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JUDGE.



EASTER EGGS—ALL ROTTEN.

The citizens are to blame for this state of things—they elected the aldermen—N. Y. Tribune.
THE OLD EAGLE (Uncle Sam)—“What are you making such a row about! You laid them!”



JUDGE.

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THE JUDGE PUBLISHING CO.,

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THE word "holocaust" has been revived, and, alas! there is the blood to show for it.

THE QUESTION of trousers or no trousers is being agitated. We know not what others may think, but as for us give us trousers or give us a warmer climate.

GENERAL LOGAN says the secret executive sessions of the senate are a childish and an absolute farce. There are a good many anxious gentlemen who look upon them as a something very much worse than that.

JOHN BIGELOW has very little faith in the completion of the Panama canal, and so, naturally enough, F. de Lesseps has come to have very little faith in John Bigelow. But Bigelow talks honesty and Lesseps talks bluff.

Now that the rumor of the president's proposed marriage to Miss Folsom has been revived, with renewed evidence of its truthfulness, praise of the young lady is more Folsom than it ever was before.

If Mr. Joseph Pulitzer wants to retaliate on the editor of the *Sun* with the full force of mysterious insinuation, let him ask in thunder tones, "Where did C. A. Dana get those chickens? And how is it that they were found in his coop?"

It is understood that recently George Jones and Whitlaw Reid met for the first time; and one can readily believe it from the fact that George has a swollen nose and Whitlaw a bit of courtplaster over his left eye. It appears, if accounts are to be relied upon, that they were effusively affectionate.

THE JUDGE is obliged to return to their authors so many articles of excellence, for lack of the space necessary to use them, that it believes this is the most gifted country, from a literary point of view, in the world. It may be compensatory to the authors in question to know that if the rejection causes them one pang it costs the JUDGE a great many;

TIME 3 A. M.



Robbing the male.

and this is the experience not of one day but of every day in the week.

THE GOVERNOR vetoes a bill giving the police captains of this city higher salaries, and says he does it in behalf of the principle that the city should be permitted to manage its own affairs. Inasmuch as the bill was drawn up and approved by various of the local authorities, it strikes us the governor violates the principle considerably more than anybody else.

MR. CURTIS does not expect that capital will boycott labor and proclaim a universal lockout, but he asks, What if it should? Well, the public might object. The law might object. Above all, capital would be worried about it, for it would try the experiment at an overwhelming loss, besides robbing itself of most of the necessities and comforts and luxuries of life. However, there is nothing impossible. The rest of the heavenly bodies may conclude to boycott this planet directly.

ROOM FOR THE IMPENDING IRISH OPERA.

Neither the native-born nor the adopted citizen must be snubbed or forgotten. German and Italian life have held the larger portion of the opera of the past, with a sprinkling of Spanish scene and incident and adventure by way of variety, and now and then the grateful appearance of the Greek maiden and her brigand lover. These things are well enough, and are more enjoyable to the mass when done in English despite a certain affectation to the opposite effect; but the youth and the maiden from Erin have been totally neglected, and the village and city life of the land of the harp is as unknown to the operatic boards as if there were no such life in the world. Our artist contemplates, however, if we judge his work correctly, a representation of the Irish element as it exists here. It will give the simple employments of Patrick of the hod and pick and Kathleen of the convenient clothes-pin; and while it will not be rendered in the Irish of the ancients, very little of which is spoken in Ireland anyhow, or yet in the English with which most of us are familiar, the utterance employed will be that excellent mixture of both which General Scott once affectionately mentioned as the sweet Irish brogue. This is to be the coming feature of the operatic stage, and it will certainly possess an interest which all recent opera has failed to produce.

A VERY BAD LOT.

The Easter eggs represented on our front page are not nice. They were laid too soon and have been kept too long. The system of the hen that produced them is badly out of order, and it ought almost to be said that she should never be permitted to do any laying or hatching again. She need express no great horror, however. She knew all about those eggs in the beginning of them. She has no call to be surprised. The old conundrum "Why is a hen?" stops right there. Let us add to it the interrogatory "Why should a hen?" And then let us remark that after the hen has, she needn't cackle as if over a legitimate production, or, failing to do that, assume an expression composed in about equal proportions of surprised innocence and pronounced disgust.

The politics of this city have never been extraordinarily good. The matter of bribery extends from the ward politician to the political manager and the office-holder through whose "infloence" he was given his place. The bribery begins at the polls and runs all through the local political system. The man elected frequently expends more than his official salary to have that so-called honor. The aldermen under indictment are protected to a greater or less extent by the various party or factional organizations to which they belong, and extraordinary effort will be made to save them from the punishment they deserve.

But they are a bad lot and they must go. What was done to the Tweed ring can be done to the existing one, and the day of retribution is at hand.

THE CONGRESS OF THE BIRDS.

Beasts, fish and birds - fur, fin and feather - were created largely for the benefit of man, and likewise woman. The stomach of the man is not the most important part of him, either. His brain is to be ministered to as well as his appetite. He has an eye for beauty and an ear for music. They must swim for him, roar for him, sing for him. They must gratify his curiosity and his love of sport. They must be cribbed, cabined and confined, that he may learn their ways. It seems cruel, but it is the main condition of their lives. Possibly they would complain if they were given tongues wherewith to speak as well as to sing, bleat and howl; but they were not, and doubtless

speech was denied them, as well as the brain which goes beyond instinct, with only good purposes in view.

Where shall we draw the line with respect to the privileges of beasts and birds against the demands of man? At pride? There is not a man or woman who is not clothed withal from the sufferings of the dead or shivering brute whose coat he wears in many guises. From the silk hat to the shining boot there is represented a quality of butchery and suffering that no woman can contemplate without a shudder and that men ignore simply because they are made of coarser material. The pride that gratifies itself with the stuffed bird is no worse. The vanity that robs the ostrich is legitimate and proper. The yearning for color that strips the peacock of his gaudiness to place it above the looking-glass of the country parlor is no worse than the sentiment that robs the rose-bush and looks with shining eyes over green grasses spotted with dandelion and daisy. The duck's wing that sweeps the kitchen hearth is no worse and is more useful than the deer's head that has the place of honor on the wall. But we are robbed of the singing birds? Well, the singing is ours to do with as we will, and the supply is always ample without regard to the household pets who wear their lives out in cages for the delectation of a select few.

Nevertheless the plucked birds in our double-page cartoon this week are holding a congress to protest against their robbery and declare that they have rights which mankind ought to respect. They are forlorn-looking objects, but they really have no rights. What are they here for? But for man—and, as we said, woman—they wouldn't be here at all. However one may have sympathy for them, one must respect one's own rights. What so important as our hunger, our dress, our beauty, our pride? Go to, little creatures and large ones! Sing, flaunt your colors and be happy as long as you can; and in dying be still more happy, for lo! you die to bring good into the world you leave.

STOP THAT WHINING!

It was too much to expect that the labor strikers would not speedily assume the absurdly pathetic and so rob themselves of much of the sympathy which the public had given them. Even Mr. Powderly, with his strong common sense, has come to speak of Jay Gould as a "money king" that must be "put down," to shed childish tears over the helplessness of labor, and to whine instead of using the argument and strong common sense which alone are appropriate in these cases. It reminds one of Artemus Ward's middle-aged loafer, who, leaning against a barrel of mackerel, shed tears by way of sympathy with those of a little boy who had lost his mother and remarked dolefully by way of comfort, "Never mind, Charles. I am more of an orphan than you are. I have lost both my father and mother and am homeless in a friendless world." Everybody knows all about Jay Gould as an individual and the evil that his monopolies bring about. Why not let them take care of themselves and stick to the matters immediately at issue?

A local organization asked the other day for the discharge of several car-drivers and conductors who had "used insulting language" with respect to the Knights of Labor, who had threatened to take out cars in case of a tie-up, and who were doing their utmost to break up both the local and the general organizations. This means, of course, as mean a monopoly as any which labor fights. It is a denial of the right of opinion. It contemplates force, not

to carry out a legitimate strike, but to oblige men to speak with due respect of certain other men, the penalty to be the tie-up of a large portion of the business of the city, and perhaps of the country. With such foolishness as that tolerated by the Knights in general, we shall soon have rules to regulate the walk and conversation of labor outside as well as inside the ranks. Possibly there will go out orders that the employer who doesn't meet his men with his hat off and the compliments of the day will be adjudged guilty of inexcusable impropriety, and if he says "damn" he may be carried to the nearest dungeon and kept there on bread and water. It may be that the worker who doesn't wear a collar of a certain cut will be tabooed, or rather boycotted, by his fellow-workers, and if in his selection of language he speaks of the grand master of his order with those words omitted he will be ordered out of work, his employer to submit to the order or be adjudged guilty of high treason.

This is too ridiculous. The worker has a right to his feelings and his gush, but he must not publish them to the world except in such terms as manly men use. The spectacle of the horny-handed man, with muscles of iron and nerves of steel, whining over "insulting language" and shedding pails of tears over the power of Jay Gould is so absurd as to win contempt rather than sympathy, and at

this critical juncture it is foolishness that is unpardonable.

JUSTICE FOR THE JACKASS.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher speaks of the Democratic party as a double-eared ass—an ass with one ear, by the way, would be a curious animal indeed—and says it is trying to tear to pieces the man, meaning Mr. Cleveland, who lifted it from defeat to success after a retracy of twenty-four years.

If the animal in question has two ears it is properly balanced, but the same may not be said of the animal or the man who has only one eye. It is Mr. Beecher's habit at times to see only one side of a question, and in his worship of Mr. Cleveland he neglects to observe the other party to this interesting controversy. It strikes the average observer that Mr. Cleveland is quite as much indebted to the Democratic party as the Democratic party is to him. He didn't save anybody. He was an accident—a very good accident, but still an accident. The party took him from an obscure office and first made him governor and then president. It would have elected any other good man to the same offices because of the unfortunate condition of the Republican party on the occasions which had those results.

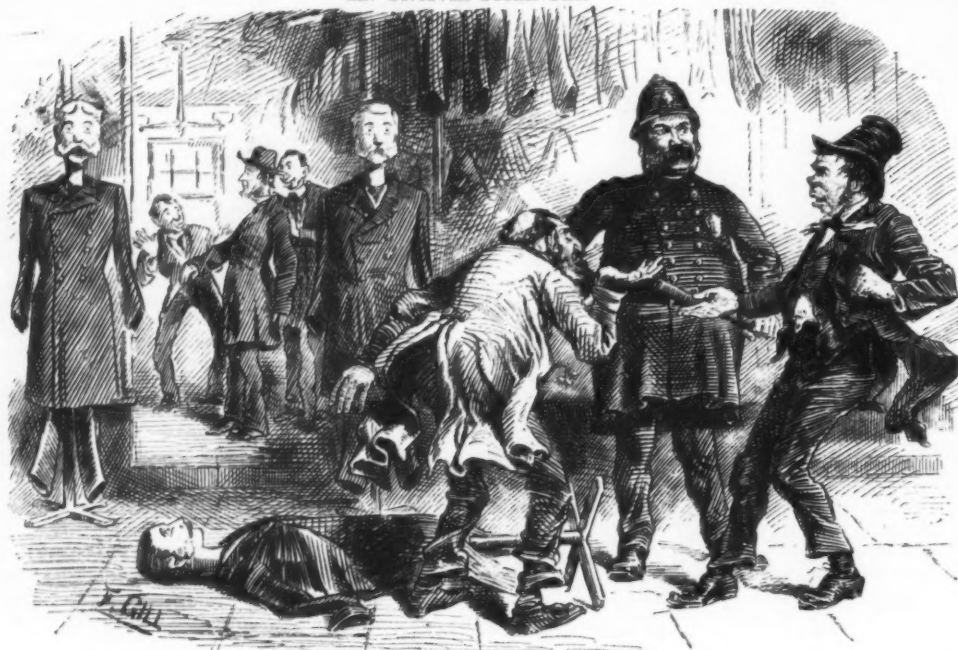
Let us consider the double-eared animal, however. He had been hungry, as Mr.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.



JOSEPHINE (to Cora—who is crying her eyes out)—"Why, Cora dear—what has happened?"
 CORA (between her sobs)—"Why, pa has been making us eat such a lot of that horrid boycotted bread—to encourage that baker—woman you know—and now—my new Redfern jacket can't meet by an inch and a half."

AN UNCIVIL STRANGER.



MR. SHAUGHNESSY (returning from a wake)—'Did Oi do it? Av course Oi did it. Oi axed the putty faced baboon th' way to the Bhrooklyn bridge tree toimes, an' divil the wurrud he'd anshwer me. Faith Oi'll lave it to his two frinds there, so Oi will!'

Beecher admits, twenty-four years. He had looked with anxious eyes from the place of his retirement all that time. He felt that if he could secure his release he had a right to it, with all the good feed that victory demanded. He had been filled with envy, and nothing more satisfying, as he gazed upon the distended stomach of the animal in the fat pasture within his vision. When, finally, he escaped his bondage, behold! the fatted animal retained the pasture and he was forced to look upon it from the ground outside the fence. He had fairly earned a change of condition. He had been pretty patient. He discovered that he was represented in the pasture by an animal of his adoption, and that animal was amiable with the fortunate one and looked upon him with coldness and disdain. It was adding insult to injury and he felt bad.

Now the Republican party went out of power because it deserved that fate. Its corruption, from the star-route business down, made the strength of the Democratic party as much as anything else. It was divided against itself, and that made Democratic success possible. Mr. Beecher deserted the party for this reason more than for the reason that Blaine was nominated. It was not Mr. Cleveland that saved the Democracy, but the Republican party. Would it have been reform if Mr. Cleveland had been given the chief place and all the smaller places had been retained by Republicans? In carrying out this principle where shall the line be drawn?

This country has had enough of mugwumpism. There are two great parties and it is an honor to belong to either of them. May the best of these parties win, now and world without end. To the victors the honors, and to the rumps of parties nothing whatever. The strange animal consorting with the fatted beast of the pasture cannot satisfy the outside one that placed him there merely by filling himself. That is selfishness, ingratitude, bad policy and bad principle.

A little girl said to a street child of her own age, who was knitting a stocking for her father, "Ain't you lucky! Your papa has only one leg!"

Hum of the Court.

The man Boyd who has married eleven wives says with vulgar satisfaction that he is one of the Boyds, he is.

Oscar Wilde is said to make a very good husband, and we certainly know that he has stopped writing poetry.

The Universalist ministry has thirty-one women. There ought to be no doubt after this as to what to do to be saved.

A Norristown lady says she wants to live 125 years. If she does she will have to live a great deal faster than we hope she may.

The *World* says the *Sun* lies, and the *Times* says the *Tribune* lies. As all these papers tell the truth, the statement must necessarily be correct.

It is dreadful to read in the *Arkansaw Traveller* that Kellogg, our Clara, has, owing to the influence of too many potatoes, come to be merely "a fat sigh."

The girth of B. F. Butler, according to the *Philadelphia Times*, now exceeds the longest sword-belt. That is sad. Pray heaven we may never have another war.

A large crack has been discovered in the Washington monument. It has taken so long to complete the monument that we half suspect it is the crack of doom.

Carlisle prayed for a man who would sing at his work. If the man had sung within the hearing of Thomas he would very speedily have been past praying for.

Some members of the salvation army are said to have been in a trance in New Orleans for ten days; so that the salvationists of that kind aren't so very bad after all.

Any man who chooses to be an alderman can have his picture in the daily papers for nothing; or, better still, let him get himself boycotted and there will be the same result.

The *Rochester Post-Express* says, "Jay Gould is as honest as any highwayman we

know." Is the acquaintance of the *Post-Express* with highwaymen very large?

David Kalakaua, king of the Sandwich islands, having concluded to lecture, we are again reminded that royalty is not only nonproductive by nature, but tyrannical as well.

The papers say Mr. Cleveland wears a blissfully suggestive smile. This does not indicate of a certainty that he is to be married, however. He may have recently recovered from a boil.

The *Rochester Union* doesn't mean to hurt our feelings; but its remark, "For a man to be handsome is one of the cheapest distinctions," has some subtle meaning that we fail to understand.

The *Norristown Herald* thinks George Francis Train wrote those proclamations for the Knights of Labor. If the statement is true it shows that Train is further off the track than anybody has suspected.

Bishop Bowman says he would like to see Jay Gould kicked through New York "as long as he wasn't killed." The length of time hinted at cannot be estimated. Very much would depend on the places the boots hit.

Mr. T. of a prominent banking-house reached home at 3 o'clock one morning this week. "William, is that you?" asked his wife. "W-w-why!" said William with profound surprise, "w-who else d-d-did y-you ex-p-ect?"

A fifteen-year-old wife has been divorced from a sixteen-year-old husband in Pennsylvania. The parties should be made to wear bibs, and the state of things that made their marriage possible ought to wear a ball and chain.

The Pennsylvania young lady who asks members of congress to contribute the sum necessary to give her a sewing machine would not be apt to use the machine if she got it. Young ladies of her kind are not hard workers—except when they write begging letters.

Kate Field has reached that point in life when she thinks the pictures that represent the back of her head, neck and shoulders are best, and it is noticeable that her biographies say she was born in St. Louis, Mo., and there come to a full stop. A thing of beauty is not, therefore, a joy forever—it merely ought to be.

One Granby of Allegheny county, Pa., sold his wife for a coat and a shot-gun, and the purchaser made off with his property in great haste. And well he did, for the deluded Granby soon found that the coat and shot-gun belonged to somebody else. We never did hear of a rascal very much meaner—excepting Granby, of course.

COULDN'T AFFORD IT.

SUBSCRIBER (irascibly)—"Why don't you get new type? Your paper is so badly printed I can hardly read it."

EDITOR (in extenuation)—"In these hard times, sir, I must study economy. Besides, the last campaign got me into a little trouble, and I consider it highly extravagant for a paper to have both a libel suit and a new dress at the same time."



TRUE LOVE.

UNLESS you can muse in a crowd all day
On the absent face that has fixed you ;
Unless you can love as the angels may,
With the breadth of heaven betwixt you ;
Unless you can dream that his faith is fast,
The behoving and unbehoving ;
Unless you can die—when the dream is past,
Ah never call it—loving !

—Mrs. Browning.

Unless you can muse on her face in a crowd,
And think of her all day Monday ;
Unless you can tell her on Wednesday night
What she wore the preceding Sunday ;

And treat her to caramels and cream,
Your fond devotion proving ;
Unless you can give her the earth, fenced in,
Oh, never call it—loving.

Unless you can live in a two-button coat,
And an ultra English collar ;
Unless you can keep her in "Marechal Neils"
At the rate of four for a dollar ;
Unless you can take her for what she's worth—
Behoving or unbehoving—
Unless you can die, when your cash gives out,
Oh, fail to call it—loving.

Unless you can teach her to roller skate,
And that when your feet are aching,
And cut up your clothes for her crazy quilt,
And smile when your heart is breaking ;
And carry her gloves, and fan, and wrap,
And look like a Mayday morning—
Oh, call it madness, or what you will,
But never call it—loving.

For young and old, they are all alike
And the world is a vale of sorrow,
And oyster suppers an empty dream—
When you settle the bill on the morrow ;
And the old-fashioned girl, who could knit and
sew,
And who wore no bangs on her forehead,
Is gone to live where the daisies bloom,
And the ones that are left are horrid !

KITTIE K.

OLD CHOCOLATE.

THE AFRICAN PHILOSOPHER DISCOURAGES THE AMBITIOUS SCHEMES OF A DUDISH NEW-COMER IN THE WARD.



The corner grocery coterie has been bowing down before a new idol. The Hon. Welcome Jones, as he calls himself, a new African in the ward, is the man. The Hon. Welcome

claims to have been the private secretary of a member of congress from "Nawth Ca'lina," but was probably his valet. The new-comer at first excited the admiration of the colored population of the grocery vicinity by wearing yellow gaiterettes, a red necktie and a Derby hat of recent issue, day in and day out, and by a lofty style of conversation blended with a somewhat unusual accompaniment, namely, a desire to become acquainted with everybody and shake hands. Littleneck Green at first entertained a suspicion that the Hon. Welcome was not a desirable acquaintance—he is jealous of popularity in others—but has now joined the procession of admirers. The era of good-fellowship between the pair began at a party given in honor of the new-comer by the daughter of Neverdie Calhoun. On this occa-

sion the flight of time was hastened by a social game of poker, and during the pastime the Hon. Welcome

gave indisputable evidence that he had resided in Washington by holding a sequence flush and fours in succession, and conducting himself during each operation with an imperturbance which led his fellow players to place all their valuables in sight in defence of nothing better than pairs, threes, or at the best a full. Having proved that he was a clever politician, the Hon. Welcome Jones revealed that he was "a gemman" as well, by devoting a share of his winnings to "working the growler" for the delectation of his companions, who broke up hilariously happy, if impecunious. From that evening Littleneck, with the others, was ready to do homage to the Hon. Welcome Jones.

The new-comer was introduced at the grocery by one of the coterie, but Old Chocolate, the oracle of the community, did not seem to "cotton toe" him. "Yo' mus' eat a peck ob salt wid a man befo' yo' vencha toe bet on 'im," explained the old gentleman to one of the company who had expostulated with him for his coldness toward the Hon. Welcome. "Ef shakin' han's an' tippin' yo' hat was all dat er necessumsa'y fo' frien'ship, yo' might ez well

bow an' scrape et ebery hoss yo' meet an' pass de time ob day wid de dogs in de street."

Old Chocolate scuffed into the grocery, a day or two after the party above mentioned, and found the Hon. Welcome the center of a listening company. The conversationalist was making a proposition which seemed to strike the fancy of the coterie to a dot. The Hon. Welcome, knowing the influence wielded by Old Chocolate, was anxious to enlist him in the project, and at once dropped his remarks to the others, of whose support he was sure, and began to angle for the old gentleman's approval:

"W'y, how ah yo', Mistah Chocolate? I was jist 'markin' toe dese gem'n dat I wish yo' happen in, fo' we been discussin' a plan by w'ich de cullud gem'n ob dis city kin take a long step toe de front in a social an' I may say a beneficial way, sah."

"Huh-huh," in a tone of inquiry, but certainly to a non-committal effect.

"Yissah," continued the Hon. Welcome. "We er gwine toe awgenize a lodge, sah—a fraternal s'ciety. We desi' toe make hit ez potential ez de Masons, ez pop'lah ez de Knights ob Pythia, ez closely-boun' in the knot ob fellowship ez de Odd Fellows—in short, we wish toe combine de beauties ob ceremony ob all de secret awdahs wid dair impressiveness ob regalia, sah, an' we 'spec' dat de benefits toe flow f'om membarship, sah, will be great."

"Huh-huh," repeated Old Chocolate, listening like one impressed.

"We hab a'mo' 'cluded toe call hit 'De Wigwam ob de Refulgent an' Independent Awdah ob Prophets ob Peace an' Truth, No. 1.'" said the Hon. Welcome, with enthusiasm, exhibiting a paper with the above title written in pencil, and with the names of the would-be charter members who had thus far placed their hands and seals, the seals being

HARD TIMES.



FIRST DUTCHMAN—"Jake, vat you going to gif your son for a birt-day present?"
SECOND Do.—"I don'd know ; it's putty hard times. I guess I haf some buddons sewed on his clothes."
FIRST Do.—"Yes, dat's so. I guess I haf my boy's hair cut."

divers thumb and finger impressions. "Will yo' jine, sah?"

Old Chocolate, with no tinge of regret in his tone, replied "Nussah," and remarked: "Gem'n, yo' er on de wrong track. Ef dar er anyt'ing dat dis kentry er got a glut ob, hit er secret s'cieties. We heah a pow'ful lot ob de haad times caus' by suspension ob de silvah coinage one yah an' fros'-bitten crops de nex', but de secret s'ciety epidemic we has wid us all de time. De mo' myster'us de name ob de s'ciety de mo' quick hit gits up on hits feet an' shows hits regalia. De secret s'ciety fills a long felt want wid people w'o er fon' ob titles and honahs an' can't git um no oddah way. A man dat can't git a nomination fo' aldahman rushes intoe de Independent Awdah ob Disciples ob de Risin' Sun an' in a week de fifteen er twenty people dat b'long toe hit shake han's wid 'im wid a fancy grip dat waams de cockles ob his haat an' call 'im Mos' Potent an' Worshipful Keeper ob de Do' er Gran' an' Regnant Custodian ob de Key, an' ef he kin pay 'is monthly dues long 'nuff he ull bimeby git toe be called Sublime and August Rulah ob de Roost. All dis er pleasant toe a man dat er called Pete, er Jim, er Mose on de street by people w'o know dat er 'is name, and w'o er also awah dat he drives a truck fer a libbin' er mixes mortah w'en he kin git a job. De mo' a man w'o can't git a grip on honahs er wealth in de hustle an' bustle ob life heahs 'isse'f called by big names in a lodge de mo' lodges he desiahs fo' toe git intoe. Hit er laik drink an' tobacco—de mo' yo' tas'e hit de mo' yo' hankah—an' de avridge man dat b'longs toe half a dozen bodies ull let 'is chillen go bar'foot an' make is wife tu'n las' yah's dress jis' so he kin scrape 'nuff tergeddah toe pay 'is dues. Gem'n, dar a'n't but a mighty few cullud men in dis wa'd dat kin git numbah one mac'krel toe eat er weah shoes dat doan' need half solein' an' heelin' mos' ob de time. Ef yo kin conger up any scheme by

w'ich dair dues mus'n't be paid an regalia kin be pu'chas'd on tick, an' yo' kin fin' a baan toe meet in, 'De Wigwam od de Refulgent an' Independent Awdah ob Prophets ob Peace an' Truth' may be able fo' to awgenize. Oddahwise you is playin' wid w'at I calls a kimerical."

As Old Chocolate shuffled out of the grocery, with two or three whom he had converted in his wake, the Hon. Welcome Jones, in a dazed way, conned the pages of a pocket dictionary. He was looking for "chimerical" among the K's.

J. A. WALDRON.

DOING WELL.

MRS. GRADY (through the hole in the back fence)—"An' how's yer son, Moike, ez wint wist fur his health, gittin' along 'at-all at-all?"

MRS. O'BRIEN (taking the clothes-pin out of her mouth)—"Splendid, me dear, splendid. He must be gittin' sthrong es an ox, fur he's jist sint me a litter in which he sez he's been after holding



MRS. WHALEN—"Whirra! Whirra! Jimmy, an phat are yes doin' wid Eujane?"

JIMMY—"Hould yur jaw, Mrs. Whalen. That black and phwhite nanny goat uv th' Callahans was affther aitin gheen posthers yisterday, an' it's goin' ter the wake we are!"

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.



up a stage in the Rucky mountains, an' aul be hisselt too, moind ye."

BREWSTER—HOW HE GETS EVEN.

"See here," said Brewster, "I'm in trouble, and I want the help of that paper you write for. You know how I hate all these slammed monopolies. Well, one of them beat me out of fifteen cents yesterday, and I haven't had a wink of sleep since. Remorse, you know—mental anguish!"

"It was this way. I wanted to go down town from the Cooper Institute, and hurried up to catch the Third avenue elevated. The train was at the platform when I got to the top of the stairs. I had my gloves and cane in my hand, and my head full of enterprise. I threw down a quarter, and the calm young man at the glass hole disturbed himself slowly to return the change. I grabbed the ticket, put it between my teeth, and scooped up the fifteen cents. Then I made for that train. But, when I reached the ticket-box, time was so precious that I threw in the fifteen cents, and kept the ticket in my mouth. Absent-minded? Oh, no; but you wouldn't have a New York man wait for anything, would you? Well, I boarded the train just as the brakeman shut the gate in my face, and just as the box-tender collared me for the ticket. Lord! Wasn't I mad? First I used a few western phrases, and then I tried to compromise with the ticketman and the teller of the inside bank. It wouldn't work. Both had their rules, they said. The one couldn't refund, and the other

couldn't let me by without taking the ticket. I could apply to the office down town, and get the rebate. Yes, and the fellows down there know me, and I know the directors. If they should hear of it, what a picnic they would have at the expense of an active anti-monopolist!

"No, sir," continued Brewster, "there's only one one way to get square. You go ahead and write up my misfortune for the JUDGE. The item will pay a dollar or two and then you treat. That will fetch me back my fifteen cents in good liquid value, and the little story will be a beacon to the public. The next gentleman on his fiery way to the train will be warned against my example, and guarded against my bitter retrospections. I am an American citizen, and still I got left. Monopoly sat on me. But he came down on a tack with the point up. That kind of a tack has lots of recuperative vitality. J. JAW.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

CASHIER (handing back the check)—"Can't cash this, sir, until you're identified."

BROWN (contemptuously)—"Do you think I'd cheat you for a small amount like that?"

CASHIER (shrugging his shoulders)—"Can't say. We've been taken in so often that I regard every man as a rogue until I know otherwise."

BROWN (in a huff)—"Perhaps that's human nature, but it seems to me that a bank cashier should be the last person in the world to suspect another of dishonesty."

THE INTERMISSION.

The Pope sent Bismarck the Order of Christ. Ten to one that the masterful German won't obey it.

A talk by Professor Sumner to the New Haven socialists resulted, at the ensuing election, in a challenge of the professor for being a repeater.

Bismarck's doctors say that his digestive machinery is shamefully out of order; but we dare say he can get away with a Rosebery all the same as with a Salisbury.

It is rumored in political circles that Garland will not be absent from the next cabinet dinner. He will appear there, however, not in dress coat but in sack cloth and ashes.

During the rainy days that followed the death of General Grant at Mt. McGregor one old soldier whose bed had been the bare ground said to a comrade, "Jim, we don't want the earth to-night."

A disgusted mugwump wonders why it is that the President, who

THE FORGOTTEN PLASTER.



"O, wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

can so readily see a slip made by an official at a distance, can't see the screw lose in his own cabinet. Why wonder? Mr. Cleveland is not near-sighted.

The Wallace-Halleck-Sherman-Grant-Stanton breeze raises anew the question whether it pays to kick a dead man. Looking at it from a purely business point of view, this seems to be the pro and the con of it. The advantage in kicking a dead man is that he can't kick back. The disadvantage in kicking a dead man is that he can't feel the kick.

It was quite a business idea, that of the publishers of Sam Jones's sermons, putting the likeness of the author on the paper cover of the volume. It is a device which gently leads the traveller who buys as he runs from the news stand into the pleasing notion that he is buying the thrilling adventures and the hairbreadth escapes of Sam Jones the noted desperado of the Southwest.

THE CHANGES OF TIME.

Young Father of His Country—"I cannot tell a lie."
Old Father of His Country's Father—"We'll see about that. Fetch the cowhide."

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.



BURGLAR—"Tell me at once where all your valuables are!"
OLD SPORT—"At the pawn-broker's."

DID GEORGE SWEAR?

A pious young lecturer (apparently of the bread-and-butter sex) who means to hold forth on the immortal twenty-second for the benefit of "our young men" writes an anxious letter to the JUDGE, inquiring whether the report that Washington swore at the battle of Monmouth is correct.

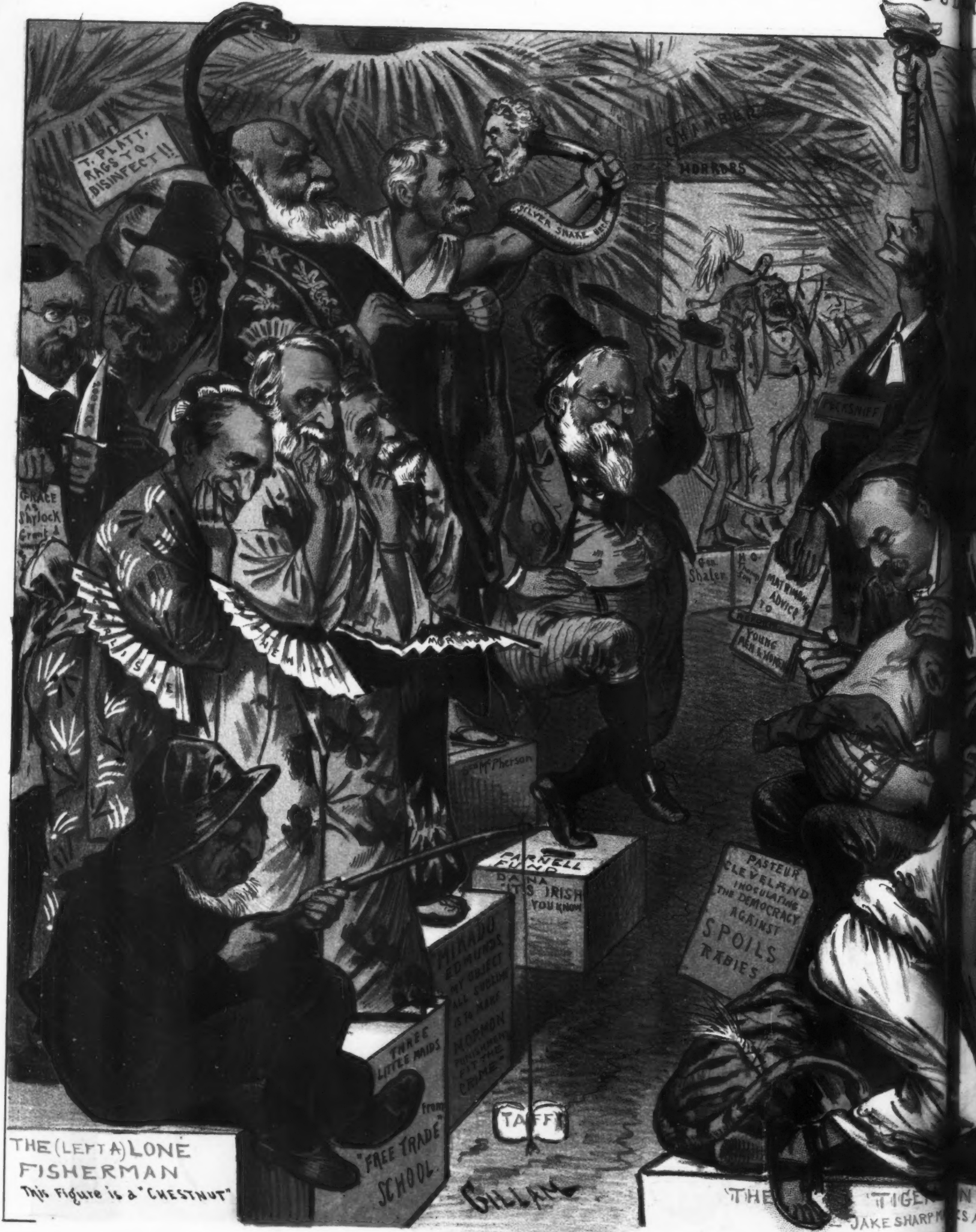
Well, speaking with that reckless love of truth which we have never been able to root out, we regret to say the fact of Washington swearing at the battle of Monmouth is not so well established as we could wish. But it was just like the unselfish old patriot, though overburdened with other duties, to relieve his weary, ill-clad soldiers by doing most of the swearing himself. The awkward circumstance that none of his oaths have ever been ploughed up on the battle field is satisfactorily explained away by the ingenious theory that they were picked up and carried off by the Jersey farmers, who are still using them as hot shot in their war against monopolists and mosquitoes.

On the whole, as Washington was a man of fair character, give him the benefit of the doubt. Probably he swore at Monmouth, and with the abandon of a butcher and the earnestness of the private secretary of a Christian statesman.

NATURAL PROTECTION.



OLD PARTY—"Here, are you trying to get at my watch?"
STREET ARAB—"Get out! I'd die of fatigue before I reached it!"



THE (LEFT) LONE FISHERMAN
This figure is a "CHESTNUT"

JUDGE'S WAX-WORKS.—THE POL



POLITICAL EDEN MUSÉE.



Edward Solomon supplements his denial of the rumor that he intends returning to England with the statement that he has in course of preparation a new opera, bearing the astonishing title of "Xanita; or, The Girl with the Glass Eyes," which he hopes to produce shortly before a New York audience. It is hardly fair to pronounce judgment in advance of the evidence, yet "in the light of recent events" I should strongly urge upon Mr. Solomon the advisability of making the proposed European trip. New York is not capable of appreciating pure, unadulterated genius such as his.

Sydney Rosenfeld's return to active life is signalled by the statement that he also has an opera which at some early date he intends springing upon an unsuspecting public. He only lacks a theatre to bring it out. Heretofore it has been the frigid atmosphere in the money market that has retarded Sydney's operatic ambitions. He is credited now, however, with having sufficient pecuniary backing, if the proper place for a production can be obtained.

After the wonderful Kellar comes a farce with a vareigated history and a reputation that is somewhat shady. It has travelled round the circle under several aliases, and given its different sponsors no end of financial heart-ache. Its present name is decidedly suggestive of the little peculiarity of its prototype, and if it refrains from exploding at the wrong locality this time its new friends will have abundant reason for congratulating themselves. Theatrical artillery as well as the ordinary, every-day article is a dangerous thing to fool with.

Fanny Davenport says that she is always prostrated for a day after playing a week's engagement of "Fedora;" that the mental and nervous strain is too great to be kept up night after night. Greatly to the consternation of his friends, Dixey has given evidence of breaking down from the same cause. He has on more than one occasion lately forgotten his lines and caused a calcium-light pallor to creep over the house by interpolating a pun born in the nineteenth century.

Strauss's "Gypsy Baron" was sung on Monday night to one of the largest and most fashionable first-night audiences that ever assembled at the Casino. The generous reception accorded it on all sides is sufficient evidence of its being one of the most "fetching" operas produced at this charming theatre. Circumstances are such that I am unable at

present to give it a more extended review. I shall have to reserve that for another week.

The most attractive operas produced by the American Opera Company thus far have been "Orpheus and Eurydice" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," the former, particularly, drawing large houses at each representation. "Orpheus" heretofore has been associated in the minds of a great many people with only Offenbach and burlesque. To these the delightful music of Gluck's opera is a revelation.

Probably the most successful, because the most popular, of the Wagner series produced at the Metropolitan has been "Rienzi." Its popularity does not wholly exist in the elaborate stage settings or brilliant spectacles with which it is surrounded. It differs from the later operas of this composer in the fact that it contains music which tends to attract, not weary, what the ardent Wagnerite would call the uneducated ear.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor" has given place at Daly's to Cibber's comedy, "She Would and She Wouldn't." It is like changing one's potatoes from Burgundy, rich

flavored and ancient, to bright, sparkling champagne. The one produces a genial, contented feeling, slightly suggestive of drowsiness, while the other arouses us to a state of exhilaration bordering upon the hilarious.

The New Windsor opened with Clara Morris, Eben Plympton, and necessarily a company of very fair excellence throughout, not forgetting Bijou Heron, who ought to be metaphorically kissed for her mother's sake every time she appears. This week the New Windsor presents "Young Mrs. Winthrop," one of the purest and neatest and sweetest of domestic plays, and which has all the goodness of a sermon united to all the piquancy of delicious comedy. The cast of "Young Mrs. Winthrop" at the New Windsor includes Agnes Booth, Annie Russell, Mrs. Whiffen and Frederic Robinson, and the revival is accordingly so faithful that one is reminded to cry out against the yearning for change which has given the piece a vacation.

Manager Hill's Third Avenue Theatre is fast developing into a formidable rival of its big contemporary, the Grand Opera House. Standard plays, strongly and ably acted,

LOVELY WOMAN AND HER HAIR.



Nature gives her a wealth of hair.



But she must frizz and crepe it.



Broken and burned as her hair is, she is forced to cut it short in front and be more economical with the back hair. Still she pretends to think this fashion more lovely.



The improvement goes on, but the hair goes out. The thin bangs now are combed up to resemble a thicker growth. The back hair dwindles to a mere wisp. This she calls artistic.



At present she has no hair left, but is forced to wear her hair cropped. She wears, of course, a tailor-made gown and it is her aim to be taken for a boy. Compare with No. 1 and see which fashion most suggests the true home-loving woman.

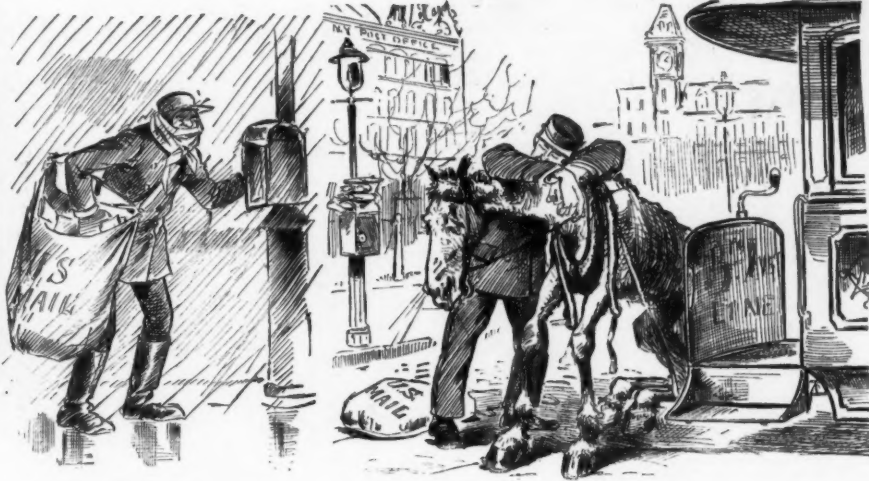


She has still one step further in progress, the sand-paper style, which will probably end the display of natural hair and be followed by a Marie Stuart cap.

OUR POSTMAN.



THE LABORER AT REST.



THE POSTMAN AT WORK.

BOTH OVERWORKED.—A FELLOW FEELING FOR EACH OTHER.



LETTERS MUST BE DELIVERED—HE'S PAID FOR IT.



TREADMILL OF DUTY.



POSTMEN OUGHT TO HAVE THE WINGS OF MERCURY, SEVEN LEAGUE BOOTS, THE STRENGTH OF HERCULES, THE ENDURANCE OF A CAMEL AND THE PATIENCE OF JOB.

together with the completeness of arrangements and the uniform courtesy of the attaches, cause this handsome theatre to be filled nightly by large and fashionable audiences. "The Banker's Daughter" was the attraction there last week, while the week before "The Rajah" occupied the boards, and was exceedingly well acted by Mr. J. G. Saville's Madison Square Theatre Company. As *Harold Wincot*, the "Rajah," Mr. Saville was a picture of East Indian indolence combined with English manliness. Miss *Rillie Deaves* and Miss *Ethel Brandon* were capably clever in their respective characters of *Gladys Wincot* and *Emilia Jekyll*. Altogether it was a very creditable performance.

NEWSPAPERS AND TRUTH.

Newspapers do not lie. They do not want to lie. It doesn't pay them to lie. A newspaper that gets a reputation for lying is as bad as dead, and on the other hand a newspaper that gets a reputation for honesty and truthfulness is as good as made. "The hardest work done by newspapers," says the *Boston Herald*, "is hunting down the lies told by other people." That is a great truth, and one that critics of newspapers cannot be made to understand too soon or too much. What a fool

a man is who permits himself to get a reputation as a habitual liar. What a greater fool the newspaper that did the same thing would be. The main purpose of all decent men and all decent periodicals is to establish a good character and to keep it after it is won. It isn't a question of morality so much as of business. It pays better to be truthful and honest than to be a liar or a thief. It is the question whether to be wise or be a fool. The man who says it is any part of the business of a newspaper to tell lies is guilty of both falsehood and nonsense.

THE EVARTS WEAPON.

It is again alleged that Mr. Evarts is loaded on the silver question. "I had a gun once," said the Hon. Sam. Drake, who did much fishing in the waters in and about Rochester, N. Y., "and it was the slowest-acting gun I ever saw. I used to set that gun and pull the trigger at night, and about sunrise in the morning whang it would go, and generally I got game enough for breakfast. One morning I got up and saw a rabbit making for his hole. I calculated that the gun would go off in about five minutes, and that meanwhile I would have to catch the

rabbit myself. Out goes I and away scampers the rabbit, and as the little thing went down into the hole I stooped and caught him by the tail. At that moment the constitutionally belated weapon went off, and—well, gentlemen, I have been that lame ever since that I can't walk with any kind of celerity."

The JUDGE hopes that Mr. Evarts is loaded and would respectfully advise the Republican party to get out of the way.

TECUMSEH'S WISDOM.

General Sherman's advice to a young letter writer:

My dear young Friend—I remember your father well. Cross your eyes—dot your t's—mind your facts—sift your dates—never write in a hurry. Yours in haste, W. T. S.

P. S.—On second thought, when you have written your letter burn it.

BRASS MOUNTED.

St. Peter (at the celestial gate)—"Don't think you can get in."

Ohio Man—"All right. Not particular where I put up."

"Not afraid of sheol, eh?"

"Not much. I was born and raised in Hamilton county."

OLD CHOCOLATE.

HE CONVINCES THE COMPANY THAT LITTLENECK GREEN KNOWS NOTHING OF POLITICS.



'RAFFERTY keeps a corner grocery in the Third Ward, and it has recently become the nightly rendezvous of half the colored male population of the vicinity. Not that there is any particular sentimental affinity between O'Rafferty and its colored population, but because O'Rafferty keeps a rousing fire and loves company. The combined warmth of his stove and heart will probably "stand him in" next spring, if he can carry the primaries and beat Muldowney in the race for the aldermanic nomination. This, no doubt, occurs to O'Rafferty as he gazes at the circle who sit around his fire night after night, and counterbalances the feeling induced by the fact that the sitters, as a rule, never buy anything that they can get along without, or pay for anything that they can procure on credit.

Old Chocolate, the ebon ashman, is an exceptional character in this coterie. He joins the circle only when the weather is extremely cold, and always pays for what he orders. He adds to the interest of the gathering by telling a story now and then, and in the disputes that frequently arise acts as referee, or "empire." His colored brethren have great faith in his judgment because his head, though as long as a watermelon, is as level on top as a skating-rink floor. He can talk in polysyllables, on occasion, and knows not a little about every subject broached. Among the other colored frequenters of this comfortable vicinity are Littleneck Green, a slender mulatto who some time served as a waiter on a summer steamboat, but who has done nothing but talk politics and carry the market-basket for his wife, a washerwoman, during the past five years; and Neverdie Calhoun, an aged African, who insists that his remote ancestors were kings and that his father was a body servant to George Washington. As a rule, the others of the company are of a nondescript class who lounge beside a fire in that half-lethargic state characteristic of cats, and who awake to a joke on the climax of a story only after the laugh has died away.

One frigid night last week every soap-box and stool around the store was occupied. Littleneck had expressed dissatisfaction at the way things political were running, and coming in collision with the silver question remarked: "Tan't no use, gemmen, fo' yo' or me toe put a silvah dollah in de stockin' w'en we gits hit. 'Cose why? 'Tan't a dollah. Chemists dun gone an' an'lized de silvah dollah an' foun' dat dar an't o'ny seventy-nine cents' wuff in hit. W'at er de result? Yo' save five silvah dollahs, an' bimby da ull on'y be wuff seventy-nine cents apiece, an' yo' lose mo' en a dollah by de transackshen. W'at er a po' man gwine toe do?"

"Yes, 'deed—w'at er a po' man gwine toe do?" echoed Neverdie, and every ear around the circle pricked up, while every eye was turned toward Old Chocolate for an answer.

The arbiter sniffed contemptuously, looked about him and replied: "Gemmen, ef all p'litkel quesyun's war ez easy toe dissolve ez de one jis' perpoun'ed, p'litkel paaties wudn' hab no 'scuse fo' libbin' an' p'litshens wudn' hab no mo' toe 'gage dar intellecks dan de av'ridge

ole-maids' tea-paaty er quiltin' bee duz. Ez I look roun' me I doan' see a pusson, onless hit be ouah frien' Mistah Raffahty, dat ud be likely toe 'cumulate nuff money toe gib um a vital int'res' in de silvah quesyun."

Mr. O'Rafferty took this as a compliment, bowed his acknowledgments and slyly added a paper of "blue line" tobacco to Old Chocolate's order for groceries. The latter continued:

"Gemmen, de cullud man a'n't ontoe pol'ticks secuah 'nuff fo' toe git much ob a ride. Pol'ticks toe yo' an' me, gemmen, am a pow'ful sight like de av'ridge mule. Jis' de minnit we t'inks we is in de saddle we find' dat we is on de groun'. We doan' know how toe ride de animul, an' dat er w'y I 'scourage p'litical discussen. A man might ez well staat out 'coon-huntin' wid 'is eyes shut ez toe talk on w'at he doan' know nuffin 'bout. Hit er los' time. Littleneck, dar, kin tell a pokah chip f'om an ovahcoat button ez faa ez he kin see hit, but he doan' know nuffin 'bout pol'ticks. I kin tell yo' wudder de riches' men in town am penur'us nuff toe sif' dair ashes er no', cose I tote de leavin's; but I doan' know wudder de Pres'dent an' Congress am gwine toe fight widout gloves er no, an' doan' care. Nevahdie Calhoun, dar, kin tell a watahmellon from a pumkin er a squash in de daakes' night, but he can't 'splain de Spanish treaty. We doan' want toe meddle wid p'litkel discussen, gemmen. We might jis' ez well try fo' toe read de langwidge on a Chinese laundry check. Ez to"—

"Huh! I stick Ole Chock dis time!" cried Littleneck, elated. "Gemmen, he am beatin' roun' de bush, an' can't ansah n'y quesyun."

"I t'ink yo' got um, sho'ly," put in Neverdie, who was a little nettled at the reference to

the watermelon.

"Gemmen," replied Old Chocolate, undisturbed, "doan't try fo' toe jump 'cross de creek twall yo' git toe hit. No man kin talk an' whistle at de same time. I dun been whistlin' a bit, an' now I is gwine toe ansah dat quesyun. Littleneck dun say dat a man dat saves five dollahs in silvah am li'ble toe lose de difference 'tween de bony fidy value ob de silvah an' a dollah, an' axes w'at a po' man am toe do in dis case. I ansah, let de po' man save 'is five dollahs in bills."

And while the company were nodding approval Littleneck sneaked out without setting up the cider. J. A. WALDRON.

The JUDGE doesn't wish to charge Herr von Hartmann with theft or plagiarism, but when he says, "The eudæmonological pessimism, including within itself the teleological evolutionary optimism, may cause a truly realistic, radical and universal reconciliation to appear as possible," he repeats without credit a sentiment which the JUDGE enunciated with telling force—it was in a discussion with relation to the correlative forces of the absolute as against the interchangeable—some six months ago. The JUDGE is not combative, and for that reason it would like to have Herr von Hartmann interviewed by Mr. Sullivan of Boston for about two minutes, Mr. Sullivan being a very sociable man.

A correspondent asks, "If you were going to be killed for murder, would you prefer the halter or the guillotine?" The proposition is so painfully suggestive that we shall never be guilty of murder; but if that misfortune ever should happen to us we should split the difference by going sleigh-riding and freezing to death.



WHY NOT?

DUNNER—"See here, I'm tired running here after that bill of mine."
SERVANT—"An' why the divil don't yer kape yer bill at home thin?"

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In practicing our system of diagnosis it is not always necessary to see patients. We can treat many Chronic Diseases just as successfully without as with a personal consultation. The perfect accuracy with which scientists are enabled to deduce the most minute particulars in their several departments, appears almost miraculous, if we view it in the light of the early ages. Take, for example, the electro-magnetic telegraph, the greatest invention of the age. Is it not a marvelous degree of accuracy which enables an operator to exactly locate a fracture in a submarine cable nearly three thousand miles long? Our venerable "clerk of the weather" has become so thoroughly familiar with the most wayward elements of nature that he can accurately predict their movements. He can sit in Washington and foretell what the weather will be in Florida or New York as well as if several hundred miles did not intervene between him and the places named. And so in all departments of modern science what is required is the knowledge of certain signs. From these scientists deduce accurate conclusions regardless of distance. So, also, in medical science, diseases have certain unmistakable signs or symptoms, and by reason of this fact, we have been enabled to perfect a system of determining, with

SIGNS OF DISEASE.

the greatest accuracy, the nature of Chronic Diseases, without seeing and personally examining our patients. In recognizing diseases without a personal examination of the patient, we claim to possess no miraculous powers. We obtain our knowledge of the patient's disease by the application, to the practice of medicine, of well-established principles of modern science. And it is to the accuracy with which this system has endowed us that we owe our almost world-wide reputation of skillfully treating lingering or chronic affections. This system of practice, and the marvelous success which has been attained through it, demonstrate the fact that diseases display certain phenomena, which, being subjected to scientific analysis, furnish abundant and unmistakable data, to guide the judgment of the skillful practitioner aright in discovering the nature of diseased conditions. The most ample resources for treating lingering or Chronic Diseases, and the greatest skill, are thus placed within the easy reach of every invalid, however distant he or she may reside from the physicians making the treatment of such affections a specialty. Full particulars of our system of examining and treating patients at a distance are contained in "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," by R. V. Pierce, M. D. It contains over 1000 pages and more than 300 colored and other illustrations.

NASAL, THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.

The treatment of Diseases of the Air Passages and Lungs, such as Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption, both through correspondence and at our institutions, constitutes an important specialty.

We publish three separate books on Nasal, Throat and Lung Diseases, which give much valuable information, viz: (1) A Treatise on Consumption, Laryngitis and Bronchitis; price, post-paid, ten cents. (2) A Treatise on Asthma, or Phthisis, giving new and successful treatment; price, post-paid, ten cents. (3) A Treatise on Chronic Nasal Catarrh; price, post-paid, two cents.

DISEASES OF DIGESTION.

Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," Obstinate Constipation, Chronic Diarrhea, Tape-worms, and kindred affections, are among those chronic diseases in the successful treatment of which our specialists have attained great success. Many of the diseases affecting the liver and other organs contributing in their functions to the process of digestion, are very obscure, and are not infrequently mistaken by both laymen and physicians for other maladies, and treatment is employed directed to the removal of a disease which does not exist. Our Complete Treatise on Diseases of the Digestive Organs will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps.

KIDNEY DISEASES.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, and kindred maladies, have been very largely treated, and cures effected in thousands of cases which had been pronounced beyond hope. These diseases are readily diagnosed, or determined, by chemical analysis of the urine, without a personal examination of patients, who can, therefore, generally be successfully treated at their homes. The study and practice of chemical analysis and microscopical examination of the urine in our consideration of cases, with reference to correct diagnosis, in which our institution long ago became famous, has naturally led to a very extensive practice in diseases of the urinary organs. Probably no other institution in the world has been so largely patronized by sufferers from this class of maladies as the old and world-famed World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel. Our specialists have acquired, through vast and varied experience, great expertness in finding out the exact nature of each case, and, hence, have been successful in nicely adapting their remedies for the cure of each individual case.

CAUTION.

These delicate diseases should be carefully treated by a specialist thoroughly familiar with them, and who is competent to ascertain the exact condition and stage of advancement which the disease has made (which can only be ascertained by a careful chemical and microscopical examination of the urine), for medicines which are curative in one stage or condition are known to do positive injury in others. We have never, therefore, attempted to put up anything for general sale through druggists, recommending to cure these diseases, although possessing very superior remedies, knowing full well from an extensive experience that the only safe and successful course is to carefully determine the disease and its progress in each case by a chemical and microscopical examination of the urine, and then



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OUR FIELD OF SUCCESS.

adapt our medicines to the exact stage of the disease and condition of our patient.

WONDERFUL SUCCESS.

To this wise course of action we attribute the marvelous success attained by our specialists in that important and extensive Department of our institutions devoted exclusively to the treatment of diseases of the kidneys and bladder. The treatment of diseases of the urinary organs having constituted a leading branch of our practice at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, and, being in constant receipt of numerous inquiries for a complete work on the nature and curability of these maladies, written in a style to be easily understood, we have published a large illustrated Treatise on these diseases, which will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents.

SURGICAL PRACTICE.

Hundreds of the most difficult operations known to modern surgery are annually performed in the most skillful manner, by our Surgeon-specialists. Large Stones are safely removed from the Bladder, by crushing, washing and pumping them out, thus avoiding the great danger of cutting. Our specialists, remove cataract from the eye, thereby curing blindness. They also straighten cross-eyes and insert artificial ones when needed. Many Ovarian and also Fibroid Tumors of the Uterus are arrested in growth and cured by electrolysis, coupled with other means of our invention, whereby the great danger of cutting operations in these cases is avoided.

Especially has the success of our improved operations for Varicocele, Hydrocele, Fistula, Ruptured Cervix Uteri, and for Ruptured Perineum, been alike gratifying both to ourselves and our patients. Not less so have been the results of numerous operations for Stricture of the Cervical Canal, a condition in the female generally causing periodical pain, and also resulting in Barrenness, or Sterility, and the cure of which, by a safe and painless operation, removes this commonest of impediments to the bearing of offspring.

A Complete Treatise on any one of the above maladies will be sent on receipt of ten cents in stamps.

DISEASES OF WOMEN.

We have a Special Department, thoroughly organized, and devoted exclusively to the treatment of Diseases of Women. Every case consulting our specialists, whether by letter or in person, is given the most careful and considerate attention. Important cases (and we get few which have not already baffled the skill of all the home physicians) has the benefit of a full Council of skilled specialists. Rooms for ladies in the Invalids' Hotel are very private. Send ten cents in stamps for our large Complete Treatise on Diseases of Women, illustrated with numerous wood-cuts and colored plates (100 pages).

RADICAL CURE OF RUPTURE.

HERNIA (Breach), or RUPTURE, no matter of how long standing, or of what size, is promptly and permanently cured by our specialists, without the knife and without dependence upon trusses. Abundant references. Send ten cents for Illustrated Treatise.

DELICATE DISEASES.

To those acquainted with our institutions, it is hardly necessary to say that the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, with the branch establishment located at No. 3 New Oxford Street, London, England, have, for many years, enjoyed the distinction of being the most largely

patronized and widely celebrated institutions in the world for the treatment and cure of those affections which arise from youthful indiscretions and pernicious, solitary practices.

Organic weakness, nervous debility, premature decline of the manly powers, involuntary vital losses, impaired memory, mental anxiety, absence of will-power, melancholy, weak back, and kindred affections, are speedily, thoroughly and permanently cured.

We, many years ago, established a Special Department for the treatment of these diseases, under the management of some of the most skillful physicians and surgeons on our Staff, in order that all who apply to us might receive all the advantages of a full Council of the most experienced specialists.

WE OFFER NO APOLOGY.

We offer no apology for devoting so much attention to this neglected class of diseases, believing no condition of humanity is too wretched to merit the sympathy and best services of the noble profession to which we belong. Many who suffer from these terrible diseases contract them innocently. Why any medical man, intent on doing good and alleviating suffering, should shun such cases, we cannot imagine. Why any one should consider it otherwise than most honorable to cure the worst cases of these diseases, we cannot understand; and yet of all the maladies which afflict mankind there is probably none other about which physicians in general practice know so little.

We shall, therefore, continue, as heretofore, to treat with our best consideration, sympathy, and skill, all applicants who are suffering from any of these delicate diseases.

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NERVOUS DISEASES. Epileptic Convulsions, or Fits, Paralysis, or Palsy; Locomotor Ataxia, St. Vitus's Dance, Insomnia, or inability to sleep, and threatened insanity, Nervous Debility, arising from over-study, excess, and other causes, and every variety of nervous affection, are treated by our specialists for these diseases with unusual success. See numerous cases reported in our different illustrated pamphlets on nervous diseases, any one of which will be sent for ten cents in postage stamps, when request for them is accompanied with a statement of a case for consultation, so that we may know which one of our Treatises to send.

ALL CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY.

Although we have in the preceding paragraphs, made mention of some of the special ailments to which particular attention is given by the specialists at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, yet the institution abounds in skill, facilities, and apparatus for the successful treatment of every form of chronic ailment, whether requiring for its cure medical or surgical means.

All letters of inquiry, or of consultation, should be addressed to

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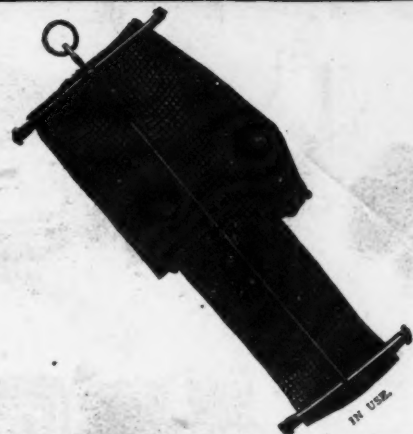
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