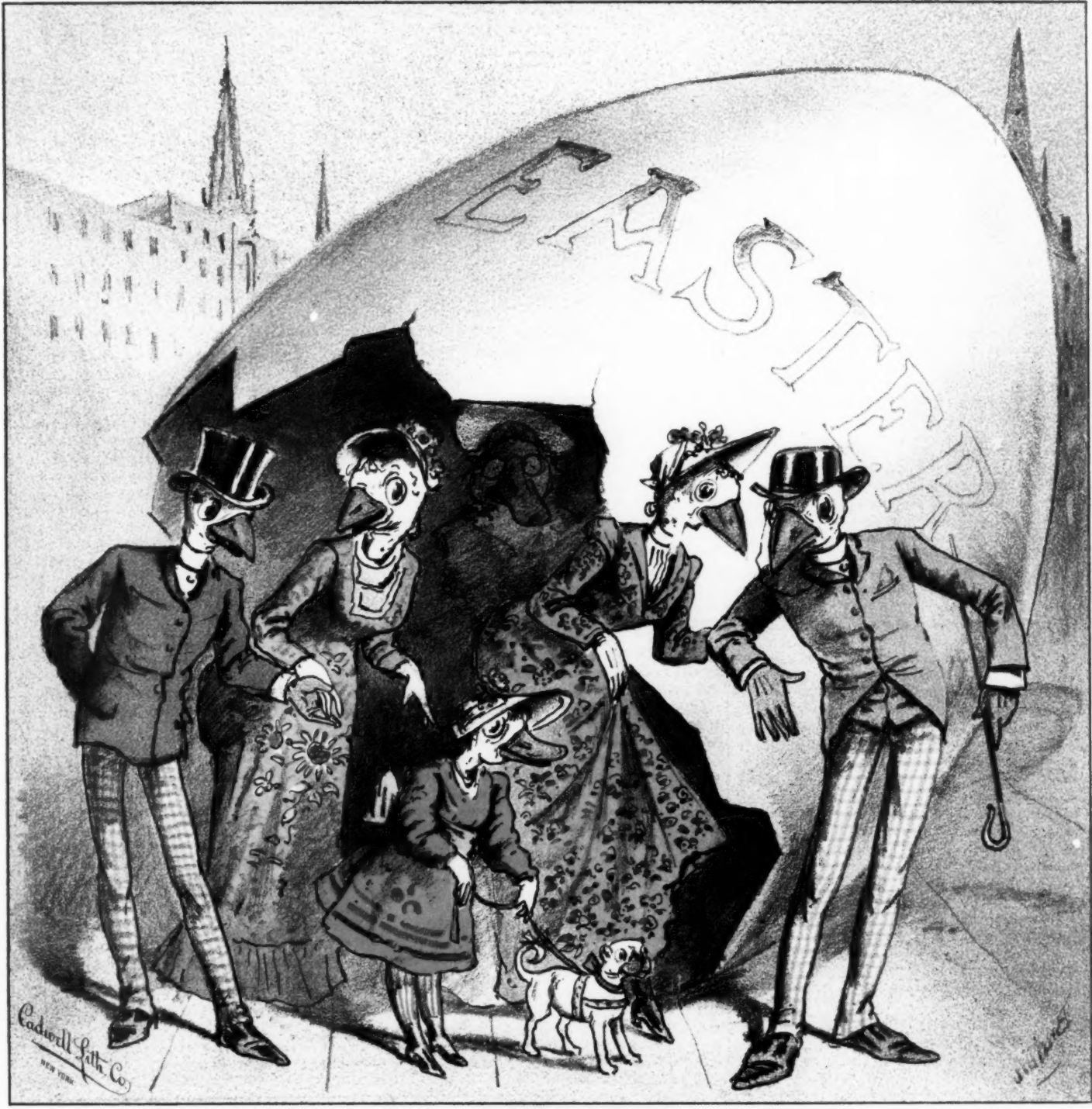


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EASTER MORNING.  
FRESH FROM THE SHELL.



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**Destroying Their Goddess.**

THE believers in O'Donovan Rossa's dynamite policy towards the British government exultingly declare that the terrific explosion in Parliament street, London, on the 15th inst., was the work of men seeking to free Ireland from English rule. We have read of the utterances of Rossa and his friends, and while some of the latter hesitate openly to admit that the plot was hatched in this country, they intimate that such was the fact, and all rejoice that the explosion did take place. It is regretted by some of them that lives were not lost, and the hope is entertained that more effective work will be done in the future. Rossa's usually harsh features are lighted up with smiles, and as he shrugs his shoulders and implores silence among his admirers, he rakes in the money which impulsive and thoughtless Irish men and women send to him for the furtherance of his alleged schemes.

It is not necessary for THE JUDGE to repeat what has so often appeared in these columns, that THE JUDGE is in hearty sympathy with all oppressed peoples—the Irish, as well as all others. It is becoming, however, at this time to repeat the warning which THE JUDGE has also frequently given, that Irish men and women should not be hoodwinked by the Rossas and Egans who pretend that they are working for Ireland's freedom, and who thus gain their sympathy and hard-earnings. At a time when England was prepared to do justice to Ireland the civilized world was startled by the information that Burke and Cavendish had been murdered in Phoenix Park, Dublin. Then England hesitated. It was claimed by Irish orators in Great Britain and America at that time that the assassins were not Irishmen. Now everybody knows by the tongue of an Irish informer that the orators were mistaken. While the better class of Irishmen, ashamed of the furious declarations made by the Rossas, Crows, Sheridans, and others, demand that the world shall believe that the explosion was not brought about by Irishmen, the world will not accept that belief, but will say to the poor deluded sons and daughters of Ireland: hearken no longer to the ravings of Rossa and men of his kind if you wish to gain the sympathy and respect of other nations in your appeals to England for liberty!

By assassinations and the destruction of life and property by dynamite explosions Ireland can never be made a free country. Men like Parnell and Sullivan have good reason to deplore the existence of Rossa and his followers. If it were possible for the average Irishman to be calm and thoughtful for a few moments, he would see that the dynamite policy means the destruction of his goddess of liberty, and may we hope that he will have such moments?

**Poor Oakey Hall!**

It is now the proper time for some sympathetic soul to say, "Poor Oakey Hall!" A brilliant genius taken

into the camp of Tweed, Sweeney, and Connolly when those plunderers ruled New York was made their figure-head by being placed in the Executive Chamber of the City Hall. He became a portion of the infamous Tammany Ring, and when it was destroyed went down with the rest. Tweed died in prison; Connolly died in a foreign land; Sweeney is banished from home and friends, but Hall still lives in the city of his triumphs and defeats. When his political career was ended, and when he escaped conviction in a court of justice, he turned his attention to the practice of the law. As a criminal lawyer he had won fame and fortune, and he hoped to regain his footing. He soon discovered that there was little hope for him, and becoming thoroughly discouraged attempted the role of a professional actor. On the stage he was a lamentable failure. Then he created a decided sensation by mysteriously fleeing to England, and by mysteriously returning to New York. He once more sought the practice of the law, and found his chances less than ever before. Then he snapped at an opportunity offered by the managers of the New York World. He was made the City Editor of that remarkable newspaper. As a City Editor he was erratic and disagreeable. He had no more conception of the duties of his position than a cow has of the workings of the telephone. He created a riot in the office, and was hurried into a small room where, until a few days ago, he was the walking encyclopedia of the establishment. The failing fortunes of the World necessitated the cutting down of the salary-list, and it is publicly announced that Hall, with others, has been dismissed from its service. That a man who was once Mayor of this city, and who narrowly escaped being made Governor of this State, should be bounced out of a subordinate position on the World's staff is indeed a humiliation, deeper and more damning than has ever been the fate of any of the ex-Mayors of New York.

**The Art of Book-Keeping.**

NOT BY THOMAS HOOD.

A LITERARY friend of mine, who sets up for a wit, and who is a little "touchy" at the idea that any one can say a better thing than himself, though really quite a clever fellow, was bemoaning to me a few days ago the loss of many of his best books, through loaning them to friends who had never returned them. His Crabbe, he said, had crawled away, his Walker had decamped, his Waverley Novels had got off Scott free, his Rousseau had taken French leave, Moore had been Swift to follow, and that Time, meaning Pollock's (of Course, was for him no More. He had loved his Motherwell, and was particularly sorry to lose that. His Hogg had run away, and he had not even saved his Bacon; and he wondered Wither they had all gone, and if his friends had been mean enough to Hook them.

To show him I was as Smart as he was, I replied that I knew he was a great Lover of books, and Howitt must Payne him to lose so n any of them; but if he had instituted a Thoreau Hunt after them, he might have Lytton some of them. But I told him, although I knew he was a very phunny fellow, I had read something like this Prior to his telling me, and that he needn't think to Hood-wink me into believing that his remarks were original. If he would always Keep his books, I told him, under Locke and Key, where they would be as secure as if he were to Stowe them away in Saxe, no one would be able to Steele any more! of them. I thought it A. Marvell, I said, that he should appear so Gay and be so Lamb-like, and not become Savage over his Loss-ing.

He thereupon told me to go to the Dickens. He was mad because I was Whittier than he was.

—T. H. P.

**An Eccentric Magistrate.**

It will never be known how great a factor Judge Lynch has been and continues to be in the development of American civilization. Grim and implacable he holds outlawry on a string, and, whenever he pulls, there's bound to be an end of the argument, its immediate cause having ceased to exist. His Honor's circuit is quite an extensive one. It embraces all of our

sparsely-inhabited States and Territories; and ought to include Uniontown, Pa.

Though universally regarded as the most prominent limb of frontier law, he does considerable in the hempen cravat trade. In fact he's a special partner in this branch business. He firmly believes that there's a tied in the affairs of murderers and road-agents, which, taken at its thud is a good thing for the morals of Far Western society. Realizing that the line must be drawn somewhere, he draws it on the nearest tree. While invariably sober, as the proverbial judge, he's an adroit performer on the tight-rope. It's a picture to behold him and his jury nimbly gathering up the slack. If you have been well taut you will readily give a-cord to this. His mode of procedure is startling but effective. Whoever risks an interview with him soon gets the hang of it. He never keeps anybody long in suspense.

Judge Lynch is invisible both before and after business hours. Notwithstanding he was born with a beam in his eye, he doesn't blow about duty and cares naught for parade or compliments. On occasion he has been known to drop former intimate friends, and at other times to hoist an entire stranger into a position high above that occupied by the best people in the community. I am only speaking for myself, but I would rather be cut up by misfortune than be cut down by this eccentric, inexorable magistrate.

**Visiting Aldermen.**

Who shall say that aldermen from neighboring cities are not always satisfied with their visit to the metropolis? Artists and journalists have attempted upon many occasions to picture the alderman from the interior prior to his departure for New York and his return to his native wilds, and it has remained for THE JUDGE to present in colors those eventful scenes in the life of such an alderman. The portraits will easily be recognized by the friends of the aldermanic heroes, and while we do not expect that the board will pass a vote of thanks to THE JUDGE, we trust that the members of that august body will find food for thought in looking at themselves as others see them.

THE Legislature of this State will have done something to its credit when it drives the existing Board of Emigration out of power.

SHERIFF ALEXANDER V. DAVIDSON is proving himself to be the right man in the right place.

As it is becoming fashionable for newspapers here and elsewhere to nominate some one to succeed the retiring editor-in-chief of the New York Times, we submit that Mr. Howard Carroll is the gentleman fully equipped for the position. Mr. Carroll was reared in that office, and fully understands the importance of the undertaking.

WE would suggest to President Arthur that he has not yet fully satisfied his admirers in the matter of removals from certain offices in this city.

THE attention of the Brooklyn police authorities is respectfully called to a statement made by John B. King, that he has invented a balloon bomb for use after dark.

THROUGH the persistency of Mayor Low after facts concerning the construction of the Brooklyn Bridge, and his determination to know every day's progress of the working force, it is likely that the great structure will be opened for general travel by June 1. The young Mayor of Brooklyn deserves the thanks of the people of this city, and the votes of the citizens of Brooklyn next November.

GUSHING Freddie Schwab telegraphs to the New York newspapers that Mrs. Langtry closed in Toronto the greatest dramatic engagement ever filled there. If Freddie is correct in this statement, other dramatic companies may as well leave Toronto out of their route.

IRISHMEN in England are just now especially distinguishing themselves for cowardice if we are to judge from the accounts of the dastardly attack upon Lady Florence Dixie at Windsor the other day.





THEY MET ME IN THE DAY OF SUCCESS.—(Shakespeare.)

## SEE THE CONQUERING HERO COMES.

THE Lily of Jersey she  
Came over the sea,  
The bright, blue sea,  
Thinking Americans would adore her,  
As they had done with Sarah before her.  
She was right,  
For the swells called her bright,  
And so sweet,  
And neat,  
That they all fell down at her feet,  
Which are not very small,  
And society all,  
Went wild o'er the Jersey Lily,  
Which was silly.

Dear little Freddie, he  
Went Lily to see  
And mashed was he.  
Her lonely condition caused him regret,  
He said, "I'll be Mr. L, by brevet;  
On your tour  
I'll be your right bower."  
All went well  
A spell,  
Till the time came to say farewell,  
And for England to sail;  
Fred turned pale,  
"Ta-ta," said the Jersey Lily,  
"Fred, you're silly."

—JAMES G. BLAINE.

## The Xylophone Solo.

BY JEAN PIERRE.

CURIOUS musical instrument came into prominence last winter, called the xylophone. It was simply a number of pieces of hard wood of graduated lengths, arranged on layers of straw, and struck with a small hammer. Played occasionally in orchestras, it was novel and elicited applause. It was found, however,

that a closer acquaintance excited contempt and dislike—as we are about to relate.

Mr. Whitetie, minister of the church in Shuffleville, lives on the corner of across street; on the other three corners are Mr. Misch, saloon; Mr. Freak, tinsmith; and Mr. Hoop, board-yard. Mr. Whitetie was induced by his sister to go to a concert in Shuffleville, and there heard for the first time a xylophone solo, "Listen to the Mocking Bird." Like the rest of the listeners, he was much pleased, and the performer received immense applause. Mr. Whitetie soon forgot about it, however, until his memory was revived about the beginning of last summer.

It appears there was a rivalry among the daughters of the neighbors we have mentioned as to which should learn on the instrument first. It had always been an especial pleasure of Mr. Whitetie to sit in his study in the summer, with all the windows open, and catch the fresh air of heaven. One night, while he was sitting studying thus, he heard, right across the way, at the tinsmith's, the sound of a xylophone, and he found that the performer was trying to learn the much-admired solo, "Listen to the Mocking Bird."

Mr. Whitetie was rather interested at first in the crude attempts of the beginner, but it soon grew quite monotonous, there being about as much music in the wood as in a cracked bell.

Tank-a-tank-a-tank, tank, tank; tank-a-tank-a-tank, tank-tank, it went, and finally he found it was impossible to work, and he went down the street for a stroll.

But the next night, soon after he had sat down to his desk, determined to make up for lost time, he heard the sound again—tank-a-tanka, tank, tank, tank, tank-a-tank-a-tank, tank.

A few minutes afterward he was horrified to hear another instrument of the same kind, tortured with the same tune—this was at the saloon.

There was a dash about the playing of the new performer which was exhilarating. She would stop every

now and then in her practicing, and run her hammer up and down the keys very rapidly. Mr. Whitetie went to bed with a sick headache that night, and had xylophone nightmares.

But Mr. Hoop's daughter was not far behind, and two nights afterwards he heard the third instrument begin, and on the same tune—he found this air was given away free to all purchasers of the instrument.

Poor Mr. Whitetie's existence became a burden.

He was afraid to complain, for the performers were his parishioners—and all the time the trouble grew worse. He was compelled to listen to three mocking-birds now every night. First came tanka-tanka, tank, tank, tank from the tinsmith's daughter, then one a little higher, tink-a-tinka, tink, tink, tink; followed by the fair one of the board-yard—very low—tunka-a-tunk-a-tunk, tunk, tunk.

His congregation saw him growing pale and sad, and thought he must be studying too hard. "Bedder gom ober to my blace and hear some music somedimes," said the saloonist—utterly oblivious to the fact that Mr. Whitetie could enjoy it to the full where he was.

But the end was approaching—he knew he could not last much longer as it was—his sleep was a continual nightmare—in which he dreamed that, armed with a terrible club, he was beating out the brains of hundreds of ladies with heads of mocking-birds. His mind soon gave way—as was shown conclusively when he went and bought an xylophone. On this he now plays, in a maudlin way, "Listen to the Mocking Bird," and seems entirely happy and contented.

In common with all living creatures, birds are supposed to have certain reasoning faculties, and yet they are the most flighty.

PHRENOLOGY has never affected the market price of fine-tooth combs. Heads can be examined without using these nicely-split domestic utensils.



"Hey, Samson, where'm you be goin'?"  
"Go 'long, chile, don't bodder me, I se a funeral."

### EASTER.

I saw a little maid, one Easter morn,  
Wandering along our grandest thoroughfare,  
Her face so dirty, and her clothes so worn,  
She seemed a blot upon a scene so fair.

The city's wealth and fashion swept along,  
Sisters and Brothers of God's family;  
No single soul among that gorgeous throng  
Would claim relationship with such as she.

A wealth of flowers, nature's gift to man,  
Flooded the morning with their perfume sweet;  
The child's eyes shone, as only child eyes can,  
As one bright rose fell softly at her feet.

With eager hand she grasped the precious boon;  
I heard her say, aloud as children do—  
"I hope I can get home to mamma soon,  
To let her know that this is Easter, too."

—J. V. N. PECK.

### Dynamite and Death.

THE late explosion of dynamite in London knocked spots out of that little racket at Lexington. "The shots heard round the world," and England stands trembling like a lost dog on a windy corner on a winter day.

That explosion evidently broke a joint in the tail of the British lion, since which time he has been carrying it between his royal legs, and glancing eagerly behind on the lookout for something else that may happen.

"Irishmen did it!"

"Whoop!"

"Begorra, but we'll knock the stuffin' out av that ould British cat with dynamite."

"We Oirish Americans did it!" cried O'Donovan Rossa; and thinking that I might get a point or two, I resolved to interview this dynamite king, this palpitating patriot of the "Grane Oile," whose headquarters are in New York.

"Who did it?" I asked.

"Oirishmen, begob!"

"American or Oirish Oirishmen?"

"American!"

"What is the difference between them?"

"A matter av three thousand moiles."

"No, the difference in the distinctions?"

"Divil a bit. An Oirishman is the same the worruld over; but we in America have better opportunities and more liberty of action, therefore we can safely wage war on the hated tyrant. Sure I tould England ter beware some toime ago, but she wood not heed me. Now we've stirred her up wid a bit av a dynamite pill that has moved her ould bowels fearfully."

"Do you think it will result in Ireland's freedom?"

"Ter be sure it will. Perfidious Albion is shaking in her boots worse than she ever shook before."

"Will you be satisfied with simply frightening Eng-

land into giving up Ireland, or will you become emboldened by success and demand England as well?"

"Oireland first, then England had best look out for herself, for if we once get a-going, there is no knowing where we'll stop."

"But isn't it just possible that England may object to all this?"

"She niver will, niver! We've frightened the loife out av her already. Sure, we have dynamite planted under the House of Parliament; we have Woolwich completely undermined, and even the very throne is at our mercy. We can blow the ould woman and her expensive kids ter their moon if we loike; and, begorra, if she don't give us what we ask for, we'll do it."

"Have you written to the Mother Queen about her danger?"

"No; me lips are sealed, an' I cannot spake a worruld on the subject to any one."

"So I see. But isn't there any danger of your getting this country mixed up in the trouble?"

"Suppose we do; iverything's fair in war."

"But suppose Uncle Sam should object?"

"Object! object to Oirishmen? He dare not do it. Sure, haven't we fought all yer battles from Quebec to the surrender av Lee? Av coorse we have, an' won then, too. Fut the divil cud yeas do without the Oirish? But if Uncle Sam shud so far forget himself as to attempt it, begorra, we'd turn and whip him out av his boots fust, so we wud, an' then take his army and navy ter lick England with, whoop!"

"Our navy wouldn't be apt to frighten England much, would it?"

"Manned by Oirishmen it wud. Faith, we cud whip the worruld wid it!"

"Well, if that is so—and it must be, for you have said it—wouldn't it be cheaper for us to man our navy as it is with Irishmen, and save the expense of building more war vessels?"

"It wud undoubtedly."

"All right. I'll just mention it to President Arthur and have your hint acted upon."

"No, you won't. My lips are sealed, and this country must furnish us an asylum and keep her hands off while we do the business. But we don't want yer worthless ould navy. We have all the army and navy we want in these cartridges of dynamite. Sure we'll blow England out av the sea if she don't behave herself and lave us go by ourselves."

"She will probably do so, for you say she is very shaky even at the explosion of a single cartridge, and she can't afford to shake for long."

"Don't I know it! Sure, we'll undermin London wid dynamite; we'll rain it upon them from balloons if they don't lave us go."

"Oh, she undoubtedly will, and then poor Ireland will be free and independent."

"Av coorse she will."

"Then who will be king?"

"The man who sets her free!" said Mr. Rossa, pointing proudly to one of his shirt studs.

"Very poetic and very just. But would there not be a few who might want Mr. Parnell?"

"Not a corporal's guard, sure. Parnell is a blather-skite. He talks while we work."

"And there are several other men who might aspire to that exalted dignity."

"Ough! the divil go away with them. The Dynamites wud wipe them from the face of the fair, green isle of the sa."

"Then Ireland's liberty does not mean Ireland's peace and prosperity?"

"Av coorse it does. Bogorra, how long do you think it wud take us to kill the whole lot ov 'em? But they'll know better than to oppose us Dynamites."

"But are you not counting unhatched chickens?"

"Divil a wan! Sure, we'll hatch them with dynamite. Whoop for ould Oireland! Money is pouring in upon us in golden showers to help along the noble cause," he added, proudly.

"Who manipulates these sinews of war?"

"I do."

"Oh! And do you intend to make use of the ram you built some time since?"

"Och, to the divil wid that ram! But my lips are sealed, and I cannot tell you a worruld about our plans," said he, waving me away with loftiness which showed the king sprouting in him even now.

But thinking it to be my duty to let the people of England know just how much danger they are in, I have concluded to publish the foregoing interview, in the hope that England will weaken in time to prevent so much threatened devastation and the spilling of so much Saxon blood.

"Ireland forever!"—in a row.

—BRICKTOP.

WILL it be in order for ex-Senator Roscoe Conkling to rejoice when William Sprague shall once more be Governor of Rhode Island?

MAYOR PALMER, of Boston, has stepped on the corns of the aldermen of that city by refusing to approve bills amounting to \$2,247.19, for refreshments for them; and the fact is made apparent that the hungry New York aldermen are not such vile creatures after all.

Now that Police Justice Gardner has confessed that he used to "pitch pennies," we shall be pleased to hear from the other police justices.

If, by the simple use of hot water, taken inwardly by the cup full, consumption may be cured, what will become of the vast army of physicians who advertise the cure of that dread disease as a specialty, and what will become of the warehouses stored with cures, bottled and otherwise?

IKE says, according to Mrs. Partington, "That the esteemed cost of the new barn will be about \$2,000," and she thinks it will be a very heavy building, as he is going to raise part of it with a bonded mortgage.

THE wonderful perspicacity of the New York police is illustrated by the fact that they are always investigating. The other day, a man ten feet tall, carrying a Krupp gun, sauntered down Broadway. At the corner of Canal street, he became enraged at the crowd who were following him, and discharged his weapon with frightful results. No less than one hundred people were instantly killed, while a great number were wounded. The murderer walked away after announcing his intention of proceeding at once to the Astor House. The police are investigating. Later. He has been seen on Fifth avenue in company with Captain Williams. The police have a clew.

"THAT off-horse seems to be lame," said a passenger upon a steam-heated Second avenue car front platform to the driver, the other morning.

"The gray wan, ye mane?" interrogated the driver.

"Yes."

"Faix that ain't the off-horse, it is the nigh wan."

"Excuse me," politely answered the passenger, "but I'm left-handed."



THE EGG.

A FOWL EASTER LAY.

I AM an egg,  
 Don't you forget it;  
 Eat me when fresh, I beg,  
 You'll ne'er regret it.  
 I'm very weak,  
 But keep me long  
 And I grow strong;  
 Then you will speak  
 From Scripture, unrevised edition,  
 And send me straightway to perdition.  
 Place me in an incubator,  
 And then,  
 A few weeks later,  
 I'm a hen,  
 Or maybe  
 A rooster who can crow.  
 When I'm a baby,  
 Spring chicken is my name;  
 When I grow old,  
 I still am sold  
 For Spring chicken just the same.

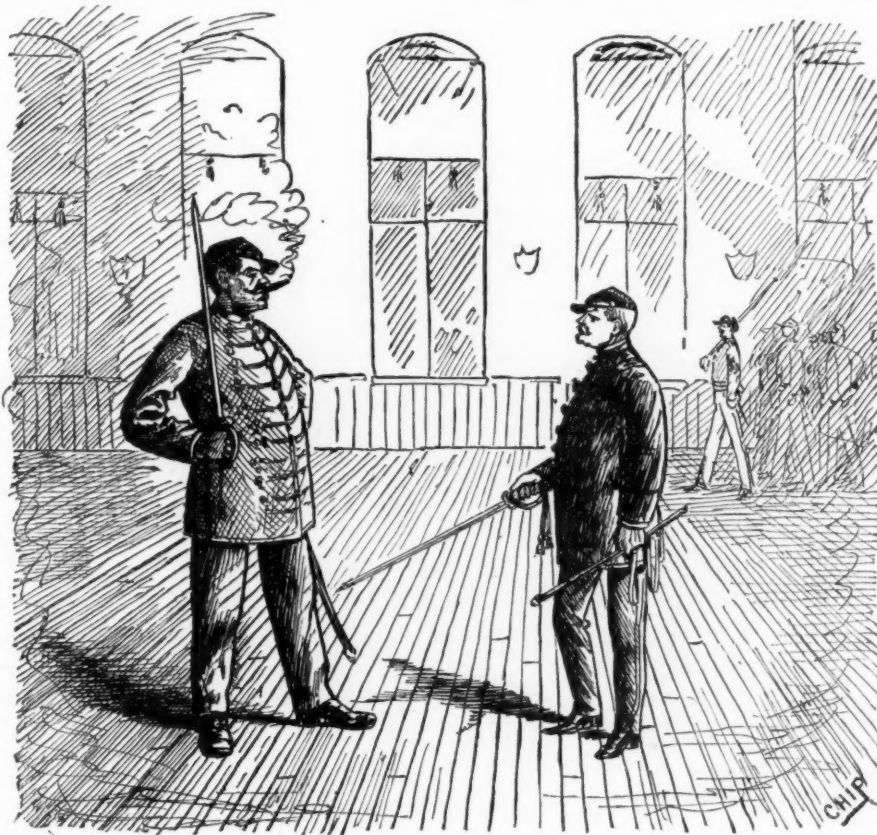
—B. ANTAM.

Quizzing a Barber.

I HAD been traveling for a week. So had my beard. The nearest shaving "palace" was a destination most devoutly wished. Its red-and-white guide-post loomed up at the end of a ten minutes' dog-trot from the railway station. Walking into the capillarious spider web of Lazarus Latherem, I dropped my grip-sack in one chair and myself in another. The proprietor smiled like a West street tramp when he finds that he's in undisturbed possession of a new five-cent nickel. We had met before. There could be no doubt of it. I mean Lazarus and myself, not either of us and the tramp. He arranged my spinal column, and the chin and neck towels, and then spoke aloud. That is Latherem did. It was his privilege as a boss tonsor, but I had nerved myself for the dread ordeal and tongue encounter.

"Been out of the city, sir?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Far?"  
 "To Minnesota and back. I've a sister-in-law, who lives there."  
 "Indeed!"  
 "Precisely! You see she is my brother's only widow. It was very sudden."  
 "What was sudden, sir?"  
 "The way my brother was taken."  
 "What took him, sir?"  
 "A requisition from the Governor of the State of New York."  
 [The man of gall and genuine Windsor soap appeared to be momentarily paralyzed, but he soon recovered his wind.]  
 "A capital crime, sir?"  
 "Yes, murder."  
 "Your own brother, sir?"  
 "Sad, and dismally true! My people keenly felt the disgrace, both prior to and after his trial and execution; but it can't be helped now, my sympathetic friend! He was a likely enough boy, and ought to have turned out better, but his gift of perennial eloquence led him to the scaffold. In an evil hour he button-holed one of our most prominent neighbors and talked him to death. Conscience-stricken at the horrible result of his vocalistic attack, my poor brother fled to the land of blizzards. Out there in Minnesota, blowing is often fatal, but it is never indicted. My brother adopted the name of Wiggins. He soon got acquainted with a wealthy lumberman's freckled daughter. This heiress of lath-and-scantling pined for him, as it were, so they got spliced, and then boarded 'round among her folks. Time flew merrily on the eagle wings of hope. Children prattled at the knees and tugged at the store clothes of my brother and his wife. Five happy years and seven additional joyous months sped like an April raft on the waters of the booming St. Croix. Then came a rude, a direful awakening. The avenger was on his track, and Grabber's independent, private detective agency run him down."

"How was he found out, sir?"



DISCIPLINE IN OUR CITY MILITIA.

COL. HAVERSACK—"Captain McGlory, bring your company to a halt."  
 CAPT. MCGLORY—"Say, old man, who's a doin' this, you or me? seems ter me yer gitin very fresh all of a sudden."

"By never being in when the officers called at the house."  
 [Here I got a vicious dab of sapon in my left eye. Yet again the barber rallied.]  
 "Then they laid for him?"  
 "Eggs-actly so! It all happened last Easter."  
 "Oh! That was very bad, sir!" [Another dab square in the mouth, and a spiteful, quick pull at the razor. Luckily for me the blade held, but my cheek was all in a quiver like the youngsters' new toy arrows.]  
 "They got him at last, you said, sir?"  
 "Yes; I'll tell you just how it was, if you will only keep quiet long enough to let me get a word in edgewise. I thought you barbers looked on William the Silent as your patron saint, but I must have been mistaken. However, that's got nothing to do with my story. It seems there was a regatta out in that section. Now my brother belonged to neither of the rival crews, but habit was strong within him, and like a stupid mule, as he was, he had to go and put in his oar. In less than half an hour he was in durance vile."  
 "In what, sir?"  
 "Jail."  
 "That was a very sorrowful affair, sir. Will you have bay rum, sir?"  
 "Not this time."  
 "Shampoo?"  
 "I guess not."  
 "Charley" (giving the towel a jerk), "wipe off the gentleman, and (stage whisper) give him a dry brush!"  
 As I buttoned up my overcoat and turned to leave the shop, I heard the disgusted Lazarus mutter to one of his journeymen: "Spink, that man was born at a lying-in hospital. He couldn't tell the truth if he was paid to do it. What a pity that he wasn't hung with his brother!"

ENRIQUE.

Brushing Up Reporting.

"Do you need a reporter?" inquired a long, lean, lank youth, as he entered the sanctum, and formed

rings of smoke from his cigarette. "You see I'm a genius, I am. Got a new idea; bound to make your paper sell. Engage me and your circulation will double in a week."  
 "Our staff is full," suggested the editor.  
 "Ah, yes, saw two of 'em full around the corner just now. That's a joke," he yelled, gazing at the immobile face of the editor. "But to business. I've a new idea. You see this cast-iron way of reporting is played out."  
 "Oh, is it?" ventured the editor.  
 "To be sure. The public want something new and original; something that will strike home. Now, here," he said, unfolding a copy of the paper, "here's an account of an accident to a little child. Just read it. See how dull it is. Probably a thousand accidents have been described in that way, and the public scarcely deign to glance it over. If I was given such an accident to write up, I'd just throw myself. Now just see how I'd improve it. Do you think I would say as this does:  
 "A little child of Joshua Squills was run over by an ash-cart yesterday, and is not expected to recover?" No, sir. Now, you just listen to this:  
 "It is our mournful duty to record a terrible accident, by which a sweet young life is probably crushed out of existence. Yesterday one of the many offspring of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Joshua Squills, Esq., a regular subscriber to this journal, was precipitated to the roadway by a passing vehicle which is used in the transmission of refuse coal, and sustained injuries which were beyond the control of the most eminent physicians. The dear infant, it is feared, will soon be climbing the golden stairs. For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."  
 "Now, there's an article which would cause a sensation. Let me give you another example—"  
 "Do you prefer the elevator or the stairway?" queried the editor, as he arose.  
 "Good-morning!" yelled the interesting youth.  
 "Don't trouble yourself; the stairway is good enough for me." And he made a rush for the door, but not in time to escape the projected boot.

—GIL.



"AN ACTOR'S LIFE IS NOT A HAPPY ONE."

## MIGNONETTE.

Oh, Mignonette!  
Pride of my early days,  
I see thee yet  
Through memory's haze.  
Thy dark-brown eye,  
And tender sigh,  
I'll ne'er forget,  
My Mignonette.

Oh, Mignonette!  
I am not now so green,  
On that you bet.  
Nicer girls I've seen  
Since you forsook  
And I got shook  
By that sweet pet  
My Mignonette.

—EMMA ABBOTT.

## The Comical Man on the Road.

I MET a pleasant traveling acquaintance on the way from Sinclairville to Fredonia. He said he went to hear me lecture last night; but he couldn't get a seat, so he only remained a few minutes. He said to me:

"I am a comical man myself; used to be right in the business all the time until I lost my voice. Tonsils give out, or something. Oh, yes. Why, I'm on the road now, traveling, and I'm known all over the country as the comical man of the road. Everybody knows me. I stopped yesterday morning where there were a lot of Irishmen at work, and began talking to them. Brogue business, you know. Hope to die if they didn't all quit work to shake hands with me. Thought I was just over, you know. This is the way I paralyzed them, you know."

And then he gave me a specimen of Irish dialect:

"'In faith and be jabbers, boys, an' sure an' what are yez goin' to do mit all of dot mortar undt brick-bats?' I say to them."

"And that paralyzed the Irishmen?" I asked.

"You bet it did," replied the comical man of the road.

I said I should think it would. I believed it would paralyze almost any live man. In fact I felt a little bit numb myself.

"Oh, yes," he went on, "but dialect singing used to be my strongest hold."

Here he cleared his throat and the passengers began to leave the car. But without perpetrating the threatened outrage, the comical man of the road went on:

"Now the trouble with your comical business is that it is too monotonous. Now, see, you talk right along an hour and a half, don't you?"

I meekly admitted my guilt.

"Well, now," said the comical man of the road, "you ought to rest once in a while and have some fellow come out and sing a little, or do some of this dialect business. That would give some variety to your lecture. You can't do any dialect, can you?"

I said after hearing him I would be ashamed to try.

"Oh, well," the comical man of the road said, with airy encouragement, "you could pick it up with a little practice. Do you sing?"

I said that I knew several songs by sight, but that I sublimely and unselfishly refrained from singing them in public.

"Well," he said, "you ought to bring a song or two in your lecture, and if you could dance a little it wouldn't hurt. And right now I'll put you into a rattling good piece of business—the telephone business. I saw a commercial traveler do it down here at Dunkirk. He took a hat and talked to it like a telephone—answered himself, you know—telephone business—ventriloquism. Are you a ventriloquist?"

I blushed and had to admit, with an overwhelming and mortifying sense of my deficiencies, that I was not even a ventriloquist.

"Too bad," he said. "Well, you ought to practice up on that, and bring in that hat business. That would bring down the house better than anything in your lecture last night. I could do it myself. I used to be one of the best ventriloquists in the country until my tonsils collapsed. You know me, I guess. Why, you must have heard of me! My name is Whitby; I'm called the comical man of the road."

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, rising to my feet and taking off my hat, "is this Whitby?"

"Yes," he said, "I'm Whitby. I'm known as the comical man of the road. I thought you'd know me! What is your name?"

I meekly covered down into my corner of the seat, and tearfully admitted that my name was only "Burdette," in nonpariel, with a little "b."

"Burdette," he said, "where are you from?"

I said, proudly, "Burlington," in great big letters. "Burlington!" the comical man of the road replied.

"Oh, yes; down here in Vermont. Well, I get off here. Don't forget that telephone hat business and you can make that lecture of yours go."

And the "comical man of the road" was gone. I may forget that telephone hat business, but I will never forget "Whitby, the comical man of the road."—THE HAWKEYE MAN.

## How to Cook a 'Coon.

A CORRESPONDENT asks: "How are 'coons cooked in the South? When I was in the army I ate with pleasure 'coons that were cooked in a very palatable way by the natives. I am now living in a thickly wooded country, where 'coons abound, hence the advice I seek." There is only one way to properly cook a 'coon, but, in fact, there is more in the way the corpse is prepared than in the actual process of cooking. The animal should be thoroughly killed and relieved of his skin and digestive organs. After this throw him away. Get him again and throw him on the roof of the shed where a heavy frost must fall on him. By this time he will emit an odor which an expert may distinguish from the "smell" of a dog, for if there is anything that smells more like a dog than a 'coon it is another dog of the same breed. The next step is to wash the corpse and throw it away again. Next morning it will smell like a dog. Then rub it with ashes among its vital parts. Throw it on the house top, where it should receive another frost. By this time it will smell exactly like a dog. The late 'coon should then be taken and scalded in lye, then, with all due respect for the deceased, he should be thrown away again. When you again associate with him he will smell like a dog. By this time the defunct is ready to be parboiled. Then he asserts his right to smell like a wet dog. This privilege is strictly adhered to until he is buried. Some time after the funeral dig him up and you will find that he smells like a dog. After the final resurrection bake him over a deliberate fire. When he is thoroughly cooked, use a strong perfume to keep him from smelling like a dog; then put him in a disinfected platter and deposit him on the table. Then you will discover that he smells like a dog.—Arkansaw Traveler.

REJECTING a suitor on a postal card, is good evidence that a girl don't care a cent for that fellow.

THE Montreal ice palace was evidently built on fire-proof principles.

THE most graceful walker, says an English fashion critic, is a woman with her hands and arms free. But the woman with her heart free is the worst masher.

AN incendiary attempted to fire an undertaker's establishment at Nevada City recently. If the undertaker catches him, he'll lay him out.

FUR seals are reported to be very plenty in the strait of Fuca. Brown told his wife to go there, the other day, when she was bombarding him for a seal-skin sacque.

It is found impossible to raise the *Cimbria*, and the wreck will be blown up. That will raise a commotion at least.

"NEARER the bone, the sweeter the meat" is what the dog remarks when he meets the bone.

A CORRESPONDENT wafts the ensuing query to us: "What does the word 'maniac' mean?" What does it mean, eh? Well, just come down and see our foreman when he arrives at our editorial rooms a couple of hours before the paper has positively got to go to press and sees upon the door leading to said editorial rooms a card reading, "Will not be back till to-morrow." (N. B.—All the copy in hand with our foreman is two sticks full of Long Primer.)—Buck.

THE hod-carrier, on the scaffolding of a lofty building, is at once a man of low estate and high standing.

MERCHANTS who wear full-bowed nose-glasses are continually talking of their little "specs."



## FOR BUDDING STATESMEN.

VALUABLE INFORMATION CONCERNING PROSPECTIVE CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE JUDGE.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 22, 1883.

After receiving your circular of instructions, I sent a note to each member of the Civil Service Commission, as follows:

"DORMAN B. EATON, President, etc.—Meet me at Welcker's at 7 P. M., sharp. Important business. Come alone!  
CARL SCHURZ,  
"Ex-Reformer of the Interior Department."

"DR. THOMAN, Member, etc.—Got a new question! Be at Welcker's about eight this evening, without fail! Bring no one with you!  
"GEORGE PENDLETON, U. S. Senator."

"PROFESSOR GREGORY, Member, etc.—The success of your Commission depends upon your seeing me at Welcker's, not later than nine o'clock. I will wear a 'holly-hawk' on my left elbow! Please disguise yourself in a clean collar, so I will recognize you. Keep this a secret.  
DR. MARY WALKER,  
"Secretary Women's Rights League."

Well, one hour apart they struggled in!

Of course I had notes prepared from Schurz, Pendleton, and Walker, apologizing for their non-appearance and introducing me as their representative, which I delivered to the respective parties as they arrived.

From President Eaton (after he had sampled my champagne lay-out, etc.), I ascertained that the examination for clerical appointments in the Government service would consist of ten questions in each of the four branches: Mathematics, History, Geography and Grammar. He had the lists for Mathematics and Grammar with him, of which I made copies before I got rid of him at 7:45, and submit herewith:

## MATHEMATICS.

1st.—If it takes 94,753 glasses of gin to fill the "Little Dipper," how many "Big Dippers" full of the same fluid will it take to get the moon full?

2d.—A bets B that he can drive his fist through a plate-glass window, without drawing blood; what will it cost the jeweler to extradite the thief from Canada, and how many diamonds will be missing from the necklace when recovered?

3d.—If a tailor has a piece of broadcloth in stock, and a clerk, of Class One, orders it made up into a dress-suit, how long will it be before the tailor gets his pay, providing the faro-banks close every night at 2 A. M.?

4th.—When the Bartholdi Statue is two-thirds completed, who will be the Presidential nominee in the year 2008.

5th.—If socks costs twenty cents a pair in Omaha, how many blisters will materialize on the heels of the star of the disbanded "Bummer's Own Dramatic Co.," as he "counts railroad ties," in reaching Union Square, New York?

6th.—Two quadrilateral septuagesimas moving in an apexular direction at a speed of four demisemi-quavers to an estimated resisting force of two and thirty-four two-thousandths tons pressure to the square inch, collic with tergiversated pandorium, drawing nine feet of water; what is the binocular antithesis?

7th.—On Wednesday morning, a man buys six cart-tickets for twenty five cents. He uses five of them. How many saloons will be obliged to visit on Saturday evening (when business is brisk) before the remaining ticket will be accepted as legal-tender for a glass of beer?

8th.—Lillian presents Alphonso with a silk and velvet dressing-gown, costing \$75, on New Year's day; what will it bring at auction when his pawn-ticket expires?

9th.—A tree-box six foot high by one foot wide, throws a shadow 12x4 feet; what number of solitary pedestrians can be successfully sand-bagged and robbed from behind same before the corner gas-lamp is lit at 12 M.?

10th.—The combined ages of the three members of this Commission is thirteen and one-third times greater than the subtracted age of the President's great-grandmother, multiplied by the added number of years in which it will take to settle the National Debt at the rate paid in 1879, if divided by an impenetrable futurity; what will be the date of the President's death—

barring Wiggins' storms and letters from Geo. Francis Train?

## GRAMMAR.

1st.—When a verb is modified by excessive mal-administration with a compound adjective, does it become singular or plural?

2d.—Which is proper: "I will give \$50 to be white-washed through this examination," or "I trust I will get an appointment, even if I am not willing to 'whack up' with the Commissioners?" (*Sub-rosa*, we suggest the former to be the correct answer!)

3d.—If the neuter case does not coincide with a subjunctive tense, by what means do we arrive at the conclusion that "God is good to the Irish?"

4th.—"They fought like brave men—long and well!" Why was it necessary that these men should fight like "long and well" men? Give reasons why "short and sickly" men would not have filled every requirement.

5th.—John kisses Sally, thereby making a "conjunction" of lips. Her father catches them at it and kicks John where his pants are re-inforced. Would John define the "old man's" action as an "interjection," or as a "d—d blasted shame"?

6th.—Correct the following: "The Washington detective is an honest, incorruptible, law-enforcing officer. His refined nature revolts at the suggestion of a reward for detecting criminals. His only capital is his integrity." (This is an easy one.)

7th.—Is the grammatical translation of *Holi-co-be, mock-ti-co-zock* "Never despise a man because he wears a ragged suspender," or, "Blessed is he who expects nothing in this examination, for that is just what he will get?"

8th.—Address a letter to the Chief Examiner of this Commission, giving your views on "The Mutability of Torpid Anachronisms Incomprehensibly Considered," as compared with "The Benighted Bulgings of the Pre-Historic Ante-penultimo?"

9th.—Would you stand an extra \$10 (to the "commish") for a choice of Departments in case we pass you favorably? ("The State Department Young Man" is much more of a social lion than "that haw-widly common Interior fellow," you know!)

10th.—If a syntactical proposition is eliminated from an etymological periphery, and the residuum is an Imperial Voodoo,—how does that demonstrate that "the Chinese must go?"

Dr. Thoman was promptly on time, and after a little preliminary "chin music," I gathered from his conversation—while he was under the soothing influence of four Vermont cocktails—that the following conundrums would be fired at the would-be office-holder in

## HISTORY.

1st.—When did Boycotting originate in the country of Carey? (Each applicant knows of course that Carey is the country where Ireland has turned informer against his fellow-assassins of Lord Cavendish.)

2d.—In what year, B. C., did Napoleon cross the Delaware on a cake of ice and capture Sitting Bull and followers?

3d.—Where was Bartlett Pear Campbell's play entitled "The Galley Slave; or, A Type-Sticker's Revenge" written? (The worn-out answer "in a beer garden" will not be tolerated.)

4th.—Name the Malagassy Envoy who spake these immortal words: "Father, I cannot tell a lie. I struck Billy Patterson. I did it with my little hatchet!"

5th.—Who was the author of Civil Service Reform? Andy Jackson, Jay Hubbell, or Flanagan of Texas.

6th.—In what particular locality of this terrestrial globe do you opine the individual rejoicing in the Biblical cognomen of Moses was when the light went out?

7th.—Who discovered "bill english of Indianapolis?" Relate some of "bill's" virtues. (This is a prize query for Democrats alone.)

8th.—Was it Captain Howgate or Major Phipps that originated the saying: "Honesty is the best policy?"

9th.—When did the "Methodist Mastodonic Big 4," Moody, Sankey, Ingersoll and Toombs, start out together as the "Salvation Army?"

10th.—At the battle of Tippecanoe, when General Grant led the "Light Brigade" in their memorable charge—how many hours did Spartacus hold the pass of Thermopylae, before Marshal Ney came up with the Egyptian Reserve and routed the Peruvian left-flank under Bismarck?

It was 8:55 before Thoman left, and Professor Gregory being anxious to meet the doctress with the masculine make-up, came five minutes early. The two Commissioners nearly collided at the door, but, fortunately for me, they did not recognize each other.

The professor was almost inconsolable at not seeing the famous Doctor Mary, but finally dried his grief in a bottle of Bass' ale. Between the intervals of his voracious attacks upon the chicken salads, steamed oysters, liquids, etc., he informed me that Geography was his special forte, and that he would "knock-out" the competitors for Government "snaps," with a few geographical problems in this wise:

1st.—Locate Blackwell's Island, upon which Enoch Arden was cast away, within its latitudinal and longitudinal parallel and meridian. State your convictions as to whether Mrs. Enoch should have obtained a Utah divorce before marrying "Confidence Mike," or not.

2d.—Draw a map showing the navigable streams to be improved under the last "River and Harbor Appropriation Bill" passed by Congress. (The Mississippi, Duck Creek, Snagg's Gutter, the Riproaring Rivulet, and such other well-known rivers may be omitted.)

3d.—Which is the highest peak—the Peak of Teneriffe, or the *pique* of Conkling at not securing a reelection? (This is particularly a Civil Service question,—having been sired by that eminent reformer, Carl Schurz, and kept on ice since 1881.)

4th.—Name two bays on the Mexican coast, directly opposite Arabi Bey or Bay Rum.

5th.—Is Maine bounded on the north by Lower California, or Oshkosh? or by both?

6th.—What is the population of Circassia, when the circus side-shows go into winter quarters?

7th.—Through what part of Hoboken will a line pass, drawn from Rio Janeiro to Mozambique?

8th.—Are there any other points on the "Vanderbuilt Kill-me-quick Railroad," besides Spuyten Devil, where direct connections are made with the Heavenly Land and the Infernal Regions?

9th.—Give the principal exports of New Zealand exclusive of the Maori, managerie kangaroos, and sheep-raising fables.

10th.—In what portion of New Jersey is Mumm's Extra Dry, Pommery Sec, Verzenay, and Piper-Heidsieck champagnes manufactured?

This completed the catalogue, and, after bidding "Gregory, old boy!" an affectionate good-night, I hastened to my five-story back attic (in the fashionable "West-End" though, and don't you forget it!) to compile the results of my evening's seance with the illustrious trio, as above given.

To those of the THE JUDGE'S readers who are yearning to embark upon the unexplored sea of Departmental life, and thus become a cog-wheel in the mechanism of this, our great and glorious Government—and who are benefited by knowing these momentous questions in advance, I would say:

When you have floundered through the examinative ordeal, and I have received your coveted appointment, why, any little financial token of your appreciation of my efforts in your behalf (from a chromo, \$5, or a ton of coal, up) will reach me safely, if sent—with all charges prepaid—to

—HANNIBAL HAMLIN JOHNSON.



THE LITTLE RITUALIST—LENT.

"Now, my dear dolly, I know this long Lenten season has been a great trial to you, but I hope I shall see no more leechy from you till Easter comes, and then you may wear your blue silk and enjoy yourself as much as you like."



DESTROYING THE





## THE SELF-SACRIFICING MINER.

AN IDYL OF WESTERN HEROISM AND DISINTERESTED  
EDNESS.

The evening sun was setting in the Arizona hills,  
Sunning with its dying splendor over all the valley rills,  
When a stage-coach ("Wells & Fargo") entered in a rocky  
glen,  
Freighted with a precious cargo of fair women and strong  
men.

It bore also golden nuggets, deiven from the Mother Earth,  
And great mail-bags holding letters, bearing money, pain, or  
mirth  
To the people anxiously waiting over yonder at Tucson—  
As, smarting 'neath the stinging whip, the horses galloped on.

When suddenly was heard a shot far up the mountain-side,  
The driver reeled, and dropped the reins—gave one long  
moan—and died!  
And as the started horses tore along the stony route,  
Above, with smoking rifle, could be seen a savage Ute.

In the distance there was coming, on a hardy-looking mule,  
A stout, brave-hearted miner of the Argonautic school,  
Who, when he saw the stage-coach, whirled by animals in  
fear,  
Leaped from his pig-skin saddle and stopped their mad career.

"See yer' back thar in Dead Man's Gulch, which I hev just  
kim through,  
The pesky reds are thicker ner the mornin' drops of dew;  
My partner, Charlie Johnson—my true pal sence Forty-nine,  
Hez just been robbed of his old skulip, down by the Devil's  
Pine!

Thus did he greet most dismally the people in the coach,  
When he had calmed the horses' fright, and did the Door  
approach:  
"Yer'll never get to Tucson, ef yer go down that ravine,  
Besides, yer hev no driver fur to ran yer old machine!"

With minds so full of terror at the danger all around,  
The passengers, with one accord, the miner now did hound,  
To be their trusty pilot through the perils in their front,  
To guide them safe to Tucson, and 'escape the savage brunt.

He nobly scorned their money, but bravely said he'd try  
To drive the stage to Tucson—and that he'd do or die;  
He thought that he could branch off on an unused mountain-  
trail,  
And get around the Dead Man's Gulch where Utes did now  
prevail.

Heroic heart! without a thought of danger to himself,  
He strove to save those human lives—but not for worldly  
pelf;  
Now in a canyon at his left he drove the weary brutes,  
To circle 'round the ambuscade where lurked the dreaded  
Utes.

Talk of Horatius at the Bridge—Jim Bludsoe at the Helm!  
Was braver soul e'er seen than this, in any clime or realm?  
A rough, untutored miner, but with courage unsurpassed,  
He said: "I'll never see yer skulped, we'll shake ther reds at  
last!"

But, see! what is it yonder gleams, each side the mountain  
trail?  
And hark! what is that clicking noise, down in that quiet  
vale?  
Is it sheen of glint'ning rifles? Is it sound of hammer-cocks?  
Can it be true that Indians are swarming 'mong the rocks?

Those passengers in future days, the narrative will tell,  
How the miner kept his promise, and saved their lives as  
well,  
Yes, they got into Tucson, but they *walked* in weak and  
sore,  
And the sympathetic miner was never seen no more.

Was the miner lying stark and cold beneath the moon so  
pale,  
Of scalp bereft by savage hordes back in that lonely vale?  
Oh, no, my gentle reader! he was counting up the swag  
That he, with other comrades, from those passengers did bag!

You see, the deadly bullet, which the driver's life let out,  
Was fired by Deadshot Billy, with an imitation shout  
Of the wild, blood-thirsty warrior—the Incomparable Ute,  
Like whom he always decked himself *when robbing on that  
route*.

The miner's name was Cut-throat Jack, who bossed the job  
that day,  
And laid this scheme to get the stage off of the traveled way  
By tales of bloody massacres, when the Indians, in fact,  
Were peaceful at their agency, and war-path courage lacked.

So when he got that fated stage down by the given point,  
His gang showed up with loaded guns, to work their robbing  
"joint:"

The miner (J) stopped the horses, and got down from perch on  
high,  
And told those unarmed passengers, to 'shell out cash, or  
die!"

They "shelled!" And when released, they found there was no  
team  
With which to drive the stage in; for included in the scheme,  
The robbers took the horses; and so they "hoofed" their way  
Some twenty miles to Tucson, which they reached at break of  
day!

The moral of this rhyme is plain: "Beware the person bold,  
Who'll risk his life in your behalf, and scorns your paltry gold,  
For he's the cuss that has in mind to get it *all* or none,  
Likewise your other valuables, as Cut-throat Jack has done!"  
—JEF. JOSLYN.

## The Government Expert on Whisky.

BY HUGH FEERIGAN.

HE sauntered into McPhearson's saloon with the air  
of a man who owned the government, and squaring  
himself before the bar, laid down on the top of it a  
card which read:

JOHN J. JOHNSON,  
U. S. Tester of Liquor.

New York City.

"You will perceive by my card which lies before  
you, sir," began Mr. Johnson, "that I am one of the  
men recently appointed by the United States Govern-  
ment to inspect, sample, and report on the quality of  
all the liquors, ales, wines, and beers sold in the dis-  
trict over which I have the supervision. While the  
task is not a congenial one, as I am a man of natural  
temperance proclivities, still, as the profit from the  
office is considerable, I accepted it at the earnest re-  
quest of my most intimate friends. You will please be  
so kind as to set before me a sample of your rye  
whisky the ordinary brand, such as you are accus-  
tomed to set before your every-day customers, and not  
the special article kept in a special bottle for special  
occasions."

McPhearson was completely overawed by the words  
of the government inspector, and immediately set  
forth a bottle of rye.

The government official drew from his pocket a pair  
of eye-glasses, carefully adjusted them, grasped the  
glass in his hand, and poured into it about three fingers  
of bug-juice from the cottle. Eying it carefully a  
moment, he took a sip, and then with a gulp slung the  
whisky down into the stonochic abyss where he had  
in times gone by stored the fluids. Then turning to  
McPhearson, he remarked, "I should judge that your  
ordinary brand of whisky was up to the necessary  
standard. I will, therefore, rate you 'A 1' on this  
whisky," and he proceeded to make some figures in a  
memorandum-book. "Now, if you please, Mr.  
McPhearson, I will sample a little of your Bourbon  
whisky," remarked the inspector. The whisky was set  
forth, and the same operation gone over. "Now, sir,  
a little of your American gin. Excellent, first class;  
good enough for any man," were the expressions of  
the inspector, as he consecutively destroyed samples  
of old Holland gin and a little of the "nigger" ar-  
ticle.

McPhearson eyed the inspector with looks of aston-  
ishment as he stowed away specimens of rock and rye,  
French brandy, cider brandy, Santa Cruz, and Jamaica  
rum, and interspersed the "hard stuff" with samples  
of beer, port, sherry, Rhine, claret, and ale. By the  
time the government official had got away with sam-  
ples of the regular stock of the bar, he began to become  
rather "budge," and his expression savored of a con-  
dition in which a man could find no fault with anything,  
and in consequence Mr. McPhearson's stock was rated  
as A 1, with a star, for extra good.

Having finished up the solids, the inspector leaned  
over the bar and addressed Mac as follows:

"Hic—pretty good place—hic—you've got here, old  
—hic—man. Do a pretty good—hic—business!"

McPhearson answered that he was pretty well satisfied  
with the profits—couldn't complain, etc.

"Now, then," continued Mr. Johnson, "I will pro-  
ceed, according to my instructions from headquarters,  
to sample and report on your mixed drinks. You may  
make me up a Tom and Jerry."

"Hey?" inquired Mac.  
"A Thomas and—hic—Jeremiah, my friend," replied  
the inspector.

"Now, look here, old man," began the saloonist,  
"what'er yer givin' me? I don't believe you've got  
any right to sample mixed drinks."

"What'er yer—hic—say, yer monk?" yelled Johnson.  
"Ain't got no right ter—hic—sample ther mixed—  
hic—drinks? I'll show yer—hic—what the U. S. Gov-  
ernment can do. Trot out yer—hic—Tom and Jerry,  
and make it strong, and—hic—don't yer forget it."

Having got away with the Tom and Jerry, he braced  
himself against the bar; and just then three men came  
in for a drink.

"Come up and—hic—have a—hic—drink, with the  
government," yelled the inspector. "Name yer—  
hic—pizon boys—have a—geeze' with me What'er yer  
hic—drinkin'?"

Having got away with the round, the inspector gave  
a lurch to the leeward and yelled: "Set 'em up agin,  
whoop-la, durnest old—hic—racket I've—hic—had  
for a year. Gim'me cigar this time."

McPhearson said not a word, but he reached for the  
bung-starter, and, seizing it, he appeared from behind  
the bar, grasped the government inspector by the col-  
lar, and dealt him a crack on the sence that knocked  
at least fifty cents worth of liquor out of him, and then  
with that peculiar ejective movement only acquired by  
long practice, slung the government official into the  
street.

Mr. Johnson staggered back full of remarks unbe-  
coming a man of his high position, but was met by  
the bung-starter, accompanied by McPhearson, and  
again took a parquette seat in the gutter.

"Who was that fellow?" asked the three men as  
McPhearson posed behind the bar.

"Government inspector of liquors."

"Government inspector? Oh, git out, there isn't  
any such officer!"

"Well, blast me," yelled Mac, "if that fellow didn't  
fill his dirty carcass with my liquor, and not a cent  
did I get for it. Just let me get hold of him!" and  
he rushed out for the "inspector."

## Cats.

A CAT is a animal shaped like a Panther. It has  
four legs, one tail, two eyes, one nose, and two ears.  
I have laid in bed and listened to the cats scream and  
howl at their parties, and their concerts, and their  
balls. They are the inhabitants of the fence at night,  
and their guests in the day-tin e. They are sometimes  
mischievous and sometimes good. At balls there are  
about five cats, and at parties there are about four  
cats.

As I have said, a cat is shaped like a panther, but  
their nature is not alike. A panther spends its time  
in the forest, while a cat spends its time in the house,  
or about somewhere. I like dogs as well as cats,  
don't you? I once had a cat, and it was as gentle as  
a lamb; her name was Tabby, and I loved her very  
much. She was gray, with white legs; but one day  
she died; so that ends my story.

—FRED COOK, aged 7.

A DELEGATION went to the White House to see the  
President about the vacancy in the Board of Commis-  
sioners, which controls the District of Columbia. They  
were really prominent men, and for a wonder they did  
not have a name to propose. The most eloquent mer-  
chant in Washington presented the suggestions the  
delegation had to offer. They wanted to expatiate  
upon the ideal commissioner, a man of straw, care-  
fully dressed. The President listened attentively and  
looked at the delegation admiringly, while the eloquent  
merchant spread himself in the description of a man  
who, if he existed, would doubtless be chosen for the  
Presidency in 1884 by acclamation. A curious smile  
crept over the handsome face of the President, as the  
merchant's periods were swinging away above Mont  
Blanc. Finally the picture was perfect, and the  
spokesman rounding off with the peroration: "And  
now, Mr. President, have you such a man in view?"  
"Yes," said Mr. Arthur and the smile again crept over  
his face. "Ah, thank Heaven!" said the chairman, as  
the rest of the delegation drew closer. "Where can  
he be?" continued the merchant. "He is dead," said  
the President, and the delegation withdrew, walking  
as ducks walk when wet clear to the pin-feathers.—  
*San Antonio Evening Light.*

THE comet has at last spun its tail and departed.



MIDNIGHT MUSIC.

The silvery sprays of moonlight play  
 Adown the midnight air,  
 And in the distance far away  
 A sound so sweet and fair.  
 Is it a song of love, so low,  
 From lover's lips so pat,  
 That greets my list'ning ears? Ah, no,  
 It is a Thomas cat.

A midnight lay he chants on high  
 To his Maria bright;  
 Is it a star from out the sky  
 That swiftly wings its flight?  
 It is no star, by poets sung,  
 Not fair and bright as that,  
 It is a bootjack, madly flung  
 At that bold Thomas cat.

A scream, a cry, then all is still,  
 No music now is heard,  
 The bootjack proved a potent pill,  
 The love song is deferred.  
 Again I view the silent night  
 With solemn thoughts begat,  
 And gaze upon the stars' bright light—  
 Again that Thomas cat.

—JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

Still Hopping.

On Wednesday, the progeny of Mrs. Patience Hopping, widow of the late Captain Hopping, held a reunion at Red Bank, N. J., in honor of her 100th birthday. Over 100 grandchildren and great-grandchildren and four great-great-grandchildren were present. Mrs. Hopping is in excellent health, and seems likely to live many years. As will be seen, the "Cap'en" is not hopping around on this terrestrial ball at the present date, at least not on the outside of it, although perhaps he's doing a double reel somewhere nearer the center to keep his feet cool. Mrs. Hopping is in excellent health, and has Patience to try hopping about a little longer, and the grandchildren *ad infinitum* are hopping here, there, and everywhere. When the little ones play on the grass in the summer time, the neighbors call them grass-hoppers, and the old lady, Mrs. Patience, is a sort of grass-hopper widow. It really seems as if a great many had been ground out of the old original hopper, which stands the wear and tear of time remarkably well. Mrs. Hopping deserves credit, however, and THE JUDGE won't be hopping out her family affairs in future.

Giddyboy's Troubles.

GIDDYBOY was as good a fellow as ever walked on two feet, but he had his failings, such as staying out nights, telling lies to account for it, and similar faults, to which male flesh is heir.

The other afternoon he left the office about two o'clock, and owing to a depression of spirits, neglected to return.

He arrived home, in the neighborhood of Central Park, about half-past nine, and was greeted by Mrs. G. with the remark, "Well, you don't mean to say—"

"My dear," interrupted Giddyboy, "I really could not help it. You know the Sixth avenue elevated trains do not run after 12, and I was obliged to take a surface car." The brief but highly interesting discussion which followed has caused Giddyboy to become a more bitter enemy to monopolies than ever before.

—MAJOR HAGGERTY.

Mose Schaumburg Mad.

YESTERDAY Mose Schaumburg was called to the telephone, and received the following message from the railroad depot:

"If you don't remove that car load of freight that arrived yesterday for you, we will charge you demurrage."

It was a dreadful sight to witness the rage of Mose Schaumburg. His face turned as white as an aspen



WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.

LICENSED ARTIST.—"Here you are! Artistic designs for fashionable weddings, balls, dinners, and menu cards, drawn while you wait; only three for a quarter!"

leaf, and his voice trembled all over, as he seized the thing you howl through, and halloed back so loud they could have heard him at the depot without the aid of the telephone:

"Go to the — mit your tam railroad. How much demurrage you recharge me for dot car-load of gentlemanly winter overgoats vat vas shipped from New Yoricky last October, but vat ain't got here yet—eh? don't it? Go to — mit your tam railroad!"

As the Texas Legislature is regulating railroads just now, we call their attention to this matter.—*Texas Siftings*.

THE papers say that England is looking out for "Number One." In that respect she is like a majority of people, for everybody is invariably looking out for Number One.

AT this season of the year editors arm themselves with shot-guns, in preparation for the poet who writes on Spring.

A MAN in Canada has prepared a cave to flee to for safety when Wiggins' storm arrives. Briggs thinks the man will take out a patent for his invention as he has already a cave-at his disposal.

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

ROBESON had a little scheme,  
 Which was not white as snow  
 He got appropriations, but  
 The people bade him go.

Gone to hunt up a new river in New Jersey.

—MILES ROSS.

THE young men about town will soon be able to deposit their ulsters with their uncle for safe keeping, so as to come out in a stunning summer suit.

THE old lady who has a son William who turns the scales at 250 pounds, says she believes in the old adage: "Where there's a Will, there's a weigh."

SAID Briggs: "The papers say skating is scarce. I don't coincide with them; I've been skating around for two weeks trying to borrow five dollars, and slipped up every time."

BANANA-SKINS are now used as a material for paper making.—*Paper World*.

SOME ENTHUSE.

AH, could I but grip,  
 The far fetched fancy fair  
 Of the modern poet,  
 In his asthete despair.  
 How would I peans cull,  
 Weave them one by one  
 Into rare garlands;  
 View the deed when done,  
 With mild appreciation sweet;  
 Then joy's rapture fling,  
 Extolling all the gems  
 The Spa hand-organs sing.

—H. S. KELLER.

To burlesque means to take off. This is probably the reason that burlesque actresses wear bathing suits before the footlights.

A NEW nostrum called "Rough on Corns," has appeared on the market. The roughest thing on corns we know of, is the sympathiless hyena who walks all over your corns in a street car.

JOHN McCULLOUGH says he will produce "The Wife of Miletus" during his engagement in New York next season. Now, John, take some good advice: don't get into any scrape by traveling around with another fellow's wife, and above all things, don't produce her in public. People will catch on to the racket.

THERE'S nothing low about Brooklyn, except its mayor. He's Low.



HOLY WEEK in New York is generally supposed to be bad for the theaters. Booth's will remain closed till Easter Monday, whether on account of Mr. Stetson's religious scruples, or because Charles Reade's drama is not ready for production, THE JUDGE has not been able to ascertain. No performance at the Academy of Music Good Friday, but Mr. Mapleson got even with the public by giving them an extra dose of opera on Tuesday. A few other managers whose doors remain open, are holding "revivals," that are largely attended, though some of the performances are anything but good. We have seen and heard all kinds and conditions of "Pinafores" in days gone by, but the one now on at the Standard is about as bad as any we can remember. The chorus is not well drilled. McCreery sings out of tune. Hamilton as Captain Corcoran is slow and heavy, and Miss Conron sings well, but acts like a school-ma'am; Ryley burlesques and gags the part of the Admiral beyond endurance, and Miss Jarbeau is not at all the charming Hebe she used to be. Things have been going from bad to worse at this house for some time, and it has retrograded so far from its formerly high "Standard" that we think it would do well to look to its laurels, or else change its name. The management might take a few lessons from the "Boston Ideals," who do their work so well, that in their hands old things, even "Pinafore" and the "Pirates," become new again.

Another revival at the Thalia has caused quite a sensation in certain theatrical circles. We allude to Herr Barnay's performance of Marc Antony in "Julius Cæsar." THE JUDGE is in about the same condition that Mark Twain was when he witnessed a German performance of "King Lear," all he could understand was the thunder and lightning. As to Herr Barnay's Marc Antony, in the language of the late President Lincoln "for any one that likes this sort of thing we presume this is the sort of thing they would like."

"The Long Strike," at the Cosmopolitan, is a fine melodrama exceedingly well rendered. It is one of the best constructed pieces we have seen for many a day. Stoddard is simply inimitable. Sara Jewett has a part well fitted to her style, inasmuch as she has an opportunity to be lachrymose from beginning to end, and—she embraces the opportunity.

On Sunday night Miss Russell sang here for the last time—for the present. This young lady having recovered her health, is now trying to recover damages from her former manager. One way or another she succeeds in keeping her name in the newspapers most of the time.

"The Boomerang" at Daly's draws full houses every night. It has proved an undoubted success, and even the Wednesday matinees are well attended. It has no plot—it is simply a farce in four acts, but the parts are true to nature. The situations are exceedingly ludicrous, the dialogue is bright and sparkling, and last, but not least, it is played with great esprit by nearly all in the caste. James Lewis has a peculiar make-up and a different line of business from that in which we have been accustomed to see him. Miss Rehan is always good in ingenu parts, and in this piece her flow of animal spirits and comical manner are thoroughly enjoyable. In the scene with the letter-carrier she is irresistibly funny, and talks and acts as a young lady of the period would talk and act under similar circumstances. Mrs. Gilbert, as usual, is perfect, and Mr. William Gilbert has distinguished himself in the character of a grimacing Italian dancing-master. Mr. Leclercq is excellent as a sleek oily-tongued literary humbug, and Mr. John Drew acts with more spirit than usual. Mr. Daly may consider "7-28" a lucky

number, and play it with success a good many times more.

At the Fifth Avenue Theater, "Iolanthe" has given place to the ever-popular though time-worn "Mascot." At the Casino, the vivacious Theo is singing—and kicking with her usual abandon. She is bright and dainty, and has plenty of friends and admirers, who always give her a cordial reception. Capoul has not yet been heard. He is held in reserve to appear later on.

John T. Raymond has closed a lucrative and successful engagement at the Windsor, having played "In Paradise" to crowded houses for one week, and now Curtis is doing a fine business at the same theater, in "Sam'l of Posen." Emmet continues his performances of Fritz at Niblo's for another week, and at Tony Pastor's the "Mascot" has disappeared, while "Billee Taylor" takes the place of the departed.

On the 26th, Barnum will take possession of the Madison Square Garden. There not being room enough for the whole show to display itself at once, there is to be an elevated stage between the two rings, upon which the wrestling and sparring will be done, while equestrian business goes on in the rings.

On the same date Boucicault will commence an engagement at the Star Theater (formerly Wallack's), and "Never Too Late to Mend" will be brought out at Booth's.

This week, Ada Gray and the Hanlon Brothers are in Williamsburg. "The Corsican Brothers" are at the Grand Opera House, and Frank Mayo is at the Mount Morris Theater. Vanoni is still at Koster & Bial's. "Siberia" remains at Haverly's, and it goes without saying that "Young Mrs. Winthrop" and "The Silver King" are in their usual places, while "A Parisian Romance" continues to thrill a multitude every night at the Union Square.

TIME: PALM SUNDAY.

Scene: Fourteenth street near Fifth avenue.

Characters:—IRISH GENTLEMAN (one of the rare ould stock). SMALL BOY.

Irish Gentleman.—Me bye.

Small Boy.—Well?

Irish Gentleman.—Is that a palm ye have (hic) in yez (hic) hand?

Small Boy.—Yes.

Irish Gentleman.—Give me (hic) half! I have been out wid the (hic) byes all av the morning, but if ye give me part av a palm I'll (hic) carry it home and the ould leddy will (hic) think I've been to church!

It has been suggested that the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. stamp their time-tables as they do their tickets, viz.: "Good for this day only."

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J. L. McC. (Boston).—Same answer as that to W. F.

W. F. (New London).—Altogether too much of it. Try again.

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Stomachs will sour and milk will curdle  
In spite of doctors and the cradle;  
Thus it was that our pet Victoria  
Made home howl until sweet Castoria  
Cured her pains;—Then for peaceful slumber,  
All said our prayers and slept like thunder.

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COLUMBIA COLLEGE will not undertake to graduate women, because the institution cannot bear the expense. "I cannot bear children," said Miss Prim to Mistress Partington. "May be if you could," replied the dame, "you would like them better." The college is troubled very much after the manner of Miss Prim. —*Philadelphia Record.*

In the days before the war it was said the following notice was posted on a bridge in a Georgia town: "Any person driving over this in a pace faster than a walk, shall, if a white person, be fined \$5, if a negro, receive twenty-five lashes, half of the penalty to be bestowed upon the informer." —*Democratic Watchman.*

In Sarah Bernhardt's new play of "Fedora," in Paris, the body of her Russian lover, who has been killed by Nihilists, is brought upon the stage, and she rushes over to it and covers it with kisses of the sort that in Brooklyn are called paroxysmal. It is said that many admirers have begged to be permitted to perform the simple part of the dead lover. —*Lockport Union.*

The Irish leaders are adopting American customs, if the London *Telegraph* speaks correctly: "When Mr. Parnell arose in the House of Commons to reply to Mr. Foster, he looked pale, but was perfectly cool in manner, and commenced his address with his hands in the pockets of his trousers." Mr. Healy also indulges in this customary attitude of defiance. Perhaps this is the reason why Egan is accused of pocketing the Land League funds. —*Boston Evening Star.*

"DIED at Prayer," was the attraction of the picture gallery. In her bent attitude, in the calm resignation beautifying every feature, in the solemn repose of the closed eyes, were to be seen the more than pictured saint—to be felt the still lingering presence of an emancipated soul. And a beholder uttered the words: "She died in a kneesy position." —*Syracuse Evening Herald.*

THERE was no cock-fight in Troy yesterday, and only one murder. Residents of that city will no doubt be glad when Lent is over. —*Post-Express (Rochester, N. Y.).*

We see that \$4,000 was granted for a contested seat in Congress to something in Alaska. We are in awful doubt as to the nature of the contestant—whether it was seal or porpoise! —*Franklin Journal.*

The sheriff has seized the electric lights at Oshkosh. With Oshkosh in darkness, it is scarcely worth while for the rest of the world to try to light up. —*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

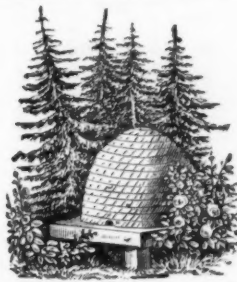
We are very sorry to inform the *Syracuse Herald* that the old fortune-teller of Syracuse must have been drawing largely upon her imagination when she stated the fact of her foretelling the finding of a pot of money under a tree by an Owego man. The Owego man who finds a pot of money in this town has to have at least four of a kind. —*Owego Blade.*

A NEW JERSEY man who tried to suicide by hanging says he saw hundreds of beautiful girls dancing before his eyes. Hanging will now become popular in Chicago. —*Charleston News.*

A FASHION item says that the favorite color of undressed kids for street wear is dark tan. Our kids when undressed are white. Other editors may speak for themselves. —*Albany Express.*

THEY are raising a row with a young man in New Jersey who was engaged to marry thirteen different girls. It's getting so a man can't have any fun at all in that State. —*Boston Post.*

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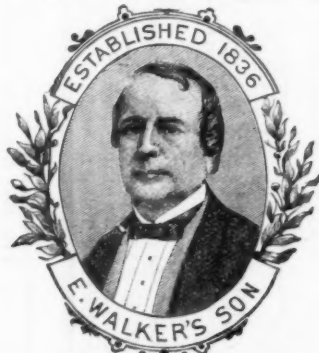
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From the Plainest to the Most Elaborate Styles. Emblematic Designs for all the Leading Subscription Books. Specimens on exhibition.

IF YOU WANT GOOD WORK, AT LOW FIGURES, AND SAVE AGENT'S COMMISSION, COME DIRECT TO

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**JUDGE TOURGEE**  
in  
"OUR CONTINENT"

Has fallen in line, and that well-known and ably-edited, periodical says:

That the publisher and his family having tested The Frank Siddalls Soap, are prepared to acknowledge its superiority over all other Soaps

Use it for Washing Windows and Mirrors

**Forney's Progress**

(The world-renowned American society paper)—a piquant record of fashion and of fashion's doings, both in our own country and in Europe.

Enrolls itself among the warmest of the friends of The Frank Siddalls Soap, which has Mr. Forney's earnest recommendations as being indispensable for both Toilet and Household use.

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Shaving



**THE N. Y. WEEKLY WITNESS**  
(The great family non-sectarian religious weekly, circulating in every State and Territory, and accepted as an authority by thinking men and women throughout the U. S.)

Gives editorial endorsement in the strongest language of every claim made for The Frank Siddalls Soap.

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes



**THE N. Y. FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER**

(Undoubtedly the most influential Catholic Journal in America, edited by James A. McMaster, Esq., a man whose pen is ever found ready to extol or condemn as his strict sense of truth and justice dictates)

Has given The Frank Siddalls Soap emphatic endorsement in the editorial column of his paper, insisting that his readers shall study their own interests by availing themselves of its valuable qualities for Toilet as well as for Laundry use.

Do not omit to read our

Special Premium to the Wives of Grocers

# A STARTLING DOMESTIC REVOLUTION

HAVE YOU HEARD OF

## THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP

Which is declared by Editors, Housekeepers, Scientific Men, Physicians, and by Army and Navy Officers, to be one of the MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES OF MODERN TIMES

Have you heard how representatives of the best class of newspapers, having visited the Factory, were amazed at the enormous amount of Soap manufactured, the entire absence of any unpleasant odor, and the absolute cleanliness and purity of the ingredients;

**Have you heard how it excels FOR ALL USES the Celebrated Soaps of Europe and America** Started in a small way and backed only by its remarkable and amazing qualities, it has achieved marvelous success, and now boasts a Factory fitted up with the most approved machinery, and an office on the most prominent street of the city of its nativity, while an extensive demand from all parts of the United States and Canada, and letters continually being received from Europe, Africa, China, Japan, Sandwich Islands, West Indies, and South America, show that its fame is spreading to every portion of the Civilized World —a phenomenal success only possible to an article worthy to rank with the inventions of Morse, of Howe, and of Edison.

**A Fair, Honest Trial makes it indispensable to every Man, Woman and Child who uses Soap**

### FOR LADIES TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

To the Housekeeper and her Help, to the Boarding-House Mistress and her Lady Boarders, to the Farmer's Wife and her Daughters, for the Toilet and Bath of Every Lady of Refinement, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers great advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the Skin, and in its freedom from injury to the fabric.

Among the Housekeepers of New England (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and there is no better evidence of the merits of an article than to be able to say that it meets approval in the Homes of New England.

### FOR LAUNDRY AND KITCHEN USE

JUST THINK! No Staining or Bleaching! No Small or Wash-day! No Dirtying of Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as when first worn!

No Rough, Red Hands! Clothes remain White if put away for years! The Soap Positively Guaranteed not to injure even the Finest Laces!

Where water is scarce, or has to be carried far, remember that with The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing, a few buckets of water is enough for a large wash.

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when New! The most delicate Colored Laces and Prints actually Brightened! A girl of 13 and 12, and a boy of 10, can do half the usual time!

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes—it is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag Sweet and White, and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove the smell of Fish, Onions, etc. from the forks and dishes. When you have a dirty dish-rag don't blame your servants; it is not their fault; for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result is a foul dish-rag; use The Frank Siddalls Soap, made of Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.

Common soap and a foul dish-rag—or—Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of

### FOR HOUSE CLEANING

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike housekeeper. Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning. Use it for Washing Paints, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; ordinary soap is not fit for washing glass, while The Frank Siddalls Soap is the most elegant article for this purpose that can be imagined.

For Washing Bed-Clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with contagious and infectious diseases, and for washing Utensils used in the Sick Room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without the least necessity of scrubbing or boiling a single article.

### FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES

Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, its ingredients being so pure and mild.

Don't use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—don't even read them—but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour; but will always be sweet and clean.

### FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a Scratch; the Soap does not heat, so be rinsed off.

### FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Artist, the Actor, the Bathing at the Turkish Bath, the Barber, the Hotel, the Stable, the Railroad, the Army, and the Navy, will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

### FOR SHAVING

Its heavy, lustrous Lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible; the face never burns or smart, no matter how dull the razor, how tender the skin, or how closely shaved, and the Sponge and Soap Cup will always be sweet-smelling, IMPORTANT FOR SHIPBOARD AND ARMY USE.—It washes freely in hard water, and where water is scarce, remember that The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing only takes a few buckets of water for a large wash.

### FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, ETC.

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., it is indispensable. No Stable is complete without it. For harness it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather and rendering it soft and pliable, while for washing cars and car-windows, cleaning the running gear and bodies of fine carriages, it is without a rival; by its use paint and varnish will last much longer, and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal.

### SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse, and the Patient, its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar Soaps for use in the Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.

### IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS

In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh—one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.

### AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT

For Washing Old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing Chafed places on Infants and Adults; for use by persons suffering with Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the face, and for children afflicted with Scaly Incrustations, it is without any of the injurious effects so often experienced when any other soap is used, while for washing the invalid it is a most valuable aid to the Physician, by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise tend to counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.

Letters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

Use it for soaking sores on the feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes. Always leave plenty of the lather on—don't rinse the lather off.

For Washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is here publicly guaranteed to injure the most tender skin, and positively contains nothing to injure the most delicate colors, or the finest fabrics.



# SPECIAL PREMIUM TO THE WIVES OF GROCERS.

The Premium is a very handsome velvet-lined case, containing 6 beautiful heavy Silver-plated Knives and 6 Forks. The Premium will be given to the wife of a Grocer even if her husband does not sell the soap. IT WILL BE SENT AFTER SHE HAS MADE A THOROUGH TRIAL OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, AND ENOUGH SOAP TO MAKE THE TRIAL BE SENT FREE OF CHARGE. The wife of a Grocer who desires to get this valuable premium MUST try a cake of The Frank Siddalls Soap on the whole of the regular family wash strictly by the very easy directions, and then send word by mail to the office in Philadelphia, together with business card or printed advertisement of some kind, to show that her husband is a Grocer:—or send a bill for groceries bought of some wholesale Grocer. IF NOT, A CAKE WILL BE SENT BY MAIL, FREE OF CHARGE, IF THE 2 PROMISES ARE MADE. (The Premium is NOT sent until AFTER a thorough trial of the Soap has been made.) The offer is NOT a humbug:—letters get prompt attention. If you don't get any reply to your letter asking about the present, it will be because you have not sent word that you have tried the Soap, or because you have not sent proof that you are the wife of a Grocer.

Sold in New York by H. K. & F. B. THURBER & Co., FRANCES H. LEGGETT & Co., ASTIN, NICHOLS & Co., and many others.—Sold by every Wholesale and Retail Grocer in Philadelphia.—Sold in Chicago by W. M. HOYT & Co., HARSON, MERRIAM & Co., ROCKWOOD Bros., and many others.—Sold in Boston by BRIGGS & SHATTUCK, MARTIN L. HALL & Co., HOWARD W. SEVER & Co., and many others.—Sold in Portland, New Haven, Rochester, Detroit, Toledo, Syracuse, Dayton, Leona, Jersey City, Haverhill, and in nearly every town and village in the United States. Terre Haute, Davenport, Erie, Cleveland, Buffalo, Milwaukee, Newark, Wilmington, St. Paul, Omaha, Victoria (B. C.), Halifax, Montreal, Burlington, Wheeling, Columbus, Utica, Troy, Albany, Hartford, New Haven, Rochester, Cedar Rapids, Kalamazoo, Atchison, Jackson, Jacksonville.—Sold in every State and Territory and in nearly every town and village in the United States.

## FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION

All Perfumes are injurious to the skin; The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed, but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, that is always pleasant, even to an invalid. It never leaves any odor on the skin; the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce; it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—a child will not dread having its face washed when the Frank Siddalls Soap is used, as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even the Imported Castile Soap causes; it always leaves the skin Soft and Smooth. No tooth powder or tooth wash will compare with it. It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth brush. This Soap is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake water. PERSONS WHO DESPISE A MUSTY SPONGE OR WASH-RAG will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever a sponge has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called toilet soap that is such a favorite with you; it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun. When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing; plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair (not washed out); it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Balmoline, Pomade, or any hair-dressing. Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the Scalp:—Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.

## HOW A LADY CAN GET SOAP TO TRY

At Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores. Send the retail price in Money or Postage Stamps. Say she saw the Advertisement in "The Judge." Only send for One Cake, and make the following TWO PROMISES: **Promise No. 1**—That the Soap shall be used the first wash-day after receiving it, and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it. **Promise No. 2**—That the person sending will personally see that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be exactly followed. By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, postage prepaid; and it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in POSTAGE STAMPS will be put on. All this is done for 10 cents. because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores. Only one cake must be sent for, but after trying it, the stores will then buy it from their wholesale houses to accommodate you, or you can order direct from the Factory. A Cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer or the Wife of a Minister, if the above TWO promises are made. Make the promises very plain, or it will not be sent.



"THE JUDGE" authorizes the statement that a thorough test of The Frank Siddalls Soap for Toilet and General Household Uses in the houses of gentlemen connected with its staff proves it to be everything claimed.

## ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES

Eminent physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are caused by Soap made from rancid grease; use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid such troubles. Artificial Teeth and Artificial Eyes will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap. It washes Telescope Lenses and Photographers' Plates without a possibility of scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in Schools of Design for washing the expensive brushes used by the students. The hands of those at farm work, when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, will not chap from husking corn, driving teams, and other out-door employment, but of course no home-made or other soap (not even Castile) must be used. —Try it for washing your Eye—Glasses and Spectacles.— If you have a Pet Dog wash it with The Frank Siddalls Soap; be sure to leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed occasionally with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas. Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets. Use it for wiping off oil cloths, linoleum, &c.—It keeps the colors bright, and as it does away with scrubbing them, they will, of course, last much longer. MILK Pans, Churns, and all MILK Utensils when washed with the Frank Siddalls Soap will be as clean and sweet as new, and do not require scalding or putting in the sun. It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

The Frank Siddalls Soap never falls when it falls into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor. **How to Tell a Person of Refinement.** A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way. **How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.** A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible Directions. **How to Tell a Person of Honor.** A Person of Honor will seem to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow directions so strongly urged. **How to Tell Sensible Persons.** Sensible Persons will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods. Don't get the old wash-boiler mended, but next Wash-day give one honest trial to The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes. If your letter gets no attention, promise, or reply, you have not made the you have sent for more than one cake. You must NOT send for more than one cake, if a friend wants to try it, she MUST send in a separate letter.

## And Now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel, Ladylike FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES

There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age, who has common sense, will have no trouble in following them:— **FIRST**—Dip one of the garments in the tub of water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places. Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work. **NEXT**—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, but DON'T use any more Soap; DON'T SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DON'T wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold, add some hot water out of the tea-kettle. If a streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes. **NEXT COMES THE RINSING**—which is to be done in lukewarm water, AND IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRTY SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the fine-water (without using any more Soap) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSE-KEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS. Next, the Blue-water—which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Bluing, for this Soap takes the place of Bluing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP IN THE BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING AND WITHOUT SCALDING OR BOILING A SINGLE PIECE. Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the White Pieces, being sure to make the last rinsing-water soapy with soap. The most delicate colors will not fade when washed this way, but will be the brighter.

Address all Letters:—Office of THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 1019 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.



THE JUDGE.



DEPARTURE.

A Committee of Aldermen from an interior city about to visit the Metropolis.



RETURN OF THE COMMITTEE  
After a week with our own distinguished Aldermen.

*Thos. Worth*

A WARNING TO VISITING ALDERMEN.