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Price

NEW YORK, JANUARY 17, 1885.

10 Cents.



"TO THEE I CLING."

FRANKLIN SQUARE LITH. CO. NEW YORK.



THE JUDGE.

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)

IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers, \$5.00
 One copy, six months, or 26 numbers 2.50
 One copy, for 13 weeks, 1.25

Single copies 10 cents each;

Address,

THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
 324, 326 and 328 Pearl St.,
 NEW YORK.

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WITH THE NEW YEAR,

we beg to call our readers' attention to the rapid and marked improvement exhibited in *THE JUDGE*, both in cartoons and in letter press, during the past year. This improvement, we intend, shall continue until no room for improvement is left; for we are determined to make *THE JUDGE* the BEST COMIC ILLUSTRATED PAPER ever published in America, and to keep it so. With the close of the year many of our friends' subscriptions expire. We respectfully solicit a renewal from our old friends, and orders from our new ones—for we are making new friends every week. Subscribe now for 1885, and no matter how hard times are, it will be money well invested. A good laugh is often better than money, and that (the laugh, not the money) we can promise you fifty-two times a year.

AFTER THE DUCATS.

It was Mr. George Wm. Curtis who stigmatized the Democrats as a very hungry and very thirsty party. Subsequently he joined forces with them and aided them to elect Grover Cleveland. When he and the other mugwumps come to rake over the political pickings in search of the spoils of victory, he will realize how very true were his words, and what a hungry party the Democrats really are.

Hungry! Great Jove, they are famished! They need no appetite-sharpening tonic. Have you ever seen a pack of wolves pull down an antelope on the prairie? Have you

ever seen a plum-cake set before a hundred schoolboys? No? Well, never mind. You will have an opportunity of seeing the same effects produced on a larger scale next spring.

Some five and twenty years ago the same party made a determined and preconcerted raid on the public crib. Their objective point—the United States Treasury—was the same as it is now. However, they were met and driven back, and Mr. Grover Cleveland paid the ruling market price for a substitute—a gentleman from Canada whose name escapes us—to help to drive them back.

Who is to drive them back this time? Not Grover Cleveland; he will not even hire a substitute this time. Not Curtis, nor Jones, nor Schurz, who helped them to get there. It looks as if the looters of 1885 will have better luck than the looters of 1861.

And there are so many little wounds in the party that only a golden salve can heal. Offices will content some, but then there are not nearly offices enough. We doubt if there are enough to give one among every ten thousand Democrats. Will that stay their hunger? Perish the thought.

To be sure, there will be a chance if pensions can be voted to the confederate soldiers.

That would give hoe-cake to many a hungry Democrat, and if the pension list swelled too much under this kind of inflation, there is always the possibility of cutting the Union soldiers off the list. What business have they with pensions anyway. They are mostly Republicans, and to the victors belong the spoils.

There are hundreds of other ways open, but we prefer to wait and watch developments. And meanwhile, dear reader, be as observant as you can, and as disinterested as you may. Keep your eye on the Treasury, and watch it when the Democrats get in, and bear in mind the simile of the antelope pulled down by the pack of wolves. Old hunters have told us that, inside of five minutes, there is not enough of the animal left to make thongs for a pair of moccasins.

THE OUT-OF-TOWN CORRESPONDENT.

THERE is no creature in this world more unreliable than the New York correspondent of an out-of-town (not necessarily rural) paper. Perhaps *THE JUDGE* is impelled to say this because, dwelling on the spot, and being more familiar with the happenings in New York than in other places, he more frequently tumbles across and identifies an astounding lie. Perhaps people who write from other places to New York papers may be as imaginative, but we doubt it. We would prefer to retain some little belief in human nature and the veracity thereof. We would rather continue to believe that the statements of events which appear in various provincial papers as occurring in New York city, are as unique in their nature as they are colossal in their mendacity.

And why is this thus? Why should the New York correspondent of the provincial paper invariably act as if he were engaged in a go-as-you-please race with Baron Munchausen? It is not from a scarcity of news. Enough of the truthful occurs in Gotham every twenty-four hours to make a letter miles ahead of the best any of them send out. Neither is it love of romance, for their fictions are foolish, as a rule, and usually founded on fact. Why then? Can it be that these men lie from the very lust of lying? Scarcely that, since some of them are church members, and others are lawyers who would scarcely carry the practice of their profession into private life.

THE JUDGE believes he has fathomed the mystery. The out-of-town correspondents usually collate their letters from the columns of the daily papers.

BEECHER'S TROUBLES.

THE Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is a man of many troubles just now. The political parson's lot is not a very happy one. He indulged in a good deal of luxury during the recent campaign, and the bills are just beginning to come in. Luxury is expensive, as Mr. Beecher is forcibly realizing, and he is likely to have to pay a long price for his political whistle.

For instance, vituperation is a luxury, and a dear one. When Mr. Beecher asserted that if every adulterer in New York State voted for Mr. Cleveland, that gentleman would carry the state by two hundred thousand majority, he publicly made a very unwarrantable statement. There is only one alleged adulterer in New York State whose vote Mr. Beecher had a right to cast, and he had no right to assume that so vast a number of our citizens had broken the seventh commandment. The Rev. politician slopped over on that occasion with an exceeding great sloppiness.

Mr. Beecher receives a magnificent salary from Plymouth church, and he is paid regularly. But that salary may be reduced at any time if the pew rents do not warrant its payment. Now, Mr. Beecher's congregation has no wish to control its pastor's political views, but it has a right to expect that he will be decent, that he will not violate the proprieties, and that he will not wantonly insult its members and the community at large as he repeatedly did during the recent campaign.

Mr. Beecher has awakened to the fact that his vituperation has cost him dear, and has since attempted to eat his own words—but some words are indigestible. He further says that he is willing to accept less salary. That is very true. His salary might be cut seventy-five per cent, and still leave him overpaid. And if consistency were one of Mr. Beecher's virtues, we might remind him that he once said that a man who could not live on bread and water was not fit to

live. If his \$20,000 salary were reduced to \$10,000, or even to \$5,000, he could still provide himself with an excellent quality of water, and a superabundant supply of very nutritious bread; but Beecher's famous bread and water speech was levelled at workingmen, and this laborer in the vineyard toils not, neither does he spin anything—except some very astounding yarns when he feels impelled towards politics.

So, though Mr. Beecher may readily be assumed to be willing to take ten thousand dollars, if he can no longer get twenty thousand, yet he would infinitely prefer to continue his pastorate at the latter figure. So he slops over his dear brethren of Plymouth Church as is his wont. He ignores the insults he heaped upon that large section of them who preferred Blaine to Cleveland; and he pumps up the ready tears and grovels in the dust of repentance.

The spectacle is not an edifying one, nor can the exercise be pleasant to Mr. Beecher. Still dollars are dollars, and the reverend gentleman is naturally anxious to reduce the expense account involved in his late kick over the traces to as small a figure as possible. But the interesting fact remains that pew rents at Plymouth church, for 1885, have fallen \$7,000 below the pew rents for 1884.

But THE JUDGE has a word of advice to you, Mr. Beecher. If you manage to find a rat-hole through which to sneak out of your present difficulty, and if other respectable men shall once more be found to fill the places of those respectable men whom you have driven out of your congregation, select as your text the twenty-third verse of the twenty-first chapter of the Proverbs of Solomon, and preach your best sermon upon it—and practice what you preach.

The text reads: "Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles."

A SUGGESTION.

BRISK winter weather; several inches of snow on the ground, and the thermometer some half dozen degrees above zero. Trot out your sleighs; fill them with buffalo robes and pretty girls; pull your sealskin cap over your ears, and out with you—the wintry world is all before you, and if you have a good horse, you are pretty sure to have a good time.

But suppose your sleigh is only the grocery wagon mounted on runners. Suppose your holiday sleighing is dependent on the horse which has been delivering your customers' orders all the week; suppose you haven't got a seal-skin cap, and times are too hard to permit you to buy one. Suppose you can't fill the sleigh with buffalo robes, and the pretty girls, in consequence, wax red-nosed and blue-lipped and unbeautiful? What then?

This is where THE JUDGE's suggestion comes in. Instead of mounting the grocery wagon on runners, mount the grocery stove.



AUTOCRATIC ASSURANCE.

LADY—"You are the servant, I presume?"

BRIDGET—"Servant! I'm Dictator of the Domestic Department."

Have a good fire. Crowd in round it. Have the kettle boiling on it in case anyone wants hot drinks; hitch up your old moke to this conveyance, and show the nobs on the road that you have just as good an idea of style as they have, and ten times a better idea of comfort. THE JUDGE is the friend of humanity, and issues the idea without a patent. Anyone can use it; you can defy the cold, and preserve your caloric without buffalo robes. There's millions in it.

SO MOTE IT BE.

OUR clever and critical contemporary, the *Norristown Herald* has these kind words to say of us:

"THE JUDGE, with the New Year, calls attention to the rapid and marked improvement in its cartoons and letter-press during the year. We have noticed it, particularly during the last couple of months, and congratulate his Honor accordingly. Printing the colored cartoons with more margin is not the least improvement."

The Appropriation committee, they say, will ask one hundred thousand dollars for a pedestal for Bartholdi's statue. If Bartholdi's must have a cool hundred thousand to stand on, what sum would be large enough for that extravagant person to go on?

Grant has refused a pension. And now his countrymen will be pretty unanimously of the opinion that the General is no true American after all, or that his late troubles, or advancing age have affected his mind. Refused a pension! The didactic poet of the future, having been forestalled in the matter of tears of dotage that flowed from Marlboro's eyes, will be only too glad to seize on this melancholy incident when he comes to point his moral at some hero's expense.

The Darwinian Alphabet.

From A to M—Ape to Man.

- A is an ape, the forerunner of man, According to Darwin's magnificent plan.
- B his next brother's got up in the scale Of creation, since he has discarded his tail.
- C is a creature, a live one, I think, But Darwin don't know, he's the one missing link.
- D is for Darwin, I wish, I must own, He would trace his own line, and let our line alone.
- E is an Exquisite pinched into shape, The most perfect of monkeys, the best style of ape.
- F is his fur, which good Dame Nature gave, But he scrapes it all off when he learns how to shave.
- G is gorilla, a monkey, you know, But you'll see men just like him wherever you go.
- H is the head, and it ought to contain, Both in monkey and man, some proportion of brain.
- I is just I—you may guess, if you can, If I'm nearest akin to the monkey or man.
- J is THE JUDGE, who is wondrously blest, For both species in him are displayed at their best.
- K's for our kindred. It's rather a bother, I confess, that an ape is "a man and a brother."
- L's for the ladies, but they must escape, Even Darwin daren't call Mrs. Darwin an ape.
- M is a man, that's the best I can say, But he winds up the matter, at least for to-day.

M. E. J.

THE Pittsburg man who succeeded in cornering oil intends to try his naked hand at capturing eels and quicksilver.

First American Citizeness—"Must have been a awful Richepin that Sally Bernhardt lost, to make such a fuss about it."

Second American Citizeness—"Yes, I guess it was one of them breast pins set in diamonds, that the queen of France gave her."

A SAMPLE COURTSHIP.



IN the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns
to thoughts of love,
And, assisted by young Cupid, makes some girl his
"turtle-dove."

In the summer then he takes her to each picnic in
the glade,
And to all moonlight excursions which are on the
steamers made.

In the fall he spouts his gew-gaws to obtain some
ready cash,
And proceeds to hops and parties with his charm-
ing female mash.

In the winter she deserts him for a better looking
swell,
And he swears like any trooper when he hears their
marriage-bell!

"JEF JOSLYN."

A Useless Argument.

"So you think of buying that railroad, do you?"

"Yes; it's such a bargain I can hardly afford to let the chance go by."

"Tell me, do you go into it alone?"

"Well, I had thought some of speaking about it to Bangs. I think he'll go in when I show him that at the price mentioned the property is as cheap as dirt."

"I'm afraid you'll have to advance some other argument to him."

"Why?"

"Well, he's just lost about a million in real estate."

WHAT kind of timber is the best?—That which is O. K.

WHY is Beecher the fastest clergyman on record? Because he catches the devil so often.

It will not be long until Cleveland will find that the duties of a cabinet-maker are much more arduous than those of Sheriff, Mayor, or Governor.

It is said that the widows of Brigham Young have been prohibited from visiting their husband's grave. The beautiful cemetery wherein he rests has almost been converted into a swamp by his sorrowing ex-wives.

The Electoral College Gets Between Them, and Now Betsy and He Are Out for the Rest of the Day.

SHE—"Isn't Cleveland the man that's elected President?"

HE—"Certainly, why do you ask?"

SHE—"Oh, Mr. Jones was explaining that nobody was elected yet, that only the electoral college was elected and that—but I couldn't understand what he meant."

HE—"Oh yes; you see when we vote at these elections we don't just vote for the candidate straight. I didn't vote for Cleveland, I only—"

SHE—"Didn't vote for Cleveland! well may I never—"

HE—"Oh yes, to be sure I voted for Cleveland."

SHE—"But you said you didn't."

HE—"Well, of course, I couldn't just vote for Cleveland, because—"

SHE—"Couldn't vote for Cleveland? Why you said Blaine was the meanest—"

HE—"And I say it yet, why, of course, I voted for Cleveland but—"

SHE—"But you just now said you couldn't."

HE—"Thunderation, Kate, can't you wait till I get through?—You see Cleveland had his electoral college, and Blaine had his, and—"

SHE—"But what is an electoral college?"

HE—"It's something along with the constitution down at Washington—something to

prevent something—something—but it don't amount to nothing—so that after all I really voted for Cleveland."

SHE—"But you said you couldn't."

HE—"Confound it, how often must I tell you that I did; but that I couldn't just vote for him himself straight."

SHE—"But you said you did."

HE—"Goddlemity! didn't I tell you ten hundred thousand times that I didn't—that I couldn't—that I did—that Cleveland's electoral college—but a fellow might as well talk politics to a mule as to a woman. You wouldn't understand about the electoral college if I kept on explaining till Cleveland's inauguration next Fourth of July.—Where the—? I'm sure I put my pipe under the sofa cushions this morning, but in this house you never can find anything in its place."

A PENURIOUS old man of Coblenz

Incurred a most shocking expense

By wedding a wife,

Near the close of his life,

Who would not take care of his pence.

GEN. BUTLER has not lost his political all, his modesty remains.

Reporter—"General, what is your opinion as to the probable make up of Mr. Cleveland's cabinet?"

Gen. Butler—"Pardon me; the duty which I owe to my clients will prevent me from accepting the office of Attorney General."

Ants and Aunts.

WE were on a mossy bank,
Kate and I together,
Just for one brief hour to bask
In the sunny weather.

Kate had two old maiden aunts,
Very prim and proper;
If she came to walk with me
They would always stop her.

Auntie Jane was far the worst—
Law! I did detest her—
But each day, from three to four,
She took her siesta.

"Kate," I murmured, "how time flies
In your haven woody,
Just in twenty minutes more
You'll be doing 'goody'.

"Rest your little nestling hand
On our bank so mossy,
Let me lay my own on it—
Do, love! Don't be crossy.

"Aunt Jane will so very soon
Waken to abuse me;—
Dearest, give me one—just one—
How can you refuse me?"

But as I her taper waist
With my arm enfolding,
Only just had bent to take,
Katie scarce withholding,

"Oh! the ants!" she cried. I thought
Jane was going for her,
As away from me she sprang
With a scream of horror.

How I swore and stamped my feet
At those maiden ladies;
I had missed my kiss, and wished
Every aunt in Hades.

But 'twas not from aged prudes
That my Kate was springing,
It was from the insect ant,
Equally as stinging.

So I wiped away the tears,
Kissed away the swelling,
And left Katie, just in time,
At her Auntie's dwelling.

M. K. J.

Young Sapheadly's New Year Resolves.

WILL hereafter resist every temptation to rise before twelve o'clock.

Will bear up under nausea and headache till I have finished my fifteen cigars a day.

Will economize space by wearing the tightest possible breeches.

Will never look at anything with the naked eye so long as it can be seen with glasses.

Till my right hand shall forget its cunning I will never cease to part my hair in the middle.

Fatigue shall never prevent me from spending several hours every day in an easy chair.

As self-examination is the privilege and should be the delight of every rational being, I shall devote all my spare moments to standing before the looking-glass.

In the great crises of life, when at a loss what to do, I shall put on a pair of striped trousers and a white necktie.

As time is precious, I shall punctually avoid keeping every and any appointment on matters of mere business.

Must acquire the manly art of boxing. A good boxer need never be afraid to meet his tailor.



DISCRETION THE BETTER PART OF VALOR.

IRISHMAN—"Faith, if yer claim ther bird, take it from the beast."
DUTCHMAN—"Vell, let it go. I'm too big minded to dakes away anything from any pody smaller than myself."

Not Up to the Standard.

HE was boasting of the growth of a western town, and said:
"Well, sir, to show you how healthy it is, I will tell you that we have had but three deaths in the past year."
"How many doctors are there in the place?"
"Twelve."
"Humph! They must be good ones."

Full Man (to the full moon)—"Say, you up there, can lend fellah a quarter?"
Full Moon—"No, my last quarter's gone."
Full Man—"Sh, all boys broke?—turn rascal out."

COL. GRANT says that his father, who is engaged in writing his recollections of the war, verifies his facts by a laborious correspondence, because the writer doesn't trust his memory. Of course not. What historian does? But has Gen. Grant no imagination? If not, he had better drop history and drop into poetry.

THE average American editor gets so bored and harassed by these Presidential campaigns that he always rejoices when the election is over so that he can find relief from politics by discussing the chances of the different candidates and the probable result of the election four years after.

THE Marquess of Salisbury, in his late speech-making tour in the North of England, stepped on to the balcony of his hotel to address a crowd which had gathered to do him honor. And his mind, it seems, was pre-occupied to that extent that he appeared without his trousers. We presume the modest Marquess began his speech with the time-honored formula: "Ladies and gentleman; It is with no small degree of embarrassment that I appear before you on the present occasion."

In order to the diligent cultivation of my mind, my library shall never be without at least six hair brushes.

To keep up a healthy interest in the varying phenomena of nature, shall watch, day by day, the growth of my mustache and the varying color of my meerschaum.

In order to guard against unsocial habits, shall always walk out accompanied by a cane.

To keep up a healthy interest in the affairs of my fellow creatures, and cultivate conversational habits, shall always keep a dog.

Must keep a more careful account of my income and expenses, so that the income may always be kept below the expenses.

Will learn to do everything with deliberation, so that I may avoid the guilt of putting on my boots before my trousers.

As a mind unfurnished is a mark of neglected opportunities, will get me a wig before I get bald.

As profanity is a low vice (as practiced in this country) shall import all my oaths from London and Paris.

For the encouragement of art, shall never omit to call every new picture beastly, and every new opera a bore.

Must improve the fleeting moments by teaching them to fleet gracefully.

In order to keep up a proper spirit of independence will never fail to find fault with the sum that old Sapheadly allows me for my expenses.

Must never forget that a gentleman is never excusable for staring at every woman he meets, except when he does it for the purpose of staring her out of countenance.

No matter how fortune may favor Great Britain, she will always be in great straits.

"Yes, sir; after my death the insurance company will come down with \$5,000."
"Yes, that's perfectly proper, but what bothers me to comprehend is how far down they will have to go to settle up with you after you have died."

THE VICTIM OF A HOBBY.

By "JEF. JOSLYN."

AMATEUR MUSICIANS, TAKE NOTICE.



OZART MENDELSSOHN MAGLGGERTY (who was called "MaGlag." by his comrades, for short) had grown to manhood imbued with the idea that his mission in life was music.

He believed that he could play the bag-pipes to "th' Quane's own taste." The other tenants in his lodging-house thought differently, however, as will be seen further on.

Mozart's occupation during the day was that of hair dresser in a street-car stable. In the ordinary United States lingo, he manipulated curry-comb and brush over the horses belonging to a soulless corporation which only allowed him "Wan dollar an' twinty-foive cints" per diem for his services.



When night came, he would eat his frugal supper and then hie himself to his fifth-story back room, lie down on his bed, and make the welkin ring with airs on his favorite instrument,—musing the while:

"Arrah! but this is phwat oi call comfort. (Tootle-te-tootle-te-too!) Wan av th' ould back-numbher poets sez 'moosic hez char-rums to soothe th' savage breasht.' Oi wonder af that curnudgeon av a Smith down sthairs ull consent to me marrhyin' his daughtter of Oi kape this up long enough? (Blang-blang-bol-dol didley-blang!) Bedad, Oi guiss Oi'll git up, open th' windy an' play 'im a few notes, so he'll be shure to hear th' melodhious poipes."

Rising and opening the window, he would seat himself way out upon a ledge that had been constructed by a previous occupant of the room for holding flower-pots, and start an imaginary "Fisher's Hornpipe" or something akin thereto of a horrible nature, after this order:

"Rity-ti-tity-ti-tity-ti-too; drone-dro-one-dronity-drone; Scrickity-screakety-Scrackety-scoo; wheeze-heel-heel-wheezity-wheez!"

Well, "MaGlag" kept this periodical racket up, until life became "a weary burden

and a carking care" to all the inmates of the tenement, and finally they held an indignation meeting, and put up a job on him.

So one night when he was making the hours hideous with a serenade that would have drowned out the noise of a steam boiler factory, old man Smith from the floor below



fired a charge of rock-salt from a big blunderbuss up at MaGlaggerty's dangling legs.—just as Mrs. Fritz Vogel poured a kettle of scalding hot water on his head from the garret above!

The effect of the recent dynamite explosions under Scotland Yard, London, weren't a flea-bite in comparison with the sad havoc that this double fusillade created with our Irish Minstrel!

His bag-pipes were blown to smithereens, and his frame filled full of saline particles from below,—while his face, neck, and hands were burned to blisters from the deluge overhead!

But all this was of but little moment to his bombarded "nibs," for he also fell from his lofty perch down five stories to the alley beneath, and when he was picked up from its cobble-stone pavement, the soul of Mozart Mendelssohn MaGlaggerty had passed

out of its earthly abiding-place into a better land, where he is now probably satisfying his tuneful instincts by thumming a golden harp in the Heavenly Choir.



The lesson meant to be conveyed herein to all those misguided persons who aspire to become musical experts, is, to be very careful in your selection of instruments for night practice, and discriminate against each of the following noted abominations:

As you journey through life—whatever you do,
Oh! don't try to blow on the awful bazoo;
And touch not the bag-pipes, nor play the hew-gag,—
Then you'll ne'er come to grief like Mozart MaGlag,

Monographs.

MADE OVER FROM PROSE.

HE took the cider pitcher,
And opened the dark cellar door;
He made a misstep and slipped the length
Of the stairs to the cellar floor.

He laid there bruised and bleeding,
When sharp cut a voice through the air:
"Now, John, did you go an' break that jug
In your monkeying with that stair?"

Good Lord! but John was raving!
He yelled, as he rose like a flash,—
"Your pitcher ain't broke yet,
But I'll break it, by George!" C-r-r-ash!

A literary swell — an editor with the dropsy.

A woman with pretty teeth, or a new secret, can't keep her mouth shut to save her soul.

No, John, in England, when criminals are sentenced to the penal colonies, they are not "transported with rapture," but with simple steam power.

Strange language ours. Listen to this: A fall on the ice isn't a nice fall. The New Year custom of swearing off, is wearing off!

Frozen kisses are the latest thing out—after dark. They have to be taken in and thawed out by the stove, however, to get the full flavor of 'em.

Some scientist says the temperature of the bee is from three to ten degrees. Now we have, ordinarily, the greatest imaginable respect for science, but in this case we must in sorrow and surprise give it the lie. We

know what the exact temperature of the bee in its healthy state is, for last summer we were, somewhat unexpectedly, called upon to test it, and, by actual experiment, several times repeated, we found it in no case to vary from two hundred and seventy-five degrees, and that, too, in the shade! We repeat, therefore, that the "scientist" referred to is either a fool, or a base, unmitigated knave.

Advice to married women. Don't make it too warm for your husband when he comes home late from the lodge. A man is like a lump of ice—the warmer it's made for him, the quicker he runs away.

You can't always judge by appearances, my son. Because a man wears a single eyeglass, it is no sign that he is blind in one eye. It is just possible, you know, that he can't raise money enough to pay for another glass.

Thirty persons upwards of one hundred years old are living in New England to-day. Yankees have always been accounted a close-fisted, parsimonious race, and it now seems they can hang on to life so long that Death becomes discouraged and the grave dislocates its jaws yawning for them.

Small boys are not wholly bad, as some misanthropes would have us believe. The other day, in Newark, N., J., a dear little boy filled the top of his sister's piano full of molasses, and she couldn't sound a single note. Her neighbors smiled that day for the first time since eighteen hundred and eighty-one. That was the year she got her piano.

TOM ADDIS.

His Congressional Record.

POMPOUS VISITOR—"Ah, by the way, when were you in Congress, Mr. Dupont?"
Editor—"I was never there, sir."
 "Never there? Why Smith is forever talking about your Congressional Record—"
 "Oh, yes; I have that in bound volumes just over there on the shelf."

Useless people—good ones.

Dumb as an oyster—a clam.

"Dere's watermillions in it," cried Blackberry Sellers as he clomb over the garden wall.

"Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell on her." And now, when Lord Alfred sings of her, she howls.

The proof that house ventilation is really a good thing, a very cardinal virtue in fact, is that ninty and nine preach it while but one practices it.

WHY should a young man not choose a woman for his wife who weighs two hundred pounds and over? Because she would be so waistful.

PATTI, they say, has but one castle and that in Wales. Ill-used Patti! There be plenty of young things who have sung in opera only a season or two, yet they have castles in Spain, more than they can count.

The virtuous minded Philistine, whose experience of art is that she generally comes in utter nakedness, is anxious to know whether Bertholdi's is a lady, and if so, whether the French, when they send her over to us, will send her clothes along.



ANTI-PAYING PRECAUTIONS.

DOCTOR—"How under the sun did you get such a cold in your head?"
 PATIENT—"Why, popping it out the window to see who was at the door."

Proverbial Philosophy.

NEVER talk behind a man's back; always talk before it.

Small acorns on big oak trees grow. Stocks preferred maketh the heart well.

There is an end to all things, except the man who leaves the door open.

"Where there is so much smoke there ought to be a little fire," said the man to the kitchen stove, "but there isn't."

Short visits make long friends; long visits make short friends.

"Silence is a cheap virtue," but some people do not want anything so cheap.

Laugh not at other men's failures—especially if you hold their notes.

Learn to keep your mouth shut—when you are in the dentist's office.

Many a nickel makes a mickle.

An honest man's the no-blest work of God.

Argue not with a fool or he'll make one of you.

It is the early worm that catches the fish.

The wicked shall not prosper, but how is it about my neighbors?

When a wicked man dieth his expectations shall perish, but other's expectations then begin.

Judge no man by the coat that he wears, but take particular notice of his hat, overcoat and boots.

Many people would shrink from laying a straw in an enemy's way, but they would not hesitate in the matter of saw-logs, and stumps, and so forth.

Speak not in praise of your own deeds. It always looks better to hire some one else to do it.

Some people say they let scandal go in one ear and come out at the other. We have often noticed that the other ear has a wonderful voice.

A wise son heareth his father's instruction,

but he is a six-toed, double-jointed one that always doeth it.

If you live in a stone house don't throw glass.

There's many a man of many minds.

Remembrance.

You have gone, and my future is clouded, My spirits wax fainter and few;

Even nature is murky and shrouded, And the heavens have lent me their blue.

You have gone; and the angels, in sorrow, Seek comfort in tearful display—

I would they'd some handkerchiefs borrow, For it has been raining all day.

Sweet Oblivion! draw over thy curtain,— And, waiter, a little more rye:

Reminiscences dragging a skirt in Leave my palate confoundedly dry.

And yet, though you left me no trinket, No keepsake of bangle or curls,

In a solitaire toast I will drink it:— You are one in a dozen of girls.

Stop! I wrong you, and feel somewhat prouder, Though the token you left I'll not bring

Abroad: a deposit of powder Where your head lightly touched my dress-suit.

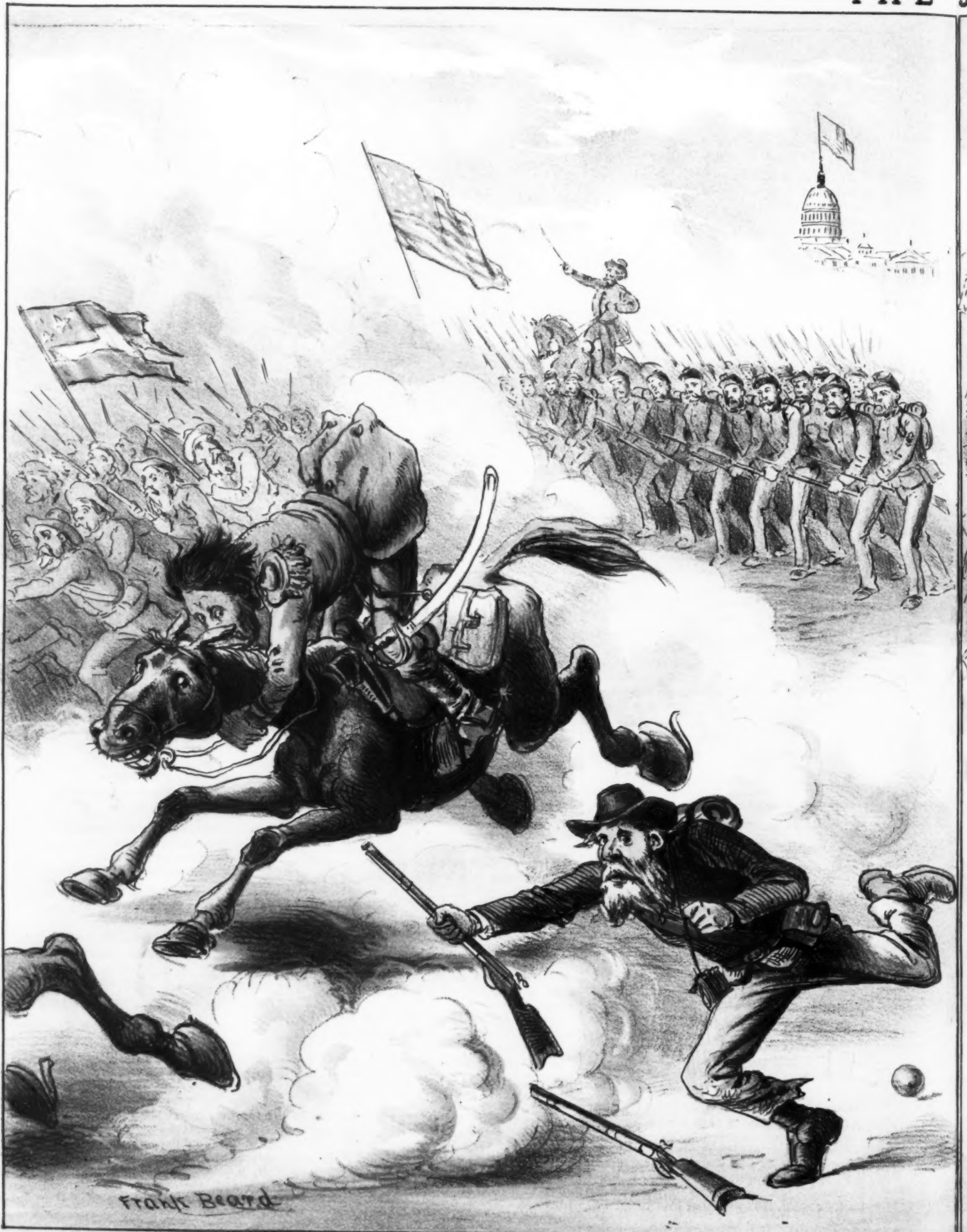
W. J. L.

HOOPSKIRT, did you say? Well, you'd think a hoop's curt to see how it answers when you tread on it.

Becky Sharper—"I suppose you have heard of my marriage?"

Old acquaintance—"Yes; and I congratulate you. You have a protector now—what every girl in your situation ought to have."

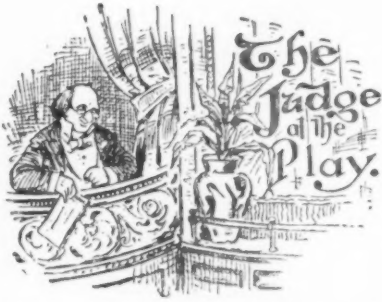
B. S.—"Oh, I wasn't thinking of that, I married for revenue only, though, of course, I don't object to incidental protection."



REPULSED, -1861.



VICTORIOUS 1884.



It looks now as if Harrigan and Hart would make a success of their venture at The New Park. For the first time in the memory of man, this theatre has struck pay rock.

When it first commenced it didn't pay expenses. The funny tribes that disported themselves in the murky waters failed to catch on. The Panorama that followed was a money losing scheme. Everybody remembers the numerous fizzles that occurred, after Stevens and Murtha attempted to run it as a theatre, and when at last it was turned into a Museum with the admission at ten cents a head, the populace carefully avoided it.

With the advent of Harrigan and Hart, business has taken a boom, and now everything is flourishing and the once forsaken and disconsolate looking corner of Thirty-fifth street and Broadway, begins to show signs of life and activity.

Mr. Harrigan's latest is called "McAllister's Legacy," and the author himself appears as Dr. McAllister, a veterinary surgeon. The Doctor is in love with Mrs. Helvetia Van Dusen (Mrs. Annie Yeamans) who is a female stock-jobber. Tony Hart plays the part of Molly McGouldrick, a garden truck-woman, and Molly is beloved by a blacksmith Baldy O'Brien (John Sparks). Johnny Wild is Mrs. Van Dusen's colored coachman, who bears the remarkable name of July Showers.

There is a rich old uncle (Harry Fisher) in the cast, and he is the man with the legacy. He makes Molly his heiress, and, after numerous difficulties are overcome, the Doctor marries his lady love, and all ends well.

There is a levee of colored people held at a colored broker's on Thompson street, and Braham has as usual written excellent music for several songs.

"Pat and His Little Brown Mare," "Blow the Bellows Blow," "Mister Dooley's Geese," and one or two others.

The company of the Theatre Comique has been rather hard worked since the burning of their pretty little theatre, and they have spent most of their nights rehearsing on any stage they could get, after the regular performance was over. That they have been enterprising and plucky no one will deny, and the public, appreciating their energy and sympathizing with their misfortune, crowd the auditorium of the New Park every night.

Young Mr. Duff is doing a fair business at the newly built Standard. Up to the present, a journey from the sidewalk to the inside of this theatre was about as difficult to manage as "A trip to Africa" itself.

"Prince Methusalem" has departed for the second time from the Casino, and now the patrons of this pretty theatre are trying to make up their minds whether or not they approve of Millocker's "Apajune." Lillie Post, Belle Archer, Mathilde Cottrelly, Francis Wilson, Will Rising etc., are in the cast, but McCaull in days of yore, produced

this same opera at the Bijou, and made a signal failure. Perhaps the Casino singers can do better with it this time.

Emboldened by the success of the new play at Wallack's, Shook and Collier announce their intention of giving us an American drama. The coming man this time is Mr. Louis B. Nathal. Cazauran has nothing to do with it, so we shall, at least, be spared the pain of witnessing another "Fatal Letter."

Mr. Nathal's play is said to be in five acts. The scenes are laid in France. Time of Louis XIV. The story is that of a young girl who is brought up to believe she is the daughter of an old woman retainer of a noble family. She accidentally hears that she is really the daughter of a nobleman imprisoned in the castle. She assumes the costume of a boy, and secures admission to the dungeon by impersonating the dumb boy who was to take the place of jailer. The prisoner escapes through aid of his daughter, but is discovered and brought back, he is however found to be innocent of crime and is pardoned by the king. The play is said to be adapted from "The Dumb Girl of Genoa." It reads very like the libretto of an opera called "Fidelio," which has been given several times this season at the Metropolitan.

We have already seen the dungeon cell, the female rescuer disguised in boy's clothes, the innocent prisoner, and the jailer.—Anything more?

Miss Maud Harrison will play the part of the heroine in the new play, but the play will not be produced till "Three Wives" has ceased to draw well.

"We, Us and Co." has "caught on" at The Fifth Avenue. This in spite of Mestayer's horrible and disgusting lithographic advertisements that have disfigured the window of every cigar store from the Battery to Central Park.

His sore and battered head looks as if it might have belonged to the victim of a slugging match, rather than to a member of an alleged first class comedy company, and one would think its coarseness and vulgarity would tend to diminish the box office receipts rather than augment them. There is no accounting for tastes however, and there are people that delight in monstrosities and repulsive spectacles of all kinds, sore heads included.

Lawrence Barrett has succeeded Mme. Ristori at the Star. Mr. Boker's Tragedy, "Francesca da Rimini" is the play, par excellence.

Since the arrival of Materna, business at the Metropolitan Opera House has been better than ever. Damrosch has it his own

way, there not being even an Italian Opera troupe to interfere with him. Money flows into the treasury and everybody about the building is happy.

Last week Wallack's "Lady Clare" was at Niblo's. Why Wallack's? Not a member of the company that played it originally at Wallack's theatre was in the cast. This week Harrison and Gourlay have skipped to Niblo's, and are as mirthful as ever.

Last Thursday there was a rattling Actor's Fund Benefit performance at Daly's. As Daly's Company, the Wallack's, the Union Square, and the Madison Square Companies all took part, no wonder there was a crowded house.

On the twenty-second Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin will have a benefit at Wallack's.

At The Fourteenth Street Theatre, Agnes Booth will play in "The Wages of Sin," while Lotta appears at The Grand Opera House.

Gus Williams in "Captain Mishler" is at The People's Theatre, while our German friends are dividing their time between "Nanon" at The Thalia, and "Der Fechter von Ravenna" at the Apollo.

My Love.

My love she is the fairest maid
That dwells in Arcadie;
And though she tries my heart full sore,
I know she loveth me.

Her form is like the budding rose,
Her step is light as air,
Her face is like the harvest moon,
So bright it is and fair.

Her eyes are like the wild gazelle's,
So large and soft they be;
They flash anon, but what care I?
I know she loveth me.

W. J. D.

Good for Round Dances.

SHALL I invite some newspaper men to the party, Mabel?"

"Oh, no, Papa; they're such sticks."

"Well, my child, of course as you please, but I do not like to slight the gentlemen of the press."

"Well, perhaps you had better ask them, after all. We've got to have some round dancing."

It Never Smiles.

"I never saw such a solemn baby as Jones'. Why, it never smiles."

"It doesn't take after its father, then."

"No, but its mother does."





'TOOTHACHE.'

TOOTHACHE is a pain wot hits you in de tooth and all round there, and makes you feel as if your head waz a borde with carpentirs a drilling holes in it with a rusty gimlet. I know, cos I had a toothache the other day, and Jim sez, sez he, git it out, and I thot that waz a pretty good scheme myself; but when I got into the dentist's chair, as they call the man wot drawz toothz, it quit hurting—of corse, I didn't have it out, but wen I got home again, it waz aking worse than ever, and Jim told me to fill my mouth with cold water, and sit on a stove till it biled—the water he meant, not the stove. I wuddent do that, and the blamed thing kept on hurting just the same.

The only way to serve a tooth wot akes is to take it out, but that hurts worse, and takes a heap of morril currence, cos it cents the danger cumming, and always quits aking wen the man is redly to pull it. However, if you have it out it don't ake no more; at least you don't feel it, and if you ken keep your tung out ov the hole where the tooth isn't any longer, a gold tooth will grow. I never waz able to keep my tung quiet, cos there's a big empty place that that unruly member (that's wot teacher calls it) is bound to explore; so I never had a gold tooth. I reckon it must be pretty hard to keep your tung away, cos I never saw anybody with a gold tooth. Aunt Jane has a tooth that's pretty nearly half gold. I guess she managed to keep her tung out a good dele of the time, tho that's funny too, for Aunt Jane never could keep her tongue quiet I've heard my dad say.

That's about all I know about toothake, and its all I want to know, and a good dele more. If I ever have another, I'll notis it more careful so as to rite about it better next time, for wen I had this toothake I somehow wazn't thinking much of my next composition. But I'd rather never have another and find something else to rite about. Toothake ain't a pretty subject, no way you can fix it.

One of the Family.

SEVERAL moons have waxed and waned since Mr. Josiah Wilkens inserted an advertisement in a morning daily, to the effect that he would be extremely pleased to find board and lodging in a strictly private American family.

Josiah had grown weary of restaurants and boarding houses, and so he thought he would try the private family plan.

Of course, his advertisement called forth legions of answers that were written upon all kinds of paper from antique parchment to postal cards, but a monogram on an illuminated piece of bristol board that came in a Tiffany envelope sealed with sealing wax attracted his attention, and he read with ex-



GENUINE PLEASURE.

BROTHER—"I don't see why you enjoy so much company?"
SISTER (fond of society)—"Goodness, it's not the company I enjoy so much, as the pleasure I have after they are gone, renning them down."

treme satisfaction that a family of high social standing, might be induced, for a certain consideration, to take a refined and agreeable gentleman into their elegant home.

The very thing, thought Josiah, and that evening he made it his business to call upon the writer of the note.

An awkward servant girl took his card and ushered him into an expensively furnished parlor to await further developments.

The room was dimly lighted, and a vague idea passed through his mind that a little less red plush and a little more gas would be conducive to comfort. Just then there waz a rustle of skirts and he found himself face to face with the lady of the house.

She presented a somewhat pleasing appearance and assured our young man that, just for the pleasure of thing, they had concluded to take a stranger into their midst, and that he would always be treated as one of the family. Josiah soon found out that "just for the pleasure of the thing" they required a pretty stiff monetary consideration, but arrangements were finally concluded, and in a few days he found himself installed in expensively and very uncomfortably furnished apartments in the Brown Mansion.

The Brown household consisted of father, mother, young lady daughter, and a pair of twin boys. Twin devils, Josiah soon learned to consider them. The daughter was young and rather pretty. The father did nothing, and was apparently of no account. Mrs. Brown ruled the roast, and remarkably well she did it.

She always carved, and Josiah never before realized how long a two ribbed piece of beef could be made to do duty, nor how thin a slice of meat could be cut and yet hold together. There waz plenty of silver on the table, and a vast expanse of table cloth, but the one servant waz awkward and untidy.

Old Brown did nothing but lounge about the house, and Josiah waz puzzled for some time to find out how they managed to make

both ends meet. He finally discovered that the ends *didn't* meet, and then he ceased wondering. A good many things ceased about the same time. Roast beef ceased to become a staple dish, and bob veal, chuck steak, and pork took its place. Servant after servant ceased to put in a customary appearance, and grate fires and the furnace gave out altogether. The only thing that did not cease appearing with regularity waz the day Josiah's board became due. Week after week he paid Mrs. Brown the proper stipend, and on that day he noticed a little heap of coal would appear on the side-walk and a fresh piece of meat would be placed on the table. Then it began to dawn upon our hero that he waz supporting the entire family, and paying high for the privilege.

The Browns were in terror lest any of their acquaintances should find out they had a boarder in the house, and if Josiah, by chance, met any of their set, he waz always introduced as "our friend, Mr. Wilkins, who waz paying them a little visit." Soon Mrs. Brown would supplement this with a sly nod toward Miss Brown, and 'it began to be whispered about that Josiah waz engaged to the young lady.

This waz becoming "one of the family" with a vengeance, but Josiah did rather admire the young lady, and affairs might have ended according to the desires of Mrs. Brown's heart, if she had given him more to eat and had held a tighter rein over the conduct of the twins. These dear children, according to Mrs. Brown, were great lovers of Natural History, and they had pet guinea pigs, squirrels and white mice *ad libitum*. Josiah waz patient and long suffering. He stood starvation and freezing well, he even let one of the squirrels chew up his scrap basket and his hats without a murmur, but when one night on retiring he found his bed filled with white mice, he could stand it no longer, and, like the worm, he turned. He turned his back on the seductive smiles that wreathed Miss



A FORCED CONFESSION.

OLD PARTY (pretty full, evidently)—“Dreadful storm, positively dreadful. Can't (hic) seem to make any headway at all!”

Brown's and the next morning, he turned a deaf ear to the apologies of Mrs. Brown, and he turned the sole of his boot to each of the twins in succession when he met them on the stairs. That evening when he returned he found numerous belongings of the Brown family adorning the side walk. They had been dispossessed and turned out of the elegantly furnished dwelling for non-payment of rent, and as Josiah was “one of the family” his trunks and clothing, along with other goods and chattels, were well distributed over the front stoop. Miss Brown was weeping and wailing on the upper step. Old Brown and Mrs. Brown were endeavoring to get the things into a truck, while the twins, with a guinea pig and a squirrel under each arm, were enjoying the scene immensely.

Josiah called a cab, and from the *debris* he extracted part of his traps. The rest he bade adieu to forever, and he is now enjoying the table delicacies of a first class “hasherie” in Thirty — street. He luxuriates in the radiance of a grate fire and in *not* being considered “one of the family.”

He has learned that the alleged head of the Brown family was a broken down gambler and a dead beat, and as he (Josiah) leans back in his plain but comfortable arm-chair, and smokes and ruminates, he feels a tinge of sympathy for pretty Miss B. For the old man he has nothing but supreme contempt, and he is no longer interested in the old lady. As for the twins — them.

F. CUTTER.

HE was going down town yesterday, with two dozen eggs in a paper sack when the bottom fell out. However, with a little paste the sack can be made as good as ever.

The Palestine Commandery Ball will take place on Tuesday evening, January 13th, 1885, at the Metropolitan Opera House. Special preparations have been made to give even more than usual prominence to this festival of the Knights Templars, always among the most popular of the winter season, and this year novel features are to be introduced.

A Girl's Soliloquy.

SAINTS and angels! Here have I been waiting ever since the fall to get something from Pa to rig me out for the winter, and this morning he gives me one hundred dollars. What use will that be, I wonder. Why, I want forty-eleven things, and there are about a dozen I *must* have, and one hundred dollars would scarcely buy one of them. I really require a tailor-made costume, a seal-skin jacket, an opera cloak, and a new winter bonnet. Ah! how sad it is to be poor. The preacher last Sunday said, “all is vanity, and there is no real happiness here below.” How could he say that when Jenny Jackson has three tailor-made suits of Worth's creations, to say nothing of Paris bonnets and mantles enough to furnish a dry-goods store. Why she and I went to school together, and I was younger than she then, and a thousand times prettier, but now she looks like a young angel, and I look like an old fright. Pa don't see why I can't wrap for the opera in the same bull-dog colored shawl I wore last winter. Men, even the best of them, are so very inconsiderate. There's my last winter's hat, which was made out of a lovely green parrot, has got full of moths, and the head is now quite bald, and it has no tail. I told Pa about it, but he only gave one of his horrid laughs, and advised me to *retail* it. I suppose he thought that funny, because he knows I do sometimes dispose of my second hand things. I could not dress at all, if I did not, but Pa does not know yet that I sold his snuff-colored pentaloons to buy my new sable muff. We'll have a row over that in the spring, but I think they were most unsuitable to a man of his age.

It is very strange, but it grows more and more expensive every year to try to dress decently. Why, last year I could make my bustles of paper, and they cost me nothing. That won't do this year, and so I told Pa, but he said that was not his fault, and that he really thought bustles and crinolettes were both ugly and dangerous, but that he verily believed that women would pad themselves out with dynamite, if that were the fashion.

I replied of course they would, and I could not see why not, and then I told him I wanted some electric beads. And he said, he had no doubt I did, but that if I got them I must keep out of the cars, for he could not have me go near a conductor.

When I saw he was in that nasty, nagging mood, I just let him alone, but I mean to take out his cat's eye pin and diamond studs, and if those don't bring what I want, I'll bring out some of the spoons, see if I don't.

The Cornet Fiend.

THE racket falls on bulging walls,
And tumbling houses held for taxes,
The long notes float from fields remote,
Let loose from horn that French or Saxe is.
Toot, tyro, toot; toot loud and strong and hearty—
Hoopen-te-groopen-ta-ta, rra-ty, traa-ly, traa-tar,
hoopen-tarty!

The challenge wakes the sleeping lakes,
Snake Rock's slow echoes answer surly,
And murmurs back Quinnipiac,
Where oyster boats loom large and burly,
Toot, novice, toot; toot lusty and toot hearty—
Gnarr-rra! poo-poo-ta! Zoo-poo-ta! Hoopen-ta-hopen-
te-tarty!

O summer breeze, sweet sounds be these
That shame thy whispering breezes lazy,
Soft as the croon of doves in June
And sad as midnight cats gone crazy.
Toot, toot, toot; toot once again and hearty—
Rrra-ra-ra, tra-ta-hopee, graa-topen-poo-hoopen-pule-
tarty!

Now far and fair, now nearer blare,
The lingering notes that woo and mock us;
Lo! swells again that fairy strain
So like a Third Ward party caucus.
Toot, maniac, toot; toot stout and shrill and hearty—
Zoo-hoopety-poo, plup-ploopety-plup, hoopety-poo-
pup-tarty.
—New Haven News.

Art Criticism.

CRITIC (who having “liquored up” considerably before visiting the exhibition, fails to observe that he is only in the vestibule, standing before a mirror)—“Ah! portrait of gen'lman, I shpose (hic)”—(writes)—“drawing exshc'ble—great want taste in choice 'f subject; fit only for a place in bar-room!”—*Philadelphia Call*.

Too Gross to Relate.

DARK was the chilly night, and the distant glare of the electric lights and the occasional fitful flash of a November meteor only served to deepen the shadows of the massive brick buildings which line Fifth avenue, when two Pittsburg attorneys ran into each other.

“Oh, is it you, R. A.?” said one; and was immediately answered by a deep “Yes.”
“Say,” continued the first speaker in a mysterious voice, “did you hear that story about ‘288’ to-day?”

“No,” answered the other excitedly; “what is it?”

“Oh, it's too gross—too gross entirely!” replied his companion in a mournful voice.

“Tell away,” resumed the first, and I'll try to stand it. If I must hear such dreadful things, I must.”

“Well,” exclaimed his friend, “144 is one gross, and 288 is two gross, isn't it?”

A meteor shot across the sky like a flash of lightning—a thud—a moan—a chuckle—a dark form stealing away in the darkness—and all was silent.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

A Hard Winter.

JONES—"I see that all the signs point to a hard winter."

SMITH—"True. I noticed an infallible sign of a hard winter at breakfast this morning."

JONES—"Indeed! What was it?"

SMITH—"My wife reminded me that she was still without a sealskin sacque."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Edison's Improved Phonograph.

MR. EDISON has been lately devoting his time to perfecting his phonograph, the curious talking machine which created so much stir a few years ago, and was then so quickly and completely shelved. The new machine, he says, will be run by electricity, is double grooved, will receive and utter two sounds at once, and deliver the message or sing exactly as rendered. If this is so, everybody who can afford it will carry a phonograph around with them whenever they attend church, concerts, lectures, etc. It will soon pay for itself.

Say your wife is crazy to go and hear some expensive foreign star like Bernhardt, either in opera or in tragedy. You can stand her off, saying that the weather is too inclement, or the logs haven't come down, or that you must save up money toward buying a sealskin sacque, and you will go with the phonograph and bring the whole business back to her and the family just as good as new, and better in some particulars. Then, as an offset, she can take it to church with her while you stay at home, and when she commences grinding out the sermon at home, you can get up just before the collection is taken and go out for a walk. Oh, Edison can't get that improved phonograph ready any too soon. "There's millions in it!"—*Peck's Sun.*

Unfulfilled Ambition.

A YOUNG man with a broad back and a sorrowful look was standing in front of the Board of Trade the other day, when an acquaintance came and called out:

"Hello! Thomas—out of a job?"

"Yes, out of a job," was the sad reply.

"No! Why you were porter for a wholesale house for three years past."

"Just so, but I've been discharged."

"Is that so; have trouble with the boss?"

"No, not exactly. You see I went into the house to work my way up. The first Christmas I ought to have been promoted to salesman, but I wasn't. The second Christmas I ought to have been offered a partnership for my faithful services, but the offer didn't come. This year I ought to have married the daughter of the senior partner and found a house and lot in my Christmas stocking, but that prospect has now departed."

"And you left?"

"Well, I overhauled the old man on the street car yesterday and intimated that I was ready to do my part, but he never let on he knew me. This morning I was told my services were no longer needed."

"But can the house run without you?"

"It may possibly squeeze along, but if there is a failure it must not be laid up agin me. Do you know of any bank where a man can begin as watchman and work up to marry the President's widow? I think I'll try that business for a spell."—*Chicago News.*

The Cause of it.

"HE used to set type," so the gravedigger said, Who the pitful story was telling, Considered himself an adept at his trade And prided himself on his spelling."

"As you may perceive, I'm arranging the sods, And shaping them into a pillow, And over them soon I will see that there nods, Like a plume, the conventional willow."

"Oh, yes, he was killed by an editor's hand— Killed instantly, too, that's a fact, And scarcely a paper in all the broad land But laughs at the terrible act."

"The cause? Only this, the unfortunate wight Was one of the type-setting throng Who always insist upon spelling words right Which writers spell purposely wrong." —*Boston Courier.*

Had the Refusal of it.

"SAY, Sam, did you see de man about dat house?"

"Oh, yes; I seed him, and he gib me de refusal ob de house."

"How long did he gib you de refusal ob hit?"

"Foreber. He refused to hab anything to do wid me."—*Texas Siftings.*

At Vassar.

TUTOR—"What have you on the board there, Miss Flyrte? Surely you don't mean that for a scalene triangle?"

MISS FLYRTE—"Dear me, no! I don't know anything about horrid old scaly triangles. You know I never remember the hateful old things."

TUTOR (severely)—"Well, what have you good enough to substitute, pray?"

MISS FLYRTE—"O, that? That's my idea of an all too simple, perfect hat. I thought I might as well do something, you know. Isn't it a duck?"

TUTOR (blushing)—"Really—ah—Miss Flyrte—I shall have to ask you to stop—after the hours."

MISS FLYRTE—"Why, of course. I know you won't be cross, and mayn't I wait till 1 o'clock, so we can have a real nice, long talk? Say yes, like a dear."

TUTOR (utterly routed)—"Well—ah—really—why——" Curtain.—*Ex.*

Stage Girls and Their Admirers.

WHAT is the reason that footlights throw resplendence round persons who in any other position would be considered dull? The chorus girls in our theatres are, to a majority, from the ranks of decent poverty and indecent affluence. In either case they were not in their previous state courted by the fellows who now chase them. One night a young man asked an usher at the Casino to carry a bouquet to the stage for a chorus singer. The employe declined, because the demonstration would have broken into the performance inopportunistly. Thereupon, the adorer carried the flowers himself down the aisle, stretched across the orchestra, and handed them to the object of his wild regard.

"Until two months ago," said a person of whom I inquired, "that girl ran a sewing machine in a shirt factory, and this masher wouldn't have wasted a second glance on her."—*N. Y. Cor. Troy Times.*

The Effects of Whiskey.

"WHAT'S that you've got growing on your face?" inquired Yeast of Crimsonback.

"Oh! it's a swelling of some sort," replied the afflicted man.

"Why don't you put some whiskey on it?"

"What for?"

"Why, to break it."

"Will that break it?"

"Well, I should think so. I've known whiskey to 'break' many a 'swell'!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Had Seen it all.

ONE night while John McCullough was playing "Virginius" in Little Rock, a lean old fellow from the hills, while standing at the foot of the opera house stairs, was accosted by an acquaintance, who asked:

"Uncle Billy, are you going to see the show?"

"What sort o' a show is it Lige?"

"One o' these here actin' shows, whar men an' women come out on a platform an' bow an' scrape."

"No hosses in it, Lige?"

"No hosses, Uncle Billy."

"Then I don't believe I'll go up. I got enough o' that sort o' thing when Abe Spiller's school shet down. We've seed all they can do. Come on here an' let's go 'round here whar that fellow is playin' a fiddle in a grocery."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

THE President's message has been widely copied, though in literary merit it certainly falls below many shorter articles from less exalted writers. Mr. Arthur is a man in excellent taste in neck-tie matters, and is a superb managing editor of a suit of clothes, but he does not seem to have properly seized the literary idea of the nineteenth century. His idea of plot, we must say, is very poor, but the moral, which he paints red, stands boldly out all along the line. As an author, we do not believe that Mr. Arthur has a good conception of character, and some of his attempts at humor are even worse. The navy joke which he "got off" is very old. The "paragraphers" throughout the country have reduced it to a threadbare condition. His pleasant reference to the treasury, though, is inspiring. He speaks of millions of dollars with charming carelessness as though the association with such matters were an every day affair. He omitted to joke the south, which negative feature is the most original of his entire work. By hard study Mr. Arthur might become an excellent editor of an agricultural paper, and might exercise excellent judgment in the arrangement of a semi-annual horticultural supplement, but we do not believe that as a story writer he can ever take rank with Hawthorne. He might try his lily white hand on the drama, but even in that line we can hardly expect him to rise above some of the Grecians who dealt somewhat in that line of business. A producer of a presidential message seems to be "writing to space." He has just so many columns to fill before he goes to press, and requesting the foreman to tell him when he gets enough, he goes to work with premeditation and forethought. The President who would confine himself to about three "sticks" full of matter is not likely to find employment in the White House.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Why does thy face so seldom wear a smile?
Nay, do not grieve; we have but a short while
To linger in this sorrow-burdened sphere;
Oh then repress thy tear.

Lillian Plunkett, in S. F. Call.

I SMILE infrequently because, dear Lil,
Your verses make me singularly ill;
If you no more would cannonade my ear
I'd average less austere.

S. F. Wasp.

Truth.

YES, my son, it is a solemn, eternal fact that "Truth once crushed to earth will rise again." And in these days of awful carelessness truth is kept so busily engaged in performing the grand rising act that she looks like a man picking up pins.—*Burdette.*

In the Trade Himself.

"How much did you say this was?"
"Oh, a dollar and a half."
"That's a big price, isn't it?"
"No, I assure you. The drugs are very costly."
"But I am a druggist myself."
"Oh, you are. Well—of course—fifteen cents."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The Professor at the Party.

PROFESSOR CHARLES HITCHCOCK once visited England, and in a recent conversation with a friend, he remarked: "By the way, I got into *The Court Journal* when I was in England." "Indeed," the friend replied with interest, "and how was that?" "Oh," returned Mr. Hitchcock, airily; "it was in the report of the Duchess of So-and-so's garden party. *The Journal* described the affair and gave a list of the guests, saying that there were present His Grace the Duke of Connaught, his excellency, the minister of this, and the honorable colonel thus, and 'others of minor importance.'" "I didn't hear your name, though," the friend remarked. "Oh, I," replied the Professor, "was one of those others of minor importance."—*Boston Courier.*

A Lucky Heir.

LAWYER—"So your father is dead?"
"Yes."
"You seem to take it rather cheerily."
"Yes; he left considerable property."
"And do you think on that account he should not be mourned?"
"Oh, yes, he should be mourned, but I am not the one to do it."
"Then who on earth is? You are his only child."
"Oh, you lawyers will have to do the mourning this time. You see he didn't leave a will."—*Chicago News.*

"Work, Work, Work!"

How many women there are working today in various branches of industry—to say nothing of the thousands of patient housewives whose lives are an unceasing round of toil—who are martyrs to those complaints to which the weaker sex is liable. Their tasks are rendered doubly hard and irksome and their lives shortened, yet hard necessity compels them to keep on. To such Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" offers a sure means of relief. For all female weakness it is a certain cure. All druggists.

AN exchange asks: "Will the coming woman work?" This depends altogether on the number in the family, wages and nights out.—*Boston Post.*

THE average man begins life by believing everything and ends by believing nothing. The average man, you will observe, is a consistent jackass.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE *Boston Journal* says a man having lived in Boston forty years, can never be contented elsewhere. Forty years in Boston! Just think of it!—*Hartford Post.*

THE Queen of Burmah was the owner of a half bushel of rubies, yet she was no happier than a Hunter's Point girl with her first pair of diamond (glass) earrings.—*Brooklyn Times.*

FLIRTS are like fiddlers—no good without their beaux.—*Waterloo Observer.* Yes, and they are also like fiddlers because they always have their beaux on a string.—*Boston Globe.*

If the dynamiters keep on it will not be long before Macauley's New Zealander can sit upon a broken arch of London bridge and sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.—*Boston Courier.*

COLORED SWEEP—"What's I doin' in de ribber? I'se washing myse'f. Hain't yer read in de papurs dat de demycrats wants a clean sweep in de Austin postoffice, an' I'se makin' perparashuns ter apply for de situa-shun."—*Texas Siftings.*

POLICEMAN—"Have you a permit to play here?" Organ Grinder—"No, but it amuses the little ones so much." Policeman—"Then you will have the goodness to accompany me." "Very well, sir, what do you sing?"—*Fliegende Blatter.*

"YES," said the theatrical manager, "I have had an application from an Indian for a position in my company, and I think I'll engage him."

"Indians can't act," said the star; "what will you do with him when you get him?"

"Well," replied the manager, "I think I will try him in Lo comedy."—*Boston Courier.*

THERE never was a better example of the concise form of expression common to real Western Americans than the answer of the man of the Sierras, who, when asked about the character of a neighbor, replied, "Mister, I don't know very much about him; but my impression is that he'd make a first-class stranger."—*Bloomington Eye.*

MASTER—"Well, Susan, did you mail my letter as I told you?" Faithful servant—"Yes, sir; but I had it weighed first, and as it was double weight I put on another stamp." Master—"Good girl; only I hope you didn't put it on so as to obliterate the address." Faithful servant—"Oh, no, indeed, sir; I just stuck it on top of the other stamp so as to save room."—*Paris paper.*

A Bargain in Corner Lots

is what most men desire, but to keep from filling a grave in a cemetery lot ere half your days are numbered, always keep a supply of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" by you. When the first symptoms of consumption appear lose no time in putting yourself under the treatment of this invaluable medicine. It cures when nothing else will. Possessing, as it does, ten times the virtue of the best cod liver oil, it is not only the cheapest but far the pleasantest to take. It purifies and enriches the blood, strengthens the system, cures blotches, pimples, eruptions and other humors. By druggists.

CAPTAIN BATES and other show "giants" complain of the inconvenience and discomfort of being so tall. Let them organize comic opera companies and start on the road, and in a few weeks they will be short enough.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A MAINE jury has fixed the expense of kicking a person out of a store or other place of business or habitation at \$21. We are glad we don't live in Maine. The expenses of running our office would bankrupt us in less than two months.—*Burlington Free Press.*

AN exchange says that monkeys are coming into demand as ladies pets. There must be some mistake, for a fashion journal of recent date said that the dude had had his day. However, fashion journals, like weather prophets, cannot always be relied upon.—*Peck's Sun.*

"THAT was a mysterious robbery the other day." "Why, I don't see what mystery there was about it. The detectives caught the thieves the same day." "Yes, that's what I said."—*Boston Post.*

"SONGS without words"—what the teakettle sings.—Who is the best known man in America? John Smith.—The worst kind of fur to wear near the face is chin-chilly.—*Somerville Journal.*

WE are gradually coming round to a belief that Tennyson, in speaking of "brass mouth and iron lungs," tried to work in a patent teakettle ad. If this is not so we trust Alfred will contradict it immediately.—*Boston Post.*

THE innocent stranger who makes a tour of the New Orleans dives and succeeds in being robbed, generally locates his robbery in some respectable place, for the benefit of the report that will be sent to his family.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A NEW ENGLAND entertainment is a troupe of howling or rather singing dogs. They are said to be a great improvement on the average traveling comic opera troupe. They don't sing "Pinafore," though they prefer doggerel rhymes.—*Norristown Herald.*

"I RETURN the enclosed manuscript," wrote the editor of a religious weekly, "simply because I am so full at present." The contributor replied that when the editor's toot was over he would be glad to submit the manuscript again.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"AH, Mr. Sampson, won the case, eh? What do I get?" exultingly remarked the plaintiff in a recent lawsuit.

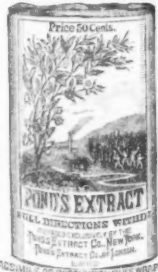
"Well, as our charges are one hundred dollars and the verdict is for that amount, I think that you get, let's see, you get left," replied the lawyer.—*Brooklyn Times.*

"PA, did you see the rainbow this morning?" asked a sweet sixteen of her father. "No, my daughter, but you will see a wet-beau to night, if that soft dude of yours undertakes to serenade us again like he did last night." And the old man placed a bucketful of water inside the window.—*Newman Independent.*

MANAGING EDITOR—"Scribbler, did you see General Echelon this morning?" Ubiquitous reporter—"No; he left town two days ago." Managing editor—"Did you interview him?" Ubiquitous reporter—"I'm just going to; how much shall I make it?" (As he works on space he makes it two columns.)—*Burdette.*

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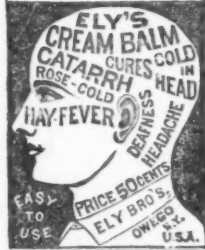
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PATTI has a \$1500 billiard table. She got it for a song.—*Boston Transcript.*

CONGRESS will do nothing before the holidays, and continue the same business afterward.—*Lynn Item.*

QUEEN VICTORIA'S fortune is over \$80,000,000. There is an interesting widow for some titled personage.—*Hartford Post.*

IN Connecticut when a man wants offices for all the members of his family they say he's got the "hog cholera."—*Boston Globe.*

NEBRASKA will exhibit a lot of petrified snakes at the New Orleans exhibition. The boots in which they were found will not be exhibited.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"CHILDREN! children! stop that noise. Sit down and keep quiet." "Why, what's the matter, Ma?" "Doggie is taking his nap."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A CHICKEN was killed in Wilkes county, Pa., recently, and three brass buttons and the shell of a pistol cartridge were found in its gizzard. Now we know what has become of the United States army.—*Boston Transcript.*

"ARE you going to the ball this evening?" asked Bob Spink of Gus De Smith.

"No, the company is rather too much mixed to suit me, and besides they did not send me any invitation. Why should I go?"—*Texas Siftings.*

TOM—"Now that the horse-car fares are to be reduced to five cents we can all afford to ride. Five cents is nothing, you know." Bill—"You forget, Tom; five cents will buy a glass of beer. If a man wants to be wastefully extravagant, let him ride; I prefer to walk."—*Boston Transcript.*

INQUIRER asks "which is the worst, Tennyson's poem or play?" "Well, we read the poem first and thought it the worst, but on a perusal of the play we changed our minds. Not being certain, we again read the poem, and again changed our mind, so we feel compelled to answer, both."—*Boston Post.*

FIRST DUDE—"What an outrage, bajove! The diwetchols of a Lon'un bank have forbidden their clerks with an income under \$750 to get married, bajove."

Second Dude—"An outrage! I should say so. How do they expect a fellah to live, I wondah, if he can't mawy a wich girl bajove?"—*Philadelphia Call.*

"No ma'am!" exclaimed the provoked young man to a young lady, who on the refusal of her favorite, had asked him to accompany her to a party; "I don't play second fiddle to any one." "No one asked you to play second fiddle," replied the girl with a smile; "I only asked you to be my beau."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE fire in Melrose, Sunday morning, might have been extinguished with small loss had not the hydrants been frozen. An accommodating milkman happened along opportunely and thawed out a hydrant with a can of hot water which he carried in his team. The suspicious circumstances was not used to his discredit on account of the good use he finally made of the water.—*Lynn Item.*

Young and middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, premature old age, loss of memory, and kindred symptoms, should send three letter stamps for large illustrated treatise suggesting sure means of cure. **World's Dispensary Medical Association,** Buffalo, N. Y.

BLISS, like molasses candy, is sweet while it lasts, but soon melts away.—*Gorham Mountaineer.*

"DON'T lie much on the left side," says a writer. No, if you must lie do it on the winning side.—*Burlington Free Press.*

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAGE BELT Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRO APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

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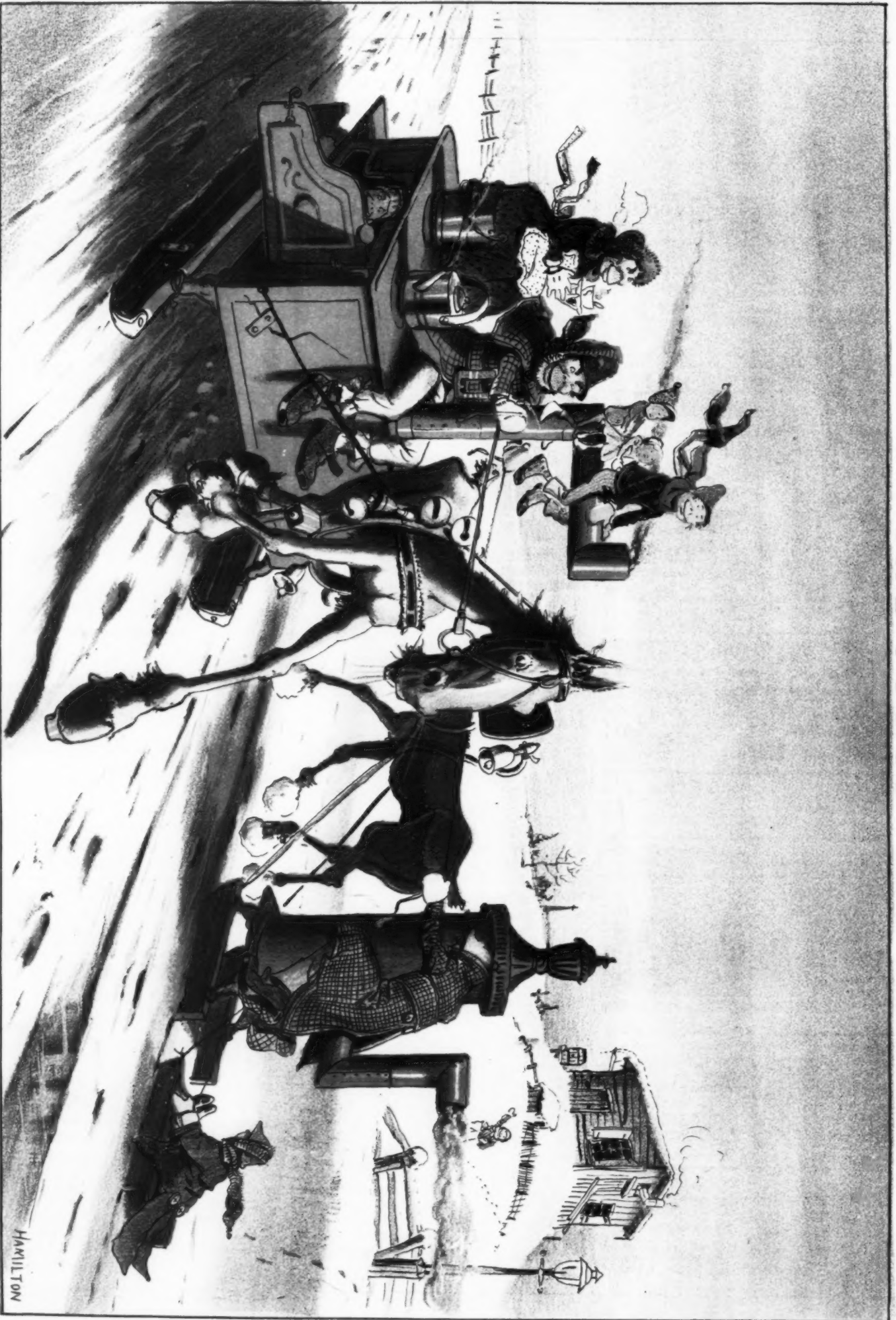
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