heap; if I had to kick the stuffing out of twenty four orphans to get there, and in chapter XIV I return to you a matured man of forty three, still full of the determination to be in the front rank! I left you in office-laden Ohio, I return to you in sunburnt Madagascar; I left you in a muslin duster, and the firm, elastic tread of early English—I mean early American manhood; I return to you in a suit of pajamas and a consciousness that there is a hell here, if not hereafter; that is, if heat is a sign of its presence. Probably you have never been to Madagascar; it is not a region that people pawn their grandfather's clock to pay their passage to, nor does it possess a climate so deliriously beautiful that it would gratify a rich man's son in giving up the comforts of a home, a well stocked wine cellar, a yacht and polo, in exchange for its calming influences; but its a nice place for a' that! I mean its a nice place to be located in, and wish you were eighteen million miles away from. It is the transveged edge of creation, and Nature forgot to hem it. The natives say Madagascar was the first place the Great Spirit created; I don't doubt it; my wonder is that, seeing the mess he'd made of it, he ever summoned up courage to tackle another job. There's one thing I will give Madagascar credit for—ants! My! but they are ants as is ants. Gilbert must have had the island in his mind's eye when he wrote that beautiful poem, "His sisters, and his cousins and his aunts." Especially his ants. Talk about a crowd of Western cowboys getting on a jamboree and clearing out a town! why, when those Madagascar ants get organized into an army under a sort of

STOCK EXPRESSIONS FROM MODERN LITERATURE.



"— with a moan of anguish he presses his hand convulsively to his face, and exclaiming * * * staggered from the room."



"— then led her to the piano."



"— then giving her his arm, they passed out upon the park."

old Bismarck or Ben Butler general, they just make the whole island shake to its centre. The natives fly before them, and after they have got through a foraging expedition, the bleached bones of tigers, and camels, and elephants, and stray native babies are all that are left to tell the tale. And talk about thieves, they are the greatest and most dexterous thieves in the world; one of those beats would give a Wall-street broker a handicap of 100 lbs. and outfoot him from the scratch. I've seen them steal the sheet from a man's bed while the man was lying asleep upon it, and the man none the wiser; their modus operandi (excuse me while I wipe my breath) is as follows: three or four of the ants will climb up on the bed and roll up one side of the sheet until it is close to the body of the sleeper, then three or four more of the gang will climb up on the other side of the bed and push him gently, while another of the crowd sits on the head of the bed and sings—their singing possesses the faculty of lulling the listener into complete insensibility; after a while they manage to push their victim on to the side of the bed which is denuded of the sheet, and then the fellows who rolled the sheet up climb over the prostrate form, and the whole crowd yank the sheet off the bed and make away with it; and the musician, putting his bassoon into a green baize bag, leaves the orchestra and joins the raiders on the outside of the building; what they do with the sheet when they've got it, I don't know; but that they get possession of it in that manner I do, for I have had it occur to me frequently. They take no chances when they burgle, either; they rub their bodies all over with some kind of oil, so that if the sleeper should happen to wake up and make a grab for one of his opponents, the wily insect slips through his fingers. Ah! I tell you, the ways of nature are wonderful, especially Madagascar nature.

The natives are becoming christianized very rapidly; I don't know anything they take so readily as Christianity, unless it be small-pox. And it is a beautiful sight to see the dusky beaux and belles coming arm in arm to the little church around the corner, each clothed in the newly-made convert's humility and a palm leaf fan, and then to hear the choir strike up with "Just as I am, without one flea," for they are very particular about that; they never bring their

pets to church with them, they always leave them at home for the children to play with. People who don't know anything about it, say that the morals of the natives are in a shocking condition; that's a great mistake. I have seen a great deal of Madagascar society, I have seen a great deal of the Madagascar ladies—anyone who lives on the island naturally must; you will say so, too, when I tell you that the ordinary dress of the female population is composed of a brass finger ring and a total absence of self-consciousness; and I must declare, in justice to the maligned people, that they didn't know what a divorce is, and never heard of Henry Ward Beecher. In their dealings with strangers they are just, yet generous; they first find out the extent of your boodle, and they never attempt to get a cent more out of you than you are able to pay.

In matters of eating and drinking the Madagascans are very punctilious. When they invite a foreigner to dinner the host would no more dream of picking the tail of roast monkey until he had offered it to his guest than we would of washing our faces in a finger bowl, and then offering it to a visitor to drink; and if you find his feet encroaching too closely upon your plate you have only got to mention the fact, and he'll put them further away from you immediately; so you see it is all nonsense to say that the Madagascans are totally ignorant of the forms and ceremonies of civilized social life.

(To be continued in our next, unless the author attempts to sit out a performance of the Stranglers of Paris.)

Intercepted Letters.

FROM MR. PADDY O'RAFFERTY TO MR. BARNEY BRADY.

It bein a long time since I heerd tell ov ye I take up me pin to rite, hoppin this finds you in good helth, as it laves me at this present, seein I thought ye wud be glad to hear me sister Biddy was marrit that ye used to be so swate on long ago, an she picked up a likely boy enuff, Tim Casey by name, an there gettin the Charltons money, which mebbe ye didn't heer about over beyant there, but its money a good gintleman left to encourage matrimony among the layburrin classes, tho faix, mesel thinks they war aygur enuff for it widout it. Well, the boys musn't be beyant thirty years of age, but the

girls have lave till forty, which is givin them too much odds, I'm thinkin. But now its wondherful intirely the rayjuvenatin power that same money has, for I seed boys that I knowed good spalpeens forty years ago, (shure Tim bein one of them), getting it, an whin they made there deklrashun afore the majestrate that they warnt beyant thirty, shure, its bound to be throe; an faix, Judy, I'm thinkin of goin an gettin Parson Ireland to read the lines over, as seein there's a bigger vartue in gettin the Parson to do it more nor the Praste, and shure Father Pat needn't mind, for didn't he tie us up tight enuff twenty years ago come Hollentide; and shure if there's any harrum in it can't we pay for masses out of the differ atune the twenty-five pounds, and mebbe only two or three. Oeh, he war a grand ould man intirely, Mr. Charlton, and bates Gladstone hollow. May the heavens rest his soul. Well, shure, as I was sayin, we had a grand weddin intirely, and ye wuddn't bleve how near thirty Jim Casey looked whin he tuk his face from behind his beard and scrubbed the big dirt off, an shure mesel cud do no less nor promise to be Godfather to the eldest chile, purvidin they'd call him Paddy, seein Judy an me niver compassed wan ov our own. Arrah, whisht now Paddy, sez Biddy, rubbin her cheeks wid her praskeen, to make bleve she war blushin. No, in troth she lost the trick ov that long ago; shure mebbe its a garahalla it'll be, which same put me in a tarrible quandayry, thinkin how long it'll be afore I know whither I'm an uncle or an aunt, an all that time I'll niver be able to sware to me own identykshun, which is a poor case for a man to be in, but anyhow, I think a letter ud fine me, an shure, av I'm not the rite man Judy'll mind it spedgially, av theres a thrifle av money in it, an ye direct to yours truly

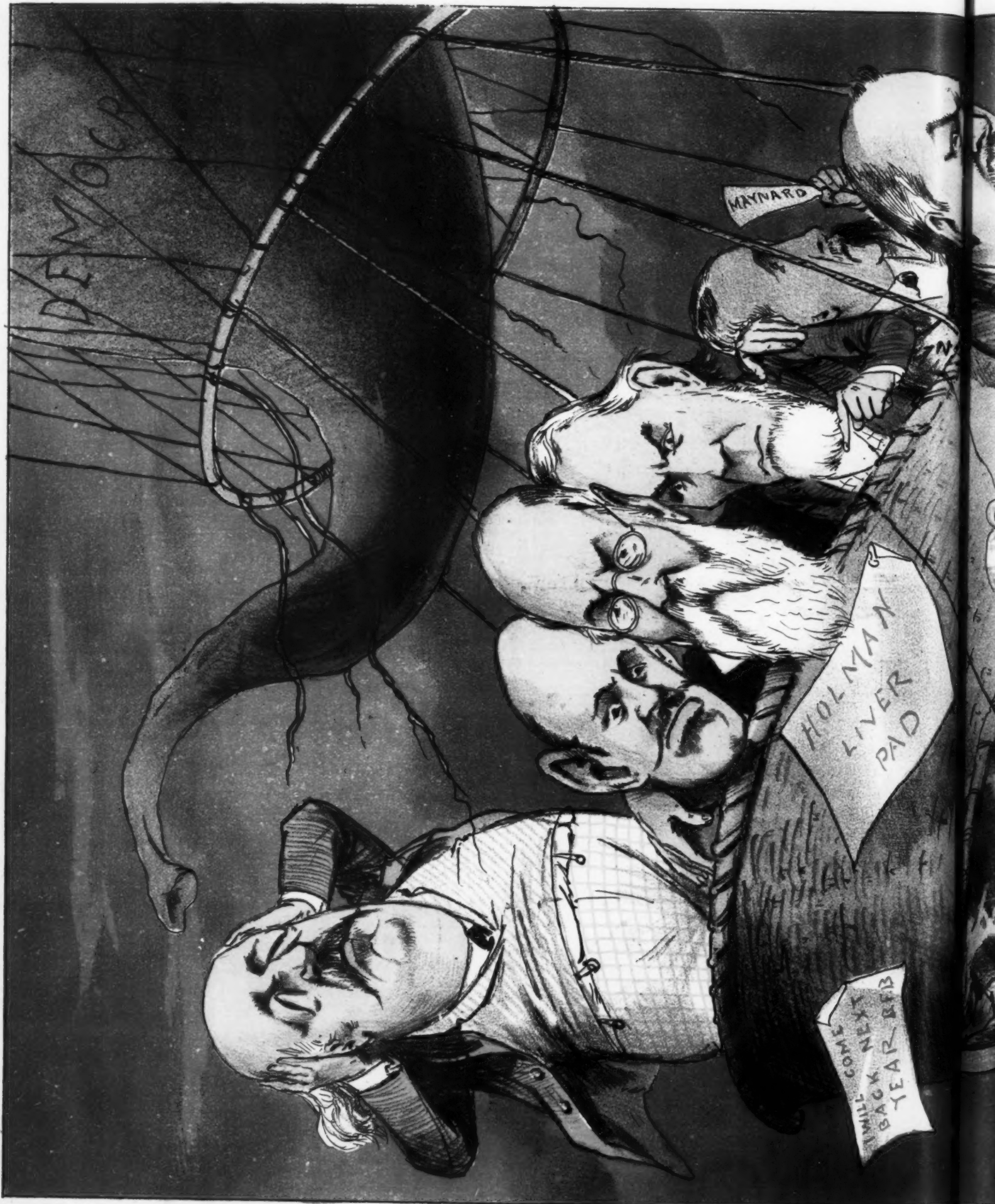
PADDY O'RAFFERTY
THE BOG ISLAND
PULTYWAKKERA, IRELAND.

THE American Consul at Toronto, Ontario, has procured the bones of a gigantic mastodon, which were buried in a field near Woodstock. They may belong to the "Cardiff giant class" of delightful memory. Who knows?

ON the contrary—a mule.

Billets doux—sweet William.

THE JUDGE





"THE REPUBLICAN PARTY MUST GO!"
But, somehow, it is the Democrats who go first.



THE Hapgoods have finally been here to dinner, and I am heartily glad the fuss is over. I don't like Mrs. Hapgood at all, and I don't think Heraclitus is particularly fond of her. The way she gets herself up is a caution, and if I had such a neck and skin as she has, I'd cover up as much of it as I possibly could. Instead of a dress cut de-cote, I'd wear something with a ruffle or a collar that reached my ears, and then I'd cover my ears up.

She had a pair of big diamond ear-rings, but the stones are off color and not nice at all; and these she always wears to market. Besides all this she murders the king's English most atrociously, and is a second Mrs. Malaprop. I told Heraclitus I was going to send her a copy of the little book, "English as she is spoke," but he wouldn't hear of such a thing, and said I must not make fun of her. He can't help laughing at her speeches, though, and when the other night at dinner she made such a funny mistake in quoting a proverb by saying "Poverty begins at home," he was quite as much amused as anyone. Afterward, when in the course of conversation, some one alluded to Marie Antoinette, she piped up "Marie Antoinette? why, I heard that name somewhere before."

The worst of it was, there were other people present. I thought as long as I had to invite the Hapgoods to dine, I might as well kill two birds with one stone, and have a few other people we were under certain obligations to, at the same time.

Heraclitus says that dinner was a gastronomical success, but, as I before remarked, I'm glad the fuss is over.

It's an awful bother to look out for everything, and if there's one thing I particularly hate, it's to make out a menu; and I always have a sick headache after a dinner party. Last Thursday night proved no exception to the rule, and as soon as the guests had departed I started for bed; and Heraclitus, who had been uneasy all the evening, went forth without a word of explanation. My head ached, so I didn't much care where he went; but Marie put iced cloths on my temples and mustard on the back of my neck, and after a while I felt as if I might go to sleep, and I sent her off to bed.

It must have been about three o'clock in the morning when I was awakened by a thumping and a bumping from the regions below stairs that frightened me half out of my senses. Heraclitus was not in bed, and what was more, he had not been there at all; and I began to realize that I was the only person in the house below the third story. I tried to get out of bed, but I trembled so I could scarcely stand up. After a while I succeeded in getting on a wrapper, and taking a candle in my hand I proceeded up

stairs to awaken the servants, for the noises from below grew louder and the pounding was more and more vehement. It took forever to get the cook and chambermaid up, and when they finally appeared they were as much frightened as I, and none of us dared go down stairs to investigate. Marie finally suggested ringing the alarm for a policeman. I was provoked that I hadn't thought of it before; and soon "one of the finest" appeared at the front door. I gathered courage after he arrived, and proceeded with the others to escort him to the kitchen. As soon as he heard the knocking and pounding he said, "Some one is trying to get out of the cellar." I immediately made up my mind; one of the girls had secreted a bean down there, and by some accident the door had afterward been fastened or locked. I was just congratulating myself on being able to catch whichever one it was in such a villainous piece of business, when Mr. Policeman opened the door; and there stepped forth, into the light of the candle, (we had forgotten to light the gas) the draggled and coal-begrimed form of my husband. Such a scene, and such a looking idiot, I never witnessed before. It would make a good cartoon for THE JUDGE.

When I think of how all the servants stood around there taking it all in, and how I must have looked in my dishevelled state, it just makes me furious.

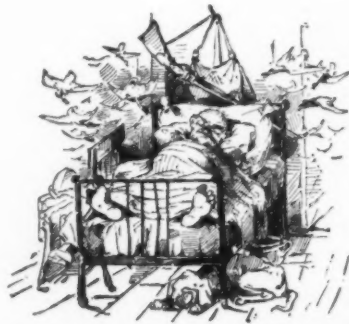
As he stepped out into the hall the policeman grabbed him, and none of us recognized him till Dinah exclaimed, "Lord bless my soul, if it ar'nt the massa hisself, shuah!"

I saw at a glance she was right, and with great presence of mind I dropped the candle.

In the confusion that ensued trying to find a match, etc., Heraclitus escaped upstairs. I soon got rid of the policeman, sent the servants back to bed, and then, following my distinguished or extinguished husband, I demanded an explanation. He was much too tight to give a coherent account of his adventures, but I succeeded in making him disrobe and take a bath, after which he went sound asleep, while I proceeded to examine his clothes.

There was no money in his pockets worth mentioning, but I found a note in one of them that amply compensated for the absence thereof; and I will keep this pretty specimen of female chirography in my possession till a suitable opportunity arrives for presenting it to my liege lord, and when I do present it, I rather think he'll be willing to pay me pretty handsomely for keeping my mouth closed about it. That little note will buy me not only a new opera wrap but one or two other expensive articles as well, see if it don't.

The next morning, after a series of cross questions worthy a criminal lawyer, I



"How sleep the brave?" Ask Smith, whose house has been twice burglarized.



THE WEATHER-PROPHET.

How our climate is arranged now-a-days.

managed to extract from him the following facts:

While he was out the night before, he lost his latch key and all his other keys. Being in a fuddled state, he imagined he could get down into the cellar through the coal hole and then quietly come up-stairs without my being any the wiser. Fortune favored him during the first part of the programme, for the cover to the slide was not fastened, and there being "nobody nigh to hinder," he quietly slipped through the opening and landed in the coal bin. This proceeding would naturally enhance the charms of his personal appearance, and help to beautify his dress suit and "Michaelis and Kaskell" shirt front that he had worn at the dinner party; but, as I before stated, his brain was fuddled and he couldn't think of more than one thing at a time.

Well, the cellar was naturally dark, and it took him some time to plow his way through the coal; and he finally got down on his hands and knees and crept around till he found the stairs; then when he had reached the top he found the door locked, as it always ought to be, and here was where the first lesson ended. He went off to sleep again, and I could get nothing more out of him at that sitting. I shall call court again some time, and find out where he got so much Burgundy, for this was a regular Burgundy tight, and a very bad one, too.

He is ashamed of himself, as well he ought to be. Such a sin, too, to spoil his swell suit. He's had to order another, and if he says "expense" to me, I'll just throw the cost of his swallow-tail in his face, and I guess he'll keep quiet.

He has been pretty quiet since this last exploit, and hasn't even dared to make fun of my new brass plaque, which is finally completed. I can't say it is remarkably beautiful, or that the design is as distinct as it might be. I've got tired of repousse anyhow, and we go out so much that I have time to think of very little else than clothes. I need ever so many new dresses, and, what's more, I'm going to have them.

Heraclitus is quite gone on Sembrich, and wants to hear her every time she sings. I prefer Nilsson, and the consequence is we are in our box nearly every opera night. One doesn't want to wear the same dress twice at the same place, and it takes a good many costumes to last through the season. I've got several evening wraps, but they all look mussy; and now I'm going to have one that I'm not ashamed to wear.

I'm going down-town shopping now. It's a windy, disagreeable day, so I've ordered a coupe. It's perfectly ridiculous that I haven't one of my own, and I wonder if it's

ever dawned upon Heraclitus that he might as well keep a horse as to pay the livery stable bills he does. I think I'll work the subject up. To be sure, mamma lets me have her turnout quite often; but it isn't very stylish, and I'd really like to have an establishment of my own. I think I'll broach this to Mr. Heraclitus about the time I show him that dear little note I'm keeping for him.

Ah, my dear husband, you wouldn't feel so comfortable if you knew that precious document was safe in the possession of your own lawful wedded wife.

PENELOPE PENNYFEATHER.

Washington Gossip.

BY OUR OWN LIAR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 15.

THERE has been a boom in social festivities the past week; one of the most pleasant "hops" your correspondent ever attended was given at the residence of Raphael Moloney, Esq., last Tuesday evening.

Mr. Moloney was a well-known bar-tender during the Hayes administration, and his "early-morning snifter" had the effect of making his name a household word. It is related of him that he never made the mistake of passing the wrong bottle to, or mixing an unwished for soother for a Congressional or Senatorial customer; that is a record to be proud of. He did once fall into the seeming error of handing rye in the place of bourbon to a Virginia Democratic Congressman, but that was the Congressman's own fault, as it was afterwards proved by competent authorities; the Congressman was a Mahone Readjuster, and Mr. Moloney did not give him bourbon, as he thought it would clash with his customer's principles. So it was only a seeming error after all. Mr. Moloney now has a sample room of his own, and your correspondent need scarcely say that his bar is stocked with the choicest brands of wines, liquors and cigars. N. B.—Rum punches a specialty. Cool, refreshing lager, five cents a glass. Hot and cold lunches [Here we break our correspondent off short. If he imagines we are going to use our columns as an advertising medium for Mr. Moloney, for which use our correspondent hopes to be paid in "early-morning-snifters" and "soothers" he is—to quote the favorite saying of the immortal Cicero, "away off."] It was a notable and recherche gathering. The elite of the city and an Italian orchestra composed of a harp, violin and flute, attended, and the whole affair passed off with much eclat. An elegant sideboard, stocked with such delicacies as cold potato chips, salt herrings, cold slaw, pickled beets, Limberger cheese; bologna sausage, cut in slices, crackers, sliced cornbeef and stale crusts of bread, attracted general attention; and when a fresh keg was tapped the enthusiasm knew no bounds. For those for whom the joyous dance possessed no charm, a delightful retreat was furnished in the back parlor, where chips, varying from ten cents to a dollar in value, were dispensed by the genial host, on the understanding that for two pair or better (whatever that may mean), one of the lower priced chips was placed to Moloney's credit. Among the guests your correspondent noted Colonel and Mrs. Tim O'Brien, and their stately daughter Gwendoline; Master-Carpenter Mulquirk, fourteenth-assistant letter-robber O'Shaughnessy and his accomplished sister Cornelia, authoress of that beautiful poem, "What will darling mother drink when the lager pitcher's dry?" and kindred effusions



THE OLD WAY THE BEST WAY.

PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY (to Husband)—*They needn't tell me about the improvements in Photography. Why, here's one of them patent instantaneous photographs I had taken today, and it isn't half as purty as the one I had taken in Flatbush twenty-five years ago.*

of a panting soul grasping for the infinite in art and finding only an empty rum bottle. Then there were McNulty, the astute, and Mulready, the hirsute, Hoblig-tian, the "bruiser," Delaney, the "snoozer," and O'Grady, the "boozer." Dan Moriarty, the champion hod carrier of the South, and Mr. Ganearm Maginley, the royal thumper on the wash-board-piany-fortay. Sweet Marguerite Maginnis, daughter of Major Maginnis, who had the honor of riding the first ambulance wagon out of Bull Run, was there, glittering in Alaska diamonds, and looking charmingly unconscious of the delicate pink heel that peeped out from the hole in her dainty gaiter boot. Her heels beneath her petticoat, like little mice, stole in and out, as Sir John Suckling observed. Sir John wasn't there. His business engagements in another sphere prevented his attendance. Vocal music filled up the intervals of dancing; and the pure, fresh mezzo-tinto voice of Cecelia Mulcahey was heard to much advantage in the "Del Puente" monologue from the opera of "4-11-44;" while Marie Antoniette Sullivan, the celebrated soprano of Fifth street, enchanted her hearers with her delicious rendering of the simple old ballad, "Who gave my own Jamie that roof on his eye?" Mention, too, must be made of the effect Tim O'Leary produced with his basso-relievo organ as he gently warbled the touching neutral-tinted rondel of Dave Braham's, known as "When the tin can comes home from the bar." In order that monotony might have no excuse for invading the proceedings, Mr. Molony had engaged the services of the accomplished slugger and gentleman Mike Mahone, who

cleared out eight antagonists of all that was left on the sideboard in short order. A benefit will soon be tendered this artist, whom to know is an honor, and to be civil to a masterly stroke of policy.

The festivities closed at an early hour with the usual row, and your correspondent was sorry to see in the police court next morning the belle of the ball, fair Amelia Muldoon, arraigned for disorderly conduct, and sent up for thirty days in default of twenty-five dollars fine.

General Sheridan is credited with saying that he wishes he were commander of the navy rather than of the army, because the latter is such a small one, and so scattered over the Union territory that he don't feel as if he had anything to be general of; whereas a fellow can lay his hand on the navy at any time—by visiting John Roach's ship-building yard.

A report has been circulated here by a New York press-fiend, that James Gordon Bennett's next advertising dodge will be to consort with John W. Mackey, the California Bonanzaian, and Henry Villard, the North-Pacificarian, in running a new railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores, the fare for a through ride on which will be an iron-clad oath from the passenger that he will never give more than two cents for a copy of the N. Y. Herald, and not even that if he can get it off his neighbor's doorstep before the owner secures it. Is there any truth in the report?

Un jeu de theatre—Sam'l of Posen.

Candida pax—a piece of candy.



Messrs. Brooks and Dickson certainly spared no expense when they placed "In the Ranks" on the stage of the Standard Theatre.

The scenery is unusually beautiful, and the mechanical changes with which the play abounds are remarkably well arranged.

Interiors are changed to exteriors, or *vice versa* with lightning like rapidity, and Mr. Bryton's sudden transition from the inside to the outside of his prison cell, by no effort of his own, is calculated to produce a thrilling sensation in the audience.

This young gentleman, late of the Madison Square, goes through his part with spirit, and exhibits great gallantry in carrying about the stage the apparently lifeless, but rather heavy body of Miss Forsyth, herself being a most attractive heroine.

Mr. F. F. Mackay, as a sottish and villainous outlaw, reminds us of old Eccles, and in fact, one scene in which he figures quite extensively is full of reminiscences of "Caste."

Mr. J. Crawford, as the villain, acts with discretion, and Mr. Nelson Decker, as the captain, makes a dashing and handsome officer.

The play is described as a "Contemporaneous Melodrama" and was favorably received in London. The probabilities are that it will have a successful run here. The first act drags, the second is not much better than the first; but after this there are plenty of thrilling incidents and effective stage pictures, leading up to a most exciting ending.

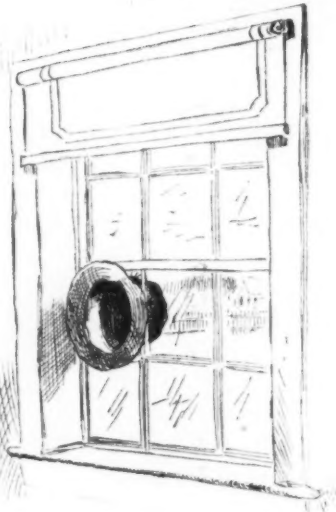
Villany, victorious during three acts, comes to grief in the fourth; and virtue meets not only its own but its true reward, before the curtain falls.

The management has decided that after "In the Ranks" shall have finished its career at the Standard, it shall go upon the road; and notwithstanding the enormous expense of such an undertaking, the piece will undoubtedly prove to be a financial success, and prove as popular as have its predecessors, "The World," "Youth" and "The Romany Rye."

Burry and Fay have succeeded Miss Effie Ellsler at the McKee Rankin Theatre. Miss Ellsler did not do very well here last week; in fact, she seems to be losing "Courage," and it is said she will play the leading part in "Storm Beaten," when the regular dramatic season opens at the Union Square. As a different lady is selected for this part, at least once a week, we are inclined to doubt the statement regarding Miss Ellsler. One thing we are quite sure of, however; she needs a new play.

At Harrigan and Hart's, "Cordelia's Aspirations," or as the *Herald* printed it, "Cordelia's Aspiration," seems to have made a hit; and the new songs "My Dad's dinner pail," "Just across from Jersey," and "Johnson's Cake Walk," have already caught on.

The Florences have been at the Windsor for a week, playing in "The Ticket of Leave



A PLUG HAT.

Man." Their new play "Facts," was a success in Boston; and Billy announces that from this time on, he shall confine himself to "Facts."

Marie Prescott's new piece, "Belmont's Bride," proved a dire and utter failure at Twenty-Third Street Theatre; and Mr. Jefferson is as popular as ever at the Union Square.

His engagement has been one of the most successful ever played at this theatre, and the house is crowded every night.

This is the last week of Fedora, and it will be a cold day for the impressionable females when Mantell tears himself away from New York; but there are plenty of souvenirs of him flying about town in the shape of Sarony photographs.

As Mantell gets fifteen per cent. of the gross receipts on all photographs sold, it pays to have the girls admire him.

Bartley Campbell's "White Slave" is over at the Grand Opera House, and "The Duke's Motto" has been removed from The Fifth Avenue.

"Moths" is doing well at Wallack's, and there is no diminution in the size of the audiences that go to see "Dollars and Sense" at Daly's.

The "Beggars Student" at the Casino is a success; and the Equine Paradox may still be witnessed at the Cosmopolitan.

A WEALTHY and highly respected gentleman of Philadelphia is the victim of a strange malady. Since returning from a late visit to New York, he has been unable to use his lips in any manner. Medical men think that they have received some fearful shock, and have become palsied. The last time he used them was to kiss a New York girl good-bye.

OLD Sister Covington gave her experience as follows: "Taint no hard matter to git grace, my brethering and sisterings, ef you'll jist give up everything. For six years I was in deep conviction, and one day as I was a-g'wine to hunt my turkey-nest, I fell on my knees an' axed de Lord what was de hinderin' cause. All at once it cum to me dat it wer 'kase I wouldn't let Edmon' sell de mar'. I gin up, and received de blessing in a minit."

Deo volente—if our arrangements don't slip up.



A FALL OPENING.

CORRESPONDENTS.

YOUNG ART.—You say, in enclosing your sketches, "Please give me your desired price." THE JUDGE would desire a very large price, indeed, to publish such pictures.

TORY.—Not just at present.

PHILLIBEG.—It is very immoral to bet on elections—but if you have backed Hendrix, your only course is to pay and look pleasant.

T. B. Salem.—You say you are aware that the market is overstocked with verse, especially such verse as yours. We agree with you, only we never heard it called "the market" before. In this office we generally speak of it as the "waste-paper basket."

ELVINA.—If you must get into print, send us your photograph. We will publish it, in the hope that the sad expression our artist shall infuse into your features will deter other rash people from seriously asking us to print such nonsense as yours.

MARIE E.—Stick to gum-drops and ice-cream, and leave poesy to those who have to do it.

FERUS.—There is a wild, sad pathos underlying your apparently jocose article, which leads us to recommend you to send it to the *Morning Journal*.

F. J. L.—Not just at present, at any rate.

BARNEY.—There is no time like the present—send it at once.

FASHION ITEM: "Overskirts cut open here and there and laced together with silk cords, are new and effective."

Effective! You bet they are; and just let the cuts in the hereness and thereeness be judiciously done, and the effectiveness will be out of all whooping.

ONLY ONE.

THERE is only one LITTLE LIVER PILL, and that is CARTER'S. There are plenty of other PILLS, big and little, but they are not like CARTER'S. Some of them constipate; some of them gripe and purge, while nearly all disappoint. Using Carter's Liver Pills is no experiment. You take them with the certainty of improving your health. You fear no griping or purging or pain, because they have no such unpleasant action. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Sour Rising of Food, Bad Taste in the Mouth, and all troubles caused by a Bilious Habit. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable, very small and very easy to take, and will certainly please anyone. Price 25 cents. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills.

He Can't Help It.

"Dot vhas der troubles mit me—I vhas too tender-hearted," replied Carl Ounder as a policeman warned him that he would have a case against him for keeping his saloon open after hours.

"You see," he continued as he wiped off the bar, "if I vhas all closed oop, mit my boots off und ready for bedt somebody goes rap! rap! on der door. I think it vhas against der law, but like enough it vhas my brudder Henry, who lifs in Puffalo, und so I opens der door. Who you think it vhas?"

"I can't guess."

"It vhas a boleecemans! He looks all aroundt, vhalks in softly like cats, und says dot he vhas in such awful pains dot he must have some whisky or die. I can't help dot I vhas porn mit a heart like a paby. I doan' like to see dot man die, und I gif him some whisky und he tells me he vhill pay oop when he cuts der coupons off his bonds. You see how it vhas?"

"Yes."

"Vhell, der next time I vhas all closed oop somepody goes rap! rap! on der door. I tinks it vhas my wife's sister, who lifs in Mt. Glemens, und I vhas a brute if I doan' let her come in. When I opens der door who vhas it?"

"I don't know."

"It vhas an Aldermans! He slips softly in und drops on a shair, und says to me: 'Carl I vhas played oudt. I make more ash ten speeches in der Council to-night, und I vhas all exhausted till I can't sthand oop. For der sake of my innocent children gif me some peer!' Vhell, dot vhas me mit my tender heart again, und I draw him a quart of peer und he drink him oop und tells me to put it in der annual estimate next spring. Could you plame me for dot?"

"No, but you must obey the law."

"Oxactly, but some odder times I hear a rap! rap on der door, und I tinks it vhas my poy Shon, who vhas oudt on a farm mit his uncle. Shon vhas a good poy, und I like to see him, und I opens der door. Who you tinks dot vhas?"

"John!"

"Not some previous. It vhas a barty mit a white blug hat on, und he carries a big cane, und he looks solemn. He vhas whisky straight, und when I tells him dot der law catch me oop, he pounds on der table mit his cane und calls out: 'Hang der law! Why, I vhas der man who makes all der law in Detroit!' Vhell, dot makes my heart tender again, und he drinks his whisky oop und tells me dot I shall send my pill to der Transportation Company. Can I help dot?" "You'll have to help it."

"Vhell, one more time I turn eaferypody oudt und lock oop der doors, und shlip into bedt. I vhas dreaming like thunder when somepody rattles on my door und calls me to get oop. Maype it vhas my frendt, Capt. Gross, who runs avhay from his vife in Puffalo. If so, I likes to see him. I open der door, und who you tink it vhas?"

"Your grandfather."

"Not quide, my frendt. It vhas a man mit a silk hat und a gold-headed cane und a pig stomach, und he says he vhas a doctor who must have some whisky to keep off der shmalle-pox. Dot appeals to my heart, und what can I do? I tell you, I like to obey der law und shut opp my place, but if you come somedimes und find der back door open und some men at der tables, you shust remembers dot it vhas our glub-night, und dot we drink some buttermilk, und discuss old dimes in Shermany."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Rural Editor.

"THE melancholy days have come,"

He writes in philosophic mood,
And then he tells us, further on,
Subscriptions may be paid in wood.
O editors of rural sheets,

Why pine and vilify your luck,
When you exchange your brains for beets
And every kind of garden truck?

You groan about the nation's pride

And nation's honor going to grass,

And yet you swap your mental toil

For hickory stick and garden sass.

Brace up, O brethren of the pen,

And you may mock misfortune's lash—

You'll quote no rueful poems when

You make your readers pay you cash!

—*Chicago News.*

Wonderful Presence of Mind.

"RIGHT here in Milwaukee Bay, about thirty years ago, a friend and myself had started out for a fish on the pier, and had taken our guns along to shoot ducks. Well, we hadn't been there long before I in some way lost my powder-horn overboard, and it sank in thirty feet of water. There it lay on the bottom in plain sight. My friend said he would dive for it. I noticed he didn't take off his powder-horn, and before I could call attention to it he was in the water. I waited about twenty minutes."

"Twenty minutes!" they all exclaimed.

"That's the exact time, my friends. I held my watch in my hand and timed him. After twenty minutes I began to get a little nervous, and looked over the side of the boat, and what do you think I saw?"

"I suppose your friend laid on the bottom of the lake, drowned," ventured one.

"No, you are wrong. Here is where he showed his presence of mind and thieving

disposition. There he sat on the bottom of the lake pouring powder out of my horn into his own and whistling. That's what I consider a remarkable incident of a man's presence of mind."

No reply was made by any of his listeners, but each one quietly got up, looking suspiciously at the story-teller, and left him alone, master of the situation.—*Peck's Sun.*

Character in the Eye.

THE eye shows character. If the eye has been blacked, for instance, it means impulsiveness on the part of the man who blacked it, and recklessness on the part of the owner, who probably called the other party a liar. The eyes of great warriors have always been gray, their brows lowering like thunder clouds. To verify this statement, examine the eyes of a target company, or a policeman. Philosophers have large, deep-set eyes, and usually two of them, unless they happen to live in Arkansas. Poets have large, full eyes, from having taken too much beer the day before. Buffon considers that the most beautiful eyes are black eyes. You can see a beautiful lot of black eyes by going to the recorder's court on a Monday morning. Mary, queen of Scots, had liquid gray eyes. She also had her head cut off. At the same time it does not matter what kind of eyes a decapitated federal official has. If, in accordance with the civil service reform rules, a federal official fails to pay his assessment to the campaign fund, off goes his head; even if one of his eyes should be a pea green and the other a Solferino red. Red eyes indicate a tendency to weep and to drink whisky; and occasionally both. "Who hath red eyes?" asks Solomon, and before you can answer he replies, "Those who tarry at the wine cup." Monsters have green eyes. Shakespeare noticed this peculiarity possibly at a menagerie, for he frequently refers to the green-eyed monster.—*Texas Siftings.*

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Managers.

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JOSEPH JEFFERSON

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LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS.

A CARD.

To all suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of memory, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, N. Y.

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At close of present season we will remove to our new and commodious building,

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Corner 49th Street, (now in course of construction). To avoid moving our present immense stock, we shall offer it at prices that will command certain and immediate sale. Stock is unusually large, and selected by experienced buyers from both Foreign and Domestic Markets, and embraces all the new patterns and shades in

Axminster,
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WITH BORDERS TO MATCH.

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Near Cooper Institute, 3d and 4th Avenue cars pass the door.

Print Your Own Cards Labels, Envelopes, &c., with our \$3 PRINTING PRESS. Larger sizes, for Circulars, &c., \$8 to \$75. For pleasure, money making, young or old. Everything easy. Printed instructions. Send two stamps for Catalogue of Presses, Type, Cards, &c., to the Factory.
KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

Opposed to Prohibition.

"Yes," said the Widow Flapjack, who is chief executive officer of an Austin boarding house, "Yes, I must say I am very much opposed to prohibition and closing up the saloons, and all that sort of thing. It's all a base scheme against the best interests of the hotel keepers and landladies."

"Why, I am surprised to hear you express such unchristian sentiments, and you a church member, too. How do you make out that prohibition is against the interests of the landladies?"

"If prohibition goes into effect all the saloons will be closed up and then all the free lunches will stop. Now, I've noticed that among my young men boarders the dissipated ones are the most profitable. Before they come to dinner they always step into the saloon and get a sour beer or a schooner of toddy, or something of that kind, and they fill up on the free lunch, and when they come to the dinner table they don't eat hardly anything; while the steady young men who never drink, just gorge themselves. O, my, you ought to see 'em eat! They just take the profit off, and if it wasn't for the free lunches and the 'next morning' feeling that some of the boarders suffer from occasionally I don't know what we poor landladies would do. There'd be no profit in the business. Yes, I am opposed to prohibition, for purely commercial reasons."

And the Widow Flapjack sighed, and went out and gave orders to cut the pies into seven pieces instead of six.—*Texas Siftings.*

In Paris it is the fashion to decorate the legs of dogs with silver bracelets. That's good. If this sort of thing continues dogs will soon be worth stealing.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The Union Pacific trains are making a little faster time for fear the goats will come along and eat the paper wheels.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A MICHIGAN man who lost both legs in a saw mill, now sits around and tells about the battles of the late war. That's the sawed-off man he is.—*Boston Post.*

COMMISSIONERS have discovered that even in the worst-regulated hotel there is one thing that is reasonable, pure and good, and that is salt.—*New York Journal.*

Music Everywhere.

THAT wonderful musical instrument, the ORGANETTA, is advertised below on this page by Massachusetts Organ Company, 37 Washington St., Boston, Mass. It is the ideal home instrument. You can dance to it; you can sing to it; a mere child can play it; it insulates a love of music thoroughly, and develops and cultivates the ear. The music is perfectly accurate, and the wonderful ORGANETTA will play any tune. At the price, \$3.50, it is within the reach of all.



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Is what every Boy wants, and what every Man ought to have.

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Apply by the little finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane linings of the head from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will cure. Unequaled for colds in the head. Agreeable to use. Send for circular for information and reliable testimonials. Will deliver by mail, 50 cts. a package. Stamps.

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RELIEVED and CURED without the injury Trusses inflict, by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method. Office, 251 Broadway, New York. His book, with photographic likenesses of bad cases, before and after cure, mailed for 10 cents.



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\$7 for \$3.50.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT
that will play any tune, and that any one, even a child, can operate.

The Organetta has gained such a world-wide reputation, that a lengthy description of it is not necessary. It will be sufficient to say that it is a PERFECT ORGAN that plays mechanically all the sacred airs, popular music, songs, dances, etc. It consists of three-stringed bellows and set of reeds with EXPRESSION BOX and S.WELL. A strip of perforated paper represents the tune, and it is only necessary to place the paper tune in the instrument, as shown in the picture, and turn the handle, which both operates the bellows and propels the paper tune. The perforations in the paper, allow the right reeds to sound and a perfect tune is the result, perfect in tone, execution, and effect, without the least knowledge of music being required of the performer; even a little child can operate it; as is shown in the picture, a little girl is playing a song and her playmates are singing the words. It is tuned in the key best suited for the human voice to sing by. It interests and entertains both old and young, assists in training the voice and AFFORDS HOURS OF SOCIAL AMUSEMENT. The Organetta is perfectly represented by the picture. It is made of solid black walnut, decorated in gilt, and is both handsome and ornamental. The price of similar instruments has hitherto been \$8, and the demand has constantly increased until now there are over 75,000 in use. We are encouraged to place the Organetta on the market at this greatly reduced price, believing that the sale will warrant the reduction. The Organetta, though similar in construction is an improvement upon our well-known Organetta, which sells for \$8 and \$10. It contains the same number of reeds and plays the same tunes. Our offer is this: On receipt of \$7 we will send the Organetta by express to any address and include FREE \$3.50 worth of music, or on receipt of \$5 we will send it with over \$1.50 worth of music FREE, or for \$3.50 we will send it with small selection of music, FREE. The price includes boxing and packing. These are agent's prices, and we will appoint the first purchaser from any town our agent, if he so desires. Address, The Massachusetts Organ Co., 37 Washington St., Boston, Mass.



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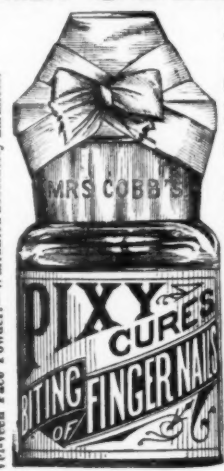
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Bran-a-Nail Powder.—Most brilliant finger nail polish in the world.
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Is now ready and will be sent free to any one who wishes to become an agent, on receipt of a stamp for postage. The book contains numerous engravings, and such valuable information as every lady and gentleman ought to know. This book will also show you how to become the owner of many valuable articles without costing you a cent, such as Gold and Silver Watches, Clocks, Organs, Sewing Machines, all kinds of Silver Ware, &c. Address F. GLEASON & Co., 46 Sumner St., Boston, Mass.

OPIUM

MORPHINE HABIT. No pay till cured. Ten years established, 1,000 cured. State case. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

"WEAK AND UNDEVELOPED PARTS OF THE HUMAN BODY ENLARGED, DEVELOPED & STRENGTHENED," etc., is an interesting advertisement long run in our paper. In reply to inquiries we will say that there is no evidence of humbug about this. On the contrary, the advertisers are very highly endorsed. Interested persons may get sealed circulars giving all particulars, by addressing ERIC MEDICAL CO., P. O. Box 513, Buffalo, N. Y.—[Toledo Evening Bee.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE ever invented. Will knit a pair of Stockings with HEEL and TOE COMPLETE in TWENTY minutes. It will also knit a great variety of Fancy-Work, for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the TWOMBLY KNITTING MACHINE COMPANY, 163 Tremont street, Boston.

He Was Such a Nice Man.

COMING down the river from the flats the other day was a man about fifty-five years old, neatly dressed, white plug hat, kid gloves and appearing to be a real nice man. As he was alone some took him for a widower, while others argued that he had been disappointed in love in his early days and had never married. But he was nice. He chuckled to the babies, patted boys and girls on the head, and sat right down among the ladies and related all the Indian legends of Lake St. Clair. Ever so many of them said he was the nicest gentleman they ever saw, and one little woman, who turned up her nose at the idea of his being too sweet for anything, was promptly wilted by a score of glances.

When the boat arrived in Detroit, the nice man with the white plug hat had agreed to see a lady and two children over to the Central depot. Oh, no; it wouldn't be the least trouble to him. On the contrary he was delighted at the privilege. He had a satchel in either hand, and was in the crowd waiting for the gangplank when a woman's voice was heard crying from the wharf:

"Yes, that's him—that's the miserable old deceiver!"

The nice man suddenly dropped both satchels and tried to push back, but the crowd was so dense that he was pushed along up the plank. He had no sooner reached the wharf than his white hat went sailing, and a voice hissed out:

"Had to go to Pontiac on business, did you? This is the way to return from Pontiac, is it?"

He dropped the satchels again and broke for the street, but she hit him whack! whack! whack! with an umbrella, and called after him:

"It's the first time you've had on gloves in a year, and you've got your whiskers dyed since morning! Oh! you base old deceiver. Here the children and I haven't had a square meal in two weeks, and you are around playing masher!"

"Give it to him!" cried a voice in the crowd.

"Oh, yousbet I will!" she replied. "I saw him before he did me, and he was trying to look purty and innocent, as if he hadn't been married twenty-three years and had seven of the raggedest children in Detroit! I'll sweeten him—I'll play masher till he hasn't a whole bone left!"

"You bet!"

"Yes, and you bet! Which way did he go? Whose got a club?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A STUPID American asked a recently arrived Englishman what the letters H. R. H. after the name of the Prince of Wales meant.

"This is a bloomin' hignorant country," replied the cockney. "Hany cad knows that H. R. H. means 'Is royal 'ighness,' ye know."—*Philadelphia Call.*

AN old bachelor asserts that the best and quickest way to revive a lady when she faints is to begin to take down her hair. If it ain't her own she will grab it in a jiffy.—*Burlington Free Press.*

THE fact is generally known that Edward the First was the original crowned Ed. of Europe.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

A DRUGGIST in New Richmond, O., Mr. E. J. Donham, writes us the following: "I consider Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup one of the very best things made. I use it altogether in my own family, and can therefore recommend it.

WITH FIVE DOLLARS

YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE IMPERIAL AUSTRIAN

100 Florins Government Bond,

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THE THREE HIGHEST PREMIUMS AMOUNT TO 200,000, 20,000 and 15,000 FLORINS.

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The next drawing takes place on the

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And every Bond bought of us on or before the 1st of December, is entitl to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that day.

Out of town orders sent in registered letter inclosing five dollars, will secure one of these Bonds for the next drawing.

For circulars and other information address the

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO., 207 Broadway, cor. Fulton st., N. Y. City.

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The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the United States.

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Black Silks at the very Lowest Prices.

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ABSOLUTELY THE BEST. WILSON'S LIGHTNING SEWER!

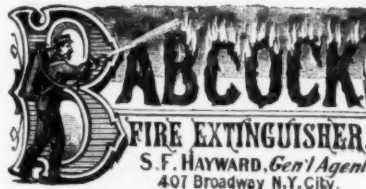
Two thousand stitches a minute. The only absolutely first-class Sewing Machine in the world. Sent on trial. Warranted 5 years. Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Circular. Agents Wanted. THE WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO., Chicago or New York.

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of Needlework," 100 Pages, is a complete guide to all kinds of Embroidery. Gives diagrams and full instruction in KENYON, AZAR, and all the new embroidery stitches, also gives directions for Crocheting and Knitting with cotton twine, several handsome patterns of window and mantle Lamps, also to crochet and knit fifty other useful and ornamental articles. Teaches how to make Modern Point, Honiton and Macrame Lace; also Rug Making, Tatting, &c., &c. Profusely illustrated. Price 25 cents post-paid. Four for One Dollar. Stamping Outline of 10 full size perforated Embroidery Patterns, with powder pad, &c., 60 cents. Book of 100 Embroidery Designs 25 cts. All the above \$1.00. Pattern Pub. Co. 47 Barclay St. New York.

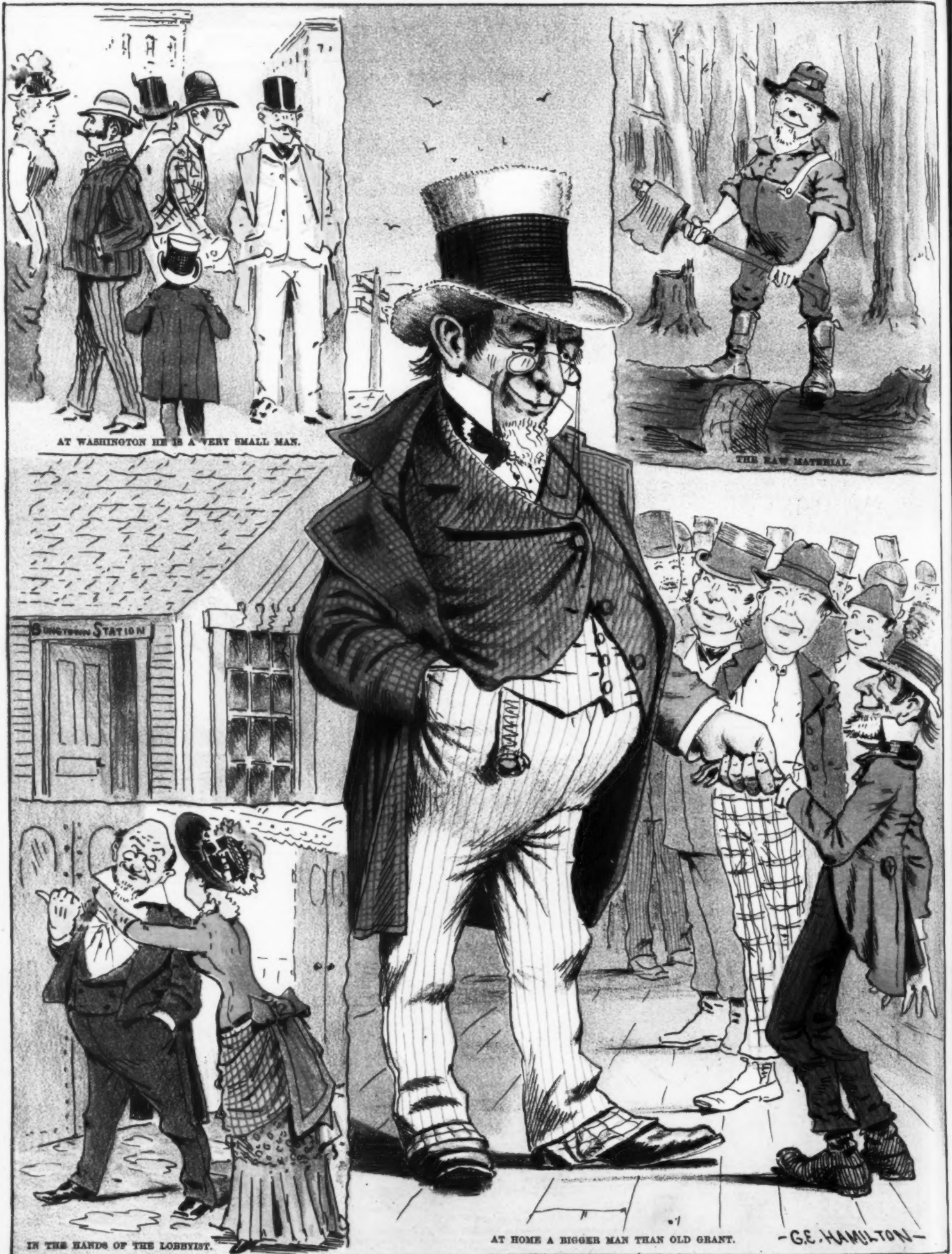
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INSTITUTE. Established in 1872 for the cure of Cancer, Tumors, Ulcers, Scrofula, and Skin Diseases, without the use of knife or loss of blood and little pain. For information, circulars and references, address Dr. F. L. FOND, Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.



S. F. HAYWARD, Gen'l Agent, 407 Broadway N.Y. City.

THE JUDGE



AT WASHINGTON HE IS A VERY SMALL MAN.

THE RAW MATERIAL.

IN THE HANDS OF THE LOBBYIST.

AT HOME A BIGGER MAN THAN OLD GRANT.

G.E. HAMILTON

OUR RURAL CONGRESSMAN.