

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK AS SECOND CLASS MATTER. COPYRIGHT 1881 BY THE JUDGE PUBLISHING CO.

Price

NEW YORK, AUGUST 25, 1883.

10 Cents.



"Whoever says I'm fishing for the Presidency is a base Fabricator. I ain't."—J. G. BLAINE.

THE JUDGE

FRANKLIN SQUARE LITH. CO. NEW YORK.

THE JUDGE.



THE JUDGE.

324, 326 and 328 Pearl St., (Franklin Square.)
NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)

IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers, \$5.00

One copy, six months, or 26 numbers, 2.50

One copy, for 13 weeks, 1.25

Address. POSTAGE FREE.

THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
324, 326 and 328 Pearl St., New York.

EUROPEAN AGENTS:

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 11 Boulevard St., (Fleet St.)
LONDON, ENGLAND.

NOTICE.

Contributors must put their valuation upon the articles they send to us (subject to a price we may ourselves fix), or otherwise they will be regarded as gratuitous. Stamps should be inclosed for return postage, with name and address, if writers wish to regain their declined articles.

FISHING? OH, NO!

LONG AGO—how long ago no one will be impolite enough to ask—when THE JUDGE was a little boy, he was very fond of fishing. But the trout-stream which he most affected was the property—at least one bank of it was—of a man who discouraged little boys in the pursuit of the gentle craft, and used to drive them away when he caught them fishing in his waters. So the little boys were accustomed to stick their rods into the bank on the forbidden side, and retiring to the safety of the neutral territory, watch for a nibble. If the proprietor came along they could, with more or less truthfulness, assert that they were not fishing; but when the coast was clear, should a fish rise to the tempting bait, how quickly they would be across the stream, and how earnestly they would try to land their victim! But nobody could say they were fishing. Certainly not. Ah, those were happy days.

THE JUDGE knows nothing of the boyhood of James G. Blaine, but thinks it by no means improbable that he used to enjoy a day's fishing occasionally under similar circumstances. It is very certain that if he ever did, he has not forgotten the art—and the artfulness—taught by the forbidden trout stream. Does anyone accuse Mr. Blaine of angling for the Presidency? Like the boy whose rod is stuck in the bank, he can point innocently to his empty hands, and, with more or less truthfulness, assert that he is not fishing. But should a fish rise to the bait, how quickly he will be across the stream, the enthusiastic fisherman! and how earnestly he will try to land his victim. This vicarious fishing, with the pole stuck in the bank of a few partisan newspapers, and the bait deftly attached by a few political clubs, is a very safe, and, no doubt, a

profitable pastime. If a bite comes, well and good—and meanwhile no one can accuse Mr. Blaine of poaching. No one can say he is fishing. He has only to point to his empty hands and cite his general aspect of idleness.

DANA AND DORSEY.

ALL New York, Long Island and the Jerseys know *The Sun* to be a live and enterprising paper, and Mr. Dana to be a man who prides himself on always keeping abreast of, and in cases of emergency a little in advance of, the march of events. We had nearly written "of the times," but this might suggest a comparison, for which Mr. Dana would never forgive us—a comparison between *The Sun* and *The Times*. But if Mr. Dana has a fault—and the most godlike of our species have faults—it is traceable to a proneness to discuss any topic he may have become enamored of *ad nauseam*—*vulgiter*, to run it into the ground. He has recently become enamored of ex-Senator Dorsey, of Star-Route fame, and has opened the chaste and exclusive columns of *The Sun* to his utterances. Now, Mr. Dorsey is a man with a grievance; indeed he might be described, without error, as a man of many grievances, and he delights to air them. What man with a grievance or grievances does not? And Mr. Dana delights to permit him to air them, and the consequence is, that the first page of *The Sun* is, at intervals, devoted to a detailed statement of Mr. Dorsey's wrongs. That much-maligned gentleman is disposed to take his troubles in a querulous spirit, and to make the most of them, and a column more or less being nothing to Mr. Dana, Mr. Dorsey spreads himself.

But alas for the readers! 'Alas for those who glance over the once sprightly *Sun*, and meeting with the too familiar and ominous heading: "Dorsey Speaks Again," sink into a condition of shuddering collapse and plaintively sigh, "Oh, give us a rest?" Alas for those whose hearts heave against the pestilential exhalations of decayed political matter which Mr. Dorsey so persistently rakes over under their very noses. Alas for those who cannot take a lively interest in such personal details as these: "Mr. Dorsey has a fine grove of cotton trees, and is now building a fish-pond for black bass." "He has one fence that is thirty miles long"—probably he foresees that an emergency may arise in which he will have to straddle it, and desires to have room to slide along according to his strength.

But, in all seriousness, the sooner Mr. Dana can find some more savory subject to waste his space on, and the sooner he desists from nauseating people with Mr. Dorsey and his grievances, the better it will be for *The Sun* and the readers thereof.

A VAGRANT with one leg was sent to jail for thirty days; the judge remarking, "anyone can see he has no visible means of support."

HOADLY'S DILEMMA.

THE political pot is boiling merrily in Ohio, and there is every chance that it may boil over so as to scald the pedal extremities of Judge Hoadly. The fact is that there are a good many issues to be handled out West in the coming campaign; some so irreconcilable as to require very delicate treatment, and just as the worthy Hoadly had made up his mind, to a certain extent, how to tackle them, along comes the Woodward letter and complicates his position amazingly. But Ohio is a State of surprises—it fully earned that distinction when it gave us Hayes, and it may have other surprises in store. And, no doubt, one of the most surprised men in the country will be Judge Hoadly, if he comes through the campaign without losing a feather.

THE GREAT STRIKE.

PROBABLY no strike in our day and generation has attracted so much attention as the strike of the telegraph operators, and that for obvious reasons. The battle has been a long and fierce one, and in its progress and results the public has been directly interested to a very large degree. In every class of life the inconvenience caused by a partial cessation of the telegraph service has been more or less felt, for at the present day this lightning method of communication, all unknown though it was to our fathers, has become a necessity scarcely less than ordinary postal communication. The circumstance of the peculiar connection of the public with this strike has given rise to some very peculiar theories which have been boldly enunciated by certain journals, not the least whimsical of which is the suggestion that telegraph operators should be regularly enlisted, and that a desertion from their instruments, on their part, should be punished in the same way as the desertion of a soldier from the ranks. This is admirable in theory, but is about as impracticable and unpractical as anything well could be. Soldiers are enlisted to serve the Government, and telegraph operators are employed to serve a corporation. The operators have no direct concern with the public. The public's contract is with the corporation, and it is bound to find means of fulfilling that contract; but the right of the operator to retire from his place when he is discontented with it, or when by so doing he thinks he can better himself, is as clear and indefeasible as that of any workman to knock off work when it seems good to him to do so. It devolves upon employers to offer their workmen such inducements as will prevail on them to render faithful and continuous service. In the absence of a contract, no employer has any other hold upon his laborers than that of money paid for service done. To exempt a corporation—the Western Union or any other—from the inexorable law of supply and demand, which rules in every labor market in the world,

would be absurd. Why should the Western Union be placed in the position of a Government, and entitled to compel the service of its employees, as if they were enlisted troops? That corporation has shown itself too fond of governing already, and were this privilege accorded it, there is no knowing where its encroachments would stop. No, if it is necessary that telegraph operators be enlisted men, let the Government take the lines and enlist them, but as long as those lines are controlled by a corporation, let that corporation come fairly into the market and compete, as other employers do, for the labor it requires. And if it is hampered by a strike, it has no right to make the public, which has granted it the valuable franchises whereby it exists, a party sufferer. Let it deal with its disaffected employees in its own way, but let it, before all, give the public what it has a right to demand—an uninterrupted telegraph service. To the country at large it is a matter of superlative indifference how the Western Union may act towards its employees. The country at large has suffered for some weeks the inconvenience of a suspended telegraph communication. That inconvenience the company had no right to inflict. They should either have acceded to the demands of the strikers or promptly supplied their places. Some cases are in the Courts now which may, in their result, teach Western Union that starvation wages to their employees, and obstinacy in the face of their united demand, was poor economy after all.

Never Say Dye.

MY MOTHER bids me dye my hair
The fashionable hue
Which women now so often wear,
And Nature never grew.
She bids me at their frizzes peep
And see how fair are they—
But will dyed hair its color keep,
And won't it soon turn gray?

I see girls in the gay saloon
Or on the grand parade,
And wonder in my heart how soon
Their hair's light hue will fade.
Each night before they go to sleep
They dye it, I dare say;
But will dyed hair its color keep,
And won't it soon turn gray?

My hair is like the raven's wing,
So jetty are its curls;
What if away my fears I fling,
And dye like other girls.
In potash if my hair I steep
I may be fair as they—
But will dyed hair its color keep,
And won't it soon turn gray?

What if in time revenge should be
Mistreated Nature's call;
And haply on fair heads you'll see
The blight of baldness fall.
While such dread thoughts upon me creep,
Oh ne'er say dye, ma, pray;
'Tis best my own black hair to keep
Till old age turns it gray.

A NEWSPAPER REPORTER accidentally knocked a ladder down, but immediately set about righting it up.



KING KU-KLUK—Pray, Uncle Sam, don't get angry; this is only our regular annual celebration, by which we seek to keep alive the tender memories of the past.

The Priest and His Dinner.

A WORTHY member of the sacerdotal profession, recently from the "ould dart," stood at the corner of a certain square in New York about the hour of dinner, when one of his countrymen who knew him at home, observing the worthy Father in perplexity, addressed him:

"O, Father O'Leary, how is yer rividence, and what news from ould Ballymaclusky?"
"Faith, I am mighty put out, Pat; and it isn't Ballymaclusky that's troubling me most at this blessed moment."

"Put out! What haythen would be afther puttin' yer rividence out in a Christian country?"

"Ah, you don't understand, Pat. I am invited to dine in one of the houses in this square, and, bless my memory, I have quite forgotten the number, and as luck would have it, I am as hungry as Job's turkey."

"Oh, is that all that's the matter with yer rividence?" rejoined Pat. "Jist now be aisy, and I'll settle that for yees while yer rividence would be saying Jack Robinson."

Away flew the good-natured Irishman around the square, glancing at the kitchens, and when he discovered a fire that denoted hospitality he rang the bell with all his might and inquired:

"Is his rividence, Father O'Leary, from ould Ballymaclusky, here?"

He was again and again repulsed, but that did not dishearten Pat, who had made up his mind that his old friend the priest should not miss his dinner. At length an angry footman, in reply to his query, exclaimed:

"No! bother on Father O'Leary, he isn't

here; but he was to dine here to-day, and the cook is almost crazy, and says the dinner will be spoiled entirely, and the whole company are waiting for Father O'Leary, bad cess to him."

Pat, leaping from the steps as if his very salvation depended on his celerity, rushed like the wind to where the astonished *Soggarth* stood expectantly, saying:

"All right, yer rividence; your dinner is waiting for you over there, at No. 43, and, judging from appearances, a mighty good dinner ye'll get, as sure as my name is Pat Flaherty."

"Oh, Pat," said the grateful pastor, "the blessing of a hungry man be upon your head."

"Long life and happiness to yer rividence," said Pat, as the priest moved toward his objective point; "I have got yer malady—I only wish I had yer cure."

A LADY who had for years been compressing a No. 6 foot into a No. 2 shoe, died recently from gangrene of the pedal extremities. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Died from the effects of a fit."

"THE boy is father to the man," but the youth of seventeen knows enough in his own estimation to be the great grandfather.

IF the circus is a foretaste of heaven to the small boy, what must a Democratic Convention be to a presumptive Alderman?

TASTE not the peach as yet, unless it be the peach cheek of your best girl.



ALMEH.

SLOW SWEEP of the restless ocean,
 Stirring after the storm is done—
 A lark poised with a listless motion,
 Singing its soul to the rising sun—
 A tall lily, gracefully bending
 Its fair head to the summer breeze,
 The long shadows at evening trending
 Eastward swayed with the swaying trees;
 These are graceful—yet to thy dancing
 Naught in nature can I compare.
 The lily lacks thy bright eye glancing,
 Ocean hath not thy glorious hair;
 Motion's poetry, Oh, my Alme!
 Guides thy gestures as thou dost move;
 Sweet and warm, as a holy psalm may
 Sound, commingled with songs of love.
 Is there no pause in thy voiceless drama;
 Is there no rest from this whirl of bliss;
 Can'st thou not spare a moment to calm a
 Passion like mine with a single kiss?
 Thy lips are wine of a vintage fruity,
 Grant them to me for a long, rich draught—
 Pause, pause, pitiless moving beauty,
 I die contented when I have quaffed!
 Fling thy tambourine, pray, aside and
 Come and sit by my side a while;
 Harsh is melody, music strident
 To thy soft words and softer smile.
 Ah, thou hearest—though coyly giv'n,
 Bless thee, love! for that answering kiss—
 Dull earth, vanish! and open, heaven!—
 Love, I would die in a dream like this!

All in nature must live by loving;
 The breeze grows sweet from the rose's breath;
 My heart is thirsty—yet thou, still moving,
 Doomest my passion and me to death.
 See, the loosened clasp of thy girdle
 Tells thee plainly the dance is done—
 Speak, fair Alme! thy slightest word'll
 Warm my heart like a tropic sun.

Why, Oh Why?

AN ESSAY ON THE INNATE PERVERSITY OF OBJECTS
 —ANIMATE AND INANIMATE.

"I never had a piece of bread
 Particularly good and wide,
 But I was sure to let it fall
 And always on the buttered side."
 —Unknown but Accurate Observer.

WHY do things go wrong? Why is life so full of inconveniences? Why, if a thing may happen in one of two ways, does it always fall out that the least agreeable occurs? And echo answers, Why? Why does the huckster's cart turn out of the side street into Broadway just at the moment you are attempting to cross? By what mechanism does it regulate its pace so as to turn down the next street just as you have reached it? Why is there always a jam of vehicles on the crossing you are about to make use of, and why is there never a policeman where he is wanted? Why does your watch fulfill its mission and record the lapse of time with exemplary regularity all the time you are in a city where clocks confront you at every turn, and where you hardly ever have occasion to take it out of your pocket; and why does it go wrong the moment it accompanies you to some retired country nook where timepieces scarcely exist? By what diabolical ingenuity does a fragile ornament occupy the place where you have been accustomed to put your match-safe, with the inevitable result of its breakage when you come (as sooner or later you will) to seek for matches in the dark; and why does the crash inevitably occur at the very time when it is essentially important for you to be noiseless? Who has not observed—the "who," of course, being included in that great world which is occasionally out late o' nights—that when he is ascending the stairs any time after midnight, with every precaution which elaborate carefulness can suggest, those stairs will creak and groan with a noise and persistence that they were utter strangers to when you lightly raced up them, three steps at a time, after breakfast? And who has not observed—the "who" again belonging to the same

large and important category—that the street door yields readily to his latch-key at a time when he could as easily secure admittance by ringing the bell as not, while in the wee sma' hours the same keyhole seems endowed with a malign and devilish ingenuity whereby it eludes the key, no matter how deftly it may be manipulated? Who has not been in a hurry at some time in his life, and found himself at that very time involved in a railroad accident or a street blockade, such as never occurred to him when he was merely traveling to kill time? Who has not missed a train, owing to its starting on time, which never in the memory of man ran within fifteen minutes of the schedule before? Who has not had a letter miscarry owing to the stamp dropping off (defective muckilage), and who would not be ready to make affidavit that the missive thus intercepted was the most important he ever wrote in his life? Who has not engaged summer board and pledged himself to remain the season—perhaps even paid in advance—without discovering that the paradise on earth was eaten up with mosquitoes and malaria? And who ever wrote a disquisition upon any subject without discovering (after his article was in type) that he had omitted the most cogent and obvious argument that he could have hit upon in support of his position? And we are willing to bet all Pearl street against an oyster shell, that such will be our feelings when we come to read these words in THE JUDGE.

ACCORDING to Professor Young, the total quantity of light emitted from the sun is equal to 6,300,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 candles. It is pretty certain that the professor is mistaken at least a dozen in the number of candles, but whether he has the figures too high or too low, the reader may easily determine by purchasing 6,300,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 candles and trying the experiment.

MANY morbid curiosity seekers were on hand with microscopes, as Tom Thumb's remains passed through the city to its last resting-place.

Sunday-School Stories.

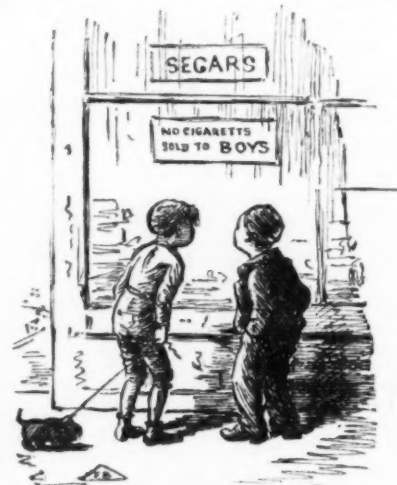
WITH PATENT SELF-SUGGESTING MORALS.

NO. XVI.

ONCE upon a time there lived a large boa constrictor on the margin of a grassy pool. He led a happy, easy life, and never had any particular trouble about anything, but nevertheless he was not contented. He was a very greedy snake, and his especial failing was an overmastering desire to swallow everything, animate and inanimate, that came within reach. Nor, as a rule, had he much difficulty in doing as he desired. He was immensely large, and more powerful than the other inhabitants of the pool, which were mainly eels and small-fry fish, and he swallowed scores of these every day. He had enormous powers of deglutition and a faultless digestion, and if he had contented himself with small fry his life would have been a long and happy one. But, as I told you above, he could not resist the temptation of swallowing everything he saw; and once, in an evil hour (for him), he happened to cast his eyes on a tall tree which grew near the pool. He at once, according to his usual custom, prepared to absorb it into himself. The monster he put out his tongue and he collared it, slavered it over and quietly swallowed it.

So far, so good; but the work of digestion had yet to be accomplished, and this was accompanied by unusual difficulties; for the branches of the tree stuck in his throat and irritated him; the solid mass of the trunk held together and refused to be disintegrated, and, altogether, the unhappy boa constrictor was in a pretty bad way. He writhed and struggled and twisted this way and that, and deeply regretted the overmastering greediness which had led him to swallow the tree-trunk—and at length he choked to death upon it. By-and-by, some men came by, and seeing the corpse of the great snake, with the denuded tree-trunk sticking out of his mouth, said, "Oh my! see the boa constrictor, choked to death on the telegraph pole"; and then someone else said, "Served him right; what did he swallow it for?"

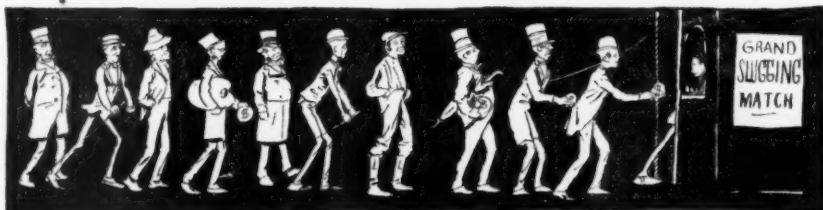
Which part of this little story can Jay Gould find a moral in?



THE NEW-JERSEY LAW.

FIRST BOY—Pears to me them Legislators is makin' theirselves mighty fresh; wot biznis is it ov theirs if I enjoys a quiet smoke?
 SECOND BOY—Blamed if I don't believe they'll stop the biled portaters from smoking next!"

BOXIANA.



We take little interest in science
 Save such as obtains in the Ring;
 On art we place little reliance,
 Though art is a beautiful thing;
 The manly art forms an exception
 To one who its rules understands,
 And we'd go for a week without dinner
 To see two men put up their hands.

BUT *see*, the insiders, the fly chaps,
 The fellows who've been in the ring—
 We collar the swag—and, oh my, chaps!
 You'd wonder what boxing can bring.
 No outlay—two pair of gloves padded,
 Some sawdust; then hire a hall,
 And set two good pugilists at it,
 Is the easiest living at all.



Alonzo Busbee: His Life and Impressions.

BY WILLIAM GILL.

"The story of my life from year to year . . .
 I ran them o'er, even from my boyish days."
 —Shakespeare.

My name is Busbee—Alonzo Busbee!
 The dignity I fail to catch as
 Busbee, I scoop in with Alonzo;
 And thus the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb.

Not that a lorn sham—I should say a shorn lamb—has anything to do with my history; but I think that an apparently Biblical quotation dropped in looks well; well, it looks as if a fellow read something besides the *Police Gazette*. That's what I mean.

Sometimes I vary the dull uniformity of the proceedings by slinging a French quotation at my readers. I know I don't understand French! But there are a lot of other fellows who *do* understand French, and one of them has been kind enough to make out a list of apt remarks in that language translated into United States, and place it in the hinder-end of my dictionary; so all I have to do, when I think it's about time to paralyze my readers with a revelation of my linguistic abilities, is to select the most jaw-breaking one in the list and—there you are!

I tell you, a little bit of plagiarism of that kind goes a long way with the average reader.

Nothing like understanding the public. Latin, the same way. When I desire to be particularly impressive, I drop in a little "*multum in parvo*," or "*a posteriori*," or something equally touching, and I have the public solid. The student looks at my "*a posteriori*," and he is satisfied that he is reading the work of an erudite man.

But I am getting away from my autobiography with a vengeance.

Here goes:
 I was born—perhaps it is scarcely necessary to mention that fact. Every fellow has been born at some period or another; that is, every fellow I ever met. There may be fellows who never were, but to such I have never been introduced.

Certainly, I have met fellows that I have wished had never been born, but that's not the same thing, is it?

I was born some time during the present century—that is quite near enough for all practical purposes. Besides, I don't believe in parading one's natal year, trotting it out, like Maud S, for inspection, as much as to

say: "Here, you fellows, here's *my* year—here's the precise aggregation of twelve months during which I made *my* first appearance; let's see yours. Yah!"

My father was a practical joker of the most advanced kind; he bestowed upon me my given name, because, before I was born, my mother and he were alone—so he called me Alonzo. See?

Oh, I can say some right smart things when I am put to it. I am not often put to it.

My father was not a very clever man, but my mother was—not clever *man*, of course not—but a clever woman. Boys invariably take after their mothers; especially if it happens to be jam or cake the mothers have put into the cupboard, then the boys take after their mothers have left it, not the door—the jam.

My father was a gentleman; I know he was, because I have frequently heard him tell the police justice so, and he wouldn't lie about a little thing like that. There was one good point about Busbee, senior, that I can never sufficiently admire—no matter what the provocation might be, he never beat my mother on a Sunday! I don't know whether he was led to adopt that course by a true sense of religion or a feeling that the old gal ought to be left off *one* day out of the seven, but the generous fact remains the same. No, he always administered a stout thrashing to her on the Saturday night, and that made her feel good, and kept her warm on the Sabbath.

I was an awful smart child! If I could remember some of the funny things I used to do and say, and tell them, I would break you all up. But I can't; and I am sorry, because I never saw anyone broke all up, and my soul pines in secret to behold the aforesaid anatomical smash.

The first thing I remember distinctly doing, was trudging to the corner saloon and back with a beer can. Can empty going to the saloon, two-thirds full coming from the saloon! The next thing I distinctly remember was watching my father drink the beer; the fact that he enjoyed it too thoroughly to offer any of it to my mother, impressed itself upon me. But that is neither here nor there, the beer was—it was always there, never here!

When I was old enough to go to school I was sent—into the streets to sell matches and newspapers, and clean boots, and play chuck-penny on the sidewalk, and pick up dirt and

slang from the gutters, and swear at, and fight with, the little Italian boys who were surely and rapidly usurping the places of the native-born juveniles, and adding the blacking and periodical interests to the pea-nut monopoly already enjoyed by the elders of their race. And thus I prepared myself to be a respectable and honored member of society.

But I never stole a cent—when I could grab a nickel! I don't know, I am sure, what kept me so pure and honest in the midst of my criminal surroundings, like the jewel in the cockroach's forehead—no, toad, wasn't it?—or the one solitary bean in the boarding-house soup? Instinct, perhaps, or maybe George Washington was running in my mind, together with the thoughts of a possible Presidency, or the Chairmanship of a Republican State Committee, the chances for obtaining which would be seriously impaired by the charge of dishonesty which after years could throw in the face of my youth.

Anyone who would meantly steal a quarter, when, by waiting for the golden opportunity, he could get away with a five-dollar bill, is unfitted for any position of honor and trust in the gift of this great and glorious Republic.

I may be wrong, but that is how I feel about it.

(To be continued in our next.)

(Unless some one kills the author in the interim.—Ed.)

Progress informs American girls that Henry Irving is accustomed to receiving suspenders from his lady admirers. If *Progress* could add as truthfully that American courts were in the habit of suspending receivers, what a much more satisfactory banking system we should have.

A NEWSPAPER prints an article explaining "how contortionists learn to tickle their ears with their toes." It may be a very desirable accomplishment to acquire, and yet it is barely possible that young ladies will not tackle kindly to it—especially when out in company. It stands to reason.

THE seaside mosquito rivals all other collectors. He never presents his bill without a successful collection.

GOOD housewives will soon commence the can-can.



PUBLIC SYMPATHY.

DISSATISFIED WIFE—*We cannot agree—we must part forever.*

HUSBAND—*All right; but we must not ventilate our sorrows through the press.*

WIFE—*Ugh! what's the use of the separation, then?*

Chronicles of Gotham.

CHAPTER XII.

1. IN the time gone by, during the reign of Andrew, whose surname was Johnson, and in the reign of Ulysees, there was done a thing by which they gained glory and votes to themselves.

2. And the name of this doing was Swinging round the circle.

3. And it came to pass in the latter days when Chezter reigned over the kingdom of Unkulpalm, that he said to himself: Shall I not do this thing, also, and gain to myself glory and votes;

4. For is not the time drawing near in which the people of the kingdom shall choose a new ruler over themselves, and why shall I not be ruler again?

5. So he called his counsellors unto him, and said: Get ye ready, those among you who, by reason of no axe to grind, can go with me, for I, like unto Andrew and Ulysees, shall swing round the circle.

6. I have traveled into the land of the East; into the land of beans have I traveled; and to the South, to the land of the fruits and the cotton, have I traveled also;

7. But I have not traveled into the West. So send unto the captain of the host, unto the leader of the fighting men send ye, and order him in the fullness of time to meet me;

8. And bid him provide animals for mine ease, the long-eared animals provide to the number of ten score, so that I and my following shall be in nowise delayed;

9. And bid him also provide guides and servants, yea and guards likewise, for shall I not go into the land of the savages; yea, even to the land of the Yellowstone, and the land of big trees, and of big lies?

10. Peradventure I shall go to the land of the setting sun, which lyeth on the big waters which flow between the kingdom of Unkulpalm and the land of the Washee Washee.

11. Yet so that the people of the kingdom shall in no wise say I do this for my own glory, will I buy poles, and lines, and hooks, and strange things for the killing of fish.

12. For am I not known as a great fisherman? And I will gather to myself pleasures in the land of the Yellowstone, and also will I fish for votes in the time to come.

13. Now it was well known to Chezter and to the men of the tribe of Politicians, that the people of the kingdom were of that nature to be led by vain show and speech.

14. And Chezter was in no wise behind the men of the different tribes of Politicians, and he did say to himself: I will show myself to the people, and make them glad.

15. Yea, will I shake them by the hand, and talk big to them, and to the women folks, and to the children will I show the light of my smile—so by this doing will I gain their favor.

16. So when the set time was come, Chezter and his counsellors, and Robert the son of Abraham, did set forth for the land of the West, and the manner of their going was called by them Vacation.

17. Notwithstanding they called it after this name, the people, by reason of different politics and by reason of wishing for other men to be ruler over the kingdom, did call it Swinging round the circle.

18. The manner of traveling was strange to look upon, for by reason of the greatness of the land they traveled by wagons and chariots that went by the boiling of water.

19. And when they came to the land where no trees were, then did they take the long-eared animals, which are called army mules, and still go towards the setting sun.

20. And they traveled to the land of the Yellowstone. Yet did Chezter get no fish. So he traveled on towards the big waters and he did show himself to the people.

21. And in fullness of time he did arrive at the big camp on the western borders of the kingdom, and the people did shout and did make loud noises and cry to him. And Chezter did smile upon them and shake them by the hand.

22. And he did say to himself: I did a wise thing in this coming; but I must hie myself back towards the Eastward, for am I not afraid the people will choose another man in my place?

23. So he traveled back to the camp of Gotham and did call divers and certain of the dwellers to him, saying: Now that I have pleased the people of the West, what shall I do to please the people of the East also?

24. For, know, O men, I wish to be ruler for longer time, and to gain glory and honor in the time to come.

25. Now these men of Gotham did give to Chezter rules and ordinances, but the knowledge of them is as yet not told to the dwellers in the camp.

B. T. P.

An Irish Householder's Lament.

BREAK, break, break!

They are breaking my glass, I see,
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for those roughs down below,
Who have not a house to mind,
And well for the shops down the street,
With shutters instead of a blind.

Hark! the stones are rattling on
As if they never would cease;
But, oh! for a "copper" or some one else
Who would bid them depart in peace.

Break, break, break!

Not one is unbroken, I see;
But a dollar to pay for that broken glass
Will never be granted me.

A NEWSPAPER called *The Friend of Woman*, is edited by a man. The other day he went home at noon, as usual, and finding dinner fifteen minutes late, he howled and jawed and said it was impossible for women to do anything anyhow, and kicked the dog across the room, and dashed out of the house and slammed the door with such emphasis that the knob flew off, and the baby awoke and set up a dismal wail, while the patient wife and mother, in a torrent of perspiration, wrestling with a dilatory fire, mentally observed that some men are "so unreasonable." The editorial on "Overworked Wives," in the next issue of *The Friend of Woman*, was an able and sympathetic effort.

It's about time for editors to fix up their waste-baskets preparatory for "Falling Leaf" stanzas.

Washington Gossip.

FROM OUR OWN LIAR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., AUGUST 16th.

YOUR CORRESPONDENT is happy to say that the coming Presidential campaign is to be one in which the gentleness and urbanity of the one Great Party is to be equalled only by the truthfulness and candor of the other Great Party. No slangwhanging will be permitted on either side, and the first cross-eyed son-of-a-sea-cook editor who allows his pen to run a muck through such phrases as "monopolistic crawler," "Ku-Klux chief," "widow robber," "orphan defrauder," "liar," "horse thief," "safe burglar," "perjured scoundrel," "political garotter," "whiskey fraud," "scarlet-dyed bribe-monger," "murderer," "thug," "incendiary," "assassin," and other cheerful compliments of a similar moral calibre, will be at once disowned by every honest ward politician in this broad land, and condemned to six months hard labor on ex-Senator Kellogg's jury!

The character of the Republican nominee's grand aunt shall be, in the hands of the Democratic workers, as pure as Houston-street snow in midwinter; and if the hope of the Democrats *did* have a great-great-grandfather hanged for arson in County Tipperary, the world shall never hear of it through any word or act of the Republican leaders. That is as it should be. Your correspondent is of the opinion that a water-melon abstractor of the Nigger-Republican persuasion is every bit as good a citizen as a wife-beating humorist of the Hibernian-Democratic synagogue; and if one side of our political homestead has had the honor of inviting to its broad hearth such shining lights of righteousness and self-denial as Dorsey and Robeson and Belknap, cannot the other side point with pride to the bed of patriotism on which have reposed such marvels of morality as Tweed and Barnard and John L. Sullivan? The best way would be to send for a new deck, give the Democrats a deal, and if they don't put away as much of the people's money where it will do the most good, in the same space of time as the Republicans, call your correspondent a wall-eyed, leprous-distilled Chinese sympathizer, and never more let him be officer of thine, O JUDGE!

The President's trip to the Yellowstone National Park, taken in the interests of the great American people, of science, and of Rufus Hatch's big hotel, has, naturally, caused much comment; and as several unofficial lists of General Arthur's personal belongings, carried with him on his journey, have crept into the columns of numbers of your contemporaries, your correspondent made it his business to interview the chief butler of the White House, and obtained from him the following "full, true, and particular" account of every article carried by the Chief Executive of these United States. Every item is sworn to before a Justice, and none are genuine unless the maker's name is on the label.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S OUTFIT.

- 1 Case hair dye (assorted colors).
- 15 Fishing-rods (hooks and worms to match).
- 1 Life of Jesse James (with portrait of hero).
- 6 Pairs striped half hose (2 pair darned).
- 1 Lock Bob Ingersoll's hair.
- 4 Night-shirts (frilled).
- 1 Ditto (plain).
- Vol. 2 "Habits of the Bed-bug searched for." By Henry Edwards, Wallack's Theatre.

- 4 Ham sandwiches (with mustard).
- 4 Cheese ditto (without mustard).
- 1 General U. S. A.
- 2 Louisiana Lottery Tickets, Nos. 818 and 4-40-4.
- 24 MS. Plays (no postage stamps inclosed).
- 6 Bottles soda water.
- 1 Button-hole bouquet.
- 1 Package carpet tacks (for mending pants).
- Dorsey's Confession of Innocence.
- 1 Celluloid towel.
- 3 Brunette paper collars.
- 1 Fine-tooth comb.
- 17 Life insurance blanks.
- 1 Pocket handkerchief (reversible).
- Half-pint flask whiskey (medicinal).
- 1 Keg lager (convivial).
- 2 White neckties (soiled).
- 3 Suspender buttons.
- 1 Box parlor matches, and
- 10 Copies of THE JUDGE.

Three very curious circumstances occurred during the President's journey to the city of Louisville, and superstitious people may find in them material with which to build up wild theories of supernatural surveillance and special dispensations. No sooner had his supreme Excellency deposited his sacred person on a seat in the palace car provided by the Royal Pennsylvania Railroad, and the conductor shouted "all right," than the train commenced to move! No particular significance, however, was attached to this circumstance, and it was not the first time such a thing had occurred on that road. On reaching a very lonely part of the track, and while his exquisite effulgence was awaking the echoes with a 6x4 snore, the locomotive suddenly, and without any apparent cause, gave vent to three loud, sharp, shrill whistles, and then proceeded on its way as if nothing unusual had taken place. The guiding star of the Republic, rudely awakened from a slumber in which visions of the Langtry dancing the can-can with Secretary Folger, and fishing for whales with a trout-hook in the City Hall Park fountain, were thoroughly mixed up, asked what the matter was. His attendants, with great presence of mind, immediately said they didn't know, and thus, probably, saved His Regality from a severe shock to his nervous system. The third mysterious affair occurred on the arrival of the royal car in Chicago. Although it was night it was observed that every gas lamp in the city was burning brightly, and several persons were distinctly seen loitering about the depot. Happily unconscious of these alarming symptoms, His Royal Nibs proceeded to his hotel, and slept soundly after a light supper of pork chops and Kirshwasser, undisturbed by the knowledge of the perils he had encountered and escaped.

It is said here, by those who ought to know, that correspondence of an exciting nature has lately passed between Secretary of State Freyling-etc. and the British Ministry. The subject of the correspondence is said to be insults offered the British nation by a certain class of Americans called Dudes. It has been their habit to burlesque English styles of dressing, walking, and talking, and by their miserable attempts at imitation to bring ridicule on the great bulwark of British independence, the London Swell. It is reported that a Congressional Committee will be appointed to sift this charge thoroughly, and if the assertion be proved correct, several of our most prominent Dudes will be beheaded, as a warning to all the other idiots of this great nation.

Governor Foster of Ohio denies that he ever said Judge Hoadly's wife's stepmother

was born with a set of false teeth. What he did say was that Judge Hoadly ought to be careful how he talked about other peoples' fathers-in-law stealing neighbors' pet poodles and selling them to sausage manufacturers. Another campaign lie nailed on the counter of Truth!

Ward-rustler Mike Duff, of New York, was seen last night in Broken-nose Pat's saloon. No political significance is attached to this.

Secretary-of-the-Navy Chandler has told two or three friends, in strict confidence, that he did not want to be U. S. Senator from New Hampshire. No one ever thought he did or would be.

A fear that the "assisted emigration" dodge of the British authorities will deluge this country with a flood of pauperism will cause a bill to check the influx of impecuniosity to be introduced during the next session of Congress. Should it become a law all foreign immigrants, before landing, will be required to dive down into their boodles and flash \$1,000.00 before the eyes of the examiner; to swear that they have no cases of leprosy, small-pox, cholera, measles, epileptic fits, stone-bruises, dandruff, or bad breath concealed about their person, and to cheerfully show their birth-marks, if any, to competent searchers.

The building boom has reached this city, and palatial mansions are going up in every direction. Twenty-seven permits were issued yesterday, one of which authorizes Claus Schweinberg (the opulent clothier of New York avenue) to put three awning-posts in front of his emporium; and another gives Mrs. Martha Biggs, of Seventh street, permission to paint her front fence sea-green, picked out with magenta.

"CHAWLES," she lisped to her new beau from Boston, "have you ever seen Rogers' new group?"

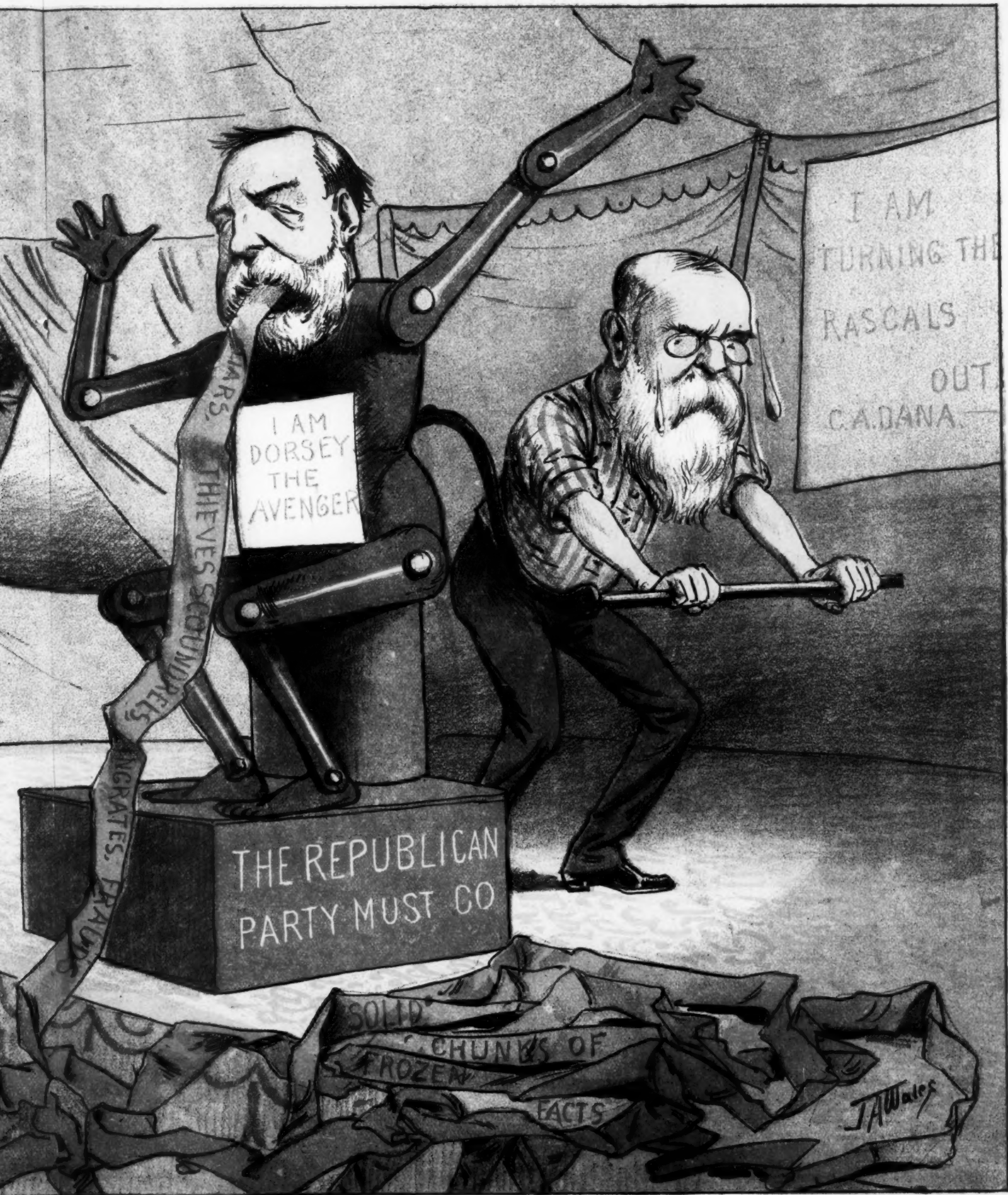
"No," he replied, "but I knew Billy Rogers' old gang, who backed John L. Sullivan." They are estranged. Boston "culchah" was too much for her.



"For de Lared's sake! who drinks out of dem dar Jumbo bottles?"



A Suitable Sup
"PLEASE GIVE



able Supplication:
"GIVE US A REST!"



NEEDLESS SOLICITUDE.

MISTRESS (about to depart for the sea-side)—*I hardly like to leave you alone in the house.*
 SERVANT—*Och! Sorra alone will I be, mum, wid all me first cousins coming to shtop wid me, mum.*

A Delicate Brown.

POOR Mrs. Brown has lots of trouble. In the first place Mr. Brown stays out late at the club, much oftener than he ought to; in the second place, the baby is a sickly, delicate little atom, under doctor's care half the time; and in the third place, she never—no, never, she says, emphatically—can get a servant girl to suit her. "I do believe," poor Mrs. Brown will say sometimes, raising eyes and hands to heaven, in anything but mute protest over the hardships of her lot—"I do believe I get the stupidest, wickedest, most good-for-nothingest servants any body ever did see. Now, here's an instance"—and off she goes at score with a long-winded account of the last atrocity in servantgirlism, to which no one, I should think, ever listens.

That is another of Mrs. Brown's grievances. Nobody ever listens to her complaints, she says. But the last one she poured into my ears I did listen to, and made up my mind to send it to THE JUDGE.

"Poor Alfred has been detained out so late nights" (that was the way loyal Mrs. Brown spoke of her husband's pet failing), "that he lost all his appetite, and got so he couldn't eat any breakfast at all. Now, I wanted to tempt his appetite, and if there's one thing he's fonder of than another, it's nice hot corn-cakes—griddle cakes, you know, for breakfast. So I hunted up the cookery book and read the receipt to Kate, our latest importation in the cook line. The girl is stupid enough, but I didn't think she could

make any mistake about so simple a thing as corn-cakes, especially when I read the receipt to her: 'Take six fresh ears of corn and grate them,' you understand that, I suppose, I asks? 'Oh, yis, ma'am; who wouldn't understand that?' Reassured I went on, 'mix with the yoke of one egg,' and so forth. I needn't detain you with the whole cookery scheme; but I asked her if she understood each item separately as I read it, and she was free enough with her 'arrah, why shouldn't she? Did I think she was a fool?' I did, but I didn't say so. The last instruction was the only one that seemed to puzzle her. 'When the batter is of a proper consistency, bake a delicate brown.' At this she opened her eyes very wide and said: 'Is it bake it, ma'am?' 'Certainly,' said I; 'you wouldn't want to boil it, would you?' and with that she subsided, and I went upstairs to attend to other matters. I had not left the kitchen twenty minutes, before I heard the baby down there crying fit to choke himself. I could not imagine what ailed him, or what had brought him down there at all, but you may imagine I was not long in getting down there to investigate. Picture my horror when I found that wretched Kate with my blessed baby, all tied and trussed up, for all the world like one of those horrid little Indian paposes, and in the very act of sticking him into the oven. 'You murderous creature, are you mad?' I said, seizing her by the arm. 'What are you doing with that baby?' 'Sure I was going to bake him, ma'am,' she answers, as composed as possible.

'Bake my precious baby,' I shrieked, 'what-ever do you mean?' 'Why, ma'am,' says she, 'you towld me to bake a delicate Brown, an' you an' the master bein' healthy enough, more power to yez, I tuk the only delicate Brown I could find, the baby, and—'

Mrs. Brown here broke off abruptly and fanned herself. Presently she resumed: "If you know of any good girl, with anything approaching to common sense, I wish you would send her around."

REST.

SILENCE sleeping on a waste of ocean;

Sundown westward traileth a red streak;

One white sea bird, poised with scarce a motion,

Challenges the stillness with a shriek—

Challenges the stillness, upward wheeling

Where some crag containeth her rude nest—

For the shadows o'er the waters they come stealing,

And they whisper to the silence, There is rest.

Where the sluggish, smooth Zambesi river

Slides into some shadowy lagoon,

Lies the antelope, and hears the leaflets quiver,

Shaken by the sultry breath of noon;

Hears the placid water ripple in its flowing,

Breathes an air with fragrance all oppressed,

Dreams his dreams, and the sweetest is the knowing

That above him and around him there is rest.

Centuries have faded into shadow;

Earth is fertile with the dust of man's decay;

Pilgrims were they all to some bright El Dorado,

But they wearied and they fainted by the way.

Some were sickened with the surfeit of pleasure,

Some were bowed beneath a care-encumbered

breast;

But they all trod in turn life's stately measure,

And all paused, at times, to wonder, Is there rest?

Some wearied in the cloister and the study;

Some wearied at the banquet and the play;

Some wearied while their youth was fresh and ruddy;

Some wearied when their hair was turning gray;

Some fainted as the race was barely started;

Some to the distant goal had almost pressed,

And fell, murmuring in accents broken-hearted,

Half doubtful and half hopeful, Is there rest?

Look, oh man! to the limitless hereafter,

Where thy sense shall be lifted from its lust—

Where thine anguish shall be melted into laughter,

Where thy love shall be severed from its dust;

Where thy spirit shall be satisfied by seeing

The ultimate dim Thule of the blest,

And the passion-haunted fever of thy being

Shall be drifted in a universe of rest.

"THE price of beer has advanced two dollars a barrel," casually observed a man as he approached a crowd of loungers in front of a saloon. "Great Heavens!" exclaimed a red-nosed man, "how do they expect poor people to live! It is an outrage to ask such a price for beer!" "Did I say beer?" queried the first speaker. "Beer is just what you said," answered the bulbous-nosed individual. "Well, I should have said flour—not beer," he explained. "Oh—er—that's different. That's not so bad. It doesn't strike at the pockets of the poor man." And he invited the crowd in to "smile" at his expense.

A CONTEMPORARY says: One public drinking fountain does more good than a hundred temperance lectures. We can readily believe it. Good water is better than bad froth any day.

THE city beet finds few country boarding house squashes.

The Essence of Bohemia.

How pleasant to frame an ideal—
A picture of colors all bright;
To fancy the end-all and be-all
Of life is to live in delight.
But happiness seldom is perfect—
Too much of life's sugar is bad;
Bohemians have rarely a surfeit—
I wish that they had.

How pleasant to frame an ideal,
And hang it in suitable light!
But life is so terribly real,
Its battles so tedious to fight;
We sing, or we paint, or we scribble
Our *will* much less off than our *must*;
Outsiders don't know that we nibble
So hard-earned a crust.

Is it always so nice, do you fancy,
To hawk your brains over the mart?
Exchanging the rue for the pansy,
And putting the head for the heart?
To be called on to paint Aphrodite,
When Lydia is filling your eyes—
To be funny or frothy or flighty
At will between sighs?

Ah, friends, the ideal Bohemia
Is close to Utopia, I fear;
You can't get the great world to deem you
As good as you want to appear.
The world is a vast panorama,
But best of spectators ne'er hints
That to pen and to brush and to drama
They owe its best tints.

We have our bright side, tho'; what other
Land furnishes friendships so dear,
Where every man is a brother,
And every brother a peer?
Where genius in musical cadence
Courts beauties none other can see—
Can the cold outer world woo its maidens
As sweetly as we?

Can it live in the light of the present,
Forever renewing that light?
Can it fancy a meeting as pleasant
As this we are holding to-night?
Life deals in a liberal measure—
It wounds, but it offers the balm;
It mixes the pain with the pleasure,
And gives us the palm.

Our tastes may be broad or aesthetic,
Our weapons the brush or the quill;
Our temperaments light or pathetic,
Our assets a coin or a bill—
We still are the freest of freemen,
To sing, or to paint, or to write;
Society's Sphinx, the Bohemian
And Ishmaelite.

We may step on the stage to amuse you,
Ye dwellers beyond our confines,
We may write, to extol or abuse you,
We may tickle your ears with our lines;
We may sing to you, paint you in colors,
Write books to be bound for your shelves;
All this you may have for your dollars—
You can't have ourselves.

As rivers that flow on unmingled,
The smooth and the turbulent tide,
Our lives from the world's life is singled,
Although the streams run side by side.
We are with you, and taste in your presence
A nectar your wealth cannot give—
Bohemia's magical essence,
In whose breath we live.

G. H. JESSOP.

NATURE'S wash goods—complexions un-
changed by rain.

Intercepted Letter.

FROM SOME UNIDENTIFIED INDIVIDUAL IN SAN
FRANCISCO—PRESUMABLY MR. DENIS KEARNEY
—TO A FRIEND IN NEW YORK.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST.

ME DEAR MICK—As ye're doubtless aware
I was obliged to leave New York mighty soon
and suddint, between two days, as it were,
owin' to the unaccountable partiality some
of them Eastern folks have for tar and feath-
ers. Now, tar and feathers is no argument,
and no tratement either for a dacent man,
and as it's not half bad enough for a China-
man, I fail to see what useful place in the
scheme of creation tar and feathers fills, any-
how. I've got no use for it, anyway, and
that's the reason I left, though I laid it to a
cowl'd—faix, it's little enough show I had to
get a cowl'd, for New York was as hot as
blazes, in more sines than wan, all the time
I was in it. But sure a cowl'd's aisy sed, and
it sounds purtier and more dignified than tar
and feathers, anyway. An' it's little enough
good I done in New York. Bad cess to the
place and the people in it; I don't know what
must ail them, at all, at all. They seem to
think that Chinamen is human beings and
to be trated as sich, an' shure what's to be
done wid a community so sunk in ignorance
as all that? Maybe it's that they haven't
enough of them, and don't know how bad
they are. Ah, thin the worst wish I can give
them is, that they have moon-eyed lepers
crawling up ivery street in the city, and more
of them in the laundries. Sure the place—
and by the place I mane the people in it—is
fit for nothing better. If you'll belave me,
Mick, they didn't want to listen to me; they
laughed at me—me, the unaqueled orator of
the Pacific slope; and they towld me to put
me head in a bag, and remarked I had an ili-
gant mouth for hot stirabout, and other petty
insults, which I pass by with proper scorn
and contimpt, as becomes a man of my janius
and natural advantages. And they were that
close with their dirty dollars that divil a cint
could I make bevant me expenses, and even
then I'd have lost if I hadn't met a few
Irishmen fresh from the ould dart who knew
no better, the crathurs! But I see plainly
enough that New York is no place for my
janius to expand. Letting alone the tar and
feathers, which turns me sick at the stomach
whenever I think of it, there's no money for
me in the place, and the workmen, bad cess
to their impidence, think they know what
they want betther nor I can tell them. Now,
I lave it to you, Mick, can ignorance and ob-
stinaey go any further nor that? Even the
monopolists and the capitalists wouldn't pay
me to howld me tongue. They says, says
they, whin I approached thim on the subject:
"Fire away," says they, "it amuses you and
it don't hurt us." Don't it, thinks I to my-
self. I'll let you see, me fine fellows; maybe
whin the fiery eloquence that set the sand
lots in a blaze is let loose agin yez, ye'll be
after altering your tune. But no, Mick;
divil a taste. I started in to pulverize them,
and sorra sowl could I get to listen to me.
Then it was I made up me mind that I was
wasted in New York. The place isn't ad-
vanced enough for me. Maybe they'll come
to it in time, but the time isn't come yet.
But what makes the matter more illconve-
nient, the folks out here in Frisco have kinder
dropped to me, and I can't squeeze another
dollar out of them. Maybe the end of it'll
be I'll have to go to Australia or go to work,
and, begorra, I'm not in love with either al-
ternative. Av ye've got a thrifle of ready
cash to spare, maybe you'd send it along in

yer nixt. Even a two-dollar bill would cum
in purty handy just now.

I'll say good-bye to you now, and you'll
excuse me if I don't sign me name to this let-
ter, for if it fell into anybody else's hands I
wouldn't for the world have it known that I
demaned meself by writin' to the like of you.
But if you have any spare change, send it
along, for it's meself needs it badly.

A ROGUE'S a round-about fool.—COLE-
RIDGE.

WHAT is not understood is not possessed.
—GOETHE.

TALMAGE says that when Christians lie,
they lie like the devil.

WITHOUT good nature, man is only a bet-
ter sort of vermin.—LORD BACON.

THE winter of Adams' discontent came di-
rectly after his fall. That was seasonable.

THE genuine fire and turbulence of youth
is but a temporary excess of energy. It will
be wanted before the day is over.—GRAVEN-
HURST.

HEINRICH HEINE said that every woman
wrote with one eye on her page, and the
other on some man—except the countess of
Haw Haw, who had but one eye. But what
about her mind's eye?

WHILE a young man and his girl were
eating ice-cream in a saloon the other even-
ing, the frozen mixture exploded by spon-
taneous combustion, disfiguring the girl for
life, and partly scalping the young man.
Eminent physicians and scientists, who have
given the subject much study and careful in-
vestigation, say that such an accident is li-
able to occur almost any time when the ther-
mometer is 60 deg. in the shade.

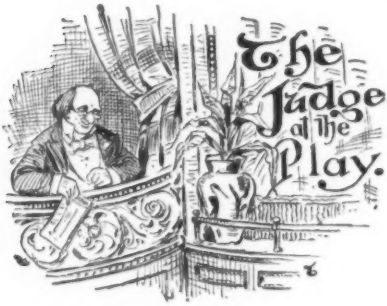
(P. S.—This is a lie, of course. We don't
believe ice-cream would explode even if a
lighted match were to be applied to it. But
a "society" young man, who says he must
save enough money this summer to buy a
fall suit, gave us five dollars to print the
"warning," as he called it—and business is
business).

AN Indianapolis paper thus summed up
the divorce market in that locality: "Brisk
competition, among our local lawyers, has
brought down the prices of divorces. We
quote: Common separation, \$15; small ali-
mony, \$25; large alimony, \$50 to \$100, ac-
cording to circumstances. Business good,
and increasing." That must be a lively spot,
between lawyers, referees and judges, not to
speak of the influx of strangers of both sexes,
eager to take advantage of the State law and
break irksome matrimonial bonds.

THE *Rural Globe* has lost one subscriber
by sheer foolishness. It printed a recipe for
"strengthening the voice," and Mrs. Sower-
by cut it out and pasted it in her scrap-book.
Sowerby, who don't admire a steam-callope
voice in woman, ordered the paper stopped
the next day. Household journals should
exercise a little more judgment in making up
their contents.

A CERTAIN lady of our acquaintance, see-
ing among the religious notices that the pas-
tor of a neighboring church would preach,
"D. V." on the following Sabbath, said she
would go and hear him, presuming, as she
did, that the subject of his discourse was
"Dolly Vardens."

WHEN a man goes to a restaurant with an
empty stomach, ought not the most attract-
ive thing on the bill of fare be a fillet?



CONSIDERING that there are only three theatres open in New York, a good many people appear to manage to spend their evenings in play-going. During the entire summer only two houses have kept their bills up and their doors open, and both of them, despite the comparative unattractiveness of their programmes, reaped their reward in full houses and the concomitant thereof—satisfactory box-office receipts. The Madison Square, with the eminently silly "Rajah," turned many people away during the long evenings, and even the handsome building on Thirty-ninth street, in spite of inferior management and "Prince Methusalem," did not often display a beggarly account of empty benches. This is satisfactory to the managers of these houses, but what reflections must their success engender in the minds of rival managers who have been paying a heavy rent for the privilege of keeping their doors closed, and have had all outgo and no income for some months? The obvious reflection is, that summer seasons may pay in New York; and in the case of a summer like that we have had—almost all July and early August passing without a single uncomfortably hot day—a summer season could hardly fail of success. Of course, the large business done by the two houses that were open may be, in a great measure, ascribed to the fact that there were only two of them, and in a large city there is always a percentage that wishes to see the play; but to counterbalance this, it is hardly probable that the other theatres, had they remained open, would have failed to offer more attractive bills of fare, and thereby not only drawn upon the clientele of those theatres, but have possibly increased the percentage above referred to, of people willing to attend. But the whole subject of summer seasons is an involved and intricate one, depending on many conditions, and susceptible of demonstration only by experiment—and very risky experiment, too.

In the first place, a good summer engagement is largely—we might almost say entirely—dependent upon the state of the mercury in the thermometer. On those hot breathless nights, when the very flag-stones exhale heat, and the walls of every building seem charged with caloric, few people could be bribed to sit for two or three hours in a hot, stuffy theatre—much less pay for the privilege of being allowed to do so; and in New York we do, more than occasionally, have summers which are made up of such nights as those. It is seldom, indeed, that we are blessed with a midsummer so entirely suitable for dramatic purposes as that which is passing. Again, fashion is an important factor in filling our theatres; and fashion decrees that everybody who is anybody shall leave New York in June and not return till September. Whether fashion, in so decreeing, selects the best time for seashore and country is matter of question; many will say that September and even a portion of October, are the pleasantest days for ruralizing,

and we know that fashion is not always infallible; still, such as she is, theatrical managers cannot make or unmake her. They must content themselves with following her. But, on the other hand—there always is "another hand" to these considerations—at no time is the city more filled with strangers, and it is notorious that visitors are better patrons of the theatre than the regular inhabitants. So, in this point the comparative advantages and disadvantages of a summer season seem pretty evenly balanced, and the question reduces itself to one of weather, which managers, not being Wigginses, cannot foresee with any degree of exactitude. But there is always the possibility of August—the dearest of dead theatrical months—proving cooler than September, a remarkably lively one; and the possibility becomes a probability this year, on a reflex glance over what August has given us. Then will there be tearing of hair and cursing weather among those who live by the drama.

The third theatre which has within a few days swung into line with the two which, with open doors, braved the resistless dog-days, is Harrigan & Hart's, and yet Harrigan & Hart's can hardly be called a theatre in the sense that Wallack's and Daly's are. It is decidedly less sensitive to atmospheric influences, and can command crowded audiences—and good audiences, to boot—while the rank and fashion of the metropolis still linger at Newport, Saratoga, and kindred places. Harrigan struck a bonanza with his sketches of local character; and they have the advantage of appealing to everybody—from the Fifth avenue magnate to the b'hoys of the remote East and West, all can find something to recognize and laugh at. He is working the old vein over again this year, and THE JUDGE has no doubt but that he will find a rich profit in so doing. The public can stand a good deal more of Mulligan, McSorley & Co. without wearying of them. Mr. Braham might, with advantage, have thrown us in a few new airs, of which merry jingles his supply seems inexhaustible—not that we are tired of the old ones, but when the original sample has proven so satisfactory, we are tempted to extend our acquaintance. However, the old farce, embellished with the old airs, will, doubtless, show a balance in the theatre's favor at the end of the season, which would make many a more pretentious temple of the drama pale with envy.

The Union Square Theatre will be the next to demand the suffrages of the patient public, announcing a preliminary season, with "Vera," Oscar Wilde's nihilistic nightmare, and Marie Prescott in the title role. Oscar Wilde, Marie Prescott! Ominous conjuncture. May the issue be fortunate.

RUSKIN believes that courtship should last seven years. If this kind of a theory were to prevail, the ice-cream men would get rich and all the young men would have to pass through bankruptcy—but it would soon settle the woman question.

A NEW law in Arkansas fixes 640 yards as the legal distance between a church and a saloon. Why is the Legislature, out there, so hard on church members?

BENTHAM asserts that "unkind language is sure to produce the fruits of unkindness." As a proof of this, just call some big fellow a liar.

It is not much to a man's credit to be over much in debt.

What it was Like.

"Aw, can you tell me, Miss Fair," queried George Washington LaDude, after a brief period of intense study, "why the—aw—Ponto's caudal appendage is like a coming event?"

"No, Mr. LaDude."

"Well, aw, it is something to a cur, don't you know—ha! ha!"

"Very good, Mr. LaDude; very good. But can you tell me why your hat is like a bad habit?"

"Why, er-r, aw; well no—why is it?"

"Because it is something to a void."

"Oh! weally, now, Miss Fair, you are just too bad for anything, don't you know?"

U. S. S.

Two Detroit women, having a bitter quarrel, kept up hostilities through two parrots. One taught her Polly to say "You thief!" whenever the enemy appeared in sight; the other's feathered ally screamed back "You dye your hair!" The power of the law had eventually to be invoked, and both principals and parrots were "injected."

WELL, perhaps it was all right, but it sounded a trifle odd when a cross dog chased a love-smitten youth out of the front yard and returned with a sample of his coat-tails, for the local papers to playfully allude to the episode under the head of "a stern chase."

"I SHOULD think the firemen would catch their death of cold very often," said Mrs. Rural, "because they so often go around with their hose wet."

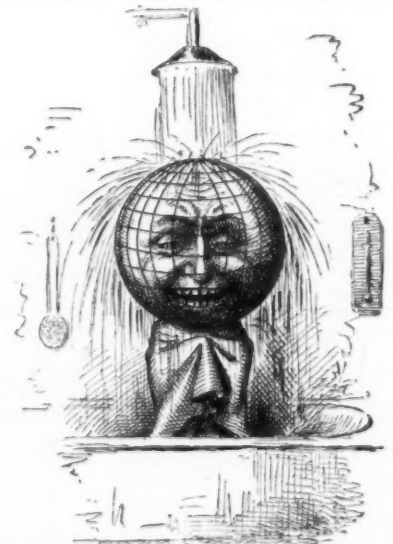
It was a Boston girl who blushed crimson when the big boy at the farm-house where she was summering yelled, "Look out there, Miss, there's a garter snake under your feet."

DE LA FERRIERE says: "Marriage is the true road to paradise." Wonder if he believed in purgatory.

SOLOMON said there was nothing new under the sun, and yet it is a fact that all knowledge is something new.

"COLD gush" is the newest name for ice cream.

A VANE THING—a windmill.



UNDER HYDROPATHIC TREATMENT—1883.

The Milkmaid.

A MILKMAID who poised a full pail on her head. Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said:
 "Let me see—I should think that this milk will produce
 One hundred good eggs, or four-score, to be sure.

Well then—stop a bit: it must not be forgotten.

Some of these may be broken, and some may be rotten—

But if twenty, for accident, should be detached,

It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

Well, sixty sound eggs—no, sound chickens, I mean;

Of these some may die—we'll suppose seventeen;

Seventeen? Not so many—say ten, at the most,

Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

Six shillings a pair—five, four, three and six. To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix.

Now what will that make? fifty chickens, I said,

Fifty times three and sixpence—I'll ask brother Ned.

Twenty-five pairs of fowls—now how tiresome it is

That I can't reckon up so much money as this!

Well, there's no use of trying, so I'll give a guess—

I'll say twenty pounds, and it can be no less.

Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy me a cow,

Thirty geese and two turkeys—eight pigs and a sow;

Now if these turn out well, at the end of the year

I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 'tis clear.

Forgetting her burden, when this she had said,

The maid superciliously tossed up her head:

When, alas for her prospects! her milk-pail descended,

And so all her schemes for the future were ended.

* * * * *
 This moral, I think, may be safely attached:
 "Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched."
 —Jeffrys Taylor.

"You don't mean to say that you slept with a piece of that wedding cake under your pillow, you absurd thing!" said a lady to her husband the morning after they had attended a coupling bee. "Certainly I did." "And did you see in your dream the person you are going to marry—when I am dead?" she asked, chillingly. "O, no; I only dreamed that I had never been married at all. Susan, I am going to save this bit of cake; I am going to cherish it, my dear. I shall have its portrait painted by an old master, and its statue shall stand in the library. As an heirloom it shall descend—" She snatched it from his hands and flung it out of the bedroom window. "My love, it has descended," she said, sweetly.—*San Francisco Wasp*.

AN Oil City choir at rehearsal Saturday night ran over the "Hallelujah Chorus." The music escaped uninjured.—*Oil City Derrick*.

Fright and Fear.

A BOY in India, according to the *Lancet*, recently died with all the symptoms of cobra poisoning, because a harmless lizard touched his foot with its cold body. Of two boats' crews once engaged in an attack upon some South Sea Islanders, all the wounded men in one died of tetanus; in the other they all recovered. The simple explanation was, that in the first boat the rumor had spread that the natives had used poisoned arrows, but there was no apparent deficiency in the courage they displayed. A physician died of hydrophobia after visiting a patient afflicted with the disease; and Arthenedorus, the grammarian, lost his wits by the "unexpected sight of a crocodile." At Basle, some children playing beneath a gibbet where a malefactor hung in chains, amused themselves by throwing stones until a missile struck the skeleton and made it move; whereupon one of them died of fright and horror. But the child could not have been "afraid" of the skeleton in any proper sense of the term, or she would not have played there, much less have thrown stones at it. With such instances, many of them beyond suspicion, it would be easy to fill volumes. Within the last two weeks two deaths have been reported in the provinces—of a woman and a girl—simply from being suddenly accused of theft, in one case by a shopman, in the other by a policeman. Only last week the *Lancet* recorded the case of a patient in Wilkesbarre Hospital who died at the bare thought of having chloroform administered to him, though he was quite willing to undergo an amputation without an anæsthetic. The man was well known to be courageous and physically strong; and, but for the fact that he died before the chloroform was ready, the public would have been slow to believe that such a man could have died of fright, and only too ready to blame the physicians. But there is "no knowing," as an American writer said, "what you can die of till you have tried."—*London Journal*.

THE Prince of Wales being at his tailor's, said: "Poole, I see your name on the list of those who attended Lady Drury's party." "Yes, your highness, I went around for a short time." "You must have had a capital time, Poole; did you not?" "Well, your highness, it was pleasant enough, you know. Nuthin' hextra." "What was the matter with it? I should suppose you would enjoy it up there among all the nob's." "You see, your highness—you must have seen by the *Court Journal*—the society was a little—just a little—mixed." "You're unreasonable, Poole! Good God! you couldn't expect 'em all to be tailors!"—*Kansas City Journal*.

A NEW YORK PAPER, referring to the Shepard tragedy in that city, asks in big types: "Did he Murder His Wife Before Killing Himself?" Of course it is mere conjecture, but an impression prevails that he did. We have our opinion of the man who kills himself, and then gets up and murders his wife.—*Norristown Herald*.

A CLERGYMAN asked some children: "Why do we say in the Lord's Prayer, 'who art in Heaven,' since God is everywhere?" A little drummer boy answered: "Because it's headquarters."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

It is said that Patti's voice has failed about 15 per cent. since she left for Europe. She will probably take trade dollars at the box office when she comes back.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

A PEACOCK doth a wondrous tail unfold.

Modern Railroad Building.

LAST FALL a narrow-gauge road twenty-two miles long was planted and a company organized in Wisconsin, and an Eastern man who scented a chance for profitable investment called upon the President to make some inquiries. "How is the new line getting on?" he asked, after some general conversation. "Splendidly. We have the right of way for the first five miles, and have taken steps to gobble it for the other seventeen." "How much stock have you issued?" "Two hundred thousand dollars." "And how much has been sold?" "Well, you see, it has all been preliminary thus far. We have sold enough stock to buy blue uniforms for all the general officers, furnish up several rooms with mahogany desks and mosquito carpets, and as soon as we can work off sufficient to purchase horses and carriages for President, Secretary and Treasurer, and furnish the Superintendent with a yacht, we shall begin the real serious work of building up a grand trunk line."—*Wall Street News*.

HE was hurrying along Centre street the other morning, when a boy about his own age stopped him and called out, "Struck it?" "Yes." "What?" "Going to sweep out an office for a feller." "Who?" "Dunno." "How much?" "Can't tell." "Why?" "Cause if he's a lawyer, he'll give me ten cents and predict that I'll be President some day, but if he's a broker he'll flip me half a dollar and not care two cents whether I bring up in Washington or Halifax! S' long!"—*Wall Street News*.

A FLOYING ITEM says that the "peelings of green cucumbers will kill cockroaches." No question about it. Green cucumber peelings will kill anything, if you could only get "anything" to eat them. But they would have to be sugar-coated before they could be smuggled into a cockroach that was in its right mind.—*Peck's Sun*.

WHEN the editor proposed and was accepted, he said to his sweetheart: "I would be glad if you would give me a kiss;" then, observing her blush, he added, "not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith." She could not resist that.—*Somerville Journal*.

SHALL we learn French?—*Chicago News*. If you go to the theatre much it might be worth while. By the way, what's "Let's go out and see a man" in French?—*Phila. News*. Oh, it's about the same as in English—ten cents a drink, and a clove thrown in.—*Norristown Herald*.

"ANYHOW," said a young lady, who had just returned from a woods picnic, "Eve may have been frightened at a snake in the Garden of Eden, but she never had a nasty hairy caterpillar crawl down the neck of her dress." And we don't suppose she ever had.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE man who asks "Are you going away this summer?" accidentally met the man who says, "Is this hot enough for you?" Each idiot thought he was guyed by the other, and they had it hot and heavy until the policeman came out of the beer saloon, where he rests, and parted the belligerents.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

"THE things which we enjoy are passing," says Archbishop Leighton. Of course it is safer to pass, but it gets decidedly monotonous. If the Archbishop only knew the joy of scooping in a big pot on a bob-tailed flush, he would take his chances once in a while and make his ante good.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

Signs of Prosperity.

BY CHARLES HARRIS.

WHERE spades grow bright,
And idle words grow dull;
Where jails are empty,
And where barns are full;

Where field paths are
With frequent feet outworn;
Law court yards weedy,
Silent and forlorn;

Where doctors foot it,
And where farmers ride;
Where age abounds,
And youth is multiplied;

Where poisonous drinks
Are chased from every place;
Where opium's curse
No longer leaves a trace;

Where these signs are,
They clearly indicate
Many happy people
And a well-ruled state.

—Anon.

"WAS Byron killed by the doctors?" asks a London medical journal. If he read his manuscript poems to the doctors, he probably was, and an impartial jury, even at this late day, would render a verdict of "justifiable homicide."—*Norristown Herald*.

THE faithfulness of the old operators who refused to join the Brotherhood has been recognized by the companies, who have unanimously agreed not to cut down their salaries any further while the strike is in progress.—*Phila. News*.

"YELLOWLEG SHOOTING is popular at Newport." As a rule, blackleg shooting at summer resorts would offer good returns in the way of sport, if anybody cared to pursue it.—*Boston Herald*.

DANIEL O'CONNELL'S birth-place is said to be a "neglected ruin." It is something like Tilden, although the latter ruin will not be "neglected" as long as his barrel holds out.—*Norristown Herald*.

"THE jack's trumped," said the card-player, as the train jolted uncomfortably. "And the track's jumped," said his partner, as the train rolled into the ditch.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph*.

THE man who has a mind of his own is always liberal with his possession. He is ever ready to give a piece of it to a friend.—*Boston Transcript*.

EDISON says he shan't go near a laboratory or do any more inventing for a year. This will give the patent office a chance to catch up.—*Phila. News*.

Castoria.

Stomachs will sour and milk will curdle
In spite of doctors and the cradle;
Thus it was that our pet Victoria
Made home howl until sweet Castoria
Cured her pains;—Then for peaceful slumber,
All said our prayers and slept like thunder.

PILES PERMANENTLY ERADICATED IN 1
to 3 weeks without knife, ligature, or caustic.
Send for circular containing references.

DR. HOYT, 36 West 27th st., New York.



A Close Call.

It was an Ohio man, who, when a terrible storm began one night, rushed into the house of a neighbor and cried out:

"Jones, this is the ending up of earth!"

"I am afraid so," was the reply.

"And what shall we do?"

"Make our peace with heaven."

The wind blew still stronger, the house began to shake, and the excited man exclaimed:

"Jones, you lost five bushels of wheat last fall?"

"Yes."

"And you have your suspicions?"

"I have. The man who took my wheat had better own up."

"Can you forgive him?"

"I can."

"Well——"

Here the wind suddenly dropped, and, after a look through the window, the conscience-stricken man turned and finished, "Yes, if ever I meet him, I'll tell him to call around."—*Exchange*.

Philosophic Lines.

To grow her seeds Dame Nature needs

Both calm and stormy weather;

And men to thrive must toil and strive

Through storm and sunshine together;

And so we find for all mankind,

In every age and nation,

For all their ills Heaven turns its mills

With grist of compensation.

(How easy 'tis, with a sage-like phiz,

To reason thus for others,

And calmly feel the points of steel

That prick our tortured brothers.

We proudly preach when our neighbors teach

How grief pursues the sinner,

But shut our books when the devil cooks

For us a brimstone dinner.)

—*Philadelphia News*.

Wouldn't Wash.

"THOSE goods are rather dear, ain't they?" remarked Miss Araminta at the dry goods store to the new clerk.

"I think not, ma'am. They're marked down almost to cost."

"But they don't look as though they'd wash."

"Eh?" replied the open-mouthed clerk.

"They don't look as though they'd wash."

"Lord, no!" replied the clerk, "you'd have to wash them."

And then the young man wondered all day what made the young lady flounce out of the store so quickly.—*Oil City Blizzard*.

It makes a man mad to suddenly round a corner, meet a richly-dressed woman, receive a charming bow, doff his hat nearly to the ground, and then discover that he has been doing the polite to his cook.—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine*.

An applicant inquired at the Otis Library, the other day, for "A Good Looking Country Girl." The librarian by diligent inquiry learned that the book desired was "A Fair Barbarian."—*Norwich Bulletin*.

A GENTLEMAN who touched a "squid" lying at the surface of the water was drenched from head to foot with ink. We believe the squid was the original model of the stylographic pen.—*Burlington Free Press*.

THERE is too much brass on the full naval uniform. With no navy to speak of, its officers should look modest.—*N. O. Picayune*.



"I owe my
Restoration
to Health
and Beauty
to the
CUTICURA
REMEDIES."

Testimonial of a Boston lady.

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt-Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Sun Burn and Greasy Skin.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price—Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, \$1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. Boston, Mass.

\$10.00 REWARD

FOR THE BEST POEM ON ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS. Must not exceed 24 lines, nor allude to other makers. Competitors to enclose 10 cents, for which they will receive 12 best assorted Steel Pens. No puns wanted. Award made Oct. 1st. The ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO., 26 John St., New York.

BOAT-SAILING MADE SAFE:

AND EVERYTHING NECESSARY, EXPLAINED IN Captain Frazer's "Practical Boat-Sailing," a Perfect Treatise on the Management of Small Boats and Yachts. The only complete work on the subject. Fully illustrated. By mail, \$1. LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

CATARRH

To any suffering with Catarrh or Bronchitis who earnestly desire relief, I can furnish a means of Permanent and Positive Cure. A Home Treatment. No charge for consultation by mail. Valuable Treatise Free. Certificates from Doctors, Lawyers, Ministers, Business-men. Address

Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, Ohio.

TOO FUNNY FOR ANYTHING. IS SPIRITED PICTURES showing a Young Married couple in all sorts of Antics. By mail, 25 cents. Address WARREN & CO., Brooklyn, N. Y.

15 PHOTOS OF BEAUTIFUL ACTRESSES IN "TIGHTS" BLOU. By mail for 25c. Address Box 153, Brooklyn P. O., N. Y.

A WHOLESOME CURATIVE.

NEEDED IN

Every Family.

AN ELEGANT AND REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGES for Constipation, Lillousness, Headache, Indisposition, &c.

TROPIC FRUIT LAXATIVE

Price, 25 cents. Large boxes, 80 cents. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

A Positive Cure is ELY'S CREAM BALM, FOR Rose Cold, CATARRH

For twenty-five years I have been severely afflicted with Hay-Fever. While suffering intensely I was induced to try ELY'S CREAM BALM, and the effect was marvelous. It enabled me to perform my pastoral duties without the slightest inconvenience, and have escaped a return attack. I pronounce Ely's Cream Balm a cure for Hay-Fever. W. M. T. CARR, Presbyterian Pastor, Elizabeth, N. J.

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 membranal 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 cents a package. Stamps.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y.

CANDY Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best candies in the world, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once. C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 75 Madison St., Chicago.

WITH
FIVE DOLLARS
YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE
IMPERIAL AUSTRIAN
100 Florins Government Bond,
Issued in 1864.
Which Bonds are issued and secured by the Govern-
ment, and are redeemed in Drawings
FOUR TIMES ANNUALLY,
Until each and every bond is drawn with a larger or smaller
premium. Every bond MUST draw a Prize,
as there are NO BLANKS.
The three Highest Prizes amount to
200,000, 20,000 and 15,000 FLORINS,
And Bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a pre-
mium of not less than **200 Florins.**
The next drawing takes place on the
First of September, 1883,
And every Bond bought of us on or before the 1st of Sept. is en-
titled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that
date. Out-of-town orders, sent in REGISTERED Letters, and
enclosing \$3, will secure one of these Bonds for the next draw-
ing. For orders, circulars, or any other information, address
INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,
No. 207 Broadway, cor. Fulton St., New York City.
ESTABLISHED IN 1874.
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.
N. B.—In writing, please say that you saw this in THE JUDGE.

BEHNING
FIRST CLASS
Grand Square & Upright
PIANOS.
Warerooms: 15 E. 14th St. & 129 E. 125th St.
Factory, N. E. corner 124th st. and 1st ave., New York.

PERFECTION
MAGIC LANTERNS
AND VIEWS ON ALL SUBJECTS.
STEREOPTICON EXHIBITIONS
TO ORDER—TERMS MODERATE.
On Lawns, in Parlors, Churches, Fairs, etc.
Electric Stereopticon Advertising Co.,
185 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.
JAKOBI & HART, Proprietors.

Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment,
A GUARANTEED CURE for Involuntary Weakness, Soften-
ing of the Brain, Wakefulness, Loss of Power in either Sex,
Involuntary Losses, Spermatorrhea caused by over-exertion of
the Brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence.
Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1 a box, or six
boxes for \$5, sent by mail pre-paid on receipt of price.
I guarantee six boxes to cure any case.
With each order received by me for six bottles, accompanied
with \$5, I will send the purchaser my written guarantee to re-
fund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guar-
antee issued only by A. J. DITMAN, Chemist, Broadway and
Barclay Streets, New York.

Buy the Best.
THE only practical Fountain Pen ever invented is the LAN-
CASTER GOVERNMENT, combining the advantages of each
person's handwriting. Cleanliness—no leakage. Always ready.
Will last for years. Fitted with Gold Pen.
THE LANCASTER FOUNTAIN PEN CO.,
839 Broadway, New York.
All kinds of Fountain and Stylographic Pens retailed, repaired
and exchanged. The A. T. Cross Business Pencil only 25
cents by mail.

AGENTS CAN NOW GRASP A FORTUNE.
Outfit worth \$10 free. Address
E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay st., N. Y.
RUPTURE
RELIEVED AND CURED without the injury Trusses inflict, by
Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method. Office, 261 Broadway, New York.
His book, with photographic likenesses of bad cases, before and
after cure, mailed for 10 cents.
The Automatic Shading Pen
MAKES a Shaded Mark of Two Colors at a Single Stroke.
Sample set of three sizes, by mail, \$1.
Circular and Sample Writing, FREE. Ask for them.
J. W. STOKES, Milan, Ohio.

A CARD.
To all suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, ner-
vous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &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.
Card Collectors.
BEAUTIFUL set of IMPORTED CARDS, by mail, on receipt of
five 2c. stamps. WHITING, 30 Nassau st., N. Y.

Love in Three Sections.

SECTION I.
A PRETTY GIRL,
A pleasant whirl
Behind a team of grays;
A nice young man
To plot and plan
In various kinds of ways.

A blush and squeeze
Are sure to please;
Another fond caress;
Some further chaff,
A smile and laugh,
And then a gentle "Yes."

SECTION II.
A preacher pale
A bridal veil
Come through the portals wide;
The groom is there,
Complete the pair,
And then the knot is tied.

SECTION III.
A year has gone,
Time sweeps along
In its unceasing tramp—
Now, see that groom
Charge 'round the room,
The baby's got the cramp!

—Yonkers Gazette.

A Bad Spell.

SHE went about with look benign,
And hung her clothes upon the lign,
Then called her husband in to dign.

He spoke to her in accents rough,
He disparaged the garden stough—
He was a man of manners gough.

He said she knew he hated lamb,
The dinner was the merest shamb—
Why didn't she prepare some hamb?

She looked at him and muttered, pugh!
And asked, "What can a woman dugh
To please a cranky man like yugh?"

Was she a woman to sit dumb,
While he came in with aspect glumb?
She would not stand it, no, by gumb!

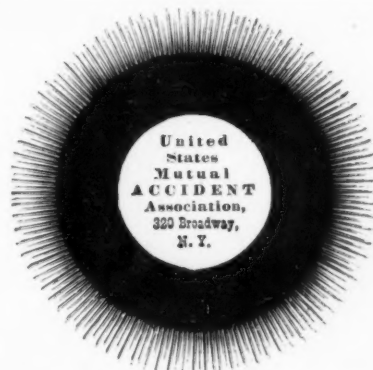
His judgment of good food she doubted,
His grounds of criticism scouted;
Half mad with rage these words she shouted.

Then with a look of pain and worry,
The wife arose, and in great florry,
Went to her mother's in a horry.
—Somerville Journal.

PAPER rowing boats were not the first
aquatic craft that were constructed of that
material. Paper cutters were made years
and years ago.—Phila. Bulletin.

A RUMOR is afloat that a cabinet officer
has been seen in Washington. It is thought,
however, to have been merely an optical il-
lusion.—Ex.

AH YOU, the prettiest Chinese girl ever
brought to America, has married an English
man in San Francisco. Ah, you rascal.—
New Orleans Picayune.



\$5000 Accident Insurance. \$25 Weekly Indemni-
ty. Membership Fee, \$4. Annual cost about \$11. \$100.00 insur-
ance, with \$50 Weekly Indemnity, at corresponding rates.
Write or call for Circular and Application Blanks.
European Permits without extra charge.
CHAS. B. PEET, (of Rogers, Peet & Co.), President.
JAS. R. PITCHER, Secretary.
320 and 322 Broadway, New York.

Read's 3-minute Headache and Neuralgia Cure never Fails.
Sent by mail on receipt of 30 cts.
W. H. READ, Baltimore and Light Sts., Baltimore, Md.

HOW TO WIN AT CARDS, DICE, &c.
A SURE THING! Sent Free
to Anyone. I manufacture and
keep constantly on hand every article
known to the Sporting Fraternity,
and used by them to WIN with in
games of chance. Send for my mam-
moth circular. Address, or call in per-
son, ALF. BURDAS, 46 & 47 Nassau St., New York City.

THE COLLENDER BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES.

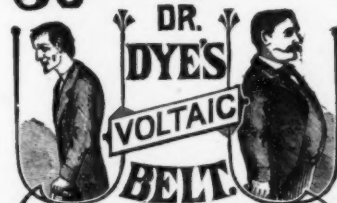


COMBINING the greatest accuracy with durability. All fur-
nished with the celebrated COMBINATION CUSHIONS, war-
ranted for twenty years. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
THE H. W. COLLENDER COMPANY,
788 Broadway, New York. 341 Tremont St., Boston.
15 South Fifth St., St. Louis. 113 South 9th St., Philadelphia.
84 and 86 State St., Chicago. 367 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore.

A BOON TO MEN

All those who from indiscretions, excesses or other causes are
weak, unnerfed, low spirited, physically drained, and unable to
perform life's duties properly, can be certainly and perma-
nently cured, without stomach medicines. Endorsed by doctors,
ministers and the press. THE MEDICAL WEEKLY says: "The old
plan of treating Nervous Debility, Physical Decay, &c.,
is wholly superseded by THE MARSTON BELTS." Even
hopeless cases assured of certain restoration to full and per-
fect manhood. Simple, effective, cleanly, pleasant. Send
for treatise. Consultation with physician free.
MARSTON REMEDY CO., 40 W. 14th St., New York.

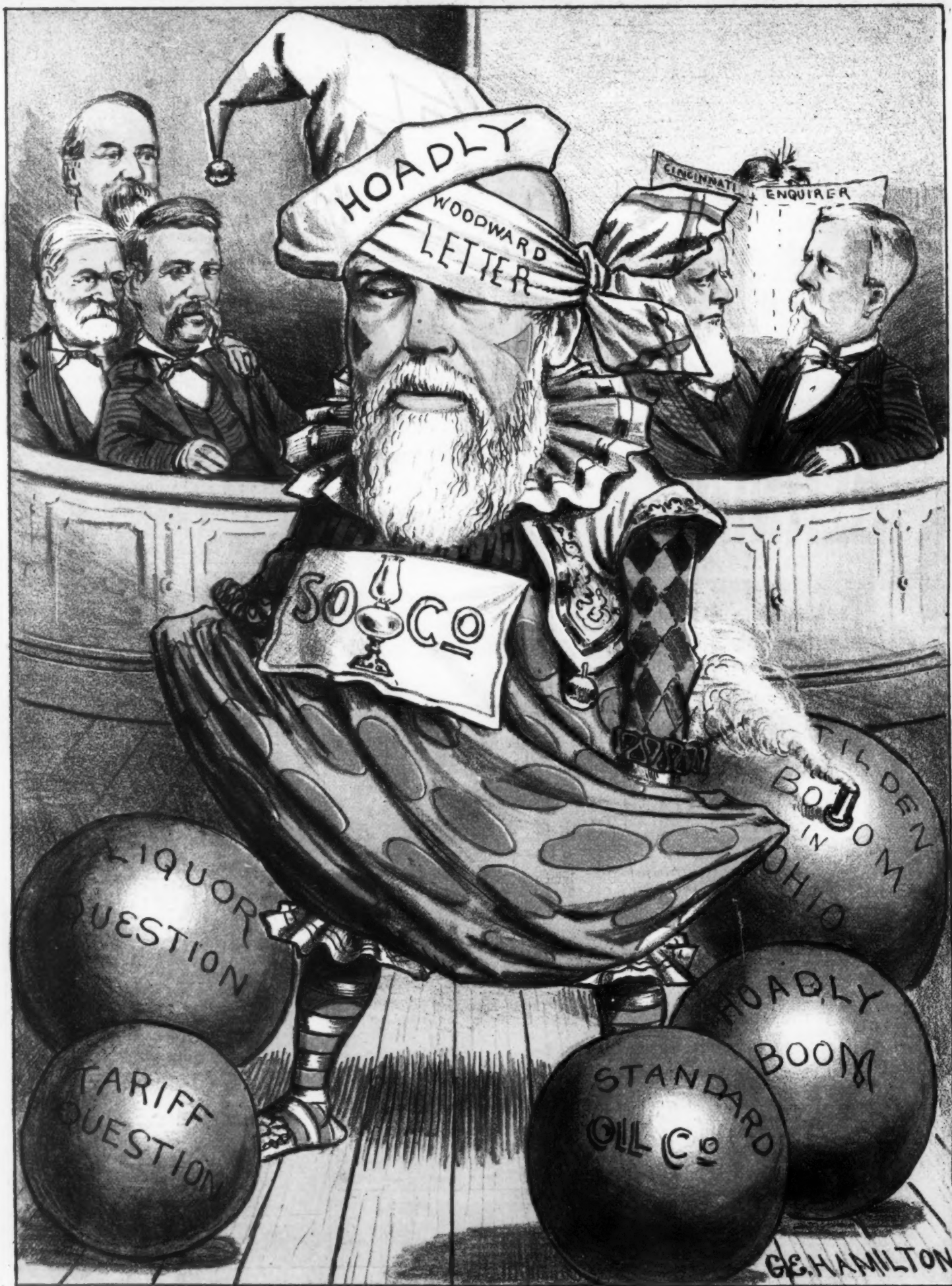
30 DAYS' TRIAL



DR. DYE'S
VOLTAIC
BELT.
(BEFORE — AND — AFTER)
Electric Appliances are sent on 30 Days' Trial.
TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD,
WHO are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY,
LOST VITALITY, LACK OF NERVE FORCE AND
VIGOR, WASTING WEAKNESSES, and all those diseases
of a PERSONAL NATURE resulting from ABUSES and
OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete resto-
ration of HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED.
The grandest discovery of the Nineteenth Century.
Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address
VOLTAIC BELT CO., MARSHALL, MICH.



Columbia Bicycle
Is what every Boy wants, and what every
Man ought to have.
Send 3-cent stamp for new, elegantly illustrat-
ed 36-page Catalogue and Price List.
THE POPE MANUFACTURING CO.,
626 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
New York Riding School, 34th st., near 3d av.



THE SITUATION IN OHIO.

Awfully Wearing Work—Trying to keep One Eye on Five Revolving Objects.