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THE NEW MAYOR OF NEW YORK.
 CHORUS OF CITIZENS: GOOD LUCK TO YOU, MR. EDSON.



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The New Mayor of New York.

In common with the rest of New York's law-abiding citizens, THE JUDGE would hail with delight the inauguration of a free and untrammelled Chief Magistrate of this great metropolis. In common with many of the law-abiding citizens aforesaid, THE JUDGE has grave doubts that Franklin Edson will be such a Mayor. It strikes us that he has been bound hand and foot by Tammany, Irving Hall, and County Democracy patriots, and that he will be forced to do their bidding. Other men have pledged themselves to become the creatures of such people, and have cut loose from them after the inauguration ceremonies. It is barely possible that Mr. Edson may be such a man. But we must deal with the present. Notorious men, the mention of whose names long ago sickened the general public, will be forced upon the notice of the Mayor for high offices within his gift. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Edson will sacrifice the good name which he gained in the business community by accepting old party hacks and tricksters as fit men for his staff of officers. Strong efforts will be made to keep him tied up so that he will do the work of the party bosses. Let him remember that he was not elected by the politicians; that the sovereign will of the people was exercised on the 7th of November, and that by their votes he has been placed in the executive chamber in the City Hall. Let him tear himself from the fastenings which the politicians have placed around him, and be a flat-footed, square-shouldered Mayor of New York.

The Judge's Dream.

THE stars were blinking as though about to close their sparkling eyes, the moon was drowsy and mysterious, honest men were crawling into bed, and politicians and thieves were holding high carnival in their favorite resorts, when THE JUDGE lay upon his virtuous couch, and closed his venerable eyes in peaceful slumber. Then he reveled in a dream which he hopes may not be all a dream. He was in the society of angels, and he recognized old familiar faces. President Arthur was as seraphic as all well-regulated angels should be. He soared aloft as though flying high had been his aim through all his life, and as though such an altitude should be maintained in the angelic world. Bold Ben Butler, of Massachusetts, was in the same latitude, playing upon an accordion the airs he loved so well when in New Orleans. Fresh from quiet Philadelphia, George W. Childs tuned his harp. He was no longer troubled by the raids upon the grave-yards in the city, which he had helped to make so dull and dreary. He was no longer worried over the ridicule heaped upon him by Dana, of the *Sun*. He had left behind him large sums of money with which all his old friends and employees

might secure the fat of the land. There was Grant at last satisfied. At least he said so, as he peered around the bed-post and smiled at THE JUDGE. Talmage and Beecher were in loving embrace. "Tal, old boy," said Beecher, "you and I have received some pretty hard knocks in our time, but we are safe from the newspapers and lawyers now. Do you remember when Tilton and his crowd tried to down me? Didn't I knock them out in good shape?" "Yes," replied the gymnast of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, "you did well. But I was never able to get my hands on the man or woman who started the terrible story that I drowned my wife in the Schuylkill River."

Colonel "Bob" Ingersoll was happy in the consciousness that he had been true to his friends and to himself; that Brady and Dorsey, and thousands better than they, were loud in their praises of him. John Kelly and Sammy Tilden were like turtle doves in the sun. They talked over their old political battles, and were happy that no more were to be fought. Ex-Governor Cornell and Governor Cleveland were sweetly singing, "We're the happiest pair here or hereabouts." William H. Vanderbilt and Frank Work had agreed that their teams were evenly matched, and that neither could eclipse the other. Blaine and Conkling called each other pet names, and each regretted that he could not nominate the other for the office of President. The colossal Senator David Davis, free from newspaper paragraphs, and the wiles of young womankind, seemed doubly blessed, and joined, with much feeling, in a celestial hymn. "Black Jack" Logan, of Illinois, and General Fitz John Porter grasped each other like long-lost brothers and wept. All these, and many more besides, flitted before THE JUDGE in his dream. When he awoke in the morning by the bright light, and beheld the small boys in the street snow-balling a tramp, he wondered why his dream could not be an accomplished fact. Why, after all, brethren do not dwell in unity!

High Life Below Stairs.

LIKE master, like man; and why not? Why should not the belles of the kitchen imitate the possibly more stately ones above-stairs? And if they have tony and stately weddings, why should not the servants come as near to the same thing as they can? Who knows but the belle of a Fifth avenue kitchen may not in time become a leader of society? Her husband, although only a "Mick" now, may in time become an Alderman, a State legislator, even a member of Congress. Such things have been. He may become a railroad magnate, the possessor of millions, and then who would dare to insinuate that both husband and wife did not carry blue blood in their veins?

No, there is no knowing what may happen in this world, especially at its present stage, and so let the belles and beaux of the kitchen carry things out in imitation just as much as they like. Great artists say that the advent of the chromo has been a good thing for art, because they helped to educate people up to higher and better things. Then why should the chromos of the kitchen be despised? Biddy McGloin and Pat Haggerty may not seem very much refined now, but their children may turn out Blaines or Gambettas. The children of those who live above-stairs may be obliged to "knuckle down" to those who spring from those below-stairs marriages, and even the destinies of nations may hinge upon the result of these imitation aristocratic marriages. "Great oaks from little acorns grow," and those acorns may possibly be nursed in the kitchen, even though in imitation of higher forms, which never attain to such altitudes and dignity.

Robbing a Newspaper.

THE New York *Herald* published a dispatch from South Carolina, giving news of a village fire, and saying that suspicion of incendiarism rested on "one Malloy." Thereupon "one Malloy," desiring to make enough money to have his "baggage checked for Troy," to see his relative, Pat Malloy, brought suit in the United States Supreme Court for damages of \$20,000. The *Herald* said that he was not the particular Malloy meant; and it gave him all the benefit of its extensive circulation in setting him right, which

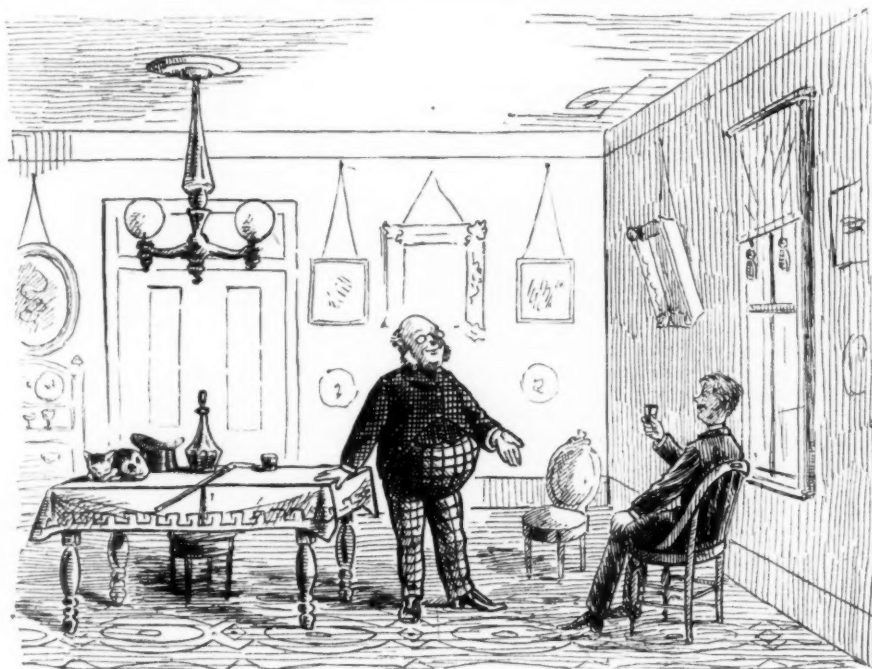
brought him into wide and favorable notice, which many a man, especially if he were a cheap politician, would have gone wild with delight to receive. The presiding justice favored Malloy, and the damages were assessed, not on the basis of Malloy's worth, but on the wealth of the *Herald*. That is very much as if John Smith should pay only fifty cents for a mousing cat, which, if it were purchased by a rich newspaper, should bring \$10,000, or that the proprietor of the *Herald* should pay \$1,000 to ride on an elevated railway during five-cent hours. The case, on appeal, will probably receive treatment of a different and more reasonable kind.

A War With England Imminent.

A WAR between England and America has been for many years a bright, particular subject in the cross-roads stores throughout this country, and the possibilities of the subjugation of the British by the soldiers of the Yankee nation has been discussed in fiery and untamed language. When the war for the perpetuation of the Union was closed, and the Northern armies held aloft the banners of victory, it was proclaimed on every hill-top, in the valleys, and on the plains, that America is a great and glorious Republic, and that her army and navy might successfully cope with those of the rest of the world. But since that day Robeson has had much to do with the navy, and Tom, Dick and Harry have played havoc with the army, and America is decidedly short on a navy and an army. While our more and perhaps less esteemed contemporaries are disseminating news of a rather stupid nature, THE JUDGE is aroused to the fact that a war with England is at last imminent. Our London correspondent, who hob-nobs with royalty, cables us that H. R. H. the Prince of Wales is endeavoring to persuade his royal mother and the Right Honorable William Ewart Gladstone that a war must be declared against this country. We are further informed that the conduct of one of our most distinguished citizens—Mr. Frederick Gebhart—has created this warlike condition of the Prince's mind. In rashly claiming Mrs. Langtry's society, Mr. Gebhart has offended the Prince, and the whole power of the Kingdom will be called into action to avenge the insult. It is claimed by the Prince that the United States government must be held responsible for Mr. Gebhart's conduct. While we have no disposition to calm the American Eagle, or show a white feather, we must beg to differ with the heir-apparent of the throne of England. We have instructed our correspondent, who is at present sojourning in Windsor Castle, to say to Her Majesty the Queen, that the United States government will gladly deliver Mr. Gebhart to her petulant son, if by so doing a war can be prevented. Place Mr. Gebhart, if you will, most noble Prince, with the exiled Egyptian Pasha. We can all afford to part with Freddie.

SOME genius has invented what he calls a "Cat Quieter." An electric wire is run along the top of the back yard fence, and when the cats begin their midnight serenade to the moon, or discuss civil service reform in an excited and vociferous manner, a battery in the sleeping chamber charges the wire, and the cats are seized with remorse and despair, and spit and plead, and yowl and cuss, and resolve to turn over a new leaf and swear off, and get down off the fence in a highly demoralized manner. The inventor means well; but the other night a man in New Jersey, who had fixed his "Quieter," and retired early, soon heard the alarm strike, and he quickly turned on the current. A series of frightful shrieks followed, and the New Jersey man thought he never heard voices of cats sound so much like the tones of human beings in distress. The fact is, his nineteen-year-old son and the hired girl next door, who were discussing matters of grave import over the back fence, had received a terrible "shock," and the cat quieter was torn up by the roots.

A PARIS paper tells of an eccentric old man who had a clause inserted in his will that no one should follow him to his grave, but that his mattress should be borne behind the hearse as his mourner. The old man evidently knew how many sincere mourners he was leaving behind in the mattress.



A NEW MEMBER FOR THE "THIRTEEN CLUB."

Old Mr. Bangs says that he don't believe in the saying that if you sit on a table you will be disappointed. To show that he is not superstitious he will sit on the table.

FAREWELL TO OSCAR.

A WILDE, WEIRD CHANT.

OSCAR from our shores hath fled,
(Dead is the sunflower boom!)
A velvet vest and a necktie red,
(The lily's draped in gloom!)
With breeches reaching to the knee,
(At the bunco man he swears!)
His auburn hair so long and free,
(Four aces beat two pairs!)
Silver buckles on his shoes,
(Oh, the stork stands on one leg!)
Gone is his too too utter muse,
(No more in ours, we beg!)
For him a very long farewell,
(Not blue is the nose that's red!)
For us no more of the aesthete "sell,"
(Put a foolscap on his head!)

—EDGAR F.—7.

The O'Slatterys "Receive."

It has always been the custom of the O'Slatterys to keep open house on New Year's day. Years ago, even when they lived in a six story tenement, when the pater O'Slattery was a coal-heaver, and welcomed his friends in the "old country" style. And the mater O'Slattery was a genial, kind-souled woman, who had a cheerful word for every one; in those by-gone days when the giddy O'Slattery daughters chirped slang to their tough masculine callers.

Towards evening the floor was usually cleared of furniture and obstructing "overloaded" callers, and the ubiquitous accordion and its wielding furnished orchestral accompaniment for the mazy waltz, which, continued until the landlady of the house came upstairs to inquire if they were "going to dance off the rooms beneath?" this was the usual hint for the last breakdown, and the callers made their exit in various stages of noise and inebriation.

But time and customs are changed with the O'Slatterys. The days when O'Slattery heaved coal are forgotten by that ambitious family; and if any one should so far forget themselves as to relate any reminiscence of their former tenement-house existence, it would be the signal for a total severance of such a one's acquaintance for the future.

The pater O'Slattery abdicated coal-heaving in favor of politics, hence the change.

They now inhabit a brown-stone front in one of the

uptown side streets. Mr. O'Slattery being in the "political army," as he tells his friends, cannot with impunity discard his quondam associates, who, however disagreeable they may be to his patrician spirit at New Year's, yet are extremely useful to him on and about election time.

The mater O'Slattery is a changed female; her former genial manner has given way to a queenly dignity which her elevated position demands; an iceberg is warmth itself compared to Mrs. O's, when she meets a neighbor of tenement-house memory.

The five O'Slattery daughters have undergone a corresponding change; they still talk slang, but in a truly aristocratic manner; they no longer waltz to the music of the vulgar accordion, but glide to the banging of a piano.

The above is intended as a prologue to what follows. According to the American custom, the O'Slatterys received on New Year's day. The mater and her five

daughters prepared for the ordeal; and as the three eldest daughters have long since passed the rubicon of girlish virginity, it was not without reason that their fond parents hinted that a son-in-law would be a desirable acquisition. Each desirable young man appeared well enough pleased with the daughters, but the sententious and Jumbo-proportioned prospective mother-in-law was too much for their moral courage. After being requested to "take something," the eligible young man was surrounded by five palpitating females who cut off his retreat until a substitute came. Matters progressed smoothly all day until evening, when a few neighbors of unsavory tenement memory called; they were honest, simple-minded men, and for their especial delectation, whilst the daughters were trying to mash an eligible young man, Mrs. O'Slattery condescendingly detailed the number of callers of quality that had called.

"There wuz sivin risin' young loyars (Mrs. O.S. prided herself on this which she formally called liars.) Six aldermin, two sinators, and the clargy; the clargy niver forgit us aris-to-cracy."

"Shure, Mrs. O'Slattery, do ye enjoy yourself as much as the time when me and you lived on the same flure in McCoy's tenement?" inquired Mike Duffy, one of the plebeian callers.

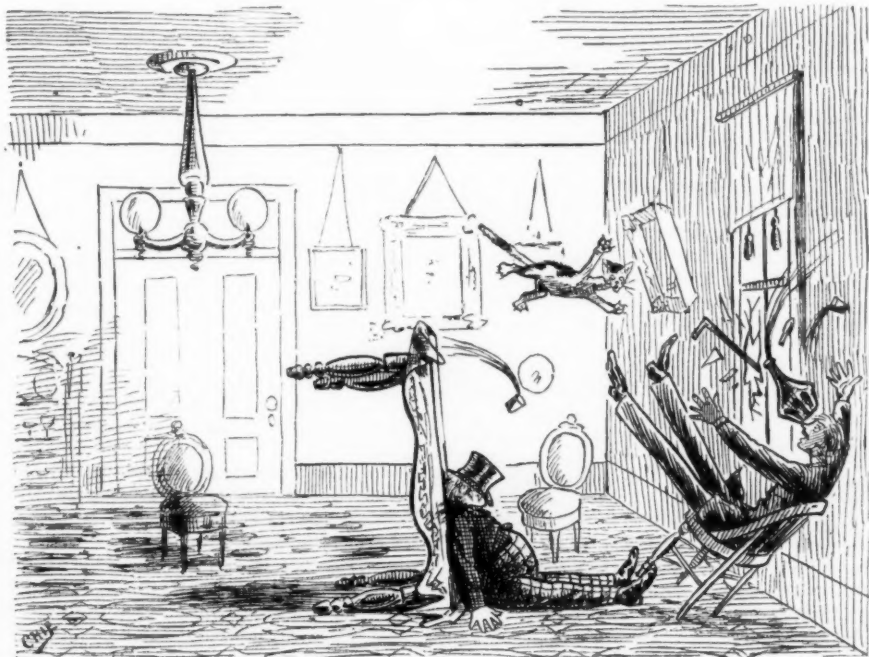
"Why shouldn't I, Mister Duffy, me husband is risin' in the world, and if the Dircrats continue their success, he says he will move to Fifth avenoo after the next eliction," retorted Mrs. O'S.

"Ye have got much fatter since ye quit walking up and down six flights of stairs," continued the simple Duffy.

"Yes. My averagedupoy has increased somewhat," said Mrs. O.S., grandly, while her face got very red, the daughters commenced to cough violently, and the young man smiled.

The irrepressible Duffy continued, "Do ye remember this New Year's night five years, Mary Ann over there was about twenty-two thin. She and my Jamsey are the same age; we were all pruttly full that night, and you remember the landlady came up to know if you were going to stop the noise, or else pay the three months rint you owed; I'll never forgit the longest day I live how ye flew at her, ye weren't quite so fat thin, and it was a tough fight, for ye know the landlady was sober. Mary Ann she flew at Doolan, who was trying to separate ye's and"—Mary Ann was here seized with what she afterwards termed a historical fit; the young man on whom she had just made a favorable impression ran out, and the room was quickly cleared.

Hereafter when any one calls on the O'Slatterys they must first send in a card for inspection before admittance.



HE IS DISAPPOINTED.



THE LAST CALL NEW YEAR'S DAY.

It sheems ter me tha's rather ex'tra'or'nary way ter han' a feller a glasserine.

CONUNDRUMS.

Does every milk train have a cow-catcher?
Do the Democratic Senators at Albany dye by their own hands?
Was it a Tammany man who said that a suicide cut his own jocular vein?
Where did John T. Raymond obtain his habit of matching half dollars?
Where did Mr. James, of the Central Railroad, learn all his good stories? In Wales?
Does F. B. Thurber expect to grease the wheels of state with lard or oleomargarine?
GEORGE SAND says that dogs have lively imaginations. Is that what makes them scratch so?
THE Cincinnati papers are having a journalistic fight. Isn't this kind of fight a sort of paper mill?
WILL Colonel Tracey ever forget to smile with taffy-like consistency upon the just and the unjust?
A SPORTSMAN says that the trout has exquisite vision. Ought it not to have, wearing so many specks?
WAS it not a piece of impertinence in the man who asked whether David Davis ever sits on his girl's lap?
DOES the modern interviewer write what he nose about? And if he writes what he noses about, does he write about what turns up?
WILL Governor Grover Cleveland ever be able to get a shirt collar so big that the wrinkles of his big bovine neck will not fall over it?
WHY is it that just when you want a boat not to go at all, you make her fast? And why is it that if a man makes himself fast, he goes all the harder?
DOES Fire Commissioner Purroy ever get on his muscle, as he used to do, and if he does, is he just as nasty in a fight as the other man dares to wish?
A NEW patent lock for a beer-barrel fancet registers the amount of beer that is drawn. Is it true that locks are used because servants go stock and barrel for beer?
WILL Mr. "Gentleman George" Pendleton, who is a stiff, starched, uneasy, kidded, paper-on-the-wall, coated Turveydrop, ever be President of the United States?
WILL John E. Develn ever cease to be fat and ruddy? And does he, as a pet of the County Democracy, sustain his position by as great an intimacy as ever with the municipal laws?
WILL Governor Cleveland allow himself to be owned, badgered and domineered by Ed Kearney? And if he does, will he still consider himself to be a man of spirit and brains? John Kelly owns Ed Kearney.
Now that Peter Bowe is no longer sheriff, and he has got a 2:50 team, will he flourish that splendid whip over the dash-board for mere amusement, or will he only occasionally take a spin and a drink at Gabe Case's?
WILL nervous, ragged-bearded old Joe Brown, of Georgia, who hides the natural cussedness of a fox be-

hind the cap-frills of an old granny, stop trying to be both a God-given saint and a reckless, conscienceless old mountebank?

HAS Recorder Jim Smith so forgotten his old genial ways that the *Herald* should call him solemn-looking? And is it not true of Smith that he never really became a swell, but that he has always remained an earnest countryman in manner and appearance?

THERE are said to be a good many domestic wrangles in the family of the Prince of Wales, and that Alexandra sometimes, as it were, snatches him bald-headed. If she keeps on in this way for very long, will he not have to buy a wig in order to be hair apparent?

SEYMOUR HADEN, the Englishman, who is now in the United States, is the greatest etcher since Rembrandt. But isn't he a little conceited in his idea of his own importance? As few know anything about etching, is it not true that no one cares whether it is Haden or Hayden?

COULDN'T Deputy Controller Richard A. Storrs tell a good deal of municipal history? He is the man without whose knowledge of the practical knowledge and management of the office no man could get along. Wouldn't it be interesting to hear him tell what he knows about the office since long before sneaking Dick Connolly?

WILL Mr. William J. Florence be so good as to cease telling the reporters how old he is or how many years he has been married? Let him pass for forty. But, Billy, although you weigh two hundred pounds, will you allow THE JUDGE to say to you, or to Mr. Bardwell Sote, that you are one of the h. o. g's—heaven's own geniuses?

HAS a man who has been smart enough to be at the head of a Congressional finance committee for many years, and a Secretary of the Treasury to boot, no right to be smart enough, as Mr. John Sherman has been, to see little opportunities for investing, so that he has made \$300,000, even if he is as cold and un-sentimental as ever?

IF ex-State Senator Strahan should become Surveyor by the appointment of the President, will not the canny Scotchman please relieve himself of some of that hard, earnest, straight-backed, sour-cold manner which has always characterized him? The Senator is smart or he would never have got along where he was considered as an interloper and an upstart, but is not a genial and modestly soft manner much better than an air of pert, rasping, hard and bitter smartness?

NOW that Dr. Scudder has left Brooklyn in order to preach in Chicago, is it not an occasion for asking whether the mild, mush-and-milk minded Scudders, with their clean, fleshy consciences, and mannerly, commonplace, namby-pamby style of preaching, have not done more good in encouraging mildly good people, who could never have been anything but mildly good, in going regularly to Sunday-school, than that shovel-nosed shark, Talmage, with his caterwaulings and howlings?

WILL Mr. J. K. Emmet ever live in the grotesque house that he is building between Albany and Troy? Will he ever again say the naughty things in his "playing," for which he was so severely criticised by the enraged press of San Francisco? Will Mr. Emmet cease to buy worthless knickknacks? Will Mr. Emmet please take for a brace in the morning alternate drinks of beef tea and vichy and milk? Will he also take four drops of tincture of iodine in plain soda, as a cure of a sick stomach? Will he also eat a clam stew every time he feels like taking a drink?

OF what use to the United States of America is such a man as Senator Ferry, of Michigan, with his long, spruce, gawky, Methodist-minister chin-beard, down which the sanctimonious oil ought to run as it poured over Aaron's beard? Isn't the old scandal enough to drive him back home, in his stiff-buttoned, pass-around-the-plate-in-church style of lackadaisical beauty? And if the scandal isn't sufficient, and his sanctimonious beard isn't sufficient, and his mellow-deacon strut, and his uplifted palm, which looks like a sort of patent coupler and buffer, will not keep him out of the United States Senate, then the Republicans of Michigan, which is no longer an underbrush State, but a sort of grown-up-tree State, must be a sickly portion of the Union. Don't you say so, Michigan?

A NEW YEAR'S EPIC.

ARM in arm, quite confidential,
Filled with everything essential
To complete intoxication,
To complete exhilaration,
Went two New Year's callers chanting,
O'erhead the night
Twinkled bright.

And the burden of their ditty,
Was that they were a committee
Chosen for the extirpation
Of all blue-coats in creation,
And with eagerness were panting
To show the way
They could play.

With selections operatic,
Menaces melodramatic,
On they stumbled sans resistance,
Till a "cop" loomed in the distance.
Then the battle was terrific,
And every pore
Yielded gore.

Morning saw these heroes humbled,
Downcast and with aspect tumbled,
Taking the judicial sentence
With a look of meek repentance.
Then they swore that less prolific
Of jollity
They would be.

—H. H.

They Persuaded the Engineer.

ONCE there was a railroad engineer. He ran the locomotive just because he wanted to make \$60 a month. He did not run a stationary engine in a saw mill, as the sequel will show, but that's no reason why he shouldn't have devoted his attention to that branch of engineering.

This engineer had a watch. The watch was to run the train on time by, though the minstrel jokes say the trains run on the tracks. The watch was a good one—in its day—but the day has gone by. It was one of those watches that go when the owner does. Its vitals had been injured ere it passed the Rubicon.

The engineer knew this, and consequently distrusted its veracity. When it held its little hands before its face, and said in silent tones, "It is now 4:30," the engineer would frequently say, "I think you are lying to me; I believe it is now 4:53." So there was ever a lack of confidence between the engineer and his watch.

One day the engineer was to take out a long train filled with many people. As he left the station a passenger looked at his \$300 chronometer and said, "It is not 3:05 p. m." The engineer looked at his watch; it said 3:11; another passenger with a silver watch, said, "It is now just 3 o'clock."

This set the engineer to thinking, so he asked three other men; they each told him three different sets of time. Then he jumped into his cab and started the engine. After running an hour he calculated he was forty minutes behind time.

After running two hours he figured he was twenty minutes ahead of schedule time, and fifteen minutes later, when the collision came, he stopped calculating altogether. *Hic fabula docet*, as the Irish say, and in U. S. language means: this story entails the conclusion, that the man who listens to every one's time as given by their watches will get left when he runs to catch a train.

A CURIOUS custom in China is the exhibition of a fish on every house where a boy has been born. The most appropriate fish for this purpose is a little sucker; but we don't think much of the custom. Every town in China must have an ancient and fish-like smell.

"LOOK out for a cold wave."—*Exchange*. Certainly—of course: where else should a fellow look?

"DEATH of a Veteran Surgeon," wrote the editor. "Death of a Veterinary Surgeon," set the compositor, which came near being the death of the editor.

THE STREWING OF THE LINKS.

THEY were dancing on the ice,
 Very nice,
 Was this pair of fancy skaters,
 With their patent-leather gaiters,
 And their legs in skin-tight pantaloons compressed.
 And the people round about,
 Would cry out,
 "Great is our admiration,
 For these prigs of lofty station,
 Who distort themselves with such apparent zest."
 Everybody stopped and glanced,
 Quite entranced.
 By the fancy dance they danced,
 By th' astounding prance they pranced,
 As they waltzed about the ice with conscious skill.
 They quadrilled, societied
 With rare speed.
 They fulfilled the poet's notion,
 Of the poetry of motion,
 And were grace itself personified until,—
 'Neath their feet the ice decreed
 To recede.
 Gravity its rights asserted,
 Their anatomies inverted,
 Bringing them to mother earth in manner rude.
 And the people round about
 Did cry out,
 "Great is our cackination
 At this graceful operation,
 At the way in which these missing links are strewed."

What He Had Lost.

A FEW days ago among the throngs that congregate at the Grand Central Railway Depot in this city were two individuals, whose appearance instantly struck the most casual observer. One of them was a short, fat man, dressed in a tight-fitting suit of "solemn black," and with two or three yards of crape around his respectable-looking black plug-hat. Judging from his external aspect and also from the mournful, woe-begone look on his face, death had been just doing a little business with his family. He had a black umbrella and valise with him, and was waiting for a train.

The other was a tall, slim, thin-faced specimen of the genus tramp, who was also attired in black, but of a rustier and shabbier quality. He, too, had a black "stove-pipe" on, and looked as though life was not a "pleasant dream," but a hard, bitter reality to him. In fact, if somebody had told him that he was attacked with the leprosy or small-pox he could scarcely have looked more miserable. He was leaning against the wall, gazing drearily at everything in general and nothing in particular, and shivering in the sharp wind.

It was not long before he was observed by the little fat man, who being of a sociable nature and having some time to spare, sauntered towards him.

"Good-morning, sir," said the little fat man, politely.

"Mornin'," replied the tramp, gruffly.

"Excuse me, sir," continued the other, as he perceived the tramp's sable raiment and sorrowful visage; "but has the merciless reaper, Death, been busy in your family circle, too?"

"Hey?" exclaimed the vagrant, giving him a look.

"Have you lost some friend, some one who was very near and dear to you?" repeated the little fat man, sadly.

"Well, yes, pard," said the tramp, "I hev; I—"

"I knew it! I was sure of it!" exclaimed his companion in a sort of doleful triumph. "Directly I saw you, my dear sir, I recognized you at once as a congenial spirit, one who has felt the sting of the same dart, one whose sufferings were in harmony with my own! Oh! Death, cruel, pitiless Death, why dost thou ravage us so? Oh! Samantha Ann! Samantha Ann!"

Here the little man burst into tears, and drawing a huge black-bordered handkerchief, sobbed dolefully while he mopped his eyes.

"Pardon me, sir," he continued, addressing the tramp, who regarded him as if he was a song-and-dance man, or one of the Ford Brothers, "I am unable to



ADDING TO INJURY.

Say, mister, don't you know you can be arrested for swimmin' in there?

control my grief when I think of her. Samantha Ann Muggles, sir, my wife; one of the handsomest an' smartest women in Tuscarora county. Do more work in one day than six others could do in a week. Used to do all her housework—good deal it was, too—an' help on a sixty-acre farm besides. Ah! she was a jewel, was Sammie! Wouldn't want much help when she were around. An' now ter think that she's dead, gone forever, and that I shall never again hear her musical voice which could be heard all over the village on a still day! Oh, sir, it's perfectly awful ter think on it! And under the accumulation of these painful virtues of the dear departed, the little man sobbed afresh. When he had partially controlled his emotion he went on:

"But I did the square thing by her, stranger! Sich a funeral as Samantha's wuz never seen in our village before. Everybody said that, sir, an' knew the truth of it, too. Casket fit for the Emperor of Russia, an' as much as twenty carriages, besides a large number of private ones, an' mourners on foot. Last week I erected a beautiful monument to her, with flowers an' cherubs' heads an' poetry carved onto it; the finest one in Squashtown church yard. Whole thing cost me nearly fifty dollars, but what's money when the heart's bowed down with weight of woe? Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!" And the way one heart-broken individual sobbed and took on would have melted the heart of a stone image. It was some time before he could speak again, so severe was his grief, but finally he grew calmer, and busied himself in wringing the briny drops of sorrow out of his handkerchief, which was drenched.

"Ah! yes," he sighed, mournfully, "death is sad, an' though I try to bear my sorrow like a Christian and deacon in the Baptist church, yet it's hard, sir, mighty hard. But you know this as well as I, no doubt; you, too, feel the exquisite torments of bereavement, the corroding, canking worm of woe eating into your vitals! You, too, have lost some loved one. Ah! sir, I tender you my most sincere sympathy. I can feel for you in your affliction."

The tramp, who had been gazing at him with increasing wonder, now said:

"Well, yes, pardner, I hev lost some loved one. One who was very near and dear ter me, too. But—"

"Ah! I see," interrupted the little man, "you have, like myself, lost your wife. Well, if she was anything like Samantha Ann you are indeed to be pitied."

"No, pard," replied the vagrant, as an unusually

keen breeze caused him to shiver violently, "'twasn't 'xactly my wife; 'twas my—"

"Your mother!" interrupted the little man again. "Ah! I was certain of it. Poor man! what is home without a mother? Nothing. Ah! sir, accept my heart-felt sympathy!"

"But yer mistaken, old feller," exclaimed his companion, as he nearly dislocated his left arm reaching around to scratch the center portion of his spinal column. "Yer too hasty a jumping at conclusions. 'Twuzn't my mother, neither, 'twuz my—"

"Your father, then," rattled on the little man, "yes, yes, I am right now. Ah! it is too bad. But be brave, my friend, and bear your sorrow like a Christian. This world is but a vale of tears."

"Right you are, pal," was the emphatic answer, "it's a vale o' tears sure enough; but it wasn't my father wot I lost. It was—"

"Your brother, then. Ah! worse still. But be brave, my dear sir, be brave."

"No, 'twasn't my brother. I tell yer 'twas my—"

"Your sister, perhaps," rejoined the little man, hopefully. "Oh! Death, thou merciless, pitiless monster! Our dearest are never secure from thy withering grasp! Ah! sir, I can fancy how lacerated your heart must be at being parted from one who had been so near and dear to you!"

The tramp regarded him with redoubled interest, and after gazing at him thus for some minutes said: "Yes, pard, I feel pretty bad over it. But it wasn't my sister wot I lost. I never had one. The 'near and dear to me' friend I lost was none of the relatives you mentioned, but my combined liver-pad and chest-pectector, which I lost somehow. Tell yer wot, Charley, that ere thing wuz as near an' dear ter me as a brother, an' I reckon I'll ketch the brawn-kittens or somethin' now I've lost it."

Just then the engineer's bell sounded, and gathering up his umbrella and gripsack, the little man, casting a reproachful look at his companion, fled to his train, leaving the tramp shivering in the wind, and silently lamenting the loss of one who had been so "near and dear" to him.

J. L. M.

WHAT an umbrella would be like to say if it could talk: "Put up or shut up."

"Does infidelity pay?" innocently inquires a Brooklyn clergyman. We don't know; ask Bob Ingersoll.



POPULAR POEMS ILLUSTRATED.—“HIAWATHA.”

THE TRAGEDY AT THE MAPLE.

A THRILLING TALE

BY O. PHIDDLE STYX.

CHAPTER I.

It was night. The cool zephyrs gently stirred the catnip leaves and wafted the thistle down away over the fence into McFinnigan's turnip patch.

A solitary horseman came riding along on a stick. When he got to a large maple with a woodpecker hole in the top, he halted, but did not dismount. He shouted, "Halloo!"

CHAPTER II.

We will now tell you why this solitary horseman, in the silence of the midnight hour, stopped at the maple with the woodpecker hole in the top, and shouted, "Halloo!" The solitary horseman's name was Thomas Tick. He loved a young lady whose home was nigh unto that maple. And the young lady loved him. But the young lady's mother had other prospects for her daughter, and she was determined that she should not marry Thomas Tick.

CHAPTER III.

It might as well be stated in this chapter as in any other that the young lady, Sarah Ann Scoopington, was a beautiful creature. Her eyes were of a melting brown, her nose was just right, and her cheeks were of a delicate tinge between the color of a rose in full bloom and a Connecticut field pumpkin in all its glory. And she was as noble as she was beautiful. Tick knew

this, and he resolved that he would spare no pains nor expense to get her out of the house and marry her.

CHAPTER IV.

But if Tick had had a reasonable amount of common sense he wouldn't have come hallooing around the house. He might have known that he would awake the mother. If he had proceeded quietly he probably would have avoided a tragedy. But Tick was one of those fellows who never stop to think.

CHAPTER V.

TICK received no reply to his call, but just as he was growing somewhat impatient there was a blaze and a bang behind the garden wall, and Tick fell to the ground. He had been shot through the hat. As he was about to say some last words, he heard a scream, and Sarah Ann leaped over the wall and fell on her knees by his side.

CHAPTER VI.

AND then the wailing that Sarah Ann wailed! "Oh! oh!" she screamed, "Thomas, my Thomas is a goner! What shall I do now? Life will be nothing but a thorny waste. Oh, mother! have you killed my Thomas?"

CHAPTER VII.

BUT Thomas said he guessed he wasn't killed. He said the bullet had struck him in the hat, but he believed that, with careful nursing, he would recover. "But," he added, "I think we had better retire to a safer spot—the old hyena may fire again."

CHAPTER VIII.

THOMAS FOSE, and he and Sarah Ann were about to make tracks for the preacher's and happiness, when

there was another roar and a flash, and the old lady, instead of shooting Tick, shot herself. The gun, which wasn't a safe one for a woman to handle, went off backwards, and Mrs. Scoopington was no more.

CHAPTER IX.

ALAS! alas!

CHAPTER X.

THE cool zephyrs kept on stirring the catnip leaves gently, and the thistle-down continued to sail over the fence into McFinnigan's turnip patch.

CHAPTER XI.

WITHOUT even waiting until after the funeral, Thomas and Sarah Ann went unto the preacher's and launched their frail bark upon the unknown and untried sea of matrimony, or words to that effect.

[THE END.]

S'mother Reason.

'Twas New Year's day, cold, crisp, and sparkling. Merry children in their warm clothes and bright colors, homeward bound gentlemen and ladies in rich attire and beautiful furs, prancing horses and merry jingling bells on horse and sleigh, made the day seem gay and blithesome, while the holiday attire and happy faces showed that it was a day when toil and care was momentarily laid aside. So it would appear to the casual observer; but appearances often deceive. Again comes the tinkle of bells, not the gay cutter and sleek horse, but this time toiling street-car. On the platform stands the conductor, numb with cold. All day long, during the fourteen hours of his day's work, he has faced the cold wind on the exposed platform of his car. He looks sad and yearning. Bright faces of his children, mayhap, wondering why papa don't come home to dinner, are before his mind. He gives a deep sigh. Is it for home and little ones? No, gentle reader, no, 'tis not for home and little ones, but because he knows full well that there's a "spotter" in the car, and that unless he accounts for every nickel his fingers have touched that his job is gone.

THE man who fell down a well, a distance of some forty feet, didn't come up smiling with the remark, "All's well that ends well."

WHY do white sheep eat more than black sheep? Here's a city question for agricultural readers. Well, old hayseed there's about sixty white sheep to every black one, and we arithmetic that there's where the difference in fodder destruction comes in.

ELLEN SLOVEN has been divorced from her husband by an Iowa court. What's in a name?

WHAT is a Bum Tramp Printer? He is a man Who can Earn Money but Won't. How Did he come So? By too Much Bad Whisky and Sleepless Nights. What is he Waiting for? He is Cold, and is on the Lookout for a Pair of Skids and an Old Coat. Will he Wear them? Oh, no; he Will Pawn the Coat, and then get a Drink. Why does he Do so? Because he is a Bum Tramp Printer. Does he Suffer Much? No, Only when he Has to Work. Don't you think this is a Peculiar Way to Live? Oh, yes, But he Don't.

AN old sharp advertised "Bookkeeping taught in one lesson; terms, one dollar." He got a large class on the opening night, and, after they were seated and the dollars rushed in, he said: "The whole art of bookkeeping hinges on three words. Never lend them!"

A REPORTER, who despises note-books, and makes his reports from notes taken on his cuffs, was asked the other day by his washwoman if he couldn't get the city editor to put him on to reporting high life scandals, as she was getting tired of politics and religious notes.

THE table that was "set in a roar" has been presented to the lions' cage at Central Park.



CAPTAIN BROOKS, you are a good seaman, and a handsome, long-bearded man. You are only an average player of whist; but you are so amiable that one hardly knows how to take your tricks. You do not always choose the most sincere friends, especially when you go to visit one of your old passengers who talks ungrammatically in the country.

HERR MOST, you are a German socialist. Your idea is that capital shall be appropriated ruthlessly and by force of arms to the uses of the crazy mob. Your talk is crazy, but you are talking to men as crazy, as dirty, and as unworthy as yourself. You wish to kill, rob, destroy, not for the good of the human race, but for the benefit of the cranky horde of brutes who will one day give this country a great deal of trouble. You are thinking of the day when you can eat without working. You would eat the world as dry as the moon in six months.

MR. ROBERT HUTCHINGS, you were a few weeks ago the subject of considerable gossip; but it appears that you were not Freddy Gebhardt, after all. You were once a good-looking, curly-haired, smooth-faced, round-cheeked, well-shaped assistant district attorney of New York. You were not loved. The boys did not like you. You were overbearing. You were stiff, and not genial. Your father-in-law, Dick Connolly, put much office, power, and money in your way. Like young Bill Tweed, who was made a lawyer and a general, because he knew little law and no military science, you, who did know considerable law, were put into influential positions. Perhaps you did better than many men who drank whisky, and who might have got the places. But you have made money for yourself. You are financially a great success. THE JUDGE never connected you with the scandal; for that reason it gives you the benefit of these good natured remarks.

HANNIBAL HAMLIN, you were nominated on the ticket with Lincoln because you happened to be a good-natured farmer politician in the East, and a far-East man was wanted to balance the ticket, just as Andy Johnson was afterwards put on to balance with the Southern Union men. You are a quiet, amiable, grandmotherly old man, as honest as the day is long, and a sort of ward of the old Unionists who adored the old Lincoln administration. For that reason you should have an office as long as there is a Republican party in power. Reverence and gratitude are waning virtues in the American character, especially in the North; and such a tribute to the old ticket and old party as is being paid to you aids in fostering those dwindling virtues. You are not a great man, but you are the grandfather-orphan of the Union-War sentiment, and the Union-Peace sentiment is your guardian.

MR. MURAT HALSTEAD, THE JUDGE is truly sorry that your journal, the Cincinnati *Commercial*, no longer has a separate existence, but that it is to be consolidated with Deacon Richard Smith's *Gazette*. However, as you are to come to New York, and write from here over your own signature, you will have a fine opportunity for the display of our talents, and for the propagation of your ideas. You will occupy toward the *Commercial Gazette* almost the same position that George William Curtis holds toward his paper. Mr. Smith will probably make the editorial page of the paper stalwart and temperance; while you will be able to criticize machine politicians to your heart's content. May your robust body long enjoy good health and terrapin stew. May your formidable white mustache and goatee continue to embrace a glass of good red wine. May you forget the story-writing of your young manhood; may you get rid of the pie-biter, R. B. Hayes; may you cease to think that a namby-pamby, corn-popping, maple-sugar-munching Ohio politician, with a voice like a cracked hand-organ, and a soul like a hard boiled egg, is the only man in the world fitted to run the United States. Forsake Ohio sloppiness, and do not affiliate with the rural Cheap-Johns who are half-breeds any more than you give yourself over to

shoulder-hitting stalwarts. If you are good you may go up to the Morton House and see Henri Watterson the next time he comes to New York.

JUSTICE JOSEPH P. BRADLEY, why anybody should ever have called you "Joe" is one of those things that THE JUDGE can only imperfectly understand. You are not at all like a Joe, or a Jack, or a Jim, or a Fred, which nicknames are given either for amiability or for jollity of manner. It may be, however, that very long ago you were a jolly good fellow. Even in your growing age, when, little fellow, you are getting a little plump stomach that looks like a bead on a toothpick, you have shown to THE JUDGE a quiet little sparkle under your gray eye-brow that hinted at a good deal of latent devilry in your organization. You are an excellent lawyer, without great eloquence, and when you were somewhat of a political influence in New Jersey, could make a dry speech which was listened to with respect, and which was not entirely unlike the stiletto manner of address which is so keenly and effectively employed by Edmunds. You were somewhat unjustly made the carrier of unpopularity which, if any was deserved, should have fallen upon the shoulders of also other members of the Supreme Court who voted for the contemptible Hayes. But THE JUDGE can imagine that you were sufficiently punished by seeing what sort of a Presidential manikin you had made. A lesser thing than Rutherford B. Hayes never bit at a pin-book or evaded the scrutiny of a fond mother who was growing cross-eyed in watching the emoluments of a fine-tooth comb. So that THE JUDGE will not blame you for being blind and ignorant of the prize that you were drawing for the American people from the great historical lottery-box. Others were as blind-folded and deceived as you were. You are both grave and practical. You are not a poet, but you have some talent for politics. Yet you are somewhat of a cold dreamer. Little asinine Stewart L. Woodford, who is not worthy to dust your slippers, and whose brain rattles around in his head like a dried hazel-nut meat in its shell or a bean in a bladder, would make more impression on a crowd in two minutes than you could make in a generation. You were never so positive as McCarter, who used to bully, nor so passionate as the frothing Williamson, nor so portentously sweeping as Zabriskie, nor so much of a cuckoo whistling to a primrose as the somnolently soothing Frelinghuysen. You used to be known as a man who had a violent temper. You were intolerant, and if your pantaloons did not fit you stuck your foot through them with characteristic impatience. You have, however, won as large a place as a Jerseyman could wish; and THE JUDGE hopes that you will grow so that the buttons on your coat will be set forward every year.

MR. WILLIAM STEINWAY, you are a man of the world. The labors of your family have been of benefit to the world; but you have also made much money. Good sense has always characterized you as a man, and you have heretofore met the world as you have found it. By very many people you are highly and deservedly respected. Men who know you have gained reputations as critics, and some have, from wide experience, become cynics; but no one of them whom THE JUDGE has ever met has ever said one single word about you that was not kind. For all this you may be proud and satisfied. In Trenton you have a friend who has unusual acumen and ability as a critic of musical matters. Gelfus is a man who is careful, good-natured, alert and pleasing. You have other gentlemen in your business of whom you have no reason to be ashamed. We ought not to forget the gentleman who, though unfortunate in the use of his eyes, has so delicate an ear for the musical merits of the interior of a piano. There are, among the musicians who enter your doorway, some very sensible men. There are the sedate S. B. Mills, and the active W. F. Mills, and the alert Werner, and the poetic Arnold, and the sentimental Futsch, and the able Gottschalk, and the satisfied Remmert, and the indefatigable Thomas, and many others whom we shall not, at this time, mention. But, Mr. Steinway, you must become tired of other and less worthy ones. For, among the people who haunt the lintels of your doorway, are very many preposterously blustering fellows, who, on account of some certain or uncertain connection with musical affairs, assume a great deal of ridiculous and contemptible superiority of manner. They are very much like a small oyster-cracker assum-

ing the style of a bewildering sea-serpent. They assume more airs among women than Freddy Gebhardt or Aaron Burr, and more importance among men than Bismarck's pet dog. A more monstrous array of homeliness than exists among these presumptive lady-killers could not be found in any prize-fighting arena, or even in the insane asylum. They are brusque, conceited, ungentlemanly, and very, very loud in their speech. Few of them, as musicians, are equal to the smallest clerk as a dry-goods measurer. Yet they seem to own everything. One sometimes wonders where they get their bread, yet they elbow men of success with perplexing importance, and order a glass of beer as if they were purchasing the Rhine from the mountains to the sea. Rudeness arising from ignorance is their first characteristic; it is eternal, thunder-like, and silly are the roof-tearing tones of their voices. One can hardly endure their conceit. Because a shrimp is red he is neither a lobster nor a harvest moon; and yet most of the shrimps think they are very big. Some of them are fitter for tailors' boys than pianists; some are more like fiddler-crabs than violinists; some would make better fish-peddlers than singers. Mr. Steinway, we pity you. How tired you must get of the loud-sounding locusts.

How Summerbreeze was Judged.

A FEW evenings ago, Summerbreeze went out to Windsor Locks to deliver his great temperance address, and as he intended to stay several days, with an old friend, took along his gripsack, in which he carried a change of linen. On the train he accidentally changed satchels with a ministerial looking passenger, and didn't discover the mistake, until after the lecture, when at his friend's house he opened his valise to give his friend's little daughter a package of pop-corn which he had purchased for her.

The first thing that struck his eye was a dirty shirt, and mentally ejaculating a cuss-word about the old woman's forgetfulness, he jammed it one side and caught sight of a pint bottle. "Jimminy," he exclaimed, and poked it under the dirty shirt. Opening the other side of the valise, in the vain hope that by some careless blunder the bottle and dirty shirt had been left in his valise from the last fishing excursion, his eyes were greeted with a sight that fairly made the roots of hair on his bald head stand up like the "fretful porcupine's" quills.

His friend saw the deadly pallor come over Summerbreeze's face, and jumped to support him ere he fainted. The catastrophe came. In his efforts to close the unlucky gripsack, the contents rolled out upon the floor, and poor Summerbreeze broke from the room like a madman and ran for the depot. Three half-pint bottles, a pack of cards, a bunch of cigars, several plugs of tobacco, and a prayer-book rolled out on the carpet. But the prayer-book wasn't good enough to take the cuss of the other articles, and seemed to doubly prove old Summerbreeze's ownership and guilt.

His friend gazed in wonder at the supposed signs of his friend's downfall and degradation, and sighed as he thought what an old hypocrite Summerbreeze must be. But while he was meditating on the uncertainty of all things human, his good wife was looking at the prayer-book, and exclaimed, "The old thief! why, he must have stolen this prayer-book, and added another to his long list of sins." In the good book was written:

JOHN DRUMMER,

WITH MARSH & CO.,

Wholesale Grocers.

Old Summerbreeze finally came back after his excitement had subsided and all was explained.

A TERRIBLE outrage was perpetrated at a Christmas festival in a Pennsylvania town, which deserves the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. In the report of the festival it is stated that "pictures of missionaries to Japan were given to the Infant School." And this in a season of good-will on earth and peace toward men! It is such wanton impositions that embitter a child's nature and fill his heart with yearnings to become a pirate and imbue his hands in gore.

If a woman marries a man for his money, shouldn't she have a divorce when the money is gone?



THE JUDGE'S DREAM.

THE JUDGE.



PROPHETIC.

On Christmas Eve
Arthur and Cleve[land]
Hung up the Nation's stocking.
Early next morn,
With looks forlorn,
They found these contents shocking—
Snug at the toe,
With gaze of woe,
Cleve saw John Kelly's shadow;
And you can bet,
Alarmed was Chet,
And most outrageous mad, oh!
When at the top,
With Vict'ry's crop
And grin so mild and lamby,
He plainly spied
The scathless hide
Of his opponent, "Sammy,"
Who boldly wore
Stamp "'84"
Upon his forehead mocking:—
But time will tell,
Explaining well,
The "omens" of this stocking.

OUR POPULAR FARCES.

REPORTED BY "ED."

THE PASSION PLAY.

CHARACTERS.

PSALMIST MORSE, MAYOR GRACIOUS,
ELBRIDGE SKERRY, PARSON ALLTHERAGE,
MR. SANCTIMONIOUS SINNER, JOHN SKELLY.

SCENE.—MAYOR GRACIOUS' office. All of the characters present. Time—Before New Year.

Psalmist Morse.—I believe I have the pleasure of addressing Mayor Gracious?

Mayor Gracious.—You have, although in a very few days I will be ex-officio. What can I do for you?

Psalmist M.—I desire a license.

Mayor G.—What for?

Psalmist M.—I have built a sort of hybrid structure, half-theater, half-church, with just a dash of the circus, in Twenty-third street. I intend to produce a play.

Mayor G.—What sort of a play?

Psalmist M.—A religious play; in fact, the Passion Play, depicting the sufferings, trials and temptations of He who came on earth to preach peace, good will to men. I mean Our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ.

Elbridge Skerry.

Mayor Gracious.

John Skelly.

Parson Alltherage.

Mr. Sanctimonious Sinner. } WHAT!

Psalmist M.—Just what I say. I desire a license to produce the Passion Play.

Parson Alltherage.—I protest. (Waves his legs.) I shout and gymnast against it. (Stands upon his head.) Verily do I dislocate my joints in its disfavor. (Dislocates joints.) I shriek and yawn that it shall never come to pass. (Shrieks and yawns.) Even do I hump my back in opposition. (Humps back.) Yea, will I elevate myself upon my hands and bulge my knees in antagonistic postures. (Elevates himself upon his hands and bulges knees.) Yes, gentlemen, as the acrobatic clerical clown of the City of Churches do I sound the trumpet that such a play shall never be enacted. It is a mockery of religion.

Psalmist M.—Could there be more of a mockery of religion than your weekly performances? Who was it that made a bet of one thousand dollars from the pulpit, as if said pulpit was the pool-stand of a race-course?

Parson A.—I did it. I'll do it again. It's a cold day when I let any reverend sucker steal my sermons. I had hard enough work to steal them myself.

Elbridge Skerry.—I also will not allow the Passion Play to proceed.

Psalmist M.—Why not?

Elbridge S.—I am counsel for the Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and I hear you mean to have children—children of tender years—in your sacrilegious performance.

Psalmist M. (quietly).—Yes, sir, we do.

Elbridge S.—Then we will stop it right away!

Psalmist M.—Guess not.

Elbridge S.—Why?

Psalmist M. (blandly).—Because the children are papier-mache.

Elbridge S.—Oh! (Subsides.)

Mr. S. Sinner.—Let me speak. I—ah—on behalf of the religious community of New York, do most emphatically protest against it. Its rendition will be an insult to all things sacred. Hardly—ah—can I conceive a person so lost to all sense of what is proper, who will assume the character of the Nazarine.

Psalmist M.—Do you know who will assume it?

Mr. S. Sinner.—Who?

Psalmist M.—Mr. Wannemacher, a Baptist minister in regular standing, ordained at Pottsville, Pa. A man whose ordination papers say, "You are to preach the gospel as you see fit." Now, if he thinks he can save some more souls by preaching from the stage than from the pulpit, is he not sustained by his ordination papers?

Mr. S. Sinner.—Miserable excuse!

Psalmist M.—Mr. Sinner, let me ask you a few questions?

Mr. S. Sinner.—Proceed.

Psalmist M.—You are a Christian?

Mr. S. Sinner.—Verily. Deacon of the church.

Psalmist M.—You are rich?

Mr. S. Sinner.—The Lord has been pleased to endow me with a fair portion of this world's goods.

Psalmist M.—Mostly real estate?

Mr. S. Sinner.—Yea.

Psalmist M.—You, as you admitted, are a church member. Yet three of your houses are occupied by gamblers, five are houses of ill-repute, two are low variety dives, one is a dance house where the feet of hundreds of young men and women first tread the path to perdition, and most of the rest of your dwellings are occupied by liquor dealers. Yet all of these places are licensed—licensed to ruin mortal body, brain and soul—by the very authorities which haggle over granting me permission to present, what I may term, an acted sermon.

[MR. S. SINNER faints.]

Mayor G.—Pooh! Val! your arguments are irrelative. Have nothing to do with the subject. Anybody else to speak?

John Skelly.—Oh have.

Mayor G.—What have you to say, Mr. Skelly?

John S.—A good dale.

Mayor G.—Please state your argument in opposition to the Passion Play.

John S.—It strokes at morality, sur, and meself an' the byes have been thyring our besht, to illvate the standard av morality in the city, and, be Heavens, we did it through proxy, lasht election. Aad, Mr. Mayor?

Mayor G.—Well?

John S.—Yez ear?

Mayor G.—You have it.

John S.—Hark me whispser.

Mayor G.—I'm hark'n'ing.

John S.—Niver grant the divil a license.

Mayor G.—Why?

John S.—Tammany is against it.

Mayor G.—What!

John S.—Fact. The subject wur discussed at the wigwam the other noight. Spinola, Barney Martin, Pat Keenan, Joel Stevens, Sunset Cox, Nick Muller, Aleck Davidson, Dick Croker, Mike Duffy, aven the Kennedy, who kapes the Morgue, swore that their conscience wur throuble them fur liufe if New York wur afflicted wid a Passionate Play.

Mayor G.—But what can I do? Really, between you and I, I see no harm in the proposed performance.

John S.—O'll tell ye.

Mayor G.—What?

John S.—Rayfuse for the prisint. Ye are going out av office, ye can afford to take Vanderbilt's advice in regard to the public and—

Mayor G. (anxiously).—What?

John S. (triumphantly).—Lave it to Edson!

[CURTAIN.]

OUR CARD RECEIVER.

THE SOFT GLOVE.

EDITOR OF THE JUDGE.—Will you give your opinion upon the subject of boxers and prize-fighters.

LONG ISLAND BAY.

Yes; you are just the boy THE JUDGE wishes to talk to. There is no reason in the world why a young man should not learn how to box. Next to horseback riding and rowing, it is perhaps the most healthful of exercises. It is also very useful and graceful. It is not necessary that one should be a loafer in order to be a boxer, any more than it is necessary to be a grave robber because you can spade a strawberry garden. Indeed, if Mr. Mace and Mr. Sullivan wish to fight THE JUDGE has no objection, provided they do so in Her Majesty's dominions, to which THE JUDGE's jurisdiction does not extend. Mr. Sartoris, who married Miss Nellie Grant, is a very elegant boxer. Some of Mr. Gebhart's critics are also warned that the nice looking polo-player and horse-owner is very quick with his fists, as well as a lover of pretty women. The Prince of Wales, also, is a very fair sparrer, although he prefers a box at the theater where there is a ballet. Some of the nicest gentlemen in New York have taken lessons in sparring from noted bruisers. They did not necessarily invite the bruisers to their houses. The society frequented by prize-fighters is not of the best. John C. Heenan was probably the most romantic of prize-fighters, but he was a gambler. Some of the men who have figured about the ring have been thieves, pickpockets and burglars. They are neither a nice, nor a learned, nor a good-looking lot of people. Most of them can hardly read. Few of them can write. Do not try to be a prize-fighter or to be a companion of theirs. Let THE JUDGE tell you about the end of Yankee Sullivan. He was a "pet." One night, in a New York barroom, Sullivan went up to a newly-arrived Englishman, and, taking some dislike to him, blackened both his eyes. The prize-fighter afterwards went to San Francisco, where the roughs of the world were congregating. That was before the days when Heenan, the blacksmith, used to sail down from Benicia to clean out a barroom of a Saturday night. But, so riotous were the roughs, that the Vigilance Committee improvised jails, and among the desperadoes was Yankee Sullivan. The night after his arrest a man with a big knife entered his cell. Sullivan was chained and handcuffed. He begged for his life, and wept and prayed and tugged at his chains. The man gave him a slash with the knife across the wrist, almost severing it. He bled to death, and the next morning, being found in his cell, a coroner's jury said that he had committed suicide. One man knew that he had not, and that was the Englishman whose eyes he had once blackened in New York, and who had slashed him with the knife.

OUR HEBREW FRIENDS.

EDITOR OF THE JUDGE: Do you not think that Jews are treated worse than they formerly were in this city?

AN ADLER JEW.

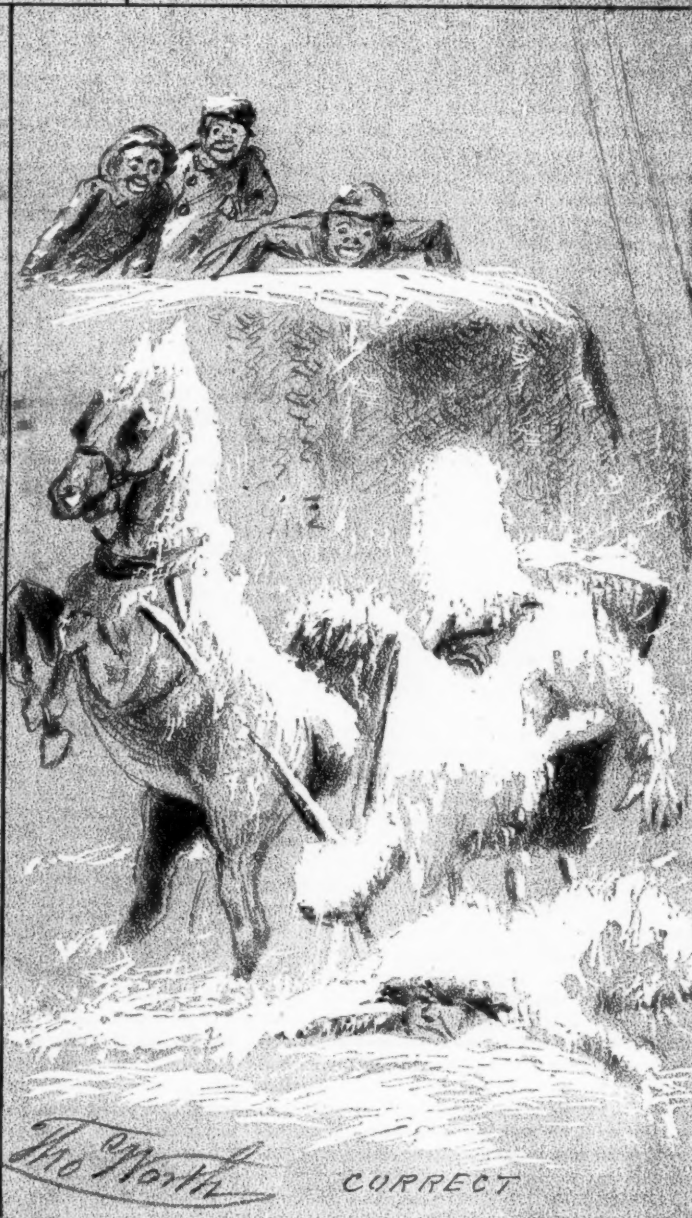
No; there was a time before we were born, when Jews were compelled to live in a certain part of the city. Now they can go anywhere. The Jews obey the laws. Few of them are ever seen in a police court; though they bound a man to death if they "get the law on him." They are very peaceable; but noisy. They are well treated here. In certain parts of Germany the restrictions on them are very great. They have no cause for complaint.

THE LAST ACT.

MR. EDITOR:—What is to be done with the people who hastily rise and obstruct your view and rush for the door when the last act of a play is not yet finished?

THEATER-GOER.

As such people are ignorant of the merits of the play, and are not really pressed for time, their rising, probably, proceeds from a sort of wild, boorish, animal impulse to do some rushing at other people's expense. Brainlessness lies at the bottom of it. Our dramatic writers should combine to prevent, or our managers should insert, in the last act of every play, a saying that only the vulgar rise and boisterously fly, while those who are truly ladies and gentlemen may be seen leisurely sitting until the curtain touches the stage. No one so soon resents being considered as not a gentleman as your true loafer; and in this way, perhaps, well dressed, diamonded loafers and loafresses may be kept down.



BEAUTIFUL SNOW.



THERE is something like a sigh of relief breathed along the whole line of "the profession" when the holidays are over and business swings into its straight and even groove, to run along till the end of the season. The holidays involve extra work for the player folk, and, for reasons that THE JUDGE has already commented upon, no extra emolument. So good-bye to the holidays and Santa Claus, and all the rest of them. Everybody has had pretty nearly enough of them—everybody of the amusement fraternity, that is to say—and when THE JUDGE attends the play, he looks at life and its events with the player's eyes.

We have been treated to little in the way of novelty lately. Bartley Campbell's "White Slave" opened the week at Haverly's. Strange as it may appear, that essentially bad drama has not been shelved yet. There are people who get tired of good roast and boiled, and prefer their joints when they make a second appearance in the questionable guise of hash. Certainly, there is more variety in hash, and even if it be only the fag ends of yesterday's banquet, we can find beef, mutton and potatoes in the same dish, which we could not do in the original. It must be the hash-loving public that have kept "The White Slave" alive—"The White Slave," compounded of equal parts of "Kit," "The Octoroon," and Bartley Campbell, with a reminiscent spice of many another drama, concocted and compounded by that unequalled gatherer-up of unconsidered trifles, Mr. Bartley Campbell. The same author has produced a play called "Siberia" in California. THE JUDGE is rather curious to see it, when opportunity offers. Will "The Exiles" and "The Danicheffs" be taxed as heavily for its support as were "Kit" and "The Octoroon" for "The White Slave"? But, after all, Siberia is a big country. There may be room for originality there.

Mrs. Modjeska is closing her season at Booth's with that impossible study of maternal agony long drawn out, and harped upon in every possible phase of morbid shading which has been given to our stage under the style and title of "Odette." THE JUDGE had the privilege of seeing this beautiful piece of mental and moral vivisection at Daly's a little while ago. He then considered it an unwholesome, rather disgusting, and entirely uninteresting play—not much better than "The Rantzaus," and a good deal worse than "Daniel Rochat." When he saw the title afterwards, and read it in the light of acquired experience, he mentally altered it to "Oh—I" (not dette, but something else beginning with D.) Ada Rehan on that occasion furnished the subject for the dramatist's dissecting-knife, and the whole performance was disgusting enough. With Modjeska on the surgery table, it was somewhat worse. Modjeska is a good actress, and gave a vitality to the writhings of the unfortunate victim which brought more tears to silly women's eyes, and gave an unwholesome air of possibility to the impossible collection of events on which the dramatist depends for his agony. But even with Modjeska in the title rôle, the effect was inexpressibly dreary and the whole performance dispiriting. Long, arid stretches of dialogue, unrelieved by a single spot of verdure, stretch from act to act, till the wearied auditor fancies the piece will never have an end. There is no special reason for carrying it on to that length except to fill up the regulation three hours. Nothing particular happens; the dialogue, in its vapid dreariness, serves no other purpose than to anatomize sane agony, and where we look for a situation we are presented with a new woe, which the dramatist unexpectedly turns up, as a grave-digger turns up a fresh shovel full of earth, and on which he moralizes *ad nauseam*. 'Tis an unwholesome play, and is well worth staying away from.

Kate Claxton has been playing "The Two Orphans" at the Fifth Avenue Theater. There is a marvelous vitality in that old melodrama, but the lady needs a new play all the same. But the Orphans' have lasted wonderfully, and there has been more than one fortune made out of their sorrows and trials. Will the "Roman Rye," and "Taken From Life," and "Youth," and all the rest of that kidney, stand the test of recurring seasons as the Orphans have. We trust not. Which is just where the difference is most plainly discernible between a good melodrama and a bad one. Good goods are good at any time, and they will succeed whether they come as comedy or tragedy, as farce or melodrama. But THE JUDGE has seen nothing from Mr. Pettitt or Mr. Sims which he can call good, wherefore— But why pause to draw the induction. The case goes to the jury.

Hints for Housewives.

HERBERT SPENCER, the great English philosopher, estimates that if the "Hints to Women," printed in American newspapers during the past year, were cut out and pasted together in one continuous string, they would reach twice around the globe and penetrate seventeen miles into Oshkosh. That he should think the American people are overworked is not strange.

The trouble is, the domestic hints thrown out in such a profuse and promiscuous manner, with the purpose of lightening the labors and improving the knowledge of American women, are not sufficiently practical for this utilitarian age. What is the use of telling a mother, who has raised seventeen children, "How to Wash a Baby?" or to instruct a young lady who has a beau for every night in the week "How to Entertain Company?" An entirely new set of hints and suggestions, based upon common sense, and clear and comprehensive in their treatment, is needed—something, for instance, like the following:

Never give a baby a seventy-five dollar mirror to play with, unless it is a second-hand one. N. B.—"Second-hand" refers to the mirror, not the baby.

Breakfast dishes should be washed at least once a week, even though the novel is intensely interesting, and you are desirous of reaching the end, to ascertain whether Count Potopscoptki marries the inn-keeper's daughter or becomes the husband of the high-born Lady Oleomargareen.

Don't use your husband's best silk hat to stop up a broken window-pane. Some men are so queer, and make a fuss about the merest trifle.

When a member of the family is sick abed, and expresses a desire to partake of a little choice food, don't follow the regulation plan and set before him a plate of boiled cabbage, half a dozen potatoes, a slice of fried pork, and a bowl of vegetable soup. Encourage his appetite with a piece of Limburger cheese, and a dish of raw sauerkraut.

To remove stains from table linen, saturate the soiled parts with coal oil, and apply a lighted match.

"Never boil nice white goods." A better scheme is to fry them, let them simmer over a slow fire, and season to suit the taste. Serve without sauce.

For the benefit of the few women who are still groping in darkness as to the best method of building fires, it should be stated that kerosene oil poured on the tardy flames will hurry them wonderfully; and the woman who resorts to this plan will never have any more trouble with fires—in this world, at least.

To prevent potatoes from rotting in the cellar give them to the poor while they are still in a sound condition. P. S.—"They" refers to the potatoes, not to the poor.

Never wash the baby with lampblack and turpentine. Water is cheaper, and less injurious to health.

Don't perform the family washing in the parlor, nor keep the coals in the garret.

If you have an aesthetic taste, and, to be in the fashion, hang the coal-scuttle, fire-shovel and frying-pan on the parlor walls, be careful to have the wall paper harmonize. A deep purple would be incongruous. It should be a warm tone, to match the frying-pan and fire-shovel.

Mackerel should never be put to soak in the silver ice-pitcher or bread-pan, and sauerkraut served in wine-glasses is no longer *en regle*.

A handsome ornament for the dinner-table is a cover garnished with roast turkey stuffed with oysters, and trimmed with stewed vegetables, and an artistic border of ice-cream, jellies and pastry.

"Kitchen tables may be made as white as snow" by applying a couple of coats of whitewash.

An excellent scrap-basket may be made of a Japanese umbrella. A fifty-cent Japanese umbrella, at an expense of a dollar or so and several hours' labor, may be converted into a very pretty work-basket worth at least twenty-five cents.

Procure seven dollars' worth of oil colors, pay one dollar for brushes, and fifty cents for a design, which any one without a particle of artistic talent can transfer to a parlor screen in variegated tints, in such a striking and original manner, that the house-dog, as soon as he gets a glimpse at it, will clap his tail between his legs and shoot out of the door, howling dismally.

If you have a piece of cloth worth two dollars, for which you have no other use, purchase a dollar and a half's worth of colored floss, and work on the cloth a green cat with pink ears and blue tail. Another way to spoil the cloth is to spill a bowl of gravy over it.

In "dressing a chicken," a new fashion should be introduced. For instance, the polonaise might be cut gored, trimmed with black Chantilly lace, and the plastrons and lambrequins, *a la Pompadour*, garnished with iridescent beads, V-shaped at the neck, with a kilt underskirt, and sage green—or green sage—ruffles and pale lavender silk stockings. For chickens in the sere and yellow leaf, of the "Spring" variety, a very plain dressing is the best—say, a dynamite filling and a slow match.

Tidies for chair-backs should be hand-painted on white satin, and then sent to the Fiji Islands, to develop an art taste in the heathen and make him swear. W.

A FELLOW whose best girl's name is Alice, called her number ten shoes alligators. But the girl's father heard of the insinuation, and now the young fellow swears the old man wears battering-rams.

WHIFFS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

JEFF JONSON.—Not available.

C. B. L.—It is too slow for us. Put on more steam next trip.

H. C. (Vineland).—A "Gem in the Rough" has not sufficient cutting for our columns. Try something already polished.

J. P. D.—We cannot publish your effusion, "Freddie Ray." We are afraid Freddie would raise us (place a copper on the joker) if we did.

J. K. H.—You state that you have long felt a call to preach, and inclose to THE JUDGE your first sermon. Don't do it again, for THE JUDGE calls you, and finds out that his hand is far superior.

C.—Your touching lyric, "Give Me Three Grains of Quinine, Mother," enervates our tenderest sympathies. Still, in mercy to THE JUDGE's constituents, we cannot afflict them with it unless, perhaps, you might write a companion ballad called "Give Me Three Buckets of Arsenic, Mother," and if your mother was any kind of a gentleman probably she would. 2. Your second sketch for two dollars is too small for THE JUDGE.

Castoria.

When the milk curdles, baby will cry,
When fever sets in, baby may die,
When baby has pains at dead of night
Household alarmed, father in a plight;
Then good mothers learn without delay
That Castoria cures by night and day.

A CARD.

To all suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c. I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York.

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JUDGE: I pronounce this delicious wine
UN X L D.
All in court have glasses filled and cheer,
"DE MONTIGNY!"
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The Sun.

NEW YORK, 1883.

More people have read THE SUN during the year just now passed than ever before since it was first printed. No other newspaper published on this side of the earth has been bought and read in any year by so many men and women.

We are credibly informed that people buy, read, and like THE SUN for the following reasons, amongst others:

Because its news columns present in attractive form and with the greatest possible accuracy whatever has interest for humankind; the events, the deeds and misdeeds, the wisdom, the philosophy, the notable folly, the solid sense, the improving nonsense—all the news of the busiest world at present revolving in space.

Because people have learned that in its remarks concerning persons and affairs, THE SUN makes a practice of telling them the exact truth to the best of its ability three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, before election as well as after, about the wiles as well as about the small fish, in the face of dissent as plainly and fearlessly as when supported by general approval. THE SUN has absolutely no purposes to serve, save the information of its readers and the furtherance of the common good.

Because it is everybody's newspaper. No man is so humble that THE SUN is indifferent to his welfare and his rights. No man is so rich that it can allow injustice to be done him. No man, no association of men, is powerful enough to be exempt from the strict application of its principles of right and wrong.

Because in politics it has fought for a dozen years, without intermission and sometimes almost alone among newspapers, the fight that has resulted in the recent overwhelming popular verdict against Robesonism and for honest government. No matter what party is in power, THE SUN stands and will continue to stand like a rock for the interests of the people against the ambition of bosses, the encroachments of monopolists, and the dishonest schemes of public robbers.

All this is what we are told almost daily by our friends. One man holds that THE SUN is the best religious newspaper ever published, because its Christianity is undiluted with cant. Another holds that it is the best Republican newspaper printed, because it has already whipped half of the rascals out of that party, and is proceeding against the other half with undiminished vigor. A third believes it to be the best magazine of general literature in existence, because its readers miss nothing worthy of notice that is current in the world of thought. So every friend of THE SUN discovers one of its many sides that appeals with particular force to his individual liking.

If you already know THE SUN, you will observe that in 1883 it is a little better than ever before. If you do not already know THE SUN, you will find it to be a mirror of all human activity, a storehouse of the choicest products of common sense and imagination, a mainstay for the cause of honest government, a sentinel for genuine Jeffersonian Democracy a scourge for wickedness of every species, and an uncommonly good investment for the coming year.

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A BALD-HEADED man, who has heard that the hairs of a man's head are numbered, wants to know if there is not some place where he can obtain the back numbers.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

THE Western hunter who rode a grizzly, said it didn't make any difference how many saddles he bought, he had to ride bear back anyway. P. S.—A scalp given away with every half dozen of this style.—*The Drummer.*

A VALUABLE cow in Kentucky broke into a corn-field and gorged herself so that she was about to die, when a surgeon made an incision in her side and "took out over six bushels of corn, corn-stalks and grass." It is thought that if the cow had been hungry, he would have taken out the entire corn-field, including seventeen panels of post and rail fence, and four white oak stumps.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE year 1882 was marked by the visit of four English celebrities—Oscar Wilde, Jumbo, Tug Wilson and Mrs. Langtry; but the greatest of these is Oscar. P. S.—The greatest "loof" spelled backward we mean.—*Norristown Herald.*

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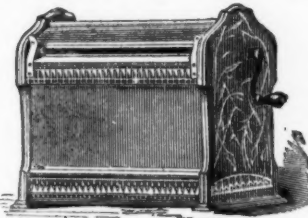
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A NEW stage kiss has been invented which lasts two minutes, and the only way to prevent the overcrowding of the dramatic profession is for the star actress to eat onions just before going on the stage. Nothing will quicker shatter a two minute kiss and make it drop and die away in two seconds, than an onion-laden breath.—*Norristown Herald*.

PROF. BREWER says "the trotting horse is a modern and American invention." Thank Heaven there is one thing that wasn't invented by the Chinese twenty-three thousand years ago! Later returns, however, may rob us of this honor.—*Norristown Herald*.


NEXT time Tottie's ma will make sure that Tottie understands all new words. Tottie, at the transit of Venus, looked up through a piece of smoked glass, and when she was asked what she was doing, gleefully responded: "I tryin' to see Jesus cross the sun."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

MICHIGAN boasts of a woman who has gone into the woods with her husband and done her half of the sawing, splitting, and piling of four cords of wood in a day, and says she was never tired a day in her life. Some day that man may lose his team, and then he will hitch his wife to the plow and turn up a forty-acre field before sundown. He will not complain of feeling tired if she doesn't.—*Norristown Herald*

The fellow, who, by mistake, sent his auburn-haired sweetheart instead of a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup a bottle of hairdye, wants to know the best way to commit suicide.

A Positive Cure Many persons in Pittston are using Ely's Cream Balm, a Catarrh remedy, with most satisfactory results. A lady is recovering the sense of smell which she had not enjoyed for fifteen years. She had given up her case as incurable. Mr. Barber, the druggist, has used it in his family and commends it very highly. A Tunk-hancock lawyer, known to many of our readers, testifies that he was cured of partial deafness.—*Pittston, Pa., Gazette*.

ELLY'S Cream Balm FOR CATARRH
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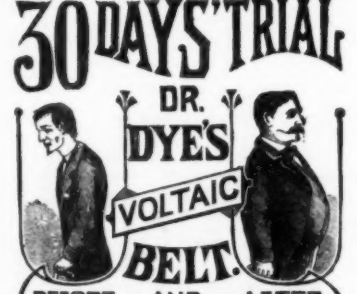
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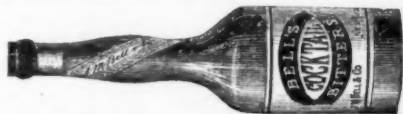
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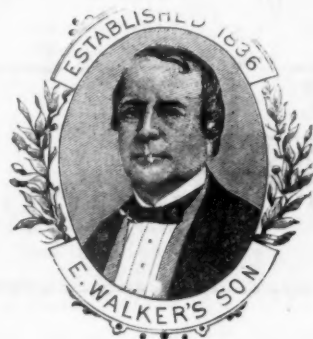
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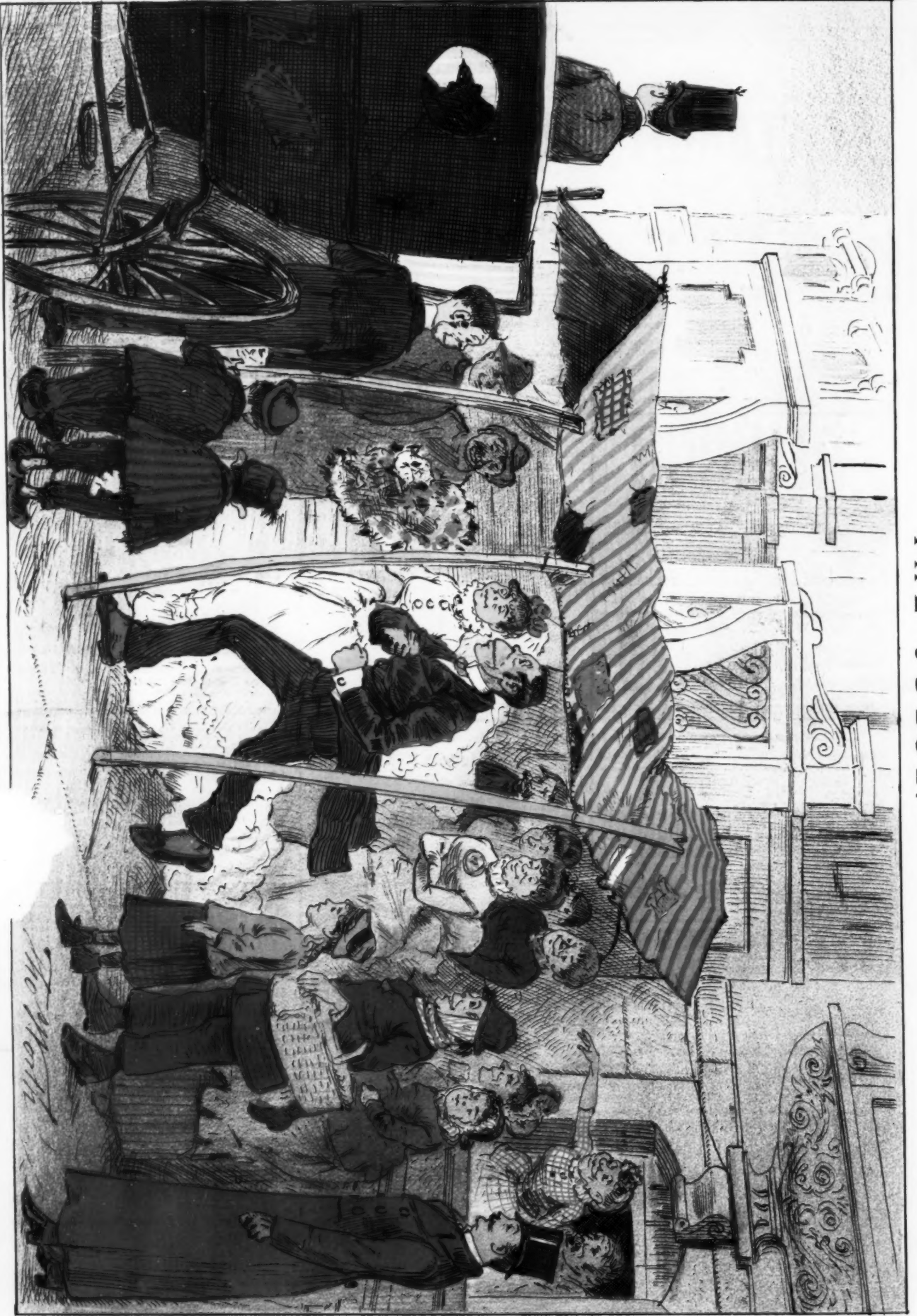
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