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MORE HARMONY.

COLD WATER FOSTER AND LAGER BEER SHERMAN SPEAKING FROM THE SAME STUMP IN OHIO.



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The Political Coaching Clubs.

THERE is nothing more exhilarating than a good drive, in pleasant weather, along a hard, level road, behind a spanking team. Indeed, if the team be first-class, we can put up with many discomforts of road and weather, but no surroundings, however favorable, can make poor horseflesh endurable. So, when the rival coaching clubs, Democratic and Republican, set out on their drive to Albany, with colors flying and horns blowing, there was every prospect of a delightful drive—if only the coaches were well horsed. But proxies are a poor substitute for honest, corn-fed cattle, and so the Democratic coach, well loaded within and without, soon gave its dust to the Republicans, who speedily ceased blowing horns and turned their attention to blown horses. Too late, however; down go the proxies. Broken harness and prostrate, struggling cattle tell an eloquent story, and

"All Chester's horses and all Chester's men
Cannot put Republicanism where it was again."

Democracy, however, seems to have all the adjuncts of a good team, pleasant weather, and a level road, to enable it to make good time to Albany.

Something New in Life Insurance

THERE is money in insurance, say the cognoscenti of Wall street, and surely there ought to be, if all insurance be conducted on the same principles as a case which is at present being ventilated in our courts would seem to have been. Quite a little drama might be constructed on the lines of this policy of insurance. *Dramatis personæ*: a married couple. Husband prudently insures his life for his wife's benefit; reprehensibly vanishes to California or parts unknown, where, the lady claims, he, to use the vernacular obtaining in parts unknown, "passed in his checks." The widow comes forward and claims her insurance. "Oh, no," says the company, "your husband is not dead." "On the contrary," rejoins the bereaved one, "he

is very dead indeed," and on that point they join issue, and the law is invoked to decide between them. On the trial, a gentleman of no particular occupation, selected from the floating population of "parts unknown," is brought forward by the defense. "Here's your husband," says the company; "you can't expect to be paid for this specimen as highly as if he were dead." "Oh, no; that is not my husband," rejoins the bereaved one, "and I guess I ought to know." Then she proceeds to ask her alleged spouse the age of their eldest son. He has forgotten. How many children blessed their union anyway? Blessed if he remembers. And so the case stands, with the betting in favor of the widow winning it on appeal. And if she does win it, and the court brings the fraud home to the company, THE JUDGE will be strongly inclined to insure his life in some other company, or run his chances of outliving any company that may offer. Still, they say there is money in life insurance.

President Arthur's Blunder.

THE opposition, by a large and influential portion of the Republican party, to the election of Charles J. Folger to the Governorship of New York, means most emphatically that an attempt is to be made to convince President Arthur, ex-Senator Conkling, Jay Gould, "Steve" French, and others, that they must not undertake to keep this State in line in order to secure the election of the present occupant of the White House to a second term. Republicans who opposed the administration of President Garfield, and who created the excitement which fired Guiteau's brain and drove that scoundrel to the commission of a deed which appalled the whole world, can never hope to find places in the hearts of the honest, thoughtful Republican voters of this State. The men who, through trick and device, secured the nomination of Secretary Folger at Saratoga, hope to carry his election through fraud. They openly boast that all the power of the administration, with a bountiful supply of Jay Gould's money, will be used to place Secretary Folger in the Executive chair in Albany.

Too often has the fact been flaunted in the faces of the electors of New York that the politicians, and not themselves, would decide who should hold high and honorable offices. But the people have, on great occasions, in the vernacular of the political world, "sat upon" these politicians. THE JUDGE therefore suggests that this is a peculiarly good season for the people to "sit upon" the candidates of the Republican party.

It was hoped by many who admire the character of Secretary Folger, who remember him as Chief Justice of the New York Court of Appeals, who had hoped to see him fill the highest office in the gift of the people of this State, that he would decline to accept a nomination made through the bold misconduct of men who assume to represent the better element of the Republican party. But Secretary Folger has written his long explanation of acceptance, and Bank Examiner Hepburn has declined the nomination on the same

ticket for Congressman-at-Large. Secretary Folger has acted very unwisely, and Mr. Hepburn has done himself credit. The Republicans who will decline on election day to cast their votes for Secretary Folger, will hope by so doing to rebuke President Arthur for his interference in the affairs of the party in this State. The President's blunder, from present appearances, will result in great disaster to the party here and elsewhere. His henchmen, led by a Police Commissioner of this city, who has blackened whatever fair fame he ever possessed, scoffed at the notion that there are Republicans who have not forgotten the spectacle presented by General Arthur and ex-Senator Conkling in Albany last summer. "Steve" French and his gang will know, perhaps, on the 8th of November that the electors of New York saved the State from disgrace by effectually disposing of the aims and ambitions of Roscoe Conkling.

With Secretary Folger as Governor, Conkling as the power behind the throne, and General Arthur in training for a Presidential race, Republicans would appreciate more than ever before the calamity which befell the nation when Garfield died.

WE have received an extremely characteristic letter from one Adolph Cohen. Mr. Cohen, as his name would imply, is a Jew, and we will charitably assume further that he is a foreign Jew, for the orthography and syntax of the English language are manifestly not his strong points. However, he is terribly in earnest, and manages to make his meaning sufficiently clear. He is of opinion that his race has been judged too severely in these columns, and he very considerately enlightens our darkness as to the *morale* and management of a Jewish home. He misses the point, however, for it is not in the conduct or manners of his people at home we are interested. In the penetralia of their holy of holies, their own fireside, they may do as they please for aught we care; but unfortunately Christian men and women are brought into contact with the Mr. Cohens of this world at hotels, in public conveyances, at places of amusement, and other places of popular resort, and it is in their public relations that we would willingly see their manners improved, and their behavior toned down to the ordinary standard of a civilized American citizen. Mr. Cohen may not be disposed to believe us, but we actually have met in the flesh Hebrews who were not quite perfection, and although we have not the advantage of his acquaintance, we are strongly disposed to believe that Mr. Cohen is one of them. With regard to the domestic graces and virtues hinted at by our correspondent, he and his people are welcome to them. We attained our present dimensions and stature without them, and are strongly of the opinion that Christianity as opposed to Judaism, and Christians as opposed to Jews, will last our time at least.

How to tell chalk from cheese: Undertake to make cheese out of New York milk.



AGGRAVATING for J. H. Ryley, late Bunthorne, to find his place in the popular heart disputed by a new-comer like Mansfield.

YOUNG man, if you are so soft as to live on your wife's relations, you must not be surprised if you are occasionally called a sponge-cake.

AGGRAVATING to meet the soil of Manhattan Island whirling through the air in the form of dust a few hours after an unprecedented rain-fall.

AGGRAVATING for Plunger Walton that the press will not keep still and let him make money on the turf in his own way, without kicking up a fuss about it.

It is aggravating to find your spring overcoat trimmed with moths when you come to shake it out with a view of putting it on for a turn of extra duty in the fall.

It is aggravating to be informed at the box-office of a theater that there are no seats left when "Best seats in the orchestra" has been shouted at you by blatant speculators in the lobby, especially when, on entering the theater, you find the house half empty.

"Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." Is it? If you can get General Slocum to think so, you will perform a feat worthy to rank with the labors of Hercules. But perhaps the poet did not refer to the love of office when he penned the line.

AGGRAVATING for the funny man of the average newspaper that the Egyptian war, which promised to be a fruitful field for the paragrapher, should be over so soon, and should have withdrawn from the country an enormous quantity of mules, the most available property of the aforesaid funny man.

POLICEMAN RANDALL, corner of North Moore and Varick streets, was complained of by Leggett, the grocer, for driving a team of horses to the police-station. Now, let the policeman insist that Leggett shall be contented with occupying half the sidewalk with an extra platform, and shall keep down his skids when there is no dray in front of them.

MR. STEWART L. WOODFORD, you are a little political calf. You make a rattling good speech, but you do not tell anything that is deep or new. You are simply amusing, when there is no one else to listen to. But sometimes you are a nuisance, because when we want a big heavy man you thrust yourself in. You are not a swan, but only a little gosling. So keep yourself down a little, and THE JUDGE will let you off this time with a slight rebuke.

MR. RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, of Fremont, Ohio, you are a very small buckeye or pinkeye potato. You are very mealy, not mealy-montheaded exactly, but mealy-headed. John Sherman is trying to warm you over, and feed you to the United States Senate. You do well, Rutherford, not to take too heavy a side on the temperance question. You do that when you are in office, not when you want it. Besides, everybody knows that you drink beer in German gardens in Cincinnati, when some one else pays for it. Next.



Miss Primrose will appear at the ball to-night in a Dolly Varden of her own design.



WILL HE REACH IT?

"Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil plight,
Struggle thro' such a raging flood
Of party scorn and spite."

—MACAULAY; adapted to Ben Butler.

YOUNG man, you are the employé of a Second avenue baker. In the early mornings you excel the milkman in noise, aggravating the ears of distressed sleepers. But the milkman only yawps—like a warlike Ute Indian; while you dance, and whistle, and squawk like a Tyrolean warbler with a rooster bone in his throat. You always whistle the same forlorn, monotonous tune, and even the servant-girls are getting tired of your German notes. You are lively, healthy, and full of spirits, but put a little taffy in your mouth, and don't use it for a fog-horn. You may go.

It is peculiarly aggravating to see a fat Jew lounging on the back seat of a barouche, with his arm over the side, and vulgarly smoking a big cigar, as he rolls through Central Park with a smirk on his face which seems to say, "Please look at me, will you, and then I shall be so happy." The swine does not know that he is insulting his wife and children who are with him, by smoking in their presence while he is riding in a public place. Nor does he realize in his thick-headedness that the people who happen to have their eyes called to his ostentatious vulgarity inwardly dislike him, and are disgusted with his looks as well as with his actions. There are few races who do this so openly as the Jews. Call the next case.

MISS EMMA ABBOTT, as you claim to be very modest, which we shall not dispute, THE JUDGE will only give you a slight lecture before it sends you back to darn your stockings. You have broken forth again, and at the beginning of the season are trying the advertising dodge about yourself. Your egotism, Emmaline, is big. One season you advocated the long pantalette business, and made the newspaper wags say that you wouldn't have done so if—you know—that is, you wouldn't have put a haystack over the needles just to lose them. Now you have begun to talk about your operatic nerves. Emmaline, you are just a bit of a singing crank, and you mightily give yourself away to sensible people. Don't, Emma. Whoa, Emma.

STEP up, Secretary Bob Lincoln. For the sake of your father, who was a noble, great man, THE JUDGE will let you off easy. You, yourself, are not a great man, but only a fair real estate and railroad lawyer. You are spoken of for President. You should refuse to be spoken of for the place, because you would suffer in history. Two Lincolns could not easily go down in history with equal greatness. You have the example of the Adamases; but you are to John Quincy Adams what a lady-bug is to an eagle. You are too fancy and nobby. When you wear a mustache you wear a horse-shoe. When you wear a full beard you part it in the middle. Great men do neither. Bubby, run home, and chop kindling-wood for supper; THE JUDGE is busy.

FOLGER may slip up on the golden slippers.

THE Czar has crowned himself secretly. This must be a nice sort of pleasure, and we recommend it to all persons who have crowns. General Grant, for instance, could get a cheap one at a theatrical variety store, and go down cellar with Barney Biglin, Proxy French and Chet Arthur, and put it on with a few drinks of good old rye whisky. The Czar has set a noble and handy example. It reminds us of a man who was elected to Congress from Newark, N. J. He couldn't wait until he got to Washington to show himself off; so he got his wife to go away up-stairs as Speaker of the House, while he, as Congressman, went into the cellar. Then he shouted through a barrel with the heads knocked out: "Mr. Speaker!" and his wife, who occupied the chair in the garret, shouted back: "The Honorable Mr. Jinks, Esquire, of New Jersey." At that the Congressman would proceed to deliver a speech on reform, while his wife kept the house in order.

THE Herald wants Daniel Webster back again. We agree with it. Daniel had a fine voice, and could call out the names of the stations so that everybody could hear him.

THE frogs have gone down into the mud, and there are to be no more frogs'-legs this season. But thank Heaven the bald-headed man has the ballet before him.

It is claimed that the humming-bird has a wonderful sense of smell, and will fly miles against the wind for a flower-bed. The humming-bird is the Israelite among plumed creatures. It will go so far for a scent.

BARNEY BIGLIN, you are mistaken. Mr. Folger did not buck Mr. Cornell off the political bridge in the Queen Nan style.

THE stalwart journals are beginning to make approximate calculations about the Folger majority. Approximate numbers are hard to estimate. But Folger has Steve French—he is about the only proxy-mate he can get at now.



A POSER.

OUR NEW COOK.—“Howdy mother o’ Mosses! How am I to skin that?”

JUDGMENTS.

KELLY controls about forty thousand votes.

HINT to Wadsworth: It is better to be a Left-tenant Governor than the left tenant of a *Herald* boom.

GENERAL BEN BUTLER’S ligneous visage will loom from many an illustrated page during the next few months.

MR. BILLY BIRCH and his coadjutor, Mr. Charley Backus, are preparing to answer the query propounded by a Southern politician: “What has the African done towards the civilization and progress of the country?”

EVERYBODY is coming back—except those who have already arrived. The European voyagers, and the Newportians have spent the most money; the mountaineers and unaristocratic sea-siders have probably had the best time.

MR. VANDERBILT does not believe in ghosts; neither does Mr. Watrous, of the New Haven Railroad. It is a good thing for them. The president of a railroad who believed in specters and apparitions would speedily become unfitted for the duties of his position.

HENRY GEORGE is a man of depth and ability, but his proceedings in England and Ireland show that he may get out of his depth occasionally. Certain of his proceedings while abroad have been characterized by a “freshness” which would not misbecome a half-grown school-boy.

MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT, who had seriously contemplated a trip to the Arctic last summer, has ordered his ice-chest to be locked up again. He says that after all the old-time bon vivants knew best when they said that claret should be of the temperature of the room in which you drink it.

MR. JAY GOULD’S digestion is nearly perfect. He has succeeded in assimilating railroad iron, real estate, and a vast assortment of more or less indigestible corners. But there is a limit to even his capacity, and that limit has been reached. Some thousands of miles of telegraph wires would choke an ostrich.

A TRINITY Church sparrow wants to know what a privilege is, and how to make money out of it. A privilege is a queer bird. It has gorgeous and many-hued tail feathers. Salt these and you catch your bird. We are not acquainted at present with a satisfactory solution to your last proposition. Ask Rufus Hatch.

ADMIRAL SEYMOUR and Sir Garnet Wolseley are to be raised to the peerage. Such men reflect more honor on the order than they derive from it. Contrast the career of a hereditary peer, like a dozen we could name

—the late Marquis of Hastings will do for an example—with that of a man who wins his spurs as Sir Garnet has won his.

“THE trundle-bed you slept on, the chair you sat in, the blue-edged dish out of which you ate, your sister’s skipping-rope, etc., they are all a part of the fiber of your immortal nature.”—*Talmage*. Our revered friend should not have overlooked the claims of the dried apples we ate, and the slipper of the maternal monitor. These have made more impression on the immortal nature than all the rest.

“THERE is nothing new under the sun.” Isn’t there? Without seeking to penetrate the motive that underlies Mr. Dana’s attitude towards the Gonol monopoly, THE JUDGE unhesitatingly decides that there is something new under the *Sun*. Spots in the sun are part of the stock in trade of every two-cent astronomer, but a spot in Mr. Dana’s *Sun*—that is something that it will take the big new telescope at the Lick Observatory to convince THE JUDGE of.

POLITICAL excitement is a kind of social microscope, with great powers of exaggeration when applied to the characteristics of rival candidates. Whether the merits or demerits be brought into relief by this microscope entirely depends on which party is squinting through the lenses. Add up all the qualities, good or bad, ascribed to different men by different parties, and you will find them reach the same total in the end.

Clouds afar look black or gay,
Closely seen, they all are gray.”

“I WAS always taught,” writes “a school-boy of fourteen,” “that Ireland was a portion of the British possessions. How does it come, then, to be possessed of the devil?” THE JUDGE passes.

SUMMERBREEZE’S daughter went on a sailing party the other day and was taken terribly sea-sick. Her beau, who never could get up courage to propose, said to her: “You wouldn’t make a very good sailor, would you?” “I shouldn’t be much of a success before the mast,” she replied, “but I’d make a rattling good mate.”

“BLOOD will tell,” so be careful how you make confidants of your relations.

THE LAST MAN CLUB.

It was agreed when the club was organized that on the 2d of January of each year the members should all attend a supper, and that a regular organization should be maintained until the death of all the members, the last survivor to take the club effects to his home as a memento. Through thirty years this agreement has been kept. At each supper plates were laid for all of the dead members and each was toasted in turn.—*Philadelphia Item*.

We dined together twenty strong
That frosty New Year’s weather,
For half our life-time’s little span
Had been lived out together,
And school-boy friendships, school-boy loves,
Such rapid plants in growing,
Were canvassed o’er and toasted deep
In Champagne’s vintage flowing.

And then the youngest took the word,
And put the question whether
We should not fix an annual day
To meet and dine together.
The day was fixed, the hour and place,
And joining hands in promise,
We swore that naught but death itself
Should take our banquet from us.

And then the youngest spoke again—
“If death should bar our meeting,
We’ll dine and keep the lost one’s place,
And give his ghost a greeting.
The spirit-land must spare our dead;
It has its shades in plenty;
This party meets here once a year,
With places laid for twenty.”

And so we pledged ourselves again,
And from the table starting,
With glasses crowned and hand in hand,
We sung the song of parting.
And ere we went our several ways
Exchanged our farewell greeting;
Each drinking down the jolly toast—
“To our next merry meeting.”

A year rolled by. The table still
Was laid with twenty covers,
And school-boy friends exchanged once more
The tales of school-boy lovers.
But one chair was unoccupied,
And at our farewell greeting
But nineteen voices spoke the toast—
“To our next merry meeting.”

In ‘sixty-one the club sat down
With seven vacant places;
The table seemed but half filled up
By thirteen smiling faces.
Thirteen! They say the number is
Unlucky; well, sincerely,
I never thought our number less,
For twenty dined there yearly.

But that year was the worst of all,
Since our first toast was given;
In ‘sixty-two the club sat down,
And we were only seven.
And when we toasted “absent friends”
In annual communion,
We had to sigh for six brave lives
Laid down to guard the Union.

Those war years bore upon us hard,
But still we never faltered,
Though the long line of empty chairs
Showed how our club was altered.
One toast, indeed, became each year
More solemn and commanding—
“Our absent friends!” and that always
Was drank in silence, standing.

I go to finish out the plan
Arranged that winter weather,
When years ago, we twenty swore
To dine to-day together.
I know that my last friend is gone,
I know it will be lonely
With nineteen empty places laid,
And one chair taken only.

Still, we will meet. If not in flesh,
In spirit they are present;
Perhaps they find that dinner still
As once they found it—pleasant.
I cannot tell; such themes as these
Are past my understanding;
I go to toast my absent friends,
Alone, in silence, standing.

"FRENCH SPOKEN HERE."

STEVE FRENCH, he sat in Convention Hall
Awaiting the call of the roll,
With a Robertson proxy held fast in his fist
And treachery in his soul.
The delegates all look around in surprise
To hear what the French man would say,
Westchester was called, and he boldly replies,
 Ici on parle Français.

Half, Better than the Whole.

BY JOHN BLACKBRIDGE.

WE arrived at Marytoga late in the season. That famous watering-place was deserted. The various springs had disseminated their total annual yield of Bright's disease, the hotels were closing, and with difficulty did we find a public house disposed to receive guests. In this one, sacred to commercial drummers, \$2 a day and \$1.50 for sample-rooms, we pitched our tent and unloaded our samples.

The samples would have made you smile. There were a jack-screw of appalling force, a rare collection of polished steel jimmies, a graduated ascending scale of door-persuaders, beginning with the one thousandth part of an inch, and ending with steel wedges fit to rive the armor-plate of a first-class iron-clad, and several cans of a powder made under our own receipt at the great works of Braine l'Allend, Belgium, where the willow charcoal possesses a quickness and subtle power unknown to our domestic twig. Our canvas bags, even, were of rare quality, sewed with Russian flax. These samples were not designed for merchants, they were strictly for bank use.

During several days and nights we reconnoitered the Chetarthur National Bank, which was our ultimate object of attack. My pal, party by the name of Johnson, opened an account with greenbacks and a bona fide check, and we paid some bills with checks against the account. We studied the vault. It seemed accessible, but did not appear as plethoric as we could have wished. We felt that we should have come earlier in the season. I incautiously said as much to Johnson one day, while we were near the cashier's desk, pumping that official as to the future of the butter crop of the county. The president, a well-made and smiling gentleman, with a white head and benevolent countenance, overheard me, and said:

"Do you really regret visiting Marytoga so late?"

"Yes, sir; on account of the diminished beneficial action of the waters in cool weather."

At last our reconnaissances were completed, and we were ready for business. It was one o'clock A. M. when we gently pried open a pair of iron shutters in the rear wall, and springing the window fastenings found ourselves in the bank parlor, or director's room. Our journey to the vault demanded only a few steps, which we took noiselessly. There was no dog. The janitor was asleep in the third story. Everything was favorable to immediate operation. I flashed the bulb of the dark lantern one instant on the lock of the



We had better simply leave our cards on the editor who advocated bicycling, as he does not seem to be at home to accept the courtesies we intended.

vault. The door had been opened! We rummaged inside, but found nothing beyond a few trays of trade dollars and some packages of cut checks, and bank officers' bonds of trust. No greenbacks, no governments! "Well, damme," exclaimed my pal, "this does beat all known cock-fighting! And the whole thing looks so queer and amateurish too!"

"I can explain this, gentlemen," said a voice near us, and flashing our lantern-bulb in that direction we recognized the president, with the white head and benevolent countenance, looking nearly twice as bulky as ordinary, of which we learned the cause in a few moments. "But, as Mr. Johnson rightly observed, there is an amateurish flavor to this transaction which I should like to get rid of. I opened the vault door with a key, and tried to put pry marks on the door afterward, but I see that this is a dead give-away. Won't you gentlemen give it a professional air? Smash up the lock, deface the door, and leave a few first-class tools on the floor."

"Is this on the square, between you and us, old fel?" said I. "A straightout divvy, honest Injun?"

"Why, cert."

"Well, then, relieve your clothes of about half of these greenbacks and U. S. bonds, and my pal and I will pad ourselves a little, for the good of our shape and to guard against the night air."

With great promptness the venerable gentleman transferred to us about a bushel of the said securities, saying, "Will that do? That's about as near as we can come to it."

Thus fortified as to the personal honor of our companion, we zealously seconded his wishes. In fifteen minutes the vault door looked as though it had sustained a fire of artillery. Powder was flashed on the floor to make it grimy, drawers were wrenched open, and their contents scattered, and you might well imagine that a band of burglars had held high carnival in the bank. Meanwhile, the president had hauled down from a shelf some account-books, and tore out a few dozen pages more or less, leaving the mutilated volumes on the floor, as if the robbers had done this in pure sport.

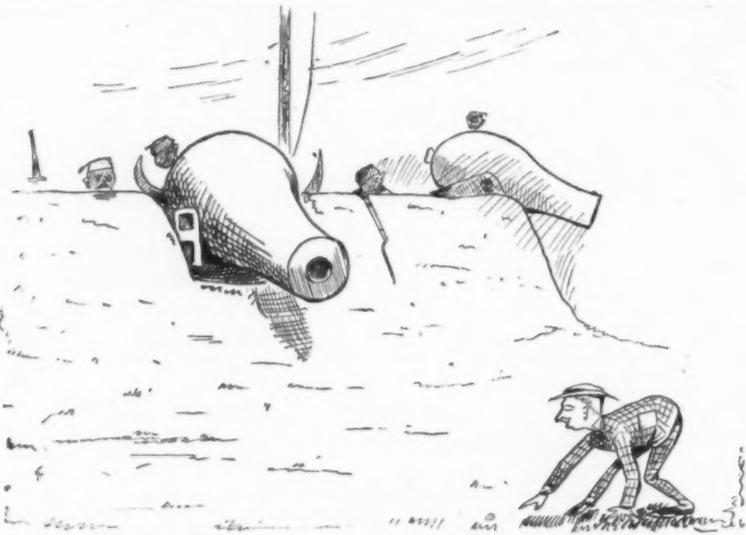
"And now, gents," said the president, "let us go over to my house, where we shall be safe from observation, and in a half hour we will settle all the points of this business."

We sat down in the president's library in perfect stillness. The worthy man procured from the cellar cold beef, bread and butter, and two bottles of de Montigny.

"If you prefer spirits, say so," he said, "as I have an excellent brandy. Now to business. This is a lucky meeting for both of us. No one now will ever suspect me, and as for you, you were bound to leave town by the first train, anyhow, and you will never be prosecuted. I have been gutting the bank for several years, and exposure was bound to come, unless the bank could be properly robbed. But who was to do it? I couldn't trust anybody in town, and when I advertised in the 'Business Opportunities' in the Herald for reliable parties to make a fortune without risk, you ought to have seen the kind of cattle that came up here. But, see, now, what a lucky chance has made us three solid together. The poor old bank had only \$200,000 left; and you will go away with half. Count right up and see. To-morrow, immense excitement, entrance of professional burglars plainly traced. The vault forced! All the bank assets gone! The respectable officers frantic. Depositors lose all. Stockholders ditto, but vote to re-subscribe and go on. The venerable president retained! With my \$100,000, I can even take new stock, and hereafter avoid blind-pools. Bless you, my boys, and let us always fervently pray for each other's welfare. Go out quietly, and get away early in the morning. Go to Boston, and I will have a vigorous hunt made for you in Chicago. Even that won't last long. Good-bye! Good-bye!"

And on the whole, although we only bagged \$100,000 where there were \$200,000 to get, my pal and I concluded, after mature reflection in our short stay in Boston, that, as the old Greek said, there are cases where "half is a great deal better than the whole," especially where you divide with a bank president.

THE only kind of vice much shunned by the young men of to-day seems to be ad-vice.



WHAT WON'T HE DO NEXT? FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

"I succeeded in getting within ten feet of the rebel works, and, although covered by their guns, was fortunate enough to pick up a suspender button which had become detached from the pants of Arabi Bey."

CONUNDRUMS.

ARE bustles at high-tied?
 WHY wouldn't barbers make good poll-clerks?
 CAN it be said that New York also has an Ashantee town?
 ARE marriages in parlor-cars to be considered as railroad-ties?
 COULD some of the new ribbons be called moire antique than others?
 CHICAGO has had snow-flakes; but hasn't New York had hot Scotches, Donald?
 ARE the darkeys joining the Democratic party in order to make it parti-colored?
 WHEN Dobson spoke of his wife as an old hen, did he think that she was laying for him?
 WHY is that November is the month selected for turkey stuffing and ballot-box stuffing?
 ARE we to consider five-o'clock teas fashionable? Or is the coming man to be five o'clock teed?
 IS the 800-pound saw fish, recently discovered off Florida, the one that sawed Courtney's boat?
 THERE is a new opera house in Streator, Ill. Do you know whether it is on the main street or not?
 BUTTERCUPS, as street ornaments on dandies, are being rapidly superseded by oleomargarites, are they not?
 CAPOUL is called a harmless lady-killer. This is the winter season, and he has probably come to slay belles.
 A WESTERN physician prescribes onion-pills for sickness at the stomach. Are they to be taken by a lot of old pilgarlics?
 A ST. LOUIS actress took her third husband to the grave the other day. Did she think that she was only going to rehearsal?
 A BOSTON editor asks, "What is to be done with the surplus money?" Why don't you go up to Isaac's and get out your overcoat?
 FROM the way that some of the Israelites talk, is it necessary to suppose that in 1900 we shall have to go the whole Jew or none?
 TWO acres of land in Illinois have sunk fifteen feet. Did some Chicago belle set her foot down, or was David Davis trying to take a nap?
 "WHAT does this country want?" asks Bob Ingersoll. Well, to tell the truth, Robert, if you keep on raising hades, what this country wants is a new de'il.
 WE do not know who the man was who planted sugar plums, expecting to raise a large crop, but doesn't it look very much as if it were Murat Halstead?
 DAVID DAVIS is becoming young again. He likes good living. Some one asks what games should be played at his wedding. Why not form a ring around the rosey?

A KENTUCKY man says that old toppers in his State are not satisfied with glasses or tea-cups of whisky. Are we to infer that if they do not stop they will soon be bowled out?

A CORRESPONDENT from Panama says that during the recent earthquake the ground ripped up in a big tear. And yet probably you couldn't *terra firma* thing than old *terra firma*. Or did it tear like an old *terra-cotta* thing? This is an English joke improved.

"SHOULD not the office seek the man?"—*New Haven Register*. THE JUDGE says, bless your soul, no. The man wouldn't run fast enough. He'd back right into the office faster than any double back action crab you ever saw. No, no, let man seek the office, as Cornell did.

If Jay Gould would let finance alone and be content with the money he has already accumulated would he not, after all, make a pretty fine journalist? He has brains; he can say brilliant things. He pricks bubbles instantaneously. Why not end your life as an editor, Jay Gould?

THE man who makes a present and takes it back is called an Indian giver. The Indian of the plains has inherited all the child-like peculiarities of his forefathers in this respect. He will take back lands; he will take back wives; he will take back back talk; he will take back tobacco; he will take back whisky; but did anybody ever hear of an Indian taking back water?

SOME one suggests wood fires, and asks why we do not have them in the city. Sonny, the big trees of California do not grow on Broadway. Wood is scarce. It is all our wives can do to get rolling-pins to mash us withal. We tried a wood fire one winter, but clothes-pins went up, and we had to stop. Then we tried tooth-picks, but three or four wouldn't keep the chimney blazing nor roast apples. A few splinters from cigar-boxes did very well; the cedar kept the moths out of the chimney. Sonny, ask an easy conundrum next time.

Hoffenstein on Politics.

HERMAN was standing on the sidewalk, engaged in an earnest conversation with Simon Friedlander, the clerk who worked next door, when Hoffenstein called out: "Herman, vy vas it you always stand on de sidewalk dalking mit beople, und don't be de store in. Vat you do oud dere?"

"I wasn't doing enyding, Mr. Hoffenstein," replied Herman, nervously. "I vas shust dalking mit Simon Friedlander about bolitics."

"You vas dalking bolitics, eh! Vell, I dink you better had stay de store in or leave

de pisiness you know. Vile you vas dalking bolitics on de sidewalk de rats vas in de back uf de store eading up dose kid ledder gaiters vich you nefer vipe de dust off. You keep vay from bolitics, Hermans, because I vas in it myself vonce, und I can dell you someding. It vas in Hoboken dot I first vent into bolitics, und vas running for schancery clerk uf de gounty. De Fort of Shuly comes, und dey haf a big celebration, und dey calls on me to read de Deglaration uf Independence to de beople. Vell, I had been trinking visky und dalking bolitics, und I vas drunker as a her-ring.

"Ven I vent on de speakers' stand I got de wrong book und commenced reading de Mississippi stock law to de crowd, ven de varnest subborder in my vard vispers in my ear und says, 'Rube, you vas making a tam fool uf yourself.' I gets mad, calls him a liar, und kicks him from de stand away, und I dells de beople if dey dink de Jews von't fight shust to come on. Dot makes my frent vork against me in de vard, und I gets beat ofer a tousand votes at de election. De next dime I go in bolitics I dirks I vill vork de boys in de vard, und I sets up a bar-room dree weeks before de election. I dells dem to come around, und vat vas mine vas my frents, und dey can't bay anyding. Dey would come in de bar-room, dake me to a bri-vate corner of de room, und dell me dot dey had got a man to pledge himself for me vot controls ofer von hundred votes. Den dey would vink mit von eye, poke me in de ribs, und ask me to lend dem \$5. Ven de election comes I finds dot I don't get but dree votes vot I put in myself, und de next day de tam tiefs vot trinks my visky und sbends my money dells me dot de reason dot I don't get elected vas because dey got so drunk dey voted for de wrong man.

"Last dime I haf anyding to do mit bolitics, I wants to get a State abbotment, und I gets all de pest beople in my vard to sign my ab-blication; den I dakes it to de Governor; but he says, 'Vas you a delegate to de last convention from your vard?' I dells him I vasn't, und dot I keeps a cloding store by Chatham street. De Governor reads de names on de abbblication, und den says for me to vait a vile und he vill see vat he can do. Vell, I vaited, but I don't got anyding, und I goes to a frent who vas a good bolitician und asks him vat de matter vas, und he says, 'Did you get de boys in de vard to sign de abbblication?' I dells him dot I gets de names uf all de best men in de town.

"Did Pan-cake Bob sign it?" I says no.

"Did you see Coon-eyed Johnny?" I dells him I don't know de shentleman.

"Vell," he says, "didn't you get de endorsement uf Snakey Jim, Greasy Mike und Kangaroo Charley, vat lifs in de lower end uf de vard?" I dells him no, und he says, 'Veil, who in de devil vas it signed de abbblication?' Den I calls de names uf de pisiness men in de vard, und, after dinking a vile, he says: 'Rube, if you vait undil you get in bolitics on dem names, you vill be so old dot green moss vill grow on your nose.' Dink uf vat I dell you, Herman, und go vipe off de show-case."

JOE C. ABY.

A LA MODE.

THE moths have spoiled my sacque, mother,
My lovely sealskin sacque,
And when cold winter comes, mother,
Of it I'll feel the lack.
Then how the Grundy set, mother,
Shall flip their tongues at me,
And say I'm out of style, mother,
Just wait and you shall see.

There's Algernon de Snobs, mother,
Of Murray Hill's "swell" pack,
You know I first "mashed" him, mother,
By wearing that seal sacque.
He thought pa must be rich, mother,
(Poor pa in bankruptcy.)
To give me such a garb, mother,
But now I'll lose Algie.

Oh, dry your tears at once, daughter,
No longer anguish'd feel,
For toney *demoiselles* daughter,
Henceforth shall don no seal,
Or fur-lined garb, because, daughter,
Catskin and plush are cheap,
And dyed like finest fur, daughter,
So cease, *ma fille*, to weep.

I'll raise for thee in time, daughter,
On some good neighbor's note,
The price of a new cloth, daughter,
English cut redingote;
So you can fall in line, daughter,
With Murray Hill's high pack,
And still "catch on" to Alg. daughter,
Without a sealskin sacque.

Owning the Corn.

THE gentlemanly conductor of one of our street cars observed a stout country-woman, one of his passengers, fussing with her foot. Presently he approached to collect her fare. "How much?" inquired the lady from the cow counties. "Five cents, madam," responded the courteous official. "And none too much if you don't hurt," replied the lady, protruding a foot, which by this time she had divested of shoe and stocking, within the range of the conductor's vision. The passengers were astonished, the man of the bell-punch petrified. He did not even pause to ascertain if the proffered foot were fair. He only knew it was not the kind of fare he was after. Subsequent explanation brought to light the fact that the unsophisticated passenger had mistaken an advertisement in the car for a shingle setting forth a branch of business not yet associated with our street-car travel. The advertisement read, "Corns extracted without pain." The chiropodist's address had been overlooked.

A Very Hard Case.

"HEAR my tale! Two weeks ago I was a millionaire; my pocket-book was plethoric with bills, my checks would be honored—aye, up to five figures, at more than one bank; my credit was unimpaired. You wouldn't think it to look at me. Would you have recognized me a month ago had you seen me sweeping by in my carriage?"

"More than likely you wouldn't have recognized me," answered the struggling artist whom this wildly-talking stranger had button-holed.

"No, young man, no. I never was one of

that kind. I always recognized everybody; every passer-by on the street. I saw——"

"And went him one better," interrupted the irreverent artist.

"Young man, don't be frivolous. Let us return to my wealth."

"By all means; and when we get to it, I've no objection to accepting a V, just to show there's no ill-feeling."

"Let us return to my wealth," pursued the stranger, without noticing the interruption. "My wife wore diamonds; I owned a mansion on Fifth avenue. I played pool for drinks with Vanderbilt and Jay Gould; I——"

"Did you manage to wax these doughty capitalists?" said the artist, again interrupting.

"With the utmost ease. Jay Gould was an indifferent player. He labored under the hallucination that his cue was a telegraph pole, and manipulated it accordingly. He would spend hours in front of a rack of cues, stretching a piece of twine along the slender, upright timbers, under the impression that he was securing control of a new telegraph line."

"And what sort of game did Vanderbilt play?"

"Very indifferent indeed. His theory was that the balls were rolling stock, and should be run on schedule time. Consequently, while he was waiting till a certain bah was due in a given pocket, I had won the game."

"Peculiar!"

"But pleasant and profitable. I got my drinks and cigars for nothing, and at the same time acquired much valuable information as to running a railroad and manipulating a Western Union grab."

"But how did you become reduced in so brief a space to your present—ah, ah—temporary impecuniosity?" queried the artist, putting the question as delicately as he could, as he sized up his interlocutor from the dented crown of his hat to the stockingless toes which peeped through the apertures in his well-ventilated shoes.

"I have no one but myself to blame," said the other, with a heavy sigh. "My own reckless, criminal extravagance has reduced me to this sorry plight. Listen! Three weeks ago I spent a few days at Niagara! The expense was enormous, but my income was princely, and might have stood the strain, but in an evil hour, on the very last day, I engaged a hack for three hours to drive me to the different points of interest. Need I say more?"

"'Tis needless," replied the artist, wringing the other's hand sympathetically.

"I am endeavoring to raise funds to purchase a hack for myself," pursued the stranger, wearily; "I must find means to make a fortune speedily, for I have heavy liabilities to meet in the fall——"

The artist mentally determined that this was a very hard case, but in what significance to construe his own thoughts he had no time to determine, for the stranger's next remark touched him yet more deeply than anything that had gone before.

"And with that object I am soliciting sub-

scriptions from the charitably bestowed. I believe I do not overestimate your generosity when I assess you for a quarter."

The artist believed he did, and as he pleaded an engagement and hurried up the street, he saw the stranger, in nowise abashed or disheartened, button-hole a passing clergyman and recommence his tale of woe.

In case success should crown that man's efforts, the artist considers it his duty to put the hack-riding public on its guard; for he is a determined fellow, and he evidently means to get even.

"DROWNING men catch at straws." This quotation is not correct. It should read: drinking men, etc.

AIM high! If you don't hit the stars, you may somebody's cow in the next lot, and you'll get into more notoriety than if you had put a dose of buck-shot into one of the planets.

A WOULD-BE funny man writes us a joke about the weather, and spells it wethur. We don't like to criticise a good attempt, but this seems like the worst spell of weather we ever experienced.

A SPOON touches a girl's lips without kissing them. That is the reason they call a fellow who don't know anything a spoon.

THE physicians of Paris attribute the increase of insanity in that city to the use of brandy. We would suggest that it may arise from the misuse or abuse of the article, if we had not long ago made up our minds that a Frenchman is liable to get hopping mad about little or nothing in his soberest moments.

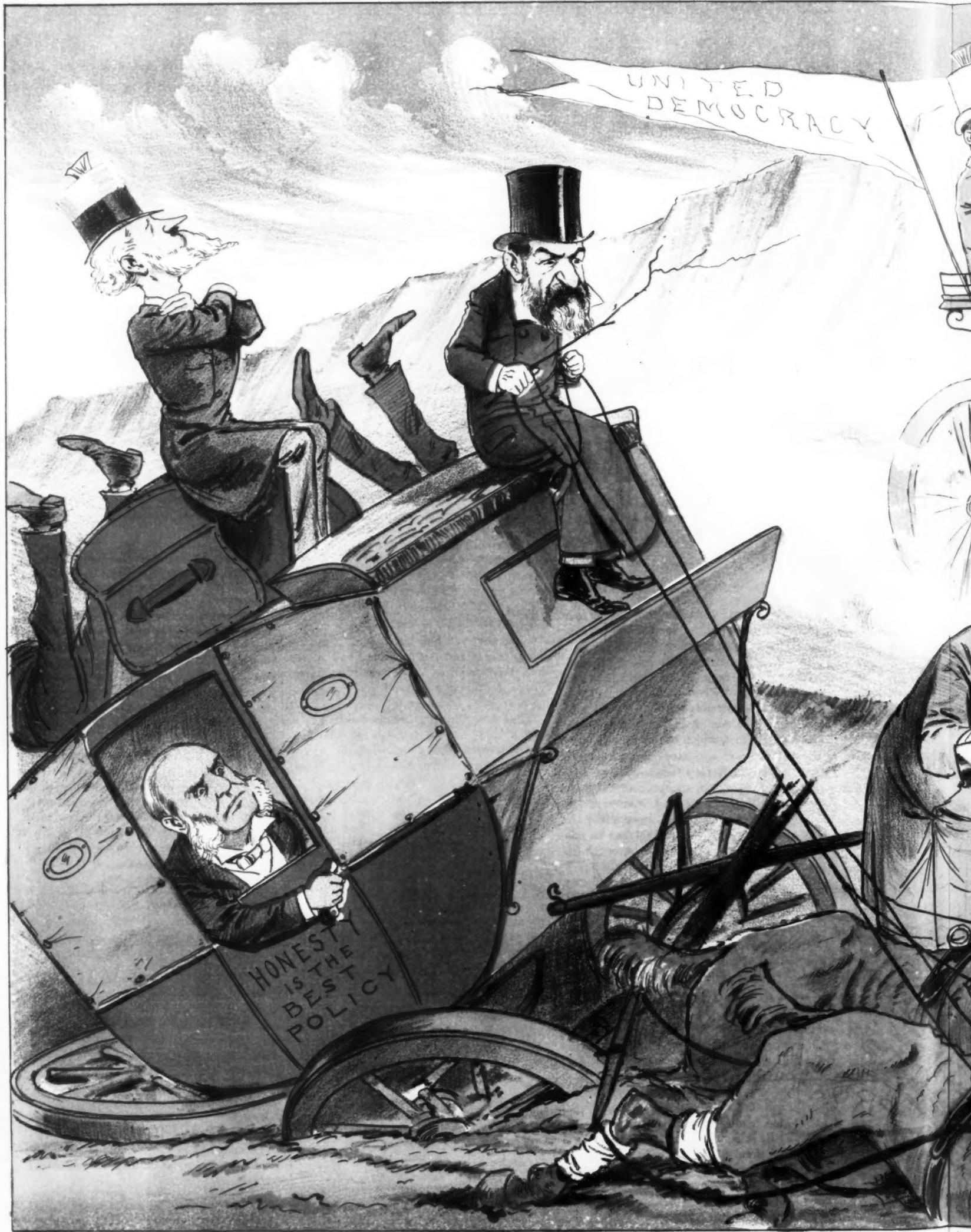
"SAY, Isaacs! I see you are getting in more goods by the back way all the time, while you are selling off at cost in front. How is dot?" said a little German store-keeper on Grand street to his Hebrew neighbor. "Vell, I guess I sell off at gost ven it gosts de gustomer vot he buys, don't it?" replied the indignant Isaacs.

A GANG of burglars cracked a bank next door to a plumbing establishment. They worked all night, and only secured \$200. They have since been kicking themselves that they didn't tackle the plumber's place.

A CONEY ISLAND horse-jockey who died the other day confessed to having participated in thirteen "put-up" races, where it was arranged beforehand which horse was to win. He ought to have died. The jockey that has been in only thirteen put-up races couldn't have ridden in over ten.

SUMMERBREEZE went round to the butcher's and said, "Look here, old fellow, in some countries beef is legal tender, but your durned stuff wouldn't be tender if the new capitol at Albany should tumble on it, or the whole Assembly."

KISSING a married woman through friendship to her husband doesn't wash.



A BAD BREAKDOWN I

JUDGE.



N EARLY IN THE RACE.

The Wail of the Skirmisher.

O WURRA! begorra!
 'Tis a dark day of sorra,
 We're plundered and robbed and intirely undone,
 Aft'her all our subscribin'
 And plottin' and bribin'
 What the devil's become of the "Skirmishin' Fun".
 There was ould Paddy Ryan,
 Wid his skaimin' and lyin'
 Got a hould of a thousand to start his shebeen,
 And, also, sly Tim McCool
 Stuffed both his pockets full,
 Pritudin' a nate plan to blow up the queen.
 And lashins and lavins
 Of our hard airned savins,
 Wint to fit up O'Donovan Rossa's hotel,
 But the devil a cint of it
 For the cause has he spint of it,
 And what has become of it he refuses to tell.
 Bad luck to Araby,
 We all thought that maybe
 He'd wallop the English and give us a show;
 But, be the powers of Moll Kelly,
 They've bate him to jelly,
 And our hopes from that quarter are milted like snow.
 We'll niver be aisy,
 But'll surely go crazy,
 If we don't lay our hands on that Skirmishin' Fun'.
 Should we find the bould robber,
 The murderin' grabber,
 Oh, won't there be lashins and lavins of fun?

Three Times and Out.

A DREARY, blustering day in November.

The editor of the Punkinville *Journal* is upon his knees—not an unusual attitude, by the way, for an editor that has to build his own fires—and is in the act of applying the twenty-seventh match to the fourth bunch of "exchanges" in the ash-pan of the office stove.

The waste-basket had yielded up its heterogeneous supply of poetry, duns and threats of annihilation, yet not a single spark glowed amid the blackness of Farmer Hawkins' last subscription in the grate above.

Fire there was—in the editor's eye. It flamed and flashed with lurid fury as he surveyed the cold, dead ashes that frescoed his pants, the burnt spot on his thumb, and the smut on his last pair of clean, paper cuffs.

Anon, the door softly opened, and a maiden entered. With a roll of manuscript in her hand, and a timid light in her eye, she addressed the kneeling editor:

"Excuse me, sir," says she, "is this the editor?"

With a last fierce blow into the smoldering ash-box, that lent material assistance to the blast from adown the chimney in its endeavor to fill his eyes with blazing poetry and charcoal, the editor arose and confronted her.

"Is this the editor, sir?" she repeated, timorously.

"Madam, this is the editor," he replied, with professional courtesy.

"If you have a little leisure, sir, I would like——"

"I am sorry, madam," he broke in with a smile as large and cold as an old maid's feet, "but I fear we haven't a particle left about the premises. We received a large consignment only a few days since, but the demand

has really been unprecedented in the annals of that commodity. You see, madam, the people are becoming more and more deeply impressed with the truth of the old Greek adage: 'Few don git out here wi' that poem, I'll be dam th' won't be a job f'the coroner,' and they are determined to have a good article. No, madam, I regret that we are unable to fill your order, but in the language of the Hebrew bard: 'Nothing havee, nothing can gettee.' See?"

"I—I—I am afraid you didn't quite understand me, sir," she stammered in reply. "I meant if you were not engaged, sir, I would like——"

"Undoubtedly, madam," he interrupted, with a smile in which commiseration divided the honors with self-satisfaction, "undoubtedly it would give you great pleasure to become allied with our noble family, but the thing is impossible; for, although I am not engaged, there exists what might be considered a serious impediment in the way of an engagement of the nature you suggest—I am married. Yes, madam, wedded, and the progenitor of seven small children, seven little cherubs, metaphorically speaking, you know," he continued in a bland, explanatory manner, handing her a chair; "because real, literal cherubs have wings like ducks, and no frocks or socks to speak of, and their faces aren't made roosting-places for all the dirt and two-thirds of the freckles of the universe, and they don't smear their pop's best pants with molasses and oleomargarine. No, madam, real, genuine cherubs don't do that, but the imitation human article will, in spite of the ascendancy of any political party, or the upward tendency of coal. Yet I love them, madam—ragged, rosy little sprites! Unruly repositories of affection and belly-ache—how I love them! But I need not continue, madam, you see the situation, and I trust you will not urge the consummation of your very kind proposition."

"Excuse me, sir, but you persist in misinterpreting my meaning," she replied, with some asperity. "If you have a moment's liberty, sir, I would like——"

"Liberty?" he cried, exultantly. "A moment's liberty? I have more moments of liberty, and more liberty to the moment, than any establishment in Punkinville! If there is one thing of which I may loudly, rampantly, fearlessly boast an overwhelming majority, that one thing is liberty! We have whole wons of it to every square inch of this sanctum. We can furnish it in any quantity or in any style. We can give you liberty *a la mange*; liberty fried, frilled, or fricasséed; liberty box-plaited, spring-bottomed, or banged; liberty on toast, *en train*, or on the half shell. We are literally reveling, reeking, rolling in oceans of liberty. Verily, there are two things that flourish in this office, like unto poverty in a poet. Yea, three things that are exceeding numerous—dirt, rats and liberty; but the chiefest of these—after dirt and rats—is liberty. With the immortal bard we can exclaim 'give us liberty or give us hash;' plenty of the latter, please, and we don't care who gets the aldermanship of our ward. It is our *fidus achates*, our one and

inseparable. But what we particularly pride ourselves on, madam, is the variegated, send-three-cent-stamp-and-receive-by-return-mail-beautiful-samples-of-snowflake-rep-Durham-carniverous-Bramapootra-pug-shorthorn-notwo-alikeness of our goods. It's cut-on-the-bias, warranted-to-please-the-most-fastidiousness. It's——" But he was alone.

With a wan smile the editor crammed a "Song of the Babbling Pool" in the grate, and renewed his efforts to get some little good out of Farmer Hawkins' last year's subscription.

CHAS. H. TURNER.

A New Departure in Dramatic Criticisms.

DRAMATIC criticisms are taking a new tune. They are now neatly combined with business, and we understand the true inwardness of the article when we read: "The heroine fainted in the first act, but a spoonful of Dr. Sharp's Rejuvenator—beware of counterfeits—immediately restored her to consciousness, and she played with unusual brilliancy the remainder of the evening." Or: "Mr. Booth, in the third act of 'Hamlet,' was seized with a painful attack of rheumatism, which completely disabled his right leg, but one application of St. Joshua's Lubricator—for sale at all druggists—afforded instant relief, and the performance continued." Or: "Sarah Bernhardt had a severe hemorrhage in the second act, and the curtain was rung down. One spoonful of Quacque's Pulmonary Searcher—the name is blown in the bottle—effected a cure in five minutes, and the talented actress resumed her *role*, much to the gratification of the large and appreciative audience." There is money, as well as novelty, in a criticism of this kind, and the new departure will doubtless become general.

A SYRACUSE police magistrate informed a prisoner that he "was a loafer and worked at it every day." The phrase is good. New York has a floating population of well-dressed chaps; permanent address, Broadway, from 23d to 30th street, who work as hard at plying the tooth-pick and masher's ogle as better men do with picks and mashes of a different kind.

FIFTEEN men employed in a steam planing-mill, where the treacherous buzz-saw holds high carnival, took a census of their fingers a few days ago, and were surprised to find that they averaged as many as four digits apiece.

YOUNG Phallowfield picked up a pin while on his way down to the office the other morning, and inserted it in the lapel of his coat, with the remark, "This is a sign of good luck for one day at least." Before reaching the office he was knocked into the mud by a dray, and in the afternoon he gave a stranger change for a counterfeit fifty-dollar bill.

OSCAR WILDE's book on this country, it is stated, will be called "America—Her Fools and Her Money." He is supposed to know a vast deal about both.

OUR POPULAR FARCES.

REPORTED BY "ED."

OUR CRITICS.

CHARACTERS.

- WHITE, Critic of the Goings On.
- BLACK, " " Evening Snail.
- BLUE, " " Morning Moon.
- YELLOW, " " Daily Dimes.

PRESS AGENT.

Scene.—Bar-room adjacent to Eureka Theater.
Time.—Between the second and third acts of the first night of the romantic, spectacular, and soul-enthral-ling drama, "THE JIMMINY JAMS." Enter CRITICS, led by PRESS AGENT. Take seats at table.

White.—Well, boys, what do you think of it?

Black.—Could give my opinion a deuced sight better if my thirst was slaked a little. That boiler explosion in the last scene filled the house with smoke. I really wonder that an alarm of fire was not sent out.

Press Agent (takes the cue).—Here, waiter, see what we will have. (The order is filled.) Now, boys, don't you think the play is a success? By the way, garcon, some cigars. Now, what is your idea of the first act.

White.—No good.

Black.—Tedious.

Blue.—Copied.

Yellow.—Nothing soulful at all. The scene, you know, where the Yosemite Valley falls upon and crushes the hero, is stolen almost directly from my last poem, which appeared in our Sunday edition; it began:

"Oh, hills of golden-gilded hue,
Of crested mountains wet with dew,
Of—"

Blue.—Oh, that will do. We are discussing the play, not the poem. You all beheld that episode in the third scene, first act, where the aged father curses his daughter upon his death-bed for marrying a gypsy—that I believe, is a plagiarism from my play, "The Doom of the Original Moses; or, The Curse of Chatham street," in which I have Moses Moses, senior, curse Moses Moses, junior, for selling an all-woolen ulster to a Christian for only a quarter above cost. My play was not accepted, but it laid there suspiciously long; long enough for the idea to be stolen.

Black.—Yes, the play is but a wretched mess from Dumas, Robertson, and a decided tinge of Pierce Egan. The closing tableau of the second act, in which the villain is shown sailing triumphantly away from his pursuers in a balloon with the heroine safely chloroformed in the car, is taken, I could swear, from other sources. Do you not recollect my great melodrama of "The Man Who Ate Grass; or, Nebuchadnezzar Nemesis," which had a consecutive run of one night at the Bowery Garden? I worked the same snap in that. By the way, Yellow.

Yellow.—Well?

Black.—There was one splendid bit of acting I wish you would notice.

Yellow.—What?

Black.—Miss Luelle O'Brien's masterly delineation of Sarah, the servant girl.

Yellow.—Why, she only appeared once, and then all she said was, "My lord, we have cut the watermelon; it lingers for you."

Black.—But you recollect what a wealth of pathos, what artistic accentuation she put into the lines. Besides, Yellow?

Yellow.—Well?

Black.—Think I've got a mash.

Yellow.—Oh, all right. But say, Black, is not Miss De Courcy too sweetly spiritual?

Black.—It hardly seems so to me. Ranging around with a dagger as the lunatic wife and drawing gore from the most of the cast does not impress me as decidedly spiritual.

Yellow.—Well, I won't gainsay your opinion, but—

Black.—She is engaged to you, ain't she?

Yellow.—Ye-es.

Black.—All right, then. I'll give her a couple of sticks-full.

Press Agent.—By the way, boys, better fill up again. What did you think of the gas explosion? Realistic,



IRATE RAILROAD MANAGER.

"Look here, my good fellow; if this sort of thing occurs much oftener, I will be forced to discharge you, and hire a competent party."

real gas! and we tried, solemn fact, to get real corpses, but the morgue was empty.

White.—I think it was an utter failure.

Press Agent.—What! and we meant to give you fully a column "ad." for Sunday.

White.—Oh! it was fair, after all. Really, upon second thought, it was the feature, so far, of the piece. Only I advise you to take a little sawdust out of the property corpses. They fall too flat upon the stage.

Blue.—What I did not like was the hero. The idea of playing a gypsy with almost two thousand dollars' worth of diamonds upon him! Looks nice, does it not, when he steals the moth-eaten banana out of the ash-can, and plaintively says: "This is the first thing I have eaten for three short years," to see him dazzle the audience with a fifteen-stone cluster ring?

Press Agent.—That was my idea.

Blue.—What do you mean?

Press Agent.—Did not you see on the programme: "The Diamonds worn by the Jimminy Jam in the piece are from the Celebrated Emporium of McGellihan & Cohen?" Catch on?

Blue.—Yes, but I wish I had caught on to better seats. Nice place to put me—ten rows back, in the side aisle.

Press Agent.—I'll fix that. Send you down a box to-morrow night.

Yellow.—I want twelve seats, while I think of it, for Thursday.

Press Agent.—Don't really see how I can do it.

Yellow.—Guess if Blue can get a box I ought to have a dozen seats. If you can't oblige, though, all right. Ring for a messenger boy. I might just as well send my candid opinion of the play—I suppose you call it a play—down to the office right away.

Press Agent.—Don't get mad. Tell you what I will do. I'll give you the first two rows for Saturday matinee. And—here boy—bring us the same once more, and, boys—

Chorus.—Well?

Press Agent.—I nearly forgot to say that Mlle. Deverance, who plays the innocent, persecuted village girl, used to be the light o' love of the Czar of Russia. Had to flee from Russia at one hour's notice, with nothing on but a sealskin sack and a jeweled necklace, on

account of matrimonial opposition. Work that in.

Blue.—Didn't she used to play the tambourine with the Dizzy Blonde Burlesque Ballet and Blue Stockinged Sirens last season.

Press Agent.—Guess so, but the gag will go all the same. Bless me, there sounds the curtain bell, the third act is on.

Chorus.—We don't want to see it.

Press Agent.—Yes, you do. After the performance the manager spreads a lunch, especially for the press; ten baskets of champagne.

General opinion of the press next morning:

"The Jimminy Jam, at — last night was a decided success * * * The scenery and effects were grand, especially the Yosemite Valley curse and boiler explosion scenes. Of the female members of the caste, Mlle. Deverance (who will be remembered as the apex of the social scandal briefly hinted at several months ago by the cables, in connection with the Czar.) Miss O'Brien and Miss De Courcy were decided hits, etc., etc. Mr. Buctooth's garb of the Jimminy Jam, especially the diamonds, was the acme of art. * * * Too much praise cannot be given to the indefatigable manager, and his able assistant, Mr. Press Agent, * * * The play will hold the boards till the close of the season, as it deserves, on account of its originality and splendid scenic effects."

[CURTAIN.]

An article in an exchange asks: "Where did Columbus first land?" Perhaps the family physician could tell. He must have been there at the time Columbus first landed.

We see it announced that Mr. Jay A. Hubbell has started for his native place. No name is mentioned, but we think the place indicated must be Obscurity.

ABOUT as good a snuff as can be procured nowadays is a snuff of fresh air.



THE JUDGE dropped in last week to see the new comic opera, "Manteaux Noirs," at the Standard, and, not having shared the exile of Mrs. General Gilflory, was fully appreciative of the delicate consideration of the management in translating the title on the play-bills into "Black Cloaks." Why, in the name of all that is inconsistent, a production which poses under the style and title of an English comic opera, should harrow its audience's linguistic nerves with a French title, is one of those things which no fellow, not even THE JUDGE, can find out. Even "Pink Dominoes," taken *verbatim et literatim* from the French, dropped its native title of "Dominoes Roses," before it started on its mission of making the salacious chops of English-speaking citizens water. But "Manteaux Noirs" is a hybrid. A Spanish story, stolen from the comedy of Scribe, by an English librettist. THE JUDGE is very thankful that he is not called to pass upon its nationality. The court accepts it as naturalized, without calling upon Mr. D'Oyly Carte to produce its papers.

A comic opera, they call it—save the mark! Comic enough it certainly is, with a kind of Palais Royal pleasantries. Messrs. Paulton & Parke have smothered it in heavy English wit, as a coarse sauce may be poured over a tender turkey; but since they have been wise enough to keep much of the dialogue, all of the plot, and the best of the situations of the original comedy of "Giralda," the turkey remains a succulent dish, for whose sake it is well worth enduring the savagery of the sauce. How it passed the Lord Chamberlain in London is another conundrum, for the story is—well, to put it mildly, suggestive; and far be it from THE JUDGE to cast a stone at a story which has brushed so close to the immaculate ermine of his illustrious brother without defiling it. Like many French importations, both vinous and dramatic, it is full of froth and sparkle, and pleasant exhilaration, while you are imbibing it, but is apt to leave a disagreeable taste in the mouth after a long evening spent in its company. But who thinks of this while the champagne is circling? *Vive la bagatelle!* Let us enjoy the *doubles entendres* and tantalizing situations, and confess that Dolly Dolaro makes a bride worth intriguing for, even if she be a trifle maternally for the Belle of Valodos.

But why call the thing a comic opera? The man who wrote the numbers rejoices in an unpronounceable, unrememberable name, which circumstance alone prevents THE JUDGE arraigning him for contempt of court for compelling his honor to listen for three hours to the succession of notes with which he has hampered the action of the comedy. A lot of indifferent verses, set to different airs, can no more make a comedy into a comic opera than a handful of plums and citron can convert a loaf of baker's bread into a pound-cake. If they would only cut out the music altogether, or have Alfred Cellier or some competent musician do it all over again, why, then— But we are speculating. To facts.

A new importation—Mr. Mansfield—proves to be a good comedian and an acquisition to our stage. He reminds us of Duplan, with this advantage over Duplan, that we can understand what he is talking about. You see THE JUDGE did not share the exile of Mrs. General Gilflory. Miss Fanny Edwards reminds us somewhat in appearance, etc., of Augusta Roche as Lady Jane. In this case, however, the reminiscence is overwhelmingly in favor of Lady Jane. Mr. Ryley is rather out of his element, and as Don Philip, the King Consort, gave the least satisfactory performance we have had from that sterling comedian as yet. His change to Don José is a decided improvement. Carleton looked handsome, but conceited. Maybe he was born so; maybe the part called for it. He was

Carleton anyhow. Dolaro looked pretty enough to eat, but as to her acting—well, she didn't seem to try. She has done better with better parts. As for singing, there was nothing to sing—except one interpolated ballad, written by Cellier and sung by Carleton. It was pretty, and in the dearth of musical attractions was encored vociferously. Who wouldn't encore an oasis in a desert if he thought there was the remotest chance of getting it over again?

To sum up, then. THE JUDGE would recommend his friends to go and see "Manteaux Noirs," if they can stand the most unmusically music of Bucalossi (that's the fellow's name), the dull and persevering jokelets of Mr. Paulton, and the meaningless monkey-tricks of Mr. Wilkinson, who mars a good part by presumptuous overacting. They (THE JUDGE's friends) will be rewarded by a magnificent *mise en scène*, lots of pretty chorus girls, and a rattling good comedy—slightly off color, but none the less amusing for that.

The "Patience" of the Bijou Theater seems to be inexhaustible.

Peep into the box-office window at Booth's, and ten to one you will see somebody concerned in the management, and if you do, he will wear a wry face. "Cause why? "Romany Rye" is not a success. "Mankind" has not drawn paying audiences to Daly's. "Taken from Life" has been taken from the boards at Wallack's, after achieving the worst failure of all. Too much blood and thunder, and scenery, and impossible heroes, and impossible villains, my masters; and too little literary and artistic merit. The melodrama craze has had its day, though doubtless, in spite of past lessons, our managers will waste a few more thousands on the trashy productions, before the fact is brought convincingly home to them.

The most thoroughly enjoyable entertainment New York has had this season has been "The Rivals," with Mr. Jefferson as Bob Acres, and Mrs. Drew as Mrs. Malaprop.

OUR CARD RECEIVER.

A NEW JEWISH JOSHUA.

MR. EDITOR OF THE JUDGE.—If you do not believe that the Jews are brave, if you do not believe that they were necessary to Jehovah when he fought their battles, you will at least acknowledge that the Old Testament Scripture prophecy that the Jews will yet conquer the whole world. If you believe the prophecies, why do you scoff at the fact that the conquering has begun? Is it not time? You had your day. Isaac of York, aye, even the scorned Shylock himself, is rising to have very many days. You are powerless to prevent it. Suppose it is a material victory? We will cram our poetry down your ears afterwards, and sing our songs while you are captured slaves.

CORPORAL.

THE JUDGE'S remarks: You must be the hero who ran away with the weak-minded Peekskill girl. Now, Mr. Corporal, we at once acknowledge that you are the conquering people, and the superior race. We never denied that. We only interpreted the average public feeling, Christian and Pagan, that you are undesirable, not admirable, mainly picayune and mean, and sometimes abominably dirty. But you have already begun to conquer all other peoples. You make such fraudulent shoes that the Christians are becoming cripples. Your coats are shoddy and beggar us. Your second-hand vests and pantaloons are sold by you as new to poor people, who catch diseases, which you also convey in your filthy cigars. Nine-tenths of the tea sold by you to the English is unwholesome saw-dust soaked in oak tanning. You have put aloe and grape sugar in beer, thus ruining stomachs and kidneys. You are conquering fast. The beef that you sometimes pack for our poor soldiers on the hot, bloody plains is rotten and diseased. The savage Indian does not kill as many men as your goods do. The very temperance drinks that you sell to conscientious persons are false, adulterated, poisonous, maddening. Thus you conquer. The medicines you handle are adulterated. You murder our children in their cradles. The very candies that our school-girls eat are poisoned by you, so that they do not live to become mothers. Meanwhile, you fatten on filth, Corporal. When the time comes to fight, as the prophets say we will, you will have made our swords and guns so weak that they will not kill you. They will be like the gun of Samuel of Posen. You are so used to cheating that you will

cheat yourselves in the end, as you many a time, according to your history, cheated your Lord.

BY THEIR DEEDS SHALL YE KNOW THEM.

EDITOR JUDGE.—In the rural district whence I came there were no Jews, save those tangle-bearded fellows who peddled buttons and tin. How shall I be able to know a city Jew? CONNECTICUT.

First, by their clothes, which are loud and whimsical—a little daisy hat on a bulbous, hairy head. The noses you can depend upon; for, although there are other big noses, the Jew nose has a little, uprising, mean streak on the side, as if it were saying "Give me something." Then the mouth has a mean, parsimonious twirl in the corner that cannot be mistaken. The chin is either babyish and weak, or big and brutal. The limbs are sometimes weak, limber and slouching, as if they were on hinges, and they work like the bellows of an accordion. The hands are always as nervous as the man, and seem to be clutching. If you trade with a Jew and give him his price, he will say, "You see, I let you have it for that price, because it is *you*." He wants you to think him a suffering saint for selling fraudulent goods at twice their price. He belongs to the superior race, and you will return the next time, and buy again.

THEY ALL DO IT.

DEAR JUDGE.—I am a lady, and I sometimes walk on Broadway between Fourteenth and Thirty-third Streets, to see the sights on the streets and in the windows. Nearly every time that I go there I am incensed by a lot of homely, ugly men, who evidently think that they are well dressed and stylish. What angers me is that they seem to demand by their looks that ladies should notice them. Please explain this *genus homo*. NORMAL SCHOOL.

They are mashers. They are there to be looked at; and they think that their beauty of face, figure and dress will captivate the girls. If you notice them they will probably speak to you, and ask you to walk with them. If you do you're a goner. They are conceited, empty-headed fools. Their very homeliness they believe to be beauty. Yet girls sometimes are vain enough to allow an acquaintance with them. We do not know which are the bigger fools, the girls or the strutting mashers.

FRONT SEATS IN THE SYNAGOGUE.

REFORMING JUDGE.—Please tell us what you think of the men in the elevated trains who let ladies stand.

FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET.

MINNIE.

It is hard to answer, dear. If you go into a crowded train, you know that the seats are all filled. If some American rises and gives you a seat, you little angel, he ought to be satisfied with your delicious smile and your musical "Thank you, sir." Do not forget the "sir." It is emphatic, and means respect as well as gratitude. We have noticed, Minnie, that vulgar men rush and crowd ahead of you, so that their superior running ability may secure a seat that you cannot get. Yet those are the very fellows who expect you to admire them, and who try to extract a flirtation from your eyes. And we have noticed, sweet Minnie (ha! ha!), that you are so fickle, that sometimes you will ignore a gray, sedate man, like THE JUDGE, who has a heart as well as a gavel, and instead of giving him one pretty glance for the seat he gives you, you bestow it on the pig who took one from you. And, little girl, we have noticed that when we rose to give you a seat, and a Jew plumped into it before you could reach it, you hadn't the courage to back us with a single innocent flirtation, when we told him what we thought of him.

YANKEE DOODLE.

EDITOR JUDGE.—Why do you not find fault with Americans. ADOLPHE COHEN.

We do. Read THE JUDGE. We mean that every bit of sarcasm shall be a lesson to the American. Still, we have a slight, and perhaps excusable, leaning towards Americans. Not that we have ever had a sip of the Know Nothing business, or would at all set up a German against an Irishman, or a Frenchman against an Italian; but that as the American has been pretty well ignored or very roundly abused, we propose to love him a little better than we like anybody else. There are some bad Americans. We do not suppose that all England contains a stupider person than the American R. B. Hayes; or Germany a bigger infidel than Bob Ingersoll; or France a more conceited person than Roscoe Conkling.

THE KICKER

How doth the little kicker now
Upset the party slate,
And with grim vengeance on his brow
Go for the candidate?
The ticket with its list of names
So ruthlessly he'll scratch,
And all the party's hopes and aims
So gayly he'll dispatch.
The candidate may fume and boast
That all must now obey—
The little kicker rules the roost
Upon election day.
Make way, then, for the kicker bold,
Foe of the candidate,
Naught cares he for the party fold,
Or for the party slate.

SWINBURNE, the poet, is coming to America. His poetry is just a little off, you know; for he is a refined and aesthetic Walt Whitman. But he is one of the grandest poets of the age. It is said that he sometimes becomes so excited in society, that he bites young ladies' arms and chins. It may be necessary to warn Mr. Swinburne, or Swineburn, that if he comes over here hungry, he may chew all the hash he wants, and we will heel the Lancasters, and Montgomerys, and Fawcetts, so that instead of criticising him they will fill him with lah-de-dah Blue Point oysters and sugary brandy-drops; but he must not be a cannibal. He may have chewing-gum, but he must not eat any feminine ears, unless, indeed, he can find them on the head of some little, crisp, brown sissy pig, with apple-sauce.

DR. BLISS is howling again. What he needs is a patient without a backbone.

LADIES' hoops are to be staving big this year.

BEN BUTLER, the war-horse, is going to propound some big questions in the campaign. The war-horse is entitled to his battle-ax. Ax 'em often, Benjamin.

ADAM fell for an apple; his descendants tumble on a banana skin.

BOB INGERSOLL is wealthy, and cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. When Robert at last repents the guardian angel of the golden stairs will say "nabob."

SQUIRRELS are so plentiful out West that they gopher farm-houses.

HERBERT SPENCER was bounced on a corduroy road. He thought he was reading the funny items in a Canada newspaper.

LET Governor Colquitt, of Georgia, call quits with the saloon-keepers.

THE Piute chief, Winnemucca, who has just taken his seventh wife, is a high old muc-camuck.

PETER COOPER still persists in believing that there should not be so much specie. It must be that greenbacks warm his legs.

WHEN a man goes back to the country and hears the hens cackling, he is probably reminded of the old laying sign.

WHIFFS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

JEAN PIERRE.—Verses declined. The other MS. is under consideration.

MORNING STAR.—You must get up still earlier if you hope to catch THE JUDGE napping and palm off those aged and decrepit jokes on him as original.

P. B. S. (Mississippi).—We do not return rejected MSS., unless said R. M. is accompanied by stamps, and then only if the weather is fine and our breakfast has been exceptionally good.

ANNE E. ELLIS.—Too lengthy for our columns. Try to condense your humor. A great fault with many of our correspondents is that they try to flavor a hogshhead of matter with a thimble-full of laughter.

J. E. MCC.—The only line in your poem which appeals to us is that which says: "My pen is getting dull." That may not be poetry, but it is true, and if we were to print your effusion our readers would agree with us.

CONFUCIUS.—You confuse us. You really do. We don't know why Chinamen have not equal rights with Irishmen in this country. Perhaps it is because they have not so many votes, and have never given due attention to the manipulation of primaries.

H. C. D. (Washington).—You seem to have made a mistake. Your letter says it incloses some "humorous lines." We found nothing of the sort; only a pint or so of the metrical milk and water which seems to spout perennially from the idle pen of Young America in one weak, washy, everlasting flood.

RUSSIAN.—THE JUDGE is flattered. Upon his word he is. At the same time he must decline to express any opinion upon your charming language. As far as he knows, he has only heard it once, and on that occasion arrived at the conclusion that mighty little conversation in it would be sufficient to loosen his teeth.

WESTERN BEAT.—Probably the reason for there being an insufficiency of marriageable girls in Idaho may be found in the fact that there is a superfluity in New England. New England was settled first, and consequently contains more maidens who are not settled yet. When a precipitate settles, shake the bottle!

VASSAR GIRL.—Send along your picture. You say you are pretty, and you ought to know, but, candidly, if you intend your charms to blind our eyes to the demerit of your literary venture, we would advise you to spend fifty cents for the photograph of some professional beauty. No merely amateur good looks can excuse a verse like this:

"He toyed with my locks of gold
As I sat upon the style;
And he asked my hand to hold,
And I answered, 'I should smile!'"

Castoria.

Life is restless and days are fleeting,
Children bloom but they die in teething;
Example take from Queen Victoria—
Children nine all took Castoria;
No sleepless nights from babies crying—
Like larks they rise in early morning.

A SURE CURE for Epilepsy or Fits in 24 hours. Free to poor. DR. KRUSE, 2844 Arsenal st., St. Louis, Mo. 52

CHAMPAGNE "DE MONTIGNY."
JUDGE: I pronounce this delicious wine
UN X L D.
All in court have glasses filled, and cheer,
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Louis, the young King of Bavaria, cannot endure to attend a play or opera unless he alone constitutes the entire audience. It is a strange freak, and is certainly expensive; but when he goes out between the acts to ascertain whether the wind is in the south or west, or something that way, he is not obliged to invite half a dozen friends to accompany him, and this is a great advantage. And another thing in favor of his whim is the fact that his soul is not tortured during the most affecting passages of the play by a lot of semi-idiots laughing boisterously.—*Norristown Herald.*

ANOTHER illustration of the value of advertising: A gentleman went into a newspaper office late the other night, and advertised the loss of a valuable dog. When he reached home, fifteen minutes later, he found the dog sitting on the door-step.—*Early Rose Aldine.*

We glean from a transatlantic paper that a monkey or a parrot is painted on many of the large black satin fans carried by English girls. This may be a very good fashion, but we should think it would make the young men feel very much embarrassed at seeing their photographs so prominently displayed.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

An extraordinary thing in ladies bonnets—an unpowdered face.—*Chicago Cheek.* Most any kind of a face in a lady's bonnet would be an extraordinary thing. We have always observed that a lady generally puts the top of her head or her false hair in her bonnet.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

A WESTERN man composed a piece of piano music, called "The Cyclone." It is so extremely realistic that when any one commences to play it the listeners seem to be taken up bodily and carried out of the room.—*Lowell Citizen.*

CANDIDATES for one thing or another are very thick in these parts just now. A batch of them called on one of our business men this morning, and the leader of the party remarked: "Well, I suppose this is the season of the year when you expect to be afflicted with political callers." "Well," said the business man, with a groan, "the people of Egypt were afflicted with showers of lice and one thing or another of that kind, but why we should be afflicted with anything worse I can't see."—*Oil City Blizzard.*

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Every morning at about four o'clock the comet is visible at Havana, and it is quite fashionable for the young men to sit up with their girls to see it. A wild emigration to Cuba is expected to set in, and several young ladies of this city are busily engaged explaining to papa what a too sweet winter resort Havana is.—*Old City Blizzard.*

AN English woman says: "English women can't hold a candle to French women in the matter of flirting." Perhaps if they could it would throw some light on the subject.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE United States army has become sadly depleted, thirty of its members having deserted "in all directions." If thirty more should get away the army will have to adjourn for want of a quorum.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A SOCIETY journal says it is only one young man in a dozen who can leave a house in a graceful manner. This is doubtless owing to the reckless habit eleven fathers in a dozen have of swinging their feet when the young men are leaving. The society journal should endeavor to bring about a reform in this matter.—*Norristown Herald.*

"SEVENTY berths in the ladies' cabin!" exclaimed Fogg, after hearing a description of the Old Colony steamer. "Great Scott! but there must have been a terrible squall about that time!"—*Sunday Courier.*

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