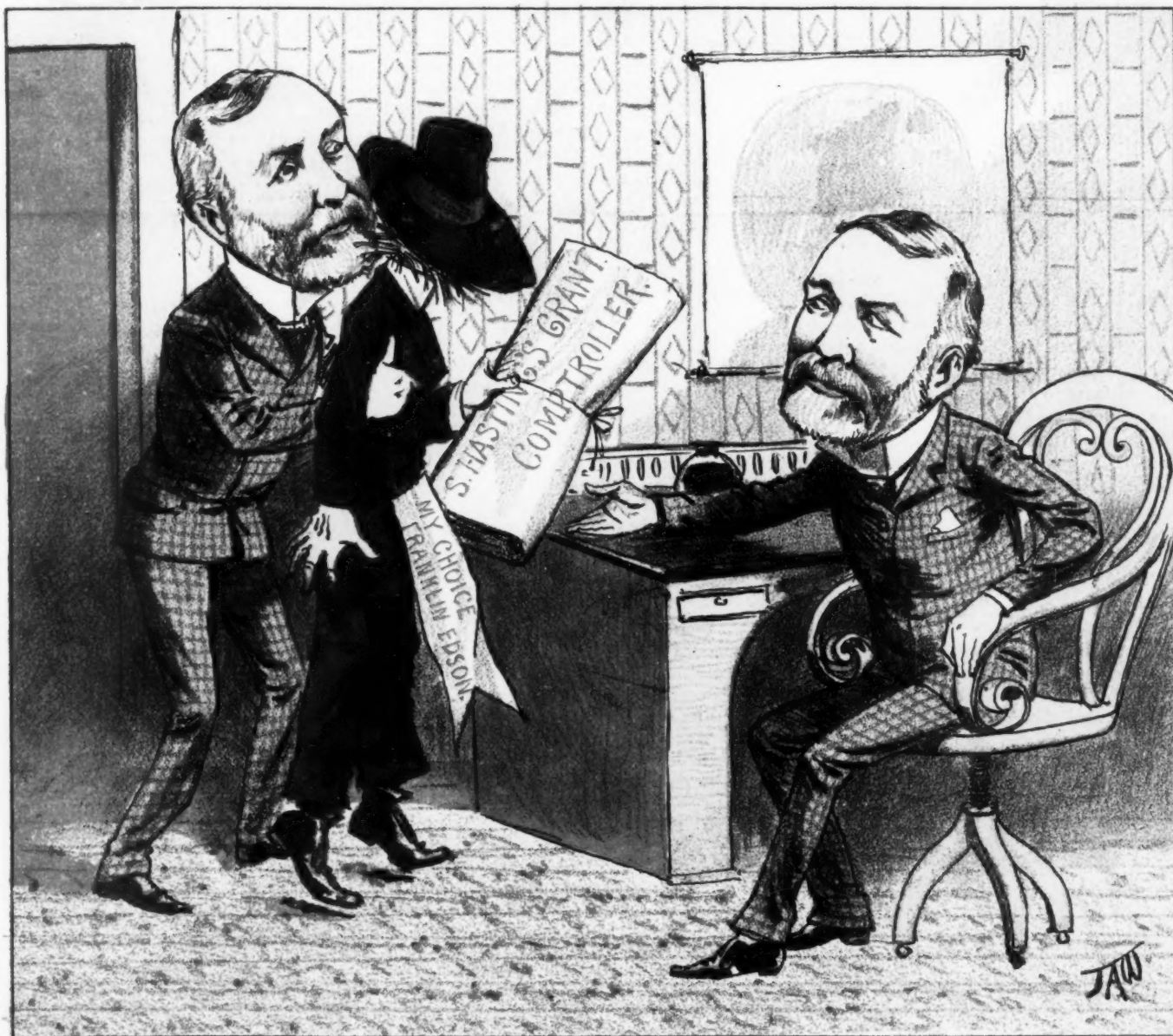


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Mr. Edson, Mayor-Comptroller.

THE JUDGE



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OFF DUTY.

THESE summer vacations are great things. It is only to be regretted that the whole world cannot take them. What a pleasant, albeit Utopian, picture is presented by the idea of all stores closed, all railroads unvexed by the wheels of passing trains, all communication suspended by the absence of letter-carriers and post-office officials—all the world, in short, lapped in the Elysian repose of a summer siesta. But since men—at least some men—must work, the best thing for the toiling millions to do is to envy the placid, cool quietude of the hundreds. How nice it is for those who can afford it—the heads of Governmental departments, for instance—to trip away to the seashore or the mountains, or the peaceful valley of the Yellowstone, so ably presided over by mine host Rufus Hatch. The departmental chairs are all empty at Washington now—that is, unless the porters and office-sweepers condescend to occupy them—and the country seems to get on well enough without department heads. It is the old story—wind up an eight-day clock, and it will run for a week if nothing occurs to stop its pendulum or otherwise disarrange its machinery. But no one would be so unkind as to hint that any such disarrangement *could* happen in the summer months, and thereby curtail the period of well-earned rest for our duly elected and appointed rulers. And if Sambo, the porter, can so efficiently fill the chair of Mr. Secretary So-and-so, why by all means let Sambo do so, and do not disturb Mr. Secretary So-and-so about such trifles as the duties of his official position while the thermometer is in the neighborhood of ninety in the shade.

WHERE are the sinners buried? The grave-stones only sing of good men.

CREMATION.

CREMATION is advancing with giant strides in popular estimation, and when once the prejudice, already gradually disappearing, with which it is regarded shall have been finally dissipated it is probable that graveyards and cemeteries will become things of the past, and the cinerary urn will be the last resting-place of our dear ones. It is difficult to see what arguments save those inspired by a morbid and ill-directed sentimentalism can be advanced in favor of the present popular method of disposing of our dead. It is cumbersome, offensive, costly, and often attended with results deleterious to the health of the living. It is difficult, at all times, to confront sentiment with logic, and bound natural affection in the strait limits of an argument, but it does seem almost incredible that sentiment should stand in the way of cremation. The ancients, presumably not destitute of the natural affections, employed incineration, nor can the dispassionate observer discover the reason for a preference for a mode of burial which allows the remains of the dear one to resolve into their natural elements by the slow and loathsome process of decay, over a system which reduces those remains, almost in an instant, to the cleanly residuum which is all that is left of a body consumed by fire. Upon the facilities for keeping the ashes of the dear deceased constantly by you, as an ever-present relic and a constant memento, we will not touch, as trenching upon a question of mere sentiment, but, certainly, remains in the small and cleanly compass of a cinerary urn are more readily disposed of in any way that may seem best to the mourner, than the same remains enclosed in a cumbersome and quickly-offensive coffin. And this consideration brings us to the great advantages offered by cremation as compared with the present system of interment; namely, the saving of the cemetery space—always so valuable near large cities—and the absolute gain, in a sanitary point of view, which is secured by the destruction of the corpse, instead of allowing itself to resolve itself into dust and gases by the slow process of decay. These considerations alone are sufficient to entitle cremation to respectful consideration in a world which, after all, must be administered with a view to the health and comfort of the living without other regard than decent respect for the dead.

SIDE-WALK TYRANTS.

THERE is nothing more gratifying to people interested in the well-being of a city than to observe the frequency, and indeed continuity with which new buildings are going up all over it; and there is nothing more provocative of blasphemy to the average citizen than to be forced out into the central mud or dust of the street by a load of bricks or a seething mass of half-blended mortar. Things have got to be so now that there is scarcely a

street in the entire city of New York that can be traversed for more than a few blocks without encountering an obstruction of some kind that renders the side-walk impassable. Building enterprises are all very well, but is it fair that they should be conducted in such a manner as to render locomotion in their neighborhood impossible on the side-walks, and dangerous in the road-way? There are cities in other countries besides America—though the average American may be slow to believe it—and in these cities it occasionally happens that a new building is erected. But is transit impeded, and the public incommode on that account? Not a bit of it. The lot to be built on is enclosed by a substantial boarding, and either the side-walk is respected, or a temporary side-walk is built out to supply its place. Except on the main thoroughfares, this is never done in New York. The side-walk is converted into a brick-yard, and the pedestrian is substantially told to make the best of it. To be sure, in a city where merchants are allowed to make store-houses of the side-walks; where skids are stretched from the warehouse doors to the curbstone all day and every day; where merchandize is handled on the side-walk as in a freight yard, we can scarcely expect that builders will be very careful of the clothing or the convenience of passers by. The man in possession, be he porter, or bricklayer, or drayman, appears to delight in making his occupation as complete and as offensive as possible, wholly ignoring the fact that other people have rights which, in a more civilized community, he would be compelled to respect. There are probably laws, even here, to enforce the rights of pedestrians on the portions of the streets which were built for their convenience; but as these laws have never been enforced during the memory of man, they might as well have no existence. But the people of New York are long suffering. They have become accustomed to being tyrannized over by cart loads of bricks, by big drays, by heavy packing-cases and by perennial skids. They never dream of complaining, and take whatever portion of the street their tyrants see fit to allow them, only too thankful if they can get through at all without a long and tedious refracting of steps, or a positive injury to life and limb.

POLITICAL PLEASANTRIES.

THE Virginia Bourbons are greatly exercised over Mahone and the political outlook for the fall campaign. The duel-loving chivalry may vent their dislike for the shrewd little man, in Bombastic speech-making and fire-eating manifestoes, but they don't scare him worth a cent. Mahone is little; but Oh my!

ALREADY the local politicians of Boston are canvassing the municipal ticket for the fall election. As usual, the "unterrified" are early in the field, and, as ever, "eager for the fray." It is reported that the un-

crushed Democracy will endeavor to persuade one of their ex-mayors to again become the local standard-bearer. Their *Prince-pal* man is no longer a favorite with the Celtic Americans. Then the energetic mayor of the great conflagration period, being a modest man and very American, cannot put *Gaston* enough to suit the belligerent Democracy of foreign persuasion. But perhaps they may find a *Palm-er* man in the present incumbent. I-cc he knows how to keep his fiery constituents quite cool.

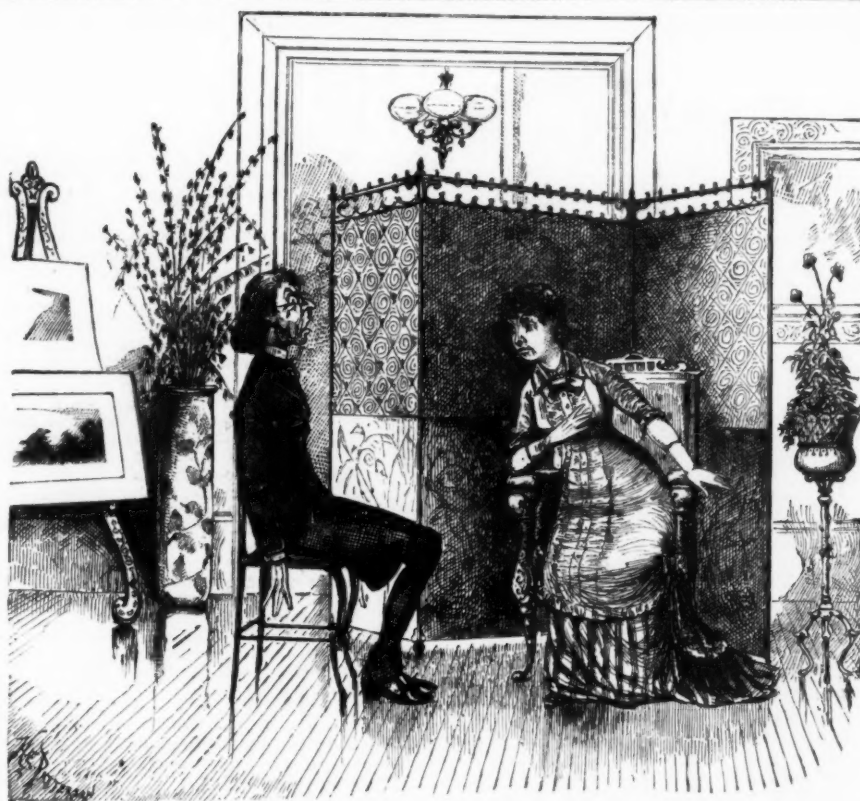
MR. JONES, the too-quarrelsome Senator from the land of alligator swamps and orange groves, recently returned from a visit to Ireland, the land of his nativity. It does not appear that the distinguished Senator was very anxious to again associate with the lowly portion of his former compatriots, for he confined his visit to Dublin and vicinity, feasting at the Lord Mayor's banquet in preference to returning to his primitive fare of boiled "murphies" and salt. Although the philanthropic Senator heard of much painful distress and want among the peasantry of his native heath, it does not appear that he dispensed any prolific amount of American shekels among his former friends.

THE unreasonable and ever fault-finding taxpayers of New York are greatly exercised over the extensive defalcation in the Comptroller's office, which now promises to assume proportions and political distinction surpassed only by the Tweed-ring steal. But what is the use of making such a fuss over a simple steal of half a million or so of public money? How could Tammany live, and what would become of Coney Island and the faro banks if the "boys" are to be brought to book for every trifling irregularity? How can city officials be expected to dress in Bowery dude costumes and wear diamond headlights, on their petty salaries? Is a man supposed to serve his country or his city for nothing? Perish the thought! Give the honest and enterprising American patriot—of Celtic persuasion—a chance! "Carroll, brothers—carol, carol joyfully!"

MERCI BIEN.

THE JUDGE, a weekly humorous, illustrated publication, by THE JUDGE Publishing Company, New York, is now in its fourth year, and with each number apparently grows better. Colored illustrations are a feature with THE JUDGE, and this, coupled with its timely take-offs and humorous articles, editorial and correspondence, are giving it wide circulation. THE JUDGE is \$5 a year, postage free, and is well worth the price to all who wish a publication replete with comical illustrations and cheerful reading.—*Omaha Republican.*

THE JUDGE, the great illustrated New York weekly newspaper, is meeting with unparalleled success. Its engravings and able editorials have made it second to no illustrated paper in the world.—*C. Pretzel's Weekly.*



AFTER THE MUSICALE.

MRS. PARVENU—"Oh, Professor, your playing was so divine, so touching, so sweet—especially that sympathy in *G minor*. (Imagine the Professor's feelings.)"

Dolores McQuirn.

SHE stood in the bright light that streamed from the hall,
And she gazed in the mirror that hung on the wall.
From the frown on her face, one could easily learn
That something was up with Dolores McQuirn.
The fire in her eye—(she had two, understand,)
Was wicked, and wilful, and weird; and her hand—
The right dook, especially, was clenched quite *furn*.
(That word I invented to rhyme with McQuirn.)

Her beautiful nostrils were curved in disdain,
And her delicate eyebrows dilated in pain,
While the elegant dress she had purchased from Stern,
Heaved over the chest of Dolores McQuirn!
And from her lips came a syllable, that,
I am sorry to say, sounded very like "Drat;"
But of that I'm not sure, it may have been "Durn!"
But 'twas wrong to use either, Dolores McQuirn.

Oh! what was the matter—oh! what was the plight
Of that sweet cultured maiden that fine August night?
With impatience to know the dire cause I did burn—
Oh! what had so broke up Dolores McQuirn?
Had bad news been sent her from over the sea,
Concerning her true love, Rinaldo McGee?
Would he stay in New Jersey and never return,
To gladden the heart of Dolores McQuirn?

Or was her proud father upon his last legs?
(He in Washington Market sold butter and eggs!)
Had his hen-fruit o'er ripened—did that cause the stern
Lines to form round the mouth of Dolores McQuirn?
Ah! no, it was something more freighted with woe.
The fact was, the night was quite sultry, and so
The kinks of her hair, alas! failed to stay "kiru"
On the beautiful brow of Dolores McQuirn!

WM. GILL.

A PAROXYSMAL speaker exhorted the telegraph strikers to "tear the Juggernaut from the face of the globe by main strength." Where's the Juggernaut? What is the Juggernaut? And what in thunder has it got to do with the telegraph business, anyway? Also, is it made of a fabric that tears readily? And, when torn, what is to be done with it? Pause and ponder.

The Greensburg *Press* informs us that "The Millwood Coal and Coke Company had a very valuable mule killed." The question arises, What killed the mule? The Irish Invincibles are much exercised over the matter, arguing that if they could obtain possession of this new deadly weapon they could exterminate the British in short order.

THE Winnipeg (Man.) *Siftings* comments upon the boom which THE JUDGE endeavored to give to the new variety of beer which comes solid and can be chewed. *Siftings* remarks that what is wanted is not beer that can be chewed, but beer that can be eschewed. But that's not the kind we choose.

FRUITS meet for repentance, green apples and watermelons.—THE JUDGE. Our experience is that they meet to have a high old time in a man's interior department.—*Oil City Blizzard*. A new variation on "The Meeting of the water(melon)s", as it were.

"WHY, what a classic head your husband has, said one lady to a less cultured one.
"Well, he usen't ter have, when he belonged to the Good Templars; but ever since he's jined that up-town club, his head's been that way."

BEAUTY is but skin deep, at the druggists' varying prices per bottle.

MY SUMMER GIRL.



Y Winter Girl is clad in furs,
Wears skates like Turkish scimeters,
And many a witching wile is her's
When tinkle sleigh-bells.
But she is not the girl I take
To pic-nic grove or luscious "bake"—
To watch old Coney's breakers break,
And dine at Cabal's.

My Summer Girl is muslin-decked,
Low-sleeved and often open-necked,
And I've no reason to suspect
She paints or powders—
For her complexion was the same
What time from Neptune's arms we came
And sweetly fed our mutual flame
On two clam chowders.

My Summer Girl, she sporteth, too,
A sunshade—buff, and lined with blue—
'Tis useful to obscure the view
When our two faces
Come into closer neighborhood
Than separate faces always should—
A thing at times misunderstood
In public places.

My Summer Girl can eat ice-cream—
I wish you saw her! it doth seem
To vanish like a fleeting dream
When she commences.

Vanilla, strawberry, or pistach—
Or all at once—an ice-cream hash—
I charge such items up to "cash"
In my expenses.

My Summer Girl is very fond
Of water-lilies from the pond—
In fact I'd need a fairy's wand
To meet her wishes.

She likes cut roses, moonlight sails,
Fingerless mittens, long white veils—
That's the one point in which she fails—
She's too capricious.

Also, she's rather glib of speech,
And talks away beyond my reach;
'Tis all in vain I try to teach
Her to be dumber.

I'll have to give her up, I fear;
But Autumn, after all, is near,
And first-class girls are scarce and dear—
She'll last this Summer. G. H. JESSOP.

CHRONICLES OF GOTHAM.

CHAPTER XI.

1. And it came to pass during these days that, the weather being warm, and the sun being high in the heavens, divers and certain of the workers in the camp were affected:

2. And, by reason of this affection and discontent, did raise trouble in the tents of the workers.

3. Now this trouble was in nowise for the laborers of the camp; for did they not depend for their living upon their daily hire?

4. Yet certain of the men, by reason of long tongues, and the great wagging of the same, did persuade the male and female workers to stop their toil and to follow their teachings;

5. And they formed themselves into bands and did say: "We will have our way; we will make laws, and the owners of the vineyards where we labor shall do as we say."

6. And these leaders did promise, with loud promising, that the workers should be fed and have shekels, yet do no work.

7. Now it came to pass on a certain day the workers did rise up and leave their workings, and followed these leaders.

8. And they did march to the sound of their own noise, and did make speeches and promise each other wonderful things in the time to come.

9. But when the time came in which the leaders were called upon to redeem their pledges, and give to the hungry and weak of

the workers, they could not do it, and they and their pledges were naught.

10. Then the workers, both male and female, did cast ashes on their heads, and bow themselves down before the owners and chief men of the vineyards, saying:

11. Let us return to our work, for we are ahungered and athirst, and we have not the wherewithal to purchase food.

12. We were led away by the fine speeches and pledges of certain men, but they kept not their faith with us, and now we are desolate. Take compassion upon us, and let us gain our wage for the day.

13. But the chief men and the bosses did say unto them: "Oh, ye foolish ones! Did ye not leave us without cause, and did ye not try to injure us by your leaving. Why then should we take ye back?"

14. Let your leaders keep ye. Your places are filled. Why should we put away our workers for the benefit of you?

15. Ye have caused great trouble in the time gone by; how, then, do we know but that when you wax fat, in the time to come ye will do this thing again? We dare not trust ye.

16. Now about this time there came a man into the camp of Gotham from the land of the setting sun, which lieth near the big water.

17. And this man was of the tribe of Phaddies, and he was foul of mouth and vile in his speech.

18. When he opened his mouth he did poison the air round about him by reason of

the oaths and blasphemies he did use, and also by his likeness to the beasts, even to the long-eared beast.

19. And this man did call himself a reformer; yet no one by reason of knowledge or common sense, did call him so—but called him a "crank," which, in the language of the Gothamites, means crazy.

20. Yet this man, who was foul of mouth, did try to make the workers to do as he said, and, to the shame of the camp, some of the dwellers did as he wished.

21. And it came to pass that this man did apply to the guards, yea, even to the high-priest of the camp of Gotham, for a permit, so he could talk his vileness in the public places.

22. But the chief priest was a just man, and he did say to this man: "If ye commit your vileness in any of the public places, I will have you put away, yea, even cast into prison."

23. So this man did in the manner of his kind sneak off, and, to the praise of the high priest's firmness, he did but little harm.

24. Now when the workers in the camp did see that all the leaders were of a bad heart, and did these things to put the shekels in their own pockets, and leave them to starve, they were ashamed and angry.

25. They were punished for their transgressions, and were glad to earn even less than they did before. But they are wiser in their generation. B. T. P.

A Remarkable Hail Storm.

"You had a pretty severe hail storm up your way last evening?" said the editor to the granger who came in to pay a year's subscription in advance.

"Yes; it came down quite smart," said the rural subscriber, unwinding the yard of cord which secured his leather wallet.

"Did considerable damage, I suppose?" said the editor, preparing to take down the particulars.

"Damaged the crops some, maybe," said the granger, biting a dime to test its genuineness.

"The hailstones lay six inches deep in the gutters next morning?" queried the editor.

"H'm—no; I think not. Didn't see 'em," replied the rural person, counting out two dollars and pushing the money towards the editor.

"The hailstones were as large as hen's eggs, of course?" said the editor, handing his visitor a receipt.

"Well, no," said the granger, rewinding his pocketbook; "I don't 'spose they were any larger than shelled peas."

"Shelled peas!" echoed the editor, in a tone of astonishment. "Well, this is the first time in an editorial experience of thirty-five years that I have been given the particulars of such a storm in which the hailstones were not as large as hulled walnuts, at least, and laid six inches deep in some places next morning. No such insignificant hail storm goes into the *Weekly Truth-Teller!*" And he destroyed what he had written, and commenced an editorial entitled, "Whither are We Drifting?"

A SCIENTIST declares that "a whale is not a fish." Thus another of our adolescent beliefs is fatally shattered. Oft times in years ago, when we sat by the river's side fishing, a monster of the deep would come along and snap off our hook, after nearly pulling us overboard, and we always supposed it was a whale. We suspect now that it was only a shark.

COUNTRY BOARD.



LET us taste the rural sweets
 In the country growing;
 Let us leave the city's streets
 Where the dust is blowing;
 Let us go where board is cheap
 And the air is healthy—
 Country prices can't be steep,
 And we're pretty wealthy.

HOMEWARD—but not wealthy still;
 Country board we'll veto—
 Nothing small is in the bill,
 Even the mosquito.
 All our pretty clothes and things,
 All our winter's hoarding
 Vanished have upon the wings
 Of a summer's boarding.



His Own Valuation.

DEAR JUDGE—I am terribly out of money. I would not come upon you so suddenly with this desolating information, but I feared some ill-advised friend might convey the sad tidings with even more fatal precipitation. I am alone and neglected, nor can I, as they do in novels, forget my woes by plunging into the giddy throng. No, I cannot; for however giddy the throng may be, it still adheres to certain conventionalities as to dress, that make my appearance in public a thing of no pleasure to myself, and of but fleeting gratification to my friends. My last suit was hooked to buy a JUDGE, and the ticket, No. 306, is still pinned at the head of my bed. The mouldy vesture of decay I still possess, but as a society garb, it would be hailed, I fear, with too much blatant enthusiasm and too little real respect.

So, being confined to my bed, with my straw hat and its blue band mocking me from the wall, I pored over the pages of THE JUDGE—and eureka! (I am not so pedantic as to stickle at the difference of a tense or two where the good old verb eureka is concerned.)

I had it! I saw that THE JUDGE desired contributors to affix to their articles their own valuation. Boonful innovation! Other papers are in the habit of affixing their valuation, and, I grieve to add, that in all my experience as a contributor, this valuation has been ridiculously low. It has never risen above a cent and a half a pound, and even this latter sum, which you will at once admit to be but a pittance for a writer of merit, has found its way into other pockets. Crushed under the manifest evils of this system, I had ceased to write, but now that I can affix my own valuation, I will rise again upon the world, breaking, like the first part of King Henry IV., through the foul and ugly mists of vapor that did, &c.

\$1.15.

I thought I'd better affix the valuation before I forgot it. Money matters are so apt to slip my mind. I make the price as great as it is, because I want to buy a bathing suit with a blue star, so I can join the giddy throng on the beach in the forenoon, and sometimes in the P. M. on the piazza, and ask people if they don't find it too hot to dress? With my straw hat and a restaurant fan I shall do first rate.

I have told you why I make my valuation as large as I do. The question will now

naturally arise in your mind why I make it so small. It is because I am modest and do not know my own worth. If I did, I should demand a dollar and a half, and maybe two dollars. But joking aside, as people say when nobody laughs, I don't believe I can joke more than fifty cents' worth in this article, anyway. I tell you it's a hard thing to be funny when you're lying in bed like that dreadful little Henry who previously sat on the inverted basket and fooled the dog in the Third Reader. You probably remember the story of how this great criminal was sent to bed by his grandmother for deluding the dog in the first paragraph, and how he lay awake, on the next page, and heard, through the open window, the merry voices of his playmates as they picked the pears, and how the dog came up to his room bringing the biggest pear of all in his mouth, wagging his tail simultaneously in forgiveness. Well, as I lie awake I hear the merry voices of the old maids as they click their teeth and cheat each other at croquet, and I keep a watch on the door to see if one of the dogs I have thoughtlessly wronged and kicked, won't come in with a wag of his tail and a new novel or a plate of strawberries. But no, they cometh not.

A friend of mine came up the other day. He politely explained the impossibility of lending me five dollars, and I told him to sit down, as I was expecting a dog up every minute with some beer for us. He laughed heartily, and began to tell a story of his own dog.

"Why, I'll let you have the dog," said he; "while you're in this fix he's just what you want."

"Because he don't need any clothes?" I asked.

He laughed heartily again and said:

"Oh, no; but he's just what you want; he'll fetch beer for you."

I asked him how he worked the dog to make him to do it.

"Why, it's simple enough; you just call him up and pat his head—"

"Yes," said I, quite interested.

"Yes, you pat his head and say beer to him once or twice—"

"Well, I'll swear!" said I, "what an intelligent dog; you just pat his head and say beer to him once or twice—"

"Yes, you pat his head, you know, and say beer to him once or twice or three times, according to the number of bottles you want—"

"Great Scott! what a dog! You don't mean it?"

"Yes, I do; you say that to him, and put the money—"

"Money!"

"Yes; you put the money right in his mouth, you know, and off 'll go old Jack, and bring the beer quicker'n a wink."

"Oh, he will, will he?" said I, rather coolly; "he couldn't do the trick without the money, I suppose?"

"Ha, ha, ha, of course not; but you just give him the—"

"Never mind, my friend," I said sarcastically, "don't trouble yourself. I don't care to keep any such fool dog as that. I prefer a dog that can get trusted for what beer I need."

But, JUDGE, you'll excuse me, I am growing tedious. FUSH.

EX-POLICEMAN NUGENT and his "pal" in his recent train-robbing exploit, have been promptly consigned by Jersey Justice to a Jersey prison. The "pal" blames Nugent for the failure of the "plant," alleging that he merely caressed Cashier Smith with the lead pipe, instead of "knocking him silly" the first blow. Nugent defends himself by saying that his experience as a policeman has spoiled him for other exploits. It seems he forgot that his weapon was a mere inoffensive piece of lead pipe. He imagined that he was still wielding the deadly locust, which, by a much lighter tap than he administered, would have at once annihilated the unfortunate cashier. It was sad, but Nugent's failure enables us to modify the hackneyed aphorism, Let the cobbler stick to his last. In future it will be, Let the policeman stick to his club. A piece of lead pipe is a very inefficient weapon, even in practised hands. A plumber, in Nugent's place, would never have dreamed of using it. He would simply have presented his bill, and have carried off the bag of boodle from the paralyzed cashier with perfect ease.

LIGHTNING recently struck four hundred and fifty pounds of dynamite near New Orleans. To say the lightning was surprised is a mild way to speak of the way it was knocked out.

"SILENCE is golden." So is absence when a creditor is looking for you.

QUININE is a chilly drug.—Shake!



He does not quite own Union Square—but he feels as if he did.

SPIDERS.

SPIDERS of exaggerated size, and made of silver, are favorite designs in breastpins.

—Fashion Note.

Woman's peculiar; don't deride her
If she affects a silver spider,
Though at the real bug she trembles—
The which the silver so resembles—
The precious metals cast a glamour,
They're sanctified by goldsmith's hammer;
The Israelites at veal might laugh,
Yet worshipped they the golden calf—
So women once would run a mile
From spiders, till they came in style.
Men's nerves are shattered by hard cider;
Women's are shattered by a spider;
Yet have I seen a man who drank hard
Cider from out a silver tankard,
And I have seen a girl who tied her
Fichu together with a spider.
Thus Nature finds thee a new use, oh
Spider of the wedding trousseau.

THE Sanitary Inspectors last week seized some 2,500 pounds of diseased meat. Read in connection with the advertisements of reduced board at adjacent summer resorts, this item causes us to pause and ponder:

SUSPENSION BRIDGE is to have a weekly Democratic paper. Surely this item, which we take from the *Wilson Star*, is not new. Seems to us we have seen those words—"weekly paper," "suspension" in juxtaposition before.

Dick Doone.

HE's livin' yet; his kind don't die
Till the devil thins out stock—
And I reckon he kinder rides them by
As a comfort to the flock.
But it's safe to copper *his* chance for grace
When he stacks his checks and quits,
And dealin' for him and his tribe's a case
That nothin' like square work fits.

He'll die with his boots on, sure; it 'pears
Such men is sudden to go,
Don't get much time to wiggle their ears
When they hear the trumpet blow;
And they'll plant him shaller, without much tears
Or bluffin' with Scriptur tex
By funeral sharps with black macheers
And white cinch round their necks.

I saw him first on the Stanislaus,
In the fall of fifty-nine,
And it gives me a grizzly's temper now
That I thought his style so fine.
For his face was waddin' and free from doubt,
Though his lips war thin and dry,
And his smile was a snowbelt glintin' out
From a bronco mustang's eye.

'Twas down on the San Joaquin, that spring
That the water rose so high
That a stove was about the only thing
A fire was game to dry.
We all piled into Moreno's house
On the hill above the plain,
And settled down for a big carouse
While waitin' for things to drain.

Dick Doone was thar and his wife; the cuss
Had a gal all smiles and glow;
What women and dogs will stand from us
Is the singlarst thing I know.
For when Dick drank he was pizen mean
And as cross as a broken snake—
But she took everything fair and clean
Till nothing was left to take.

Her voice was as sweet as the mountain breeze,
And her face like the bloomin' spring,
With its grand green layout under the trees
When the birds chip in and sing.
Her hair was the color of new ripe wheat,
And you felt when you seen her blush,
Like a good man feels with threes to beat,
When he sees he has drawn a flush.

If she happened round when our talk was loud,
We shuffled and cut for a while,
For there wasn't a man in that whole crowd
That didn't respect her style.
Dick owned her, sartin, but all the same
She was fiery as she was sweet;
And when he put her up in that game
Her heart was the trump that beat.

Jose had antied a stack of gold,
But Dick's pile was not showed,
And they settled down for a freeze-out, cold,
With a deck that neither knowed.
The lazzeroni about the stove
Piled over to see the fun,
But they hadn't none of them long arrove
Till they shied back, one by one.

For they scented a game for blood, you see,
And suspicioned the bells might strike,
And the ceremonies begin to be
Too free and familiar-like.
And some who had herded that stove for weeks
And had rather keep dry and warm,
With their white hearts climbing into their cheeks,
Lit out to enjoy the storm.

But most of the boys stayed by their chairs
While the rain outside poured strong,

And it got so still that the gal upstairs
Could be heard in a flood of song.
The cards run rough. With a three-king pull
To sevens, Dick played to win;
But Jose lifted a pat ace full
And gathered the last check in.

They both sprung up. Says Dick, quite cool,
"Go up to my room; she's there.
I thought I could win with the sorrel fool,
But I lost her, fair and square.
I only took her to bet her—or worse—"
The ornery hound began,—
But he suddenly made himself as scarce
As a blue-eyed Chinaman—

For the place got quite unhealthy, quick,
When we saveyed what was done,
And his only show for another trick
Was a sharp coyote run;
The ready weapons began to climb
As he glid out into the night,
With a dozen navies a markin' time
And givin' his footsteps light.

The thing was sudden: 'twas like a dream;
It passed too soon for a call—
Till we heard an oath and a woman's scream,
Two shots and a heavy fall.

* * * * *
We found Jose in the Happy Land,
And, lyin' a little apart,
Was the gal with a pistol in her hand
And a bullet through her heart.

They Didn't Elope in an Omnibus.

DIALOGUE IN A BANK.

"So A. got away with \$100,000?" said a reporter to the President of the — Bank.
"Yes," responded the President, with a sigh; "but that is not the worst of it."
"What! did he take convertible bonds besides the cash?"
"No, sir," retorted the President; "the villain got away with my daughter!"
"Ah! an elopement."
"Yes, by Cupid!"
"Ah!" murmured the reporter (a Harvard graduate) thoughtfully, "*falsus in uno falsus in omnibus*."
"Omnibus be smashed!" roared the President; "Omnibus, indeed! No, sir, steam cars. Darn 'em, they jumped on the steam cars. Only a blamed fool would elope in an omnibus, anyhow."

THE Rochester *Post-Express* naively says: "Joseph H. Wilkins, agent of the New York Central and Michigan Central at the Erie yards, Buffalo, is a defaulter for \$5,000. He cannot be found." Deuced singular if he could.

THE reason this nation cannot expectorate as a first-class maritime power is because it has very little navy to-back-her.

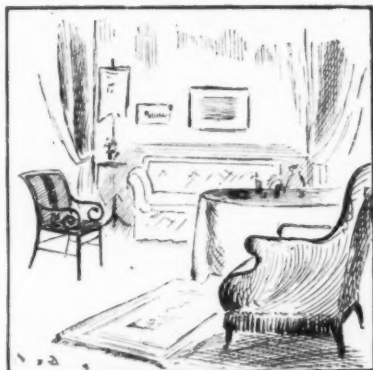
EVERY woman is a beauty—to some man.



"MR. SNOB-DUDE drove out in his new white hat," says our fashion contemporary. We judge it means something like the above.

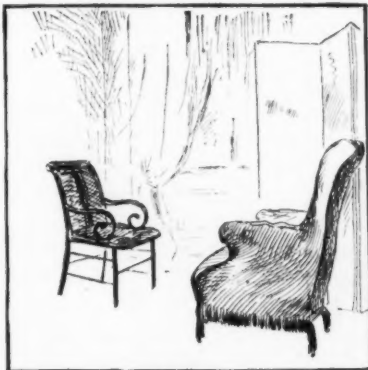
THE JUDGE.

A STORY TOLD BY CHAIRS.



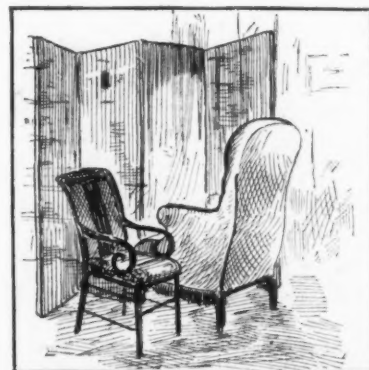
No. 1.

THE position of the chairs, as found after George's first call on Arabella.



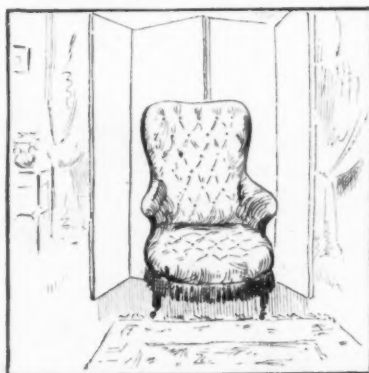
No. 2.

George becomes a regular caller. The chairs are found nearer.



No. 3.

The position of the chairs after they became regularly engaged.



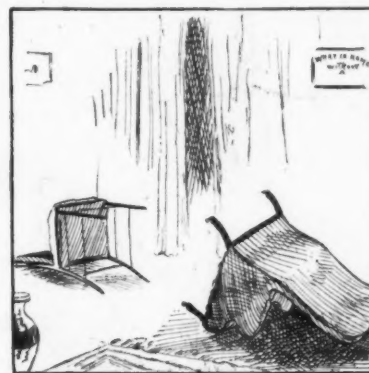
No. 4.

MARRIED—They are now one.



No. 5.

Been married sometime.



No. 6.—A Family Jar.

(Perhaps his mother-in-law was on a visit.)

The Sængerfest.

THE sun rose bright and glancing, as her western course she takes,
That lovely July morning, o'er the City of the Lakes;
The zephyr from Lake Erie floated softly through the air,
And the bison chewed his cud in peace as he left his peaceful lair;
But ere that sun, in stately course, meridian's height had reached,
The air was rent asunder—fifty locomotives screeched,
And the zephyr that came perfumed from out those steaming cars
Was of stale Limburger lunches and cabbage-leaf segars—
And that bison, when he snuffed it, as he left his peaceful lair,
In terror fled, affrighted, with his caudal in the air—
Full fifty thousand Dutchmen, all veterans, tried and stout,—
(They had followed King Gambrinus in many a fearful bout),
Each man could drink a tierce, and they ne'er had got their fill
At Chicago or Milwaukee, so they marched on Bisonville.
Trumpets blare, and banners wave, and King Gambrinus bold
Strides his gay and festive beer-keg, like a Paladin of old—
For the fountains of free lager march these veterans bold and stout,
And the festive sons of Deutchland echo the welcoming shout;
Then from fifty thousand thirsty throats go up the answering cheers,
And down fifty thousand gullets glide a hundred thousand beers.

Niagara poured her waters full twenty miles away,
And above the foaming cataract arose the misty spray;
But the mist that rose o'er Bisonville, and mounted to the sky,
Was from half-a-million "schupers" as they tossed their foam on high—
And the thunders of that cataract, as down the waters roared,
Were outrivaled by the thunders as that foaming lager poured.
Then rose the cry of "saur-kraut," and for "Sweitzer kase" they called,
For "pretzels" and "Limburger" each jolly hero bawled;
And loud above the battle's din the crystal goblets clashed,
And above the waving banners the fierce bologna flashed.

The queenly City of the Lakes still rests by Erie's waves;
In Niagara's cooling waters the wearied bison laves;
That whilom portly burgher now walks his sanded floor,
But the fountains of free lager no more their liquid pour;
No more on festive tables the chrystal goblets ring,
And the slinger of free lager wears his right arm in a sling;
And those festive sons of Momus have departed as they came,
'Mid bands and waving banners, and 'mid the torches' flame—
But the zephyr from Lake Erie comes freighted from afar
With the perfume of Limburger and the cabbage-leaf segar!

BISON.

REV. ANNA OLIVER says: "Many men have been ruined who began lives of dissipation by dancing in their mother's parlor." Too true. We can recall a case in point that occurred only a year ago. A promising young man—much better at promising than performing—while dancing in his mother's parlor tripped over a young lady's train, struck his head against a leg of the piano and fractured his skull. He is now a simmering dude, and the physicians say his reason is permanently dethroned. The probabilities are that if the young man had commenced his dancing in a large hall, to the music of an inspiring orchestra, instead of stumbling over a train and ruining himself, he would now be a useful member of society, weighing codfish in a corner grocery, or clerking on a canal boat.

It is reported that Mr. Gould and Mr. Eckert have had a falling out, and that the latter has been dubbed a "knave and a fool," by the great stock-waterer. Mr. Eckert obviously could not return the compliment, for it is notorious that Jay Gould is nobody's fool. Still, he might have returned it in part.

THE Chicago *Inter-Ocean* says: "A great many Kentuckians would like less whisky and more education."

The *Inter-Ocean* man must have been in hard luck during his last visit to the Blue Grass State. Fancy being treated to a moral lecture in Kentucky instead of a sample of the principal State industry.

A FELLOW whose car was bitten off by a pig, remarked that it was a mighty hoggish action.

GONE BUT NOT FORG

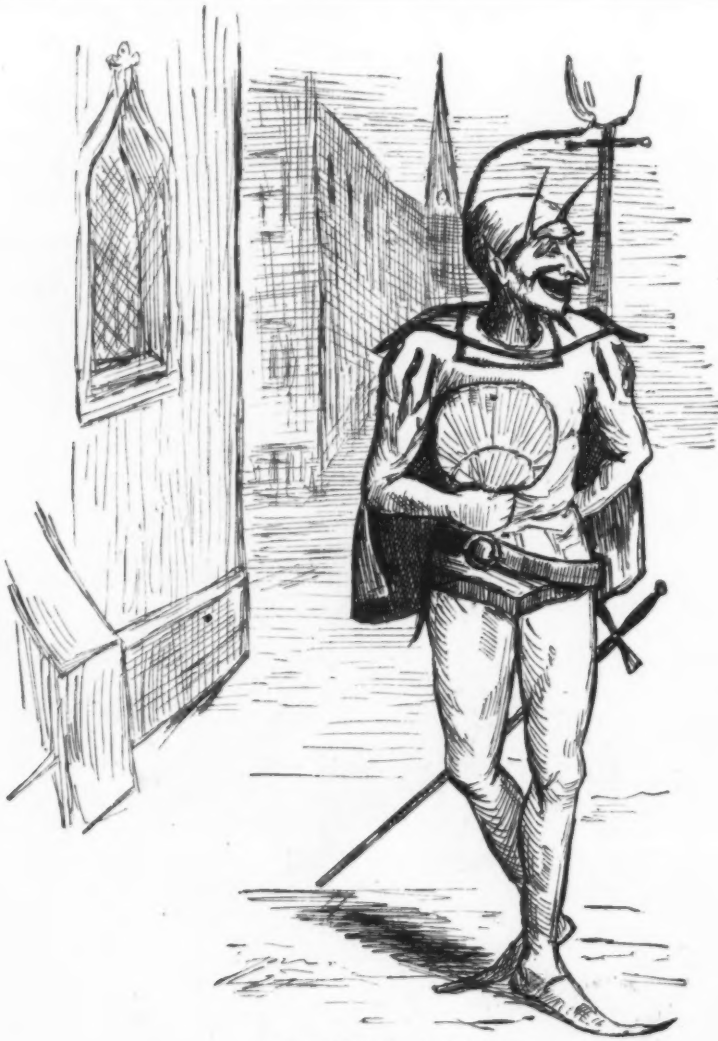


THE CABINET "PRO T
Scene in the Executive Chamber durin

FORGOTTEN



"PRO TEM." IN SESSION.
 er during the Absence of the Cabinet.



THE DULL SEASON.

MEPHISTO.—"Hello! Churches not running; theatres all closed; Beecher off lecturing! Egad, I'll have to hunt a cool boarding-place up in the country myself!"

Washington Gossip.

FROM OUR OWN LIAR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., AUG. 8th, 1883.

GREAT excitement is caused here by the report that the members of the Yellowstone excursion party will pay their own expenses. Several reformers of the civil service to whom your correspondent has spoken, shake their heads and say they will not be answerable for the consequences should the report prove to be true. There are a number of determined men here who would bitterly avenge such an invasion of civil service rights, and threats of lynching are rife. Fourteenth-Assistant Postage-Stamp Licker Jinks was approached by your correspondent, and spoke as follows: "It is an infamous falsehood! No gentleman in the civil service would be guilty of such an act of criminal folly; and I am sure that the President and General Sherman would be the last men to countenance by their presence an excursion for which the public would not be called upon to foot the bill. I have been in the service of the Government here in Washington for thirty-five years, and I have never in all that time heard Government officials so grossly libelled. You have my authority for stamping the report as mean, malicious, and cowardly!" Colonel High Jinks is a

truthful gentleman, and kept out of the ranks of our troops during the war of the rebellion, with credit to his pocket. During the battle of the Wilderness, he lost \$1,000 on ace-high, in his native town of Montpelier, Vt., and on the evening of the first day at Gettysburgh, he was carried home from his club in a comatose state, and put to bed by his deceased third wife's sister. You can depend on what Colonel Jinks says.

Thomas Hancock Blushblue, a colored citizen, was to-day detected paying three trade dollars into the treasury. Interesting disclosures are expected during his trial, it being hinted that he will implicate Secretary Frelinghuysen, ex-Senator Rollins, Frederick Douglas, Mrs. Dr. Mary Walker, Col. Bob Ingersoll, the Rev. DeWitt Talmage, and a very prominent politician connected with the congressional door department, in a conspiracy to defraud the government.

A determined attempt was made last night to blow up a clerk in the post-office department. He had just got home from his office where he had been sitting up with a sick friend. The offender was his wife. It is not the first attempt of the kind.

Alderman Plug McGinnis, and ex-Assemblyman Sing Sing Blathers, of New York, called on the President yesterday afternoon. They were closeted together for upwards of five hours, and three new decks were sent for

during that time. It is rumored that there will soon be a removal in the ash-barrel department of your city government, in consequence.

A mad freak took possession of Rear Admiral Tarweather the other day. He ordered that one of the guns on the United States man-of-war Pow-wow should be fired off. Luckily the powder failed to ignite, or the consequences might have been disastrous. Your correspondent was informed that it was with much difficulty Secretary Chandler was dissuaded from court-martining the gallant Admiral for an attempt to destroy the American navy.

Later—Your correspondent has this instant returned from an interview with the Admiral—he denies the story in toto. He says that he told the gunner to put in a charge of powder in order to find out where the gun leaked.

A story is going the rounds of the Washington press to the effect that a number of war pensions have been, and are being paid to people who are not entitled to them. The absurdity of the charge is so apparent that no one but an enemy of the Executive would for a moment entertain it. Your correspondent is sorry to admit the fact that several enemies of the Executive are still "crawling 'twixt earth and heaven!"

Fourth-Assistant Bartender McGuffin, of the Magnolia saloon, is back from a trip North. He speaks highly of the clam bakes and brace faro games on Coney Island.

There is no truth whatever in the report that Delegate Cannon, of Salt Lake, is shortly to lead to the altar a sister-in-law of Virginia's Boss Mahone! In the first place, Mahone hasn't got a sister-in-law, and in the second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth places, your correspondent has it on good authority that Maggie, Rose, Gretchen, Vera, Nora, Leonora, and Inez Cannon would object. They are crowded now, and until some Yankee genius invents a couch that will hold ten with comfort—no!

AN article in a woman's journal tells "How to Treat a Wife." Men who treat their own wives very shabbily, and are ever ready to wait upon and do the agreeable to other men's wives, will be surprised to learn that the article is *vice versa* in its advice. It is loud in its denunciations of the man who is all cloud and thunder in the presence of his own wife, and all smiles and sunshine when in the company of other men's wives. But we don't believe the woman's journal can point to a single man of that description. It may, however, be able to point to several thousand married ones.

WHEN you see a young man and a ditto woman sitting on the front stoop at 11 P. M., discussing the environment of the Thisness, evolution, the age of an atom, and so forth—especially the latter—with their heads so contiguous that a zephyr couldn't pass between them without getting painfully squeezed, it would be safe to borrow a million dollars and wager the entire sum that they are not brother and sister.

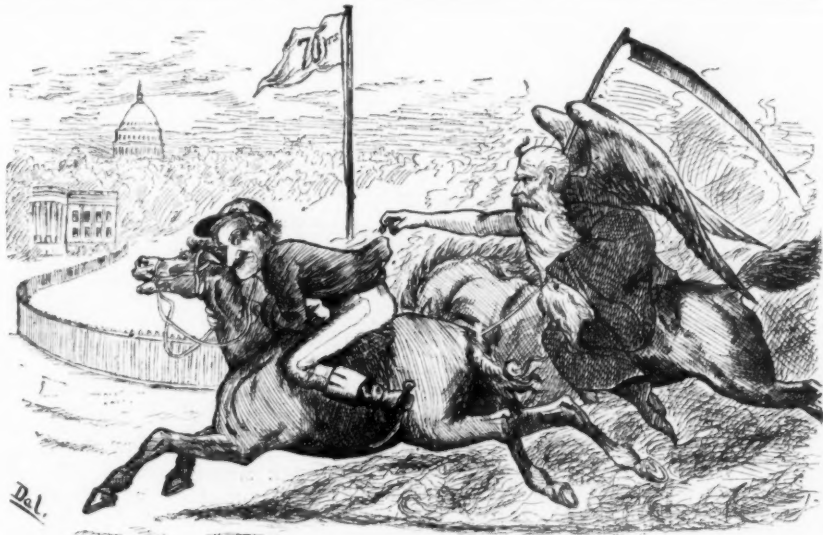
A WISCONSIN CLERGYMAN, after repeatedly warning his congregation to shun the lake of brimstone and sulphur, went back on his preaching the other day by taking his Sunday-school on an excursion to "Devil's Lake." Consistency is a topaz—even in a clergyman.

It is strange that banks can have any secrets when they always have a teller.

Two Canine Characters.

THE old pet was perhaps somewhat narrow minded—a dog of one idea, the incarnation of which was his master. To the rest of mankind he was reserved, if not indifferent, and, if forsaken for a time, he pined and refused to be comforted. His successor probably possesses the “enthusiasm of humanity” to a degree which often involves him in trouble in consequence of untimely caresses offered with muddy paws to unappreciative strangers, but which reassures us regarding his aptitude to receive consolation in case of our premature departure for a world into which we make no effort, like the mighty hunters of old, to compel our dogs to follow. Again, our first dog, after a reprimand, used to shrink from us for hours, and convey, by sad and solemn looks, his sense that a wide breach had been made in the harmony of our relations. The second will hasten to assure us that we are most graciously forgiven for our bad temper and unappreciative conduct, and that, with all our faults, he loves us still. Number one was addicted to the pleasures of (or under) the table, and displayed his affectionate feelings towards bones with unaffected simplicity. Number two will blink at us urbanely as we proceed with our meal, and only towards the close of the gastronomic performance, when the dreadful idea occurs to him that the courses are over, the dinner is ended, and he has not been fed, will he rise, in silent remonstrance, on his hind legs, and sit like a statue of Anubis until his presence is recognized and his wants supplied. Number one was a dog of resources; and when his path of life was beset with any of the thorns which, alas! strew the paths of dogs as well as men—if a door were shut through which he desired to pass; if his water-basin were left unfilled when he was thirsty, or a rat he hoped to catch had retired to an inaccessible hole, he would employ his whole energy and ingenuity by scratching, whining, begging, watching and poking all round the premises till he had attained his end. Number two, on the other hand, when defeated in his first eager and impetuous rush, always subsides rapidly and resignedly into acquiescence, and seeks that peculiar consolation for unsatisfied longing which is to be found in rolling himself up into the nearest approach to a circle attainable by the vertebrate.

Our first dog seemed to live in an atmosphere of refined and gentle melancholy, such as the divines of the last generation considered the proper tone of feeling for mortals traveling through this vale of tears and sorrow. His great mournful eyes looked as if they might at any time overflow with drops from the depths of a divine despair, and only when he laid his head sadly on the tablecloth, and unmistakably turned those eloquent orbs in unutterable longing towards the dish of biscuits, were we able to fathom the profundity of his sorrowful aspirations or the true vein of his ungratified ambition. Our second dog, on the contrary, is blessed with a cheerful disposition, and evidently views the world as a place abounding in kind people, social dogs, canine customs and abundant bones. His bark sounds like the merry laugh of childhood, and means nothing but that best of all possible jokes, “How happy I am!” He skips here and there as if wishing to go every way at once, and pursues imaginary objects out of mere joyousness of heart. And yet, again, number one had an oriental indifference for all proceedings not immediately concerning himself, and habitually lay down to enjoy his “kef” on the



TILDEN AND THE PRESIDENCY.

rug whenever we were particularly busy, appearing to regard with pitying indulgence the fuss which the two-legged creatures made about trifles wholly disconnected with the real concerns of life, as viewed from the canine standpoint—namely, sport, dinner and slumber. But instead of calling Allah to witness our strange and foolish behavior, our second dog takes the keenest interest in everything we do which he cannot understand—it is all a matter of intensest curiosity to our poor friend, who stands on his legs for an indefinite period, and sniffs and looks inquiringly, asking us, with his eyes, what it all means? And, alas! alas! we cannot elucidate the mystery for our canine companion. Let no one tell us that dogs have not real individuality.

TRAY.

Two Lovers.

A maid was sitting in the sun,
And on either side was a lover;
But the eyes of the maiden saw but one,
And her pallid cheek flushed over—
As a cloud, like snow, will sometimes glow
With a sudden burst of glory;
While in sweet low words, like the coo of birds,
He whispered the old, old story.

“I will be true,” she answered low,
As she softly nestled near him;
And the unseen rival cried, “Ho! ho!”
And laughed; but they did not hear him.
“I will be true, O, my love, to you,
Forever and forever.”
They did not hear, but the rival near
Said, “Nay, you shall wed him never!”

He lingered at her side all day
And he wooed her eve and morning;
Nearer and nearer he drew each day,
Nor heeded her silent scorning.
Near, so near! and he smiled to hear
The impassioned lover pleading;
But her cheek grew white, and in sore affright
He saw that she was not heeding.

The maid lay on her snowy bed,
And her lovers twain were near her;
“Oh, live, my darling, live!” one said
With love grown dear and dearer;
But the rival lover leaned fondly over
And pressed his suit upon her;
The other ne'er heard his low breathed word,
But the rival, Death, had won her.

—X. Y. Z.

Our Prophetic Almanac.

- Wed. 8—The New York Sun will declare that the Republican party must go.
- Thurs. 9—Another presidential candidate will appear.
- Fri. 10—Some men will be hanged somewhere.
- Sat. 11— — will win the — cup at —. (This is a straight tip—don't give it away.)
- Sun. 12—The New York Herald will give some advice to Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australasia, and the Feejee Islands.
- Mon. 13—Ben Butler will be mentioned in some of the newspapers.
- Wed. 15—Some one will die.
- Thurs. 16—Some one will be married.
- Sat. 18—Jones will give Smith a chattel mortgage.
- Sun. 19—Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australasia and the Feejee Islands will ignore the New York Herald's advice.
- Mon. 20—The New York Sun will declare that the Republican party must go.
- Thurs. 23—There will be several cases of cholera in Egypt.
- Fri. 24—Some families will eat fish.
- Sat. 25—Some families will eat nothing.
- Sun. 26—The New York Herald will receive a cablegram from Europe.
- Mon. 27—The New York Sun will declare that the Republican party must go.
- Tues. 28—The United States Treasury will refuse to accept trade dollars.
- Wed. 29—Some citizens will be robbed in Wall street.
- Thurs. 30—Several well-known society ladies will be seen in Newport.
- Fri. 31—The situation in Ohio will be discussed.
- Sat. Sept. 1—Trains on the elevated roads will run all day.
- Tues. 4—Cloves will be eaten on Coney Island.
- Wed. 5—Another Presidential candidate will appear.
- Thurs. 6—Coffee will be much in demand for breakfast.
- Fri. 7—The New York Sun will declare that the Republican party must go.

WILLIAM GILL.



OF late years each theatrical season has been distinguished by the importation and meteor-like course through the country of some more or less distinguished foreign artist. Signor Chizzola, a very enterprising *entrepreneur*, has adorned three recent seasons with Signor Salvini, Signor Rossi, and Signor Salvini again, and may be regarded as the sponsor of the polyglot drama, as exemplified on our stage. This effect of the star speaking in one language and the support in another, is bizzare and fantastic, and our people have been pretty thoroughly tired of it. In fact, they will no longer submit to it, save in the case of an artist of Salvini's commanding greatness; and even Salvini's last season was by no means what his friends and Signor Chizzola's friends would have wished it to have been. So Mr. Abbey—another distinguished importer of foreign luminaries—will not include the polyglot drama in his list of attractions. He does things rather by wholesale. When he brought the Bernhardt over, a French company supported her in her own language; the Langtry required no support, as people went to satisfy their curiosity and form an opinion as to her alleged beauty, and not to see her act. So American support was reckoned good enough for her. And in the coming season Mr. Abbey promises a star who—whatever may be his intrinsic brilliancy—will probably prove, in his drawing powers, the brightest of all who have been imported to this country, and it is from the receipts at the box-office that managers, and the public, too, gauge the value of a footlight luminary. In Henry Irving's case, however (and Henry Irving is the magnate referred to), public curiosity has a legitimate object of attraction. He has been the central figure of the Thespian world of London for years; his ability has never been questioned; his conscientious fulfilment of every detail of each play he produces and each character he represents is almost proverbial. He is an artist who is accustomed to ground himself for his work in the study, as well as to rehearse it upon the stage; and such artists, in these days of hurry and money-making, are rare, and nowhere rarer than in this country. Furthermore, Mr. Irving has the reputation of being so thorough a gentleman—*sans peur et sans reproche*—that he is regarded as reflecting honor and credit on the entire profession to which he belongs. Such a man ought to have, and doubtless will have, a warm welcome to our shores, and an enthusiastic reception when he appears before our footlights; and Mr. Abbey is to be congratulated on the successful enterprise that enables the great English-speaking public, on this side of the Atlantic, to see and judge of the man who holds, in the greatest city of the world, the proud position of the greatest actor of his day.

Indeed Mr. Abbey's enterprise, however it may result for himself personally, in the vital matter of pecuniary return, will, during

the coming season, lay American amusement seekers under no small debt of gratitude. His connection with the new opera house has been marked by some wonderful strokes of enterprise, resulting in the employment for that establishment of no small share of the first lyric talent in the world. Then he is to give us French opera "as it has never been given before," and his lack of experience in that peculiar form of entertainment is rectified by his coalescion with Mr. Maurice Grau, a name which has now been associated with French opera bouffe during two generations. With various other little side-shows—among which we may mention the Grand Opera House, New York, and the Park Theatre, Boston, Mr. Abbey will do his full share of catering to the pleasure-seeking public during the coming season, and will, doubtless, have his hands full. He certainly deserves success in his ventures, and THE JUDGE sincerely hopes that he will meet with it, and scarcely doubts but that he will.

Our city theatres remain in *statu quo*—the Madison Square being almost the only one of importance that invites patronage. The Union Square's preliminary season will very shortly be inaugurated with a nihilist drama, on whose posters and preliminary announcements the names of Marie Prescott and Oscar Wilde figure with about equal prominence. And with the close of the present month we may look for more stirring events in the history of the local contemporaneous drama.

THE LITTLE FLY.

It is now that the fly
Doth the butter espy,
And its golden outside reconnoiter;
And a leg or two left
When of life he's bereft,
Doth prove where he loved to loiter.

—*Greensburg Press.*

It is now the housewife,
With her keen little knife,
Doth remove foreign particles hairy,
And her boarders assures,
(With a smile that allures),
That "it's perfectly fresh from the dairy."

THE London *Telegraph* asks: "What would London do this weather without the Thames?" Well, if there hadn't been any Thames there probably wouldn't have been any London; and if there hadn't been any London, there wouldn't have been any Mrs. Langtry. Just see what the Thames is responsible for!

I Scream.

TELL us not, in mournful numbers,
That this life is but a dream,
When a girl that weighs two hundred
Gets outside a quart of cream—
And then wants more.—*Elmira Gazette.*

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the girls know what they need,
But on cream they are the biggest
Set to show their grit and greed.
No encore. —*N. Y. Times.*

Be not dumb, like driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife;
Never with her mother battle,
Save the ice-cream for your wife.
Proceed. —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
But never let us go a-wooing
Girls that want another plate.
How's that? —*Meriden Newsboy.*

Lives of such girls all remind us,
As we float adown the stream,
That the boys who come behind us
Will have to pay for lots of cream.
N-e-x-t. —*Yankees Statesman.*

And, departing, leave another
Bill for unpaid plates of cream,
Which, perhaps, some forlorn brother,
Seeing, may take heart again,
And get trust also.—*N. Y. E. R. Journal.*

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way;
But to treat, though cash we borrow—
Deserted when we cease to pay.
Don't it? —*Palmer Journal.*

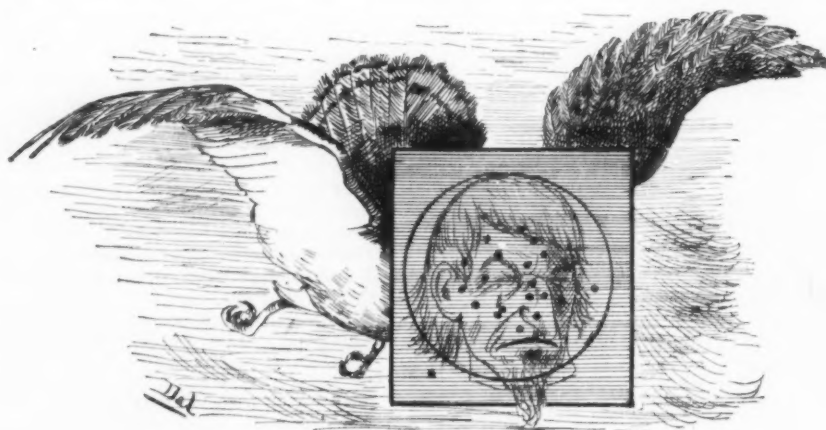
Trust no girl, however pleasant,
With one plate to be content;
She'll eat until her lover hasn't
To his name another cent,
And then shake him. —*Somerville Journal.*

Ice-cream flies when girls are eating,
And our hearts, though brave and stout,
Still, like drums, with fears keep beating,
That our money will give out,
'Twas ever thus. —*N. Y. World.*

Rules of *politesse* remind us
That too greedy we shan't seem,
But, departing, leave behind us,
Debris of half-melted cream—
Debris that perhaps another
May (re-frozen) have to eat—
Some forlorn and flat-broke brother,
Also with a girl to treat—
And no money.

A MARINER must be the most inquisitive of human beings, as he is always going to sea.

How can the world come to an end when it's round? Possibly one might find out by going where the mountains peak.



HOMEWARD BOUND.

British Score. 1951. American Score. 1906.

CORRESPONDENTS.

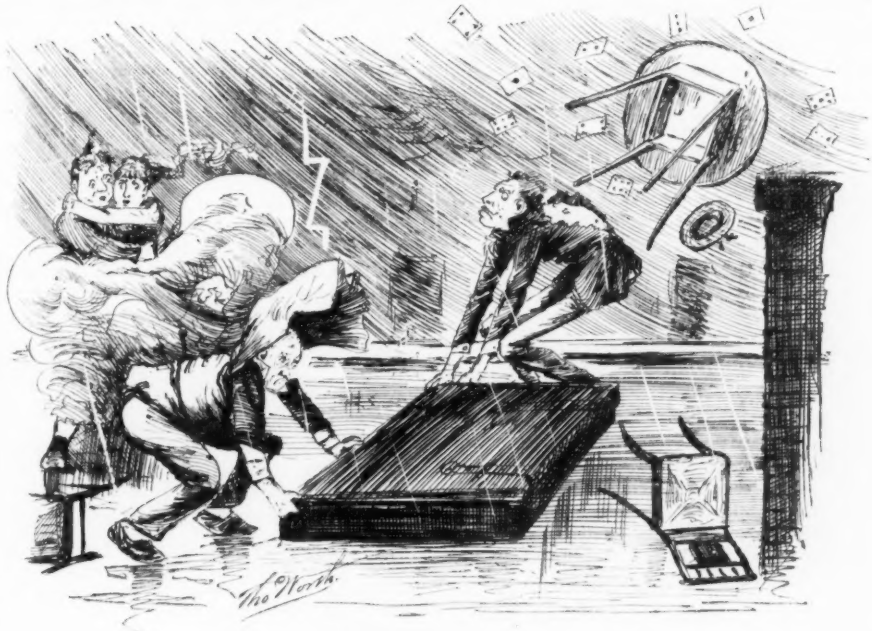
2nd CORRESPONDENTS WILL PLEASE TAKE NOTICE THAT THEY SEND MSS. TO THIS OFFICE AT THEIR OWN RISK. WHERE STAMPS ARE ENCLOSED WE WILL RETURN REJECTED MATTER AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, BUT WE DISTINCTLY REPUDIATE ALL RESPONSIBILITY FOR SUCH IN EVERY CASE. WHERE A PRICE IS NOT AFFIXED BY THE WRITER, CONTRIBUTIONS WILL BE REGARDED AS GRATUITOUS, AND NO SUBSEQUENT CLAIM FOR REMUNERATION WILL BE ENTERTAINED.

ANNIE H.—Not for a week or two, at any rate.
 J. E. G., Milford.—We regret that we cannot make your contribution available.
 F. B.—We fail to find anything in your contributions which should entitle you to expect ever to see them in print.
 THURLOW.—When are we to be relieved from self-satisfied versifiers who make "Turkish" rhyme with "mawkish," and commit other kindred atrocities?
 ART. H.—Where our contributors adopt a *nom de plume*, it is presumably done for the purpose of concealing their identity. At any rate, we decline to inform you who "Penelope Pennyfeather" or any other pseudonymous writer for THE JUDGE may be.

WESTCHESTER.—The bird in your little story is too wonderful for anything. You ought to have called it the "Phoenix." At one time it is a drake, when the preceding line ends in "mistake," and anon it is a gander, to approach as nearly as possible to a rhythmical correspondence with "wander." We would suggest that you rewrite the verses, having first got the breed of the bird clearly settled in your own mind. Commence your work *de novo*, or, rather, *ovo*.

No Such Person.

HE had a fly-screen under one arm and a bundle of sticky fly-paper under the other as he entered a Michigan avenue saloon yesterday and said:
 "Why don't you keep 'em out?"
 "Who vash dot?" asked the saloonist.
 "Why, the pesky flies. You've got 'em by the thousand here, and the fly season has only begun. Shall I put fly-screens in the door?"
 "Vhat for?"
 "To keep the flies out."
 "Why should I keep der flies out? Flies like some shance to go around und see der city, der same ash beoples. If a fly is kept outd on der street all der time he might ash vhell be a horse."
 "Yes, but they are a great nuisance. I'll put you up a screen door there for \$3."
 "Not any for me. If a fly vhants to come in here, und he behaves himself in a respectable manner, I have nothing to say. If he don't behave I bounce him outd pooty queek, und don't he forget her!"
 "Well, try this fly paper. Every sheet will catch 500 flies."
 "Who vhants to catch 'em?"
 "I do—you—everybody."
 "I don't see it like dot. If I put dot fly-paper on der counter somebody comes along und wipes his nose mit it, or somebody leans his elbow on her und vhalks off mit him. It would be shust like my boy Shake to come in und lick all der molasses off, to play a shoke on his fadder."
 "Say, I'll put down a sheet, and if it doesn't catch twenty flies in five minutes I'll say no more."
 "If you catch twenty flies I have to pry 'em loose mit a stick und let 'em go, und dot vhas too much work. No, my frendt; flies must have a shance to get along und take some comfort. I vhas poor once myself, und I know all about it."
 "I'll give you seven sheets for ten cents."
 "Oxactly, but I won't do it. It looks to me like shimall peesness for a big man like



UTILIZING THE ROOFS.

THE OLD MAN, his wife and daughter with her intended, were having a quiet game of cards on the roof, when a sudden squall came up and made them seek cover, but that mischievous boy had fastened down the scuttle.

you to go around mit some confidence games to shwindle flies. A fly vhas born to be a fly, und to come into my beer saloon ash often ash he likes. When he comes in I shall treat him like a shentleman. I gif him a fair show. I don't keep an ax to knock him in der headt, und I don't put some molasses all oufer a sheet of paper und coax him to come und be all stuck up mit his feet until he can't fly away. You can pass along—I'm no such person like dot."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Dana and His Little "Sun."

I.
 DANA had a little Sun,
 In which with force eno'
 He'd every day proclaim that the
 Republicans must go.
 II.
 He followed this up day by day,
 Till, as a general rule,
 People began to yawn and say,
 "The man's a parteciple-adjected lunatic!"
 III.
 Then he'd cry, "Turn the rascals out!"
 But still they lingered in,
 And waited patiently about
 For the process to begin.
 IV.
 Meanwhile they did not run, but laid
 Their fingers 'gainst their nose,
 As if to say "We're not afraid
 Of 'gonfalons' like those!"
 V.
 "What makes the Sun slop over so?"
 Its furious readers cry;
 "'Cause the Republicans must go,"
 The editor did reply.
 —*Rochester Post-Express.*

A MOON-STRUCK POET sat under a tree to get an inspiration for a sonnet. He got it—a caterpillar in his eye.

A Puzzled Vocalist.

How can a person learn to sing?
 That's what I want to ask.
 I started out, some years ago,
 All ardor for the task.
 The teacher that I met with first,
 My brain with terms would cram:
 "Don't use the thyroid muscle so;
 Sing from the diaphragm."
 He used to open wide my jaws,
 And in my windpipe grope
 With little mirrors set on wires,
 Called "a laryngoscope."
 My second teacher said my voice
 Had been quite falsely tried;
 That "registers" were simply "bosh,"
 And must be set aside.
 A third one told me that my voice
 Was built for second bass,
 And if I got it "focused" right
 It would improve apace.
 Another told me that my breath
 Must near the armpits play;
 The next one said the force of tone
 Within the membranes lay.
 With vocal cords and diaphragm
 And citro-thyroid bone,
 I was becoming mystified,
 And could not give a tone.
 At last I met a teacher gruff,
 Who made my heart rejoice;
 He heard me through quite patiently,
 Then said, "You have no voice."
 —*Tonic Sol-Fa Reporter.*

"WHAT be them?" said a countryman, stopping in front of a fruit store yesterday and pointing to a bunch of bananas. Having learned, he bought a plump redskin, and without stopping to peel it, bit off the end. The banana was finished in the same primeval style, and then the granger remarked, "The rind aint much, but the peth is purty fair."
 —*Springfield Republican.*

A Dull Pawnbroker.

THE other day a Detroit pawnbroker received a call from a young man with the tan and freckles of the country on his face and nose, and an old-fashioned bull's-eye watch in his hand which he desired to pawn.

"Where you lef?" asked the pawnbroker.

"Oh, out here a few miles!"

"Where you got dot vchach?"

"It used to be dad's, but he gave it to me."

The broker looked him over with a suspicious glance, and asked and received his name, and then added:

"Why you vchants to pawn dot vchatch, eh?"

"Well, I need a little money."

"Dot looks suspicious to me, and I guess I call der boleece!"

"Suspicious! Police!" repeated the young man. "Say, mister, if you don't know the difference between a thief selling his plunder and a young man in town with his gal, and that gal wanting peanuts and candy and sody water and street-car rides until she's cleaned him out of his last cent, you'd better go and start a sheep ranch."

"Oh, dot vhas it, eh? Vhell, I gif you tree dollar. Dot makes it all ash blain as der face on my nose, and I hope you haf some goot times. Here—two and one makes tree."—*Detroit Free Press.*

ALBANY GIRLS are so modest that they will not disrobe in a room where there is a mantilla.—*Whitehall Times.* And there resides a girl in Buffalo who will not live in a house with a mansard roof.—*Rochester Express.* The fact remains, however, that women telegraphers are very partial to the use of manifold paper.—*Rome Sentinel.* According to the hymn, they say: "Oh, for a man—, Oh, for a man—, Oh for a mansion in the skies."—*Syracuse Times.* Girls hereabouts try to man-age so as to get a man and mansion here.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

THE telegraphers' strike,
Is little short of treason;
My city cousins write
They're coming for the season.

I'd stop them if I could,
And that's what makes the harm,
I cannot telegraph to them
"There's cholera on the farm."
—*Philadelphia News.*

A REMARKABLE ring has been built for the King of Siam. The central stone is one and a half inches in diameter, and is encircled by a ruby, an emerald, a sapphire, and five other stones. If Mr. Siam wears that ring when he visits this country, he will be mistaken for the advance agent of a snake show.—*Norristown Herald.*

AT the seaside: "Why dear, we must have a nurse; the baby is teething, and will cry all night." "Well, let him yell. Those stuck-up neighbors of ours, the Joneses, are in the next boarding-house. If they hear him they will recognize his voice and know that we are at the shore, too."—*Phila. News.*

A FASHION PAPER says: "Nothing but coral necklaces can be seen upon society belles this season." Mercy! should think they'd get their deaths a-cold.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE captain and officers of the Salvation Army make all the money and the privates make all the noise.—*Hartford Post.*

"THERE'S plenty of room at the top," is very true of dudes.—*Burlington Free Press.*

The Playful Schoolboy.

THE bath tub waste-pipe had clogged up, and the family plumber was viewing the remains.

"This is terrible!" he exclaimed. "You didn't send for me any too soon;" then he went away and ordered the water turned off.

Next day he sent around two men, a boy with a spirit lamp, and a boy with a wagon load of tools.

The men dug up the hydrant, after which they were compelled to go to the neighboring saloon and play seven-up all day for the champagne, and the boy had to go to a baseball match and hedge a few bets.

When the small boy of the household came home from school in the evening he stuck a switch into the waste-pipe, and the bath tub was soon cleared of its contents.

By this happy chance the plumber's bill was cut down to \$197.

This story teaches that the small boy is mightier than the plumber.—*Camden Post.*

"I UNDERSTAND," said old Farmer Siggins, "that young Harry Walters has run through the valuable property recently left him by his father."

"Well, I suspected as much. He has been putting on a good many frills lately. But when did you hear about it?" asked Deacon Jones.

"Only an hour since. My boy Jack told me that he just saw Harry running through the orchard on his farm."—*Carl Pretzel.*

"I SEE," said Hardup, "that the right arms of men of note are two inches longer than their left arms, but it ain't so with me."

"With you! are you a man of note?"

"Of course I am. Everybody in Courtland County has got one of 'em, that will take it. It's a good deal of exercise for the right arm a signin' of 'em, but it don't make mine any longer, hanged it if it does."—*Marathon Independent.*

A WAILING ORATOR says: "Dark is the night that settles down upon Ireland." Well, quite likely. We wouldn't cross the ocean to see anything so commonplace as that. But when you hear of a bright, sunshiny night settling down upon Ireland, call us up if it's midnight, and we'll sit up all night to look at it.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A TOLEDO GIRL has just discovered that her fellow invited another girl to go to the circus, and was so mad that she cried all day and will put "To Rent" in the window of her house when he comes around to lie out of it.—*Toledo American.*

It is a well-known mathematical fact that two nines make eighteen, but from recent base-ball reports it is learned that our two Philadelphia nines are not making anything lately.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A LITTLE singular that passengers are not permitted to converse with the man at the wheel, notwithstanding that he is spokesman of the ship.—*Boston Transcript.*

A YOUTHFUL student of Caesar mentions remarks that if all gall is divided into three parts, his excellency has shown that he possesses two of them.—*Boston Advertiser.*

THE umbrella was designed to be put up on a rainy day. It is also a handy thing to put up at a pawnbroker's against a rainy day.—*Lowell Citizen.*

MARCO BOZZARIS is the first gentleman we remember in history who instigated a strike.—*New York Graphic.*



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Mrs. TOMPKINS requests the pleasure of Captain Brown's company to a small party on a certain Friday evening, and receives the following reply: "21 Spriggins Place, Monday. Captain Brown presents his compliments to Mrs. Tompkins, and regrets that thirteen privates will be detained by habeas-corpus writs, and two sergeants are on the sick-list. The rest of Captain Brown's company will have much pleasure in waiting on Mrs. Tompkins on Friday evening."—*Baltimore Daily.*

REQUIRES PRACTICE.—Lady customer—"Will you please direct me to the dress department?" Obliging floor-walker—"Certainly; walk along this way." Lady customer—"My dear sir, I couldn't walk that way if I practiced for two years."—*S. F. News Letter.*

AN ox-team is singularly symbolic of courtship and marriage, for it begins with a bow, continues with a ring and a yoke, progresses with a tongue, and ends by presenting to the world the picture of a goaded pair.—*Boston Advertiser.*

"NONE but the dude deserve the fair," remarked Miss Snider, as she handed her nickel to a tooth-pick-shoed young man on a bob-tail car.

Castoria.

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

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After the Style of the French.

"So you love my daughter, eh?"
"Y-yes, sir."
"And you have money to support her in good style?"
"I have \$30,000 in bank, and an income of \$5,000 per year."
"Money in bank! Ah! I see you are no financier; you should have invested in bonds and doubled your interest. For instance, I have securities paying 10 per cent."

The young man hurries off to get his cash and buy bonds off his future father-in-law. After he has departed Lucy enters the library and asks:

"Father, did William ask your consent?"
"He did, dear."
"And you said yes?"
"No, dear; he has no wealth to give you station."
"But he has \$30,000."
"Oh, no. I just raked that in for bonds that won't be worth ten cents on the dollar six months hence. I love you too well to see you marry a poor man and have to live in sixth-story rooms."—*Wall Street News.*

Things are not Always What They Seem.

ONLY the leaf of a rosebud,
That fell to the ball-room floor,
Fell from the tinted clusters
Of the big bouquet she bore.

Quickly he stooped and seized it,
"Tis the leaf of a rose," said he;
"Tinted with summer's blushes,
And dearer than gold to me."

"Lovely and fragrant petal,
Some sweet summer night, who knows,
I may have a chance to tell her
I treasured the leaf of the rose."

But when to his lips he pressed it,
He muttered in accents wrath,
"The blamed thing is artificial
And made out of cotton cloth!"
—*Somerville Journal.*

SCENE: The dining-room of an Oil City hotel. Dramatis Personæ: Mr. X, who is always in need of a V, a small boy and interested boarders.

Small Boy—Mr. X, does it make you tired to sit up when you travel?
Mr. X.—No, my little man; not generally.
S. B.—Then, Mr. X., what makes you travel so funny?
Mr. X.—What makes me travel so funny, my little man? Why, do I travel funny?
S. B.—Well, papa was talking about you this morning and I heard him say, "I believe that man always travels on his cheek!"
General collapse.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

It is often stated that a majority of the smart men in the cities are descended from farmers. Considering the moral character of many of the smart men in the cities, this is a rather left-handed compliment to the farmers.—*Lowell Citizen.*



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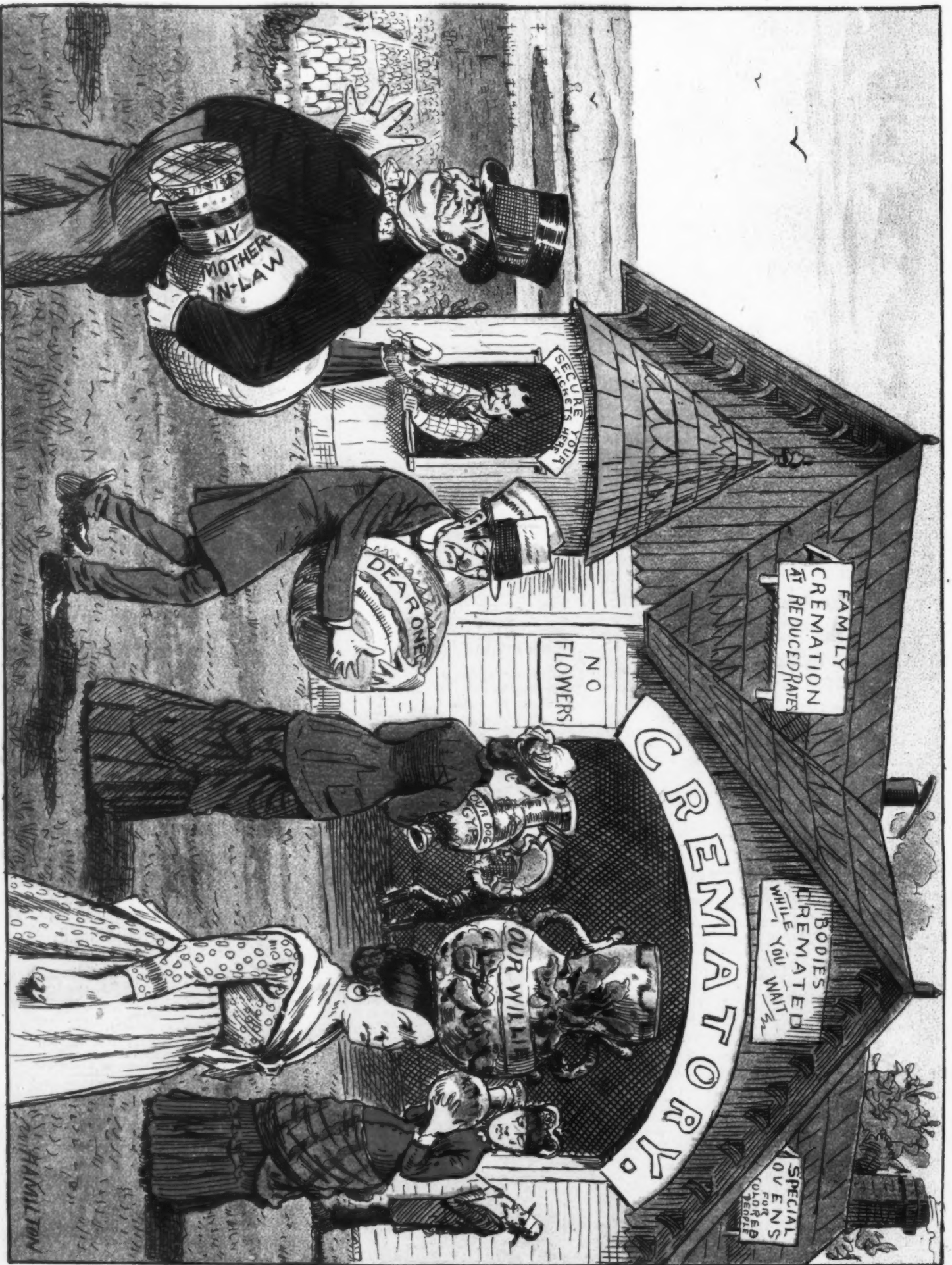
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