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TOO HEAVY TO CARRY.--Carl Schurz lays down the "Evening Post."



## THE JUDGE.

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### THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

JUDGE BARRETT, of the Supreme Court, was reported in the *Tribune*, a few days ago, as taking a very sensible and decided stand on the divorce question. His observations were printed at length, and formed most instructive reading to all who are concerned in this, the most important of our social problems. The learned Judge goes to the basis of the question, and wisely considers that the laws of divorce should be hinged on those of marriage—the one is the complement of the other, as it were. Now, in the State of New York the marriage laws are notoriously lax, and this most important of contracts can be entered into with less ceremony and more indecent haste than any other contract known to the law. A minor can be bound by the marriage contract, though in no other is his signature held by the courts to be valid. In fact, a man and woman may be married without any contract or signature at all—the mere fact of a man publicly acknowledging a woman to be his wife is held in this State to be sufficient evidence of the tie. Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that cases of bigamy abound. Human nature is human nature, and where the marriage state is so easily entered into, it is not surprising if young men occasionally take the step once oftener than the law sanctions, and find themselves behind prison bars in consequence. In New York a young man is liable to meet a great many pretty

girls in the course of a day's walk; and if he be susceptible he is likely to lose his heart as many times as there are buttons on his waistcoat. Young women, on the other hand, are very easily deluded by the offer of a marriage which holds out to them the prospect, which every properly-constituted young woman is anxious to realize, of a home of her own and a matron's dignity. The wooing is apt to be short; magistrate, clergyman, mayor—almost any official—stands ready to throw the sanction of the law over the union—or, in their absence, mere cohabitation is held sufficient by the laws of this State to constitute marriage. With marriage so terribly, so perilously easy, it is not wonderful if the courts are often called upon to sentence bigamists.

But, simple and easy as it is to glide almost imperceptibly into matrimony—(we are now confining ourselves to the laws of the State of New York)—once there, the kid-glove contract closes with a grip which shows that the hand of steel has been lurking underneath. The contract, provided with no safeguards—the easiest of all to enter into—the only one which a minor is competent to conclude—is the hardest of all to break. Other contracts are held to be dissolved by the failure of either party to fulfill the conditions. Not so the contract of marriage. A man may neglect, beat, or starve his wife, and the law can take no cognizance of it further than punishing the immediate act—the contract remains unimpaired. The sole breach which can annul the contract is the one of all others most difficult to prove.

It is all wrong—there is neither right nor sense nor justice in it. As Judge Barrett says, the marriage and divorce laws of this State require a thorough overhauling. Until they are put upon a common-sense basis, and the one is made (as it should be) the complement of the other, we will have to put up with bigamy, with doubtful divorces, procured in other States, and with the general confusion of the marriage tie under which we suffer now.

### WHAT CONGRESS SHOULD DO.

If the Forty-eighth Congress should do its duty, or even a part of its duty—if it should correct even a moiety of the abuses of which the country complains, what a busy body of men it would be; and what a Herculean task is before it. But, on the other hand, how its memory would be vindicated in after days as the one ideal Congress. **THE JUDGE** does not apprehend that any of these things will occur; he is not troubled by fears that this Congress will be canonized by posterity, and he is possessed with a lively faith that it will go on, pretty much like its predecessors, discussing goat's wool and splitting hairs on questions of party preference, and leaving the greater needs of the nation untouched. We have no reason to think it will do otherwise; and we have analogy and precedent to

adduce in favor of the theory that the Forty-eighth Congress will resemble the Forty-seventh as closely as the Forty-seventh resembled the Forty-sixth—and so on, *ad infinitum*.

Nevertheless, though far from sanguine on the subject, **THE JUDGE** feels that he would not be doing his duty if he did not call the attention of the country's lawgivers to a few of the points in this land of ours where interference would be advisable, and where reform would be a boon.

In the first place, there are the Mormons; a plague-spot on the fair face of civilization—who should be made to amend the errors of their ways or go to—Guinea. With their religion we have nothing to do. They may worship in their own way, and intercede to the heavenly throne through the medium of whatever prophet they may select, Smith or Young or old Mormon himself—they are as welcome to their own form of belief as any Mahomedan or Christian among us. But the life of open shame which the professors of this faith lead; their bold defiance of the marriage laws of the land, call strongly for legislative interference, enforced, if need be, by military bayonets. Mormonism is a disgrace to our manhood, and a stain upon our civilization. Let Congress do its duty, and clean out this den of infamy which is marked upon the maps as Salt Lake City.

In the second place, we have a large number of pensioners on our bounty, who are known as Indians, and who, as stated in a former number of **THE JUDGE**, spend their summers in slaughtering United States citizens, and their winters in fattening on United States rations. They are dirty, thievish, murderous and lazy. Let Congress vote them a bath instead of rations, and then set them to work. Let them go on our railroads, and help to open up the country; or on our farms, and help to till them. Let them earn their living. Let them understand that "nothing for nothing in this world" applies to Indians as well as to other people. In short, set them to work; and when they have to earn their food they will have less time to get drunk and murder people.

In the third place, there is our navy—well, that is so small a subject that little need be said of it. Better give it away to the poor and get a new one which will be worth something. It would cost less than keeping the old one in repair.

Then there are the dudes—but that is a social question, with which Congress could only grapple by enacting sumptuary laws. Perhaps the easiest way would be to instruct the police of the various cities (for the dude is not a rural product) to make it so warm for the tight-panted fraternity that they will be glad to flee back to England. Or perhaps an appropriation might be made to bribe the ballet-girls to snub them. **THE JUDGE**

leaves this question to the wisdom of Congress.

Finally, let the Government assume control of the telegraph system of the country. THE JUDGE argued this question so often and exhaustively during the period of the strike last summer, that he does not think it necessary to go over the ground again. It is a clear duty of Congress to appoint a committee to inquire into the subject.

With these few words of advice, THE JUDGE wishes the Forty-eighth Congress a useful and prosperous session. He does not in the least expect to see any of his suggestions followed; but he has eased his conscience by making them, and shown the country a short cut towards the millenium.

CARL SCHURZ.

Mr.—we beg his pardon—Herr Carl Schurz retires from the *Evening Post*. The era of cheap journalism has been too much for him. There is nothing cheap about Carl—nothing at all. The *Post* has been heavy, expensive and eminently respectable under his regime, and many of New York's "best people" will miss the learned and pompous verbosity of its editor. It was a paper that suited many, and Carl Schurz was its editor. Vale Carl! May your native Germany receive you with open arms, and extend such a welcome as her gifted son deserves. May the lager beer flow in rivers, and the pretzels fall in showers on his noble head. May they erect a statue on the other bank of the Rhine, in his honor, and make it life-like. May—but language fails; gifted Carl Schurz! New York bids thee a tearful and an affectionate farewell.

Gone, but Not Forgotten.

He was a gentle, bashful looking man,  
With features kindly and benevolent.  
And when he spoke, his soft voice seemed  
to charm,  
Like music's rich mellifluous sounds,  
Which stir the soul and thrill with ecstasy.  
He sat beside me on the palace car.  
While bounding swiftly o'er the iron plain,  
And talked so charmingly of things divine,  
Transcendant beauty, and the poet's theme;  
Of Shakespeare, Bryant, Byron's master-  
piece.  
Shelly, Kent's and Spencer's "Fairie  
Queene."  
Till fancy weaved her mystic spell;  
And charmed with richest draughts of the  
sublime.  
My soul was wafted to enchanted realms.  
How sad I felt, when with a friendly grasp,  
He pressed my hand and softly said adieu,  
Then, like a sunbeam, vanished from my  
sight.  
Soon vanished all my dreams poetical,  
My gold chronometer had vanished, too.  
Let me but meet that smooth-tongued chap  
again;  
And by the gods he shall feel the poetic  
force  
Of a substantial pair of No. twelves.

O. JONES.



MRS. BROWN—Why, I thought Washington was dead.

MR. B.—And so he is; he died before the Centennial.

MRS. B.—Why, I see here in the paper a heading, "General Washington Dispatches."

The Country.

DOCTORS recommend the country for fresh air, and all that take their advice will surely find the air not the freshest thing there. Everything is fresh—except the meat—that is salt mackerel five times out of six.

Among all this freshness there is nothing so fresh as the countryman himself. His best hold is religion and politics. If you have never spent an evening in a back country grocery store, you don't know the real power that keeps this "country of ourn" on the whirl. I am not criticizing a class that I know nothing of, like Mr. Arnold, who is now raking in the half dollars of this blasted benighted country as sweetly as if he were a poor relation, instead of a superior one—a veritable "king among boys." Rake 'em in, Mat; we're full of 'em; and when you go home give us the devil because our bloody dollars are only worth ninety-two cents. But I was at the country—the real, rural, nice, delightful country. Countrymen are all I have said; but if you expect to find the country girl fresh, you are going to get left. "Eli." She is a ship-load of salt with a bad list to the port side in this ocean of freshness. She delights in giving parties. I went to one, not long since, and that is why I am writing this. We played "Post-office," Road to Rome, and several other kissing games. And then we had apples, cider, doughnuts and hickory nuts. While we were feasting "sister Pearl" (full name "Pearly Wave") sang "The Bridge." "Sister Pearl" has a beautiful voice that can call the men to dinner when they are too far away to hear the fish horn.

I ate on little suspecting the horrors that were to come from it. There is only one thing about that party that I remember with pleasure; I walked home with the prettiest

girl in the neighborhood, and kissed her good-night just as happy as could be; but when I went to bed I payed the penalty. There was no sweet drama of love for me. The first thing I saw was two big apples fighting, with doughnuts for gloves. It would have made Queensbury dance to have seen them at it. I heard such cries as "First cider for Baldwin; knock him into pumace; kick a seed out of him;" and then there came a shower of hickory nuts that broke up the fight like a sheriff. Then I awoke, and walked the floor till morning, with the worst attack of dyspepsia I ever had.

VISIONS of hickory nuts,  
And doughnuts and cider,  
Haunted my sleep till I was almost insane,  
And I vowed never to go to a party again.

S. B.

EDWARD LOONEY, who has for some time carried a horse-chestnut in his pocket as a protection against heart disease, is thought to be a little "looney" on the subject of hearts, and is advised, if the horse-chestnut fails, to keep from the society of the Brooklyn girls.

POLICE Commissioner Jourdan has suddenly become a great admirer of Mayor Low. —*Morning Journal*.

This shows he is getting "Low" in his taste.

EX-CONGRESSMAN Bliss has not retired from politics, as some of the opposite party had hoped. After the next election they may find Bliss in office, and only be surprised at their ignorance, which in this instance is not bliss.

WHAT piece of armor does that talking quadruped of Balaam's remind you of? A cuirass—(queer ass). Patent applied for.



LUCINDA and her mother have at last gone home, but I had them here for Evacuation day and Thanksgiving as well.

I hate holidays anyhow, and what upon earth the Americans want to celebrate the departure of the British for, is more than I can tell. For my part I wish they'd never gone away, and that we were still under British rule. I might have been a Duchess or a Countess, or something with a title. I'm quite certain I never would have been plain Mrs. Pennyfeather. Heraclitus says, on the other hand, I might have been a barmaid; but I'd like to know what he knows about it.

We were invited to a champagne lunch on one of the boats down the harbor, the 26th, but I declined going, for I didn't propose dragging Lucinda along, and as for Mr. Pennyfeather, well, a champagne luncheon party was no place for him. He hired a window for the family to view the parade, but I remained at home with Kathleen, who had a cold. When I saw the rain come down I congratulated myself on my forethought and common sense.

Thanksgiving day was horrid, too; it always is. Now Christmas is a day that's celebrated everywhere, except in China, and a few other small and unimportant countries I believe; but Thanksgiving is American and plebeian, and I dislike it.

Heraclitus must needs express an untoward desire to have some old-fashioned doughnuts and mince and pumpkin pies, and for two days his mother and Lucinda had the kitchen all sixes and sevens with their mixing and musing. Dinah got rampunctious, and I declare if my whole system of house-keeping wasn't upset by their performances. When I asked them why they couldn't tell Dinah how to make the things, and let her do it, they rolled up their eyes, then looked at each other as if they pitied my ignorance, and sniffed contemptuously. I was so mad that I rang for the coupe, took Kathleen and Marie off with me for a shopping tour, and left them monarchs of all they surveyed. They swooped around all day; pecked into the pantry and refrigerator, for Dinah told me so, and I heard them talking about the fearful extravagance and waste, after they went to bed that night. They were disappointed at not finding more dirt I guess, but Dinah is as neat as wax, and didn't give them a chance to discover any.

Then such a dinner as they produced.

"A most excellent dinner," Heraclitus called it; and I just asked him how he'd like me to give such an entertainment some evening to some of his friends.

No oysters, no soup, no salad, no wine and no ices; but turkey, chicken pie, mince pie,

pumpkin pie, doughnuts and cider, all served in one conglomerate mass.

All I wonder at was that they omitted the traditional dish of pork and beans. How I despise Yankee cooking, anyhow. No style, no delicatessen, no nothing; and I said as much to Heraclitus.

"No matter," he replied, "it tastes good."

"Who cares if it does?" I responded, "when the table isn't prettily decorated and things are not properly served?"

"Well," said he, "I don't want to eat the table, and I don't care how things are served if I only get them hot and well cooked."

"Oh, don't you?" I said. "When your mother and sister are not here, you make as much fuss as anybody if everything is not *au fait*; and you said so much to the waitress the other day because she forgot to prepare the finger bowls at dinner, that when I was listening through the speaking tube afterwards, I heard her say she'd leave if you spoke to her that way again."

Then he was mad, of course; he always is if he gets the worst in an argument, and the only reply he could make was, "If you'd keep your ears away from the speaking tube you wouldn't hear so much, by half."

As if I didn't know that without his telling me. I wonder if he thinks I'd be fool enough to go to the trouble of listening if I could hear without it. I never saw such a man, and his family are all just like him.

After I got Lucinda all fixed for the opera the other night, she must go and spoil the whole effect by putting on an old green satin gown. I told her to wear black silk; she has a nice one, and I was going to drape a lovely white Spanish lace mantilla of mine over her head and shoulders; but no, she evidently thought I was afraid the green satin would eclipse my toilet, and so she appeared with it on, and looked a guy, of course. I was so mad by that time that I didn't care what she did; and when she stuck some red artificial roses in her hair, that Marie and I had arranged so nicely, and proceeded to draw on a pair of bright yellow two-buttoned kids, I never said a word. I thought if she wanted to look like a South American maccaaw, she could.

When we entered the box (we were late, of course, though I had tried my best for once to be early and escape observation), everybody stared.

To cap the climax, Heraclitus must whisper in my ear and ask me how I came to allow Lucinda to make such a figure of herself.

I annihilated him with one glance, and told him in hissing tones, I'd explain how I came to allow it, after we reached the seclusion of our bed-room. He shrugged his shoulders, was ugly all the evening, and just to spite me, I know, insisted upon going to Delmonico's, where Lucinda was the cynosure of all eyes in the room.

She acted like a fool at the opera; held her fan before her face while the ballet and Cavalazzi danced, and after one glance around the house, refused to look again, but kept her eyes on the floor while the singing was going on. She said the women in the boxes were appalling spectacles, and shocking to look at. I quite agreed with her in this opinion, and thought most of them were shocking, though not for the same reason she did. She wouldn't see any beauty in a bare neck and arms, even if they belonged to the Venus de Milo, though when I told Heraclitus so, he said probably not, for as far as he knew the Venus de Milo didn't have any arms; and then he laughed and apparently thought he had said something funny.

Well, we got her and her gorgeous apparel away from Delmonico's; and the next day, she and dear mother-in-law departed for Berkville. I was so glad to see the last of them that I just lay down on the bed after they'd gone and had a real good cry.

I was mad at myself to think I'd been fool enough to invite them, but it's all over now and I don't care. I'll go ahead with preparations for Christmas, and I hope I shall have no further interruptions. I'm sure I don't know what to get for Heraclitus. I guess I'll order the coupe and go to some of the gentlemen's furnishing stores and look around. It seems so nice to have a carriage of one's own—such a nice one too. I'm proud of Dolly, the horse; but Patrick! Patrick, I'm sure, will be the death of me. But Heraclitus seems bound to keep him, and all because he is such a careful driver. As if there were not plenty of other careful drivers to be had! Then, too, I think he and Marie are getting up a flirtation, and I'll have no love-making going on in my house. What Marie can see in him I can't tell, for he is as ugly as the day is long, and she is pretty and stylish enough for anybody.

I told Heraclitus they were sweet upon each other, and he said, "Stuff and nonsense, Penelope!"

I told him it was not stuff and nonsense at all. That I should believe what I heard with my own ears and saw with my own eyes, and he couldn't prevent it.

"All right," said he, "I'll swallow what you say, speaking tube and all, if you'll just give me a rest."

This insulting remark I treated with silent contempt, but time will show that I'm right, and he'll find out before long that the person to be trifled with is not

PENELOPE PENNYFEATHER.

"WIFE, you shall not wear those kittens' heads on your hat," said a Bergh-cruelty-to-animal man to his wife, on the arrival of her new winter hat.

"You're a tyrant, every inch of you—but I'll go for *repousse*," replied the indignant lady.

POLICE inspector Jewett is said to be one of the shrewdest and most efficient officials in Brooklyn. Shrewdness has for years been one of the characteristics of the few at large.

TOM KINSELLA laughs at the report that there is to be a new Brooklyn paper started soon. He says "Let them talk. I Kinsella'n *Eagle* or two yet, if they do."



OUR "BEAUTIFUL SNOW" Poet trying to write on his favorite theme, with the thermometer up in the seventies.

Surgit Amari Aliquid.

You are surprised, I suppose, that I write to you,  
 Waking the past from its slumbers again.  
 Don't be afraid, dear; I shall not recite to you  
 All the strange things that have happened since  
 then—  
 Since that bright summer; and do you remember yet  
 How you so gracefully sent me away?  
 Even *my* heart can light up like an ember yet  
 When I look back on that day.  
 Since that last day I have met you repeatedly—  
 Met, as meet waifs on society's waste—  
 You, I must say, have invariably greeted me  
 With the most faultlessly exquisite taste;  
 Bowed, as a statue might—gracefully, frigidly—  
 Sometimes extended a neat little glove.  
 I often wonder—don't you, dear?—how rigidly  
*Convenience* trains foolish love.  
 I never tried to distress you or flurry you  
 Out of the calm of your quiet repose;  
 I have no wish and no reason to worry you—  
 Why should I care to be one of your foes?  
 I am but one whom you worshipped devotedly  
 Back in the bliss of the days that are dead—  
 Yes, dear, you did; for you told me so—wrote it me;  
 I recollect what you said.  
 All through that summer how bright was Arcadia,  
 Kept by ourselves for each other alone;  
 Often, no doubt, I would tenderly say to you  
 Words that you now would turn crimson to own.  
 Yes, we were happy then—weaving so pensively  
 Bright wefts of bliss, to unweave them again.  
 Now, I can see we were flirting extensively—  
 I thought it true loving then.  
 Down on that bank where the earliest daisy grows—  
 You must remember that fair summer noon—  
 How we sat fanned by the sway of the lazy rose,  
 Swinging in time to the zephyr's slow tune;  
 And yet you jilted me—well, you were dutiful;  
 Prudence stepped in—you were going too far.  
 Girls of to-day may be well bred and beautiful,  
 Yet what poor creatures they are!  
 Then you got married, and looked from your pin-  
 nacle  
 Of wealth and station, looked placidly glad—  
 Cruelly beautiful, faultlessly cynical—  
 Down on the wearisome struggle I had.  
 Well, it is over—no longer regretfully  
 I face the world with impassible brow—  
 Not in impatience, not angrily, fretfully—  
 I am indifferent now.  
 Once, when I thought of you, I used to mar a phrase  
 Commonly whispered of old by us both—  
 Turning a love-sentence, by simple paraphrase,  
 Into a something that sounds like an oath.  
 Those were the days when my grief was vociferant;  
 Now it has died, in time's natural lapse.  
 As to the past, I am wholly indifferent—  
 A trifle thankful, perhaps.  
 So, when we met last night, I tell you, verily,  
 I could but marvel if Time were the foe—  
 Time, that slips by me so easily, merrily—  
 That was to blame for those wrinkles you show;  
 When I detected the rouge where the rose had been,  
 You may believe that I blessed my escape.  
 Yes, dear; 'twas artfully done—but your clothes had  
 been  
 Padded to fill out your shape!  
 I could but notice how my old love owed her hair,  
 Silken and fine, to the coiffeur's deft skill;  
 How her vivacity came from the Roederer,  
 How her endurance was sheer strength of will—  
 Just as her husband derives his magenta nose  
 From his unflagging attention to Port—  
 Ah, dear, Ambition did wrong when it rent a rose  
 Fair as you were, for his sport.

STRIKING HOME.



"I always take one, just to help you poor fellows get rid of them," said the Colonel, with a smile.

"Too free a country, altogether—insult wherever you go." (We give the circular, just as it read).

Yes, dear; I watched you attentively, zealously.  
 Though I observed the old man at your side—  
 Old man! Your husband? Beg pardon, dear—  
 jealously  
 Followed my eyes when their purpose he spied.  
 Seeing those lips which I, all unforbid of you,  
 Tasted so oft, wreathed in hypocrite smiles,  
 I felt exultant at being well rid of you—  
 Well rid of you and your wiles.

Well, adieu, dearest! Be blest with your imbecile;  
 I see he's subject to jealous attacks—  
 So I, to humor whatever his whim be, seal  
 This, my last note, with intangible wax:  
 And you may show it him—that old smile flittingly  
 Crossing your face as light crosses a flower;  
 Faded one? *N'est-ce pas?* Well, you've unwittingly  
 Served to amuse me an hour. G. H. JESSOP.

Alonzo Busbee: His Life and Impressions.

BY WILLIAM GILL.

CHAP. XVII.

"Horrors on Horror's head accumulate."

—Dave Belasco.

Now comes, in order, one of the most sensational episodes of my sensationally episodic career. Think of all the wild, weird, woful, wonderful climaxes ever evolved from the fertile brains of Braddon, Belot, Jules Verne, E. D. N. Southworth, Wilkie Collins, "Ouida," Dumas, *pere et fils*, Zola, Mrs. Henry Wood, Charles Reade, G. P. R. James, Victor Hugo, Harrigan, and Tony Pastor, boil them all down into one stupendous realistic tableau, and you will gain but a faint, shadowy idea of the terrific word-picture I am about to present to your astonished gaze.  
 That you may thoroughly understand what is to follow, it will be a judicious act on my part to afford you a glimpse at my geographical surroundings. Madagascar is enthroned in the Indian Ocean, separated from Africa by the Mozambique channel, and is quite a number of miles from the South pole, which, as my readers are doubtless aware, is the main prop of the Antarctic Ocean. Some miles, more or less, from Tamatave, the capital of Madagascar, as the crow flies (or as any other bird flies, for that matter), lies

Australia, the blissful home of that "amoozin' little cuss, the kangaroo." Well, somewhere between Madagascar and Australia reposes the island upon which I found myself stranded after my ignominious expulsion from the territory of Queen Ramahamavora. It will be very necessary, for the proper understanding of what follows, that my readers should bear the foregoing in mind, otherwise they will be liable to lose sight of some of the best points in my story—which would be a pity, perhaps not so much for the readers as for the story, which is not built to stand many losses of that nature. The only loss, so far, is the publishers', and that don't signify to any one—but the publishers.

Let 'em lose—who cares? Let them encourage art more generously, and they will win my sympathy. That's not much, I grant, to buy new presses and type—but it's all they'll get out of me. I don't suppose any one will believe it when I state the fact that all I receive per chapter for this novel is \$500; and when I kick, they (the publishers) turn around in the most insulting manner possible to be conceived, and tell me that that's about \$499.99 more than it's worth, and their only reason for giving it to me is to prevent my disgracing the profession of journalism by going on Wall Street and becoming a low cad of a millionaire. Those are the kind of publishing ducks I have to work for, and therefore I say that sympathy for them is a misplaced piece of sentimentalism. Having thus relieved my mind, and, at the same time, lengthened my narrative in a very artful manner, I will proceed with my prize-candy novel.

If the gentle reader can remember as far back as my last chapter, he will recollect that he left me there, a sort of modern Robinson Crusoe, with his parrot multiplied by a million, and his goats and so forth spread out into a menagerie of every known bird, beast and fish; and that my idea was to find out a way of getting my wild-beast show to America, where I could out-Barnum Barnum, and cast the past glories of Van Amburg into the shade. I set to work to gain the respect and love of my companions; that done, I started in to teach them to perform various tricks that should make my show the

## SHOPPING, IN TWO CHAPTERS—CHAPTER I.



My mama and I went down town on "bargain day" to get a few little things

One clerk looked displeased because we wanted to see all the boys coming with bundles all his stock

most unique that had ever won the cultured admiration of the Hoosiers. I taught the lions to turn three summersaults in the air over the backs of sixteen elephants; and the hogs to chew tobacco and spit on the floor, with all the grace of a New-York alderman in a street-car. I got the monkeys to do everything a dude can do, but talk—possibly that was an improvement on the dude; and I was making rapid progress with the education of all the other animals, when the most extraordinary thing occurred that —

Well, the remembrance of that unprecedented event, even after this lapse of time, thrills me with horror. Oh, those days of doubt, anguish, despair, delirium, amazement, consternation, prostration, knocked-out-in-one-round, biff-biffedness, surprise, mortification, numbness, bewilderment, terror, stupefaction, heart-sinking and utter demoralization! ye haunt me yet! In the height of revelry, when sparkling wine and girls divine together shine, and make me pine—for seltzer in the morning; in the dim, dark watches of the night, when graveyards yawn, and cats upon the lawn sing love songs to the morn—they gather round my memory, like flies around a molasses barrel, or bunco-men around a "hay-seed;" they call me when I have only Jack-high in my hand, and have been making a grand bluff to get away with the pot! Oh, those awful, blood-curdling days of horror! never to be forgotten while Reason holds her sway in this distracted brain—am I never to be rid of your goose-fleshing memory?

[To be continued—unless the author tumbles to himself, and commits suicide.]

A YOUNG man recently bought a copy of "Grandfather's Clock" at a music store, and was at the same time supplied with a bullet-proof undershirt. The clerk explained that such articles always went with certain songs, by order of the Board of Health.

How much weight does the merchant's "ad" carry! Why, announce, of course.

## Washington Gossip.

BY OUR OWN LIAR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., DEC. 6.

A club has lately been formed in this city, having for its title "The Pension-Claimants Aid Society." Its name denotes the object for which it was brought into being. All who were maimed in the Mexican campaign and the War of Secession need not apply, as the society deals only with the following persons:

1. Those who might have been maimed in the aforesaid wars, had they taken part therein.
2. Who were injured in any way in saw mills; horse, or railway car accidents; through the bursting of buzz-saws; street fights; saloon squabbles; elections; steam-boat disasters; domestic rows; by snake bites; mule kicks; theatre fires, or bad whiskey, during the continuance of the wars aforesaid; owing to which the parties so injured were rendered incapable of taking part in said battles, and thereby losing the chance of receiving such serious wounds as would entitle them to a portion of the funds set apart by a grateful Republic for the relief of the gallant defenders of her Nationat honor.
3. All relations, unto the remotest confines of consanguinity—including mothers-in-law and divorced wives—of the aforesaid might-have-been victims of cruel war.

4. All proprietors, or lessees of saw mills; shareholders in horse or railway car lines; owners of buzz-saws; principals in, and aiders and abettors of street fights; saloon keepers; voters at election; owners, captains, officers, deck hands, engineers, and roust-a-bouts of steamers; wives and hired girls; drivers of mules; proprietors and lessees, stage and acting managers, ushers and ticket scalpers, of theatres; and distillers of bad whiskey who were mulcted in damages by the parties aforesaid who were injured by said causes, and who, had the aforesaid injured parties not been rendered incapable of taking part in said battles,

would not have been so mulcted in the damages aforesaid.

The lavish and indiscriminate manner in which pensions have been ladled out lately, to all who have been wise enough to engage pension agents to act for them, affords the "Pension-Claimant Aid Society" very good hope of a speedily remunerative business.

In view of the statement of the Democrats that unless they elect the next President—and that of the Republicans, that if the next four years of Federal power is vested in the Democratic party—and that of the Prohibitionists, that unless whisky-drinking is made a penal offence—and that if the Greenbackers, that unless the paper currency is inflated the United States will go to h—ades—your correspondent would suggest that all parties write upon a ticket that shall have at its head the name of the sweet infidel of Illinois, Robert Green Ingersoll. As he don't believe in no such place—as Johnny Logan would remark in his nervous Anglo-Illinoian—this great and glorious Republic will be safe from the Infernal for three years at least; and perhaps during that time the legal industry of the country can induce old Beelzy to take a free-lunch trip, *a la* Lord Coleridge, kill him off with California-champagne breakfasts and Evarts 16x24-sentenced speeches, and so forever free America from his grip.

Attorney-General Brewster has vindicated the dignity of outraged justice, by succeeding in attaching the person of Ex-Senator Spencer, of Alabama, and having said person brought on to Washington to answer for contempt of court in not appearing when required so to do, as a witness in the historical Star Route trials. Spencer says that he was unaware of the demand for his presence. As Mr. Ex-Senator Spencer can read, and as every newspaper in the country was full, at the time, of his mysterious disappearance, the only reason that can be assigned for his ignorance of the fact that he was wanted, is that he was qualifying himself to become a most desirable juror.

CHAPTER II. is most interesting and thrilling, showing to what dreadful straits too much Shopping brought this unhappy Family.



I guess pa was mad when he got the bills

Pa said he wouldn't pay the bill, but two lawyers came and then he changed his mind

And then pa discharged the servant girl, and now I have to wash and iron and scrub and spoil my pretty white hands.

#### Fated to Mystery.

"AWFUL sounds at dead of night." "The weird stranger and the mis-shapen coffin." "The veiled woman and the blood-stained garments. What happened last night at No. 301 — street. Is it crime or spirits?"

Such was the dreadful heading in the daily *Bellows*, which lay upon my breakfast table; and the report which followed, fully carried out the promise of the lurid headlines. It was indeed a tale of horror and mystery, and all about me and my house, for I live at 301 — st.

Some people like to be mysterious, and make the world believe that they are in some way beings out of the ordinary run of humanity; but for my part, I have always desired to go along smoothly and calmly; attending to my business, paying my debts, and living like "a Christian and a good citizen."

It is not my fault that nature has given me a dark complexion, a hollow voice, a cadaverous face, and a tall and attenuated form. The livid scar across my face, which gives it such a strange and sinister expression, was not received in a duel, or on an awful night of blood and death with red-fire and slow-music effects. It was produced by the kick of a one-eyed mule on my father's truck farm in New Jersey, when I was a boy.

As a matter of fact, I have no awful story in my life; and have never done anything more mysteriously dreadful than to work in a tannery and sell sole leather in the Swamp. But, for all that, something is always putting me in a false light before the community, whose good opinion it has been the aim of my life to secure, and casting an unjust and offensive glamour of romance about my really respectable life.

Last week, when I returned home from business, I found a crowd congregated on the side walk in front of my house. I had only lived there a few days. The crowd parted as I approached, and I overheard the remark, "There's the queer man that runs the haunted house."

My house haunted! What could it mean? Then I heard a doleful sound; something

like a shriek, proceeding from my respectable residence; then a cry of murder! murder! I rushed into the house, overcome with fear and horror. "For Heaven's sake, I called. What has happened?" My wife came running at the sound of my voice.

"Oh, James dear," she burst out; "My brother William came here this morning. I am sure I didn't ask him. He has been drinking a great deal, and now he is in an awful state, calling murder, and snakes, and all sorts of horrid things."

"Yes," I said, in a severe tone; "the result I have so often prophesied has come to pass. He has got a fit of the delirium tremens, and has come to my house to enjoy it. You must send for Aunt Sarah to help us take care of him." Just then I heard a heavy fall on the floor over my head. I knew what that meant, and hurried up-stairs to the unfortunate victim of alcohol.

In a few hours we had the young man in a tolerably comfortable condition, under the care of his aunt. Aunt Sarah had a great angry boil on her nose, poor thing, and had come to the house with her face wrapped up in a thick veil, partly to hide the red and swollen condition of her nasal organ, and partly to keep the cold from complicating the troubles of that afflicted member.

My wife's brother, William, plays the double bass at the church of the Seven Candlesticks, in Brooklyn; that is to say, he used to; but his habits had become so intemperate as to disgust the musical committee. The very night that William selected my house to have his delirium tremens in, an expressman brought to my door a huge black box, and this note:

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

SIR: Your persistent non-attendance at service and rehearsals has made your assistance no longer desirable. I herewith return you your bass-viol, and hope that you will some day see the wisdom of changing your present mode of life. YOURS, etc. BETHOVEN STUBBS.

It was long after midnight when Aunt Sarah came down-stairs, thickly veiled, with a bundle under her arm. "Dear William is sleeping quietly," she said, "and I am going to take his clothes round to the house to fix them up, so they will be ready for him

when he gets about again. They are in an awful state." She only lived a little way off, so, as I could not leave the house, I let her go alone.

It was the next morning that the startling headlines appeared in the daily *Bellows*, and I was called upon to explain "the veiled woman," the mis-shapen coffin, the ghostly cries, the blood-stained garments, and all the rest of it to a police official and a score or two of interviewing reporters. Of course, I set the matter straight; but I am still a marked man in my neighborhood, with a most unpleasant and lurid notoriety clinging to my name and place of residence.

Well, I shall move, and make one more attempt to live a plain and unromantic life in a new neighborhood; and if any more mysteries eventuate, I shall give up the struggle and go into the business of piracy; start as a materializing medium, or get a position as public ghoulish in a cemetery.

GEORGE KYLE.

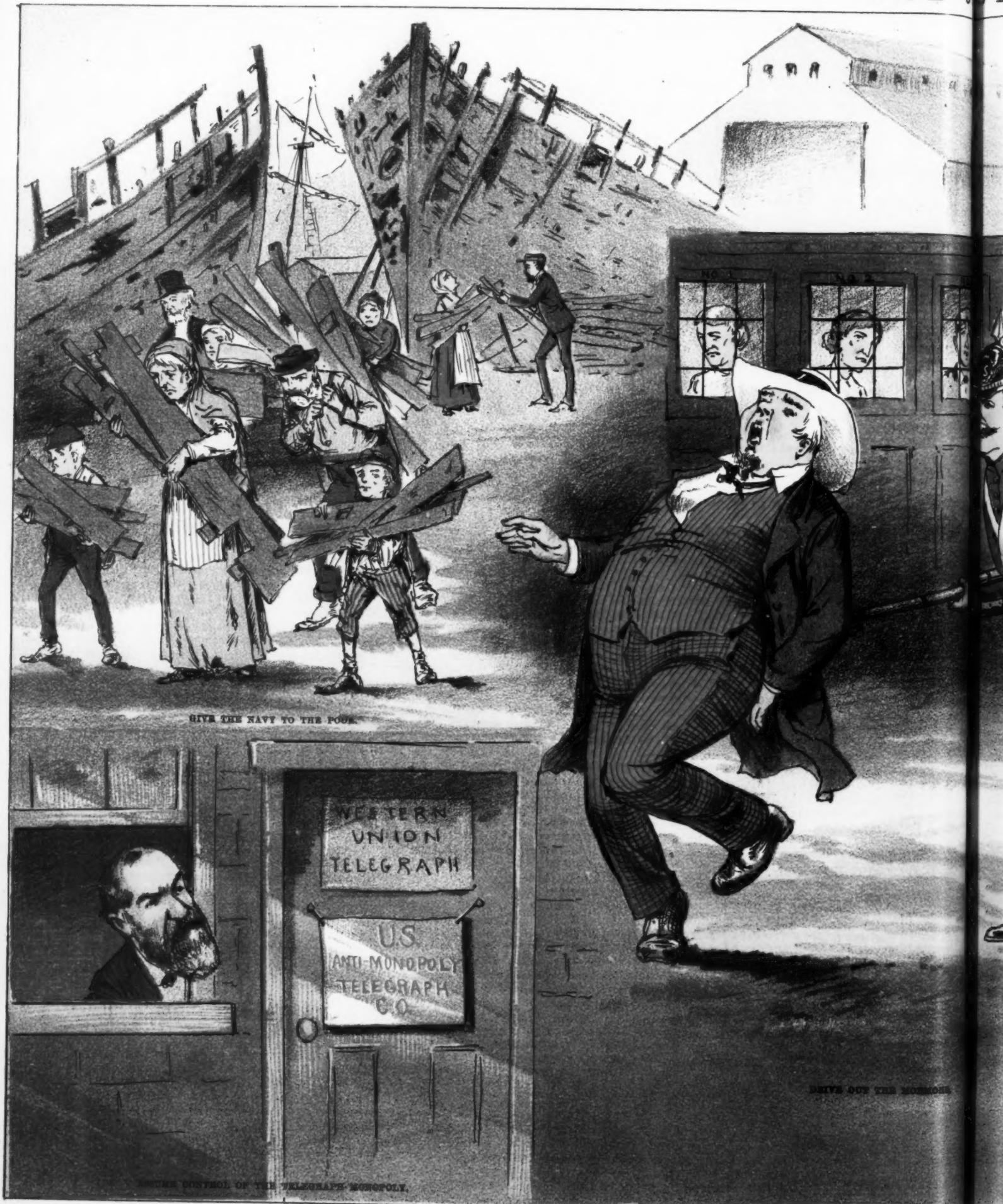
THE Camden (N. J.) *Post* is pitched two or three octaves higher than the general run of suburban journals. It is a paper that we are glad to see on our exchange table, and we never open it without finding something good in it—which is why we like the Camden *Post*.

"EMPTY vessels make the most noise," is a proverb that can scarcely have been composed in a lager-beer saloon by a looker-on among "full" Dutchmen.

"FINE feathers make fine birds" was probably said before the present rage for feather trimmings rendered handsome plumage the most perilous birthright a fowl could have.

"THE wages of sin is death" will be more universally believed in as an adage when another half-century or so has left nothing but a memory of the municipality of New York city.

It seems hardly appropriate to speak of a solemn book as boundin' sheep.



GIVE THE NAVY TO THE POOR.

DRIVE OUT THE MORMONS.

UNDER CONTROL OF THE TELEGRAPH MONOPOLY.

WHAT THIS CONGRESS





PUT THE INDIANS TO WORK.



SEND THE DUDES BACK TO ENGLAND.

JAWales



GREAT FEAT.

An eminent Chicago artist is painting a St. Louis girl's feet.

## "Lydia de Kildegrassing."

LYDIA DE KILDEGRASSING,  
Mademoiselle de Bowder.  
Began some thirty years ago,  
To puff her face with powder.

In early life, she wedded one  
Emanuel Von Canal.  
And as his wife, she learnt the use  
Of pink and white enamel.

He died. Alas! She wedded then  
A Frenchman, Jacques de Grisettes.  
And spent his little fortune in  
The purchasing of frisettes.

And at his death she deemed to bless  
De Saucy, her adorer.  
During his time she freely used  
The famous "Hair Restorer."

But finding it was all in vain,  
And time and youth were flying,  
After his death she learnt the art,  
Of regular hair-dying.

By all these means she well defied  
The time so swiftly passing,  
And wed again. Her name was then,  
Lydia de Kildegrassing.

She's beautiful forever now.  
De Grassing's growing older.  
And as he does, his Lydia's love,  
I fear is growing colder.

"Just see that young and lovely one."  
The youths exclaim in dudgeon;  
"Tied down to spend her love and life,  
On such an old curmudgeon."

Not so, my boys; she'll live him down.  
And, with her paint and powder;

Will bloom as young, as fresh and free,  
As when she was De Bowder.

Now, girls, as you a moral crave,  
I'll try and do my duty.  
Will this one do? At any cost,  
Preserve your youth and beauty.

If you don't like it, try yourselves.  
I'll promise not to quarrel—  
With any moral you put in,  
Or even an unmoral.

M. K. J.

## Borrowmore Blower's Letter to The Judge.

SINCE my last there has been a change in the Blower mansion—a new, and I may add, an important addition to the family in the shape of a youthful Blower.

Stocks and their prices have not been questioned, so I breathe freely for the time being.

The affair seems likely to prove expensive, for I have been called upon to treat everybody I know, and many that I don't know.

The strangest part of it is, everybody seems to know me.

An unknown individual grasped my hand this morning as I emerged from my own door; and after a hearty squeeze, said "Allow me to congratulate you, my dear sir. Is it a boy or girl?"

"Oh, a boy, of course," I said.

Then my next door neighbor, stopping me on the side walk, said, "Oh, happy Blower. I listened to the air you were playing on the violin last night, and I knew by the way you drew the bow across that violin that something uncommonly pleasant had taken place to put you in such remarkable humor."

"I haven't touched the violin since—since stocks tumbled," said I.

"Is that so?" said he. "From whence, then, issued those entrancing sounds?"

It must have been Blower Jim," said I. "The 'seraphic tooter' didn't close his mouth from sundown till broad day-light this morning."

"Then he is a Blower by nature as well as name," said he.

"Yes, and everybody is congratulating and hand-shaking me. Heaven knows what for. I've had no sleep for a week; everything at sixes and sevens—and the whole house turned topsy-turvy. Not a meal on time nor one home comfort for my poor racked frame. The young Blower be blowed."

My neighbor laughed till his sides shook; then said, "You'll get used to it, Blower; and in less than six weeks you'll think there was never such a child born as your seraphic tooter."

I was just going for a walk, to see how it would seem to get a breath of fresh air, when I was called back by the nurse.

"The dickens take her," said I, in an undertone. Of course, I didn't dare to say it aloud. The old thing puts Mrs. Blower up to all sorts of notions that would never enter her head if left to herself.

"Mrs. Blower wishes to speak with you before you go down town."

"Oh!" said I.

"Yes. I've been telling her that it is high time you settled upon a name for the boy."

"No doubt Mrs. Blower is very thankful for your advice," I said.

"She seemed so, sir. I've nursed in the very best families in the city, sir, for the past twenty years; and I can't call to mind one family that let twenty-four hours go over the head of a child without christening; in fact, some people take time by the forelock and have a name ready."

"Indeed," said I.

"Yes, indeed. This negligence in regard to a name for your son worries me; indeed it do, sir; and if you haven't got your ideas fixed on any one name in particular, I would suggest Jehoshaphat."

I shouted with a voice that made the garrulous old woman jump off her feet, for I was quite out of temper with her.

"That's a good Christian name, but you needn't speak so loud. I'm not hard of hearing," said she, and as she went back into the house I sauntered off down town, thinking the all important business of selecting a name for the tooter could be postponed till my return.

I was detained longer than I expected. Piles of letters unopened at my office, demanded a cursory glance at least.

"What a strange name you selected for the baby," was Mrs. Blower's salutation, the moment I entered her room.

"I have selected no name. I told the nurse I thought there need be no hurry about it."

"Oh dear!" said Mrs. Blower. "She told me you said it should be Jehoshaphat, and the rector has been here and christened him. It is such a dreadfully old name, I could not at first reconcile my mind to it; but thinking it might be a family name in the Blower family, ages back, I did not oppose it."

"The nurse be —."

I could not finish the sentence, for the old simpleton appeared that minute with young Jehoshaphat in her arms, and seeing Mrs. Blower looked flushed and unhappy, I said "It is an old family name. Away back,

many generations, there was a Jehoshaphat in the family.

"I trust he was a very worthy person," said Mrs. B. "You know there is a superstition that children resemble in character those they are named after."

"I will tell you his history to-morrow. You look tired to-night. You had better try and get some sleep."

So saying I slipped out of the room and went for the family Bible, to familiarize myself with the history of the man whose name has been given to the tooter.

**Around the World in Eighty Ways.**

I wish that I was Tourist Cook,  
Don't you?

And had a Harper's tourist book,  
Brand new.

'Tis then I'd start, on travel bent,  
View Occident,  
And Orient.

I'd see the world from pole to pole,  
Explore each cranny, nook and hole.  
Oh soul!

I wish that I was Tourist Cook,  
With wings.

I'd have one universal look  
At things.

I'd travel to the Russian Czar,  
And drink from out his samovar.  
I'd go and view the murky Turk,  
And slyly 'round his harem lurk;  
(To learn—naught else—how he contrives,  
To navigate with all his wives.)  
Then, bye and bye, I'd be afar,

In Spain—a-thrumming the guitar.  
I'd sing an air from sweet Castile,  
(And at the close a poignant feel.)  
You next would see me at Suez,  
Hobnobbing with some noble Fez.

En route to land of bilious tan—  
You follow me? I mean Japan.  
When there, I'd greet the Mika-do,  
And take him for a moonlight row.  
And lo!

'Tis thus I'd spin around the sphere,  
And peer  
At everything that's quaint and queer.  
Oh, dear!

Dear Cook, I'm all agog  
To see

Those countries shown in the geography.

I want to scan those lands in pink,  
And all those countries colored blue.  
I'd like to cast my eye, I think,  
On all those parts in yellow, too.

Phew! Phew!

How many lands has Tourist Cook surveyed?  
E'en more than there are in the book,  
I am afraid. W. P.

**Kissing Condoned.**

LOVER'S LODGE, near Blarney, Ireland.

MY DEAR JUDGE.—Can you, will you excuse me for trespassing on your valuable time and space for a few minutes? Blame me if you will, but forgive me, for your sweet paper, periodical (call it what you will), of the 20th ult. has awakened chords in my saddened heart which had long ceased to vibrate to the touch of mortal. It was but a little poem which had this miraculous effect on me; a simple little poem, (copied from the *American Queen*), and named "I wonder." It began in the following strain:

"He kissed me, and I knew 'twas wrong,  
For he was neither kith nor kin;  
Need one do penance very long,  
For such a tiny little sin?"



GREAT FEAT (No. II.)

A St. Louis Artist of note is painting the picture of a Chicago girl.

Ah! but as the poet said, "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," for these few lines brought back my wasted youth, and through the medium of your widely circulated pages, I hasten to answer the *American Queen* who puts the touching question—for I have also wondered. I have also submitted my woes to the public, and to my wonder, long years ago, was sent the following answer:

"Some say that kissing is a sin, some say it's none at a.

For there's been kissing in the world since ever there was twa;

If it was na lawful, lawyers wouldn't allow it;  
If it was na holy, ministers wouldn't do it;  
If it was na pretty, ladies wouldn't take it;  
If it was na plenty, poor folks wouldn't get it!"

May these few words from an unknown pen soothe the *American Queen's* conscience as it has soothed mine, who though now unable (through want of assistance) to practice what she preaches, is still willing to join a kissing controversy with anyone.  
Yours ever to command,  
KITTY SWEET LIPS.

THE leading lady in a fashionable wedding at Grace Church, the other day, had three eyes. The third one wasn't noticed until the clergyman asked, "Wilt thou," etc.

THE President's cabinet is a valuable piece of furniture. So is the weather bureau. So are the professional chairs in a college. But the most popular is a good "lounge."

It is common to speak of a bridegroom as "the lucky man;" but who ever heard of "the lucky woman" in this connection? The phrase would be absurd.

"JUMPING-JACK" JONES, the famous pitcher, is a graduate of Yale College. To what "base" uses may we come at last!

A street Arab—"Arrah, be aisy!"

ITALIC—The organ grinder.

**ONLY ONE.**

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

Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills.



THE production of "Storm Beaten" at the Union Square Theatre introduced the new management of that favorite house to the public, and showed a very strong company and a very silly play to an audience that crowded the theatre to the doors. The night was wet—a good many veterans of our citizen soldiery who have been nursing their rheumatism ever since Evacuation Day will remember how wet that day was, and the night was even wetter. A more appropriate name than "Storm Beaten" for a play to be produced in such weather can hardly be imagined. Well, the play was bound to be beaten, anyhow, and the storm could scarcely be blamed for the damp which the weird, feckless nightmare of the North Pole cast upon the audience. Fancy Stoddard as a Wesleyan preacher! Hard to imagine, certainly—but there he was. To be sure, he did not go to the North Pole—a fact on which the walrus, bears and other arctic "critters" are to be congratulated. Not that Stoddard played the part badly—far otherwise; he did wonders with it, and groped through the part, invoking the Deity, whenever he got the cue, with an unction that should fill the Union Square with audiences drawn from the saintly flocks of the Mallorlys. Effie Ellsler was his daughter—a demure, puritanical little woman, who loved her father well, and somebody else better; and looked very sweet and winsome, indeed, in her modest gown, and bonnet like a beatified coal-scuttle. By-the-way, she speaks of Mr. Sefton (Stoddard) as "not yet in holy orders," but when that gentleman tottered upon the stage with apparently a leg-and-a-half in the grave, THE JUDGE felt like advising him to hurry up with his ordination. However, he appeared to be dressed like any reverend gentleman duly licensed to a cure of souls.

But these are details. The broad impressions which the play produced, aside from what the patent-medicine advertisements refer to as "that extreme tired feeling," rest on the scenery and the actors. The former is handsome—nothing very wonderful, but eminently satisfactory. The ice-fields are exaggerated-looking groups of stalactites, as all properly-constructed stage ice-fields ought to be; whether they bear any resemblance to circumpolar scenery, THE JUDGE has had no more opportunity of judging than had Mr. Marsden, the clever artist who painted them. On the whole, though, the piece is thoroughly well put on the stage and admirably rehearsed. The cast is an exceedingly strong one. Mr. McKee Rankin is forcible, though not altogether satisfactory as Christian Christianson, nor is he as lovable as such a reduplicated believer should be. Miss Maud Harrison shows strong pathetic quality as Kate, and weeps through her stilted lines and nauseating situations with a fervor which gives them at times a semblance of reality—and that she can do this, argues no small ability in Miss Harrison. The rest of the cast acquitted itself well, and Mr. Whiting made a most disagreeable villain. With

all his good wishes for the prosperity of the Union Square, under its new management, THE JUDGE cannot congratulate Messrs. Shook and Collier upon a good beginning in "Storm Beaten." The play is foreign to the atmosphere of this theatre, and belongs to the "goody-goody," preaching school which has been popularized at Madison Square. Perhaps Steele Mackaye's patent chairs brought in a faint, negative flavor of Mallory. However, there are other novelties in store, and better luck will surely follow the next production.

The ubiquitous Haverly has bobbed up serenely in another place, where, certainly, we had not expected to find him. He has consolidated his minstrel show—mammoth, mastodon, call it what you will—with Billy Birch, of the San Francisco's. The result of the consolidation is a very strong organization, and, under the careful and judicious management of A. C. Comstock, Jr., the old house of the "Frisco's" will soon see better days than it has fallen upon recently.

#### Answers to Correspondents.

COMICALUS.—You evidently do not rank in the category of those who were born to make others laugh and be happy. You might make a good coroner, undertaker, tomb-stone artist, or even an intelligent and industrious grave-digger—but as an essayist in the comic field, you are a lamentable failure. Don't try again.

ANAPESTIC.—By all the gods of Valhalla and the Nine Muses of Parnassus and the Fountain of Helicon and a great many other sacred things we cannot remember just now, if you were within arm's-reach of us at this identical and terribly-trying moment, we would certainly be tempted to assassinate you. We have lost a precious ten minutes in an ineffectual attempt to elucidate the absurdities of your rhymes, and it is rather a lucky circumstance (for yourself) that you concealed your habitation, else our Devil would be after you in hot haste to wreak our editorial vengeance.

J. C. B., New York City.—Thanks for your expression of appreciation. In a little time THE JUDGE may reach a standard of excellence second to no publication of the same ilk in the world. As it is, we are bravely holding our own, and advancing in the sublime wisdom of laughter and comicality.

ELIZA V.—We are always sorry to be compelled, by the inexorable law of editorial rule, to consign the caligraphy of a fair correspondent to the "tender embrace" of the waste-basket. Yet so it is in our case, to our chagrin—inasmuch as you have disregarded our pointed admonition to enclose stamps for return of MS. And now let us seriously advise you to woo some one of the masculine gender, and let the muses severely alone. You are evidently too frail to accomplish the perilous ascent of Parnassus.

OLD TIMER.—We dislike to insult old age, but 'pon our editorial conscience, we are sorely tempted to tell you that you have no right to be masquerading in the habiliments of youth. And with that soft reprimand we dismiss you from further consideration.

JUVENILE.—We should be most happy to encourage precocious genius where it gives evidence of existence, but we candidly think that your genius lies in another direction—that of incipient mediocrity. Be a good boy; keep at school; master the three R's, (Reading, 'Riting and 'Rithmetic), and when you and THE JUDGE are some years older and wiser, let us hear from you again.

QUID NUNC.—Your "comic essay," with about half a ton of other stuff of equal importance, has just this moment been carted off to the celebrated waste-paper emporium of Stockwell, 24 Ann street, where possibly you may find it before it is converted into pulp. Try again.

#### That Settled it.

ON a train two gentlemen were discussing the nativity of a third who sat near them.

"I'll bet he's a southern man."

"No, he looks like a westerner."

"We can tell by asking him a question, can't we?"

"All right, for the cigars, now he's a westerner, and I'll ask him the question."

So he went across the car and politely said; "I beg your pardon, sir, but what time is it?"

"Well, sah," he replied, looking at his watch, "it is fo' minutes befo' fo'."

That settled it.—*Merchant Traveler.*

"So you've come to ask the hand of my daughter?" "I adore her," exclaimed the youth rapturously, "my life would be like a sand barren without her." "Bless you," said the old man "I regard this as nothing less than providential. You can have her to-morrow if you want to, and don't postpone it later than Saturday. I'm going to fail next week and it's as much as I can do to look after the rest of the family." The impassioned youth walked forth beneath the stars, but he never came back again.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"PA," asked a Philadelphia boy of his paternal progenitor, a man noted for his numerous backslidings, "what are souls made of generally?"

"What a question!" was the response. "I am sure I don't know."

"But the minister said you thought you knew."

"He did?"

"Yes; he said he guessed you thought that souls were made of asbestos."—*Phila. Call.*

A Brooklyn girl who was engaged to a Chicago man has mysteriously disappeared. It is supposed that some of his other wives called on her and told her all about him. Some women are mean enough to do anything.—*Phila. Call.*

"THERE are 1,400,000,000 people upon the earth at present, according to the latest statistics," said Mrs. Smith, looking up from the paper. "Only think of it! and we haven't had a caller for two days!"—*Boston Transcript.*

"DON'T go too much on show, my son," remarked Mrs. Yeast to her boy. "The drum major of a band, to be sure, is very attractive, but he doesn't furnish any of the music."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE New York hangman is charged with drugging his prisoners so that the gallows has no terrors for them. A man should know when he is hanged or it won't do him much good.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"LET me see," said Lord Coleridge to President Arthur; "I believe we never met before; and yet somehow it seems to me I saw that hat of yours once when I was a boy."—*Chicago News.*

THE New Orleans *Picayune* thinks "Good common sense is better than a college education." Of course it is, and a good deal rarer and much harder to get.—*Boston Transcript.*

FIRST impressions are lasting, as the gentleman remarked when the trip-hammer came down on his fingers.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Big Game.

"I wish to see the sporting editor, and right away," said a stout little gentleman, walking into the main office.

"What is your trouble?" asked the sporting editor, looking up from a special article on the racing season of 1883.

"I am the captain of the Invincibles," said the little stout party, removing his glasses and wiping his lordly brow.

"Target company?" asked the sporting editor, removing his Jockey Club cigar.

"No, sir," said the stout little gentleman, "Do I look like the captain of a target company?"

"Beg pardon," said the sporting editor, "but what are you the captain of? Perhaps it is a light battery or a temperance society?"

"Not a bit of it," said the gentleman. "I am the captain of a baseball club—a picked nine. I picked it out myself. It's an amateur nine, but a daisy, all the same."

"Correct," said the sporting editor. "Now, what can I do for you?"

"Well, the other day the Invincibles played a match game with the renowned Unconquerables, of New York, at Marion, N. J. It was the biggest game of the season, sir—the biggest game of the season. Why, sir, the Unconquerables made fourteen runs the first inning. Then we jumped right in and whitewashed 'em. I tell you it was lively. You should have seen our pitcher twist in those balls. I tell you it was beautiful. Then we went to the bat and made a couple of dozen or so—"

"A couple of what?" cried the sporting editor.

"A couple of dozen or so. Oh! we meant business every time. I made five home runs myself. You should have seen me getting around those bases. The next inning the Unconquerables didn't make over twenty runs—"

"Twenty runs!"

"Oh, yes; I tell you we were both playing for all we were worth, and don't you fail to remember it. At the fourth inning we stood 49 to their 68."

"What?" cried the sporting editor.

"Oh! we were just playing," said the little gentleman, pulling out his silk handkerchief and mopping his brow.

"Well I should say so."

"At the fifth round, I should say in the fifth inning, we made seventeen home runs and ran our score up to 146."

"Look here, young man," said the sporting editor, "I wish you to presume that I have a slight knowledge of the game you are talking about."

"Sure," said the little gentleman, "I'm telling you the thing straight. We were an hour and ten minutes at the bat that inning, and we wouldn't have been put out then if it hadn't been for a mistake made by one of our men at the first base. He started for second base, and was given lots of advice by the entire nine as to what he should do, some calling 'Go back,' and others shouting 'Go ahead,' and he finally concluded to adopt a middle course, and stood stock still between the two bases. Of course, a fellow on the other side was mean enough to put him out, and that settled it."

"I should say so," said the sporting editor.

"Well, we were the last at the bat, and when we commenced the ninth inning we stood 293 to the Unconks 389; but we went in to win on that last inning. I caught up the bat, and sent a ball clean over five blocks

of houses. Of course, that decided the day."

"I should think as much," said the sporting editor.

"Yes, we kept on making home runs until it grew too dark to see the bases, and then we let up, the game standing, Invincibles, 1,847 and 4 laps; Unconquerable, 389, and five men sent to the hospital. Oh, I tell you, it was a daisy game. Now, I want you to give us a rattling good notice."

"Oh, sure," said the sporting editor, as he picked up a pen, and smiled coldly upon his visitor.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Station Clock.

HE stood at the ticket window slowly unrolling an old-fashioned leather wallet, while a dozen impatient men stood behind him, driven to madness by the shouting of the gateman calling their trains. After he got about a yard and a half of wallet unrolled he suddenly stopped and said to the ticket agent:

"Is that clock right?"

"No, sir," promptly replied the agent.

"Tain't?" shouted the startled passenger, stooping down and making a sudden clutch at a lean and hungry carpet-bag. "Tain't right? Well, what'n the name o' common sense do ye have it stuck up there for, then?"

"To fool people," calmly replied the agent; "that's what we're here for, to fool people and misdirect them."

"Well, by goll," said the passenger, hurriedly rolling up his wallet, "then I've missed my train. I'll report you, I will!"

"Won't do any good," replied the agent: "it's the company's orders. They pay a man \$85 a month to go around every morning to mix and muddle up all the clocks so that no one of them will be right and no two of them alike."

The passenger gasped twice or thrice, but could not say anything. The ticket seller went on:

"It's the superintendent's idea. He is fond of fun, enjoys a joke, and it does him good to see a man prance around and hear him jaw when he buys a ticket and then finds his train has been gone two hours. It saves him the expense of going to the circus."

"Which way is the clock wrong?" the passenger asked in despairing accents, "fast or slow?"

"Don't know," replied the agent.

"That's part of the fun, not to let anybody in the building know anything about the right time. All that I know is that it's about ninety minutes wrong, one way or the other."

With a hollow groan the passenger dropped his carpet-bag and wallet, and made a rush for the door, upsetting every man who got in his way. In about two minutes he came back, crestfallen and meek, and took his place at the end of the line. When once more he walked to the window he said, as he named his station and bought his ticket like a sane man:

"What made you talk to me like a liar?"

"What made you ask questions like a fool?" answered the ticket man.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A young lawyer of this city, who has a girl in Warren, and one in Corry, and another in Meadville, may be said to be already conducting a circuit court.—*Oil City Derrick.*

MRS. SHODDY says she has just bought a new African for her baby.—*Boston Transcript.*



A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Crash! Dash! Smash!  
Smash! Dash! Crash!

A cry resounds through the crowded street,  
Mid clattering hoofs and hurrying feet:  
"Stop him! Stop him! Oho! Hey! Hey!  
A spirited horse is running away!"  
Galloping, scampering, frightfully fast  
The terrified animal dashes past,  
Through a throng of busy men and boys—  
Oh, the grim confusion! the horrible noise!  
As they scream and scatter in great dismay,  
And try their best to get out of the way.  
The runaway's gone in a moment—and then  
There are left in his track two wounded men.  
ONE, with a ghastly gash in his head,  
Groans for a moment; and lo! he is dead.  
Never had he been the least afraid  
Of a sudden disaster, nor ever made  
For innocent babes or delicate wife  
Provision in case he should lose his life.  
There is grief in the house that once was bright;  
There are darkness and gloom instead of light;  
For the sorrowing mother of infants small  
Is left a widow, with nothing at all.  
THE OTHER, with badly broken bones,  
Is roughly dashed on the paving stones.  
They carry him home and put him to bed,  
And the doctor gravely shakes his head  
As he says, "My friend, it's a narrow escape;  
I find you in a terribly battered shape.  
I hope we'll be able to pull you through,  
But you'll stay in bed for a month or two."  
And though he is suffering all the while,  
His face is wreathed with a pleasant smile,  
And he says, "The prospect's not so bleak,  
For I'll draw my twenty-five dollars a week.  
A MUTUAL ACCIDENT POLICY'S mine—  
What a pleasant prospect! Isn't it fine?"  
CHRISTMAS DAY—at the well-spread table  
The man who was smashed is happily able  
To sit with his family-friends again,  
Fully recovered, and free from pain—  
And he tells of the awful crash that day  
When the terrified animal ran away,  
And dashed him down on the paving-stones—  
And he speaks from the depths of a thankful heart,  
Of the marvelous skill of the surgeon's art.  
But better than surgeon or medicine-chest,  
Better than all, and by far the best—  
He says he will always thankfully speak  
Of that welcome twenty-five dollars a week—  
And also, if he had lost his life,  
Five Thousand Dollars assured to his wife,  
By the United States Mutual Accident Association,  
"Three hundred and twenty, Broadway, N. Y."  
JAMES R. FITCHER.

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

"BEG yer pardon, but do yer think I can find Buffalo in New York?" inquired a Nath'l-Winkle-looking got-up Englishman of an American fellow passenger on the steamship. "Buffalo in New York! Certainly; only about four hundred miles from the city at the end of the Central railroad." "Ah, yes! thank yer; feller down in the cabin just now said there wasn't one 'thin two thousand miles of New York, yer know. Can't fool an old sportsman, yer know, with that sort of gammon."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

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Outfit worth \$10 free. Address  
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of Stockings with **HEEL and TOE COMPLETE** in **TWENTY**  
minutes. It will also knit a great variety of Fancy Work, for  
which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and  
terms to the **TWOBLY KNITTING MACHINE COMPANY,** 163  
Tremont street, Boston.

### "Shake Shtays In."

"MY boy Shake he comes a big shoke on me," said a pleasant faced farmer at the Gratiot Avenue Station yesterday.

"How was that?"

"Vhell. Shake was radder lazy and he eat more on der table ash two men. Last vheek he shtrikes on me for wages."

"Is he of age?"

"Oh, no. Shake vhas only sixteen. I doan' pelief he can earn his poard mit any farmer, und so I tell him I vhas willing to poard und clothe him, und if some circus comes along I gif him fefty cents. Dot vhas goot enough for a boy mit sooch an appetite. But vhat you pelief Shake does?"

"I dunno."

"He comes to town und drinks some peer und vhas arrested und sent up mit der work-house for seexty days. If I take him out I haf to bay ten dollar cash. Dot vhas a big shoke on me, und Shake he laughs all oafar himself."

"Why don't you leave him in there to serve out his time? He gets his board and clothes, and you have nothing for him to do at home in the winter."

"By Shiminy, but I nefer tought of dot pefore. Dot's so, dot's so. Shake vhas no goot at home, und vhas only expense on me. If I doan bay dot ten dollar den he shtays in."

"And the joke is on him."

"Dot's so, dot's so. If I take him out he laugh behind my pack mit ter poys.\* If I leaf him in I go oop to see him once a vheek, und make some grins und ask him how it vhas so far he goes? Shake shtays in. Ha! ha! ha! I vas tickled already."—*Detroit Free Press.*

### Baggage-Smashing Romances.

"WHERE'S that trunk been?" said a reporter yesterday, pointing to a dismantled hulk that had evidently put in to refit from the sea of summer travel.

"I should think that handle was yanked off somewhere up the Northern Central. There's a man at Elmira, I think it is, whom we always know by the way he leaves his handles—always tears 'em off the same end of one side. The Stonington transfer splits trunks like a buzz saw, but when you get a trunk stove in at both ends, with the hinges off and the lock collapsed, you can be pretty sure it's been to Canada. There's where they do smash baggage. You see they get so durned mad handling the chests of drawers and washstands and wood boxes that pass for baggage in that country, that they view every trunk as a natural enemy, and they single out the good ones like sharpshooters lay for officers."

"What's your particular private mark?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, we don't smash baggage here. Baggage smashin', like the shakes in Jersey, is always in the next town. But I ain't got no grudge against these summer Saratogas, anyway," said the baggage man, looking in a kindly way at the model village of two-story wooden houses about him.—*Phila. Times.*

TBE late Mr. Turgenev, the novelist, re-sembled Shakespeare in one thing at least. His name could be spelled a dozen different ways without spoiling its symmetry.—*Norris-town Herald.*

SEALSKIN Garments, sold by TERRY & Co., 1159 Broadway, corner 27th street, are of the celebrated TREADWELL Dye, will never fade or wear yellow. No other house has them. It is OUR SPECIALTY.

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GEO. C. ELDBRIDGE & CO., " "  
YOUNG BROTHERS, Toledo, Ohio.  
C. A. KING & CO., " "  
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At close of present season we will remove to our new and commodious building,

797 and 799 Third Avenue,

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

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STAR NOVELTY CO., GREENPOINT, N. Y. (Box 98)

### Helen's Other Baby.

"WHAT makes that noise?" asked a little boy on the cars.  
 "The cars," answered the mother.  
 "What for?"  
 "Because they are moving."  
 "What are they moving for?"  
 "The engine makes them."  
 "What engine?"  
 "The engine in front."  
 "What's it in front for?"  
 "To pull the train."  
 "What train?"  
 "This one."  
 "This car?" repeated the youngster, pointing to the one in which they sat.  
 "Yes."

"What does it pull it for?"  
 "The engineer makes it."  
 "What engineer?"  
 "The man on the engine."  
 "What engine?"  
 "The one in front."  
 "What is it in front for?"  
 "I told you that before."  
 "Told you what?"  
 "Told you."  
 "What for?"  
 "Oh, be still; you are a nuisance."  
 "What's a nuisance?"  
 "A boy who asks too many questions."  
 "Whose boy?"  
 "My boy."  
 "What questions?"

The conductor came just then and took up tickets, and the train pulled up at the station.

The last we heard as the lady jerked the youngster off the platform was:

"What conductor?"—*St. Louis Republican.*

### It Was Perfectly Dreadful.

"Oh, I say, Chawley, that was a chawming eweechaw you dawnced with at Mrs. Bullion's t'other eve."

"No, Hawy, she was not chawming; she is a vulgah eweechaw."

"Wy, weally, you don't say so, Chawley!"

"Yas; she asked me if I liked coun-dwums, and I told her that I had twied them in Paree, but I didn't like them as well as fweid fwogs. And then she larfed—actually larfed. Just think of a society gyurl larling!"

"Puffeekly dweidful, wasn't it?"

"Yas; and then she arsked me if I knew why Fweddie Simpson was a fountain of humor, and when I said no, she said it was because he was always having boils."

"Oh, Chawley, how could you? Take me to a soda fountain. I feel faint, and need a stimulant."—*San Francisco Post.*

THE New Jersey man who got his foot caught in a railroad frog and shaved off a part of his boot with a jack-knife was somewhat put out to learn that the next train did not pass for eight hours.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER thinks men will yet be able to fly. They will want to if Tupper writes any more poetry.—*Milton News.*

THE generous give according to their means, others give according to their meanness.—*Picayune.*

"I move," said a delegate in a Virginia convention, "that our chairman take a dose of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. He is so hoarse that I cannot understand him." That gentleman had no doubt tried this wonderful medicine.

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Which Bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemed

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THE THREE HIGHEST PREMIUMS AMOUNT TO 200,000, 50,000 and 30,000 FLORINS,

And Bonds not drawing one of the above premiums must be redeemed with at least 130 Florins.

The next Redemption takes place on the 2nd of January, 1884.

And every Bond bought of us on or before the 2nd of January, is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that day.

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

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FOR

CATARRH



HAY-FEVER

A young man six years in my employ was so afflicted with Catarrh as to be at times incapable of attending to business. Ely's Cream Balm CURED HIM. Since which time I have recommended it to several friends, where cures have been effected.

EUGENE L. BUTTON.

Mfr. of Raven Glass, 34 Warren street.

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 mucous 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. Unequalled for colds in the head. Agreeable to use. Send for circular for information and reliable testimonials. Will deliver by mail, 50 cts. a package. Stamps.

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

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BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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From Am. Journal of Medicine. Dr. Ab. Meseroles (late of London), who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. Address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address Dr. A. B. MESEROLES, No. 96 John St., New York.

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease, by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Express & P.O. address Dr. A. B. MESEROLES, 131 Pearl St., N. Y.



Levy PHOTO

USUAL APPEARANCE OF WIFE NO. 1.



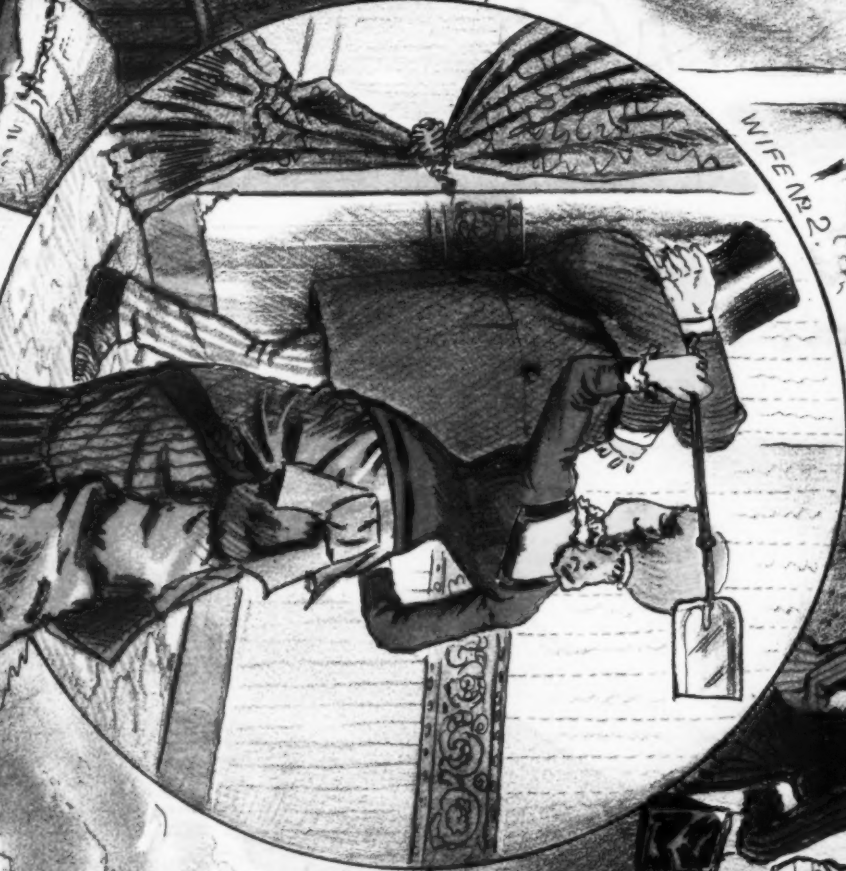
THE USUAL BIGAMIST.



WIFE NO. 2.



HAMILTON. THE BIGAMIST USUALLY HAS TIME TO REFLECT.



ONE WIFE IS USUALLY ENOUGH FOR ONE MAN (AND SOMETIMES ONE IS TOO MANY)



NO WONDER ANYMAN IS A BIGAMIST.



ACROSS THE RIVER HE'LL BE IN FEAR AS TO WHICH WIFE WILL CHASE HIM.

NOTES ON BIGAMY.