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THE JUDGE



## THE JUDGE.

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### "IT'S ALL IN THE DRAW."

Who that has ever played poker—and how few of us have not at one time or another indulged in the perilous fascination of our national game—has not heard the remark made which we have chosen as a heading for this article? There are such boundless possibilities lying in the unexplored and unsuspected depths of the pack (of course we are speaking of a "square" game); such chances of improvement; such a mystery of exciting combinations, that almost every one is ready to draw if the ante be not too big. The man who comes in with the biggest hand may often go out with the smallest; the man who draws but one or two cards may be forced to succumb to the superior luck of him who drew five; in short, it is all in the draw.

The draw is final and decisive. What we get we must stick to. We cannot go back to the pack again. Untold wealth of flattering possibilities may remain there after the draw, but it is useless. We must stick to what we have, and either let it win on its merits, or force a success by the dubious and risky bluff.

There will be a great game of bluff played this year between Republicans and Democrats. What cards the respective players may hold it is impossible at the present moment to more than surmise. The game is at present in its first stage. We are watching the antagonists "before the draw." The pack, with its boundless possibilities, lies there ready. The conventions will deal to

the respective parties the cards that may complete their hands, or that may utterly fail to improve them. And once the conventions have spoken, once the nominees are before the people, no going back will be possible. Every one may be conscious that the party pack could have supplied better cards than may have been dealt by the nominating convention, but it is useless. After the draw each player must accept his hand as he finds it, and play it for all it is worth. After all, it is not always the best hand that wins. Many a time has ace high, backed by nerve and effrontery, snatched the spoils of victory from two pair or even three of a kind. So that, even after the draw, there is playing to do; even after the convention there will be work to be done. But it rests with the conventions of the respective parties to give such hands as will be worth playing next fall.

The prize is a big one. It is a stake worth bluffing for. The White House, with all its wealth of office and official patronage, lies in the pot at the disposal of the winner. It is the biggest jack-pot on record. "Before the draw" is proverbially an anxious and exciting time. How many there are who would like to take a look through the hidden mysteries of that pack—to "stock" those cards if such a thing were possible. But with fifty million interested spectators looking on at the game, we may look for a square deal, if nothing else.

### TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO SHOOT.

To teach the young idea how to shoot was formerly regarded as a very useful and very necessary part of the scheme of education; but that was before pistols became so cheap and revolvers were invented. The young idea of the present day learns to shoot with a readiness and spontaneity which would be charming if it were not dangerous. In fact, Young America takes so kindly to such instruction as it finds in dime novels and flash literature that to teach it requires more nerve than the average school-marm should be expected to possess, and the precocity of some boys would seem more amenable to the persuasion of a Texan desperado than to that of a lady of education and refinement. The papers have recently reported more than one case of rowdyism of tender years. In Pennsylvania, a lady teacher, who undertook to remonstrate with one of her scholars, was confronted with a loaded revolver, and on investigation it was discovered that the majority of the class was similarly armed. In several instances the services of the police have been required to break up bands of young ruffians, whose years have ranged from eleven or twelve downwards, and which were leagued together for the avowed purposes of burglary, highway robbery and, when necessary, murder. All this indicates a very charming state of affairs, and chokes off the query, "What next?" with which we have been accustomed to challenge the performances of our youth,

changing it into the more pertinent question, "What now?" It is no longer a consideration what these children may grow up to be; we have to deal with quite sufficient depravity when we attempt to treat them as they are. A pistol is a deadly weapon in the hands of even a babe that is strong enough to pull the trigger, and portable property may be carried off, to the loss and annoyance of its owner, quite as effectually by a ten year old as by a man three times that age.

The cause for this demoralization of our youth is not far to seek. The press is an agent of incalculable evil as well as of incalculable good, and, in the flood of flabby, highly-spiced sensational literature that is poured forth annually in this and other cities, we may look for the first cause of most of the juvenile enormities which startle and horrify us when we find them reported in our newspapers. Every one of these boys who hoards up his pennies and purchases a cheap pistol, makes the investment with the ultimate design of going west to do battle with the Indians; when they rob their parents or neighbors, they commit the crime to obtain the means of transportation to the scenes where they imagine that the redskin still vegetates in a paradise of squaws and scalps. Some dime novel hero of their own age has gone west and killed hundreds of Indians. To their fervid imaginations there is no good reason why they should not go and do likewise. The fact that, in real life, few of them have ever penetrated further west than Trenton makes no manner of difference. The dime novel hero is an article of unquestioning faith with the average small boy, and the possession of a pistol, with the ultimate acquisition of a rifle, is for him the highest earthly good. Hence the violence, the robberies, the whole catalogue of juvenile crimes which are becoming too serious and too numerous to be longer ignored by the community.

And the remedy? Having discovered the first cause of the disease, the remedy should not be difficult of application. Common sense, and a regard for public morality should suggest it at once. It lies in the prompt and effectual suppression of the dime novel, and the still more dangerous flash paper. Heavy penalties should be imposed on the publishers, the distributors, and the readers of such literature. Then it should be a misdemeanor for any dealer in firearms to dispose of his wares to minors. Add to this a few scientifically applied birchings to the leading "boy-terrors" of the existing gangs, and it is probable we would hear no more of the matter. Some such course must be adopted or the rising generation will become utterly demoralized. The liberty of the press should never be construed into a license for the dissemination of such pernicious trash as forms the staple of our juvenile literature. The whole question is one for the legislature, and should be dealt with promptly and thoroughly.



## ROOSEVELT'S INVESTIGATIONS.

OUR artist has undertaken to illustrate the filthiness and impurity of the political system of New York and the actual sanitary value of the task undertaken by Assemblyman Roosevelt, by a very striking and forcible comparison. Our city has long been the prey of a peculiarly noxious species of political vermin, who have fed upon its life and waxed fat at its expense. THE JUDGE has been for some time engaged in letting in the light of public opinion on this "pestilence that walketh in darkness;" and Mr. Roosevelt is applying drastic measures for the abatement of the nuisance. The question of the moral well-being and honest government of this great city is one of such paramount importance as fairly to invest anyone who moves in the matter, like Mr. Roosevelt, in the right direction, with the character of a missionary. THE JUDGE has so recently and so often recapitulated the abuses for which a faulty and partial administration are responsible, that he will forbear going over the nauseous catalogue again. The subject is not a pleasant one to handle; the more so as, to be dealt with effectually, it must be handled without gloves and with no delicate touch. The Roosevelt investigations are striking at the root of the disease, and cannot fail to be instrumental of much good—in fact, they have already born and are bearing satisfactory fruit. Let the good work go on; and let the public remember that, if foul and sickening and obscene things come to light, it is better that they should be seen and recognized—and killed, than that they should be suffered to continue to prey upon our city in secret and in silence. "The pestilence that walketh in darkness" must be exposed to the full light of day ere it can be extirpated. Wherefore THE JUDGE says, and every citizen who loves law and morality will echo his wish "*Macte virtute, Assemblyman Roosevelt!*"

## WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY OF US.

WE print the following gratifying extracts from a letter received from a valued contributor—a well-known gentleman of Oil City, Pa.:

"Allow me to say, sir, as an old New Yorker, that I have been much pleased with your two last leading cartoons, so vividly depicting the existing rascality of the ruling powers in the Empire City. For incisive point I have seen nothing equal to them since the productions of Nast during the palmy(?) days of Tweed & Co. They are worthy of Hogarth. Your temperate and well-written article, with regard to Comstock, will meet with a hearty response from thousands of intelligent, order-loving citizens who have no special admiration for the man. It is a pronounced expression—which I am sure will be well understood—that THE JUDGE has no sympathy with the vicious law-breaking classes, whether high or low. As an instrument in defense of justice, law, and order, the influence of THE JUDGE will



PASTOR'S CLASS.

YOUNG CHICKEN SCALPER (who is still a little inclined to skepticism)—"*Dat's all right to done say its a miricle, but what am the differ'nce 'tween a miricle and a natural consekence?*"

PASTOR SOLOMON—"*Well, I'll splain by an illstrashun. Now, spose you was to as' me to len' you a nickle. De natural consekence would be I'd up an' len' it to you; but if I ever got it back agin dat would be a miricle.*"

be great, and, sustained by order-loving citizens, his success will be as great.

Yours, truly, O. JONES.

THE JUDGE will continue the policy he has marked out for himself, and if "it must needs be that offenses come," they shall at least encounter prompt exposure and fearless denunciation at our hands.

THE wife of a millionaire plumber  
Was left all alone, in the summer;  
When the town was not full  
She found it so dull,  
She went off with a handsome young drummer.

A MAN up west writes us as follows.—"My father-in-law and all his family unite in prayer daily, that they may be made a peculiar people. Why should they? I should pray something else in their place, for a more peculiar people don't exist."

"JAMES, I have a cold. I know I have, and I was certainly a little hoarse this morning."

"Nonsense, my dear," replied James, "that could not have been the case, for you are certainly a little ass now."

"MURIEL, you must be good or no one will love you. No one loves naughty children."

"Oh! yes mamma, some one does. I know very well some one that does."

"No, Muriel, no one does. Who do you know that does?"

"The devil, mamma; he loves naughty children."

## Diary of Patrick O'Callahan, Car Conductor.

*Mairch the Sivinteenth.*—On this grate an glorious day, cilibrated all over the wurruld an the grater part of auld Oireland as bein' the birthday uv the gratest saint f'what iver droo the brith of loife, oi detarmined to take matthers into me own hand an wroite me dhiary mesilf. Whin oi towld Maggie thet for wance oi'd be me own aminuinsiss, she hild up her hands in howly horror, and sez she, "its comin on ye are Pathrick O'Callahan an no mishtake!" "Will," sez oi, "its toime fur me to hev me aspoirations as will as yoursilf, an though I doant bemoan me fate fur the want uv a saleshkin sack, oi hev me moind made oop to trate mesilf to a new pair uv breeches, and begorra whin oi git em oi'll assairt me roights an ware the same, an so, Margaret O'Callahan, if yez plaze oi'll boss this *apairtment* mesilf, an oi'll do the writin in the dhiary mesilf too."

"F'what ivir can av come over ye Pat?" sez she.

"Its yoursilf an the praste thet's come over me," sez oi, "wid yer blairney aboot the plidge an the whiskey an the loikes, an its mesilf that was the amadan to soign the thing at all, at all, but begorra if oi can't hev me cushtomary poteen oi'll hev me roights as mather uv me own primisis at laste, so hev a caire," sez oi.

"Would yez be afther blaimin the rivirind fayther?" sez she, "an the plidge has done yez no harrum."

"The divil it hasn't," sez oi. "Here am oi, Pathrick O'Callahan, called upon by me fillow citizens to assist in the cilibration uv



A SPRING OPENING.

WON SWATE KISS, BRIDGET, AN THIN TER WURRUCK.

this siventeenth uv Mairch, an me powerliss to dhrown the shamrock, or to take a ddrop uv the craythure wid wan av me own counthrymin, or avin wid the alldhermam himsilf."

Wid that I shtrode from the place an procydid to me cair, lavin Maggie to her miditations as oi supposed.

Oi was not in a good timper mesilf that mornin! but oi was not prepared fur the axidint that shortly afther occurred.

At wan uv the crossins there shtood a woman all drissed up in a black silk driss wid black bades all over it, an on top uv that a saleshkin sack, an wid a voile toied over her hed. She was waitin fur me cair which was alridy behoind toime. "Shtep loively, miss," sez oi, as she shtairtid to coom aboard, at the same inshtant I pulled the bell, and before she was fairly on the lower shtep the cair shtarted. Down she wint into the middle av the shtrate an all the foine clothes were all over dhirt an filth. Under the circumshstances oi didn't considther it me dooty to shtop, and as is cushtomary in loike casis that av coom befor the coorts, oi was fast lavin her behoind, whin a shpalpeen insoide the cair jumped oop an in the twinkling uv an oye, he pulled the bell-shtrap an we came to a full shtop.

"Doant ye say fwhat yer afther doin'?" sez he.

I rimimbered me former little difficulty wid Jim Spice, sow oi turned around and by that toime the woman was oop an coomin afther the cair loike mad. As she raiched the lower shtep agin oi tuk howld uv her, an she faintid in me grasp. The man insoide he pulled off her voile, an thare in me own arms lay me darlint Maggie, fwhat oi'd nivir recognized, owin to the voile an the black silk an the saleshkin.

She come too in a minute, and thin forgittin me wan passingair, I wint for her.

"Fwhat are yez doin wid these," sez oi, pointing to the foine clothes, "where did yez git em? shpake," sez oi, fur me blood was oop.

"They're only rintid, Pat," sez she. "Oi hoired thim to ware to the parade, thats all, and oi've paid fur the sack fur wan wake's use," sez she.

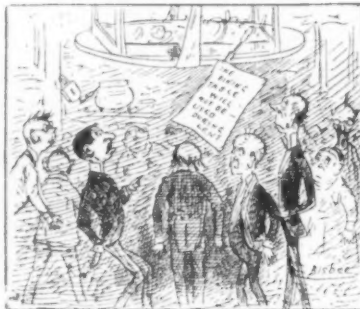
By this toime other payple coom aboard, an Maggie retoired to the ind uv the cair, where she put on the voile agin and fell to chryin. By-and-bye we got blocked wid the percission, and Maggie tuk her lave, but whin she got off the cair, I saw that she towld the truth and that the sack was indade rintid, for there was a shplit down the intoire back av it.

Me wurruk was loight for sivrul hours afther, owin to the blockade. It does me sowl good, whin oi think av it. The bizness min damned an swore an ivirybody but the noights uv Saint Pathrick thimsilves was put to grate inconyavnience, whoile oi shtood

on the platform av me cair, wid me hands in me pockets a whistlin an a singing "The Wearing av the Grane," an "Saint Pathrick's day in the Mornin'." Its a foine thing to live in a free country, whare the sons uv the sile hev the roight av way in the shtrates, wan day in the year at laste.

[NOTE.—I wonder where Maggie me woife can be, all this toime. Oi've writtin all the above since oi came from me cair, an no signs uv her yit.

Bedad, peraps its murdhered she's bin, fur the sake uv the saleshkin sack. Its toime she shtopped her aspirations intoirely, an hereafther we'll have no moar rinting av foine clothes on these primises. Oi've soigned wan plidge an oi'll make her soign anothir to give up bades, an flouncings an furbelows. In the mane toime oi'd loike me supper.]

THE LENT BUSINESS.  
BOARDING HOUSE SUSPENSION.

## Lines

Dropped in the course of an agreeable correspondence.

YE POOR PRINTER TO YE HAUGHTY EDITOR.  
When others play that prance you may  
In editorial caper;  
If you cannot the piper pay  
You'd better pi the paper.

YE HAUGHTY EDITOR TO YE POOR PRINTER.  
Now go to the—tobacconist;  
To him for "solace" go—  
For any weed upon his list;  
He gives you *quid pro quo*.

But you who have a horny palm,  
That constantly doth itch,  
Take too much pay to keep you warm,  
Giving no "what" for "which."

A secret now I'll tell to you:  
I always pay my way  
Because—the rule is simple too—  
I always weigh my pay.

If to establish over me  
A printer's reign of terror  
You try, you surely soon will see  
Your typographic error.

A man may his own office run,  
E'en if it runs to seed,  
With his ideas in unison;  
He who runs may

REID.

A FACETIOUS gentleman who has suffered, thinks the modern recipe for a party is the following: "Take all the ladies and gentlemen you can, put them into a room with a small fire and stew them well; have ready a piano, a handful of prints and drawings, and throw them in from time to time; as the mixture thickens, sweeten with politeness and season with wit, if you have any; if not, flattery will do as well, and is very cheap; when all have stewed for an hour, add ices, jellies, cakes, lemonades and wines."—*The Beacon*.



IRISH ORDER.

"CANT YER WAIT MIKE, TILL I WASH THER CHILDER WIDDOUT BEING SO MOIGHTY DISORDERLY!"

## Pen Pictures from the Poets.

SUBJECTS FROM  
MOORE, BURNS, TENNYSON, GOLDSMITH AND OTHERS.

"Go where (Mc)glory waits thee"—as the magistrate said when he sentenced the man to the Island for six months, for drunken and disorderly conduct; the result of over-indulgence in table beer.

"A CHIEL's among ye takin' notes"—the burglar quietly observed, as he hastily helped himself to the contents of the safe in the bank vault.

"OH, (but) for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still—I shouldn't feel as bad as I do," whimpered the urchin on his way home from school after receiving a sound whipping and scolding.

"STONE walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage—for me," the thief said, as he forced himself through the hole he had made in the wall, and took to his heels.

"FLING but a stone, the giant dies"—as David remarked as he laid out Goliath.

"RICH and rare were the gems she wore—but which, you bet, she'll wear no Moore"—as the poetical and facetious footpad remarked, sitting down upon a stump, and contemplating with evident satisfaction a pair of coral earrings, a diamond ring, a gold bracelet, and silver shawl pin, of which he had just relieved a young lady.

"REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow"—the tramp plaintively sighed, passing out through the kitchen door with a dejected air, and proceeding leisurely down the street, after filling his pocket with half a cold roast chicken, a loaf of bread, two pounds of sweet cake, the remains of a boiled ham, several silver spoons and a napkin ring, in the absence of the cook.

"CHARGE, Chester, charge; on—the Chicago convention," cry some of the b'hoys; while some shout aloud another (s) Logan, and others Linc—oln to another name; and a few vociferate that 'T, come sir, or John, is Sher—man; while yet more declare that they'll be Blained if they'll Grant it.

T. H. F.

A NASHVILLE man was fined \$800 for kissing a school teacher. If it hadn't been for two or three of the scholars who caught them at it she wouldn't have charged him a cent.—*Burlington Free Press*.



The harmless, necessary Cat.



ALL to thee, mouser fine,  
 Brave pussy cat;  
 Sharp are those claws of thine,  
 Fatal to rat;  
 Swift are thy nimble feet  
 To snatch the fish or meat,  
 Or secure thy retreat  
 When we cry "scat!"  
 Sleepless thy vigilance,  
 Nor threats nor wiles  
 Keep thee from midnight dance  
 When Dian smiles;  
 Shril is thy melody,  
 Awesome thy battle cry,  
 Freely thy fur doth fly  
 Out on the tiles.

Long may'st thou spit and sing,  
 Pussy, my cat;  
 Terror to plundering  
 Mouselet and rat,

Cream may'st thou freely sup  
 Till thy life's span is up,  
 And the avenging pup  
 Lays thee out flat.

G. H. JESSOP.

Auld Lang Syne Legality.

[Specially reported for THE JUDGE.]

IN the case of *Armstrong et al vs Du Bois et al*, reported in 90 N. Y. Reports (Court of Appeals) pp. 95, &c., appears the following "quaint and curious" description of the premises in controversy, as contained in a deed made in 1780, from one Winant Bennet to George Bennet, to wit. \* \* \* "Situate in the Township of Brooklyn, and bounded as follows, viz: Northwest upon Gowanus Bay; southeast against the land of Jacob Bennet, from Gowanus Bay to the foot of the hill called Long Hill; northeast against the land of Cornelius Dwyne, deceased, and Anthony Holst, and so along to Gowanus Bay, containing about 160 acres, more or less, and the following six lots of woodland (describing them), together with all and singular, houses, barns, stables, outhouses, orchards, gardens, timbers, trees, woods, underwoods thereon standing, lying or growing, runs, streams, water, water-courses, ponds, pools, pits, mines, mineral quarries, hawkings, huntings, fowlings, fishings, easements, profits, commodities, privileges, hereditaments and appurtenances whatsoever unto the said clear land and woodland belonging or in any way appertaining."

The Court of Appeals of that day in its official opinion in the case—Andrews, Ch. J., speaking for the court—remarked on this description, thus: "It is impossible, we think, to maintain that the salt meadow was embraced in this deed. \* \* There can be no construction of the description in the deed, which will include the salt meadow, but, on the contrary, it is necessarily excluded."

Now, although at this late day we personally know nothing whatever of the "salt meadow" mentioned in the learned opinion of Chief Justice Andrews (who has since gone "where the woodbine twineth") yet we respectfully disagree with the said opinion and decision of the court, on the ground that, in our comic opinion at this day—and we should know more than the old fogies of that day—the above description includes everything under heaven above and below ground, in the said locality of Gowanus Bay. And we further assert that the old real estate lawyer who drew up the deed in question had a wonderful vocabulary of legal phraseology at his command; and may his great legal soul rest in glory!

T. O'D. O'C.

A GOOD DEAL—Three aces pat.

Topnoody.

MR. TOPNOODY came home Tuesday evening all broken up, and when he met his wife she began asking about the flood and the opera festival.

"Don't talk to me about floods and opera festivals," he snarled. "I have heard about them till I wish Jupiter Pluvius, Geo. Ward, Nichols and Henry Abbey were all tied together and drowned in a tub of boiling soap suds."

"What's the matter, Mr. Topnoody?" inquired his wife, surprised at the unusual outbreak.

"Matter enough, I can tell you. The water's clear up into my office, and getting worse all the time. I never swear, but I'll be—"

"Don't commence now, Topnoody. You've got enough sins to answer for without making any new entries."

"Well, don't rile me. I won't have it. I don't see what women want to be nagging their husbands to death for, anyhow, with their infernal questions."

"That's a pretty way for you to talk, I'm sure," and Mrs. Topnoody's eyes flashed and her chin quivered just a little.

"I don't care. Why don't you talk to a man on a pleasant subject? I believe you try to hunt up matters that are as disagreeable to you as they are to me, just to make home unhappy."

"Do you? Well, I can tell you, Topnoody, there's one subject, I haven't mentioned yet, which I can discuss, with especial pleasure, and every time you break out in this manner I want to do it."

"I don't believe it."

"I don't ask you to; but all the same I know what I know, and I know the thought of the subject always puts me in a good humor."

"Indeed? you are quite an angel of good humor, Mrs. Topnoody. Possibly you might be induced to tell me what that delightful topic is."

"Do you want to know?"

"If you will be so angelic," and he bowed sarcastically.

"Well, Topnoody, it's the subject of your funeral, and every time I see the undertaker I—"

But Topnoody fled into the kitchen.

AN EXCLAMATION POINT—The point of a bent pin.

The Perils of English Railway Travel.



THE following account, written by an eyewitness of the occurrence, and which strikingly illustrates the perils of railway travel in England, was taken from the *London Times* of April 1st. (*Vide* foot note.)

The waiting-room at the Peterborough station, on the Great Northern Railway, was the scene on Saturday night last, of a most distressing occurrence. The room was crowded with people awaiting the arrival of the down London express, which was due at six o'clock. Shortly before that hour a man, who, from his general appearance, was unmistakably a native of the Emerald Isle, was observed to enter the room, go up to the booking office, deposit the single piece of baggage which he carried upon the floor beside him, and purchase a ticket. He then went out upon the platform somewhat hurriedly, it was remarked, leaving the luggage, which he had apparently forgotten, behind him. In an instant every eye in the room was fixed upon the suspicious looking object, the precise character of which, as the light of the room was none of the best, it was at first difficult to determine. In a minute or two however an old gentleman



cautiously approached it, scrutinized it closely for a moment, and then suddenly exclaimed, in horrified tones, "Gracious heavens! it's a portmanteau!" at the same time turning and making for the door with frantic haste.

The dreadful words had no sooner escaped his lips than there was a general stampede upon the part of the other passengers. The pushing and pulling, the crowding and crushing, which must inevitably be the result when thirty or forty people are making frantic efforts to pass, all at once, through an aperture

about three feet wide, were heartrending in the extreme. Strong, lusty men, and frail, delicate looking women, carried away by the very frenzy of terror, fought like tigers to escape the impending destruction. The men swore and cursed, the women screamed and shrieked, and little children, though not comprehending their danger, but alarmed by the tumult, added their pitiful cries to the general uproar. For several minutes the general struggle went on about the door. A number finally squeezed through the press and made their escape, and others succeeded in fighting their way through, only to find themselves without hats or coats, or bonnets and shawls, but only too glad to escape with their lives. Through the blinding snow-storm and out into the darkness of the night the poor terror stricken creatures fled, intent only upon putting as great a distance as possible between themselves and the station before the explosion should occur; but the number of miles actually traversed before they stopped running, we can, of course, only conjecture.

At about twelve o'clock that night, as the station still remained intact, one of the railway officials was finally prevailed upon, though positively stipulating that he should be allowed time to make his will and give his wife instructions in regard to drawing his life-insurance money, to enter the room and remove the dreaded explosive.

How true it is that the tragic has its comic as well as its serious side. Upon picking the object up the official discovered it to be a large brown paper parcel, which, on being opened, disclosed a pair of old, worn-out boots. These being carefully shaken and no dynamite tumbling out of them, we are compelled to remark that never before probably has so innocent and harmless a cause as a pair of old boots produced so needless and painful a panic.

When we remember, however, how very sensitive of late the British mind has become on the subject of portmanteaus, we need feel no surprise that the old gentleman's imagination, his eye-sight being probably not very good, magnified this brown paper parcel into one of those dreaded articles of luggage. It is now said that a number of enraged and disgusted Britons are keeping up a sharp lookout for that Hibernian. T. H. F.

[NOTE.—The reason why the above was taken from the *London Times* and given to another paper for publication, was because the editor of the former paper politely but firmly declined to accept it, possibly thinking the price demanded for it was exorbitant, or else doubting the strict accuracy of the information.

THREE ladies from Washington Heights  
Went off on a tour to see sights,  
They would have been green  
Had they gone to be seen,  
For every one said they were frights.

#### Great Place for Game.

"So you have just returned from the West, have you, Mr. D?" said a man meeting an old crony on the street yesterday.

"Yes sir; been all through the Territories."

"Game abundant there?"

"Game is very abundant, sir, very."

"What kind predominates?"

"Well, faro takes the lead, with poker a good second."

"Oh, good day."

"Good day."—*Oil City Derrick.*

## I. NO ROOM.



THE FURIOUS TRAGEDY OF

### —TROMBONE—

AN EPIC OF THE AGE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED:

*Themasses*—A noble emperor.  
*Gooseherd*—Prime-minister.  
*Trombone*—A well-known member of the orchestra.  
*Big Drum, Oboe, Baritone, Piccolo*, and other members of the orchestra.  
*Guitar*—Out of place in the orchestra.  
*Hool'nowl*—Preacher of a new religion.  
*Cobweb*—Propounder of a new theory of the universe.  
*Gunstock*—A soldier.  
*Jack Cade*—An anarchist.  
*Tom Collins*—A tramp.  
*Jawlet*—Politician.  
*Panaida, Swipes*—Poets, rearrangers, and magazine biographers.  
*Belroth*—A Jew.  
*Meretricious Mouse*—a woman's righter.  
*Evadne Wailer*—Poetess.  
*Soldiers, policemen, citizens.*

(SCENE I.—*The streets of a city. The Orchestra and the people.*)

*Trombone.* Is it to call the sun weak for that a moon hangs in his sky, or one pale star takes measure for his greater flight!

*Piccolo.* I should smile. People, you know Trombone.

*The Orchestra.* Our great contemporary—the brave Trombone.

*Trombone.* In the words of our noble poet, Swipes: Oh for strength to storm a universe, a heart whose throbs might move Jove's awful arm to strike the highest pitch of anger justly roused; so might we shake the fearful bounds of space, and hurl Time's aeons down, a tempest's echoes; then might our voice with Caesar's ring, world, attention! By nations, wheel—and force the peoples armed to fill the motions of a mighty hour; then should Trombone be heard, be ever heard, the Republican—party—must—go!

*Citizen.* That's right, Trombone; the Chinese must go. Turn the rascals out.

*Trombone.* People, you know 'twas Trombone voiced the historic, the eternal couplet: "No king no clown shall rule this town!"

Think of it, people; the English of it, the diction of it! the originality of it! For pure, for Queen's English—

*Citizen.* Excellent, Trombone. Get it copyrighted.

*Trombone.* And when Trombone said, Gunstock is a good man and weighs two hundred and fifty pounds! Why—

*People.* Ha, ha, ha! why there was an end of Gunstock.

*Piccolo.* Themasses nominated him but Trombone denominated him.

*People.* Ha, ha, ha! Piccolo, our great American humorist.

*Baritone.* Come, gentlemen; look up your music. Have we any advice to offer our emperor this morning in regard to our foreign relations?

*Oboe.* We have frequently advised the Emperor of Austria to pull off his boots. Already the eyes of Europe are upon him. His course in persistently neglecting the advice of Oboe is becoming damning. We—  
*Big Drum.* Shut up; here comes the emperor.

(*Actress, foreign actor, and others, giving the orchestra money.*) Gentlemen, please play for us to your emperor—

"My goosey gander, where do you wander."

(*Enter, the noble Emperor Themasses, with many politicians, ladies, and others.*)

*The Orchestra.* People—

*People.* Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

*Themasses.* Well, well, my orchestra! Trombone, I hear you have reduced the price of your music to two cents?

*Trombone.* No, no, your majesty; my price was always two cents; and for that price I shine for all.

*Piccolo.* He does not mean he shines your boots; though in truth, your majesty, he were better fitted for that than to shine your understanding.

*Trombone.* It is Big Drum here, who, to be even with the Times, insists on banging away for two cents.

*Themasses.* Well, what have we this morning? But first, Big Drum, make proclama-



2. PLENTY OF ROOM.



tion. We do hereby appoint Piccolo court fool.

*Big Drum.* People, Piccolo will make an excellent public officer. You all know his standard unvarying joke on the mule, and the goat. You have heard his monotonous notes on the wealth of the plumber, and listened to the sustained squeak of his wild western humor!

*People.* Shoo fly, Sunset! Hurrah for Piccolo, the great American fool.

*Themasses.* Now, my orchestra; what have we?

*Big Drum.* Respected emperor, we have here a beauteous foreign actress, at whose gentle clutch the lily shrinks and the rose bewails a lack of thorns. Lady, how do you like America?

*Actress (aside).* I have only just landed, gentlemen, and—

*Big Drum (aside).* Shut up; The Orchestra speaks for you.

*The Orchestra (loudly).* Oh, I dote upon America, and do so admire your American ladies. So delicate, so refined. One may see so many lovely faces on your Fifth avenue.

*Big Drum.* And what do you think of our American scenery, fair lady?

*The Orchestra.* Oh, I do dote upon your American scenery, and do so dote upon your Harlem River. And Niagara! Oh Niagara, Niagara, Niagara!

*Themasses.* My good orchestra! And what else have we?

*Big Drum.* We have here, your majesty, the great foreign actor, Picayune. He does not speak English, but acts *Hamlet* in excellent Dutch; and, the rest of the company speaking English, he thus, by this sublimity of genius, makes it apparent that *Hamlet* was a little off.

*Piccolo.* In fact, Picayune makes it apparent that the reason *Hamlet* was so down on his mother was, because he could not speak his mother tongue.

*Themasses.* Ha, ha, ha! my Piccolo. Let Picayune speak. How does he like America?

*The Orchestra.* Oh, I particularly dote

upon America. I admire the frugal care with which you clean your streets. And your American ladies; so delicate, so refined. In Italy we have not so many lovely faces as can be seen upon your Fifth avenue.

*Themasses.* My dear Orchestra. Excellent Picayune.

*Baritone.* Your majesty. We are low enough with diseased pork, and our unasked for foreign greetings spat upon; but do not let us greedily vaunt the interested praise of courtesans and mountebanks.

*Themasses.* What! what, what, sir! *Big Drum,* make a proclamation.

*Big Drum.* People, his majesty commands you all to go and see this fair actress and hear this powerful actor. The play will care for itself.

*People.* Hurrah for the great artists! they dote upon America.

*Big Drum.* Great emperor, we have here the ferocious American murderer, Rugg-Rugg, how do you like America?

*The Orchestra.* Oh, I dote upon America. And your American ladies: so delicate, so refined—

*Piccolo.* It is a real pleasure to choke 'em.

*Big Drum.* Your majesty, Rugg would like the ladies to bring him some flowers. (Aside.) Have we the Lord Chief Justice here?

*Piccolo (aside).* No; but let's dish him up.

*Big Drum (aloud).* We have here, your majesty, the Lord Chief Justice of England. My lord, what do you think of our American law?

*The Orchestra.* I particularly admire your American law. It is most unlawfully lawful.

*Big Drum.* And what do you think of our colleges, my lord?

*Oboe.* We have frequently advised the Austrian people to take a tumble. The greed with which they swallow flattery and give praise is disgusting. Already the eyes of Bismarck are upon them. We—

*Big Drum (aside).* Shut up; you're always out of tune.

*Themasses.* My Orchestra, I would advise

your oboeist to change his instrument. *Big Drum,* make proclamation.

*Big Drum.* People, you must all go and see Rugg hung and Lord Coleridge to the pier. They particularly dote upon America. The Orchestra and your emperor command it.

*Themasses.* Now, my orchestra, I am somewhat weary this morning, and you do not seem to have your usual stock of people who dote upon America.

*Baritone.* Your majesty, they are about to put up a big doll in our harbor. I sincerely trust you will not permit this two hundred and fifty feet of ugliness to be erected. Reduced to portable size, the poorest Italian figure vender would scorn to put it amongst his wares. An ungainly monument of buncombe. "Liberty enlightening the world!" with something that looks like a mop!

*Themasses.* But, my orchestra, it was you who recommended it, and greatly praised the French for their gift.

*Oboe.* We have frequently advised the French people to pull down the blinds. Their scandalous immoralities are becoming alarming. Already the eyes of Brooklyn are upon them. We—

*Trombone.* Your majesty, the Rev. Hootn-owl is going to give an extraordinary proof of his new religion. He is going to introduce the writers of *Scribler's Magazine* to the ghost of an idea! We have private information as to where the seance is to come off. Will your gracious majesty join us and overlook the affair incog.?

*Themasses.* My own orchestra. Hootn-owl is a remarkable divine. If advised thereto by our worthy Gooseherd, we will be there.

(*Exeunt Themasses and others.*)

*Baritone.* Our emperor would sooner be kicked by a lord than recognized by an honest man. We are educating him finely.

*Trombone.* Now bang the loud cymbals for titles of nobility.

*Piccolo.* But come, gentlemen; let us to rest. In the words of our noble poet, Swipes:

Let us wrap our night-shirt well around us,  
And lie down to pleasant dreams.

CURTAIN.

THERE was a young man of Chicago  
Whose wife was a shocking virago,  
So while in the house  
He kept still as a mouse,  
Though abroad he would talk like Iago.

Balm for the Bow-Legged.

"SAY, conductor!" yelled a strapping big farmer, as the ticket-taker, who was awfully bow-legged, bobbed down the aisle.

"Well, sir, what's the matter?" he asked, turning quickly around and retracing his steps.

"Want to make some money?" grinned the gigantic granger.

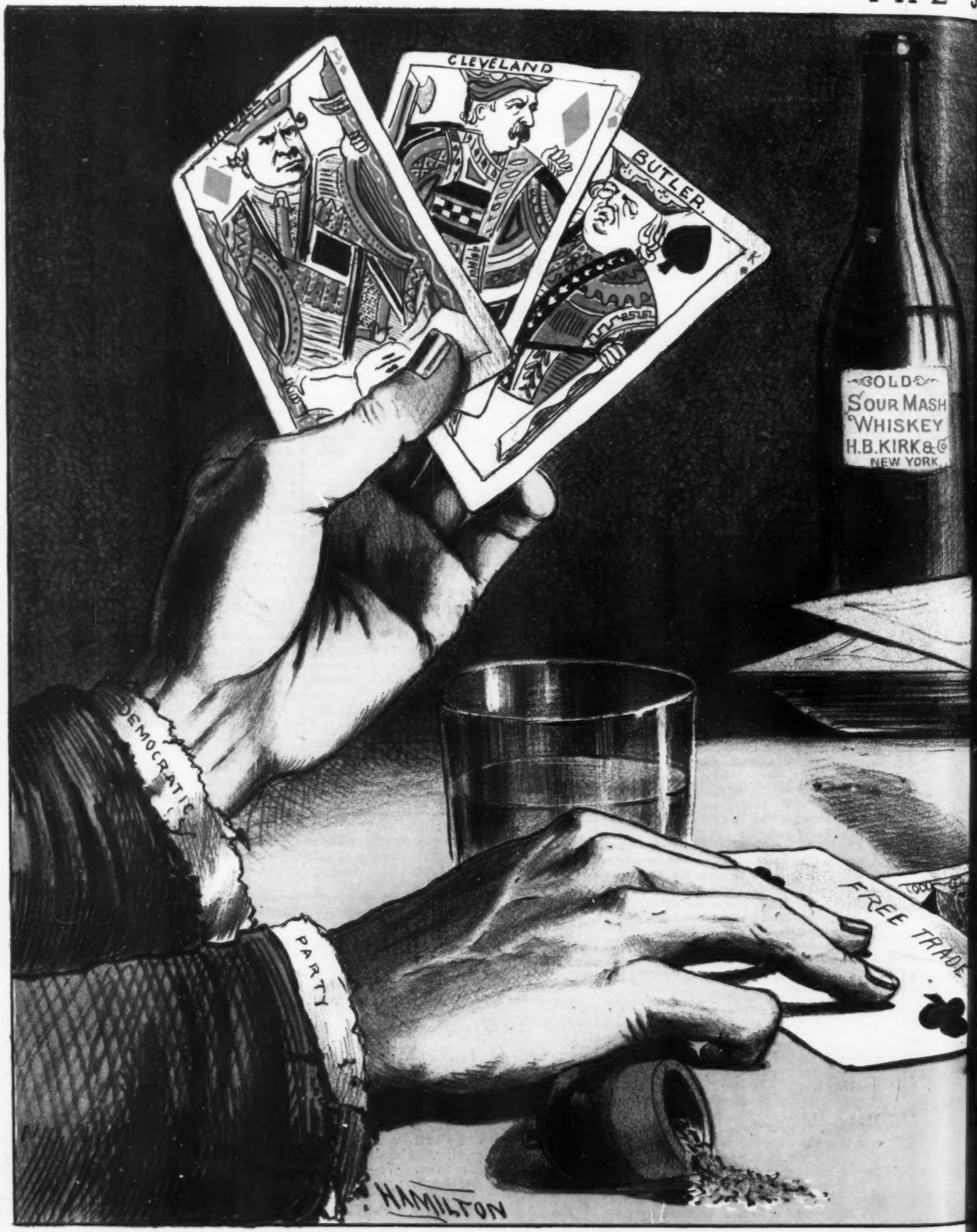
"I wouldn't object. What sort of scheme is it?"

"Oh, it's nothing to me; it only concerns yourself."

"Why, what can I do?"

"Go to some country seat and let yourself out as a croquet wicket," said the soil-tiller, dodging the conductor's punch.—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine.*

AN Ohio man, whose stock was drowned by the late flood, saw the ghosts of his three cows the other night. These must have been the "animal spirits" that the novels babble of—though what a heroine would want of cow ghosts, gets us.





E JUDGE



THE NAME OF POKER.

Drawn by...



"CIRCUS parties" are quite as fashionable now-a-days as theatre parties, and the greatest show on earth has attained such prestige that it is not an uncommon thing to see a certain set of fashionables in an opera box one evening, and in a circus box the next.

The show business is booming, and the Madison Square Garden is crowded twice every day. The receipts are said to average about \$72,000 a week.

What a man Barnum would be to run the New Opera House next season!

If he should take it, and then, like Abbey, find an elephant on his hands, he would, at least, know what to do with the animal, and there have been times this season when the operatic performances were not so very unlike a circus after all.

Stagno as *Lionel* in "Martha" looks and acts like anything but a human being, and if Barnum could get some of the chorus singers down to the Garden they would pass for "ethnological savages."

The chorus of huntresses caparisoned for the fray in "Martha" might well be called a living curiosity.

We all know where Nilsson and Sembrich get their gowns, but where, oh where does Stagno get his costumes? They are unlike anything heretofore seen in this part of the world.

Patti, if accounts be true, has certainly succeeded in creating a furore in San Francisco. The crowd that came to hear her sing broke down the doors and behaved in a most disorderly manner, but the uproar and confusion, having been duly dilated upon, are worked up into the usual advertisement.

"Orpheus and Eurydice" are on their travels "lower down," and Richard Mansfield has left the pious region of the Madison Square to take part in that naughty, naughty piece of Offenbach's, that Max Freeman has tried to etherealize for the Bijou, called "La Vie Parisienne."

Owing to the death of pretty Emie Weathersby, Nat Goodwin's engagement at Niblo's last week was broken, and "Storm Beaten" was given through the week.

This week "Orpheus and Eurydice," with the entire Bijou cast, may be seen and heard here.

Mr. Daly has apparently "found a Cæsus" in his new piece "Red Letter Nights." The ladies in the cast, particularly Miss Rehan, Miss Dreher and Miss Fielding, are charming, and the gentlemen are all excellent in their respective parts. The play is beautifully placed upon the stage and the "flat," with its real doors and handsome furnishings, excites comment both on and off the stage.

When the regular season shall have ended at this theatre, the company will visit a few other cities, and young Duff will take the theatre and produce "A Night in Venice" with a comic opera troupe.

Up at the Casino, "The Merry War" continues popular, and Col. McCaull's troupe,

now in Philadelphia, have made a big success with "Falka."

This is the last week of McCullough at the Star, and then come Mr. Irving and Miss Terry as *Benedick* and *Beatrice* in "Much Ado about Nothing".

"Separation" is still on at the Square. Charles Coghlan's engagement closes May 7th, and he intends immediately thereafter to shake the dust of New York from his feet, and take the first steamer to Europe.

It is difficult to keep track of the No. 1 "Confusion" company, but this week it will probably be found back at its original place in this city, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

Harrigan and Hart announce a new play to be nearly ready, and Tony Pastor has been doing well with his "Grand Dutch S."

"Lady Clare" is still on at Wallack's, and "The Alpine Roses" remain at the Madison Square. Mr. Whiffen has taken the place of the departed Mansfield in this piece.



THE BELLE OF THE "BAWL."

#### Plantation Philosophy.

De only difference twixt de proud and de fool is dis: De fool's got de mos' sense.

De pride ob a man is wus den dat ob a 'oman. De 'oman wants ter be 'tractive ter please de man, but der man's aim is ter please hisse'f.

Sometimes a man what hab got a selfish aim is er benefit ter de curmunity. De buzzard takes away de dead hoss, but he does it to satisfy his own appertite.

De man what tries ter be polite an kain't, puts me in mine ob de dog wid a stub tail. He kain't wag his tail an' haster make a awkward show by twistin' his body.

Young man, doan be 'ceived by show. Recolleck dat in de mornin' an' ebenin' de shadows o' de cotton stalk is bigger den de stalk 'tse'f. Larn to look at de objects o' life from de noon stan' pint when de shadows ain't apt ter 'ceive yer.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

GENERAL BUTLER has written to an inquiring friend in Erie, Pa., that he is out of politics forever. The General seemingly has taken heed of the advice given by a sensible mother to her daughters. "Mamma," asked the daughters, "can't we have anything we want?" "Yes, my dears; but be careful you don't want anything you can't have."—*Texas Siftings.*

#### A Glacial Period.

The borders of Kissena in a robe of fleecy white  
Are glowing with the glitter of a moonlit winter  
night;

And the ring around the crescent that blazes high  
afar

Is jeweled with a diamond, a flashing winter star.

The hilltops catch the rythm of the melody and song,  
And are tossing back an echo as we slide and glide  
along;

While the blades that flash and sparkle raise a  
shower of crystal spray,

The diamonds of the Ice King by the runners cut  
away.

Yes, it might have been avoided; but that ring  
around the moon

Was a most suggestive subject to a couple on the  
spoon.

And he must have been a duffer who had passed his  
chances by

Of disparaging the planets for the diamonds in her  
eye.

Let us trace the brittle brilliants in a merry couple's  
wake,

Who have sought the isolation of a polished crystal  
cake;

How they laugh and chaff and chatter in the sheen  
the moonbeams cast,

'Till a cumulative coolness indicates they've frozen  
fast.

Now it lends a variation and an element of spice,  
To be frozen with your sweetheart to a crystal cake  
of ice;

But it puts a glacial period conclusive and severe  
To the very softest nothings you could whisper in  
her ear.

Once more the Ice King spreads his bonds of crystal  
on the sly,

Once more the Water Witch, dethroned, sends up  
her plaintive cry;

The merry skaters heed it not, to them the murmurs  
bring

But recollections of the chime the rushing runners  
ring.

The separated pair are there; she falls, and in a trice  
He picks her up; they laugh and chaff, and so they  
break the ice.

The dust of time has buried deep the coolness of  
the past;

Their present melting mood dissolves all fear of  
freezing fast.

They swing across Kissena at a slashing, dashing  
pace;

Then, swerving, halt; a warning smile is flick'ring  
on her face.

He clasps her little lithe left hand to find encircling  
there,

Its tertiary digit round, a sparkling solitaire.

The sparkling of the diamond flashed its secret in  
his eyes,

The hand is left and so is he to linger in surprise.  
She glides away, her bangle bells are tinkling "fare  
thee well,"

Their silver jingle mingling with the laughter of  
the belle.

JAY B. JUNIOR.

Mr. SCOTT, Jumbo's keeper, says that his interesting charge is growing rapidly. He has increased a ton in weight and five inches in tusk protuberance since we saw him last. Great Scott!

LUKE and Bill Jones, two brothers, were hanged at Jackson, O., the other day. The local paper headlines thus: "The last chapter of Luke—A bad bill passed on the Bank of Eternity."





Kurnel Smith's Hospitality.

THERE was a party of four of us out from Cheneyville, La., to look over a sugar plantation, and we had dismounted by the roadside to drink at a spring and rest a bit under the shade, when along came a native on a mule. As he drew up and looked us over we saw that he was armed with shotgun, revolver and knife, and the eyes under his old hat had a bad expression.

"I reckon you gents haint bound over to Kurnel Smith's place?" he said as he surveyed us.

"Reckon we just are that," answered our spokesman.

"How soon?"

"Right away."

"Say, gineral, will ye do me a favor?"

"I reckon."

"Sot her fur about half an hour and then don't hurry. The kurnel and I have had a leetle furse and I'm going to git the drop on him. Reckon you don't care to mix in?"

"Reckon not, and if these gents is agreed we'll give you time."

We didn't raise any particular objection, and the wayfarer passed on at a galop. By-and-by we followed at a slow pace, but made no discovery until we reached Smith's place. The "Kurnel" was at the gate with a rifle leaning against the fence, and as he came out and shook hands our guide asked:

"Been any furse around here, kurnel?"

"Nothin' to speak of, thank ye."

"Didn't see a fellow on a mewl come this way?"

"Well, somebody did come along an' fill that 're gate post full o' buck-shot, an' I sent a bullet through his ole hat to teach him not to be so keerless; but git off yer hosses an' come in—come right in an' make yerselves to hum."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Would Go Out.

AN old negro at a minstrel show was told that if he did not stop spitting on the floor he would be put out.

"Whar's I gwine spit, den?"

"Don't spit."

"Whut's I gwine to do wid it?"

"Hold it in your mouth."

"Lemme git outer dis white man's house. Neber seed de like. Wans'ter 'prive a man o' his rights."

"You needn't go out."

"Oh, yas, when a pusson woan lemme spit, I'se gwine. I'd leab de 'publican party, sah, ef da wouldn' let me spit."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

'The Stranger in Our Gates.

HE Chinaman is a curious admixture; he is an ingredient in our civilization which does not belong to it, and is altogether an acquired taste. Some people like preserves with their potatoes, and enjoy Wagner's music, but they have been educated up to it. So with the admirers of the Chinaman; they find many qualities to interest them in the object of their affection which elsewhere excite only disgust and reprehension. The Chinaman is thrifty, they argue. Well, so is a miser. He is industrious; so is a flea. He is patient; so is a jackass, and so on. Most of our resident Mongols, as is well known, have devoted their talents exclusively to the cleansing of linen, and their success in that business has been of a most encouraging nature. They also smoke opium and play fan-tan, thereby charitably providing occasional employment for our esteemed fellow citizen, Anthony Comstock. By degrees, we have accumulated here in New York quite a respectable Chinese colony—respectable in numbers, that is to say, if not in appearance; for the average celestial is in the highest degree unornamental. The culture of the Flowery Kingdom, having hovered for some time over San Francisco, has passed on a portion of its spirit to New York, and the resident heathen has become imbued with that malady which seems epidemic here—stage fever. Mott street and its environs are stirred to their lowest depths—and that their lowest depths are pretty low down, Mr. Anthony Comstock will assure you. We are to have a company of celestials—not exactly a heavenly host, but something of that nature—to interpret the great dramas of the most distinguished Mongolian authors from Confucius down, down, down—to Mott street. The company has been already selected, and its personnel is beyond criticism—as might be expected. The comedian is an irresistibly funny being—so his native audiences assure us—who has never been known to laugh himself or to fail in rousing the risibilities of his hearers. Long ago, in far away Cathay, by the banks of the Yang-tsi-Kiang, fair Gin Sling laid her down and died among the early violets—the sweetest blossom there. Gin Sling was the affianced bride of Hop Away, and Hop Away is now the leading comedian of the company of the Theatre Royal, Mott street. He has never smiled since, and the pensive sadness which the untimely death of Gin Sling has slung over his classic features renders him worth the highest salary ever paid to Mongolian dramatic talent in this city—\$8 per week, and washing done gratis by the *corps de ballet*. The tragedian, too, is a far from undistinguished man. He burned the bosom of a ruffled shirt entrusted professionally to his care by an east side dude, and actually succeeded in running the irate proprietor out of his laundry with the aid of a hot flat-iron. The dude had been injudicious enough to complain, and, upon Sing Song's intrepid conduct becoming known to the management of the Theatre Royal, Mott street, he was at once engaged for heroic parts.

These two distinguished gentlemen are ably supported by a company of talented artists but little their inferior, and when they take the road, as THE JUDGE is informed they are shortly about to do, let Henry Irving look to his laurels, and let Booth and McCullough propitiate their rivals with unlimited washee-washee.

For celestials are reading up in histrionic lore and "Blue China" will by-and-bye be as fashionable as ever.

The Age of "Brass."

I.

THE "Golden Age" is a bygone time,  
Entombed oblivion's mold in;  
The "heroic time," grand and sublime,  
Is but dim tradition olden;  
Faith's hallowed star hath waned away  
To a nebulous spark, alas!  
Now heart and soul are but inert clay,  
For we live in an age of "brass."

II.

Where are the men of honest mould,  
With souls sincere and true,  
And hearts free, generous, frank and bold  
For the right to dare and do?  
Those sturdy men who made history then,  
Lie under the graveyard grass,  
Forgotten and cold 'mid the scramble for gold  
In this heartless age of "brass."

III.

Time was when men to the "golden rule"  
Were true as the magnet steel;  
Now an honest man is a "darned fool,"  
To be crushed 'neath some dastard's heel;  
And brainless dunces in broadcloth drest,  
For modern Solons pass,  
While honest merit is sore opprest  
In this age of glitter and "brass."

IV.

Lo! here comes our ermined friend, "the Judge,"  
With countenance owlishly wise,  
And with him, arm-linked, Alderman "Fudge,"  
With paunch of ponderous size;  
But "Judge" and "Fudge" seem mighty men  
As they stride through the awe-struck mass  
With pompous and purse-proud tread;—but then  
They rose in an age of "brass."

V.

Why boast the century's proud advance—  
Mind's victory over matter,  
While Dives' caparisoned horses prance,  
And Lazarus' rags bespatter?  
Give me the men of a bygone age—  
True men of the homespun class,  
Who felt not the rage of this latter stage  
Of time, styled the age of "brass."

VI.

The world has changed with the march of time,  
For change is the primal law  
Ordnained by Creative Power sublime  
Ere earth time's dawning saw;  
But one truth still shines like a golden star,  
To illumine Doubt's dark morass—  
An honest beggar is nobler far  
Than a knave with his gold and "brass."

VII.

When the trump for the final judgment sounds  
Through startled wilds of space,  
And the risen dead from earth's million mounds  
Stand, pale, in the judgment place,—  
In that awful hour of supremest power,  
To the right alone shall pass  
The honest and true, the faithful few  
In this godless age of "brass."

T. O'D. O'CALLAGHAN.

IN middle life we laugh right merrily over our early photographs; wonder if we should laugh or cry if in youth we could see the pictures of what we shall be when we arrive at middle life.—*Boston Transcript.*

"DOLLS' OUTFITS" are now imported from Paris, and cost as high as \$150. This is reasonable enough, considering that the imported outfit of the human doll, who is of no more value to the world than the miniature imitation, costs as high as five thousand dollars.—*Norr. Herald.*

## Soliloquy of Timothy Tartar, Clerk.

THIS is a wet, muddy, stormy, day. So, of course, all the delicate females in New York will go out shopping, and all the stores will be crowded. So look out for yourself, Timothy, my boy. Keep your temper and your hair well wet. Ladies with fiery red faces will want spring bonnets of the same hue; ladies with whitey-brown and pale-green faces will equally want to strike a uniform tint and match their complexions whatever they be. Oh! Lord bless you, I have seen lots of it, and it disgusts me with human nature.

Here comes an old madame of a class I am only too familiar with. One of those who want to see everything in the store, but who never want to buy anything; always "mean to go somewhere else before they decide," and they go, but they never come back, or if they do, it is only to look at something else. Hah! she's coming to me, is she? Hear me go for her. "Spring bonnets? No, we have not madame, the last are just sold out, and the summer ones are not in yet. Couldn't have them trimmed, madame. Milliners all overworked, and so are the clerks. Heavy business showing goods to folks who don't want to buy them." Gone at last; thought she would. Ah! here's something more in my style; bright, pretty little girl; rosebud mouth, pearly teeth, golden hair, fair pink and white complexion. Oh, don't she want a bonnet? "Like to look at our spring bonnets madame? New styles, just come in. Don't require any? No consequence, mam, just allow me the pleasure of showing them to you when you are at leisure; pale pink and blue; either would suit you admirably, and are not the shapes elegant?" Heavens! she won't stand a moment to look and the old woman would have pulled them over for a week; rough on a fellow, ain't it? Oh! here comes a woman who *will* buy, but it will take the whole afternoon to choose. However, here goes; business is business. She has the inevitable three children with her, and they are perched on three stools, and they keep them spinning round and round at electric speed all the time, and the three children yell, and the three stools squeak, and the mother looks at them with a complacent smile, and deliberately tries on bonnets. They'll set me mad among them. [NOTE. Oil all those stools before I sleep to-night.] Well, thank Heaven she's gone at last, and she has ordered a bonnet. Let me see, have I got the directions right? I wish some of the young ladies had been ready to take them. She will have the pale blue bonnet, but it must be a little more raised in front and a little higher behind, and rather flatter in the top. It is to have blue flowers and green leaves in, and one pink pair, and one blue pair of strings. That's all right, I guess. Saints alive! its lunch time at last. I'm off. Here's someone else; she wants a bonnet anyway, the one she has on looks as though it were dug up; well I have not time to attend to her, "Front, Miss Grace." Hi for steaks and beer. Bonnets never were much in my line anyway. My manly soul is fettered here.

ALL the famous theatrical stars  
Took to riding through town in the cars,  
With the doors opened wide,  
How they shivered inside  
And caught most terrific catarrhs.

HELL-TO-PAY is a station on the Northern Pacific, in Montana. It was named by a man whose suspenders broke there.



DEVICE OF THE DUDES TO WITHSTAND THE MARCH WINDS.

## A Pie Detector.

THE following perfectly true instance of animal sagacity is respectfully referred to the editor's of Harper's *Young People*, *The Boy's Own*, etc.:

Yesterday morning a lady stepped into a Market street restaurant to look at the directory. As she was leaving, a large Newfoundland, belonging to the proprietor, began sniffing around her dress and barking in the most vociferous manner. The lady was at once seized by the waiters, secured, bound hand and foot, heavily manacled, pinioned, and despite her frantic struggles, dragged into an eastern-oysters-for-two compartment and searched. On her person was secreted a valuable mince pie. She was then unbound, and bound over to keep the piece—we mean the peace. The proprietor explained to the twenty-six reporters who had flocked to see, that the faithful dog had been carefully trained for the duty of acting as a sort of a pie detector, so to speak.

"You see," said the hash dispenser, "there is such a lot of cheap politicians and journalists coming here that I'm obliged to get the drop on them in some way."—*Der-rick Dodd, in San Francisco Post.*

ONCE more a change of weather,  
We're scarce two days together  
Without a spell of rain or fall of snow, snow, snow,  
So sudden are the changes,  
The wilful mercury changes  
From sixty down to three or four below, 'low, 'low.

One day the signs are cheering,  
We think the spring is nearing,  
With bud and verdure for the grove field, field, field;  
Next day we find it snowing,  
And when to work we're going  
For snow-slides we must keep our optics peeled,  
peeled, peeled.

*Somerville Journal.*

## Why the General Left Home.

THOMAS JEFFERSON was sitting on the lawn in front of Monticello one evening when he espied a solitary horseman coming up the road from Charlottesville. As the horseman approached, the sage of Albemarle recognized him as General Washington. He went forward and greeted the old hero warmly and remarked that he was surprised to see him.

"Yes, Tom, I thought you'd be surprised; but I have come to you to stay."

"You'll be as welcome as the sunshine, George; but what has occurred to make you leave Mt. Vernon?" inquired Mr. Jefferson.

"Martha has learned 'Sweet Violets,' said the father of his country.

Then "silence like a poultice came to heal the wounds of sound."—*Washington Hatchet.*

A YOUNG dude once went to Tahiti,  
But the natives all thought as a sweetie  
They would find him so good,  
That they used him for food;  
Or, to put it more plainly, they eat he.

CORUNA LLEWELLYN, of Pottsville, is a wooden-legged woman, the widow of a wooden-legged man and mother of a wooden-legged son.—*Morning Journal.*

Wooden legs 'run' in the Llewellyn family, strange as it may seem.

A YOUNG Irish couple presented themselves one morning before the priest for the purpose of being united in the holy bonds of matrimony. Observing that the man was under the influence of alcoholic stimulants, the priest refused to perform the ceremony. The next day the same thing occurred with the same result. "Why?" asked the priest, "why do you, a well-born respectable girl, come with a man in such a condition?"

"Oh! your reverence," she sobbed, "he won't come when he's sober."



By a Pail.

A MILWAUKEE gentleman was killed on Sunday night by a fall down a pair of stairs, and it is alleged that a wooden pail in the hands of a woman he was visiting struck him on the head, causing the fatal fall. This is important, if true. If true, it shows that the wooden water pail, heretofore considered an innocent kitchen utensil, is a dangerous weapon, and should be branded as such, as is the deadly skillet and the flat-iron. If the wooden water pail has become a dangerous weapon it will stand men in hand, when visiting women up three flights of crooked wooden stairs, to look well to their weapons, and be satisfied that they have no water pails concealed about their persons. The woman under arrest may say she did not know the water pail was loaded, but the result is just the same, the victim has looked into the sanguinary water pail, and has gone to his reward. If the household utensils are to become weapons by which murder may be committed, it will be well to chain up the tin pans, the bread board, the meat platter and the tooth pick. Verily, when the passion of anger takes possession of a person, anything that the hand can be laid upon is a weapon, and the victim wants to get out of the vicinity mighty quick. "Killed by a water pail" is not a patriotic inscription.—*Peck's Sun.*

As a cable system of street cars is soon to be started in London, the people of that city will be interested in knowing that cable cars have made Chicagoans the most active and agile people in the world, and that the instances in which pedestrians are run over are becoming daily more rare.—*Chicago Times.*

THE detectives of London are exhibiting remarkable skill and energy in ferreting out the dynamite fiends. Only several days have elapsed since the attempt was made to blow up London with Yankee clock works and a copy of the *New York Sun*, and yet the cable informs us that the police have seized a valise, which has been identified by a hotel keeper. It will probably be hung.—*Norr. Herald.*

A BRILLIANT NUMBER.

The Manhattan

FOR APRIL

CONTAINS:

- A Portrait of Edwin Booth as a frontispiece, a masterly engraving by Velten.
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- An Autographical Romance. A Story. By Julian Hawthorne.
- Literature and Science. By Matthew Arnold.
- Rothenburg, in Bavaria. By Elizabeth E. Evans. Illustrated.
- An Easter Egg. A Story. By Mary E. Bradley.
- El Mahdi to the Tribes of the Soudan. A Poem. By Edna Dean Proctor.
- Recent Tendencies in American Journalism. By E. V. Smalley.
- One View of the Chaucerian Mania. By Kate Sanborn.
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THE MANHATTAN MAGAZINE CO.,

TEMPLE COURT, NEW YORK CITY.

A BOSTON woman has discarded her pet pug and gone to petting her husband, and "her set" have gone back on her on account of her plebeian tastes.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

"MEN live a great deal faster than women," says a writer. This must be true, because you never see a woman quite as old as a man born in the same year.—*Burlington Free Press.*

It is respectfully called to the attention of Bismarck that Tom Ochiltree, who fathers the Lasker resolution, is not only a colonel and a Texas man, but he is also red-headed.—*Boston Post.*

WILL S. HAYES of Louisville has written a poem on the flood, and there is a strong desire to know how it is that, while other lives are lost during flood times, poets invariably escape.—*Chicago Times.*

WHERE is that Garfield monument? The only thing that equals the spontaneousness with which this country proposes a monument is the unanimous cordiality with which it isn't built.—*Rockland Courier-Journal.*

THE lives of all newspaper men are made happy at some time or other by some delightful person who likes to warn the company with "Better look out—he'll put your name in the paper!"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A TORONTO blacksmith advertised for a helper who "must be as quick as lightning." The first man who applied for the situation carelessly picked up a hot horseshoe, and the blacksmith hired him at once.—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine.*

THEY had a leap-year party in London the other night, and the cable man thought it worth telegraphing that "the positions of the men and women were reversed, the ladies selecting their partners, and the men sitting around with large bouquets in their hands, waiting for invitations to a dance." There was just such a party in Lowell a few weeks since, but no one considered it important enough to cable it to London.—*Lowell Courier.*

A Leap-Year Victim.

"Now, Charley, my darling, I pray thee  
Just give me a moment of bliss;  
I'm going, look kindly upon me,  
And give me a dear parting kiss."

"Don't do it, you'll rumple my collar,  
You'll muss up my hair and mustache,—  
I'll tell my mamma,—yes I'll holler;  
You horrid girl, don't be so rash."  
*Oil City Derrick.*

A Bridegroom Blushes Like a Rose.

"Appools! appools!" shouted a score of small boys on the platform, as the train stopped at a country station.

"What is that they're calling, George?" inquired a young bride of her beardless swain.

"Oh, some kind of fruit they grow down here."

"What is it like, George?"

"It's a kind of berry that grows on bushes; they're not very good," he replied, determined not to let her discover that he didn't know everything.

"Won't you get some, George?"

"Certainly, my dear."  
When George returned to the car it was hard to tell which was the redder—his face or the rosy apples he had in his hand.—*Chicago Sun.*

We call the attention of our readers to the large advertisement of the GOLDEN ARGOSY in this issue. The ARGOSY is one of the best publications of its class, and the offer by the reliable publishers is a liberal one.

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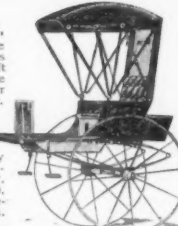
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We send 20 perforated patterns, scoring size, of birds, butterflies, bugs, beetles, bees, spiders and webs, reptiles, Greenaway figures, etc., etc., and 10 sprays of flowers of various kinds, all for 60 cts., with powder and distributing pad for transferring, to ornament the silk. These patterns can be instantly transferred to any material, and can be used a hundred times over.

Our book, "How to Make Home Beautiful," has instructions for making a variety of patchwork, with diagrams and illustrations of many fancy stitches for joining and ornamenting the silk. Also, has illustrations of all the Kensington and Arsenic stitches, with instructions for doing this kind of embroidery and for making many beautiful and useful articles. It also contains a descriptive and illustrated list of nearly 1,000 patterns for various kinds of embroidery. Price, 15 cts. All the above, with ten varieties of silk for 10-inch block, 60 cents; with silk for 12-inch block, \$1.00, with silk for both blocks \$1.25, all post-paid. Silks in \$1., \$2. and \$3. packages. J. L. PATTEN, 47 Barclay St. New York.

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# THE JUDGE.

HAPPINESS in this life was the aim of ancient philosophy—happiness in the next, of modern. Awful big improvement, isn't it?—*Boston Post.*

It is no longer correct for young ladies to say papa or mamma. The good old-fashioned father and mother have actually come in style again. Occasionally a gleam of sense shines through.—*Hartford Post.*

THE latest story is that the *Atlantic* had the first chance at "The Bread Winners" but did not improve it. "The Bread Winners" was not written by Henry James, Julian Hawthorne or W. D. Howells.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE. — "My dear," said the czar of Russia to his wife, "will you give orders to have the palace gates locked, and the streets for one mile in every direction cleared of people?" "Certainly," replied the czarina, "but what are you going to do?" "I want to look out of the window to see what kind of a day it is."—*Philadelphia Call.*

"YOUNG man," advises an exchange, "if you must marry, marry the hired girl; you have got to have her anyhow." Young man, don't do anything so foolish. A hired girl wants six nights out a week, and half a day on Sunday, besides insisting upon entertaining her sisters and her cousins by the dozen in the kitchen. A man wants his wife in the house once in a while, if not oftener.—*Norristown Herald.*

As this is leap year, women have the privilege of whistling when they want to stop a street car.—*Philadelphia Call.*

OVER the polls in the town hall, Monday, in big black letters was the injunction, "Vote for wife and children." We didn't do it, because our quota was full.—*Marlborough Times.*

THE sheriff of New York, with no rent to pay, says he makes no money boarding persons in the Ludlow street jail at \$15 a week. This will make keepers of \$4 a week places laugh.—*Hartford Post.*

WHEN their queen died, the people of Madagascar wore no clothes for a period of thirty days. Of all "shows of grief," this outstrips anything ever witnessed in this country.—*Boston Transcript.*

DON'T know as it indicates anything in a man's favor that he receives the largest mail of any member of the legislature. Rather looks as though his constituents were writing to him to quit making a fool of himself.—*Boston Post.*

A PHILADELPHIA man who has been writing frontier romances for the past ten years has been advised to go to Ohio for his health, and was yesterday seen in a railroad office, looking over maps and inquiring about how to get there.—*Philadelphia Call.*

He had just returned from his summer vacation, and describing the beauties of mountain scenery to a lady friend, he asked: "Have you ever seen the Catskill mountains?" and she answered: "No! but I have seen the Bull-cough-syrup!"

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W. S. KNOWLTON, Portland, Me.

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THE GOLDEN ARGOSY is handsomely printed on tinted paper, and is freighted with reading matter that can be safely placed in the hands of our youth.—*Herald, Norristown, Pa.*

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Parents and guardians who would place fascinating, as well as instructive, reading before their children, would do well to subscribe to it.—*Church Union, N. Y.*

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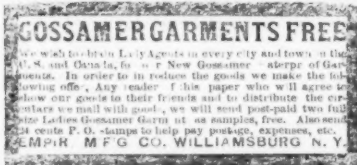
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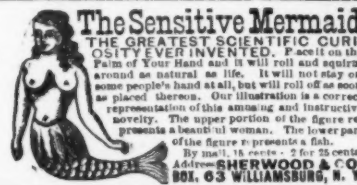
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ONE of the most pathetic passages in Queen Victoria's diary is where she touchingly describes Brown suffering from shins bruised by wet Highland petticoats.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

THIS is a mighty sensible nation, this is. As soon as a man proves himself a good soldier they elect him to congress or some other office in which military ability is of no account.—Boston Post.

DIFFERENT WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.—He—"Sometimes I envy a dog. Never has to dress or undress" She—"Mercy me! The idea of one having always to wear the same dress."—Boston Transcript.

A BEAUTIFUL ten-year-old girl in Kentucky weighs 300 pounds. It is pleasant to think that one fair Kentuckienne, at least, will not make her debut on the stage in the role of Juliet—Drake's Travellers' Magazine.

By a new law in Arkansas no saloon can be built within 640 rods of a church. But the natives dodge this law by building the saloon first. Then they erect the church right across the road.—Burlington Hawkeye.

A VISITOR who was put in the "spare room," one night recently when the temperature was lingering near zero, avoided a fatal cold by shunning the bed and sleeping on the marble-top bureau.—Norristown Herald.

"AT HOME" dresses are made of pale-colored satin in princess style. When ladies are not so dressed, hired girls may declare them not at home, without prejudice to their consciences.—Burlington Free Press.

THE following question is to be wrestled with by a country debating society at its next session: If the Mormon who has eight wives buries one of them, how much of a widower does he become, if any?—Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.

NEW YORK editors get themselves interviewed by reporters of other papers and then reproduce the interview. But at a dog fight a New York editor has to stand on his tiptoes to see anything just the same as common no-account folks.—Philadelphia Call.

"HIRAM JACOBS, the oldest citizen of Sturgis, Mich., had the novel experience of being buried, a few days ago, in a coffin made of wood from a walnut tree of his own planting." Just how he enjoyed "the novel experience" the item does not state.—Hartford Post.

It cast a gloom over an entire Texas community when the son of a Texas legislator, who had just returned with his father from the State capital, walked up to the grab bag and prize cake table and asked that the game be explained to him before he bought his chips.—Texas Siftings.

"No," said Fitskins, "I don't think I shall ever try to join the masons. It's too dangerous."

"Dangerous! How?" "Oh, you see we hear of so many murders in the first, second and third degrees, that I don't dare try it."—Marathon Independent.

EX-GOVERNOR SMITH of Georgia, having said that he had seen Henry Ward Beecher dining recently, was asked whether the man of God seemed hearty. "Hearty?" replied the Georgian. "Why, if he had been at the miracle on the Mount there wouldn't have been any basketsful left."—New Haven News.

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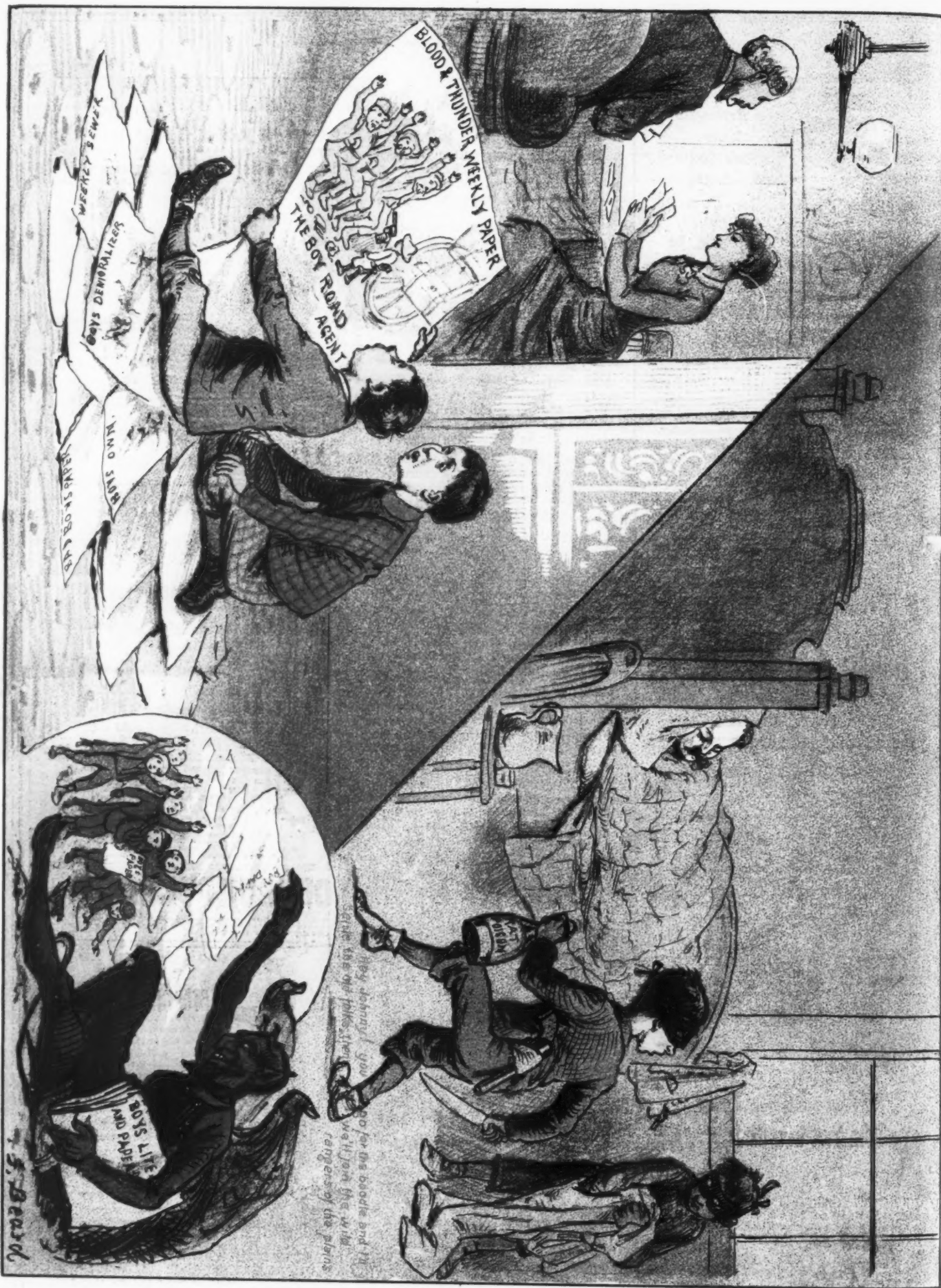
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