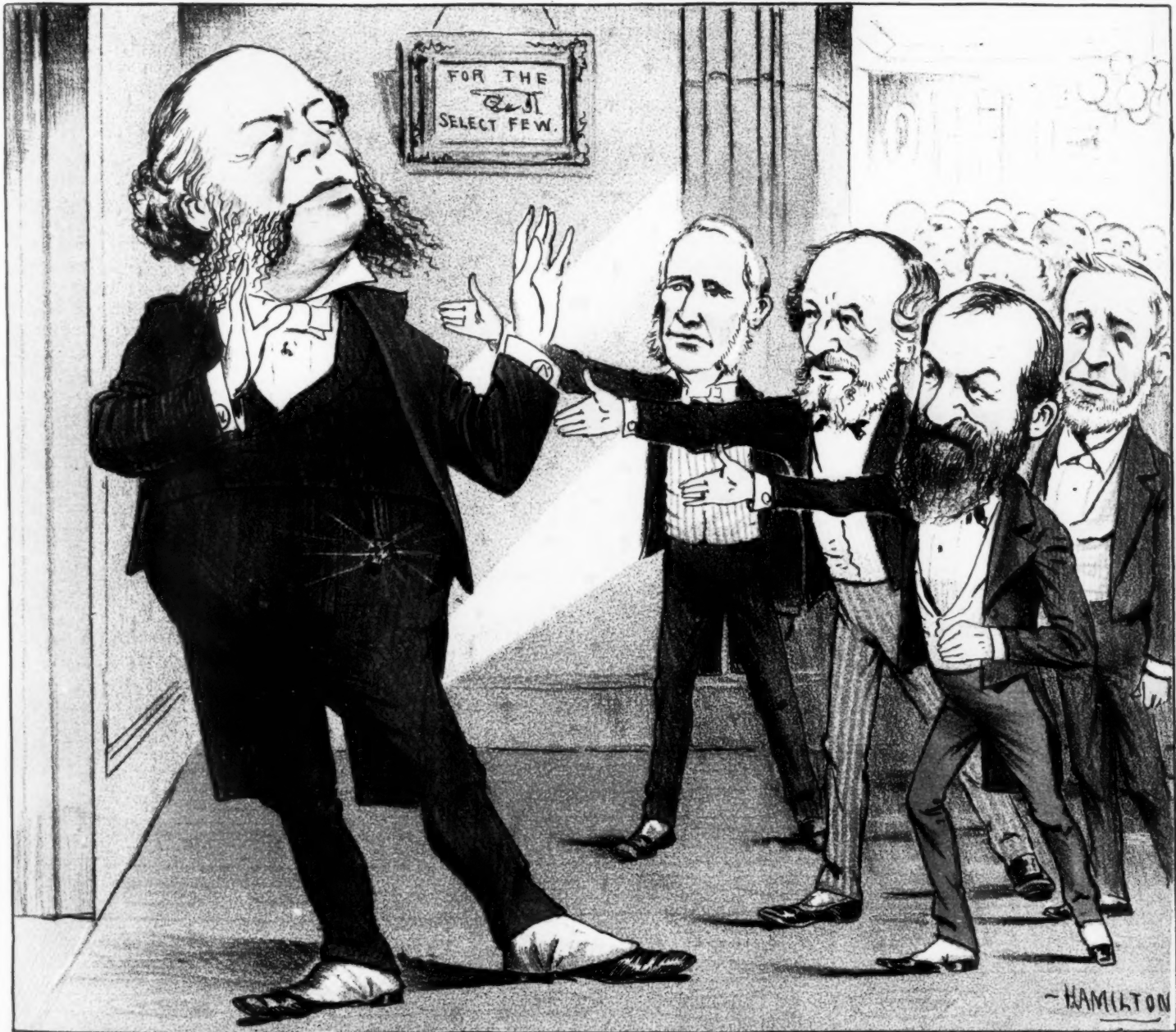


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WE MUST DRAW THE LINE SOMEWHERE.

VANDERBILT. I'd have you to know I'm a society billionaire. I'll have no snide

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CHRISTMAS.

IN the full enjoyment of the glow of satisfaction which the merry Christmas season never fails to impart to every honest breast, **THE JUDGE** wishes his readers and the public generally a very merry Christmas. Whether they will have it or not, he is not at present prepared to say, but he would like to see the expectant stockings of all his friends crammed to overflowing with all the good things the world can offer them. He would like to see Sunset Cox gifted with a Speaker's stool—since the chair seems to be unattainable; he would like to see Anna Dickinson fitted out with a new play, since she cannot make "Hamlet" go; he would like to see Mark Twain reendowed with his pristine humor, and he would like to see the Rev. Talmage provided with a new sensation.

Hang up your stockings, gentlemen; there is a chance for all of you. Who knows what offices John Kelly may find in his capacious buskin; who knows what unlooked for compensation Gen. Butler may find in the receptacle where he usually keeps his corns. Christmas, doubtless, has something in store for all of us, and **THE JUDGE** hopes that his friends may get exactly what they need most; and, wherever possible, exactly what they would like best.

MERRY Christmas? Well, that depends very largely on the grocer.

VANDERBILT'S BALL.

MR. VANDERBILT has given a ball—a Ball with a big "B." This may not be news to the majority of our readers, but it is true. The Ball made a great sensation; Jenkins was very numerously represented there, and the morning papers were full of it. **THE JUDGE** did not go, partly because he had not time to get shaved, and partly because he does not dance. He leaves that pastime to giddy young people, like Vanderbilt, who have no mundane cares to trouble them. But the entertainment was a very gorgeous affair, nevertheless. The apartments were handsomely decorated in the chaste and unostentatious style so characteristic of our *nouveaux riches*. The walls were festooned with thousand dollar bonds, tastefully looped with imported roses. The house was lighted throughout with diamonds; electricity and wax candles having been alike voted "low." Sherbet *a la Cleopatra* (pearls dissolved in watered stock) was handed round in the intervals of the dancing. The musicians were bowered in tropical foliage, and discoursed Strauss through ebony instruments tipped with amber. There were no guests—foreign nobility excepted—who could not sign a check for one hundred and eight million dollars. There is nothing small about Mr. Vanderbilt, not even his hands and feet. The amount of wealth to be represented by each guest had been carefully judged, so as to exclude Jay Gould, who, as is well known, is worth one hundred and seven millions, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand dollars and ninety-eight cents. Mr. Vanderbilt has no personal objection to Mr. Gould, but he is conscious that the line must be drawn somewhere, and he draws it just within the \$108,000,000 line. But it was a beautiful and costly ball, and fares on the N. Y. Central are to be raised immediately, so as to cover the expense incurred. Mr. Vanderbilt, unquestionably, knows how to entertain.

THE PENNY DREADFULS.

WHETHER the recent reduction in the prices of our leading newspapers has led them to cater to an inferior order of readers, or whether the world has actually grown more cruel and bloodthirsty within the last few months, the interesting fact remains that the morning paper is becoming a catalogue of crimes and horrors which is really fearful to contemplate. We find murders, suicides, assaults and other crime, which **THE JUDGE** would rather refrain from mentioning to ears polite, set forth in all the blazonry of leaded type and staring headlines. Sin comes out into the open and disports itself; crime kicks over its traditional bushel and prances gaily through the columns of our most respectable sheets. The dime novel is no longer required to titillate the nerves of the average boy, and conjure up for him visions of blood and

glory. He can get the same amount of excitement far more cheaply in any metropolitan daily, with the additional advantage—if, indeed, the small boy cares for such adventitious aids to excitement—of knowing that it is all true.

Now all this is deplorable enough. Of course it is the province of a live paper to give the news, be that news what it may; but, when the same paper aims to enter the family circle and supply morning reading for young girls and children, details should be softened down more than they usually are in our "penny dreadful" contemporaries. In France it is not considered seemly for a young lady to read the public papers. Are we traveling in the same direction here?

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.

WE have been hearing a great deal about this statue for a considerable time back, and the picture of "Liberty Enlightening the World" has become very familiar to our eyes, but Bedloe's Island continues unadorned, and the material whereon to erect the monster figure is not forthcoming. Sooth to say, it is not very creditable to a great country like America—or, to narrow down the responsibility, to a wealthy city like New York—that this munificent gift of a foreigner should remain unplaced because funds were not forthcoming wherewith to place it. Efforts have certainly been made to raise the requisite sum. Little contribution boxes have obtruded themselves in hotels and other places of public resort, but somehow the pennies did not rattle in very freely. To tell the truth, there has been an absence of organized effort, without which no work of any considerable magnitude can be accomplished. Latterly, however, the Bartholdi pedestal fund has been more wisely pushed, and we may hope, in this generation, to see the great statue looking down on the waters of New York harbor, and enlightening the world in theory and the East river in practice. The Loan Exhibition, opened early this month at the Academy of Design, will doubtless add largely to the fund, besides giving our citizens an opportunity of seeing many valuable and beautiful works of art which they could not otherwise hope to enjoy. It must certainly be a gratification to the owners of the many curios and artistic creations there exhibited, to think that their treasures are helping along so worthy and patriotic an object; and, as for the public—its half dollars are well expended, both in gratifying its own innate love of the beautiful and in aiding to rescue its native city from the reproach of being unable to accept so valuable and flattering a gift as the Bartholdi statue.

THE Duke of Teck has charming manners and a fine *physique*, yet he is not Tecken for an adventurer.

POTTS' CHRISTMAS TURKEY.



This is the turkey that Potts bought.



This is the man in the market place
Who sold the turkey that Potts bought.



This is the cook with disdain on her face,
Who remarked that the bird was the last of his race,
And that she'd like to have, for a minute's space,
The man who stood in the market place,
Who sold the turkey that Potts bought.

If William Henry Hurlburt is soon to marry a duchess, as a morning journal asserts, what is to become of the fascinating widow formerly from Washington, whom he took to the Vanderbilt ball last winter in the character of a man, and to whom gossip says he is affianced. Notwithstanding the elder Weller's advice to Samivell to "beware of widders," William Henry should remem-



This is the "help" who knows in her heart,
That the bird is as tough as the wheel of a cart;
And she smiles at the thought of the fearful grimace
That was made by the cook with disdain on her face,
Who remarked that the bird was the last of his race.



This is friend Potts, with a huge carving knife;
Who frowns at the jokes being made by his wife,
'Bout his going to market, and the bird that he
bought,
And other remarks of a similar sort,
Made by the help who felt in her heart
That the bird was as tough as the wheels, &c.



Friend Potts in this picture again do we see,
And friend Potts is as mad as friend Potts can
well be;
Like a sabre he uses the huge carving knife,
And he's still being joked by his dear little wife,
'Bout his going to market, and the bird, &c.

ber that, however tempting to a journalist the hand of a duchess may be, the widow is wright.



Exhausted and weak our friend Potts now appears,
And friend Potts he looks older by a good many
years,
Since he 'gan on the bird with that huge carving
knife,
And was joked on the point by his own darling wife,
'Bout his going to market, and the bird, &c.



Reviving, he "goes" for that bird with an axe,
But its breast and its wings defy his attacks,
As they did when he brandished the huge carving
knife,
And was joked on the point by his own darling
wife,
'Bout his going to market, &c.



Poor old Potts has "caved in," a most pitiful sight,
And through his head buzzes a saying quite trite.
How changed since he brandished the huge carving
knife, etc.



It does seem as if Dinah would never get well, and ever since she was first taken sick the entire house has been at sixes and sevens. I think she is quite strong enough to come down to the kitchen and superintend things, even if she can't cook, but Heraclitus says, no; she shan't leave her room until the doctor gives the order. The doctor is an old fogey, and Heraclitus shows a good deal more anxiety about Dinah than he does about me.

Beside all this, Patrick and Marie are so taken up with each other that neither of them is good for anything; and, to make matters still worse, Heraclitus has got on an extra stingy fit; just because its near Christmas time, I suppose.

He said the other night that the custom of swapping presents is about played out, as far as he is concerned, and that its precious little money he'll spend between now and New Year's.

I told him he talked like a bear, and then he said, "Very likely, only he didn't know before that bears were gifted with the powers of conversation. However, if they were called upon to celebrate Christmas, the exigencies of the occasion might cause them to do as did Balaam's ass, talk back."

I remarked that I only made a slip of the tongue when I said "he talked like a bear." I should have been more explicit, and said he growled like the traditional quadruped of the *genus ursus*, whose seat of intellect was always in such a distressing state of irritation. And I furthermore informed him that, considering the trouble and expense I went to last year to make him a handsome gift, his remarks were absolutely insulting.

"Yes," he growled again, "very expensive the gift was. I well remember, for I had to pay the bill myself."

I certainly never saw such an unreasonable man in all my life. How upon earth does he expect me to pay bills when he doesn't give me the money to do it with, I should like to know.

When poor papa died I was a little girl, and he left everything to mama, so long as she should remain a widow. At her death, or if she married again, the money was to be equally divided between my brother and myself.

For the first time in my life, I can almost wish she would quit the state of single blessedness. Of course, I don't want any harm to come to mama, but, if I'm driven to the wall by the penuriousness of my husband, I'll straightway set out to find a suitable person for a future step-father.

Heraclitus says I'd have a good time trying to induce mama to marry at her time of life. That she is such a sensible woman that she wonders how she ever came to have such a flibbertigibbet of a daughter as I.

Oh, he *does* make me so mad, that I sometimes feel as if I could leave him forever. Think of passing all one's days with a man that won't even quarrel with his mother-in-law, but prefers venting all his spite on his wife.

He has twisted mama so completely around his finger that, if I once took the fatal step and went home, she would only say he was right and I was wrong, and would send me back to him again; and aunt Penelope would be shocked at the scandal and show me no mercy. I don't see what there would be to make such a fuss about. Lots of married people separate now-a-days, and after they've been talked about a little, people drop the subject; the husband and wife go about as before, and often, one or both of them get a divorce and marry somebody else. Goodness knows, however, that if I once got my head safely out of the matrimonial noose, forty wild horses couldn't draw me into it again.

All I want is to have plenty of money and be let alone. Of course, if I got into a lawsuit with my husband I'd be sure to get the worst of it unless I could prove something horrible about him. I'll watch him, and if he makes me any madder, and I can't find out anything to his discredit, I'll be so aggravating that perhaps he'll beat me, or at least strike me; then I'll go in for cruel and abusive treatment.

It goes without saying, that, after all this, I shan't trouble myself to finish the elaborate embroidery I was going to put on a dressing-gown for him. I'll devote my spare time to getting up a lot of pretty things for little Kathleen, mama and my brother, who will be home for the holidays; and if Dinah can't attend to the culinary department, the culinary department and all the rest of the house for that matter, may take care of itself. I wash my hands of the whole business; I'm not going to be imposed upon any longer.

Down at Schwarz the other day I saw a beautiful and expensive toy, called the Bird Charmer. It would have delighted little Kathleen, and beside, would have been a decided acquisition to the parlor; but I don't suppose Heraclitus would spend two hundred and twenty-five dollars for a toy, if it would save all our lives.

Oh, dear, I feel so blue and miserable that I believe I'll order the coupe and take Kathleen around to all the toy stores. She will enjoy the fun, and perhaps I can find something I can buy for mama and baby too. As for Heraclitus; well, language fails to express my feelings. Unless I undergo a great change between now and Christmas morning, he won't get as much as a tooth-pick from his justly indignant wife.

PENELOPE PENNYFEATHER.

P. S. Such a strange thing has happened since I wrote the above that I don't know what to make of it.

On my way down town, I thought I'd stop in at Jones to get a pair of kid gloves, twelve button length, that I greatly needed.

Jones, as everybody knows, has two stores connecting, in one of which the gloves are kept. In the other are all sorts of things: laces, silk hose, etc.

As I entered the glove store, I distinctly saw my husband standing before a counter in the other store. While pretending to look at the gloves I kept one eye on my young man, who seemed to be examining jerseys, lace fichus and silk hose.

I wonder the girl that was waiting upon me didn't get out of patience, for I kept fumbling over the *gants* until my husband

had departed. I was determined to find out what he had purchased; so I paid for the gloves, went into the other store, and nonchalantly said to the girl, "What is the price of those silk hose that gentleman just bought?"

"Oh, he didn't buy the hose," she said, "he only took a silk jersey and a lace mantilla."

"Oh," I said, "then you keep silk jerseys? Have you a black one thirty-six inches bust measure?"

"Oh yes, madame, we have some thirty-four and thirty-six inch ones; but the gentleman took the last thirty-eight inch one we had."

Aha! thought I. The silk jersey, price thirty-five dollars, is not for me. Heraclitus knows my size perfectly well. That and the mantilla doubtless go together, and it only remains for me to find out who the fortunate, or unfortunate, woman is that accepts presents from my husband, to prove his perfidy to all the world.

I thanked the girl for showing me the things, but like a fool, I left the store without finding out what he gave for the lace fichu. I was afraid to be too inquisitive, but I wish now I'd prolonged the conversation.

Never mind, I feel quite sure I'm on the right track at last, and I declare, the little adventure lifted such a burden from my mind that I really enjoyed going around to the other stores, and bought a beautiful doll for the baby. I shall dress it myself; but it is such a beauty that I must have a dress maker cut and fit the clothes. The dear child will be delighted, and she shall have a merry Christmas, whatever happens to her devoted mother,

P. P.

Alonzo Busbee: His Life and Impressions.

BY WILLIAM GILL.

CHAP. XIX.

"I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more is a Tombs lawyer!"

—Hovee and Hummel.

At this stage of my career on the island I was playing "Freeze Out" with Nature, and Nature was rapidly coralling my chips. As I stated in my last chapter, I had provided myself with clothing ingeniously constructed out of the skins of my defunct comrades, and I was in the possession of a sufficiency of food. I indulged in dishes which the proudest emperors of Rome, during its most luxurious epoch, never dared to dream of in their wildest gastronomic flights of fancy. Lucullus himself, who invented the celebrated side-dish composed of nightingale's tongues, must henceforth occupy standing-room only while Alonzo occupies the proscenium box in the gourmand's Theatre of Fame. What do you think of this for a dietary system? Breakfast—lion steak, bear chops, monkey's kidneys, washed down with walrus oil. Dinner—hyena tenderloin, leg of goat, elephant's ear (a great, and, ordinarily, a most expensive delicacy), and iced champagne, which I cut out of the frozen river, and served up in blocks. Supper—a rehash of the other two meals, substituting dog, antelope, giraffe, or others of the numerous four-footed family, with the dead bodies of which I was surrounded. The only drawback I experienced to the perfect enjoyment of my novel *menu* was the fact that a certain sameness pervaded my dishes, inasmuch as my mode of cooking each of them was the



CHRISTMAS MORNING—THE ARRIVAL OF AN ENTIRE AND NEW DOLL IN LANIGAN'S LANE.

same—raw! There was no “well done” or “rare” about it; it was raw from the word go! But as one can become accustomed to everything strange and *outré* in this world—conscientious public officials, mothers-in-law, English actors, pumpkin pie, and railroad civility not excluded—I soon got to like my *table d'hôte*, and was gradually working myself into a fit state to take an engagement as a first-class cannibal, and devour missionaries, when a circumstance occurred which turned my thoughts to another direction and filled my breast with the glow of ambition. I one day discovered that the island had stuck fast in an immense field of ice, which extended in every direction as far as the eye could reach, except in the north, where the outlines of land could be discovered. To reach that land was now my first object. But how to reach it, and carry with me enough provisions to last me through what might prove to be a long and arduous journey, were the problems which stared me in the face, and to solve which I must proceed to bend the vast resources of my intellect. To an ordinary man it would have appeared an impossible undertaking, but to Alonzo Busbee, who had penetrated into the mosquito-bitten wilds of New York, and palmed off upon the simple-minded rusties Oscar Wilde's treatise on the unutterable poetry of Irving's legs as a work upon a new system of dry manure, and supplied exiles from Erin with naturalization papers on the eve of an

election, in New York city, for fifty cents apiece, the only thing that was impossible was to avoid doing something that nobody else could undertake.

By means I need not here recapitulate, I constructed a raft, which, by a complex system of levers and a spring—the latter extracted from my watch—the principles of which I do not feel at liberty to disclose, I was enabled to propel over the frozen surface of the ocean at a high rate of speed. I placed upon it an amount of food I thought sufficient for my journey, and started upon my perilous pilgrimage to the unknown land.

[To be continued, unless the author tries to be a dude, and strangles himself with a pair of tight pants.]

“No, ma'am,” said Mrs. Vereker, “I never let Mr. V. do any shopping for me—not even a yard of ribbon. Why, he can't buy anything, poor fellow. He's always being imposed upon. Just like all the men, you know; they want something and go into the first shop they see, and pay whatever the man chooses to ask them. Now, here's an instance. Mr. Vereker has been in the habit of paying ten and twelve dollars a box for his cigars. I thought I could do better than that, and out I went and bought him a box for a dollar and a half. Men don't know how to buy things.”

RIM-SHADED—the man with a straw hat.

Washington Gossip.

BY OUR OWN LIAR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., DEC. 22.

THE fashion of America, a bevy of colored ladies, several pickpockets and some patriots were present at the opening of the Forty-eighth Congress of the United States. The galleries of the House of Representatives were crowded; the corridors were packed, and a number of lobbyists were full.

As your correspondent predicted in a previous communication, Mr. Carlisle, of Kentucky, proved the choice of the Democratic caucus; consequently, Mr. Carlisle was happy. Mr. Cox, of New York, although defeated, bore his rejection like a little major, and smile flitted after smile across his face, as though the experience of running for Speaker, and getting beaten, was what he had been yearning for all his life; while, on the other hand, Mr. Randall, of Pennsylvania, appeared to take his discomfiture severely to heart, and froze an atmosphere of reserve and gloom around him, through which it was impossible to penetrate into his confidence, or conversational stronghold,—which proves the superiority of New York over Pennsylvania.

The great truth-seeker of Texas—Tom Ochiltree—was there, looking all the better for his European trip, and for the fact that he had just palmed off, for new, one of the

old flyblown whoppers that had been his constant companion for many, many moons.

The "Sun's" prize-candy candidate—little Willie H., of Indiana—boomed up, and when Mr. Carlisle was conducted to the Speaker's chair, it was all two other representatives could do to prevent him rehearsing the old, old trade mark "Mr. Speaker, I object."

Keifer was equal to the occasion, and when he received the complimentary vote of his party, no one would have dreamed that it was about the last stroke of lightning that would strike in his direction. The "grand old party," with a forced smile upon its broad expanse of cheek, tried to hide its mortification, but did not produce the desired impression with a very great amount of success. In fact, the G. O. P. looked careworn, not to say, moldy and it was painfully conscious that the moth of investigation had been getting in its fine work upon the fur of its official honesty. Upon taking his seat, Speaker Carlisle made the customary speech, which ran somewhat as follows:

"Gentlemen, you have adopted a wise course in electing me Speaker. The great State, which I have the honor to represent, is entitled to the position, supplying, as it does, the greater part of the material, whisky, from the taxation of which this great and glorious country has reaped a revenue, sufficient in itself to support the complicated machinery of government, to establish, upon a firm basis, the ship yard of John Roach, the standard oil monopoly, and the questionable blessing of a Star Postal Route. Another thing, which recommends Kentucky to your consideration, is its loyalty—its unwavering, unhesitating, uncompromising loyalty. In the dark days of the war of secession, when the throat of the nation felt around it the impress of the hand of rebellion; when the blood-stained fingers sternly, but surely, were closing up the wind-pipe of the republic, and bounty jumpers were as thick as the leaves in Valambrosa, Kentucky, the land of the blue grass, of big men and lovely women, of the *Courier-Journal* and Dr. Griffin's Mary; this home of Henry Watterson and the lofty-heeled mule; this section of the nation never, for an instant, forgot its traditions; nor in its loyalty to the principles which animated the founders of the country and dictated the Declaration of Independence, did it falter; and while other States, smarting under what they believed to be the whip of injustice, nearly severed the bonds which bound them to a common centre, and washed their hands in the blood of their brothers—Kentucky never stepped aside from the path it had marked out; but with a blind, unwavering faith, so sublime in its simplicity, so gorgeous in its neutral-tinted diplomacy, wended steadily on and never severed one hair's breadth from its grand and lofty loyalty—to whisky. The rivers ran blood, and the hillsides were dotted with the slain. Kentucky forgot not her sample room, and the glorious deeds of the bar-tender were not forgotten amid the boom of cannon and the roar of the sutler's department.

I am very sorry to say that an impression has got abroad that the election of the Democrats to power means radical reform, and sweeping changes which are likely to have a tendency to create a panic in our commercial centres—nothing of the kind. Be under no apprehensions; with the exception of turning out of office every son-of-a-gun of a Republican, of upsetting the present tariff, of altering the whole policy



BEFORE MARRIAGE.
Plenty of shirts but no buttons.

of the government, and, in short, undoing everything that is now being done, there will be no changes of any consequence, and the Republic may rest satisfied that the Treasury will be as systematically raided under the Democratic *regime* as it was under Republican rule. When we do away with a Republican abuse, we shall be careful to fill its place with a Democratic swindle, and no one but an expert could tell the difference in the two systems.

I shall shape my committees in all honesty and fairness—to the Democratic party. I shall use the power with which you have entrusted me, to the aggrandizement of the great party to which I have the honor to belong. No honest Republican shall be overlooked simply because he is a Republican, but because I want his place for a Democrat. And the pure principles of seven-up shall, under my guidance, be animated with a brilliancy that shall light the party, which Jefferson invented, on to power, patronage and persistent speculation. What is sauce for the Republican goose is sauce for the Democratic gander. We have, for twenty odd years had all the kicks, they all the ha'pence; and now, when the whirligig and straddle of time brings its revenges, the shekel shall roll into the Democratic safe, while we shall have infinite pleasure in adjusting the No. eleven toothpick shoe to the base of the Republican's spine.

With charity for all and malice toward none, we shall proceed to John L. Sullivanize our opponents, and when we can't lick them in a fair fight we'll manage to introduce a wrangle and save our stakes. So, place the proud old Democratic roosters on every mountain top; place their beaks to the glorious East whence arises the sun of our coming comfort and prosperity, and let

them unite in one fierce, "Cock-a-doodle-do," which shall reverberate from the green hills of Vermont even unto the hinges of the golden gate, and trumpet forth to a listening world the words "The Republican party has gone!"

The Three Drummers.

AFTER CHARLES KINGSLEY,

THREE drummers went riding out into the west,
Out into the west as the day went down;
Each thought of the dealer who paid him the best
For his wares, in each city and village and town.
For drummers must drum, though their sweethearts
may weep.

And a cheerful spirit 'tis hard to keep,
For the perils by rail are many.

Three damsels arose with the morning sun,
And eagerly wait'd the early mails;
For they thought of the dangers that travellers run
From sudden collisions and broken rails.
But drummers must drum, and their sweethearts
may weep.

For a cheerful spirit 'tis hard to keep,
And the perils by rail are many.

Three corpses were pulled from the wreck of the
train,

And three bereaved damsels have fallen in fits;
For the telegram said from out there on the plain,
That a Pullman sleeper was smashed to bits.
But drummers must drum, and their sweethearts
must weep.

And the sooner they're mashed the sooner they sleep,
Then good-bye to the rail and its perils.

T. H. F.

HAIR-LINE—The barber.

ENGLISH—The dude.



AFTER MARRIAGE.
No shirt and lots of buttons.

Borrowmore Blower's Letter to The Judge.

YES, a fine mess they have made of it, naming the boy Jehoshaphat, and the difficulty is not settled yet.

Last night, the first sound I heard on entering the nursery where the young Je' lay sucking his fist was, "Borrowmore, dear, you haven't yet related the history of your uncle."

"What uncle?" I asked.

"Why, Jehoshaphat, of course."

"I never said he was my uncle," I replied, in tones rather indignant than otherwise.

"I supposed he might be your uncle, as of course he couldn't be your aunt," said Mrs. Blower, sharply.

"No, but he might be my (ancestor) aunt's sister," I replied.

This audacious pun put her in good humor and she said, "It is the real, authentic history of your ancestor Jehoshaphat that I want you to relate, and you keep putting me off, and putting me off, till I am afraid I shall get impatient. Why, the little fellow will be of age before I know who his namesake was, or what great deeds he accomplished."

"Pray let us have dinner, then I may perhaps be in a better condition to relate the historical deeds of my renowned ancestor," I said, and Mrs. Blower yielded and accompanied me to the dining room. When there has been a diversity of opinion between us I have always made it a point to hold out, even if wrong. If I didn't, the whole system of matrimonial authority, that I have carefully established, would be destroyed; and then

"wives submit yourselves to your husbands" is a divine command. I found it in the Bible, and marked the passage for future reference, while I was looking up the history of Jehoshaphat, which, by the way, I have not yet found. So, to post myself, I have commenced at Genesis, and I'm afraid I shall have to read the whole Bible through by course to get what I want. I have read carefully as far as Deuteronomy and find plenty of jaw-breaking names, but no Jehoshaphat.

All through dinner I puzzled my brain trying to concoct a history that would fit into the Blower tree; the best I could do was to affirm that Jehoshaphat was a clever fellow, and was toadied in society as the brother of one "Nancy Phat," celebrated for her great weight, both in poetry and song.

After dinner I was marched into the boudoir by Mrs. Blower, and seated in the Turkish chair with a cushion for my feet. Then she seated herself in front of me with mouth and ears wide open, prepared to listen to the thrilling tale, when the bell rang, and in rushed Bodkin with tickets for the opera at the Academy.

"Bodkin, you are a godsend," I cried, shaking him warmly by the hand. "If there is one above all others I desire to hear in the opera to-night, it is the divine Patti. Come, Mrs. Blower, don't sit there staring at the wall, but hurry and get on your traps."

"But what about Jehoshaphat?" she asked, in a disappointed tone.

"Oh, hang the old fellow; give him a rest, dear, till some other evening when we are alone. His history will keep, you know."

"And repeat itself in our dear little boy," she said, as she arose reluctantly to get on her things.

"Let us hope so," I said devoutly, though I don't know whether he will turn out to be a worshiper of idols, or a good and pious individual worthy of the honor conferred upon him as the namesake of a scion of the house of Blower.

Christmas Memories.

LONELY seated in my attic,
Drunk with thoughts that rise ecstatic,
From the spirit of the season
Who controls us on this day,
Here I am, this Christmas morning,
Watching neighbor Brown adorning
His fat person past all reason,
Through the lattice 'cross the way.

Watching him with eyes external,
But wrapped up in thoughts supernal
That have raised my elevation
Myriad miles from prosy Brown.
Gone this life that seemed so odious,
Poised aloft like old Asmodeus,
I look down in the elation
Of my fancy on the town.

Still between my lips reposes
The small germ of vanished roses,
Briar-root hight, and wrought with cunning,
To contain the fragrant weed.—
Wrapped in dressing-gown and vision,
Changing always, still elysian—
Safe to-day from duns and dunning,
This is holiday indeed.

See, yon smoke wreath frames a vision,
And my smile has no derision,
As I trace the grotesque features,
Of the Christmas pantomime.
From the mist the clown advancing,
Steps before the ballet's dancing—
Did I call them "painted creatures,"
In my boyhood's golden time?

No; to me it all was real,
Tinsel gems to my ideal,
Fairer than Aladdin's palace,
Decked a beauty like a star.
All the spangles then were golden,
And the background, unbeholden,
Still defied time and his malice,
To display them as they are.

Well, we live and learn by living,
And the knowledge life is giving,
Like the Israelitish manna,
Grows by keeping over-ripe.
Life has little left more sterling
Than yon misty halo, curling
From its bed of hot Havana,
In my little nut-brown pipe.

I have lived to see illusions,
Rudely broken; life's intrusions,
Daily needs for board and lodging,
Put all sentiment to rout.
I have lived 'midst idols shattered,
Lived to learn how hopes are scattered;
Lived a life of landlord-dodging,
Lived to find that pipes go out.

G. H. JESSOP.

AN exchange asks: "Is Mr. Langtry here?" Why? Mrs. Langtry is, and is not that enough to satisfy even the most curious? What is Mr. Langtry, any way; but an appendage to a well-advertised beauty?

MINION—The theatrical supe.



A MERRY CHRISTMAS

The Judge hopes all his friends will find out what



CHRISTMAS.

and just what they need in their stockings.



TIME.

FARMER BROWN—*What time does the train for Bungtown start?*

TICKET AGENT—*Well! it starts at 9:45 by the old time; 9:14 by the new; or 21:45 by old time; 21:14 by the new, according to the 24 hour system, and by the town clock 9:52.*

FARMER BROWN—*Y—e—s, thank you.*

(NOTE.—Farmer Brown now occupies a cell in the insane asylum.)

Inventions in General and Particular.

THE DISCURSIVE IRISHMAN HAS AN AFTER THOUGHT.

IN addition to the remarks I had to offer last week about the big gun, there's wan or may be two pints of the discourse I didn't touch upon, an' Irish at that, which makes me forgetting them the more surprisin'. First of all there wor th' immortal Irish invinshuns about Phown Mick Cool Dharragh Dhown, Kunmaun Maol, the ould Fineens an' th' grate battle of Vinthry Iaorbor, which took place in th' days of th' Melishuns, thousands o' years afore the holy and pious Saynt Patrick himsil' faisted his Frinch eyes on th' green isle an' her butiful fields an' meddows an' sthrames an' rills an' hills an' ivy-clod ould Abbies an' round toors, an' banished th' snakes an' toads an' other sich varmint; an' goin' back to Vinthry, which bluddy schrimmage lasted a year an' a day, accordin' to Moore's almonic, (which was no small orthority when I was a bhoys) without saisin, night, nune or mornin' ontill out of th' half mullun of saints who comminced it—an' tis well known in history that not won of 'em was less than ate feet an' sum inches high—there wasn't a sowl left but won or two grate champeoons whose names I forget; for they actually did what th' ould famous an' fightin' Kil-

kinny cats did afore 'em—faught away till there was nothin' but th' tails left. An' lo an' behowld you, from that day ontill th' moighty Pagan munnark of all Ireland, th' rinowned Dhanhey hunted th' Romains over the say ontill th' Alps stopped him an' his bare-futted, dare divils of Pagan "sogers" in their ould cordurroy jackets an' green breeches, widout collars or cuffs or other modern figureys, an' wid nothin' in th' line of waypons but pikes and big long speers about twenty feet long—ah, but thim wor th' thundering fighters an' hayroes who worshipped nothin' but th' sun, moon an' sthars, and didn't care a *thranheen* for theology, God, man or the devil himself, Lord save us; but, as I was sayin' afore, the Roman "sogers" saved themselves from total destruction by hidin' in caves in th' Alps which th' Irish knew nothin' about, an' whin they came thundhering to th' fut of th' mountain an' found the imiy all gone they set up a yowl of vingece which was plainly herd at the other side of th' Alps, altho' that same hill is sed to be not less thin seven moiles in hoighth, an' twos at that very moment, as luk wud have id, that th' clouds opened of a suddint an' down flew a brouht sthroke of loightning and sint poor Dhanhey to iternity in th' hoight of all his glory. An' niver sich a funeral or a wake was seen all over th' whole wurruld bfore or

since as th' grate Irish King had on both land an' say, for almost th' whole Irish nashun, min, wimmin an' childher, wint to meet th' corpse; an' they say you could hear th' weeping, crying, *caoineing* an' ulagoneing of all th' crowd of Irish Pagans in chorus frum won ind of Ireland to th' other; an' shure th' King's wake lasted a whole month, fur they imbalmed his body in order to presarve it; an' at lenth, whin they got tired of cryin' an' aitin' an' dhrinking, an' all other kinds of fun an' grief an' divarshun to show their sorrow, they berrid his body at Crookawn, an' th' funeral was twenty-five moils long, stretchin' thru roads an' fields an' hedges an' ditches an' over planes an' mountains, ontill th' head of th' possesshun raiched th' ould churchyard or berrin place of th' Irish Kings. Whel, th' other ind was twenty-five moils away, an' faith, all th' graveyards in Ireland couldn't hould th' crowd of Pagans that assimbled to show their respect an' vinerashun an' sorrow for th' last Pagan munnark of all Ireland. An' that is more than kin be sed of anny Christian King that iver rained there since, not even excepting Byran Boru himself, who giv th' plundhering an' red-headed Danes sich a tirrible bateing at Clontarf. An' in order to set all doubts at rest regarding this matther, divil a wurd of a lie is in th' whole thing, for shure MacGhogegan, an' Kateing, an' O'Flaharty and Tom Moore an' th' other Irish historians tell th' whole sthory as gospel thruth, altho' not a sowl of 'em knew annything at all about it, save an' except what they had be hearsay frum others who lived afore them. An' more betoken, they kin pint out th' grave of ould Dhanhey at ould Crookawn churchyard to-day, altho' not a morsel of the grate King himself is left to tell th' story, fur many a year an' day has passed by since thin, an' more's th' pity, for iv Dhanhey was in Ireland to-day divil a care he'd care for the Pope of Rome or th' English government; an' be me sowl, he'd wollop both of 'em out of th' ould dart as he walloped th' Romans long afore 'em. God rest his brave Pagan sowl in glory.

THE O'CALLAGHAN.

Mr. Spilkins Visits the New Opera House.

Mr. Spilkins visited the Metropolitan Opera House the other evening. Mrs. S. had been invited to go, but she declined. She wouldn't throw her money away just to hear a set of outlandish-looking foreigners bawl a lot of gibberish that she couldn't make head or tail out of, she remarked contemptuously; and when her amiable spouse mildly suggested that it was his money that would be thrown away and not hers, she merely contented herself with a disdainful toss of the head and the quotation of a somewhat old and familiar proverb about a fool and his money; so Mr. S. was fain to depart alone.

"So I suppose you went to the opera," she observed at the breakfast table the following morning, in a tone of disgust which plainly indicated her opinion of such a proceeding.

"Yes, my dear," replied her husband, "I assisted at the performance of Faust last night. That is the polite term I believe, being the more correct and aesthetic."

"I don't see what anesthetics have to do with it anyway," she remarked in a disparaging tone of voice; "one of your opera terms I suppose; but I never knew the word meant that before. So you assisted, did you? Precious little assistance you could render,

indeed. Why, you ain't fit for one of those superannuaries that come on in the chorus sometimes. You might do to push the scenes, perhaps; that's all the help you could be."

"I am afraid, my dear, that you don't quite understand," observed her husband in mildly deprecatory tones; "but it was grand. That Madame Nilsson, with her long flaxen braid hanging down behind, is really a charming creature; and after that long-legged dev—beg pardon, my dear, that villain—Mephistoffles, I think they call him, had given her them watches and bracelets and earrings and things, just to hear her sing the jewelry song, as she was trying 'em on, was worth the money alone. It was rather vain of her to look in the glass so often, perhaps, but that's a general weakness of the female sex. Talk about nightingales," pursued Mr. Spilkins, with a sudden burst of admiration, "why, she could outsing a dozen of 'em. And to see her standin' there in the moonlight, and then leanin' out of the window and embracin' her lover, well I never, Mrs. S., was so affected in my life. It was really outrageous to put the poor creature in prison and accuse her of murder. And then to be deserted by her lover. It made me feel real good to see how hot they made it for him afterwards. Some soldiers came in and sang, and two of 'em had a fight about something, but whether it was Margareeter's brother that was killed, or the other fellow, I don't remember. I didn't care much for them, for I couldn't help thinkin' about that poor innocent creature shut up in that dark damp cell, to pine away and die. I really cried, Mrs. S. I couldn't help it; ("You old fool," interjected his wife) and you would have too. But when I saw her goin' right straight up into heaven, to be made a blessed angel of, I felt just as good as I did when I saw the old doctor cremated, and I could hardly keep from crying out, hooray! I don't wonder the old fellow was mashed on her, for she did look just too sweet and lovely for anything when he first saw her in the vision, sittin' at her sewing machine or spinnin' wheel, or whatever it was. No wonder he felt like crying out in the words of Macbeth, "Throw medicine away," and wanted to be young again and renew his courtin' days, especially with such a temptin', scrumptious little bit of female humanity as her. I don't know but what if old Mephistoffles should tempt me with such a lovely, angelic looking creature, I might sell myself to the old boy, too. Women are dreadfully weak, eh, Mrs. S.? when there happens to be a young and pretty woman in the case—but I'm sure I shouldn't have treated such an angel—"

"Now stop right there, Spilkins," exclaimed his wife, wrathfully, "I've listened to your vulgar, wicked and blasphemous language too long already. How dare you talk to me about your scrumptious bits of humanity, your sweet creatures and angels, you wicked, bald-headed old Lothario. Ain't you ashamed of yourself, you the father of five children and old enough to be a grandfather? If you ever go to the opera again, you'll have no morals left at all. I know, Mr. Spilkins, that I am old and wrinkled, and that I have long lost all my attraction in your eyes, but you will find out, sir, that I am still fully capable of maintaining my self respect." And Mr. Spilkins did find it out to his cost. But we will draw a veil over the scene that followed.

It is sufficient to observe that Mr. Spilkins did not go to the opera again, and that he



A NICELY IRONED PAIR OF CUFFS.

has been heard to sadly remark that since that unfortunate night he has had all the uproar at home that he wants. T. H. F.

An Hour at the Old Play-Ground.

I sat an hour to-day, John, beside the old brook stream,
Where we were school-boys in old time, when manhood was a dream;
The brook is choked with fallen leaves, the pond is dried away—
I scarce believe that you would know the dear old place to-day.
The school-house is no more, John, beneath our locust trees;
The wild rose by the window side no more waves in the breeze;
The scattered stones look desolate—the sod they rested on
Has been ploughed up by stranger hands since you and I were gone.
The chestnut tree is dead, John, and—what is sadder now—
The broken grape-vine of our swing hangs on the withered bough;
I read our names upon the bark, and found the pebbles rare
Laid up beneath the hollow side, as we had piled them there.

Beneath the grass grown bank, John, I looked for our old spring,
That bubbled down the alder path, three paces from the swing;—
The rushes grow upon the brink, the pool is black and bare,
And not a foot this many a day, it seems, has trodden there.

I took the old blind road, John, that led us up the hill,
'Tis darker than it used to be, and seems so lone and still!
The birds sing yet among the boughs, where once the sweet grapes hung;
But not a voice of human kind, where all our voices rung.

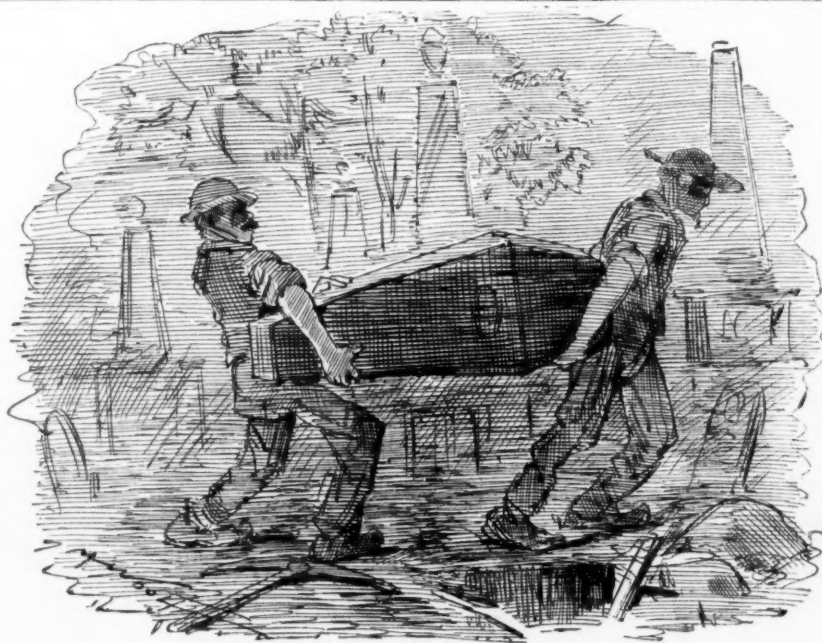
I sat me on the fence, John, that lies as in old time—
The same half panel in the path, we used so oft to climb—
And thought how o'er the bars of life our playmates had passed on,
And left me counting on this spot the faces that are gone! H. M.

A question up for debate by our heads of families is, whether America's marriageable daughters should remain home and take the chances of living and dying in single blessedness here, or cross the briny deep with their fortunes and accept in exchange a title with a brutal husband as an appendage. Gossip has it that over thirty of our fair countrywomen abroad are living with foreign tyrants, who disgrace the name of husband. Many are already divorced, or in the toils of the law, trying to obtain separation.

Mrs. McKurly had been very ill. On her recovery her friends noticed a decided change in the color of her hair. "Strange," said Mrs. Grundy, "that she should have got well while her hair dyed."

THE *Oil City Blizzard* says that if its debtors will call around and pay up they will confer a great favor on its creditors.

"MANY men, many minds." The concocter of that proverb cannot have much experience with State legislatures.



GRAND GIFT ENTERPRISE.
A prize in every package.



TRULY we seem to have arrived at that period at which, Scripture tells us, the elements shall melt with fervent heat; for elements, read theatres, and you have the situation exactly. First, the Windsor, then the Standard—two old theatrical landmarks wiped out completely by fire, and their various attractions, present and prospective, scattered abroad like sheep without a sheepfold. The untimely cutting short of "Estrella's" career we could have endured, and so, probably, could the managers of that ill-omened attraction, had the cause been any less lamentable than the destruction of one of our metropolitan theatres. But we were promised semi-authoritatively, that we should have seen Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, "The Princess," at the Standard after the holidays.

Let us hope we may see the opera at some other theatre instead, and meanwhile THE JUDGE tenders to Messrs. Brooks and Dickson, and all who may have suffered either loss or inconvenience from Friday's conflagration, his sympathy and condolences. The oft-inculcated lesson of care in theatres, which these repeated conflagrations teach, will not, we fear, be learned in our day.

Perhaps, in the future, a millenium of fire-proof scenery, careful gas men and solid proscenium walls may dawn—till then look out for fire in theatres.

Apparently, the Madison Square devotees are not on duty, although "Duty" is on at the Madison Square. (Attempts at puns this style, furnished gratis to librettists, on application to THE JUDGE.) Mr. Henry De Mille has evidently been laboring under the conviction that a plot is not a necessary adjunct to a play; and it is plain that the exemplary managers of the good little theatre agree with him, for they have placed upon the stage, with all their accustomed attention to detail, bric-a-brac etc; an alleged dramatic composition, utterly devoid of intrigue, complication or incident. There is plenty of moral though, and that is quite sufficient. A play that can point a moral and adorn a tale is all that is necessary at the Madison Square chap—(we beg pardon) theatre; and even if the tale is not adorned to any great extent, it doesn't so much matter as long as the moral is satisfactorily pointed.

The author of this last production seems to be following in the footsteps of the conscientious Frederic, who figures extensively in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pirates of Penzance," and who became such a slave of duty that his life was made miserable in consequence thereof. Let Mr. De Mille pause and ponder, ere it is too late.

It seems a pity that all the practical lessons taught at the Madison Square should not have affected the actors as well as the audiences; but when we reflect upon the career of some of the ladies and gentlemen who have left its virtuous stage to go forth into the world at large, we say to ourselves, "How are the mighty fallen."

There is pretty little Effie Ellsler, for instance, down at that horrid Union Square, playing in a naughty, naughty play, called "Storm Beaten."

Agnes Booth, too, would not be restrained, and has been seen for several weeks past in a piece that would make a Madison Squarer shudder with horror, called "The Stranglers of Paris."

All the efforts that were made to convert Richard Mansfield, and to bring him to see the error of his ways, have failed, and he was only last week over at McKee Rankin's Theatre, personating that wicked old sinner, Baron Chevreuil, in a "Parisian Romance."

In view of all this, we fear that Mr. Mantell will become so imbued with the spirit of Sardou, that he will prove refractory under pious management, and will add one more to the list of perverse delinquents.

We have only space left to mention a few important facts, one of which is that Wm. J. Scanlan is playing in "Friend and Foe," and singing Peek-a-Boo over at the Grand Opera House.

"7-20-8" has been substituted for "Boys and Girls" at Daly's.

Wallack has produced Judge Barrett's play, called, "An American Wife;" and Mr. Stetson is trying to see what effect "The Glass of Fashion," (a *fiasco* in London) will have on a New York, Fifth Avenue, audience.

A Tale of Lush.

LUSH is the moonlight on the floor,—

The only silver a poor scribe owns;

Lush is the landscape lying before

His eyes, with its lushly colored tones.

Lush is the dew on the emerald grass,

Lush is everything this fair night;

But lushier than all—the couple who pass

With lush-laden hearts before his sight.

She warbles a strain that's heavy with lush,

He echoes the same in his chamber there,—

But his heart only touches a mem'ry's gush,

While the lushers below have some to spare.

The lover he clasps her to his side,

And whispers lush in her tinted ear,

And asks her will she be his bride

At the time when the turkies reappear.

It matters not the response she gave,

Two lips jam in lush n'yum, n'yum!

He swore he would be her willing slave

In the years with their lush and gush to come.

The scribe he smiled in a fendish way,—

'Tis plain he's had lush long ago.

And lushed like them in a golden day

When life were lushously so, so.

Then wended the lushers toward a stile:

A stile is a lush thing put in rhyme.—

So easy to couple with love's own smile,

And ends the whole in metrical time.

The poor old scribe turned into bed,

And dreamed of taffy and rivers of gush;

He barked his nose while he pounded his head,

Recalling the sweets of an old-time lush.

H. S. KELLER.

THIS is a baby. It is a girl baby. How sloppy its chin is! How red its eyes! What horrid contortions it makes with its face! See how savagely it kicks! How sour it smells! How like a demon it yells! Yet in a few short years some man will be half crazed with wild suspense, worshipping the very air this being breathes, devoutly kneeling at her feet and frantically begging for one word, one pressure of the hand, even a look, which will give him hope. Such is life.—*Phila. Call.*

Answers to Correspondents.

"ANXIOUS SWAIN."—We cannot possibly do better in your case than to echo the well-known advice of our trans-Atlantic comical contemporary, *Punch*, given under like circumstances, to wit: Don't! It is rather a perilous undertaking, as things now-a-days go. A proposed embarkation on such a voyage requires serious consideration beforehand. You are right—the Editor of THE JUDGE is a bachelor, preferring single-blessedness to double-cursedness.

"VERNAL."—Your attempt to make "graveyard" rhyme with "halyard" is almost worthy the rhymeful genius of G. W. C., the celebrated tearful obituary poet of the Quaker City. Although we respectfully decline to print your "first effort," we shall be pleased to hear from you again—sometime in the latter part of the first quarter of the 20th century. This is not your proper sprouting season, anyhow.

"JUDGE."—Being a namesake, we shall give you a little more attention than ordinary visitors. A man may be a sapient "book-worm," but naturally insipid. We cannot see the good of "cramming" one's mind or memory with other men's thoughts or expressions; unless, indeed, the "crammist" (this is coined for the occasion) is incapable of thinking on his own account, as in the case of some of our model New York "just-asses" and "shyster" lawyers, who are, figuratively speaking, but barnacles, clinging tenaciously to the keel of the legal ship. Book-worms, as a general thing, rank in the category of consumers, not producers. When they attempt, or pretend to produce, the result is simply the product of their insatiate consumption, and not their own property. Men of inherent or original thought have little need of libraries, except for purposes of passing reference. They think as the pristine thinkers did before printing was invented—finding "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." Nature is the God-given book of genius, and books the resource of pretentious mediocrity. You will, of course, understand that these remarks are not intended to be personal, albeit they have been suggested by the tone and tenor of your "essay" on the subject.

A Bad Habit.

"LADY," said a colored cook to her mistress, "what makes you watch me so, 'spicious?"

"It is a habit I have, Lucindy."

"It's a mighty bad habit, lady, fur it's ap' ter lead ter troublement. De las' lady dat I worked fur watched me jest like yersel' er do'n', an' arter awhile she went so fur as ter 'cuse me o' stealin'. Go on in de settin' room, lady, fur de chillen might burn dares'fs on de stove."

"What's that you've got under your apron?"

"Lady, yer's de 'quizitiveist 'oman I eber seed. Go on an' ten' ter de chillen, I tells yer."

"Haven't you got my gloves under your apron?"

"Huh?"

"You heard what I said?"

"Glubs un'er my apron! Dat's a fine question fur a white lady ter ax. Take de glubs, da ain't no 'count, nohow. Ef white folks doan stop bein' so 'spicious, dar's gwine ter be some dissatisfacthun in dis lan'."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

ADMIRAL PORTER says that our navy now is "mostly officers and water." He appears to have forgotten poker and alcohol.—*New York Graphic.*

Advice to Englishmen Visiting America.

1. When you begin inspecting a city or town, it is wise to stalk along the middle of the street, and make your facetious remarks on whatever you may think funny. Laugh loudly at queer names which you see above shop windows, especially if their owners, as is frequently the case, are lounging by the door.

2. When you go to church, strut and stare about as if you were examining a picture exhibition. Display contemptuous pity for the worshippers assembled, and make in a loud voice whatever critical remarks you happen to think proper.

3. If, while you take your walks abroad, you encounter an unfledged and enthusiastic traveller, who daringly attempts to enter into conversation with you, do your best to snub him, in recital of his exploits, and to render him dissatisfied with his most active feats. Interrupt his narrative with pitying exclamations, such as "Ah, I see! you went the wrong route;" or, "O, then you just missed the very finest point of view." You may discover, very likely, he has seen much more than you have, but by judicious reticence you may conceal this awkward secret, and render him well nigh as discontented as yourself.

4. When you are to start on some expedition, let everybody learn what an early bird you are, and awaken them to take a lively interest in your movements. Stamp about your room in your very thickest boots, and, if you have a friend who sleeps a few doors off, keep bellowing down the passage at the very top of your voice, although there may be invalids in plenty within earshot.

5. Should you gallantly be acting as *courier des dames*, mind that your lady friends are called an hour sooner than they need be. A pleasant agitation will thus be caused near their bedrooms. They will amuse those sleeping next them with an incessant small talk, and, as their maid will be dispatched on endless little errands, their door will be heard creaking and banging to incessantly until they clatter down stairs.

6. When you enter a theatre or lecture room, make your triumphal entry with all the noise you can, so as to attract general attention.

7. Should your neighbor at the *table d'hote* attempt to broach a conversation with you, turn your deaf ear, if you have one, to his insolent intrusion. If in kindness of spirit he will persist in talking, freeze the current of his speech by the iciness of your manner, or else awe him into silence by your majesty of bearing.

8. Never give yourself the trouble to order wine beforehand for the *table d'hote*, but growl and grumble savagely at waiters for not bringing it the instant you have ordered it, even though you happen to have entered the room late, and find a hundred people waiting to be served before you.

10. In all small hotels where service is included in the bill, be sure you always give something extra to the servants. This leads them to expect it as a matter of course, and to be insolent to those who can't so well afford it.

B. T. P.

JUDGE COWING certainly took a new way of cowing the delinquents in beer traffic recently.

The fifty-one prisoners were cheerful, if not hilarious, as they waited the calling of their names to pay the fine and be gone.

The first—one Murphy—pleaded guilty, and drew forth a five dollar bill to pay the expected fine; but when the judge informed him that he would spend the next thirty days in the penitentiary, his limbs trembled, and he had all the symptoms of one of his steady customers in jim jams.

Gustav Kinbladt says, "he kinblat even in the vaults of the penitentiary, on the injustice of his sentence. It was sarsaparilla and ginger-ale that he sold."

Col. Spencer, who "kinblat" even better than his client, created great applause in court by a tirade against the rich liquor dealers. Judge Cowing checked it at once.

Billy McGlory, of Armory Hall, got a stay of proceedings in his case, to give Dr. Doremus an opportunity to analyze the drink he sold. Billy thinks if he understands his business, and conducts the analysis properly, nothing intoxicating will be found in what he sold. So it remains at present an open question whether McGlory will be the glory of the penitentiary, or dispense his light at his old stand at Armory Hall.

Vice Hear-Sa.

At the Mechanics Fair, which has recently closed in Boston, a manufacturer placed several very fine carriages on exhibition. Near by, on the opposite side of the hall, stood several hearses also on exhibition. Several of the carriages were sold during the exhibition, one of the purchasers being no less a personage than Governor Butler, and his name, as the purchaser, was placed over the word "sold." Some wags passing by,

transferred the placard from the carriage to one of the hearses on the opposite side of the hall, which created great merriment among the bystanders. The attendants returned the placard to the carriage, but it was not allowed to remain. No sooner were their backs turned than the placard again appeared on the hearse, which election returns prove to be the proper vehicle for the defunct governor to ride in.

THERE is said to be now living in Maine a liberally educated young woman, who teaches school winters, makes gardens and assists at the harvesting of the crops on her father's farm summers. When there is nothing else to do she busies herself by shingling the roof of the house, builds the stayings geometrically, runs the lines after Euclid, and puts on the shingles as neatly and expeditiously as a boss carpenter. If she has an idle hour she practices music and reads German just for a pastime. What an admirable help-mate would she be for the young men who can't quite support themselves.

"No," said the eloping woman; "there isn't the least likelihood that my husband will discover our whereabouts. He's a New York detective."—*Boston Post*.

COURTING is sometimes called sparking, because the real fire doesn't commence until after marriage.

Don't thou love life? Then do not squander valuable time—for that is the stuff life is made of; but procure at once a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for your Cough and be cured. Your druggist keeps it.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE

UNITED STATES MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION,

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CHARLES B. PEET

of Rogers, Peet & Co., President.

JAMES R. PITCHER, Secretary.

Kitty lying on a rug,
Taking a doze.
'Long comes big dog,
Smells of her nose.

Kitty jumps a yard,
Back all a-bow.
Dog pricks up ears—
Little tableau.

WILL GRANGER.

WHAT kind of fits are histrionic artists subject to? Benefits.

"HA! you young scoundrel, what's that you are doing there?" cried an insurance agent of his young son whom he had discovered smoking a cigarette in the hallway.

"Sh! sh! daddy, don't yer give it away. I'm only raisin' a little smoke, so's de woman up stairs 'll tink dere's a fire in der house an' 'git insured wit' ye," coolly answered the youngster.

COLLECTOR of antiques.—Rag peallar.

PARLOR fixtures.—Steady lovers.

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Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

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

From Am. Journal of Medicine.

Dr. Ab. Meserole (late of London), who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address

Dr. AB. MESEROLE, No. 26 John St., New York.

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Leading Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 333, 161.

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AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE ever invented. Will knit a pair of Stockings with HEEL and TOE COMPLETE in TWENTY minutes. It will also knit a great variety of Fancy Work, for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the TWOMBLY KNITTING MACHINE COMPANY, 163 Tremont street, Boston.

Sowing the Tares.

"FATHER," said a fashionable young lady, "am I a member of the church?"

"Yes, my daughter," her father replied, "you are a member of the church, I initiated you by having you baptized in infancy."

"But, father," she answered, "I have no piety, never was converted, and I do not think I ought to be a church member."

"The wheat and tares are to grow together, our Lord tells us in the parable, and you are a tare, I fear, my daughter—only a tare," replied her father.

"But didn't you say that you initiated me?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, "I initiated you in your infancy. But why do you ask?"

"Because," she answered slowly, "the Bible says that the one who sowed the tares was the devil." The old man groaned, walked the floor, and made no reply.—*Virginia Chronicle*.

Ought to Have Known.

"DIDN'T you predict a rise in Great Washtub Railroad stock?" queried the customer of his broker.

"Well, yes."

"And I took your advice and bought all I could get and have been cleaned out."

"Ah! very sorry, indeed. When I made the prediction, did I say anything of the Soapsuds & Great Bubble Road?"

"No, sir."

"The Soapsuds & Great Bubble Road, you know, has made a cut and took most of the business. Did I say anything about the crops?"

"Not a word."

"I presume not, but I expected the biggest crops for ten years. Did I mention the weather?"

"No, sir."

"Ah! another oversight. I based my prediction on a mild fall, with no frosts until November. Didn't I hedge by saying that if the old board of officials was re-elected?"

"No, sir."

"Well, it slipped my mind. Sorry, very sorry; but when another man predicts that stocks will go up or down you must take into account the crops, the weather, elections, business failures, cyclones, earthquakes, freshets, hard winters, railroad pools, stock rings, Congressional movements, and the European situation. Always remember this."—*Newark Call*.

Sad Loss of Confidence.

"I WOULD like," said an Austin youth, walking into a store and addressing the proprietor, "to secure a position in your employ. You can have perfect confidence in my honesty."

"Can have perfect confidence in your honesty, eh," said the proprietor, "well I don't know about that. There is so much down-right rascality afloat now that I have not got the least confidence in my own honesty. How could I have any confidence in yours?"—*Texas Siftings*.

ROWMAN—Hanlan.

WONDERFUL SALES OF BEATTY'S ORGANS.—The sale of Beatty's Organs is unprecedented. During the month of November, 1882, 980 were shipped. During the month of November, 1881, 1,800, and still we are reliably informed that Mayor Beatty can scarcely supply the demand for his magnificent organs. Did you see his grand Holiday offer that appeared in our last week's issue? You should read it carefully and order without delay. It is a decided bargain.

D. B. CANOLL.

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Grain and Provisions,

76 Broadway and 9 New Street, N. Y.

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GEO. C. WALKER & CO., Chicago, Ills.
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Margins deposited with Farmers' Loan & Trust Co., N. Y.

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REMOVAL.

At close of present season we will remove to our new and commodious building.

797 and 799 Third Avenue,

Corner 49th Street, (now in course of construction). To avoid moving our present immense stock, we shall offer it at prices that will command certain and immediate sale. Stock is unusually large, and selected by experienced buyers from both Foreign and Domestic Markets, and embraces all the new patterns and shades in

Axminster,

Moquette,

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Tapestries,

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WITH BORDERS TO MATCH.

ORIENTAL CARPETS and RUGS. Also Kensington Art Squares, in all sizes. Mattings & Floor Cloths of all descriptions.

WINDOW SHADES A SPECIALTY.

We must sell this stock or move it at a great expense—therefore prices will be made to insure sale to all who appreciate excellent goods way below market prices.

Purchases made by the readers of this paper delivered free of charge.

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Read's 3-minute Headache and Neuralgia Cure never Fails.

Sent by mail on receipt of 30 cts.

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Testimonial of a Boston lady.

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Sun-Burn and Greasy Skin.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price—Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, \$1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. Boston, Mass.

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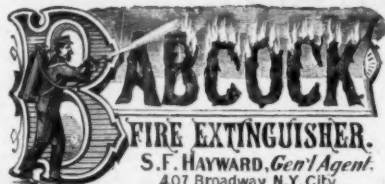
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STAR NOVELTY CO. GREENPOINT, N. Y. (Box 98)

Almos' Gone.

COME er long, bruders, an' raise me up,
Good Lawd, almos' gone;
I'se took a mighty drink frum de 'ligious cup,
Good Lawd, almos' gone.
Disease hab put its han's on me,
Good Lawd, almos' gone;
An' now I'se crossin' de briny sea,
Good Lawd, almos' gone.

An' er han' me down my book, bruder Pete,
Lemme git on de Zion's ship;
I'se gwine up whar dar's a plenty ter eat—
Let de bitter cup pass frum my lip.

Be good, brudders, an' yer'll come, too,
Good Lawd, almos' gone;
An' yer'll step mighty light in de golden shoe,
Good Lawd, almos' gone.
Yer ken eat de ole 'possum an' laugh at de 'coon,
Good Lawd, almos' gone;
An' dip up de gravy wid a silver spoon,
Good Lawd, almos' gone.

An' er had' me down my robe, sister Kate,
An' prepar' fur de w'arin' o' de crown;
Wid me de time is er gittin' mighty late,
An' de sun is er almos' down.

—Arkansaw Traveler.

Perils of Travel.

"CHARLES," said a fond wife who was assisting her husband in preparing for a short journey, "what is this flask of whisky for?"

"That," said her husband, suddenly looking up from his valise. "O, that's to be used exclusively in the case of snake bites."

"But, my dear," remonstrated the little woman, "there are no snakes in the cars."

"O yes there are—at times. You see, when they stop to wood up, or take water at some way station out in the woods—some gloomy swamp or bayou—the snakes board the train and crawl around among the passengers' legs. It's mighty annoying, and dangerous, too. And then, too, I've seen men on the cars with their boots full of snakes—real serpents—none of your circus poster reptiles, but the genuine article. Yes, I shouldn't consider my life worth ten cents if I were to leave that bottle of whisky behind."—Texas Siftings.

A READING woman is seriously ill from the effects of a fright caused by a rat sent to her in a box by a practical joker. If it had been a mouse she would have died instantly.—Oil City Blizzard.

A TORONTO young man who married a girl with her father's revolver pointed at his head has had the marriage annulled. Fathers should remember this and not hurry a young man even if the coal and gas bills are pretty high.—Phila. Call.

AN item is going the rounds to the effect that church members embrace three times as many women as men. Yes, that is probably correct. There is not more than twenty-five per cent as much fun in embracing men as women.—Oil City Derrick.

A GENTLEMAN wanted some plumbing done in his house and asked the plumber to give an estimate of the cost of the work.

"Let me see," mused the plumber, "one and one are two, four into three you can't. I'll do the job for \$800."—Phila. Call.

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YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE IMPERIAL AUSTRIAN VIENNA CITY

Government Bond.

Which Bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemed

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THE THREE HIGHEST PREMIUMS AMOUNT TO 200,000, 50,000 and 30,000 FLORINS,

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The next Redemption takes place on the

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And every Bond bought of us on or before the 2nd of January, is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that day.

Out-of-town orders sent in registered letter inclosing five dollars, will secure one of these Bonds for the next drawing. For orders, circulars or any other information address the

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,
207 Broadway, cor. Fulton st., N. Y. City.
ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the United States.

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ELY'S CREAM BALM,

FOR CATARRH



HAY-FEVER

A CURE AT LAST. The evidence is overwhelming that Ely's Cream Balm goes more directly than any other to the seat of the disease, and has resulted in more cures within the range of our observation than all other remedies.—Wilkesbarre, Pa., Union Leader, Dec. 19, 1879.

We hear from customers the most flattering reports of Ely's Cream Balm, an article of real merit. SMITH, KLINE & CO., wholesale druggists, Phila., Pa.

Apply by the little finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will cure. Unqualified for colds in the head. Agreeable to use. Send for circular for information and reliable testimonials. Will deliver by mail. 50 cts. a package. Stamps. ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y.

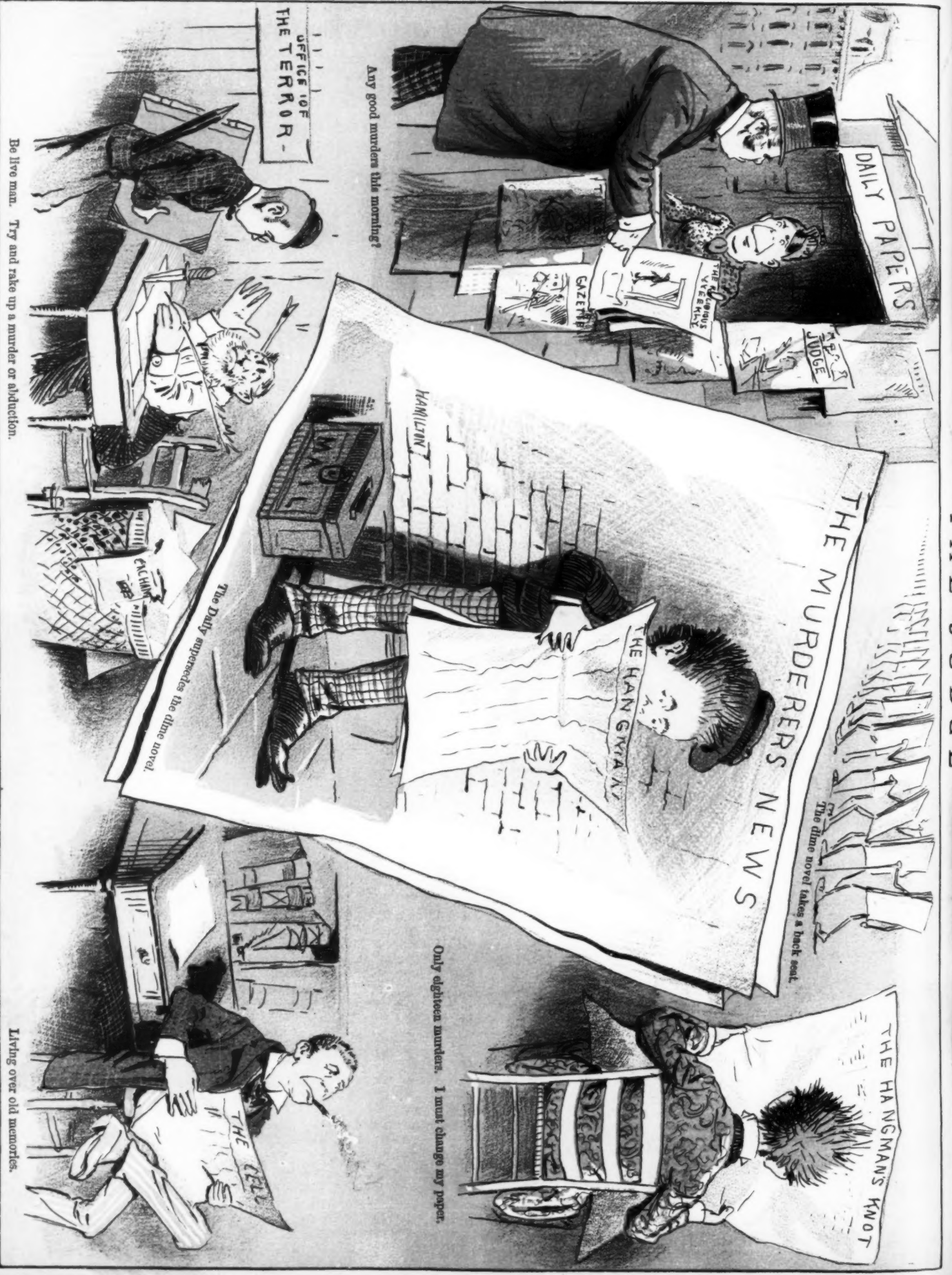
"WEAK AND UNDEVELOPED PARTS OF THE HUMAN BODY ENLARGED, DEVELOPED & STRENGTHENED," etc., is an interesting advertisement long run in our paper. In reply to inquiries we will say that there is no evidence of humbug about this. On the contrary, the advertisers are very highly endorsed. Interested persons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

ONLY ONE.

THERE is only one LITTLE LIVER PILL, and that is CARTER'S. There are plenty of other Pills, big and little, but they are not like CARTER'S. Some of them constipate; some of them gripe and purge, while nearly all disappoint. Using Carter's Liver Pills is no experiment. You take them with the certainty of improving your health. You fear no griping or purging or pain, because they have no such unpleasant action. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Sour Rising of Food, Bad Taste in the Mouth, and all troubles caused by a Bilious Habit. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable, very small and very easy to take, and will certainly please anyone. Price 25 cents. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

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Established in 1873 for the cure of Cancer, Tumors, Ulcers, Scrofula, and Skin Diseases, without the use of knife or loss of blood and little pain. For information, circulars and references, address Dr. F. L. FOND, Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.



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The dime novel takes a back seat

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THE HANGMANS KNOT

THE HANGMANS KNOT

Any good murders this morning?

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Only eighteen murders. I must change my paper.

Be live man. Try and take up a murder or abduction.

Living over old memories.

OUR PENNY DREADFULS.
What the daily newspaper is coming to.