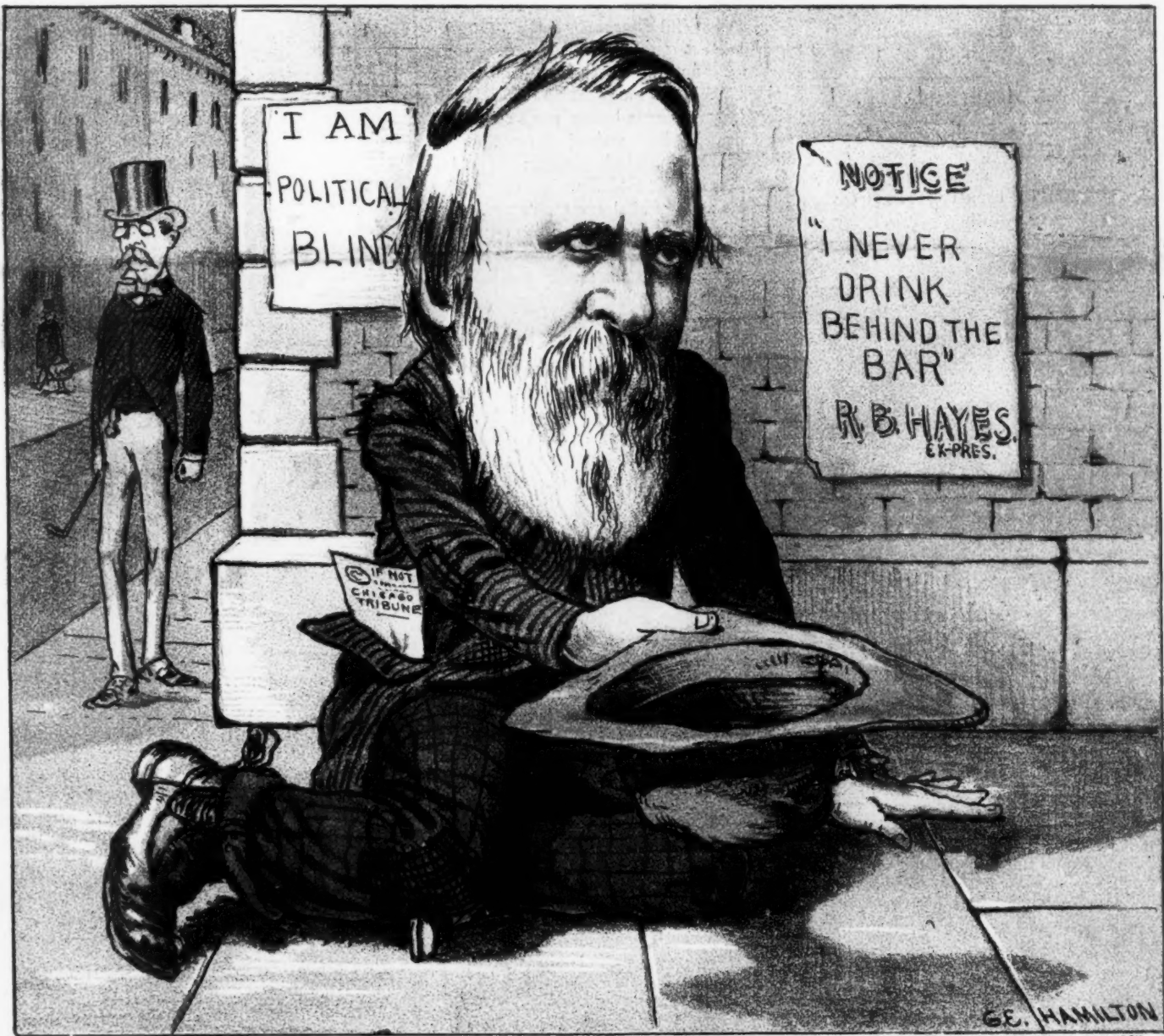


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G.E. HAMILTON
FRANKLIN SQUARE LITH. CO. NEW YORK.

THE POLITICAL OUTCAST.

"Please, sir, a Senatorship or a Post-Office for a Poor (?) Old Man."



THE JUDGE.

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THE MENDICANT HAYES.

WE have had quite a variety of Presidents in these United States, good, bad, and indifferent; but probably none whom the universal opinion of the country has so strongly disapproved of as Rutherford B. Hayes. Gaining his nomination as he did by an accident, and his election by a fraud, he occupied the White House for four years as a nonentity, and when he relapsed into obscurity at the end of his term, the United States fairly hoped that they had heard the last of him. Alas, a delusion! Mr. Hayes having once tasted the sweets of office, and being an Ohio man, could not brook obscurity, no matter how much better fitted he might be to adorn it than a more exalted station. He wants an office, with its accompanying stamps—the single stamp furnished by the *Chicago Tribune* having only whetted his appetite for more. He holds out his hat to the free and enlightened voters of his native State, begging, for God's sake, for some official position, a senatorship, a post-mastership—anything. Poor fellow! His is a sad case—to sink from the Presidential purple to the rags of political mendicancy, from the luxury of the White House to a seat by the wayside of Ohio politics. And his situation is aggravated by the reflection that he has no one's sympathy in his fall, except, perhaps, his own; and no one knows better than Rutherford B. Hayes what Rutherford B. Hayes' sympathy is worth.

WALL STREET.

A PERIOD of dullness and inactivity on Wall street, followed by a sharp decline of prices and the "wiping out" of a firm or two, is rather rough on our gay and festive brokers; but it does not affect the real wealth of the country to the extent of a dollar. The

wheat and the petroleum and the cattle and the minerals which constitute the backbone of the country's business, are worth just as much as they ever were; even the railroads and acquired and manufactured property of that nature have not really depreciated, though the stock-market quotations would seem to say so. They are worth just as much intrinsically the day after the decline as they were the day before—quotations to the contrary notwithstanding. Wall street is, at best, a feverish and uneasy place, and no one knows this better than the brokers themselves; but as every decline is followed by a re-action, and in due course by another decline, the result, on an average, is the same, except to those whose ill luck keeps them systematically on the wrong side of the market.

A SOLUTION OF THE TELEGRAPHIC TROUBLE.

THE telegraphers and their strike have been cursed and discussed by the press, the public and the public's wife until there would seem to be nothing left to say about them; yet the subject is too serious a one to be dismissed as wearisome before some method of settlement has been arrived at for the present, and, above all, before some adequate security has been provided against a repetition of such a state of affairs in the future. THE JUDGE is far from blaming the operators. The right of a working man or working woman to strike, is such an indefeasible one that it seems absurd for anyone to attempt to impugn it—though papers and persons have been found to do so. It is needless to say that the utterances of such papers and persons have been inspired by the *Western Union*, and this fact, coupled with the utter impracticability of the position they have assumed, has caused the public at large to regard them as of little moment. But in the permanent solution of the difficulty the whole country is interested, and the whole country, with unimportant exceptions, is gradually arriving at the conclusion that no permanent solution will be arrived at until Uncle Sam takes the matter into his own hands, and builds and operates his lines for himself. The influential press of the United States—headed by the *New York Herald*—is earnestly advocating this view, and really the advantages apparent from lines operated by the Government are so great and so wide-spread that any objections which may be made to the scheme must seem trivial in comparison. It is certain that, sooner or later, the telegraphic system of the country, like its postal system, must pass under Government control; and in a matter like this there is no time like the present. In England the telegraph has been successfully and satisfactorily administered by the Government for a number of years, and there is no good reason why this country should not follow so good an example. Let Uncle Sam build his own lines, and the squabbles of corporations with their

employees will soon cease to interest the public, having first ceased to inconvenience it.

POLITICAL PLEASANTRIES.

MERCHANTS, manufacturers, financiers, and political economists all declare that this country is on the verge of a great commercial crisis, which has been brought about by too much bad legislation. But the politicians are happy, for, come weal come woe, it is all grist which comes to their mill.

THE noble army of honest and cultured Irish-ocratic political patriots and "Bosses" recently held their annual political love feast and slate-making pow-wow at Saratoga. The tax-payers and voters of this city have now nothing further to do or say but vote the regulation cut-and-dried ticket at the coming Fall election, and continue to give the Muldoons unlimited power and unlimited authority to appropriate the city's funds. Selah.

JIMMY O'BRIEN, the highly-cultured, Chesterfieldian ex-Congressman, still keeps up his alleged differences with John Kelly and Tammany Hall; but the great anti-Tammany statesman does not seem to "down" the Boss in any perceptible degree. The public are beginning to see through the pretended bickerings between Tammany and its offshoots, Anti-Kelly and County Democracy, both organizations being but a "delusion and a snare" to deceive the public, and keep the control of the city in the hands of the Muldoons.

THE periodical rows and ructions between the several factions of Irish rulers of this great city must be highly amusing and comforting to the average American and German voter of New York. It is like the fight of the two dogs over the bone; the bone has no hand in the fight. The unfortunate tax-payer must foot the bills, no matter which faction of Erin goes Braugh.

AND now another aspiring Democratic patriot is strack with Presidential lightning. This time it is the Hon. Ros. P. Flower, the financial Congressman from New York city. Ross is reputed to possess the regulation "Bar'l," and although he is now but a "little faded flower," he may yet bloom into a prospective presidential candidate, provided he can "Bull" the political market with sufficient "margin." We can't tell how much tapping his bar'l will "Bear," but if he is "Short," it may be a "Long" time before he reaches the Presidential chair.

Merci Bien.

THE JUDGE improves every week. It is no more like THE JUDGE of a year ago than the ripe apple is like the little green apple, that is worse than a toy pistol in the hands of the small boy.—*Grit*.

Exploded Philosophy.

PHILOSOPHERS and such like chaps,
If penniless and starving,
Stand at the door and hold their caps,
And watch their betters carving.

Philosophy's a poor pretence,
Played out by Martin Tupper;
I hold the man has better sense
Who, hungry, gets his supper.

With these reflections in my mind
I noticed the reflection
Of brilliant gas-light through a blind,
A *café* for refection.

I boldly entered—took a seat;
The *mise en scene* was splendid;
The linen snowy, waiters neat;
Each table well attended.

"Soup, sir?" a waiter at my side
Was bending kindly o'er me;
"Of course," and quick as I replied,
'Twas smoking hot before me.

"Salmon?" I answered as before;
"Boiled, fried, or mashed potatoes?"
It seemed as if for once I wore
The cap of Fortunatus.

Entrees succeeded. "Do you, sir,
Prefer your champagne *frappe*?"
Cat like, I answered with a purr,
I never felt so happy.

I did not quail at quail on toast,
Or wild fowl from the prairie,
Or pies enclosed in pastry's ghost,
So light was it, and airy.

And as I fed I moralized,
While at my side the waiter,
In accents gently emphasized,
Proposed "a sliced termater?"

I thought—were trustfulness displayed
(Like I enjoy at present),
In every branch of human trade,
Existence *would* be pleasant.

How quickly I'd obtain *redress*,
(This point I gravely mooted),
If tailors showed such trustfulness,
How nicely I'd be *suitéd*.

No more a bootless task 'twould be,
Shoemakers to solicit,
And many a store not far from here
Would well repay a visit.

A diamond for my collar neck;
From head to foot new raiment—
But here, alas! I met a check—
A check demanding payment.

Alas, the change! (I'd none at all).
The waiter deferential
Grew insolent, and loud did bawl
That payment was essential.

I'll drop the curtain on the rest,
The epithets offensive,
The wrath displayed, from which I guessed
My meal had been expensive.

I bore it all—I bore too much,
While through the doorway reeling;
His foot had an ungentle touch,
Most hurtful to my feeling.

And so I learned, but learned too late,
That cash is here despotic;
The credit system in this State
Is very embryotic.

G. H. JESSOP.



PLURAL IS NOT SINGULAR.

FIRST LADY—"Yes, dear; and who was your first husband?"

SECOND LADY—"My first? Why, I have only been married once."

FIRST LADY—"Only once? Indeed; how very singular."

Intercepted Letters.

FROM MR. JOHN LONGFELLOW SULLIVAN TO THE
REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

BOSTON, AUGUST, 1883.

MY DEAR TALMAGE—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your very kind letter of the 12th instant—though, looking over the almanac, I see the 12th fell on a Sunday, so suppose you must have misdated yours, as it would be absurd to imagine you could so forget yourself as to put pen to paper on a Sunday. And now for the subject of your communication. In the first place, you may feel surprised at me—a man whose highest triumphs have been achieved in the fistic arena—expressing myself in such correct and even elegant diction; but the fact is that I am Boston born and bred—not brown bread—and the culture clings to me. It is ingrained. Furthermore, as I had the pleasure of informing a reporter of the *Mail and Express*, who was kind enough to report me in my exact words: "Prize-fighting is repugnant to my nature." If a man encounters me with soft gloves, I knock him out, in the way of business, and a very profitable business I have found it to be. Of course, I may at some time or other meet a man who will—but there: why indulge in idle speculations? Some things, though they may be possible, are possible in such a remote degree as practically to put them beyond the pale of consideration; and meanwhile I have an elegant bar-room, aesthetically fitted under the direct supervision of Oscar Wilde himself, and justly regarded as one of the most interesting sights in my native city of culture. It divides the attention of strangers with the Old South Church, and though, making al-

lowance for your profession, my dear Talmage, I cannot feel offended if you take more interest in the church; still, I shall feel really aggrieved if your second call, on the occasion of your next visit to Boston, is not made at the new bar-room.

But I wander on, and am altogether neglecting to answer your questions. I shall be most happy to give you a few lessons in the noble art of self-defence, but in your case I agree with you that the entire curriculum would be superfluous. As you say, all you require is to be able to deliver blows on the pulpit cushions with telling effect. The fact that you are relieved from any mental strain regarding the possibility of the cushion hitting back, simplifies the matter amazingly, and I should say that a few hours' daily practice at the sand-bag would give you muscle enough. You have a long reach, which is in your favor; and the only time I had the advantage of listening to you preach, it struck me that you handled your mauleys extremely workmanlike and pretty—excuse me for dropping into the vernacular of the ring—but *ne sutor ultra crepidam*; you know the adage.

However, if you really desire to develop your biceps, and be enabled to wear out five cushions per month instead of only three, as at present, I will be pleased to give you any hints in my power regarding straight, hard hitting. I will even put on the gloves with you for half an hour—all in a friendly, Christian spirit. For goodness sake, though, don't let this offer of mine get into the papers, or the folks will have it that I am issuing a challenge. Anyhow, drop in and see me when you come to Boston, and I'll do my best to make it lively for you. J. L. S.



And other things as well as sweets
Formed mute memorials of feeling—
A toast and pie crust; potted meats,
And sugar—even orange peeling.

Her eyes were large and round and gray,
Her teeth were sharp and white and pearly,
(She bit me in a tiff one day)—
Her hair was long and brown and curly.

At last I kissed her; and instead
Of showing my feeling nettled,
She put her hand in mine and said,
"I likes 'oo," and so that was settled.

So things went on until at last,
Some comment having been excited,
I said that, after what had passed,
We really ought to get united.

But Laura took a different view—
Thought we were very well without it;
Besides, she asked me if I knew
The proper way to set about it?

Washington Gossip.

FROM OUR OWN LAR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., AUGUST 23d.

In view of the bitter corruption and bare-faced venality of numbers of our public men, which attributes tend to lower the dignity of our country in the eyes of foreign nations, and prevent a free ingress of our pork into Germany, your correspondent would respectfully suggest to Republican, Democrat, Independent, Greenback, tariff, and anti-fat, anti-tariff voters, that they examine into the causes of such political thieving before making up their respective Presidential slates, and when the result of their examination clearly demonstrates the fact that present poverty is the cause of political depravity, they will at once proceed to scrape off the horny old barnacles from the ship of State, and put the helm into proper hands.

First Love.

NEVER shall forget the school,
Conducted by the Misses Gurning,
For underneath those ladies' rule
I entered on the path of learning.

Not merely learning taught by books,
But that which comes in other fashion—
The science learned from lips and looks,
The all-absorbing, tender passion.

'Twas pretty little Laura Hayes
Whose charms my youthful heart excited;
I hadn't been at school three days
Before our solemn troth was plighted.

I found my seat was by her side—
For all in school had settled places—
And there we both sat, open-eyed,
Staring with grave and solemn faces.

We had no partings—stern and sad,
No vows, no prayers, no promise-breaking,
No chilling coldnesses; we had
Plenty of love, but no love-making.

We had no griefs; no April showers,
No jealous quarrels and repentance;
We used to sit and stare for hours
And not exchange a single sentence.

And loving words thus being few,
We sometimes used to find it handy
To show our warmth of feeling through
The medium of cakes and candy.

I told her (after some research)
All that was needful for our marriage
Was, just that we should go to church
And back again—but in a carriage.

She seemed to like that, so I pressed
The matter with the greater vigor—
But Laura thought it might be best
To wait till we were rather bigger.

She gave me her most solemn word
Our smallness was the only reason
Which prompted, when she thus deferred
Our union to a future season.

In spite of all that I could plead,
Laura's resolve was only strengthened—
So finally we both agreed
To wait until—her frocks were lengthened.

And matters being settled so,
How came it that our love miscarried?
I cannot tell—but this I know,
She's not my wife, and I am married.

Give the millionaires a show! We have had all we want of "Honest Poverty," let us try "Bloated Wealth" for awhile. This Republic has had in her career of 107 years but two Presidents who were really wealthy—Grant and Hayes—and they were not wealthy until they had been Presidents; before that time they were sons of "Honest Poverty." The difference between a rich President and a poor President—and the same rule applies to all other political offices—is, that the one does all his stealing before he takes his seat, the other has to do it afterward. Your correspondent humbly submits the following ticket:

For President—John W. Mackay (worth \$18,000,000), of Nevada.

For Vice-President—Ex-Senator Henry A. Tabor (\$10,000,000), of Colorado.

With the accompanying Cabinet:
Secretary of State—Robert G. Ingersoll

(\$8,000,000)—after another Star Route Trial).

Secretary of the Treasury—Wm. H. Vanderbilt (\$200,000,000).

Secretary of the Interior—Charles Delmonico (\$2,500,000—Maccaroni on hand included).

Secretary of War—O'Donovan Rossa (\$1,000,000—including Irish Skirmishing Fund).

Secretary of the Navy—Wm. B. Astor (\$18,000,000).

Attorney-General—David Dudley Field (\$22,000,000).

Postmaster-General—Jay Gould (\$50,000,000—with the further title of Inspector of Postal Telegraphy).

The minor executive positions filled with men whose incomes run all the way from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000. These are citizens with a stake in the country—pounds of it. Their interests (seeing that most of their wealth is in Government bonds), and those of the great funded property of the nation are inseparably connected; and they will take all sorts of care that no son or relation of any degree of consanguinity to "Honest Poverty" puts his fingers into their special vaults. Let the grand old Larceny Party take a rest for a century or two, and give the Bloated Capitalists a chance. The public, certainly, has everything to gain, and nothing to lose. (Nothing left to lose if the G. O. L. P. obtains another lease of life). Foreign nations will probably not be paralyzed by the extent of statesmanship displayed by the ticket, but their representatives will certainly reap a benefit from the gorgeous entertainments they will be invited to take part in.

A day or two ago your correspondent was holding conference with a Reformed clergyman. (The ex-Reverend is now occupying a very responsible position in an Uncle Tom party—he feeds the dogs); and, among other things, your correspondent asked him what he thought of the story that Noah's Ark had been discovered on the top of Mount Ararat. "Fo' de lor's sake! You don't tole me, boss, dat dey done gone foun' ole man No's Ark?" Your correspondent assured him that such was the report. "I don't believe it, boss! Dey've nebber foun' none ob dat ole shebang, sah!" When asked why he thought so, he replied, "Ole man No' an' his family was Jews—wasn't dey?" "Inasmuch as they were the small remnant of God's chosen people—yes." "An' do you want me to b'lieve dat dem fellers would leab any ob dat ship up dere in de mountains, wid no tenant, an' eatin' de roof off wid taxes?—no, boss; dey'd load up the cammels, an' de G-i-rafts, an' de elephants, an' de hosses, an' de mules, an' dere wouldn't be 'nuff left ob dat ole ark on A'rat to make a pole fo' Ma' No's clothes-line! I knows dem fellers, boss; I hain't got sevenleen pawn-tickets in my pockets for nuffin'!"

It is rumored here that Henry Watterson has his eye on the Presidency. But as gossip fails to state what eye, very little reliance is placed on the report. Had the statement ran that he had his eye on four kings, there would have been no doubt expressed in any quarter.

A sensation was created here yesterday by a bogus telegram which stated that President Arthur had been attacked by a savage prairie-dog, on the plains. As strict orders had been given the Indians to muzzle all the canines on the route, the only conclusion to be arrived at is that the telegram was the

work of some-strolling telegrapher—or telegraphist—which?

(In writing of a female operator—Telegraph-her; of a male, Telegraph-his-t.)—Ed.

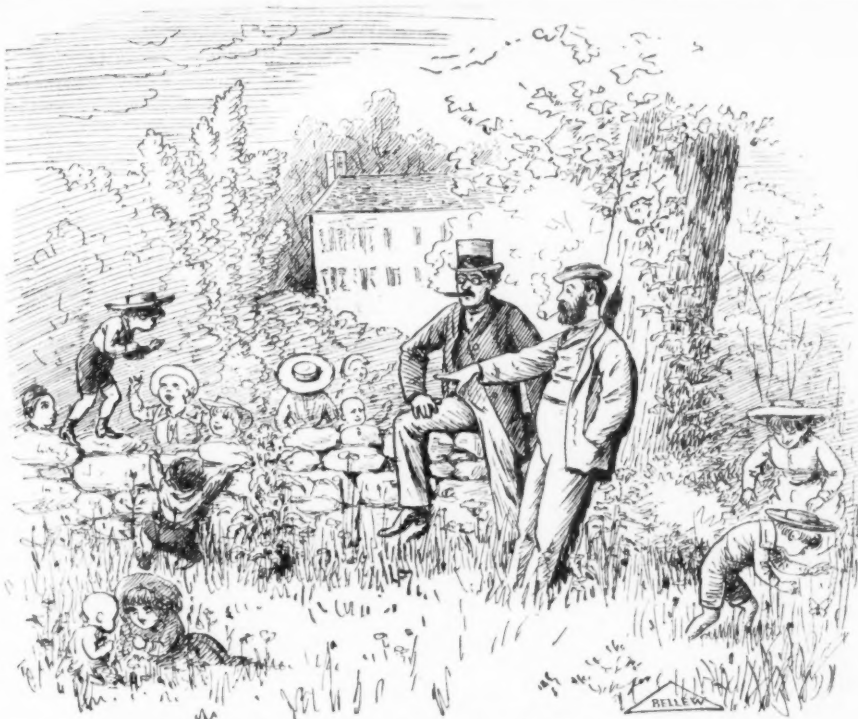
It is a significant fact that as the season for opening Congress draws near, the citizens of Washington are to be seen mending their back fences, putting extra bolts on their basement doors, and—in many instances—affixing burglar-alarms to all their windows. Free counter-lunches are henceforth to be abolished, and the thirsty legislator who labors under the impression that the 5c. he pays for a glass of lager ought to include 10c. worth of crackers and 15c. worth of cheese, will be seriously and emphatically “left.”

It is authoritatively denied that the only speech a well-known Senator from your State ever made in the Senate, was, “D——n the draught!” His greatest effort was the following, addressed to his neighboring “grave and revered signior,”—“Lend me a nickle for car-fare; I left my pocket-book at home!” Who can escape calumny?

Supervising-Architect Hill came out of his examination with flying colors, as your correspondent predicted he would. Anyone who thinks the job of climbing over that Hill an easy one, will generally find out that the attempt is a little too much for him. (Italicize that joke? No, sir! Your correspondent has not had time to patent it, and were public attention called too loudly to it, some pirate would cut it out from under the guns of your correspondent, who would fail to reap the honors to which his ingenuity entitles him.)

A “Colored Man’s Political and Social Convention” has been in session here for the last two days, the Reverend Sawbuck Percy de Smiff, presiding. Colonel Blumenthal Tucker read a paper entitled “Is there a Hell—and if so, Where?” After discussing the subject calmly, dispassionately, and patriotically, the Convention arrived at the conclusion that there was a Hell, and that if any colored gentleman present desired to discover the precise locality, all he had to do was to hover about the vicinity of a ballot-box during an election in Mississippi, and endeavor to drop in a Republican ticket. There would be hell there in a second. During the animated discussion which arose on the question put to the assembly by Dr. Samuel Fodwinker, “Shall we ever see a colored man President of these United States?” several able theologians, legal luminaries, medical practitioners, Pullman palace car conductors, corn doctors, three-card monte men, and a missionary from Thompson-street, N. Y., ventilated their opinions, which, all being boiled down and strained, amounted to this residuum: “This Convention is of the opinion that some brother present may see a colored President of these United States, but in order to do so he would have to gaze at him through a piece of smoked glass!” The chairman announced that on the following day, addresses would be delivered by Mrs. General Von Wacks, of Hoboken, N. J.; Miss Caroline Anastasia Prue, of Salt Hill, Ala.; and Mrs. Dr. Topsy L. Carboodle, of White Plains, N. Y. After fixing the sum of 75c. as the minimum charge for a vote during the Presidential campaign—5c. off for cash—the meeting adjourned.

Before closing up the present week’s budget of news, your correspondent takes the liberty of reminding THE JUDGE that his birthday takes place on the 3d of September. Your correspondent has been in the habit



THE PROGRESS OF DIVORCE—OR, THE FAMILY OF THE FUTURE.

PATER-FAMILIAS WATKINS—“That little shaver over there on the wall is my second child by my first wife; and the one near him, with light hair, is my wife’s first by her second husband. That other one, with the spot on his nose, is my second wife’s by her first husband; and we’ve got some of the last batch around somewhere—but, Oh! it’s awfully mixed; can scarcely keep track of them. However, we’ve pooled our issues, and call them all Watkins.”

heretofore, on that eventful day, of receiving many and valuable presents; if, therefore, he receives from THE JUDGE a parcel per Adams Express Company, containing a handsome gold watch and chain, or a 10-carat diamond solitaire breastpin, he will feel grateful, and *not* surprised.

(Well, I shall.—THE JUDGE.)

W. C. CONANT contributes a paper to *The Century*, in answer to the question which forms its title, “Will New York be the Final World’s Metropolis?” We have Scriptural authority for stating that the New Jerusalem will be the metropolis of the next world, but how many worlds may intervene between the next and the final world, we have no means of determining—probably Mr. Conant knows. Chicago is said to be ambitious to have the next world’s fair held within its limits, and if the next world has a fair at all, Chicago would probably be as good a place for it as any other. But these speculations about the final world are too far ahead to be of any practical interest at the moment.

A THEATRICAL item tells us that Maud Granger’s “Second Love” has proved a dire failure in San Francisco. THE JUDGE is sorry to hear it, but fails to see why the item should be printed as news. What is the use of going so far back into history, anyhow? Tell us how Maud is getting along with her thirty-second love, and the subject may have some “contemporaneous human interest.”

A MINER at Stockton was instantly killed by a fall of coal the other day. Many estimable householders in New York are being gradually bankrupted by a rise in the same article.

STEEPED in crime—adulterated tea.

An Insane Asylum.

“Oh! pa, is that Rockaway?” asked a bright youngster of his father, as they sailed down the bay.

“Yes, my son.”

“What is that great big building which looks like a town?”

“That is a grand hotel which was commenced, and never completed.”

“Oh! I saw all the windows shut up, and I thought it was an insane asylum.”

“No, my son, it is not an insane asylum. It was only an asylum built for the insane, who bit off more than they could chew.”

“Were the men who built it mad?”

“Yes, my son, the men who built it were mad. In fact, they were very mad. You can wager your bag of marbles that when the contractors didn’t come around and pay them for their work, they were the maddest lot of men on the island. Mad? Well, I should remark.”

“HANS, why don’t you get married? You are too particular; just go out, shut your eyes, and put your hand on the first girl you meet, and marry her.”

“Mein Gott! vot you dakes me for? If I shoots mine eyes dot vay, I vould shoost as like ash not fall ofer some tam ash-parril in de shstreet, und den somepods vould gry ovid I vas dhrunk, und den—vell, I dond’t vant to marry sum bolicemans, mine frent.”

“You seem to be in a hurry, Jones?” remarked Billings, as his friend ran into his arms at a ball.

“I was only catching the train,” replied Jones, as he turned to apologise to a young lady.

“A SON OF MARS”—as the boy remarked of his half-brother.



Chinese Dialect on the Trade Dollar.

BY AN FEW.

ELICAN MAN no take
The money he makee ;
Four-twenty grain too finee,
MUST Go far-off Chinee.
No washee shirtee or coll
For the Trade Doll.
Four-sixteen grain better far—
The Standard taken at par.

E. B. PENROSE.

Alonzo Busbee: His Life and Impressions.

BY WILLIAM GILL.

"Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

Harry Hill.

CHAP. II.

THAT I was better than the boys around me; that I strode manfully on, day after day, in the narrow path of rectitude; that I never neglected a dog-fight, or duty; even when papers were at a premium, and "extras" going off like the proverbial "hot cakes"; that I never threw a dead cat into a Chinaman's laundry—if there existed the slightest chance of the irate heathen catching me—and that, in spite of all temptations, I remained steadfast in my resolve never to hit a boy bigger and stronger than myself, was due to the fact that the sweet influences of home were always around and about me.

"Home, home! sweet, sweet home!" Poets have raved of thee! Singstresses have warbled of thee at the rate of \$10 for orchestra seats! Lost maidens have wept for thee! And cruel creditors have sued for thee!

My home, my old home! Home of my boyish hopes and maternal spans, how well I remember thee!

Though years have brought gray hairs to me,

Although my "bonny brow is bent,"

My thoughts still wander back to thee,

My dirty, East-side tenement!

Excuse my emotion! Check not the tear which rolls a-down a withered cheek, for it is a holy tribute to the home forever lost. (The edifice was condemned by the Building Bureau, and on its much-loved site some sacrilegious hands have raised a candle factory.)

The mists of years drift slowly from before my vision, and I see thee now, as oft I saw thee then—my foot upon the threshold, looking in upon the peaceful scene. My haughty, patrician mother—her ancestor was a stow-away on board the *Mayflower*—up to her elbows in the wash-tub, enveloped in steam; my father in a happy, drunken stupor on the connubial couch; my little brother, Timothy, eating matches; and my sweet little sister—angel Sally—going for the beer—beer that will make my high-born mother a happy woman if she can drink it

before my honored father wakes up and licks her. After repose, my worthy sire always made a point of whipping my dam; he said it gave a tone to the stomach and promoted a healthy appetite. Perhaps he was right! Perhaps he was right.

It is not for a son who rudely tears aside the veil of years, to question the correctness of a defunct progenitor's theories. *Comment vous! Parley vous! Je ne sais pas!*

(Do you observe how that rounds off the sentence? It throws an electric light of elegance over the preceding, and furnishes a silver lining to the clouds of the aforesaid.)

Time passed on—you may have noticed that Time usually does. Time don't button-hole a man when he is busy, and torture his patience with the recital of matters in which he has no personal concern, until he feels impelled to sally forth and kill somebody! Time don't loaf around saloons and corner groceries, and drink poison, and talk politics, wasting health and neglecting opportunities, and then envy the worldly position of those who have been careful of the former, and taken advantage of the latter. Time don't sit by the stove in the hotel office, and make the hot iron sizzle with tobacco-juice, for hours at a stretch, and then go home expecting to find a lot of Government bonds, which Fortune has broken into his house to leave for him. No! Time just attends to his proper business, and passes on.

Not being a miserable little chorus-singer in some wretched juvenile opera troupe, earning a miserable pittance which barely served to keep my widowed mother in comfort; compelled by hard taskmasters to stand for fully fifteen minutes at a time on a brilliantly-lighted stage, there to be gazed at maliciously by crowds of well-dressed and happy-looking people, who gloated over my infamy and seemed to enjoy my misery; heartlessly placed in the charge of brutal teachers who cruelly thought to instil into my mind the perfidious elements of learning; sleeping in a nasty, clean bed; clothed in garments which actually kept me warm; and fed until I was in a horrible state of fulness and comfort; not being a bit like this, but, on the contrary, a happy little street urchin—happy in the possession of a drunken father and a hard-working, broken-hearted mother; clad in well-ventilated pants, linen that was washed by no less a laundry man

than Jupiter Pluvius himself, and dried—while on my back—by the ever-gracious Sol; boots of Nature's own fashion; my food the most delicious dainties the gutter afforded, and my education progressing under the fostering care of "Hoodlum Jack" and "Bill the Cracksman," I was never troubled by the officiousness of the officers attached to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, as those poor, wretched, little opera-singers sometimes were; and so I grew up in freedom, gradually ignoring the conventionalities of society and the claims of soap and water, and preparing myself—steadfastly and earnestly preparing myself for my future—in the Penitentiary.

Bill the Cracksman and I were great friends. Bill was naturally fond of children. Why, I have known him to compel his wife (Red Poll, daughter of Bull-head Jake, who served twenty stretches for using his snappers on a cop.) to lay in wait for nicely-dressed children coming from school, and with bribes of candy or cake induce them to go with her to her house; and Bill would get so fond of those little lost ones that nothing but a handsome sum of money would induce him to give them up to their parents. Bill was not what might be termed a strikingly handsome man—in fact, he was far from prepossessing—and yet I liked and admired him. Like Desdemona, when alluding to one Othello, major-general in the Venetian army, "I saw (Bill's) visage in his mind," and the irregular lines of his nose, the low, retreating forehead surmounted by a thatch of closely-cut and wiry stubble, the color of squashed beets; the beetling brows (there was a good deal of the beat about Bill) that hung over eyes that glared with latent ferocity when not softened by the fumes, arising to his brain, of the whiskey that he loved so well; and the ears—huge, fleshy town sentinels that stood out at right angles from the massive bullet-head, challenging the wonder and the admiration of every one who passed, made Bill none the less reverence his moral worth. Throw Bill overboard in the middle of the broad Atlantic, and his ears would keep him afloat until their owner was picked up by some passing vessel. Had Bill been suddenly called upon to play the role of a cherubim, and somebody had forgotten to furnish the wings, the omission could have been provided for in an instant by shearing Bill's ears off his head, and clapping them upon his shoulder-blades. They would have made as neat a pair of flyers as any traveling angel could have desired. In cold weather Bill used them for blankets, and in hot weather they became of use as flappers, with which to keep off mosquitoes, flies, and such small deer. Bill, in his youth, had been a prize-fighter, but after a battle with "Konky Sam," a justly celebrated professor of the noble art, in which Bill had his nasal protuberance smashed into the consistency of calves' foot jelly, his collar-bone broken in three places, his right thumb dislocated, a four-inch square of his left ear ripped off, his skull fractured, and his jaw torn out by the roots, he concluded that prize-fighting was a low and brutal occupation, and he at once gave it up, and concentrated his energies to master the rudiments of the profession of which he had been an honored member for twenty years before I met him. The profession—Burglary. After the encounter with "Konky Sam," it was noticed that Bill never again used his fists—if he hadn't a heavy hammer or a crowbar handy, he would strike a man with any trifle, such as an iron cuspidore, a

section of lead pipe, or a forty-pound piece of rock, rather than use the weapons with which Nature had provided him, and which so basely went back on him when "Konky" laid him out.

Poor Bill! I was not long to enjoy the benefit of his society, and though long years have passed since last we met, the memory of his untoward fate will rise up to dim my brightest hours with the sad reflection that Death, the Leveler, makes no distinction between sharps and flats, and lays the humble Sucker by the side of Sports.

[This autobiography will be continued in our next, unless the author is overtaken by a *N. Y. Herald* storm centre.—Ed.]

Lawn Tennis.

I STATE a fact that's very sad;
Our folks have all gone tennis-mad;
They've got lawn tennis on the brain,
And cannot beat it out again—
While all their hearts and souls are bent
On one incessant tournament.
I'd learn the game—indeed I would,
To please them—if I only could.
They're asking me, this long, long time,
To put lawn tennis into rhyme.
I see no poetry at all
In court, or racket, game or ball—
Yet in their eyes I'd fall so low
If I should dare to tell them so.
My feelings—I confess it—suffer
As audibly they mutter "Duffer!"
It is not right, it is not kind;
I think I'll let them know my mind.
I almost fainted yesterday,
Hearing one girl distinctly say,
"I'm sure, quite sure that I should be
A perfect match for Mr. C."
Another said, "I think it funny
To play a game, and not for money;
The play seemed rather flat to me—
Ours was a love-match, don't you see?"
And yet these girls, till tennis came—
That maddening, all-absorbing game—
Used to be good, discreet and wise.
I view them now with sad surprise.

An india-rubber sole's the thing,
And high in air they lightly spring.
The most important part's the racket—
No game's a game if it should lack it.
I wish this tennis rage was over;
I wish their brains they could recover;
The fever every day grows hotter,
Reason and sense both seem to totter;
Tennis is everybody's forte—
They're always going out to court;
Their heads and hearts alike seem blent
In one discordant tournament,
And dearest friends will scold and menace,
Across the net when playing tennis.

A NEWLY-DISCOVERED letter of Hawthorne's shows that he preferred gin to champagne. Hawthorne is just the kind of fellow we like to ask outside while we are waiting for proofs. Confound these fellows who cost you a dollar and a-half every time you open your mouth; and, no doubt, with proper care, Hawthorne could have been educated up to prefer beer to gin. Then he would have been real good company.

WHITE LIES—those the seventeen-year-old boy tells concerning his age, when he is simultaneously courting a moustache and a twenty-four-year-old girl.

THE age of chivalry—courage.



THE TENDER SPRING-CHICKEN—A LUXURY OF THE COUNTRY BOARDER.

Chronicles of Gotham.

CHAPTER XIII.

1. AND it came to pass in these latter days that certain and divers men throughout the kingdom of Unkulpalm did like the builders of the temple, and the workers of brass, and the workers of metal, which in days when Solomon did reign over the Jews, formed themselves into bands and lodges.

2. And the men of the ancient days and the men of the latter days did call themselves Masons.

3. But the men of these days did in no way resemble the workers of the ancient days;

4. For they did work to the glory and praise of their works—while these of the latter days do little work and much pleasure.

5. For have they not joined themselves into bands, and with loud sound of music do they not march up and down the land?

6. Yet, so that they may be known to men who are not of their lodge, they do wear the instruments and tools of the craft of Masons—yea, even the square and level; even the plumb and mallet, also.

7. And they have grips, and signs, and tokens, by which they may be known to each other, which the strangers know not of.

8. Certain of these men do array themselves in fine raiment, even in silver and gold, and with precious stones—and in silks and velvets do they array themselves.

9. And they do wear coverings on their heads and feathers in the coverings, and aprons bound on their loins; and they do carry swords, wherewith to smite their enemies.

10. And certain other of these men do carry banners, and staves, and spears, and they do have around their necks collars, on the borders of which hang fringes, and on their breasts do they not wear the tokens?

11. And these tokens are of the fashion of the tools of the craft of Masons. Some of the men do wear one thing, and some do wear another thing.

12. And it came to pass that once in three years do these men perform a long and distant journey, called Pilgrimage, to the distant lands and lodges.

13. And the brethren of the distant lodges do welcome the travelers with open arms, and with feasts, and flowers, and all

things pleasant, even with wine and honey, and the fruits of the earth.

14. And so it came to pass, in the eighth month of the third year of the reign of Chezter, who ruleth over the kingdom, that these men did make a journey to the gate called Golden, which is in the West.

15. For as they have in the time gone by traveled from the West to the East, to seek light, now they travel from the East to the West to seek good things and pleasure.

16. And when these men, who were called Knights Templar, did arrive at the gate called Golden, they were met by men of different grades and ranks—even by Kings and Generals, and Wardens, both senior and junior, and with sentinels, and sword-bearers, and standard-bearers, and deacons, and high priests, and many more, the name of whom is legion.

17. And there were arches, and flags, and chariots, and horsemen, and loud sounds of music, and the shouts of gladness throughout the camps of the Sir Knights; and the feasting, and the dancing, and the loud talking were without end.

18. Now, this journey, called Pilgrimage, was a good thing, for did it not bring the men of the East to the men of the West, and by so doing make friendship between them?

19. Yet this friendship did in no wise do good to the workers of the different camps, to the poor, and to the women—for, were they not, by reason of their poorness, stopped from joining in these lodges?

20. But the men of the tribes and the Sir Knights do good to each other, and to their sick—and to their poor do they not give alms?

21. And the men who, by reason of not being members, ask: Of what good is this thing, and of what use are these loud-sounding titles, and the swords, banners, and jewels—in what do they better than we do to our friends?

22. And the answers to these questions are known but to those who, by reason of hard work and justice, truth and perfection, have joined with this body called Masons.

23. And when the journey was completed they were light of heart and joyous, and sang loud praises to their order. B. T. P.

AN underground passage—that which the Italian grinds out beneath your window.



IS THIS THE FUTURE OF THE



OF THE WALL-STREET KINGS?



A BOOM FOR ARTHUR.

YOUTH—“I say, Mickey, I ain't fer Buffaler Bill fer President any more; I'm fer Arthur, coz he's just as good'er Injun fighter—and then he's one of our New-York Whoys, yer know.”

Aunt Maggie's Address to the President.

“THE LINCOLN boom is about to begin in dead earnest. We are now treated to paragraphs harping on the wonderful executive ability of old Abe's son, Bob Lincoln.”

That's what Thomas Jefferson (my old man) read in the *Las Vegas Weekly Optic*. You see, Thomas Jefferson has got the Saint Vitus dance in his face, and when he gets mad he'll shut his eyes, twitch his hands, and hold his breath until he looks like he'd burst a blood vessel. I saw the blood bile up in his face when he read that sentence, and just as soon as he caught his breath after reading it, he said, “Margret Sniffles! you've got to go to Congress. It's a petticoat government, anyhow, and they need a female regulator to improve their health. So you've got to go and give them a dose of your tongue 'intment. Things is upside down there—for they're agoin to run Bob Lincoln for President, and I want the office myself.”

When I heard Thomas Jefferson talk that way I knew there was no use shuffling the question, so I set my household in order to leave home for a spell.

When I got there it seemed like the world would turn around t'other way, for there was so many people a-staring at me that I come mighty nigh losing my head work and tongue action; but when I remembered that the good of my country depended on me, I just walked right up to the President and fired away, telling him

MY POSITION.

MR. PRESIDENT—I am the mother of two children who bear big names. When they were born I took into consideration the declaration of King Solomon, whose wholesome advice is, that “a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.” and forthwith named my eldest George Washington, after the father of our great and glorious country. My second bears the handsome name of Josh Billings. Now it stands to reason that when a mother has named her children after the great and the noble, that she feels her importance. The names of these old heroes are standing monuments in her family, and ever give her a position among men of your standing.

MY STYLE OF DRESS

Is descriptive. You all try to ape foreign nations, anyhow; and as England and France have a certain style for court-dresses, I have instituted a style of court-dress for your subjects to wear whenever they appear before you. I have not gone to such dudes as Oscar Wilde or Mrs. Langtry to get up this outfit, but to the woods of our own glorious land. The skirt of my dress is a sky-blue ground, with red rosebuds scattered helter-skelter all over it, and represents the sunny sky and sweet flowers of my native land. My polonaise is a fine green ground, with white magnolias embroidered on it, and represents the forest. This lace, with a bee-hive embroidered in every scollop, and bees flying all about, represents industry. Like the bees, if you let me alone, I'll tend to my hive and

flowers, but touch me and I'll sting. My breastpin and ear-rings are little gold humming birds, with ruby eyes. The birds are flying down towards the flowers on my dress, and they represent sweetness and beauty, which, if wanting among our boys, can be found anywhere among our girls. I have found it in hovels and in palaces. My bonnet is a poke, trimmed in yellow jesamines and honeysuckles. You see these four little humming birds are after the flowers, while this mocking bird on top is singing its love song, and represents love. My necklace is small pearl sea-shells joined together with humming birds, and represents the ocean and its humming sound. Will you, Mr. President, accept this style of dress for your subjects? It is a home invention, and should be appreciated, and, for once, let America take the lead in the styles.

MY POLITICS

Are very much on the order of an old Southern darkey, who, during the last campaign, very often heard the word “politics,” and in her simplicity asked her mistress:

“Miss Fanny, who am dat ar Miss Polly Ticks? Am she any kin to dat Miss Betsey Ticks what libs ober de creek dar?”

Jes'so; I think some of our politicians, as well as myself, are as ignorant as this old darkey, from the manner in which they manage our Government. If the newspapers tell the truth, there is not much honesty afloat in Congress. They say a man is not respectable unless he has made a land-grab, swindled the Government, or been divorced. England and France must have a mighty poor opinion of us. Don't you know that they'll talk about their neighbors just like other people do? There is so much corruption among the politicians that it's my opinion the better plan would be to set the men aside, and see what virtue there is in the children. The children-regiment of this land is beyond calculation. While it is true that there are about one thousand men whose mouths are watering to recline upon the chair you now repose upon, it won't do to give it to them unless they will institute a Government the people will love. They do not seem to care for anything but to fill their pockets, regardless of the welfare of our nation. It's about time the children had a chance at a President any how. If there is any purity to be found, perhaps among our small boys once in a while we might strike it. Do away with Democrats, Radicals and Greenbackers, and bring out Mark Twain and Bill Arp for our next President. Let the boys do the voting, and keep the men and women out of the ballot box. It's a mighty poor place for a woman unless she knows how to shoot a pistol or has nerve enough to cut a man when he has a spiritual flask in his pocket, and gets too affectionate. It don't suit my taste. Mark Twain and Bill Arp have got more hard sense than any two men in America, yourself included. They'll know how to manage the tariff question, or any other question that is brought before them, so as to get votes. They are big-hearted, level-headed, honest, upright men, who will befriend the poor and needy, and give every body in the land an office. They will let all the children go to circuses, and, being Presidents, will not addle their brains. They've done got used to high places too long ago to talk about. I know Arp and Twain, and they are glorious old fellows who have had a hard time trying to keep the United States in order with their pens; and, as a reward, they deserve the Presidential chair.

AUNT MAGGIE.

"Lord of his Presence, and no Land Besides."

SIR AUGUSTUS DE VERE was an aristocrat,
From his black shiny shoes to his chimney-pot hat,
And as everyone passed they inquired "Who's that?"
His silver topped cane and his watch-chain and rings
Were certainly nothing like common-place things,
And his golden moustache shone like seraphim's wings;
And he strode through the street with so lofty an air
That a man needed no little courage to dare
To address him in town, or, in fact, anywhere.
But one day, Rumor tells us that right in his way
A presumptuous man had the courage to stray,
And, with infinite coolness to stop him and say—
"What's the rent of that house, sir? Just tell me, I beg."
Thought Sir A., "I must take down this fellow a peg—
It's clear he's no fool—only pulling my leg."
So Augustus replied, with his loftiest bow,
"What's the rent of that house, sir? I really don't know."
But the stranger, astonished, exclaimed, "Here's a
"Here; come, come, sir!" Sir A. said, and stared
through his glass—
"Just stand out of my way and allow me to pass."
"I declare," said the stranger, "he's greener than grass!
"Says he don't know the rent; and he's looking quite vexed.
Well, sir, tell me, instead, what's the rent of the next?"
Print Sir A.'s loud reply in your largest of text:
"It is strange that you roughs won't let gentlemen be—
What's the point of your questions I really can't see.
For the rent of these houses is nothing to me."
"Forgive me," the stranger made answer, "pray do;
But I thought by your strut, and others thought,
That the whole of the town was belonging to you."
H. K. J.

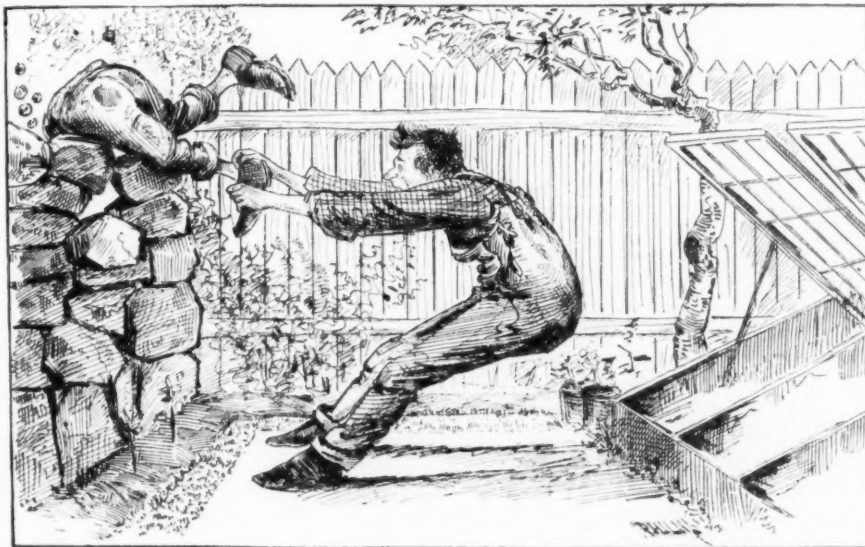
A Summer Idle.

Shady spot,
Little boy,
Watermelon—
Smile of joy.
Large-sized mouth,
Open wide,
Watermelon
Quick doth hide.
Summer night
After frolic;
Boy is doubled
Up with colic.
Mother weeps
O'er her cares;
Servants running,
Father swears.
Doctor comes,
Rather gruff,
Doses boy with
Nasty stuff.
Night has flown,
Colic's o'er—
Where's the melon?
Boy wants more.

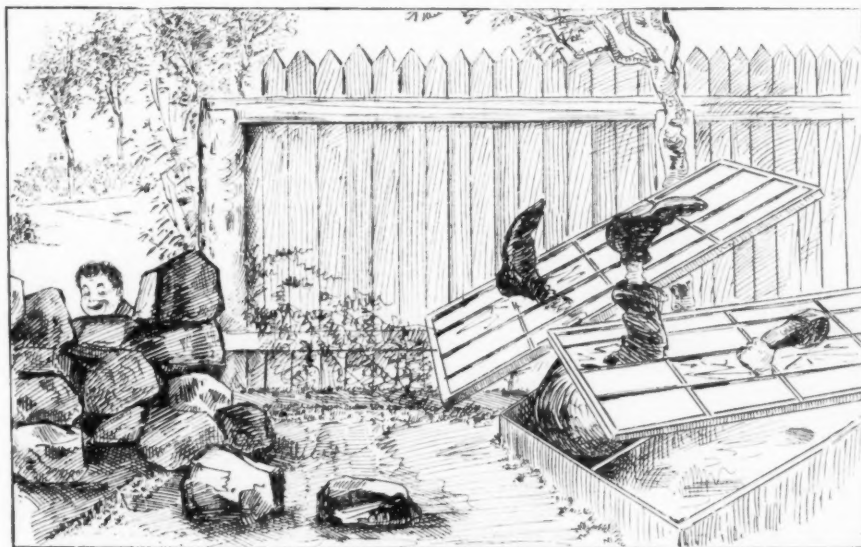
HARRY J. SHELLMAN.

COUNTRY BORED—city people summering at farm-houses.

CATCHING A TARTAR.



OVER THE GARDEN WALL.



CRUSHED AGAIN.

An Ancient English Law.

THE following law continued in force on the English statute books until the year 1770, when it was repealed: "Whoever shall entice into matrimony any male subject of the realm by means of rouge, white paint, Spanish cotton, steel corsets, crinoline, high-heeled shoes, or false hips, shall be prosecuted for witchcraft, and such marriage declared null and void."

THE JUDGE logically concludes from the above criminal catalogue of ancient British feminine ways and means, that false hair, penciled eyebrows, false teeth and other necessary items of feminine "make up" of our more modern day, were unknown to those ancient English legislators. The revival of that old British law, with the addition of certain other necessary adjuncts, by way of catalogue, would not prove anachronistic in our own time and clime. With this end in view, THE JUDGE would earnestly call the attention of our National Representatives and Senators to the subject. No absolute necessity, however, for making it a "witchcraft" offence—call it inveiglement, misdemeanor, mashing, blackmailing, husband-hunting, felony, or any other appropriate American

name you choose. Many a purblind and moribund old bachelor would heartily welcome the passage of such an enactment. We humbly beg the ladies' pardon for the suggestion, which THE JUDGE simply makes as a humanitarian—"only that and nothing more."

AN Indianapolis paper brings the charge against some young men that at a Sunday-school excursion to Broad Ripples, near that city, "they stripped off and went in bathing before the young ladies." This was very reprehensible, and cannot be too severely condemned. If those young men had possessed the least spark of gallantry, they would have waited and permitted the young ladies to go in first.

IN the pocket of a burglar recently shot at Newton, N. J., was found a Moody and Sanky hymn-book. Let this be a warning to young men as to what they read.

"EMBROIDERED insertions" is the latest term for sensational newspaper "puffs."

How to utilize *The World's* taffy: Pull it, sir—(Pulitzer).



WE have not heard very much of Selina Dolaro lately. The memory of her Olivette and other performances haunts us yet, but for some time past it has been only a memory. With this season, however, Dolly Dolaro will hob up more serenely than ever from below. She will create the Merry Duchess at the Standard, and her name in consequence will head the bills of Sims & Clay's quaint travesty of the English turf and its methods. Furtheron, Madame Dolaro's comedy, "Fashion," will be given at the Union Square Theatre, with the authoress herself in the principal role. That ought to be glory enough for one season, but the season has much in store. To be sure, the Duchess of Epsom Downs—"the Merry Duchess," as the posters call her—is not necessarily the best part in the opera. Rowena will run it very close. Rowena was chosen in preference to the Duchess as the leading part when the piece was cast in England; and if Rowena falls into competent hands, Dolly will have to look to her laurels. But the production is going to be a gorgeous one—so we are told; the very theatre has been re-modeled and re-decorated in anticipation of it; and the old patrons of the Standard will hardly know it. This, however, is only a detail. The opera itself, with its turfy suggestions, its choruses of jockeys and tigers, and its absurdly impossible paraphrase of English high life, ought to prove the attraction, and probably will—and then there is Dolly Dolaro.

The ordinarily astute Samuel Colville has been doing things of questionable wisdom lately. In the first place, he has been and gone and got married—at his time of life he ought surely to know better; but, after all, that is a matter between himself and his own conscience, with which the amusement-loving public and the scribes who keep them posted on matters transpiring in the amusement world, have nothing to do. It is not at all likely that Sam Colville and Eme Rousseau will start out to star in "The Honeymoon," so we can afford to put that question by. But when Samuel took possession of the Fourteenth Street Theatre, when the mantle of the redoubtable Haverly descended upon his shoulders, was he altogether wise in dropping Haverly's name and substituting his own therefor? A change of name is no advantage to a theatre. It tends to confuse the public mind—destroying the identity, as it were. Now, there is no better known name than that of Haverly, in association with amusement enterprises. Not very long since it was a name to conjure by; and certainly, if printers' ink and lithographic stone can confer notoriety, few names and faces were better known than Haverly's over this broad land. But Mr. Colville has hauled down the old trade-mark, and, ignoring the time and money and labor that have been expended in building it up, prefers to hoist another of his own. Well, may the issue be fortunate; and may the "Devil's Auction" not lead him a devil's dance before he is done with it.

Anglomani—a disease which has appeared of late to be epidemic among our theatrical managers—appears to have attacked Brooks & Dickson in a peculiarly aggravated form. Has anyone paused to analyse their programme for the season at the Standard?—which will of course largely influence their programme throughout the country. "The Merry Duchess," to begin with, is in reality a comedy by Sims—for the few musical numbers contributed by Clay are scarcely enough for a burlesque. From our past experience of Clay's music, we may be pardoned for regarding this circumstance as an unmixed advantage; but, anyhow, the interesting fact remains that it is an opera only in name, and is English throughout—English as to the author, English as to the composer, English as to the scene and plot and incidents and dialogue. What is underlined to follow "The Merry Duchess"? "The Soldier's Wife," another English piece—by the same author, Sims, by the way. After that? Oh, then we get into a region of doubt and uncertainty, nothing being fully decided upon but that the successor to "The Soldier's Wife" shall be another English piece. If possible, it will be the play that succeeds "The Silver King" at the Princess Theatre, London. What that play may be, no one knows as yet—neither its subject, its style nor its title—but it will certainly be English, and therefore excellently adapted for the Standard Theatre, New York, according to the Anglomaniacal ideas of Messrs. Brooks & Dickson. Gilbert & Sullivan's new opera may follow, and *apres* another English play.

Since it seems to be fashionable to change the names of theatres, THE JUDGE begs to offer Messrs. Brooks & Dickson a suggestion for naming the Standard. It would be consistent, at any rate. Let them call it

THE THEATRE ROYAL, NEW YORK.

Very thin party to street urchin: "Boy, what do you suppose that dog is following me for?" The gamin casts a knowing look at his cadaverous interlocutor, and readily replies: "Guess, mister, from appearances, the dog feels hungry and takes you for a bone!" Neither canine nor gamin(e) stands on the order of his going, with the shadow in hot pursuit.

ONLY a tiny bonnet,
Set with exquisite grace,
With heaps of daisies 'pon it,
Over a pretty face,
Whose lips were swiftly moving
In a low bovine hum—
Only a Newport maiden
Chewing a hunk of gum.

PHYSICIANS in San Francisco have discovered one hundred and seven cases of leprosy among the hoodlum class of boys who smoke cigarettes made by Chinamen. So it seems that the cigarette has some good uses, after all.

STEVE HOLCOMB, a Louisville gambler, has become a zealous city missionary. He would be a good man to put in charge of the raffles, prize-games and grab-bags at the church fairs.

WE have received a copy of a publication called *The Health Journal*, which claims a circulation of 200,000 in a year. Verily a healthy journal.

A RAILWAY, before it is built, is only a paper road; but after it is completed and opened to the public it becomes station-ary.

Warming His Ears.

LATE one evening an omnibus was rumbling down Fifth avenue, New York. A handsome young lady, modestly attired, sat near the door. As the vehicle passed the Hotel Brunswick, a man in a white hat, diamond studs and gray side whiskers, caught sight of the pretty face. He entered the omnibus and sat down at the side of the young lady. After paying his fare he hummed "Sweet Violets," and tried to attract her attention. Wrapt in her own contemplations, she gazed at the stately residences on the avenue, unmindful of her surroundings. Suddenly she felt the tips of gray whiskers on her cheek.

"Are you not cold, Miss?" their owner said.

"Oh, no," was the modest reply. "Are your ears cold?"

"Certainly not," the man replied. "But why do you ask?"

"Because you evidently want them warmed."

The only other occupant of the stage laughed outright at the cutting retort. The gray bearded man flushed and pulled the strap. He got out in some haste, and the stage rumbled onward, while the young lady resumed her contemplations.—*Bost. Herald.*

"SAM KATES, of Henry county, Ga., has a calf with three legs," says a current item. Now what is there in that? If it had said that Sam had a leg with three calves, it might have been worth noting.

"Do girls like to kiss?" said Smithers.

"Some do," replied Bouncer.

"How do you know?"

"Why, I have it from their own lips."

WHEN a man visits your house and expresses fanatical views on the temperance question in return for your proffered hospitality, put your demijohn on the top shelf and hide the step-ladder.

A FASHION item says that "\$300 worth of lace can be put on a filmy dress without looking loaded." It is to be presumed they go off easily.

FARMERS who have large quantities of unsaleable tomatoes on hand shouldn't feel discouraged. They ought to be able to ketchup before winter sets in.

It is a wonder that railroad conductors can ever be sober men, when they are compelled to take a punch every time they receive a ticket.

ONE reason why the telegraphers could go out on a strike was because they had enough funds back of them to keep from going on tick.

"DE LAYS are dangerous," remarked the colored orator as the bad eggs began to fly, and then he retired from the platform.

POETS of the present age do not "Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness," because no one will trust them to that extent.

FASHIONABLE ladies like to get "a new wrinkle," but they don't want it to show on the forehead.

NEVER absent from his club—One of the Finest.

BREVITY, WIT, SENSE.

A FIVE-YEAR old girl in Halifax, N. S., split her sister's skull open with an axe. Precious darling! Now, if we could get rid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, we should probably have the baby murderers on the lecture platform, telling us exactly how she did it.

THE WORLD and the ways of its dealing
Hold sentiment nothing but trash,
And the heart may be wanting in feeling
So the pocket be heavy with cash.
Oh, Friendship! 'Tis easily gotten
As long as there's money enough—
But the chain will begin to grow rotten
When the gilding is all worn off.

THE Philadelphia *News* says ice-cream is now made from kaolin, a white clay, sweetened with glucose, and flavored with chemicals.

Even so, as long as it is cold and cheap, it will answer every purpose of man—it will satisfy the girls.

A ST. LOUIS paper, welcoming the mayor's new bride in verse, says: "Scatter the blossoms under her feet." If the Chicago papers are to be relied on, a compliance with this request would necessitate some pretty wide scattering.

A DEAD give-away—turning over to the medical colleges the unclaimed bodies at the Morgue.

WHEN a visitor entertains you with a harangue on his honesty, lock up the spoons and unchain the watch dog.

SINGULAR that a bell only works when it strikes.

A HEN generally seems to be in good spirits, but she broods a good deal.

FAIR to C—, as the critic said of the soprano's voice.

AN early fall—that of Adam and Eve. It came just before it was time to leave.

SOME people get puffed up on conceit, but it is a very poor diet to get fat on.

A GIRL who runs away to sea has a naughty-gal inclination.

SLEIGHT-OF-HAND—the man with only ace-high.

A PHILOSOPHIC MIND—mind your own business.

THE proper veil to draw over a sad event—a vale of tears.

A BAD CASE of black mail—a negro dude.

TOO MUCH luncheon hampers the picnic.

RATHER a swell thing—a bruised eye.

AN African leg-end—a negro's foot.

A SUMMER idyl—going a-fishing.

SURE to be at the top—a hat.

THE sum of life—*Homo sum.*

How He Did It.

"YOUNG man," said a president of one of the western roads, to a candidate for employment, "young man, I can do nothing for you beyond giving you a little advice. Do as I did, and make yourself a self-made man."

"But how did you do it?" inquired the job-hunter?

"I started out as a switchman on this very road. I was poor, but ambitious. In order to get my first start, I married a girl, got her life insured, started her off on her wedding tour alone, derailed the train, and collected the insurance, mulcted the company in \$10,000, and bought a passenger brakeman's place."

"That was ingenious," commented the applicant.

"Then I married another woman, insured her life, and one night when the train stopped to cool a hot box, I didn't flag the freight coming on behind. I collected the insurance on her, got another ten thousand, and purchased a conductor's sit. From that the raise was easy, and now I own the road. Do as I did. Rely on yourself, and ask no man for assistance."

"Much obliged," replied the youth, carelessly. "I'll profit by your advice. I know where I can get a job on a newspaper, and I don't know how I can make a better start than by publishing your experience. Good morning."

But the self-made man called him back, and now the youth is treasurer of the whole concern.—*Traveler's Magazine.*

A TRAVELING man, noticing a pretty girl alone in the car, went over in her direction, and smilingly asked: "Is this seat engaged, miss?" "No, sir, but I am, and he is going to get on at the next station." "Oh—ah—indeed—thanks—beg pardon—" and he picked up his feet after stumbling over them, and went into the smoking car to be alone awhile.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A NOTED base ball player has been sent to the penitentiary in New York for attempting to murder his wife. Some of his old comrades have very little sympathy with him. If he had attempted to murder the umpire the defeated nine would have presented him with a handsome testimonial. If it wasn't for the unfair decisions of the umpire, both clubs would always win!—*Norristown Herald.*

PUG dogs are going out of fashion as ladies' pets, and young women who have a stock of these canines on hand, and can't afford to invest in the new fashion, will have to treat their pugs as they do their last year's dresses—turn them, let out the tucks, shirr the skirt, and brighten them up with a bow of ribbon here and there.—*Norristown Herald.*

SOPHRONIA: Can we give you a rhyme for oysters? Certainly—

The month draws nigh that has an R—

The female heart with joy stirs;

Anticipation forward points

To sundry treats of oysters.

—*Somerville Journal.*

A KANSAS woman was upbraiding her husband, when a cyclone hove in sight, and, with a sigh of relief, the unhappy man ran out into its path, and was safely blown into the next county.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

A MAN in bathing at the sea-shore has to wear a sur-fit of clothing.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

The Lime-Kiln Club.

"WILL Moses Webster Finback please step this way?" asked the president, as the meeting opened.

Brother Finback, who has been a very quiet but deeply interested member of the club for the past two years, advanced to the desk, and Brother Gardner continued:

"Moses, I I'arn dat you am on de pint of removin' to Ohio?"

"Yes, sah."

"You will take you certificate 'long wid you, an' you will keep your membership wid us jist de same; an' any time you can raise money 'nuff to raise a freight train an' cum up an' see us, you will find a hostile welcome."

"Yes, sah—ize much obleeged, sah," replied Moses, as he wiped a tear from his eye.

"An' now I want to say a few furdur words to you," resumed the president, after a further pause. "You am gwine to cut loose an' sail in de company of strangers, an' dar am a few things you would do well to remember."

"Remember dat a lawyer will work harder to cl'ar a murderer dan' he will to convict a thief."

"Remember, dat a naybur who offers you de loan of his hoe, am fishin' around to secure de loan of your wheelbarrow."

"Remember, dat you can't judge of de home happiness of a man an' wife by seein' em' at a Sundays-kule picnic."

"Remember, dat while de aiverage man will return you de k'rect change in a business transackshun, he'll water his milk, an' mix beans wid his coffee."

"Remember, dat all de negatives of de best photographs am retouched, an' de wrinkles an' freckles worked out."

"Remember, dat society am made up of good clothes, hungry stomachs, deception, heartaches, an' mixed grammar."

"Remember, dat people will neber stop to queshun de truf of any rumor or scandal affectin' your character, but it takes y'ars to satisfy 'em dat your great grandfadder wasn't a pirate, an' your great grandmudder de leadin' gal in a fifteen-cent ballet."

"You kin now sot down 'an close yer eyes, 'an reflect 'an digest, 'an de rest of us will pureceed to carry out de usual programme of de meetin'."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE undismayed Vennor says August will be dry. Vennor probably wanted to stand in on the drinks which a hospitable constituency is always ready to put up for a thirsty mortal.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

THE Kilkenny cats on the clothes-line were probably sick of it, as it is the worst case of tie-fuss known on the records.—*Cinc. Merchant Traveler.*

THE only short weight man that is popular, is the theatrical manager.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

IT turns out that O'Donnell, who killed Carey, is on Ohio man. Who'll Carey for Ohio now?—*Chicago Telegram.*

THE whale thinks it's a big fish, and one cannot make a good dive without coming up to blow about it.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A NEW YORK plumber has married a milliner. Everything tends to consolidation and monopoly these days.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A REVIVAL MEETING—a camphor bottle and a fainting woman's nose.—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

A PEN PICTURE—litter of pigs.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Hamlet Revived.

To draw, or not to draw, that is the question, Whether 'tis safer in the player to take The awful risk of skinning for a straight Or, standing pat, to raise 'em all the limit, And thus, by bluffing, to get it, to draw—to skin;

No more—and by that skin to get a full Or two pair, or the fattest bouncin' kings That luck is heir to—'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wished. To draw, to skin; Perchance to bust—aye, there's the rub! For in that draw of three, what cards may come

When we have shuffled off the uncertain pack,

Must give us pause. There's the respect Which makes calamity of a bob-tailed flush, For who would bear the overwhelming blind, The reckless straddle, the wait on the edge, The insolence of pat hands, and the lifts That patient merit of the bluffer takes, When he himself might be much better off By simply passing? Who would trays up hold,

And go out on a small progressive raise, But that the dread of something after call. The undiscovered ace-full, to whose strength Such hands must bow, puzzles the will And makes us rather keep the chips we have, Than be curious about hands we know not of?

And thus the native hue of a four-heart flush Is sicklied with some dark and cursed club, And speculators in a jack-pot's wealth, With this regard their interest turns awry, And lose the right to open.

W. D. ANTHONY.

Not a Good Conductor.

VERY many patrons of the cable cars in this city have had occasion to smile quite audibly when the conductor was approached by some acquaintance, who addressed him with "Hello, Milk."

The eyebrows of the aforesaid nicklegatherer would contract, and his thirty-stone bosom would heave with indignation while his lips would mutter something that no one with an ear-trumpet might construe into a horrible oath.

Mr. Milk was not a mild-mannered man, nor was he gentle as the summer sun when it is breathing over sleeping valleys. He was cross and peevish, cold and stern, and his companions were never permitted to approach even the outer circle of the whirlpool of his frame, and on account of his surly disposition he became known to all on the road as "Mr. Milk." One day, an old lady, a neighbor of the family of the conductor, heard him addressed as "Mr. Milk," and she questioned her friend concerning it, and was informed that it was only a nick-name given him on account of his surly disposition.

"But," says the lady, "I cannot see why such a name should be applied to him, even if he is of a sour disposition."

"Well," was the reply, "because he is not a good conductor."

"But what has milk to do with that?" asked the old lady.

"Well, madame, don't you know that milk is not a good conductor, and always turns sour in a thunder storm."—*C. Pretzell.*

"Show me the way up to a higher plane," says Ella Wheeler, the Western poetess. Certainly, Ella; just step up into the elevator, and tell the conductor to let you out at the top floor. Plenty of room up here.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

MURPHY heard cows in his orchard the other night, and slipping out the back way, appeared suddenly near the front steps, and yelled, "He-ah Tige! He-ah Tige! He-ah Tige!" Just then a figure rushed past, cleared two fences, and vanished in the gloom. "Take 'im! take 'im!" screamed the old man; but his daughter Miranda, who had unaccountably arrived on the scene, secured the dog by the collar, and refused to let go. "What ye doin'," yelled the old man, "don't ye know them cows has been in here three or four times?" "Oh, pa," was the answer, "but this was only a calf." The old man was pacified, but Adolphus, who was standing out in the road waiting developments, wasn't; and Miranda will never understand the coldness that has sprung up between them.—*Peck's Sun.*

'Tis now the little boys,
Intent on summer joys,
Go bathing in every stream they find, find, find;
Returning home they feel,
While twisting like an eel,
The little shingle pattering behind, 'hind, 'hind.
—*Somerville Journal.*

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A Sudden Shower.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE moon is tropical. The rose
Leans like a yearning mouth to meet
The kisses that the zephyr blows,
Full flavored with the fragrant heat.

The breezy maples seem to quaff
The shade like wine, and, thrif'd with glee,
Toss up their leafy heads and laugh
And hiss and whisper tipsily.

As in the sight, the air afloat,
The meadow glimmers on to us,
A glamored murmur, high, remote,
Falls on the hearing tremulous.

The pent-up anger of the storm!
The dust grows ashen, as with fright,
And, rising, reels in phantom form,
And passes in convulsive flight.

With petulant and gusty breaths
The winds come waltzing as they may,
Till e'en the sunshine vanishes,
As it were whirled and blown away.

Barefooted boys scud up the street,
Or skurry under sheltering sheds,
And school-girl faces, pale and sweet,
Gleam from the shawls about their heads.

Doors bang, and mother voices call
From alien homes, and rusty gates
Are slammed—and, high above it all,
The thunder grim articulates.

And then, abrupt, the rain! the rain!
The earth lies gasping, and the eyes
Behind the streaming window pane
Smile at the trouble of the skies.

The highway smokes; sharp echoes ring:
The cattle bawl, and cowbells clank,
And into town comes galloping
The farmers horse, with streaming flank.

The swallow dips beneath the eaves,
And flirts his plumes and folds his wings,
And under the catawba leaves
The caterpillar curls and clings.

The bumblebee is pelted down
The wet stem of the hollyhock,
And sullenly, in spattered brown,
The cricket leaps the garden walk.

Within, the baby claps his hands
And crows with rapture strange and vague:
Without, beneath the rosebush, stands
A dripping rooster on a leg.

—Indianapolis Journal.

If you will let me take your stick of candy, I'll show you how I can swallow it, and make it come out of my ear." The candy was delivered. The young magician deliberately ate it. Then for the space of two minutes he threw himself into violent contortions. The candy failing to appear, he said to the expectant spectator, with an air of great disappointment, "I believe I've forgotten the rest of it."—Exchange.

To the bitter end—a cigar stub.



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