

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

Price

NEW YORK, APRIL 19, 1884.

10 Cents.



AJAX DEFYING THE LIGHTNING.  
 (After Phidias)---and Roosevelt after Ajax.

FRANKLIN SQUARE LITH. CO. NEW YORK.

AP, 58



## THE JUDGE.

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

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.  
(UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)

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

POSTAGE FREE.

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

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

### NOTICE.

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

### CORRESPONDENTS.

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.

### VOLUME VI.

IN offering a new volume THE JUDGE has nothing to add to what he has said twice each year since he made his first bow to his readers. He has to thank the public for a constantly increasing patronage—never more marked than it has been during the last half year; he has to reiterate his intention of giving his friends a bright, entertaining paper—amusing without coarseness and satirical without malevolence. He is pleased to think that his influence has been felt in inaugurating the determined crusade against official corruption and the lax administration of the laws which is now in progress; and he proposes in the future, as he has in the past, to hold up to reprobation the many abuses which exist in our city government. And if any one does not realize how great these abuses are and how terrible they may become if unchecked, let him follow THE JUDGE'S cartoons and arguments through

### VOLUME VI.

### OUT OF REACH.

WHEN the knowing ones hear of the Arthur boom they shake their heads and lay a few more dollars on some other horse. "He must stretch afar who would reach a star, dive deep for the pearl, I trow," but

Arthur's powers of stretching do not seem equal to the grasping of a second term. Sooth to say, he has climbed well, but there are limits beyond which his strength will not carry him. As a ward politician, Arthur was a distinguished success, but nothing but an accident could ever have injected him into the White House, and lightning does not usually strike twice in the same place.

### TRIAL BY JURY.

WHEN King John of England, under compulsion of his barons, granted the Magna Charta, and promised for every citizen that "We will not pass upon him nor send upon him, save by the lawful judgment of his peers and by the law of the land," he laid the foundation of trial by jury. In the centuries that have since elapsed this privilege has been very dear to the heart of every freeman, and though frequently the subject of abuse, has upon the whole worked well until quite recently. But jury trial can only be had in perfection when we have a good jury, and good juries are becoming scarcer every year. The average citizen has a decided objection to jury duty; he is willing to admit theoretically that it is an obligation which he owes to society, but practically he shirks that duty on every possible occasion. The men of wealth and education, who ought to be on the ideally perfect jury, are very rarely found there. There are a thousand means by which the disagreeable duty, involving an expenditure of much valuable time, can be escaped, and every one of these means are at the disposal of the wealthy and influential citizen, and are systematically resorted to. The result is that the average jury is remarkable for anything but intelligence, and its findings are often wholly ridiculous.

Such a finding was that of the jury which practically acquitted Berner, and their verdict inaugurated the reign of mob violence from which Cincinnati has just recovered, but whose results will be tangibly present in burned buildings and bereaved households for many a day to come. This verdict is by no means an isolated instance of the miscarriage of justice in the hands of a jury, but the terrible and far-reaching consequences which it carried in its train render it a peculiarly apposite text for a discussion of the shortcomings of our jury system. Nor will the mob violence which entered so terrible a protest against the iniquitous verdict of that Cincinnati jury mend matters in the least. Mobs do not argue, and their only logic is the logic of force. It is only convincing in so far as it is powerful, and is apt to react in a way which the leaders of such movements never contemplated. A terrorized jury is apt to err in the opposite direction to that in which the pressure has been put upon it. The Cincinnati twelve who acquitted Berner, and thereby placed their own lives in jeopardy, will be apt to think twice before they venture to acquit another criminal. But, blind as is Justice, her

agents are often blinder, and so it may happen that some innocent man may be arraigned at her bar, charged with a crime to which he is a stranger. To find such a man guilty would involve a yet graver error than the verdict that acquits the real criminal; yet we can scarcely wonder if, for a time at least, juries and courts cease to err on the side of lenity.

The chief trouble seems to lie in the slow motion of Justice—even where a total miscarriage does not take place. A crime is committed—a crime of the most obvious description, where defense would seem impossible, where the murderer is self-confessed, and his trial, conviction and sentence would seem a mere matter of form, following each other as the links in a chain. Yet we find exceptions noted, new trials granted, and finally a long delay intervening between the pronouncing of the sentence and its carrying into effect. And how rarely do we find the sentence executed on the day originally fixed. There are stays of proceedings, motions for new trials, and appeals to executive clemency; and all this time the convicted murderer is lionized and made much of; his sayings and doings chronicled by the press, and his cell adorned with flowers and bric-a-brac—the gifts of hysterical women to whom the morbidly horrible has an irresistible attraction, and the majority of whom would be more properly placed in lunatic asylums than elsewhere.

All this time the nine days wonder and talk about the original crime has been gradually exhausting itself. Long before the murderer's execution the victim has been forgotten by all outside of his own immediate circle. There has been abundant public sympathy worked up in behalf of the assassin—and the handful of dust, which is all that is left of the unfortunate whom he hurled unprepared into eternity, is of no more account than any other handful of dust.

But where is the utility of this man's execution at such a late date? Justice uses him as an object of vengeance, not as an example. Had he been tried, sentenced and hanged within a few weeks of his crime, his fate might reasonably be expected to act as a deterrent to other murderers; but the long interval of notoriety, of silly women's blandishments, and of scarcely less silly clergy, are so pleasant to the average malefactor that he may well exclaim: "Oh death, where is thy sting?" Add to this—which is the worst that can befall—the possibility of escape by any of the thousand and one loopholes which the law provides—the convenient emotional insanity; the petty technical quibble which is allowed to override and set aside the most material testimony; the gross ignorance of the jury (so potently illustrated in the Berner case), and, last but not least, the possibility of executive clemency bidding the outraged law standing aside. As the laws are administered here, the murderer has a better chance of escape on trial, and an

Received on  
Priced exchange  
from  
The H. W. Wilson Co.

AUG 6 1930

500-9/18-1930



infinitely better time if convicted, than has the petty larceny thief, or the belated gentleman who may be found guilty of the terrible crime of giving sass to a policeman.

All this might be remedied by better juries, quicker trials and convictions, and the strictest seclusion for the condemned while awaiting execution—a seclusion, in fact, as nearly as possible equal to that to which the murderer condemns his victim when he strikes his fatal blow. If a dozen criminals could hang within a week of the perpetration of their crime, then the balance of the fraternity might consider their profession more risky, and might be more willing to allow other people to live.

MARY ANDERSON.

AMERICA has become very proud of Mary Anderson since she went over and made a wholesale mash on our English cousins. It is very flattering to our national vanity to be told that lords and dukes and princes are pining to lay their titles at the feet of the Kentucky girl. But stay—is she a Kentucky girl? THE JUDGE is not quite sure. When she plays in California she advertises herself as having been born in Sacramento, and in other States her place of nativity has been known to have changed with the geographical exigencies of the moment. But never mind. Granted that she has been born in as many different States as she has titled admirers, she is still an American girl and has mashed Lord Coleridge. To be sure, that legal luminary has denied the soft impeachment, but what of that? With all his learning, the Lord Chief Justice of England cannot be supposed to know as much about love as Mary Anderson—at any rate he was never besieged by applicants for his hand at the rate of about a hundred every three months.

Why Mary Anderson should be the object of such overwhelming passion on the part of the British aristocracy does not appear. She may be beautiful—tastes are infinite—and if a noble English dude is not an expert in such matters, THE JUDGE is far too modest to arrogate any right to an opinion of his own. She is not a particularly good actress, but then, on the other hand, neither is she a particularly bad one. She is young; but she was considerably younger when THE JUDGE first saw her, and he never invited her to a seat on his bench. She is virtuous, people say, to the verge of eccentricity, and people ought to know; but then virtue was never, so far as we can determine from the samples sent us, looked upon as an attractive quality in England. It must be—it must be—well, on mature consideration, THE JUDGE concludes that it must be something.

Later advices have informed us, to our great concern, that Mary Anderson is afflicted with insomnia. This is no more than natural, though it is none the less a blow to the American public on that account. If it be true that “uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,” how very uneasy must the head



IT WASN'T THE WATER, BUT THE BARBER TOLD SUCH A LONG STORY THAT THE HAIR HAD TIME TO GROW.

be that has to refuse two or three coronets a day. We think that the mere effort to remember all her suitors—their names, ages, qualifications, dates of arrival and other et ceteras, would keep a calculating machine sleepless for a week, and Mary is not at all calculating—the whole tenor of her conduct, as well as the dispatches, assure us of that. We think that probably what the young lady needs is rest—entire rest. “Too many lovers will puzzle a maid,” and too many offers are probably keeping Mary Anderson awake nights. Let her put a stop to it at once, and the only effectual way in which she can put a stop to it is to get married. Let her accept the next eligible duke who comes along and quiet dame Rumor once for all. Mary’s health is too important a matter to be trifled with; and if, as appears likely, a duke is prescribed, let her take one instantly. All America is sharing Mary Anderson’s insomnia, through anxiety for her. She had better take a national sleeping draught.

THE VIRTUE OF THE POLICE.

IF there is one virtue more conspicuous than another in the police force of this good city of New York, it is incorruptibility. “What!” indignantly exclaims the immaculate captain under the fire of cross-examination—“What, accept a bribe from a gambler! Perish the thought!” But somehow the thought does not perish, and there are plenty of unbelieving Thomases who think it is far more probable that the policy dealers would subscribe to a police fund than to a Parnell fund, and who persistently attach the former meaning instead of the latter to the cabalistic letters “P. F.,” which appear so frequently on the gamblers’ books. Far be it from THE JUDGE to contradict the police captains. The letters “P. F.” may have merely been a description of their lawless state used by the gamblers, and may have meant “Past

Forgiveness,” or “Petty Fraud,” or anything else that crooked ingenuity and the overflowing wealth of our language may select; and it may have been merely a coincidence that these games escaped pulling, and the whole police force, from the captains down to the patrolmen, may be as virtuous and incorruptible as we would willingly believe them. But, somehow, these hush money funds seem to have existed, and do exist not only on the books of the policy dealers and gamblers, but in every one of the many illegal businesses which are carried on quasi-openly throughout the city. Where does this money go? Not to the police—we have the captains’ word for that. Scarcely to charity; we would not have any poor in our midst if the sums thus unaccounted for were so allocated. It is all a mystery, and we must refer it to the “Sewer,” which is a good generic name and implicates nobody. But the whole investigation shows that there is something rotten in this part of the State of New York, and we hope that this something will come to light before this year of grace, 1884, is many weeks older.

The Secret.

SHE had no wealth of flowing tresses;  
She had no wondrous store of tin:  
Her hair and purse, the bard confesses,  
Were rather thin.

She had no soul-ensnaring glances,  
And in her cheek was ne'er a dimple,  
She stirred no poet's errant fancies,  
And looked half simple.

But yet she won the hearts of all men  
And had more offers in a week,  
From good and bad, from short and tall men,  
Than fame can speak.

You wonder, then, what was her dower?  
Well, I will try to tell you briefly;  
It was her taffy-giving power,  
Foremost and chiefly.

—Harvard Lampoon.

207/11-1930



### The Easter Treasure Ship.

OMENTS there are when my memory stirs,  
 Moments of fancy, of meditation,  
 When my soul goes winging its way to hers  
 Over the ocean that, like a curse,  
 Rolls its chill depth 'twixt my home and hers,  
 'Twixt my hope and its consummation.

Once more I am reading her soft blue eyes,  
 Velvet blue, like the heart of a pansy,  
 Searching their depths for unuttered replies  
 To the passionate questions hot hearts devise—  
 Feeding on folly; it cannot be wise  
 To nurse a distempered fancy.

And yet it is pleasant to stroke her hair—  
 E'en at this distance I still can do it;  
 I can gaze across at her picture there,  
 The sun has painted her passing fair—  
 Sad substitute for the things that were,  
 Poor "est" for a glorious "fruit."

Old Sol is an artist who painteth well;  
 Memory paints me her portrait better;  
 As airy and graceful as the gazelle,  
 As changelessly sweet as the asphodel,  
 With a heart as tender and true as—well,  
 As tender as her own letter.

And therefore it is when my fancies wake [em,  
 And grope their way from the mists that blind  
 Though thick the horizon there's no mistake,  
 For they know exactly the way to take.  
 Who hath not gazed back 'till his eyeballs ache  
 On the girl he left behind him?

Others, no doubt, have their fancies like me,  
 Zephyr-born fancies this soft Spring weather,  
 Crossing the swells of the pitiless sea,  
 Each with a mission, whatever it be—  
 Seeking for some "not impossible she"  
 Perchance. Let them cross together.

We all have our secrets, or sweet or sad,  
 Some hidden grief, some untold emotion,  
 Let us send them over, the good and bad,  
 The hopes, the struggles, the wishes we've had—  
 They'll alike be welcome, the grave and glad,  
 As hearts from across the ocean.

G. H. JESSOP.

### The Modern Farmer's Catechism.

Do you believe that the moon has any influence on plant growth?

None worth mentioning. The habit of staying out all night, and getting full about once a month, has damaged her reputation to that extent that her influence is on the wane.

What do you think of the chinch bug and his future?

Don't like him; manners not unobtrusive enough. Never met his future; but, if not more unobtrusive than the bug himself, don't like that either.

Do you advise a rotation of crops?

If done gently, may be beneficial. Out West crops are sometimes rotated by means of a cyclone—not advisable.

What would you do with the moles that injure the apple trees?

Apply the molecular theory—expressly invented to exterminate moles.

If a cow should acquire the habit of chewing her cud, how prevent?

Not likely that she will; but, if she does, give her tobacco to chew instead.

Does corn, as a general thing, do best in hills?

On them would be better, we should think, unless the soil is ungovernably poor; but better consult the *Cornhill Magazine*.

Is the late Mr. Greeley a safe authority on farming?

As the late Mr. Greeley is no longer living, he is a perfectly safe authority—consult him without fear.

Would you advise irrigation—that is, with water?

Irrigation that is with water may be well enough in the abstract and Arizona, but the

human throat, for example, is neither the abstract nor Arizona.

Will a ring in a hog's nose prevent him voting, and how would you go about it?

You are wild here. Rooting, I suppose you mean, not voting; and how would you go about what? rooting or voting? or keeping a hog from it? Overhaul.

When the Colorado beetle gets into the cabbage vines and plays the deuce, what remedy?

Don't think you ever will see him play the deuce. Colorado gentlemen usually manage to hold a better hand than that.

Do you believe the Alderney pig will ever take the place of the Southdown as an agricultural implement?

May for wool; but the Alderney pig must be content to remain the mutton of a very distant future.

Do you believe in watering stock more than twice a day?

You can't water stock too often if you are careful to keep on the same side of the trough as the directors.

Was not the illustrious Washington a farmer—and must not every farmer thrill with pride at the thought?

Mean George? Yes, invented the Georgics; but every farmer is no longer compelled to thrill with pride at the thought—law repealed by the last Congress.

Was there not an air shear plowman, Robertburns, who wrote some useful works on agriculture?

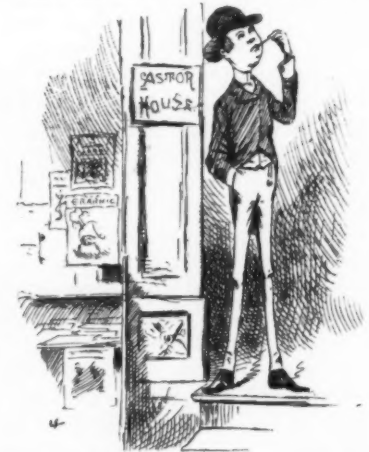
Yes; his *Tam O'Shanter* used to be the Pennsylvania farmer's *vade mecum* till Lord Johnbright wrote the *Heathen Chinese*, a work which contains all the modern improvements.

MACKH.

### How Can a Man Live on \$10 a Week?



WHY, EAT AT A FIVE CENT CHOP-HOUSE



AND PICK HIS TEETH AT THE ASTOR HOUSE.

### Thomas Screechclouder, Jr.

THE back yard fence is bathed in a golden glow of backward spring-time. A genius female-feline sits on the topmost rung. She is lazily stroking her whiskers, and wondering idly what time in the gloaming Thomas Screechclouder, jr., will be around.

She likes "Tommy." It is thus, in tender moments, she addresses him. She likes him, in her young, untrammelled, scratch-my-back sort of way—almost loves him, she softly whispers in the privacy of her corner under the kitchen stove, as she questions her blushing face in a tin pan—almost loves that wild, canary-eating, good-for-a-good-deal Tommy.

Thomas Screechclouder, jr., came of poor but ornary parents. They emigrated to this country from Albany. Mr. Screechclouder, sr., often relates with a hearty purr, how, one dark and stormy night, when all was quiet on the Kinnickinnick—how he shaved off his moustaches and crossed the lines. He neglects to say how Mrs. S. got through, but she evidently did, for here it was that Thomas S., jr., was born. He first saw the light of day in a coal shed down by the Mill Creek Bottom Fill, near where stands the Last Chance refreshment parlors with pure yellow pine box lumber sawdust on the floors and tripe on the sideboards. Then follows \* \* \* for not much is known of Screechclouder's kittenish days—not much else than that he quite early betrayed a phenomenonally vocal propensity and was admitted to a kintergarden.

We next hear of the subject of our sketch



in his humble home at Shed-on-the-Mill Creek. Screechclouder, sr., smiles with agony when he tells how Tom crawled in one cold, chilly a. m., wet and hungry, with an empty milk can on his shoulder, and how he immediately made a light in the hall and killed the fatted canary.

Let us return to the back fence. It is still there. So is the bashful sunshine, except when it playfully hides for a brief moment behind one of the Airy-Fairy-Lillian-like clouds that saunter along in the panoramic procession of a Sunday-school megascope—and she is there! remarks Thomas Screechclouder, jr. to himself, as he peeps through a crack in the alley gate. With a bound he is on top of the ash barrel. Then, pausing a moment to inspect the potato parings and odd pieces of table-ware dropped in by the servant while her thoughts were with the policeman in the area door—he pauses and sits down to think. Thomas Screechclouder, jr., is not much addicted to thinking, and the effort proves too much for him: he gets a cinder in his eye. But by propping up the upper lid with a table-fork picked from the ash-barrel, and blowing his nose very hard in a red-bordered napkin, he dislodges the foreigner and gives up the project of thinking. But he looks long and earnestly at \* \* \* the moon. For it is night now, and if her sable garments don't trail a little they ought to. We are on the back fence. So is Thomas Screechclouder, jr., and she, the idol he has enshrined in his heart of hearts, sits at the other end lazily stroking her whiskers. She has not been lazily stroking her whiskers ever since the opening lines of this chapter. No—for when the sinking sun was sinking behind yon brewery that rises ghostly in the mellow moonlight, she slid softly down a post and dreamily wended her way to the kitchen. Thoughts of Tommy and a roof-tree in some sunny clime were fondly intermingled with musk-melon and cream. But she had to content herself with young spring-chicken livers on skivers. And Tommy would come later. So she sat in the large-round-yellow-new-moon-light, ever and anon glancing at her graceful figure reflected in a convenient window-pane, wondering impatiently what time Thomas Screechclouder, jr., would come and say again the many kind things he had so often before said to her.

Thomas, giving his nose a decided wipe on the red-bordered napkin, slowly approaches with a manner full of affection largely adulterated with caution. He always approaches that way: for sometimes, when he least expects it, she turns on him with a look like *Et tu Brute?*—probably when the cook has put too much milk in the water, or the melon rinds are too ripe. But on this occasion he has naught to fear. Coming up behind her softly, he playfully places his paws over her eyes.

"It is you, Tommy!"

"Yes, it is I, Sweetheart!" And taking away his paws he stands before her. They look fondly into each other's eyes. Her own droop bashfully beneath his ardent gaze, and she smiles gently as she says: "How weary long the time has been;" and archly questions: "I am afraid you loitered at the pie shop?" He looks at her in reproachful silence a moment, then vehemently answers: "No! my darling; the pie is not made that can ever come between us!" A shadow comes into her fair face, and into her tender eyes full of unshed tears, a far-away look, till they rest on the smokestack of the brewery. And then on Tommy. She looks, hesitating to say that which she knows must be said,

THE BIGGEST MAN IN THE RING.



AND HE HAS BEEN FOR EIGHT YEARS, YET HE DON'T SEEM TO CARRY OFF THE HONORS, SOMEHOW.

and trembles, with a great fear in her heart that she may lose what she now wholly realizes for the first time must be till the end of her life its chiefest part—her love for Thomas Screechclouder, jr. He has taken one of her little velvety paws in both his own and is tenderly caressing it as he whispers: "I know we all have our little troubles; but what can my darling's be that she looketh forth so cloudily? The curled moon is like a little feather fluttering far down the gulf."

It is not known how much more poetry Thomas Screechclouder, jr., would have quoted had not a bootjack just then floated from an up-stairs window. It floated so near Thomas Screechclouder, jr.'s, head that Thomas felt its breath fan his fevered brow. Thomas is young in years but old in bootjacks. His serenity is unruffled, and they quietly adjourn to the woodhouse, where, comfortably seated on a pile of kindlings, he tenderly resumes his question: "What ails my darling?" and he suddenly demands, fiercely, "Has that scoundrelly cat next door?"

"No, it's not that," she faintly replies.

"What then?" he questions.

Choking down a rising sob with a felines effort, in quivering, pleading tones she begs assurance of his forgiveness. He promises,

and presses her paw reassuringly. She takes a fresh hold on the kindlings, and sneezes pathetically as she tries to smile through her tears.

"Well, darling, any time," he remarks, with a pale blue shade of impatience in his voice, "we have all night before us, you know!" Then with a mighty, almost despairing effort, she huskily whispers:

"Tommy! I forgot."

No sound breaks the stillness save a voice at the up-stairs window crooning plaintively the words of an old, old song—something like "Scat! scat!"—to the listening air, and the uneasy rustling of the kindlings. Thomas Screechclouder, jr., has abandoned himself to the poetic fancies that thrill his soul. Recalling himself with an effort, he absently inquires:

"Forgot what, my darling?"

"I forgot"

"Well, what in thunder have you forgotten?"

"To pluck the rosy-cheeked canary!" she replies.

In a moment Thomas Screechclouder, jr., comes to the rescue and takes her sobbing to his breast, saying, in soothing tones:

"Never mind, darling. We will lunch off the damask-cheeked fish-ball!"

BURTONICUS.



A Shadow in My House.

I NEVER was a jealous man; no one could say I was. If my Julia would have her cousin Tom always round the house and perpetually at her heels, I never remonstrated, never even thought an impatient thought, though the fellow always bored me. But there are limits to all endurance, which is only human; and when I came home from office last evening and didn't see any one; and when I washed my hands and came down to dinner, and saw behind the screen, which I had put up to keep the draught off my Julia, the shadowy form of her and cousin Tom kissing, yes kissing, one another, it was too much. I could not see *them*—the screen interposed—but the tall shadows on the wall, the pouted lips just meeting—oh! it was all too plain. I sprang forward, seized Julia by the arm, and summarily flung cousin Tom under the sideboard.

"How dare you, sir, presume to kiss my wife?"

*Chorus, Tom and Julia*—"I (he) didn't kiss your wife."

"Don't lie to me!" I shouted furiously;

#### Intercepted Letters.

TO MRS. DONOHOE, IRELAND; FROM MRS. FARRELL, NEW YORK.

MY DEER MRS. DONOHOE—I've since we came here, I've been on one notion of ritin' you a letter, but between landin' and settlin', and pullin', and draggin', I never had one moment I dar call me own. John and meself were that tоссicated with the childher, who done nothin' but cry and squaler iver since they landed. We are in a fine place here, and a grate city it is intirely. We get the best of atin' and drinkin'. John has good work, and has kept himself pretty dacent since ever we came, but there are a quare lot about, and it's a grate chance that any married woman keeps alive at all. To read the papers here is a caution. The married couples, especially the wives, keepin' killin' and murtherin' themselves and their husbands all the time, or, if they don't do

"I saw your shadows on the wall there. Oh! I know, I know."

I went on wildly, hardly knowing what I said. Vainly they assured me they had only been talking seriously and earnestly, wondering if the beef would be overdone, which, by the way, it was.

At last Julia capped the climax by offering to place themselves in the same position again, that I might see if the effect were the same. Of course I instantly negatived the shameless proposition, and once more tried to kick Tom out of the house; but, convinced at last by Julia's arguments, I consented to the experiment.

Yes, the shadow was the same, and I suppose it was due to the arrangement of the lights. I popped twenty times back and forth while they stood facing each other behind the screen; and at last silenced but not satisfied I sat down to my cold, deferred, dried-up dinner; but I told Julia plainly that night that I objected, and in future she must not permit her shadow to embrace any man's shadow save mine alone, but she only laughed, and said she would kiss me only in substance, but she devoutly hoped Cousin Tom's shadow might never be less.

it, troth the man makes them do it, and then there's nothin' left alive but the childhers, good luck to them, and often not them itself, for they're often kilt too, and afther all that it's a divorce the parents do be lookin' for. Not a divorce I'd have, if John didn't behave, I'd hit him back, clane and dacent, as I always done since the day I met him first, so I would, and well he knows it, and, signs on it, I gits no impidence from him. Oh! its a quare world, or not so much the wurd itself as the people that is in it. I took the childher off to see Barnum's big sirkus, on Friday. It bet all, but I felt shy of the elephants, and it looked mighty strange, all the samples of people from all parts of the world. A big man from Chaney, and little men from the land knows where. You see, in some parts of the wureld the people do be very fat and in more parts they do be very thin, and they had all sorts there. You'll learn all that when you travel.

I'm putting full dericktions on this letter, and if it don't rache you safe, let me know by return of post, as I send you a little thrifle to help you along. The whole city is reioicing in the good weather, and the childher bein' so well, all but the twins, who is cuttin' their exthra teeth and keeps John and me walkin' the flure all night. John welt in a board of the flurin last night, with the very dint of rockin' little Pat, for we thought he'd rise the slates off the house, the way he bawled. Remember me too all enquirin' frinds. So, no more at prisint.

From your old frind,

SUSAN FARRELL.

#### Mr. Spilkins Is Made the Victim of a Heartless Joke.

A STORY IN TWO JOKELETS.

##### JOKELET I.

MR. SPILKINS was invited to a musical party at the house of a friend, a few evenings ago. Although he doesn't know one note from another, he was nevertheless exceedingly fond of music; particularly vocal music. The charm which the presence of "lovely woman" would have lent to the occasion being wanting, the evening's entertainment was further enlivened with cards, wine and cigars, for all three of which, we regret to be compelled to say, he had also an inordinate fondness. So being somewhat surcharged with melody and champagne, it was only natural perhaps that when safely within his own front door, he should have relieved his pent-up feelings, which had become of a rather maudlin-sentimental character, by bursting forth with "Then come to my arms, Nora, darling," a song which had taken his fancy mightily; and it was equally natural, no doubt, under the circumstances, that his wife, after remarking in her pleasant way, that he was a "disgusting spectacle," and that "it was simply disgraceful in a man of his years to be brawling his low love songs in a respectable house," should have imperiously ordered him to bed; heedless of the poor old gentleman's explanations that "Nora (hic) darling, was only a (hic) song, and that there had been (hic) no ladies present at the (hic) party."

Now it happened that two or three of his friends who were at the party, were perfectly well aware that Mr. Spilkins was the most thoroughly hen-pecked man in the city, and that his wife, strange as it may seem, was absurdly jealous of him. The idea, suggested no doubt by the fact that the day following was the first of April, entered into their heads to play off a joke upon their venerable friend, in which Mrs. Spilkins herself should unwillingly play the principal part.

At about ten o'clock the next day the letter-carrier delivered at Mr. Spilkins' door, a note, which the maid took up and delivered into Mrs. Spilkins' hands. It was enclosed in a small, delicately-tinted envelope, embossed with a pretty little gilt Cupid in one corner, and fairly redolent of perfume. It was addressed to Mr. Jeremiah Spilkins, in a graceful, feminine hand, and in the opposite corner the word "private" was written, and heavily underscored.

Now if Mrs. Spilkins had not immediately opened that note, and read it carefully through from beginning to end, she had been more—or less—than a woman, especially a married woman, who was jealous of her husband.

The contents of the note ran thus:



MY DEAR MR. SPILKINS!

Although you may deem me presumptuous; although you may think, and I fear only too justly, that I violate every instinct of maidenly modesty and decorum, yet I feel that the lips can not be mute when the heart is overflowing with a yearning and unappeasable affection. Oh! my Jeremiah!—may I call you by that dear name?—my heart naturally revolts at the cold and formal appellation of Mr. Spilkins—though we met for the first time last night, yet, shall I confess it? yes, dearest, I feel that to conceal it would be impossible,—the grave and beneficent dignity that sits enthroned upon your Jove-like brow; the Apollo-like grace that characterizes your every movement; the inexpressible charm of your conversation, and withal that gracious deference, the true characteristic of every chivalrous heart, which you manifest toward the sex, have made a deep and lasting impression upon my inexperienced and only too susceptible heart. Do not, my Jeremiah, despise me for this artless confession of the weakness of an innocent and trusting girl. I am painfully aware of the dreadful barrier—alas! you are a married man—that exists to keep two loving hearts apart; but why, dearest, should the galling bond of matrimony, where there is no union of soul, where that sacred tie is but a hollow mockery—why should that divide two hearts that beat as one? I know, from the few words you could not restrain—guarded as you thought they were—that you love me. Will you grant me an interview? I feel that I *must* see you. I will call to-morrow evening at six o'clock at your house, and have no fear, dearest; I will invent an excuse to account for my presence, should I be seen by—you know whom. Yes, my own Jeremiah, come, come to the arms of, your own,

NORA DARLING.

New York, April 1, 1884.

Mrs. Spilkins read the note carefully over again, and then quietly replaced it in the envelope and put it in her pocket. She was calm; dreadfully calm. Whether this unexpected discovery of her husband's perfidy had rendered her speechless from grief, or whether it were but the treacherous and delusive calm which precedes the storm, certain it is that she uttered not a word; that even her features were remarkably composed, and that she went about her household duties with her usual unperturbed and unvarying precision, as if there had been no such things in the world as faithless husbands and wicked and designing women—but perhaps she did wish at that moment, down in the bottom of her heart, that she *could* see her guilty spouse, just for a few moments.

T. H. F.

Misconstrued.

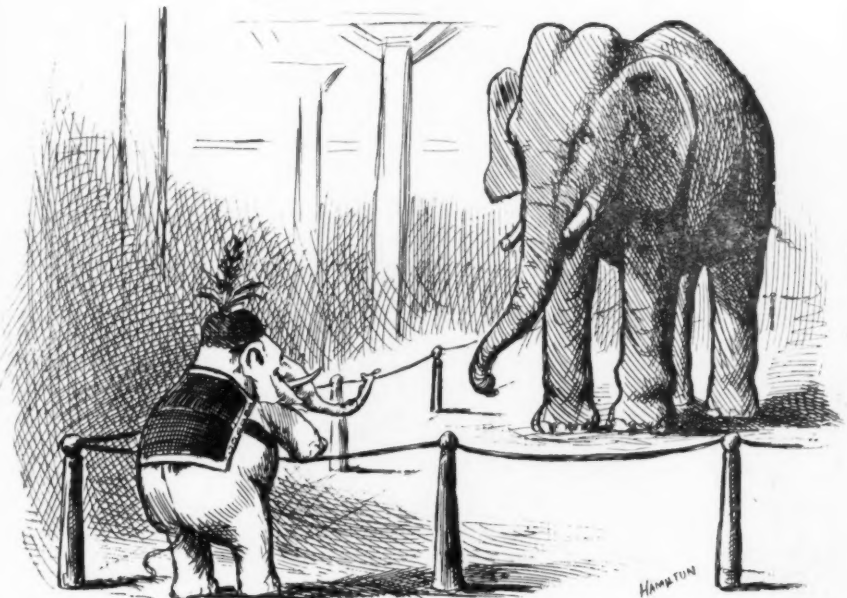
"WILL you walk, or take a 'bus?" asked an English landlady of a departing American guest, who hadn't been in the country long enough to know all the peculiarities of the native phraseology.

"Well—really—you are very kind," said the guest, blushing to the roots of his hair, and with a glance at the full, rosy-looking and tempting lips of his hostess, "and if—it is—quite all the same to you, I—I guess I'll—I'll take a bus."

And then the idiot sat patiently in the office for half an hour, and wondered why she didn't come up and kiss him.

DID you ever hear the Queensware.

PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.



WHITE ELEPHANT—Nigger! Nigger, pull a trigger, never grow an inchlet bigger!

Our Choir.

C—H—O—I—R is looked upon by most people as a musical little word, but in reality it generally signifies a world of inharmoniousness and combustification. A president of a railway may have to manage a big organization, and a proprietor of a circus is universally conceded to have a difficult job in hand, but neither of these tasks is a circumstance to the proper performance of the duties of a choirmastership.

A choirmaster has to be built on a please-all-style of architecture. He has to be sweet to the sopranos, alluring to the altos; has to talk big to the bass, and be hale fellow well met with the tenors. In fact, the more one looks into the subject, the more is one convinced that Webster must have become semi-deluded when he studied the matter, for "choirmaster" to be properly translated in the dictionary, should read—a supervisor of a slumbering volcanic body, at all times liable to burst forth; a boss (sometimes) of a conglomeration of cranks and their crotchets; a persecuted person whose limited brain-power is liable at all times to jump from off its seat of reason.

In our choir things didn't come up so smilingly as they might have done. The members were equally composed of the volcanic and crotchety order, and the whole organization required a delicate handling of the sharps and flats. Our choirmaster, however, was not up to the knack of the trade, not being of the required soft-soap disposition, and the consequence was, instead of manipulating the organization, the organization generally played with him.

For instance, the four leading exponents of the four departments of voiceology were allowed to keep up a continual warfare against each other.

Last Sunday was the church's jubilee, and the rivals were entered for a hallelujah quartette. A highly exciting race ensued. Soprano, who was given a start, rushed off well with "Halle-hallelujah—lelujahjahhal

jahhallelu elulajah Hal—here Tenor colared her, closely followed by Alto. Bass, who was at scratch, was quickly making up for lost time, but was evidently reserving his wind for the final burst. At the quarter, Alto let out a few extra pounds, and with a magnificent spurt got equal with Tenor and Soprano. The former showed signs of quavering, and the pace was evidently telling on him. One hundred yards from the the tape Bass paused for a moment, took a semi breath, and then came pounding down the home stretch, seeming to cleave the air with his tremendous efforts. Soprano responded gaily to the challenge, but could not go the pace, Bass coming in first on the "jah" after a magnificent contest, Alto second on the "lu" with Soprano two notes behind on the "hal" and Tenor nowhere. Bass was triumphant and fairly wilted his opponents with the victorious glance which he flashed upon them.

That heat, however, was the death of the whole musical concern. The Altos, who were backed up by the Sopranos, refused to sing "seconds" to any bass, whilst Tenor challenged the triumphant Basso to a backyard afterpiece and treated him to some music *a la Sullivan* which placed him "hoarse in the thorax" for the next six months. And the choirmaster—the choirmaster has decided to acquire a mastery over a less comprehensive conundrum than a choir. That he may succeed is the earnest wish of the defunct "Our Choir."

R. H. ELLIVER.

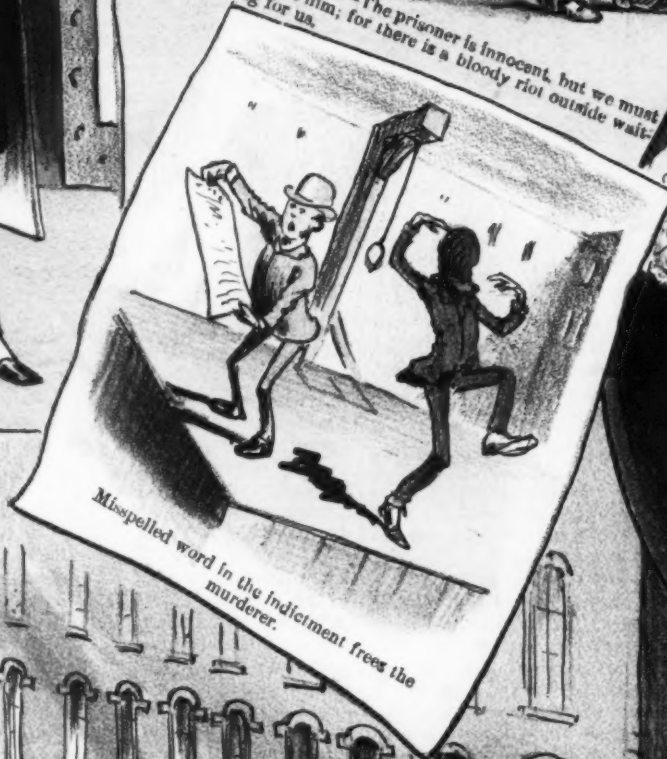
A GREENHORN in town became tired  
So a room at a hotel he hired.  
But alack and alas,  
He blew out the gas  
And lay down on the bed and expired.

A COUNTRY EXCHANGE—swapping jack-knives.

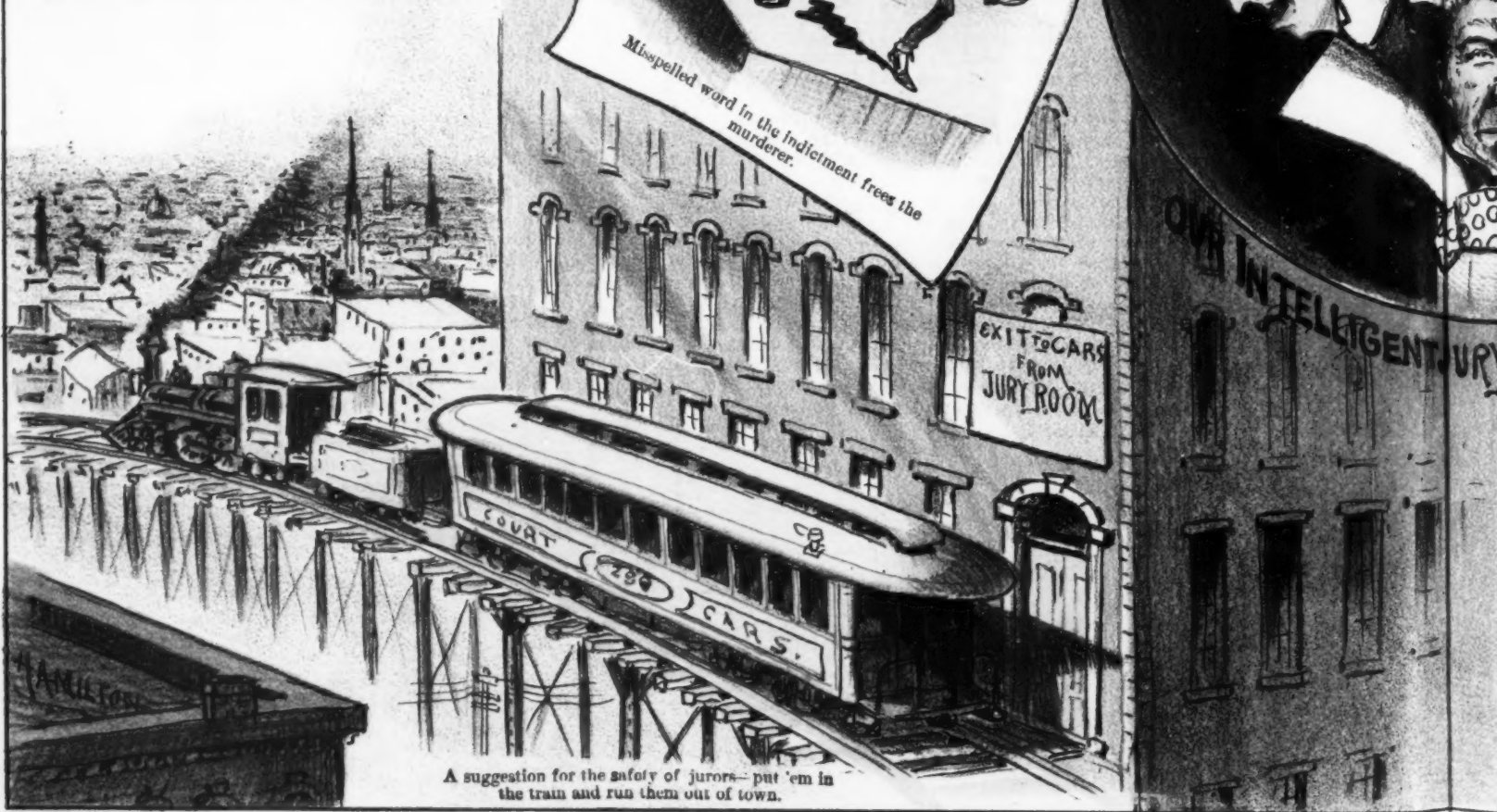
IMITATION may be the sincerest flattery, but it is often the flattest sincerity.



The rich man gets off.



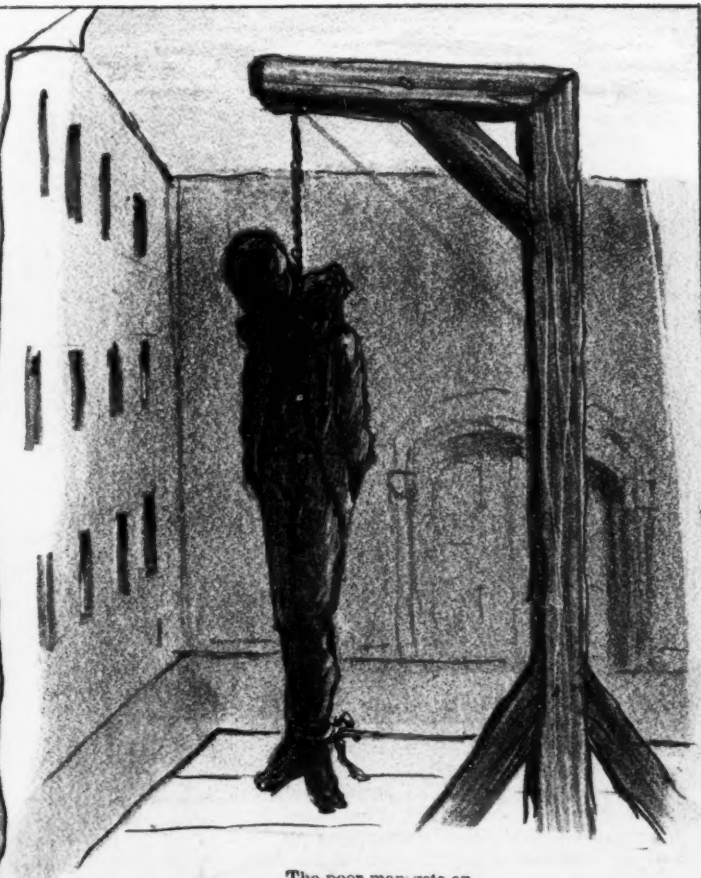
Misspelled word in the indictment frees the murderer.



A suggestion for the safety of jurors—put 'em in the train and run them out of town.



JUDGE



The poor man gets on.



LANDLORD—What are you going to move for?  
 TENANT—Well, you see I'm on the jury, and in case the prisoner is innocent I don't want my household goods burned up by a mob.

## THE JUDGE.



LENT is over, and with it has passed away about the dulllest theatrical season THE JUDGE or any other amusement seeker has ever experienced.

Nearly every theatre in town has provided a new play for Easter, and it will take the most enterprising and captious critic several nights to write them all up—or down.

Barnum is still with us—more's the pity, and there is no let up to Italian opera.

Just at present it is Mapleson with Patti, but there is some consolation in the fact that the gallant Colonel's season is limited to a few representations.

The circus, notwithstanding the attraction of the alleged white elephant, is not nearly as good as it has frequently been on former occasions, and the three rings and a stage are voted a nuisance by most spectators.

The ladies that attend the matinees return home with sick headaches, occasioned by their futile efforts to see four things at once, and the wretched little children become distracted and cross. We sympathize with our Philadelphia cousins, who come next on Barnum's list, and whose tortures are to be augmented by the presence of Forepaugh and a second edition of the sacred beast.

Cincinnati is to be congratulated, for with all its troubles, it has never been afflicted with two circuses at one and the same time.

At Daly's there has been no change. "Red Letter Nights" is still drawing crowded houses, and Jenny O'June will continue her rollicking performances till the end of the season.

"La Vie" also remains at the Bijou, but "The Merry War" has ceased its extraordinary run at The Casino. "Falka" will doubtless prove as great a success here as it has done in Philadelphia and London.

Cazauran's new play has been produced at the Square, and Jessop and Gill's drama, "Stolen Money," is said to be a success at the New Park, but we cannot yet speak advisedly of either of these plays, or of Betsy," which was brought out at Wallack's Monday eve.

Harrigan and Hart got in their new comedy, called "Dan's Tribulations," one week ahead of the other theatres, and of course this last production is as great a success as any of its predecessors have been.

Nevertheless, we are sorry to bid adieu to Cordelia, whose Aspirations have been provocative of mirth and laughter through all the weary winter months.

Harrigan has so much tact and talent that we verily believe he might continue the Mulligan series forever and still keep up a lively interest in the affairs and fortunes of the family, and as long as Mrs. Mulligan retains the services of the irrepressible Rebecca Allup, she need never say die.

Mr. Hart fills a double bill in the new piece and vibrates with agility between the part of Rebecca and that of Mr. Mulligan's son Tommy.

Mrs. Yeamans is the same enterprising

Cordelia, and Dan—well, Dan has our sympathy in all his ribulations, whether on or off the stage. Long life to him, and to the jolly Theatre Comique!

At the Fourteenth Street Theatre, "The Pavements of Paris" will be played through the week, and on the 21st Milton Nobles will appear in a new comedy called "Love and Law."

Even Irving has felt called upon to make a change of bill, and on Monday he appeared, for the first time in New York as Hamlet.

He and Miss Terry have been drawing full houses in "Much Ado about Nothing," and as Beatrice the fair Ellen has fairly bewitched the town.

Mrs. Henderson's adaptation of "Claire and the Forge Master" met with a certain amount of success at the Fifth Avenue last week. This week Harrison and Gourlay are holding forth there in "Skipped by the Light of the Moon."

"May Blossom; or, Between Two Loves" has been produced at the Madison Square, and "Orpheus and Eurydice" have moved from The Peoples over to the Third Avenue Theatre.

On the 28th Mrs. Langtry will appear at Niblo's as Galatea, and has engaged Katherine Rogers to play Cynisca.

When this play of Gilbert's was first produced at Wallack's many years ago, Katherine Rogers was the Galatea, and remarkably well she played the part. Mrs. Langtry had better look to her laurels, or Cynisca will prove to be the star part.

Over at the Grand Opera House "The Silver King" has returned for one week, and at the New Comedy Theatre Leonard Grover has produced what he calls a comedy conceit, called "A Great Scheme; or, "Our Dime Museum."

April 17th will be Actor's Fund day and there will be special performances at all the theatres.

## Literary Notes.

The Hoosier Schoolmaster is sweet on Indiana.

Still Le Roi S'Amuse at the expense of Les Miserables.

The Fair Maid of Perth has broken The Heart of Midlothian.

The Bride of Abydos read The Scarlet Letter by The Light of Asia.

Buck Fanshawe's Funeral has been postponed to wait the conclusion of The Minister's Wooing.

Wilhelm Meister was drowned while searching for The Great Haggerty Diamond at the bottom of St. Ronan's Well.

The Deerslayer came to grief when he tackled The Golden Lion of Grandpere in the main street of The Deserted Village.

The Ancient Mariner has married The Lady of the Lake. The ceremony was performed at Orley Farm by The Vicar of Wakefield. Their Wedding Journey will be A Salt and Fresh-water Cruise. MACKH.

A YOUNG Pennsylvanian, who had gone West to grow up with the country, applied for the office of pig-sticker at one of the Chicago slaughter houses. In answer to some questions which the boss asked him about his wherefrom and belongings, he mentioned with something of an air that his father had served a term in the Pennsylvania Legislature. "Oh," said the man of hogs, "we don't much object to that if you have never been there yourself; but what was the old man sent up for?"

## VERY SIMPLE.



TICKET MAN—Here! we can't take this ten cents for fare, there's a hole in it that's been filled up with lead.

PASSENGER—At that's all the matter wid it, yeez mought ainsly punch the lead out agin.

## Intercepted Letters.

ANDREW MARTIN VAN BUREN MULBERRY, NEW YORK,  
TO AUGUSTUS GOSSMAR, NEW GUINEA, N. C.

MY DEAH FRIEN, AND SON-IN-LAW.—Yer letter 'bout Phronie am recebed and I write dese few lines to 'form yer, dat I shipped her off fur ole Carliny moas as soon as I got der news ob yer wantin' her han in marriage.

Take her, Gustus, wid a fader's blessin', an in de language ob de scripiter may de Lor hab mercy on yer soul.

Phronie am always been a good gal, an she ain't no moah like her muddah dan I is, an dat's sayin a heap in her favor, for dat ornery trash dat once called herself bone ob my bone an flesh ob my flesh, am gone off wid dat snake in wolf's clothin' dat dey called Brud-dah White. I tanks my heabenly fadder, dat I'se had de necessary grace gibben me to bear dis dissolution ob probidence wid christian resignation. Now all I axes is to get back hum to de ole plantation, and I prays all de time, dat when Gabriel blows his horn de fust toot will strike my ear in ole Carliny. Kole black Rose am also tookin her leavins, an jess as soon as I gits my fust monf's wages, wid de help ob de Lor, I'll shake de dust ob de norf from my black feet, and make tracks for New Guinea.

I'se glad, Gustus, yer had sense enuff to stay war yer belonged. Dar's more lyin' and tievin' niggahs in New York dan yer cud fine in all de States souf of Macy and Dixey's line.

Peahs to me, dar ain't no spectable cullud pussuns up yer, an ebber since dat murderin trash dat calls hisself Jesse Williams got his sentence from de Jedge, de whole cullud population am looked upon wid contoomly an opprobrium.

I war in court wen dat sentence war pronounced, and de only ting I war sorry for, war bekase de jedge didn' gib him eighty-one years instead ob eighteen. Den dat loafsome gal dat call herself Gertrude Ash!

Sho! I ain't got de patience ter waste spellin' words about her.

I'se dun made up my mine dat wen I returns to the bosom ob what is leff ob my family, dat I'll jess take out a contrack fur a lecterin tower. My powers ob obserwation has been immense since I cum Norf, and I doan doubt de folkses ob my natib State would be glad to heah me discant unto em. Wid dat objeck in voo, I'se been in de habit ob takin a stroll ebenins aroun among de slums, as it ware.



I've took in 'Tompson street and seberal odders ob like calibre, an wen I gets back I kin gib yer some waluable inflamation 'bout dese localities. Bout de wuss place in de whole town dough am in a certain part ob 30th street, and de niggabs dat infest de place ought to hab a well armed missionary sent to em. I ain't much ob a gography-narian, but I jess reckon dat de mission to Liberia would hab a purty lively toime con-wartin some ob de 30th street sinnahs.

Dinah an Bruddah White am gone to dat street to lib, and I'm tole dat he's giben up de gospel and is keepin a cullud sportin house, war de fust class waitahs an sich, spen dar time playin a game called pokah an anudder called keeno, an dey say wid Dinah to help him, he'll soon be a rich man. I doan wondah at it. Dinah always war a powerful hand wid a pokah, and she ken hit de kee note ebery time, and I'll bet on her, dat is, I would bet, if I war a bettin sinnah. But de Lor be praised, I'll soon turn my back on all dese doin's and wen dese ole eyes ken see a Norf Carliny hen roos dar'll be moah joy dan dare would ober ten tousand gambling tricks.

De missus dat I works for keeps a fust class boardin' house, and all de rooms is rentid out, so she habs no place for me to sleep. Wen de work am done for the day I takes myself off for de night, an dat is how I hab so many oppertunities 'forded me for taking obseravations. Some ob de boahdahs has giben me close an tings, so dat I am able now to present a moah spectacular appeahance dan wen I fust 'ribed, and I reckon de New Guinea folks will hardly recobnize dere ole neighbor. Wall, I shan't bring your's and Phronie's hairs down in sorer to de grabbe by wearin' ole close, and if de missis pays up wen my wages is due, I'll soon be wid yer. Till den I'm yer poah but respectable Ole Fadder

ANDREW MARTIN VAN BUREN MULBERRY.

### A Spring Poet.

He entered the sanctum hesitatingly, cautiously approached the editorial desk, laid his manuscript down upon it, and quietly took a seat.

"I have a few verses on Spring," he remarked timidly, "which —"

"Then spring right off that chair," cried the editor savagely, "or you'll be sprung down stairs."

He sprang.

### A New Motto.

He staggered into the room, and after several ineffectual attempts to light the gas with a toothpick, called out—

"Shay, there—you 'bed?"

"Yes," answered his better half, sleepily.

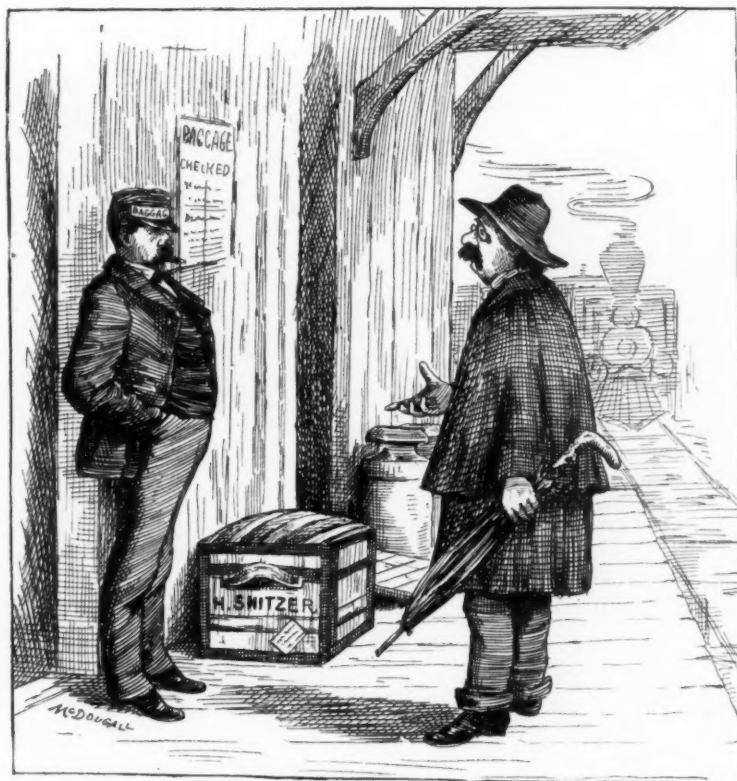
"What do you want?"

"Come out (hic) here, and light this (hic) light this gas, will you? I can't find (hic) can't find the hole."

The poor sleepy little woman dragged herself out of bed, and fumbling around on the mantel-piece 'till she found a match, kindled the ghastly blue flame of the diluted illuminating fluid which a soulless corporation peddled to the citizens of Backtown for gas.

"Tha—thas better!" exclaimed the belated citizen. "Been (hic) been to a lecture, my dear—long lecture, awful (hic) awful long."

The little discouraged woman crept back to bed without a word, and her literary lord proceeded to disrobe himself. In the midst



ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

HANS—"Ish dere anytings to pay on dis drunk?"

FACETIOUS BAGGAGEMASTER—"Well, I dunno'. The last drunk I was on, cost me ten dollars fine and a new suit of clothes."

of this very difficult and critical process something seemed to arrest his attention, and prey upon his mind. He sat him down and fixed his eyes on the handsomely worked motto above the bed, "Good Night," and then let them wander to the opposite wall, where hung the illuminated text, "God Bless Our Home."

"Shay," he asked, approaching the bed—"Shay, my dear, dont you want nuzzer motto to put on (hic) put on the wall?"

His wife heaved a deprecatory sigh. "Well, I do," persisted the belated citizen. "T'morrow I'm going to bring one home—awful (hic) awful pretty one. Don't you wanto know what it is?"

"Well—what is it?"

"Mixed drinks (hic) two f'r quarter."

As long as Chinamen will deign to wash the white man's clothes;

'Till laws can keep the long pig-tail from growing where it grows,

'Till Comstock can unearh and close the last lone opium joint,

We'll never need C. S. Reform policemen to appoint.

### He Had Been There.

VAN DEMARK had extracted a small fortune from the mines of Northern California, and he decided to make a trip to Europe.

"I hear you soon sail for Europe," said a friend.

"Yes, I leave next Tuesday."

"Do you take cabin or steerage passage?"

"Oh, I don't care for expenses, I'm going to take steerage. I've lived in cabin up to the mine for the past twelve years. There's nothing too good for me as long as I have the dust to pay for it.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

### The Rime of the Aged Tar.

NOT BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

It is an ancient sailor man,  
And he haileth one of three;  
"Now you must tarry here awhile,  
And listen unto me."

He seized him with his fingers five,  
His long and bony hand;  
He hath no choice but to obey  
That mariner's command.

But he unto that antique tar,  
With pleading voice did say,  
"I tell thee on my honor, sir,  
This is my wedding day."

And what will she, my bonnie bride,  
Think if I should be late?"  
The bridegroom then that ancient salt,  
Full soundly did berate.

"The wedding bells are calling me  
And bonnie Kate to church;  
What will she do if I should leave  
Her thus all in the lurch?"

The marriage feast will get quite cold,  
The guests will hungry grow,  
And think it very shabby that  
Their host should treat them so."

He held him with his fingers five,  
His gaunt and horny fist;  
From struggling to escape his grasp,  
The bridegroom did desist.

"Forsooth," then said that hapless man,  
"If thou thy yarn must spin,  
I prithee, without more ado,  
Thy pesky tale begin."

## THE MODERN INVITATION.



IF INVITATIONS GET MUCH LARGER, GENTLEMEN WILL HAVE TO RESORT TO THE FOREGOING METHOD OF CARRYING THEM.

He sat him down upon a stump,  
And drew the bridegroom near;  
And then spake on that aged tar,  
That bleared-eyed mariner.

"The Peggy, she was tight and trim,  
And steady, staunch and true,  
As any craft that ever sailed  
Upon the waters blue.

Adown the river's winding stream,  
All blithely did we drop,  
A-past the schoolhouse and the church,  
The mill and blacksmith shop.

The sun came up out of the east,  
Up from the east came he;  
It queer had been, now would it not,  
Had he rose differently?

The sun went down into the west;  
Had he set otherwise,  
I think my friend, it sure had been  
A matter for surprise.

By night we reached the lower bay,  
And crossed the outer bar;"  
Thus spake the ancient funnyman,  
That venerable tar.

"But with the moon a storm arose,  
A tearing, ripping gale,  
Which shivered every mast we had,  
And blew away each sail.

The waves arose like mountains high,  
With wild and angry roar,  
And then the rain came pelting down,  
My eyes, how it did pour!

To lighten up our little craft,  
Some useles things were cast  
Into the waves, then other things  
Did follow them full fast.

Tables and chairs now overboard  
Were quickly thrown, while we,  
As sick as any dogs did heave  
Our wittles in the sea.

What good were chairs and tables now,  
When there was naught to eat?  
We couldn't live upon our clothes  
And boots for bread and meat.

The water it was everywhere,  
And lots of drops to drink,

But without food 'twould be no good,  
Not much, we didn't think.

Starvation stared us in the face,  
Or else a watery tomb.  
But hunger doesn't trouble much  
Men marked for such a doom.

Six days and nights we tossed about  
With rough, unsteady motion;  
It warn't much like a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

A porpoise, it had followed us,  
Throughout each day and night,  
And gamboled round our vessel's prow,  
In a merry, joyous way.

And it to me seemed very plain,  
The matter now stood thus:  
A question whether we eat him,  
Or whether he eat us.

So, with my long and sharp harpoon,  
I killed him him porpoiselay;  
Some said it was a cruel thing,  
That porpoise for to slay.

But ne'ertheless that sportive fish,  
We skinned from tail to jaw;  
We laid him out upon the deck,  
And then we ate him raw.

My friend, throughout life's checkered course,  
I've had hard nuts to crack,  
But—blast my eyes if he was not  
The hardest kind of tack.

But that next eve a goodly ship  
Full down upon us bore,  
To save us from a cruel death,  
And bear us safe to shore.

That night a piercing wind arose,  
With mingled sleet and snow,  
Which froze us to our marrow bones;  
Great guns, how it did blow!

My clothes with frost were crusted o'er,  
Which sparkled like a star;  
And that is why I call my tale  
The *Rime* of the Aged Tar."

The bridegroom then sped fast away,  
To wed his bonnie Kate,  
A wiser and a madder man  
Than he had been of late.

## My Sunday Class.

"TILDA SMITH was the first to arrive the following Sunday, and as soon as the child saw me she burst out:

"Oh, Miss Pinalup. Hunky wont be here to-day."

"Why, dear?" I replied.

"We got a new baby this mornin! Pap brought him home from the club. Did you ever have a baby, Pinalup?"

"Gracious sakes, child," I said, crimsoning all over as I caught Mr. Shaver's eye. "You must not speak so plainly before people. It is not nice in little girls. Why will not your brother be here?"

"Pap, he sent Hunky after the doctor, an' I think he's gone fishin', cause the doctor come before I left hum."

"Well, never mind. Good morning, children," said I to the rest of the class who had now assembled, "Who knows what the lesson is this morning?"

"Paul preachin' to the jews," came in a chorus from all save Tommy Dinklemeyer, who was scribbling something on a piece of paper torn from the fly-leaf of a hymn-book.

"Pay attention, Thomas. You must not mutilate the church property in that manner. It is sinful."

"Yes'm," replied Tommy calmly as he carefully folded the scrap and then threw it across the aisle to a little girl with an affection of the eyes, who sat grinning at him; "Paul Pritch, the jew."

"No, it is not. It is about the good man, Paul, who left his home and friends to preach about Jesus to the poor and ignorant of other lands. Don't you think that was good in him?"

"Strordinary," said Tommy, winking at Tilda Smith. "Say Tilda, my mother says she never saw such a homely piece of smutched dough in her life as that ere new babby over at your house."

"Smutched what!" shrieked Tilda, making a vicious dive at Tommy's hair, at which Tommy looked frightened and got behind me for protection. "Oh, Miss Pinalup, did you ever," sobbed she, "my dear, dear little brother."

"Thomas Dinklemeyer," I said severely, "don't you ever let me hear you use such language again. Don't cry, Tilda, I will call and see your little brother."

"Tommy ought to be ashamed of his own father," said little Susy Grimes; "my pa says if he ever ketches him stealin' any more yellow-dock out of our lot, he'll scorch him with buckshot."

"Yah," snickered Tommy, "who guv' rotten eggs to the dominie's donation?"

"There, there, children," interrupted I hastily, as I saw Susie's face redden, and eyes flash at some hidden meaning in Tommy's words, "If you do not stop such naughty talk I will call Mr. Shaver. Now pay attention; Paul—"

"Dear me, suz," suddenly ejaculated little Livonia Sparks, one of my very youngest scholars, as her face assumed the most scornful expression of which it was capable; "ain't Tilda Smith jest too awful. As if no one else in the world never had no babies but her mamma. Tildy Smith, you jest understand that my little brother is nicer and sweeter than your little brother ever was, and don't you dare to speak to me any more."

"You hush up, imperence," rejoined Tilda, who had been detailing the virtues of her new brother to her immediate neighbors; "you just mind your business, Livonna Sparks. I never did see such a horrid little



wretch in all my existence as your mamma's little boy."

"Impudence yerself, Miss Smith. Please be so kind and condescending as to remember your place in society. My mamma always says that I ought'ent to associate with folks what keeps their lace curtains up all summer."

"Now, children," said I really distressed, why don't you cease your naughty, wicked quarreling. Don't you know it is very sinful to harbor such thoughts? Now, be good and tell me. Paul, as you all know, was—"

"Oh, ho," said Tommy Dinklemeyer, "I've got a mash, Miss Brown. Look here what goggle-eye chucked over."

He handed me a dirty piece of paper, on which had been scrawled the following:

"DEER TOMMY

Agreeble to as you say in your sweet (oh sweet) leter, I take the liberty to meet you goin to school tom-morrow and will now close by one million hundred kisses.

Yours every true

FLORELLA."

"All right, gog," called out Tommy, I'll see yer later."

"Well, children," said I, closing my book in despair. "I want you all to learn each a nice little verse out of the Bible to recite next Sunday, and the one of you who picks out the nicest verse and says it the best, will receive a nice little picture-card."

"Miss Brown," said Henry Smith who had just come in, "my ma wants you to come around and look at the baby."

"All right, dear," I said sweetly.

PENELOPE BROWN.

#### Cut Out of Whole Cloth.

"Of all the Biblical characters," said Mr. Shinnack, putting aside the scriptures and addressing his interesting family, "I most admire David. Aside from being a great ruler he was a poet and a singer of great sweetness."

"He was something like Andrew Johnson," replied the son, a young man whose career on the college playground has been spoken of in the highest terms.

"Why like Andrew Johnson?" asked the father.

"Because he was a tailor."

"What, David a tailor?"

"Yes, for the Bible says so."

"The Bible says nothing of the kind."

"Oh, yes; for don't you know that when Saul went into the cave David cut his garment?"

After a few moments' silence the father said to his wife: "There is an old horse-pistol somewhere up stairs. Wish you'd bring it down."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

#### Rough on Reporters.

A BEAUTIFUL young lady, elegantly dressed and worth \$100,000, appeared in the Tombs Police Court, New York, last week as a witness. She was much interested in the famous old court and gazed earnestly at six young men sitting in a box. Even as she gazed she shuddered, and a little moan broke from her lips.

"Are those hardened looking young men prisoners?" she asked.

"Oh, no, ma'am," replied the justice, greatly shocked, "those are reporters for the morning papers."

The young lady said she would like to go and look at the dungeons immediately.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

#### The Druggist—A Vault Story.

DROPPED into a drug store the other Sunday. A drug store is about the only place you can drop into on Sunday to have a quiet retired talk without being fired out. It's a place where everybody bores everybody else. Good place to tell startling stories, spring ninety-days puns, and tell your experience. The remedies are all at hand, and there's no danger of a fellow getting so far gone but what he can be recovered. Now there ain't a drug store in Decatur that don't sell something else besides drugs. Sometimes it's books, sometimes fiddles, sometimes baby carriages, old stocks of toys, cigars, and whiskey—but that's a drug of course.

There was the druggist, two counter-sitters and a young banker in the store. They were talking of the \$27,000 robbery of the vaults of the C., B. & Q. railway at Chicago. The druggist seemed to think that thieves could so study the habits and everyday programme of business men and their help that the thief could make the fake and lay it on to the cashier, or the clerks, or something like that. The young banker was satisfied that the robbery took place from within. However, he got off the subject a little bit and related a little vault story. Told them how he'd acted very carelessly in his bank once. He once was examining the currency inside the vault, and having a desire to give his sucking qualities a rest, he laid his cigar on a ledge close at hand. The examination being over he locks the safe. The cigar was within. 'Twas a time lock arrangement. Then he described the anguish he experienced that night. The safe could not be opened till the time lock said so. It was horrible.

The men have gotten off the counter and started for the door. The druggist asked them not to rush off so frantically, but they would go, as much as the druggist wanted them to stay. I ventured to state that cigars didn't catch very easy anyhow. As near as I could remember I never saw but one boy who could get a blaze from a lighted cigar.

I thanked the proprietor for my space, he offered the second insertion on reasonable terms, and I made my exit.

Druggists are dreamy-looking people, and they will eat opium sometimes, but God knows the druggist makes the heart of the old farmer glad by giving him an almanac when he comes to town.—*Decatur Review.*

#### How to Secure Customers.

"THAT man will hereafter be a good customer of mine," said the saloon-keeper as a business-looking man went out of the saloon as if he had a pressing engagement.

"Who is he?"

"I don't know. Never saw him before."

"What makes you think he will ever come in here again?"

"Because I gave him a plugged half dollar in change. The first time he tries to pass it it will be rejected. Then he will come back here to exchange it for another one. I'll beg his pardon, say something about getting stuck with them once in a while when there is a rush of business, ask him to take a drink, chat with him while he crooks his elbow, tell him a funny story, and he'll go away thinking I am an awful nice fellow. After that he'll never go by without coming in. I've made half a dozen good customers with that half dollar already. There's tricks in all trades but ours. Many's the more of these fellows that man will give me."

As he spoke he pulled open the money

drawer and took therefrom the bill the stranger had given him. He looked at it closely, admiringly, doubtfully, and then with undisguised disgust.

"No, boys, I'm wrong. He'll never bring that half dollar back. The bill is bogus!"

—*Detroit Free Press.*

#### Politics in Wyoming.

"Mother, may I go out to vote?"

"Yes my charming daughter;

Be sure you get a big bank note

For voting as you ought ter."

—*Whitehall Times.*

#### He Didn't Steal It.

"WHAR did yer git dat fine piece ob poultry, Brover Johnsing?" inquired Parson Longface, the colored preacher, to Deacon Johnson, with whom he was taking dinner.

"Ober at Farmer Ploughshar's, sir," replied the dusky deacon, smacking his lips.

"I truss der Lord yer didn't steal it, Brover Johnsing!" continued the parson, beginning to feel sick at the stomach at the very thought of eating stolen chicken.

"No, no, parson; dat ain't no stolen burd."

"Well, I'se glad ter har it, deacon, but how did yer git it?"

"Well, I'se gwine to tell yer, parson. Yer see, las' evenin' I was passin' Farmer Ploughshar's when I seed his chicken-coop door open. I jes' goes to dat coop, an' I shuts der door; and I sez ter myself, 'Johnsing, dat's an honest act, an' yer orter be paid for it;' so I takes a good plump hen—an' dat's it what yer just devoured, parson."

After this explanation the preacher's conscience seemed to feel easier, and he looked around inquiringly as though he thought there might be some more fowl in the vicinity.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

#### A Very Brief Honeymoon.

"It was on a Thursday, a day or so after my first election," said a Milwaukee justice of the peace, "that a neatly-dressed couple came into my office and requested me to marry them. I did so, and the groom informed me that he had no money, but that he would pay me as soon as he earned some. They went away, and I thought that would be the last of it; but sure enough the following Monday morning the groom came into my office and handed me one dollar. I took it without any comment, and then asked him how he liked being married. He was overjoyed with his wife, and their honeymoon so far has been of unspeakable bliss. He left the office still sounding the praises of his bride. About 2 o'clock that afternoon the same man burst into my office, but his happy look was gone. 'Judge,' he gasped, 'what was my wife's name?' I was astonished and began questioning him, when he said: 'I don't know my wife's name, and she has run off with another man while I was here paying you the \$1; and I want to find out her name so that I can tell the police.'—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

"You should not have staid away so long," she said in icy tones as her theatre escort slid into his seat ten-minutes after the ring-up of the second act. "Oh! Er—Excuse me—I met my old friend Tom in the foyer and"—"Was Jerry there too?" was her artless interruption as she turned her attention to the stage.—*Boston Post.*

**Didn't Want a Thermometer.**

"CAN I sell you a thermometer to-day?" inquired the young man at the back door of a farm house.

"What's them?" demanded a hoarse voice from the echoing corridors of a large kitchen, and the manipulator of the voice loomed up in his shirt sleeves.

"Thermometers?" answered the youth.

"What they good for?"

"They indicate the temperature."

"What temperature?"

"The temperature of the atmosphere where they are located."

"Regulate the weather, eh?"

"No, they don't exactly regulate the weather, but they indicate it. In other words, they tell you just how hot or cold it is by easy reference to a graduated scale running from 40 degrees below zero to far above boiling point."

"Say, confound your pictur, don't you s'pose we know when we're cold and when we're overheating ourselves?"

"Certainly, but then —"

"What in thunder do we want of a thermometer? Don't you s'pose ef I was cold now I'd put on my coat. Even if I hadn't got a coat, couldn't I sell a two-year-old and git me one?"

"Yes, certainly, but that is not the idea. You know some seasons are hotter and colder than others, and oftentimes it is a satisfaction to know how much they vary."

"Well, darn your hide, ef I'm too warm—ef enny of us is too warm—can't we peel ourselves, can't we chuck off every last rag and go in swimmin'? Come, now, what do yer say to that, eh?"

"But then there are other uses for a reliable thermometer. You make butter, do you not?"

"Yes sir, we churns onct a day, reg'ler. We've made butter afore you was weaned."

"Yes, well you may not have noticed it, but butter never comes until the cream has reached a certain temperature. By the application of these thermometers you can readily ascertain the exact temperature of the cream, and —"

"And let Bob stand around the room idling away time waiting for Jersey cream to heat up. No, sir, it won't go down, that kind of argument won't. Bob's hired to work, not watch a scientific rattletrap, and when the butter don't come, I say to Bob, 'You keep on churning,' and he shakes her up for all that's out. You'd better go hum and go to work young man, afore you get too cranky for this world. I shouldn't be surprised to see you around here next summer with some kind of a contraption to tell us to go in when it rains. Sure you haven't got something to tell us when it's sundown?"—*Texas Siftings.*

**The Same Old Story.**

THE frightened scream of a woman was heard in a York street house yesterday afternoon. Several men who were passing along rushed pell mell into the house, thinking the woman was being murdered.

"What's the matter?" asked the man who entered first.

"Oh, oh!" sighed the woman.

"Where is he? Where did he go?" asked another, as he rushed here and there.

"Oh!—in—oh!—that hole in the corner, I think."

It was a mouse.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

**Good Advice.**

"ARE you sick?" asked the old physician of his eldest son, who appeared dispirited and ill at ease.

"Not exactly," said the young man, "only an eastern house has drawn on me unexpectedly for \$400."

"How often have I cautioned you," said the angry father, "not to expose yourself to a draft."—*Indianapolis Scissors.*

**Knew It Wasn't Him.**

MISS SENSIBLE and Miss Smirker were talking together after they unmasked at the fancy ball the other night, and were much annoyed by conceited young Bubbleby who hovered near. At last Miss Smirker said:

"I really wonder who that was who danced with me and squeezed my hand so delightfully."

Bubbleby smiled suggestively.

"Oh, I know it wasn't you, Mr. Bubbleby," said Miss Smirker. "The young man I mean was extremely graceful, and he had—oh, heavenly eyes!"

Bubbleby sought the supper room.—*Washington Hatchet.*

**Literary.**

Two young ladies, of literary tastes, in Clifton, were discussing their reading, when one of them remarked:

"I have been engaged with a delightful work for a week past."

"Indeed, what is it?"

"Anthony Trollop's autobiography."

"Who is the author?"

"Really, I don't know. I have looked over the title page and through the preface, but I can't find any reference to the author at all. Whoever it is, is a charming writer, and seems to have known the novelist very intimately."

"I'll get it and read it, but it is too provoking, isn't it, that so many delightful authors, of late, are writing anonymously."

**Ho Couldn't Wait.**

THEY are not very rigid in court formalities in Colorado, so to speak.

"I don't see the prisoner anywhere," said the judge at the Bone Valley session, as he braced up from a little judicial nap preparatory to sentencing a horse thief to death.

"Where is he, Mr. Sheriff?"

"I'm blessed if I know," said that functionary, who had been absorbed in collecting a horse race bet from the clerk.

"Was he a big, red-headed man with a scar on his cheek?" asked the foreman of the jury, who was shuffling cards for another deal.

"That's him," said the sheriff, who had been looking around under the benches without success.

"Why then," continued the foreman, "about half an hour ago he—cards, gentlemen—he asked me to step out and take a drink, and—I see, your raise—and when I showed him I held a flush, he said, 'S'mother time, then,' and walked out."

"The devil you say," thundered his honor;

"However, he'll probably be in town again next week to see the circus, and some of you fellows must remind the sheriff to shoot him off hand—save lots of trouble. The court will now adjourn for McGutney's chicken fight."—*San Francisco Post.*

"HERE, waiter, take away these fried oysters. They are bad." "I know it, sir, but we have given you two more oysters than you called for to make-up for it."—*Texas Siftings.*

"I'LL take yez all in if yez don't shtop that howlin' an' pushin'," said a policeman to a tumultuous group of hangers-on at the back entrance of a theatre. "Phat air yez doin', iny how?" "We're rehearsing," explained the spokesman of the company. "Rayhersin' for phat?" "The new star begins her engagement next Monday, and the manager has hired us to play the excited multitude storming the ticket office."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE most egotistical of the United States—"Me."—*Lowell Courier.* The most religious—"Mass."—*The Hatchet.* The poorest in health—"Ill."—*Pretzel's Weekly.* The father of States—"Pa." An ungrammatical State—"R. I." Marine Territory—"Utah."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.* Mightier than the sword—"Penn." Has most nitroglycerine—"Kan." Most useful in haying time—"Mo." The most vivacious—"Ga." Makes the most mistakes and is the most ladylike—"Miss." Best in time of flood—"Ark."—*Hartford Times.*

**HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER**  
 Package, 25c. Makes 5 gallons of a delicious sparkling and wholesome beverage. Sold by all Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25c. C. E. HIRES, 48 N. Del. Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

**PORTRAITS!** Photo Copying Agents Wanted! can get 5 orders daily. \$2 profit on each order—outfit free. Send at once for circular and terms.  
**SAFFORD ADAMS & CO., 48 Bond St., N. Y.**

**SALOON-MEN, STUDY YOUR INTERESTS!**



THIS machine is entirely automatic, requiring no attention when once started; it will force any number of barrels of beer or other liquids from the cellar and keep them pure and fresh, down to the last glass. Flat Beer is never known where it is used. No live saloon can afford to be without it; it will pay for its cost in a short time. For descriptive catalogue and price, to any address, apply to

**"THE STANDARD PUMP MANUF'G CO."**  
 215 Centre Street, New York.  
 Agents wanted in every town and city. Address as above for full particulars. Mention THE JUDGE.

**CRANDALL & CO., 860 THIRD AVE.,—OLDEST** Baby Carriage Factory in the world. Latest styles in Cane, Rattan, Reed and Wood.  
**CARRIAGES AND SPRINGS,** Indorsed by J. E. Brewster & Co., of 25th St., Dr. Shady and others, as perfect in construction, safe and healthful. Boys' and Girls' Velocipedes, Wagons, Doll Carriages, Bicycles, &c. Wholesale and Retail. Catalogues free. Open evenings. Sole Agent for Tally-ho Salky.  
 569 THIRD AVENUE, near 57th St., NEW YORK.  
 324 FULTON STREET, cor. Pierrepont, BROOKLYN.

**DR. FOOTE'S ORIGINAL METHODS**  
**OLD EYES** Made New without doctors, medicine or glasses  
**RUPTURE** Cured without operation or uncomfortable truss.  
**PHIMOSIS** Cured without cutting; new, painless, safe, sure.  
**NERVOUS** Debility, etc.; causes (Five and rational treatment.)  
**CHRONIC** Diseases of all kinds— pamphlets, so-called "incurable." 10c. each.)  
 Address **Dr. E. B. FOOTE, 758, N. Y. City**

**GOLD WATCH FREE!**  
 The publishers of the *Capitol City Home Guest*, the well-known Illustrated Literary and Family Magazine, make the following liberal offer for June: The person selling us the longest verse in the Bible, before June 15th, will receive a **Solid Gold, Lady's Hunting Cased Swiss Watch**, worth \$10. If there be more than one correct answer, the second will receive an elegant **Silver Winding Silver Watch**; the third, a key-winding **Silver Watch**. Each person must send 25 cents with their answer for which they will receive three months' subscription to the *Home Guest*, a 50 page Illustrated Book and Big Louisiana Premium Collection of 32 portraits of prominent persons, 26 needlework designs, 40 popular songs, 30 popular games, 50 money-making receipts, 46 chemical experiments and lessons in magic. **PUBL. OF HOME GUEST, HARTFORD, CONN. SPECIAL:** An Imitation Steel Engraving of Washington, size 1 1/2 x 1 1/2 inches, Free to the first 1000 persons answering this advertisement.



**FLANAGAN, NAY & CO.**  
COLUMBIAN  
**BREWERY and MALT HOUSE**

450 W. 26th Street,

BETWEEN NINTH & TENTH AVE'S.

JAMES FLANAGAN,  
JOSEPH O. NAY,  
WM. L. FLANAGAN.

NEW YORK.

**A PRIZE.** Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to make money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

**CANDY** Send \$1, \$1.50, or \$3 for a retail box, by express, of the best candies in America, put up elegantly, and strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Refers to all Chicago.

Address, **GUNTHER, Confectioner,**  
78 Madison St., Chicago.



This elegant solid 18K gold ring, made of heavy 18 K. rollers, packed in Velvet Casket, warranted 5 years, post-paid, 40c. 2 for \$1.25, 50 C. Cards, "Beauties," all gold, Silver, Roses, Lilies, Motives, &c., with name on, 10c., 11 packs \$1.00 bill, and the Gold Ring Free.

U. S. CARD CO., CENTERBROOK, CONN

**GOSSAMER GARMENTS FREE**

We wish to obtain Lady Agents in every city and town in the U. S. and Canada, for our New Gossamer waists of Garments. In order to induce the goods we make the following offer. Any reader of this paper who will agree to show our goods to their friends and to distribute the circulars we mail with goods, we will send post-paid two full size Ladies Gossamer Garments at an samples, free. Also send 25 cents P. O. stamps to help pay postage, expenses, etc. EMPER. MFG CO. WILLIAMSBURG N. Y.

**BEHNING**

FIRST CLASS

Grand Square & Upright

PIANOS.

Warerooms: 3 W. 14th St. & 129 E. 125th St.

Factory, N. E. corner 124 st. and 1st ave., New York.

**PERFECTION MAGIC LANTERNS.**

Best Quality. Latest Improvements.  
Travel around the World in your  
Chair.

Their compact form and accurate work particularly adapt them for Home Amusement.

With a FEW DOLLARS' outlay a comfortable living may be earned. **VIEW**s in stock, and made to order. Send for Catalogue.

EMANUEL J. S. HART,  
185 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



**The Sensitive Mermaid**  
THE GREATEST SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY EVER INVENTED. Place it on the Palm of Your Hand and it will roll and squirm around as natural as life. It will not stay on some people's hand at all, but will roll off as soon as placed thereon. Our illustration is a correct representation of this amazing and instructive novelty. The upper portion of the figure represents a beautiful woman. The lower part of the figure represents a fish.

By mail, 15 cents. 2 for 25 cents.  
Address: **SHERWOOD & CO.**  
Box 63 WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.

**RUPTURE**

RELIEVED and CURED without the injury Trusses inflict, by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method. Office, 251 Broadway, New York His book, with photographic likenesses of bad cases, before and after cure, mailed for 10 cents.

**FITS**

A Leading London Physician establishes an office in New York for the cure of **EPILEPSY**.

From Am. Journal of Medicine.  
Dr. Ab. Meserole (late of London), who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 30 years' standing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express, and P. O. Address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address  
Dr. AB. MESEROLE, No. 93 John St., New York.

AN Indiana boy was sentenced to four years imprisonment for stealing a suit of clothes. Out in Indiana it is a pretty serious thing to lose a suit of clothes.—*Burlington Free Press.*

THE butchers of New York are trying to discontinue transportation from Chicago and other western cities, of dressed cattle. Anthony Comstock should be set upon the track of these butchers.—*Boston Transcript.*

AN English temperance society has offered prizes for some non-intoxicating drink that will be a substitute for beer. It would be first in order, we think, to devise some non-culpable iniquity that would be a substitute for sin.—*Lowell Citizen.*

At a show given in a town in England the other week, an Irishman personated an African savage so vigorously that a panic seized the crowd and the hall was cleared. If he'd been doing Richard, they'd have called it a fine performance.—*Boston Post.*

A DAKOTA lawyer was recently arrested for stealing wood, but such was the power of his eloquence that he made the jury believe that he was only walking in his sleep, and thought that he was placing flowers on the grave of his first wife.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"GRACE," said a seven-year old, "what is the matter with your doll?" "Well," said Grace, with a deep sigh, as she examined the cavity once concealed by a rubber nose, she has a cancer." "How she must suffer." "Yes, poor thing, but she never speaks of it."—*Boston Advertiser.*

"I DON'T think Mistor Flaherty was nominated lagally," said Michael. "Phat's that?" asked Timothy. "Oi say Mistor Flaherty must have got his nomination illegally, for all was quiet and peaceful, they till me, and divil a foight of anny koind at the caucus."—*Boston Transcript.*

A COMIC paper is to be started in Siberia, and the Siberians are feeling very good over the prospect. It can't be much fun for the editors, though, to have to joke in Russian, a language in which Dskjowjowlersky stands for "mother-in-law," and which puts four j's and a q in "Ellen Wheeler."—*Buffalo Express.*

YOUNG WIFE: "Dear, why are you eating so much more of my cake than usual to-night? Is it nicer than it was last night?" Young husband: "I—my darling—I—well, to tell you the truth, I bet Toozle \$5 that I weigh more than he did, and we are going down to the store to settle it to-night."—*Burlington Free Press.*

A LADY who had bought groceries had them weighed as they were sent home, and found them all right. So she went down and complimented him on his honesty, and he told her he always intended to do what was right, and then, after she had departed, he went and discharged the clerk who put up the goods.—*Boston Post.*

JIM WEBSTER, a hard-looking colored man, was brought to a justice in Austin for stealing some money from the house of Colonel Jones, one of the most respectable citizens. Said the Judge very impressively to Jim, "Don't you know that no good can come from stolen money?—that there is a curse on it?" "Boss, I didn't know Colonel Jones stole dat money. I allus 'spected him ob bein an hones' man. White folks are gettin' to be mighty unrelieable nowadays."—*Texas Siftings.*

**Franklin Square Lithographic Co.**

—STEAM LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTERS—

FINE COLOR WORK A SPECIALTY.  
PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTIONS.

Estimates Carefully Prepared.

324, 326 and 328 Pearl St.,

—NEW YORK—

**CATARRH**

Chicago.



Twenty years of suffering from catarrh and catarrhal headache I never found anything to afford lasting relief until I tried Ely's Cream Balm. I have used two bottles and now consider my catarrh cured. I have recommended it to several of my friends with like good results.—D. T. Higginson, 145 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

CREAM BALM causes no pain. Gives relief at once. Cleanses the head. Causes healthy secretions. Abates inflammation. A thorough treatment will cure. Not a liquid or snuff. Applied with the finger. 50 cents at Drug-gists. 60 cents by mail registered.

Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

**CONSUMPTION**

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 121 Pearl St., N. Y.

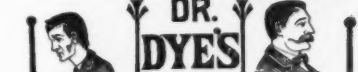
**Beautiful Fibre Handkerchiefs**

WANTED, AGENTS AND LADIES EVERYWHERE to sell our New Fibre Handkerchiefs Size 16x20 inches, made of FIBREMAN Imported article **21087** as FINE SILK, and equal in appearance to the finest linen. 1 dozen samples showing what they are worth special price. Mailed postpaid for **ONLY 25 CTS.** 5 DOZ. \$1. With an elegant GOLD RINGED GOLD HALF-ROUND RING FREE! all postpaid. HAVE CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY EASILY AND QUICK AT HOME. **SHERWOOD & CO., WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.**

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

**Print Your Own Cards Labels, Envelopes, &c.,** with our **PRINTING PRESS.** Larger sizes, for Circulars, &c., \$3 to \$75. For pleasure, money making, young or old. Everything easy. Printed instructions. Send two stamps for Catalogue of Presses, Type, Cards, &c., to the Factory, **KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.**

**30 DAYS' TRIAL**



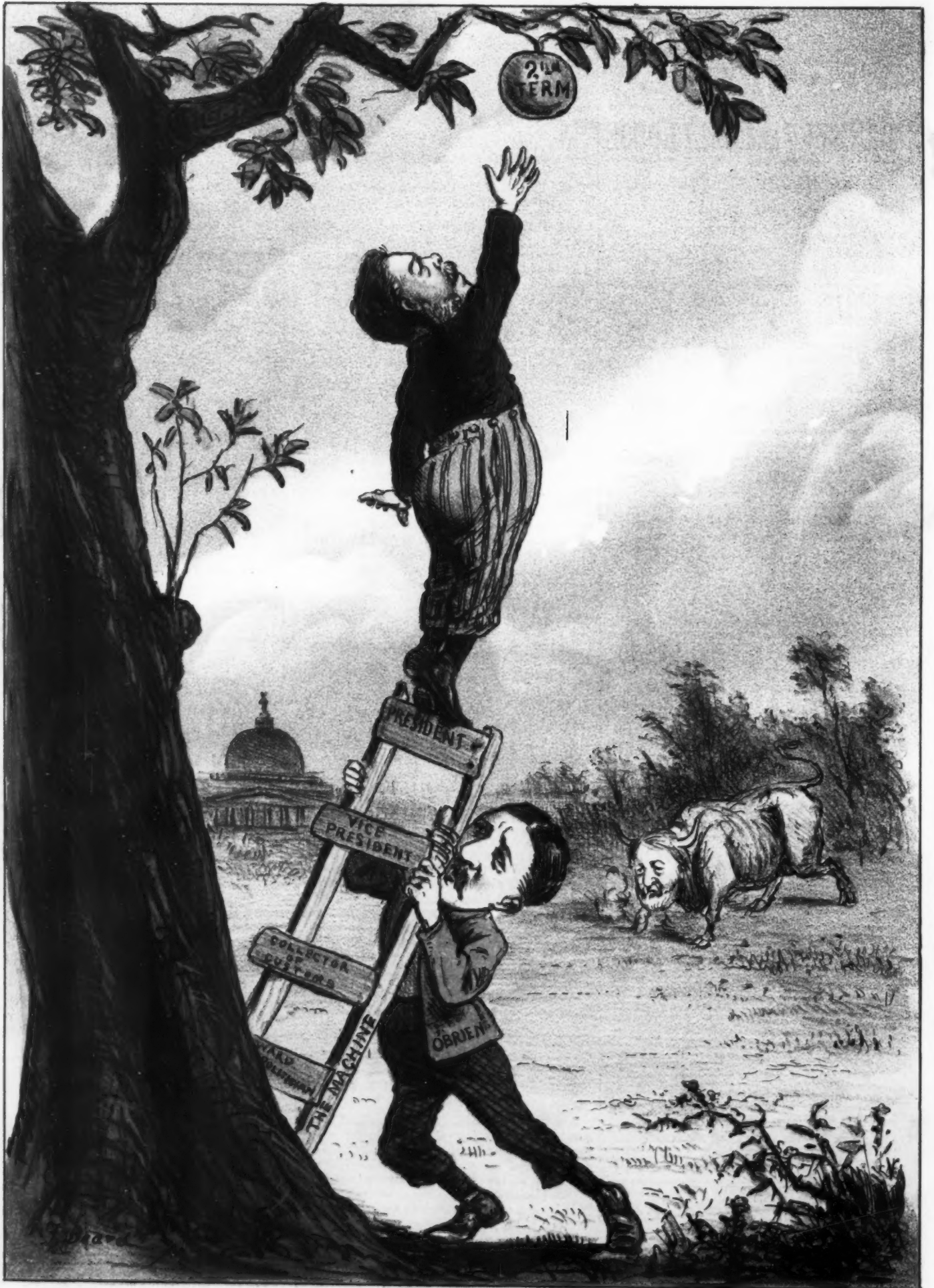
**DR. DYE'S**  
ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES are sent on 30 Days' Trial TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD, who are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, WASTING WEAKNESS, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE, resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration to HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address  
**Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.**

**CRAZY PATCH WORK**

How to Make It: how to obtain the silk for it. We send Ten samples of elegant silk, all different and cut so as to make one 10-inch block of Crazy Patchwork, for 25 cts.; 12-inch block, 35 cts.; with diagram showing how it is put together.

We send 20 perforated patterns, working size, of birds, butterflies, bugs, beetles, bees, spiders and webs, reptiles, Greenaway figures, etc., etc., and 10 sprays of flowers of various kinds, all for 60 cts., with powder and distributing pad for transferring, to ornament the silk. These patterns can be *instantly* transferred to any material, and can be used a *hundred* times over. Our book, "How to Make Home Beautiful," has instructions for making a variety of patchwork, with diagrams and illustrations of many fancy stitches for joining and ornamenting the silk. Also, has illustrations of all the Kensington and Aracene stitches, with instructions for doing this kind of embroidery and for making many beautiful and useful articles. It also contains a descriptive and illustrated list of nearly 1,000 patterns for various kinds of embroidery. Price, 15 cts. All the above, with ten varieties of silk for 10-inch block, 90 cents; with silk for 12-inch block, \$1.00, with silk for both blocks \$1.25, all post-paid. Silks in \$1., \$2. and 3-packs. **J. L. PATTEN, 47 Barclay St. New York.**

THE JUDGE



TOO HIGH.