

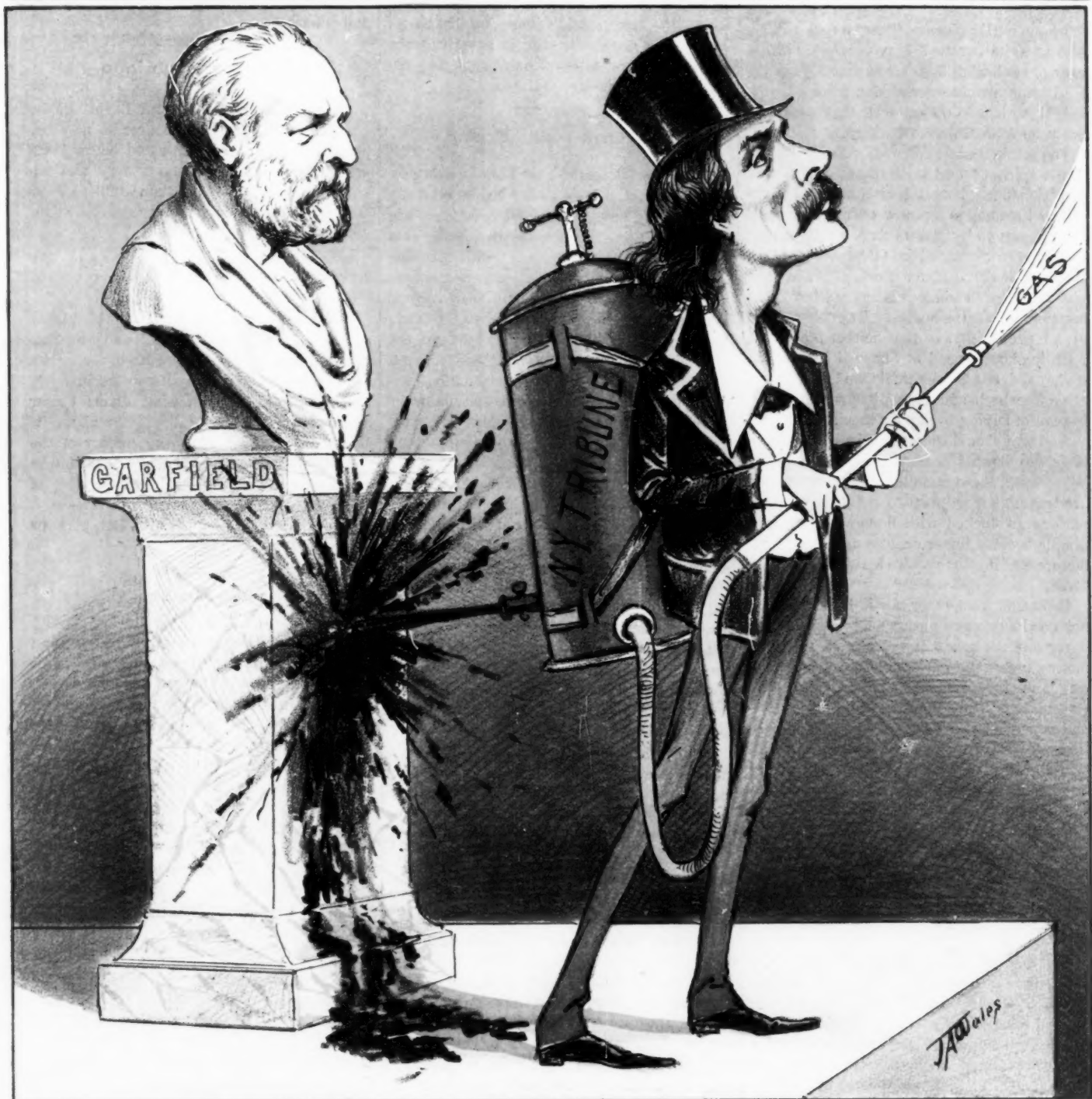


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WHITELAW REID IN HIS GREAT ACT OF DEFENDING THE MEMORY OF GARFIELD.



## THE JUDGE PUBLISHING CO.,

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### Free Passes.

IN one of the Western States they have lately been agitating the free pass system, with a view of abolishing it so far as members of the Legislature are concerned, and a very creditable thing it is to do—a work that should be taken up from Maine to California.

The whole business is wrong and contrary to the spirit of our institutions. It throws suspicion upon honest legislators, and gives railroad managers a power over venial ones. Free passes to legislators show at the outset that the favor granted is to be returned in favorable legislation, for if not, why are they given? Why should legislators not have free hotels and boarding-houses? The only reason, in all probability, is that neither hotels nor boarding-houses need any special legislation; if they did our Solons would undoubtedly receive free hash and brown buckwheat cakes, instead of having to pay for them.

And why should these same legislators have their sideboards stocked with free liquors? Why should these same legislators, when they are traveling from point to point, have their parlor-cars stocked with liquors and cigars? Simply because liquor dealers and the manufacturers of it often require legislation in their favor.

Reform it altogether, for it is a blot upon our good name as a nation; for it places the rogue and the honest law-maker on the same footing before the world; for it destroys honesty and independence, and, of course, the possibility of honest dealing with corporations and monopolies who are crowding our industries altogether too much as it now is. Finally, reform it because it makes such orgies possible as those which marked and disgraced the recent accident on the Hudson River Road, where the train was loaded down with Mr. Vanderbilt's deadheads and their free liquors.

### Dictator Reid's Audacity.

THE alleged man who wrote letters and telegraphic dispatches at midnight to the late President Garfield, in the hope that his own colossal mind might shape the destinies of the Republic, has just had his inning in squirting a stream of mud upon the fair fame of the murdered Chief Magistrate. The unparalleled

effrontery which characterized this alleged man—Whitelaw Reid—in assuming to dictate to a President so wise and great as Garfield was, is worthy of one who is forced to keep company with Jay Gould and kindred spirits.

In the hour when church-yards yawned and graves gave up their dead, this lank specimen of humanity, who refused his greatest benefactor a hearing when the old man's brain was on fire, and who thus aided in driving him into an asylum for the insane, where he died, sat at his desk, and in a letter to the President poured out venom upon those who counted him as among their friends. To the glory of Horace Greeley, be it said, that this brazen-faced journalistic dictator never succeeded in getting the old man's shoes on his feet, or the old man's hat on his head. Fancy Whitelaw Reid wearing Horace Greeley's hat! Fancy Guiteau's name honorably mentioned in history alongside that of George Washington! The Jackal Reid's admission that he did assume the role of dictator is a stab at the memory of poor Garfield only equaled by the infamous utterances of Guiteau.

### The Unknown Friend.

THAT members of the New York Legislature, like those of the law-making bodies of many other States, become indebted, before they are scarcely aware of it, to unknown friends, is a fact so notorious that even the politicians who are elected to seats in the Assembly and Senate have not the hardihood to deny that such is the case. The favors may, at first, be awkwardly received, but the hand and the eye, the ear and the mouth soon become trained, and the timid legislator is transformed into a cunning, unscrupulous, and bold speculator in the rights of his constituents. Men who, before election, swore by all the Gods that they would do their duty by the people, trip into the toils of the "unknown friend" with an ease and grace that bespeaks for them a glorious future among the money-bags of scheming corporations. The member from Sparrow county goes to Albany with his old "meetin'-house" clothing and ancient plug hat. He is to look after the interests of the honest farmers of his district, but he has barely scraped the Sparrow county mud from his shoes in the corridors of the Delevan House before the perfumed clerk, with diamond trimmings, hands him an envelope from the letter-box.

"A gentleman left that for you, sir," says the clerk with a smile, and the Hon. Mr. Buckboard tears open the envelope. If his eyes do not deceive him, it contains something green, and he puts it in his pocket for future reference. In the quiet of his sky-parlor he counts out ten crisp \$100 bank-notes from the envelope. There is no memorandum with it, nothing to show who sent it. "From an unknown friend," muses the member. Jogging through the parlors of the hotel, he meets many men who are always grinning or slapping somebody on the back. They are paid for being sociable, and one of them smilingly and gently leads the Hon. Mr. Buckboard into a quiet corner, and there the member from Sparrow county learns

for the first time the name of his benefactor. From that time his manner changes. The old "meetin'-house" clothing and the ancient plug hat are replaced by clothing and hat of modern styles. The member tosses his pipe from the window, and smokes strong cigars. He drinks bad whisky at all times and all places, and swears like a Third avenue car-driver. His bank account fattens. Unknown friends spring up on all sides. Free passes on the railroads and steamboats are poked at him through mysterious windows. The unknown friends dine and wine him, and checks made payable simply to bearer float into his boudoir. He mixes up with the members from New York City, takes the train with them, and enjoys a carousal on the way. He might, perhaps, at Spuyten Duyvil, pull the rope connecting with the air-brakes. A collision might follow, and many persons be slaughtered; but he has his unknown friends, and is happy.

### Bully for Burbridge

WE don't know who General Burbridge is, nor very much care, but whoever he may be, he has shown his good sense and better judgment by returning to no less a fiery and untamed Kentucky duelist than Julius Caesar Scipio Blackburn, M. C., his recent challenge, with the following indorsement:

Returned to the writer as unworthy of notice. For my courage, I refer him to the history of my country, which is silent upon his achievements.

This is what Touchstone would probably set down as the "reproof valiant," and, without knowing any more than we care of the merits of the case, we should say it was merited. It now remains to be seen what Julius Caesar Scipio Blackburn, M. C., will do about it. We trust, however, that the history of the country will remain as silent upon his future as his past "achievements." A good dose of castor oil might be a good way out of it—or a blue-pill, if the case be urgent. But, perhaps he had better take a rest.

### Errata Extraordinary.

A SENSE of common courtesy, no less than a decent regard for the reputation of the third estate, constrains us to call the attention of Mr. Hugh J. Hastings, editor and proprietor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, to the unfortunate and really alarming increase of typographical errors in the columns of his otherwise sprightly and always entertaining newspaper. It was only the other day that it spoke of Cyrus W. Field's double-barreled journalistic wonder as the *Snail and Distress*—a very palpable misprint for *Veil and Suppress*, as everybody knows. This is almost as bad as calling the "founded by Horace Greeley" *Jay Gould's Pocket Piece*.

WHATEVER else may be charged against the late James G. Blaine, it cannot be said that he didn't meet his fate with resignation.

MAXIM of the short-hand writer: Everything by turns and nothing long.

## FRIZZLED HAMLET;

OR,

That's What's the Matter With Anna.

ANNA DICKINSON has appeared as Hamlet. This young man of thirty was much afflicted by fathers. He had a dead father, a ghostly father, an uncle who was his step-father, and who went a step farther than he ought to; and there must have been some other father who got away, for does not the poet of a later day tell where "the rude four fathers of the Hamlet sleep?"

THE JUDGE critic, being only partially bald-headed, was not allowed to sit too near the front, but a pair of glasses brought the prince to his vision. She resembled Santa Anna in his boyhood days, before he wore a wooden leg. His drumsticks were perfect; but I shall pronounce no elegy.

The princely suit was royal purple and fine linen. The hair, though not that of a Dane, which is a sort of brick-top, was black and beautiful, and fell on his shoulders like a million silken lines on the purple depths of a trout brook. His brilliant eyes were as black as Lehigh—stove size. She was a good enough Dane for this mundane sphere. The foot was a little too small, but that boots us not. If Shakespeare says that Hamlet wore an "inky cloak," it by no means follows that Ann was not robed properly. It was purple ink that was the color of her dress.

First, the trumpets tooted too too.

The Ghost rose from the stage before the castle and said to Horatio, "Where goest thou?" And Horatio said, "Nowhere." Then said the Ghost, "If thou goest, go West."—[Xit.

It would have delighted Ossy Wilde to hear her say as she looked at herself, "O, that this too too solid flesh would melt, thaw and resolve itself to dew." Which, we think, was heart-rending, for we even give the devil his dew. As the dailies have said, Miss Dickinson has given some old versions renewal.

For instance:

*Ham.*—The air bites shrewdly. It is very cold. What, singest?

*Hor.*—It is a nipping and a nigger air.

And again:

*Hor.*—Is it a custom?

(Meaning a custom-made suit.)

*Ham.*—Ay, marry, is't,  
But to my mind—though I am native here,  
And to the manner born; it is a custom;  
More honored in the breach than in the observance.

Hamlet interviews the Ghost in his suit of mail, and thinks that he is one of the Star Route cases, in visiting the glimpses of the moon. The old man said he was murdered, and that he must go back to his sulphur bath. "Tis A. M.," said he, "the sun do move."

The scene of Hamlet and the players is not particularly interesting, until Hamlet cries to the Queen: "Let the gaul darned jade wince!" and the scene breaks up.—[Xit.

Then old Apollinaris, the father of Ophelia, returns. The dialogue is familiar:

*Ham.*—Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in the shape of a camel?

*Pol.*—By the mass, 'tis like a dromedary, indeed.



To Oscar.  
O! immortal poet  
Tell us pray thee  
Art thou the Oscar  
We have longed to see  
Sweet bulbing bud  
Explain the case.  
Art thou really wilde  
Or only off thy base  
Kemble

*Ham.*—'Tis only a bustle. O, you needn't get your back up. Dost knowest the camels are coming? A camel has two stomachs, sayeth the Psychopædia. Yet it can go a good while without drinking. One, you see, is a temperance stomach; the one he swore off on. The other is his Sunday stomach. He some times makes mistakes with that; but he never goes back on his R. B. Hayes stomach. Yet, methinks yon cloud is like a whale.

*Pol.*—Very like a whale; but you were just humping it up to a camel.

*Ham.*—You surely couldn't go back on whales. You will not blubber?

*Pol.*—No; I'll never squeak, as the hub said to the axletree, when it set a cart tune to music.—[Xxit.

Ophelia's song was very fine when the experts declared that she was insane.

## OPHELIA'S SONG.

The rose is crimson, of fairest sheen,  
And the gentle violets an ultra-marine;  
But Oscar's sunflowers a pale yellow chrome,  
Let's give him a chromo, and bounce him back home.

He's as light as a lily, and so is his head;  
He dazes the daisies who on daisies have fed;  
Th' evolved chimpanzee with the pansy will win;  
But the deacons will toast him in tansy and gin.

## CHORUS:

O, yellow's the color! There is taffy galore;  
The yellowest pumpkins for pies evermore!  
By yellowest brass do we love to be sold,  
While his yellowest love is our yellowest gold.

S. T.—1860—X it.

It will be seen that Shakespeare's caste all turned on cranks. Ophelia was only a flowery prophetic when she sang of Oscar, our golden gosling.

After this the play lags until Hamlet's scene with the grave-digger, when he plays phrenologist with Yorick's skull, where the fun comes in at the gravest place. Then Hamlet sings "Ophelia glass to the level brim;" the duel follows, everybody dies, and Denis Kearney drags them off to the sandlots.

A SCHOLAR in a district school at Red Bud, Ill., lately killed the teacher, who was attempting to flog him. He probably thought it was a free fight, and went in to win.

HIGHER mathematics (for the other sex):  
In telling the age of another woman you multiply by 2; but if you are telling your own age you divide by 2.

## OUR POPULAR FARCES.

"Treating."

REPORTED BY "ED."

CHARACTERS:

MR. HUFFELFINGER, ASSEMBLYMAN MURPHY, MR. DOVE, MR. FRESH, MR. WEAKWILL, Bar-keepers, Policemen, Police Justice. In three scenes.

SCENE FIRST.—MR. WEAKWILL'S office. Time, 3 P. M. Enter MR. HUFFELFINGER and MR. FRESH.

Mr. Huffelfinger.—How you vas, Weakwill? I vas shoost through pee-zness, und I thought I would coom in and take a look at you. I vas got a frendt mit me, Mr. Fresh. Mr. Fresh, Mr. Weakwill. Now you vas be acquainted mit each other.

Weakwill.—Pleased to see Mr. Fresh. Huffelfinger, how is it you vas off so early?

Huffelfinger.—I vas going to dake der oldt voo-man and liddle Shacob to der circus, for Shacob vas fery anxious to see der educated mule-hoss. Put on your hat.

Weakwill.—What for?

Huffelfinger.—To get a schmile.

Weakwill.—Excuse me, really I do not care to.

Huffelfinger.—Dot vas all righd. You must go out too, eh, Fresh?

Fresh.—Oh, of course. You cannot refuse, you know, Mr. Weakwill. Just one, old fel-lah.

Weakwill.—Well, to oblige I will. But only one, for I have got an engagement at five.

Huffelfinger.—You vill pe pack mit yourself in five minutes. (Exit all.)

SCENE SECOND.—Interior of the Royal Road to Ruin Gin Palace.

[Enter WEAKWILL, HUFFELFINGER, and FRESH.]

Bar-keeper.—Gents, what will you have?

Fresh.—I'll have a whisky sour.

Huffelfinger.—Shoost a bony of brandy.

Weakwill.—I'll take a plain soda.

Huffelfinger.—Nonsense, vas you a dem-pearance grusader? Take a man's drink.

Weakwill.—Well, make it old rye.

[Enter ASSEMBLYMAN MURPHY and MR. DOVE.]

Assemblyman Murphy.—Ah, gentlemen, what will you take with me?

Huffelfinger.—No, you don't, I vos sedding dem ub. What vill you dake mit me?



EXPECTATION.

Murphy.—Oh, excuse me. Just a trifle of gin. I never go back on gin.

Huffelfinger.—Dat's right. Py der vay, vat does your frendt dake?

Murphy.—Allow me to introduce him to you. Mr. Dove, gentlemen.

Huffelfinger.—Mr. Dove, vot vos it?

Mr. Dove.—It is seldom I drink, but on this occasion, say a little Rhine wine.

Murphy.—Rhine blazes. Take some gin.

Dove (meekly).—Gin, please.

(Drinks are provided and disappear. WEAKWILL starts for the door.)

Murphy.—Hold on. You've got to have one with me.

Weakwill.—Thanks, but—

Murphy.—That's all right. Just one more. You know I asked you when I came in. I shall feel offended. Only one, for I've got to go to Albany to-night.

Weakwill.—In that case I will take a second. Bar-keeper, seltzer.

Huffelfinger.—Weakwill, ton't mix. Dot vos vot gauses a disordered stomach. You dook neat rye pefore, dooken it again.

Weakwill.—Well, same, bar-keeper.

Murphy.—Same.

Fresh.—Same.

Huffelfinger.—Same.

Dove.—Give me a plain soda.

Murphy.—Plain stuff! Bar-keeper, gin for Mr. Dove.

Dove.—'A—all right.

(Drinks disappear.)

Fresh.—One more, bar-keeper.

Weakwill. } —Oh, no!

Dove. }

Huffelfinger.—Nein.

Fresh.—Yes. Really, I insist.

Murphy.—I did not mean to take another, but if you insist—

Fresh.—Decidedly, you know, I do.

Murphy.—Then, gentlemen, we will have to. Bar-keeper, same; never mix.

Weakwill.—Give me a cigar.

Dove.—Me, too.

Huffelfinger.—Und I.

Fresh.—We are drinking, not smoking. You've got to take a drink; I'll buy you cigars afterwards if you want them.

Weakwill.—Well, just another.

Huffelfinger.—I wouldn't sday owit. Leetle more bony prandies.

Dove.—Least bit gin.

Murphy.—Same.

(The drinks are drank.)

Weakwill (solus).—I'm—I'm getting to feel it. I wish I was back in my office; but of course I've got to treat, or else they will think I'm a sucker. (Aloud, as he perceives his friends about to leave.) Hold on, boys, one with me.

Huffelfinger.—Now, I vos got to get ofer to Hoboken to get Shacob ready to look at der educated mule-hosses.

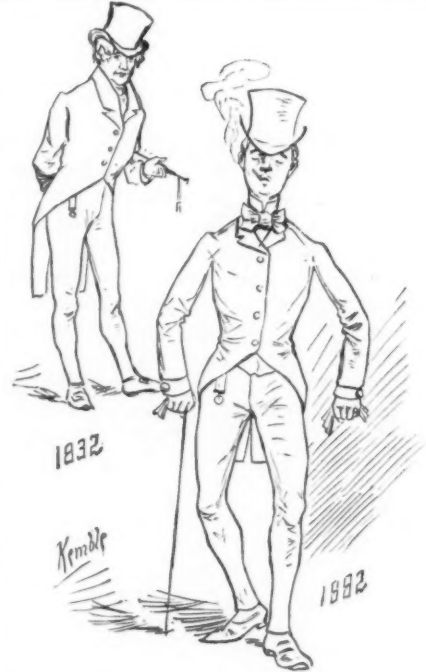
Murphy.—And I've got to catch the express.

Dove.—So've I.

Fresh.—And I am really full.

Weakwill.—You've got to. Out of friendship's sake. I won't take a refusal. Bar-keeper, see what they will have.

Huffelfinger.—To oplige a friend I vill. But it vos der last. Steb ub, poy.



(“Boys,” after faint demurs, do so. Drinks are hidden away.)

Mr. Dove.—F-fill 'em up on me.

Murphy.—No, we've had enough.

Fresh.—So've I.

Huffelfinger.—Let's stob.

Weakwill.—It's—hic—time.

Dove.—Th-that's all right. I d-drunk with you, you've got to d-drink with me. Ain't I r-right, Mr. Murphy?

Murphy.—Putting it that way, you are. Gentlemen, you ought, by etiquette, to drink with my friend Dove.

(All do so. By this time all begin to feel the effect of the five rapid potations. A spirit of don't-care-a-damitiveness develops.)

Huffelfinger.—By tam, I don't believe I vill—hic—dake Shacob der see der—hic—educated mule-hosses to-night. Let's have a schmile.

Weakwill.—Them's my—hic—ideas.

Fresh.—I feel dwy myself.

Murphy.—I guess I can standsh it if you fellows can.

Dove.—Socan I. Sellumi drink, butwhenido can drink wiz any manliving. Whoop!

(So it keeps on until all are full as the typical goat. General hilarity, sky-larking and hat-smashing. BAR-KEEPER objects. Proposition made to bounce bar-keeper. Objects. General free fight. Arrival of policemen. Everybody arrested.)

SCENE THIRD.—Police Court.

Police Justice.—Messrs. Huffelfinger, Dove, Murphy, Weakwill and Fresh, I am ashamed of you. The idea of five such apparently respectable gentlemen as yourselves getting intoxicated and raising a riot! I will have to fine you ten dollars apiece.

Huffelfinger.—Den tollars. Why didn't I go right away home and dooken Shacob to see dat mule-hosses? I would haf peen safen tollars in midout no disgrace! But it vas all gome from—

Murphy.

Dove.

Fresh.

Weakwill.

Treating!

[CURTAIN.]

## MY OLD KERSENE LAMP.

I.

Of luster of daylight men's praises are ringing,  
Of beams of the moon they in rapture of sing,  
Of bright light electric, its radiance bringing,  
From Erebus making great Phœbus to spring;  
Of Havana cigars poets' praises are sounding,  
Tobacco and pipes every school-boy doth vamp,  
While peans about all things else are resounding  
I'll sing of my brilliant old kerosene lamp.

II.

Oh! where is the gas that can equal its shining!  
Its bright flame doth light me the dark evening  
through,  
Economy, comfort, together combining,  
Without it I do not know what I should do.  
When in the bleak winter, all hungry and weary,  
Through snow up the street of the village I tramp,  
It cheers me amid all the scenery so dreary,  
To catch the light of my old kerosene lamp.

III.

What novels I've read underneath its kind beaming,  
What poetry, history, science, and art;  
What verses I've written, too real to be seeming,  
And letters that sprung all direct from my heart.  
And while drear through the tree-tops the sad wind is  
sighing,  
And old mother Nature is somber and damp,  
I sit then in my study, all weather defying,  
And dream underneath my old kerosene lamp.

IV.

Oh! how gayly it beams on me as I sit writing,  
And shines on this page as in days long ago  
When the hopes of my youth I was gayly inditing—  
Hopes bright as the beams of Life's lamp ere shone  
on.  
Ha! what is the matter? It seems to be smoking.  
By Jove, it's on fire! I had better decamp—  
Sist! Bang! 'mid the crash of the glass, without joking,  
The poet's killed by the old kerosene lamp.

—JEAN PIERRE.

## "JAY CHARLTON."

BLAINE wishes that Frelinghuysen would  
sauce England as he did. What is sauce for  
the goose is sauce for the gander, is one of the  
wise old saws.

THE shooting of fathers has become so much  
of an epidemic out West that it is called pop-  
ping them over.

JOHNNY remarked that his father and mother  
were Christians, but that they were always  
ugly on Sundays. He thought it must be be-  
cause they were mad at wicked people.

OLD Wroth must have a fine time of it  
when somebody waxes him.

SOME of the churches are so badly off for  
good preachers that they think of hiring pro-  
fessionals as they do musicians—men who can  
preach good sermons, no matter how wicked  
they are on week days. This would be a good  
opportunity for Bob Ingersoll.

OSCAR WILDE thinks that nature should be  
followed in the color of costumes, and water  
blue is a favorite with him. Perhaps he pant-  
eth after the water brooks.

MAD dogs make a rabid transit; also a sic  
transit.

WHEN Esau his father he wept.



Mr. Rocknuri, having been obliged to sit on the front stoop after many of his debauches, in consequence of his inability to find the key-hole, hits upon the happy idea of having a number of key-holes so placed that he must strike one of them, no matter how d—k he is.

THE freshest young man lives in Bergen  
county. He went out on the roof with a lan-  
tern to see where the fire was.

COTTON duck is a sort of canvas back. It  
is for ducats.

A FRENCH critic says that it takes a genius  
to use short words, but that a parrot can  
learn to repeat long words. That is so. But  
didn't somebody say that parrots talk in  
polysyllables?

To whom it may concern. Any of our sub-  
scribers who cannot read are requested to look  
at the pictures.

THIS is the first month of the year. Yet it  
does no good to put up the sign, "post no  
bills."

"YOUR money or your life," said the high-  
wayman. The poor victim begged for both.  
"But," said the highwayman, "you will not  
listen to argument."

"STRIKE, but hear," is a very fine motto.  
But it was originally said by the thunder to  
the lightning; and was afterwards suggested  
by a can of glycerine to a mule's hind leg.

THE latest fashionable style of beauty is  
very red cheeks and very dark eyes. *Rouge  
et noir* will win, you gamble on it.

HOT water cures felons; but felons are al-  
ways in hot water.

A NEWARK girl has a lover whom she loves  
so well that she calls him her Johnny-cake.

A WESTCHESTER milkman fell into a brook  
the other morning. He immediately began to  
yell "Ki-yi-yi—milk!" He was in his native  
element.

NOT only are 'frogs' legs canned, and rab-  
bits' meat, and eels, and plum pudding; but  
in Jersey City they can dogs' tails.

GOOD livers say that before you carve a  
beefsteak you should pass your knife through  
a garlic. If you haven't got a garlic pass it  
through a Staten Island town.

No one seems to know who pulled the rope  
that damaged the air-brakes on the train of  
the Hudson River Railroad, which was the  
initial cause of the accident by which so many  
lives were lost. The idea seems to be among  
sensible people that somebody's drunken and  
"smart" misdeed is being covered up. The  
politicians may have been unjustly accused.  
If so, it is their duty to try to find out who  
might have done it. At the same time, why  
can't the ropes run through a protecting tube?

SCHUYLER COLFAX is a specimen of the great  
American public defunctary.



SUGGESTIONS FOR AN AESTHETIC COSTUME.

### War of the Journalistic Posies.

WE submit that the adoption of Eatanswillian manners and expressions is quite out of place in the Great Metropolis. And yet we find a number of our esteemed contemporaries engaged in a rough-and-tumble scrimmage that would invite the praise and win the admiration of the average Napoleonic Arkansas man, and using language such as would put even the Professor of Billingsgate to the blush. "Does it hurt a man to call him a Holifernes?" asked Dr. Johnson. Perhaps it doesn't; but does it help a man to call his neighbor a Ringtailsnorterabob? We think not. Yet, when the whole gamut of blackguardism, from Ass to Izzard, is run through and through, including such choice and varied epithets as "liar," "pimp," "cheat," "blatherskite," "thief," "villain," etc., etc., etc., isn't it about time for some preserver of the public morality to call a halt? Remember the injunction of *Polonius*: "Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but being in"—please don't forget proprieties. If, for example, our esteemed and usually affable contemporary, the *Times*, should find it absolutely essential to its peace of mind to "go for" our equally esteemed, though somewhat envenomed, contemporary, the *World*, why not proceed on its errand aesthetically—something after the following model, say:

"The *World*—one of the oldest drugs in the market—is now never quoted. Where sleep is difficult of

being procured, it is still taken (medicinally) by a few families."

And if our esteemed and impetuous contemporary, the *World*, should consider it its imperative and sacred duty to respond to such homeopathic unction, might not something of this sort, concisely and delicately put, fully answer the requisition? Or the *World* might say:

"The *Times* is an excellent paper in its way, but for wrapping up a large parcel, like a bundle of cast-off habiliments for the Old Clo' man, we still prefer the *Evening Post*."

We throw out these hints gratuitously, on the oil-and-water plan, in the hope of quelling, so far as in us lies, a threatening journalistic tempest, which, if it keeps on increasing in bulk and intensity, will require something rather larger than a tea-pot to contain itself.

### District Telegraph—Quick Dispatch.

FIRST PARTNER TO SECOND PARTNER—What an age we live in, to be sure! Talk of the invention of steam power, railroads and steamships, of gas-lighting, of Edison's inventions, of oleomargarine and the like; but just look at the facilities afforded us by the District Telegraph Company! It is now just six o'clock P. M., and we are in Park Row; and that message of nine words was sent us from Union Square only yesterday morning!

SECOND PARTNER TO FIRST PARTNER (thought-

fully)—Don't you think it would be rather better, and a trifle more expeditious withal, to communicate with Union Square by way of San Francisco or Hong-Kong hereafter?

First Partner was weighing the subject attentively when last heard from.

### Illustrating a Point.

HE entered into a lawyer's office on Broadway one morning last week. He was rather of the shabby genteel order, although the smile he wore appeared to be brand new. The lawyer had just been wishing for a client, and not knowing how much of an one this might be, he returned both bow and smile.

"Good-morning, sir. I am an acrobat, just now out of employment, and I propose to form a class to instruct it in the beautiful profession, and have called to see if you will join it. I assure you that it will be of incalculable value to you."

"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed the astonished lawyer, "of what possible use can acrobacy be to me?"

"Why, my dear sir, to say nothing of the call it would give you in the hundreds of professional cases continually coming before the courts, you can hold a jury spell-bound by turning a flip-flap before them to illustrate a point; like this, for instance:

"Gentlemen of the jury, my client is right; throw him up any way you will, and he will light on his feet (here he turned a flip-flap), like that. See the point?"

When the acrobat came down, he knocked over a chair and book-case, and raised a riot generally. The indignant limb of the law sprang for an Indian club.

"I don't care to join your class, but I'm going to give you a sample of my club-swinging just to offset the little exhibition of yours," and the most bulbous portions of acrobat and club came into sudden contact, and that hard-up individual turned several involuntary flip-flaps as he went down the office stairs, to "illustrate a point."

THE Springfield *Republican* seriously remarks that "Oscar Wilde, with all his foibles, must have a good deal of stuff in him." No doubt about it—none in the least. If the *Republican* had been lucky enough to have been numbered among the favored guests at any of the receptions accorded the lusty young aesthete in this city, it might have made assurance doubly sure by giving a bond to wait while Oscar stuffed himself to the pudding's proof. But as to the quality of "stuffing," dear *Republican*, that is another and quite different matter.

GEE, haw, done 'em brown!  
How do they do it in Newark town?  
Two thieves up, and two banks down,  
Is the way they do it in Newark town!

ANOTHER bank officer gone wrong; this time in Buffalo, N. Y. But little is said about the matter, for the very good reason that there is little or nothing to say. There are no new features; it is the same old story.

## A SIREN SOLD.

I CAN but think a woman's wink  
Is rarely accidental;  
The sex at flirting is adept,  
For tempted Eve, old Adam wept  
And suffered supplemental.

We all recall man's primal fall,  
And how Eve tried to cater  
To our first daddy's taste for fruit,  
Before he donned that fig-leaf suit—  
Ah, too-too *alma mater!*

The other day—far up Broadway—  
I saw a seal-clad damsel,  
Whose lashes quivered 'neath the gaze  
Of every man that dared to raise  
His eyes and look at mam'selle.

I later met this arch coquette,  
Returning from her shopping;  
Demure and innocent she seemed,  
And yet a roguish twinkle gleamed  
From optic gently dropping.

What I did then, O evil men,  
Who wickedly are guessing,  
You'd not believe on solemn oath  
*I didn't* (though by no means loath)—  
Now isn't this distressing?

—ERRATIC ENRIQUE.

## "ERRATICS."

SUCCESSFUL burglars operate on the clearing-house system.

A RURAL grocer advertises for "a strong, intellectual youth, not less than fourteen years of age," to wrestle with meat-basket and pushcart. Wages no object—to the employer. One dollar a week. Italics ours.

DURING all of next season the magnificent realistic spectacle known as "the White Hills of New Hampshire" will have an unprecedented run, being superbly mounted, with first-class scenery and appointments.

HARD on our aristocratic paragraphers: The bluer the blood, the less red the humor.

SEVERAL of America's most prominent book reviewers lie in a very critical condition.

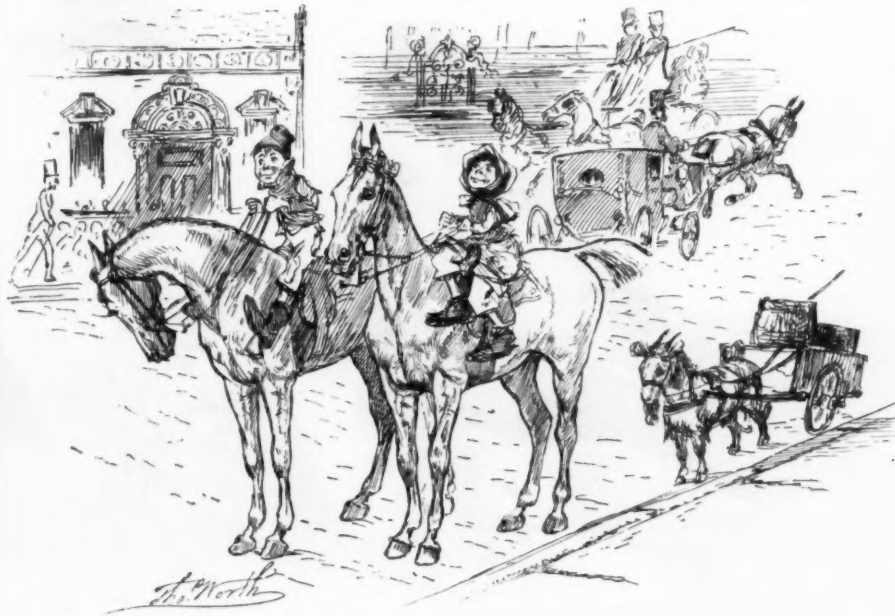
THE oldest families are sometimes the meanest.

A HOLLOW mockery: The echoes of a railway tunnel.

WHY do so many good people go abroad to acquire narrow views?

"THERE, don't you think that it stingeth like a serpent?" asked the school-master of an urchin whom he walloped for refusing to do a long sum. "Yes," whimpered the boy, "and this biteth like an adder." He thereupon inserted his teeth into the fleshiest part of the teacher's right leg, and the rattan diversion adjourned *sine die*.

A WARRIOR may be a host in himself, and yet not know how to entertain company or keep a hotel.



They just asked the little ash boy to watch the horses a minute while they made a call, and the above is the way in which he and his sister performed that delightful duty.

WHEN opposing counsel step out during court recess to indulge in a few bivalves on the half-shell, it takes one man at the oyster bar to open for the plaintiff and another one to sum up for the defense, if that side is stuck for the lunch.

ABSENCE may conquer love, but it takes presents to hold it.

AN unappreciated Connecticut genius, supposed to be author of that fearful conundrum: "In what game of cricket did the brick-bat?" deliberately shot himself about two weeks ago, because his sweetheart's father frowned on his suit and no tailor would trust him for another one.

ONE of our correspondents is very anxious to know why water is so cheap at Niagara and reindeer in Lapland. The attending physicians say that the poor boy's mind must be eased at once, or chronic imbecility will ensue. Here's a rare chance for the good Samaritan kind of business.

LIKE that celebrated fleet which lay moored when Black-eyed Susan was hunting for her William, is the man who is full of trouble. He's "All in the Downs."

To judge from the manner in which they are ogled in street cars and on promenade, nine-tenths of our pretty women need looking after.

ONE of the junior members of this Honorable Court got married last week, and he told THE JUDGE in confidence that he hasn't felt so doubled up since last cucumber season.

OUTSIDE wrappers are the most ream-markable things about a paper mill.

FAT men are especially naught but children of a larger growth.

"ALL things come round to those that wait!" moaned the unhappy by-stander, who had received a hot ball from center-field plump in his eye.

"ONE heedless word can oft destroy  
The hope to which a soul is clinging."  
—Miles O'Reilly.

Then heed less words and thus enjoy  
The peace that common sense keeps bringing.

NATIVE Americans and naturalized citizens can afford to take the New World as they find it, when they reflect what a howling wilderness of dogwood and Peruvian bark it was when Columbus originally found it.

AMONG the foreigners of this city the census shows that we have seven Greenlanders. They drive ice-carts during the summer, and are just beginning to enjoy life a little now in their linen dusters and straw hats.

CLAM-BANKS, like some other banks, prosper best where there are the most flats.

ONE of Talmage's admirers says that he really has no cheek. What we meant was that he would have plenty of cheek, but he needed the room for the corners of his mouth.

CHICAGO is busy. Water is the only thing that becomes stagnant there.

THE Empress Eugenie still has power. Her influence is still felt in France, and even in England she is surrounded with Paris-ites.

WE have praise for the dog which sorrowfully and innocently lies on his dead master's grave, but none for the hypocritical relatives who lie on his tombstone.

A WILD steer in the streets is very bad, but a wild steer in the ocean is more dangerous.



Flowers from an "u

City members riding in palace cars through generosity of "unknown friend."



Country member after meeting "unknown friend."



Country member before meeting "unknown friend."



Where the "unknown fr





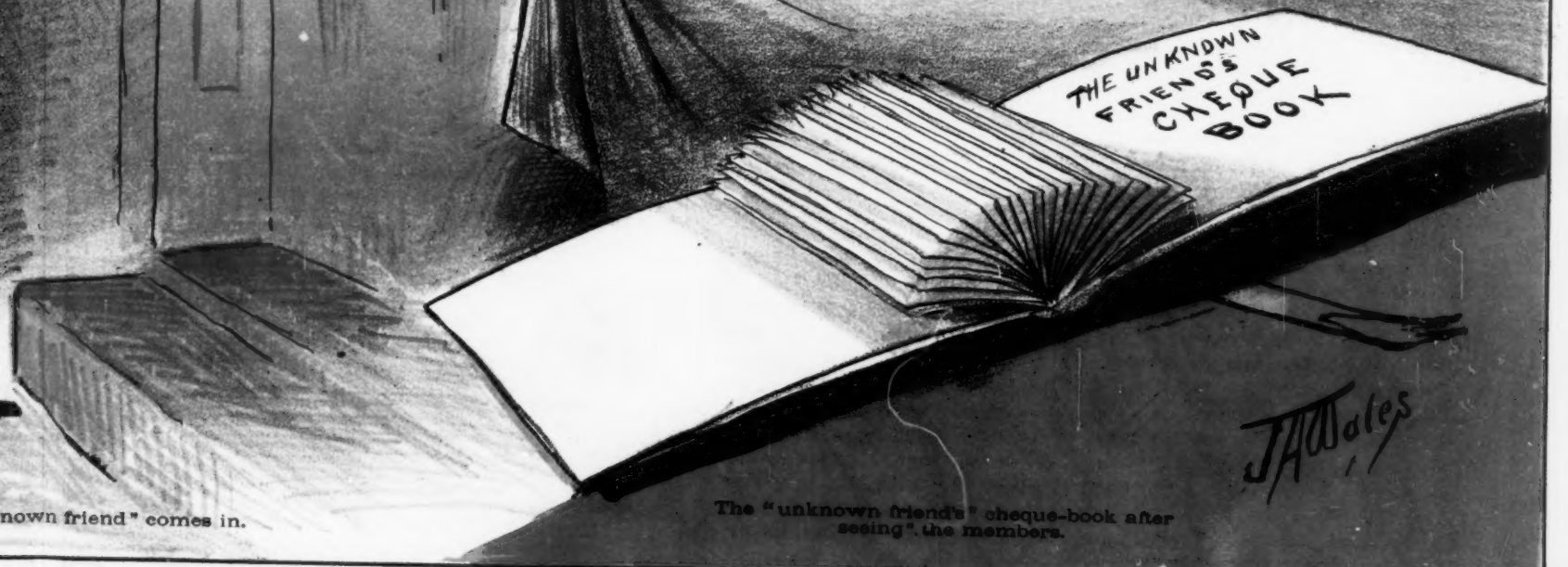


from an "unknown friend."

Free railroad passes from an "unknown friend."



Lunch for wearied members from "unknown friend."



The "unknown friend's" cheque-book after seeing the members.



ILLUSTRATING A POPULAR GERMAN POEM.

"Angels call it a heavenly spell;

Demons say 'tis the torture of hell,

But mortals term it love."

O!

My lady-love, with eyes of amethyst  
And lips whereon th' strawberry's heart hath bled,  
And cheeks the wanton mou'h of Mars hath kissed,  
And hair with amorous sunshine garlanded,  
By sleep enthralled lay on a lily bed.  
A-near with my mute soul I held a tryst,  
The languid sunflower drooping o'er my head,  
And these the thoughts were that I thought, and said:  
O, spray white brow! O, lips carnation-hued!  
O, cheek on which Mars' torrid lips have played!  
O, pink-tipped fingers white as unstained snow!  
O, smile too marvelous to be understood!  
O, neck that for a swan might have been made!  
O, shoulders! O, dear me! O, my! O! O!

—OSCAR WILDE.

### The Missing Train on the Hudson.

THE 2:40 train for Albany started from the Grand Central Depot promptly on time. Tim Maloney, the engineer, as he passed the old black bottle to Jerry Brannigan, the fireman, said, "Jerry, me boy, it strikes me that we're not going to slape much on this thrip," and Tim sadly rolled his eyes at his sleepy partner. It was their habit to slumber until they reached Poughkeepsie, and then take cat-naps, catch-as-can style, after leaving that romantic spot. The passengers, many of whom were on important and mysterious errands to Albany, were in a hilarious mood, although having but slightly recovered from the effects of the French ball. Soon after flying across the Harlem River they had become deeply engaged in glancing at their cards and at piles of money on the little tables which the genial porters had arranged for them. The porters were, as usual on such occasions, assiduous in their attentions, and were supplying the statesmen with liquid refreshments and fragrant cigars. A few of the country members, whose hats had fitted them when they started for New York, but were fully two sizes too small for them upon their return, sat in one corner. Their conversation was in whispers, but occasionally one of them blurted out, "Well, how much is there in it?" presumably referring to the depth of some well.

A wicked mind might have supposed that these pure and spotless statesmen from the hayseed regions were discussing some leg-

islative job whereby they might fatten their purses. A man with a large black satchel strode through the car smiling upon the members, and ever and anon pointed to the bag and said, "Here it is, my boy." The bearer of this satchel might have been a lobbyist with shekels wherewith to reward the members for doing their duty by some sainted corporation, and he was. When the train stopped at Poughkeepsie, squads of the passengers aired themselves on the platform, and as they strode about, no doubt felt that they were "bigger" men than old Vanderbilt. The depot-master said that it was gratifying to look upon men apparently so pleased with themselves and all their surroundings. It was the fast train, and was due in Albany at 6:30 in the evening. It speeded away from Poughkeepsie, with everybody on board either in royal good humor or mad as March hares. The station-masters at Hyde Park, Staatsburg, Rhinebeck, Barrytown, Tivoli, German-town, Livingston and Catskill stations did not see the train pass. It was not compelled to stop at these stations, and besides the flagman and the station-masters were engaged in the exciting games of dominoes and checkers, in the little places around the corners, and could not have seen it.

But at Hudson the train should have stopped. It was due there at 4:55, and the station-master, who had been at a surprise party on the previous night, was not at first surprised that he did not see the train. He rolled over in the ticket office about that time, and glanced out of the window. His hair began to rise when he became aware that the train was a half hour over due. He arose in a cold sweat, and clutched at the telegraph instrument. He aroused all the operators on the line. All were in blissful ignorance of the whereabouts of the train. The operator at Poughkeepsie replied that the train had been there, and had started for Albany, and the station-master at Hudson raved and tore his hair. Could the train have gone on by balloon or by boat? Happy thought! He waited until 6:30. The train was then due in Albany. He telegraphed to the State Capital asking in a quiet sort of way whether a pack-

age marked "O'Donovan Rossa, Hudson," had not been carried through on the 2:40.

The reply was: "The 2:40 not yet arrived." The station-master groaned. Then he and the flagman went home to supper, and tried to look contented and happy before their innocent wives and children; but the salt pork and baked beans choked them, and tears welled up in their eyes. They were willing to bet \$1,000 against a cigar that something had happened to that train. At eight o'clock they returned to the depot, and found the telegraph instrument pounding away as though the evil one had tackled it.

The station-master opened the flood-gates, and agonizing shrieks for Albany and New York began to pour in. "Did you see the 2:40 train?" "Where is it?" and "For God's sake what is the matter?" The station-master lost his reason. Seizing a red flag and a red lantern he dashed across the track, and plunged into the Hudson. "Old Vanderbilt" was taken out of his Fifth avenue castle by an angry mob that shouted: "Where is that train? Produce it or we'll hang you." Then the mob led him up the track to Albany, and search was made on all sides for the missing train. At many points where the track was within three feet of the edge of the embankment, and where the depth of the water on a straight line down the side was fully fifty feet, the mob paused and asked: "Could it have jumped the track here and fallen into the river out of sight, drowning all on board?" William gasped for breath as he replied: "Yes, yes, yes." Then they took him to a tree— But the story might as well end here. There is no need to go into the ghastly details of the hanging of a human being. What became of the 2:40 train was a question that no living person could answer. It was never seen again.

NEVER try to polish the diamond in a rough. He may polish you. But if it is a diamond in your grandmother's ruff you may polish it off some day.

AN ice man for a select tea-party: Mr. Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts.



SHE.—Patsy, air you extetic?  
 HE.—Say, what air you givin' us?  
 SHE.—You know—air you fond of broken crockery,  
 and them things?

### THEATRICAL BRIEFS.

#### May it Please Your Honor:

In compliance with instructions duly received from Your Honorable Court, I proceeded on last Thursday evening to take testimony in the case of The General Public against Wallack's Theater.

The complaint in this case sets forth that whereas the said Wallack's Theater has at all times and continuously professed and pretended to be the most select, fastidious and refined place of dramatic entertainment in these United States of America, the said Wallack's Theater has, in point of fact, descended to the quality and degree of a third class of dramatic entertainment, and at the present provides and supplies plays and dramas of inferior merit, performed, acted and produced by an inferior and incompetent company.

To which complaint the defendant, by its attorneys in fact, Theodore Moss and Arthur Wallack, make answer and allege—1. That the said Wallack's Theater is, in deed and in fact, the most select, fastidious and refined of all places of dramatic entertainment aforesaid; 2. That the plays and dramas performed and produced at said Wallack's Theater are of superior merit; and 3. That the company of said Wallack's Theater, which performs and produces such plays and dramas at said Wallack's Theater are in deed and in fact a superior and competent company, composed of actors of the very first class.

Issue being forced on these points, I attended a performance in evidence of a certain play or drama at said Wallack's Theater by the company of Wallack's Theater as aforesaid, such play or drama being entitled *The School for Scandal*, and purporting to be the composition of one Richard Brinsley Sheridan, late of the city of London, England, deceased.

Upon the evidence in such wise collected and collated I have to found the following report to your Honorable Court:

1. The said play or drama, *The School for Scandal*, is, all statements to the contrary notwithstanding, a vulgarly coarse, gross, and at times obscene and indecent composition. It reflects with the accuracy of a photograph the outspoken, indelicate, and in some respects abominable manners and customs of the time of the earlier Georges, Kings of Great Britain, when language, griefs, jests, phrases, jokes, and open expressions such as would be received with indignation in a modern drawing-room, were common and conventional. It is true that there is a good deal of art in the repartee, and a good deal of ingenuity in the contrivance of the situations, but there is nothing whatever to elevate, a great deal to disgust, and no small measure of what is tedious and incomprehensible to the present generation. *The School for Scandal*, reduced to modern phrases, to its dialogue, and to modern garb, as to the costume of its characters, would be hissed off the modern stage. Its only claim to toleration, except its value as a piece of antique caricature, is that, at the hands of a skillful and appropriate company, it serves, for an hour and a half, to remind us how our great-great grandfathers and grandmothers looked to the satirists of their time. But, ill-played and unintelligibly represented, the comedy and its characters serve no purpose, and cannot but

offend a refined taste and a fastidious ear. Foul speech, gross images and unclean ideas, are none the less foul, or gross, or unclean for being uttered by modern persons temporarily endowed with periwigs, knee-breeches and silken hose. We may, with some advantage, wear once in a while the garments of our ancestors, but we cannot, word for word, revive their language, or renew their coarser manners and habits of speech and behavior.

2. The company at present employed at Wallack's Theater lacks all the dignity and stateliness and art which might enable an actor of skill to obscure and glaze over the ruder and grosser elements of the play; but, on the other hand, one so everyday, so commonplace, and so conventional, that they project and emphasize the very indelicacies and improprieties which they should dexterously conceal. They are not sufficiently excellent in their art to become, with the clothes they put on, creatures and beings of a time long past, but are, on the contrary, mere masqueraders in ancient attire, with the voices, the manners, and the presence of people of to-day. Mr. Osmond Tearle, as Charles Surface, is not as he should be—the gay, blithe, frolicsome, and debonair young buck of a century and a half ago—but a young Londoner of the second-class, a clerk in some tea-house or grain-merchant's office, garbed for the nonce in unfamiliar raiment, and utterly devoid of the airs and semblance of the character he typifies. So likewise with Miss Coghlan, who is at no time the Lady Teazle of Sheridan, but, in all qualities and elements, Miss Coghlan, unwillingly retired from a good dinner to put on the wig and costume of the period, in order that, with a superficial show of propriety, she may walk through an hour and a half of "high comedy," and thus earn the sixth of her salary. So likewise with all the rest.

It is upon these grounds, and for these reasons, that I find for the plaintiff in the case of the General Public ag't. Wallack's Theater, and decide that the answer of said Wallack's Theater, by its attorneys in fact, Theodore Moss and Arthur Wallack, is, in point of fact, untrue and unfounded.

All of which is respectfully submitted

THE REFEREE.

THERE have been so many conflicting stories told respecting Anna Dickinson's le—, that is, her—well, what she wears her tights on when she plays *Hamlet*, that we are astonished because some of our illustrated newspapers do not settle the matter once for all. Anna might "kick," but then they must take their chances as blacksmiths do in shoeing mules.

A MAN in St. Louis has gone crazy on account of witnessing a hanging. We know a man in New York who went crazy on account of seeing one. It was his wife, and she was hanging on another man's arm.

THERE is one way by which we can get the best of the elevated roads which now cover many of our streets from building to building. We can build a roadway over them. Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

TALMAGE is going for Colonel Bob Ingersoll, and the performance resembles, and is in effect, something like a jumping jack kicking against a mule. He makes more noise than Bob does, but it is a different kind.

A REID very much shaken by the wind of adverse criticism: See Jay Gould's *Tribune* pocket-piece.

EVERYBODY wants to stand as high as possible in the opinion of everybody else in the world—except the tax assessor. By him it is far more agreeable to be under-rated.

AN up-town physician's shingle bears this somewhat startling inscription: "Dr. Killeman." We wouldn't like to suggest that the "e" in the doctor's patronymic is a probable misprint for "a."

A MERCANTILE gentleman, upon his arrival at his office the other morning, surprised his office boy in the act of poring over some old ledgers. After watching him for some time, he demanded an explanation.

"Oh," replied the youngster, "I have accepted a position in a savings bank, and I am only trying to get some points."

THE author of "Letters from the North of Italy," after its prohibition by the Emperor of Austria, republished it under the title of "A Treatise upon Saur Kraut, with full directions for its preparation, and remarks upon its medicinal properties".

AN ancient writer classifies a buffoon as a professional fool, whereas a wag is an amateur fool.

Where does the punning paragrapher come in?

OLD GENT (to waiter)—See here, what sort o' cheese do yer call this? It's all full o' holes.

WAITER—That's Gruyere, sir.

OLD GENT—Waal, then, take it away and bring me a piece that *grew* somewhar else. Holes ain't very fillin'.

OLD GENT (inspecting æsthetic aquarium)—Say, boss, how do you sell your red herrin'?

OLD GENT (to friend, who asks his opinion of the play of "Othello")—Well, can't say much for it, but have noticed it allers turns out so when a white woman marries a nigger or an Injun.

QUESTION for beginners in Ecclesiastical Geography: Bound the Holy See.

### WHIFFS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

S. W. C.—Accepted, with request granted.

"MUD."—Yours is a puzzle indeed. We give it up—willingly.

G. Y. COFFIN.—One accepted; one taken, and the other—over the left.

"SI-KE."—Your poem has merit, but is badly constructed. Try it again. We are not cross-eyed, thank you.

CHAS. F. F. T.—Very bad. If you ever find a paper who will pay you ten dollars for a "poem" like yours drop us a line.

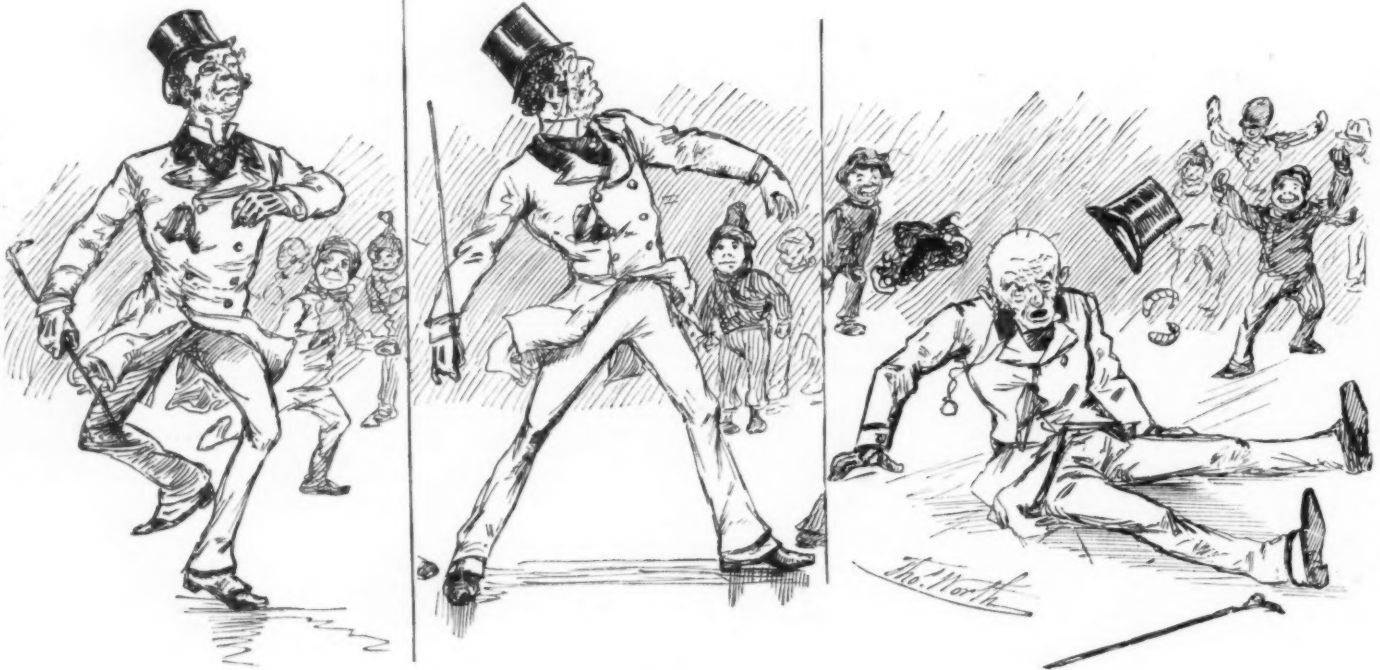
W. I. L.—Not at all suitable for our paper, but you might "catch on" the *Christian Union* or publications of that ilk.

A. H. R.—Your articles are not half so ambitious as the author is, especially when he names his price. Authors who expect shekels for their work must at least have an original idea, or some merit of construction. Savvy?

E. B. C.—This correspondent asks us what Oscar Wilde uses to make his hair so long and glossy. Our opinion is that his æsthetic lordship uses Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush. At all events the ladies say so, and they ought to know.

G. C. M.—We know of nothing that will bring out hair on a bald head. We have read "hair restorer" advertisements for the last twenty years, and yet we are even more bald than ever. You might glue a wig upon your pate, or do a still more sensible thing, join the Bald-Headed Club, where you will be right in the fashion.

LONG TOM.—"How can I manage it to get on your paper as a comic writer?" Well, there are various ways. You can use one of them for a cushion while you pen your convulsions; but the surest way would be to write something humorous and send it to us. We hope other writers, panting for fame and wealth, will make a note of this.



THE FRESH VERY OLD GENT.

"Ah! just let me show you how to slide on the ice."

"There, boys, that's the way to—"

Then down he came with a bang that shook everything artificial off.

### 'TIS SWEET.

'Tis sweet to list the chanticleer  
Sound his shrill clarion of the morn;  
And, rising from the couch so dear,  
To yawn!

'Tis sweet, at noonday's hurried meal,  
(When hunger converts every plate),  
To take your 'lotted place *en file*,—  
And wait!

'Tis sweet, when daily toil is o'er,  
And homeward turn the weary feet,  
To plunge through mud and rain down pour  
And sleet:

'Tis sweet to hail the passing stage,  
And struggle in the trap ill-planned,  
And, choking down your rising rage,  
To stand!

'Tis sweet to end your homeward trip  
At your own dimly-lighted hall;  
And, climbing up the stair, to slip  
And fall:

'Tis sweet to find—oh, jolly lark!—  
Your wife "gone shopping"—fate foretold!  
The fire gone, also; parlor dark  
And cold!

But sweeter far than joys thus kind  
And nearer yet in kin—God wot!—  
To seek a favor jug, and find  
It not!  
—F. W. P.

### Pathos in Paragraphs.

BLANCHE MADELINE TREVOR was a magnificent creature.

She was, moreover, a society belle.  
With a resonant clapper of her own.  
So all the servants said.

Blanche closely resembled the scenery on a narrow-gauge, short-curve railroad. She had many romantic turns.

But she never allowed concealment, like the bird in the bush or the damask worm in a par-

boiled chestnut, to prey upon the healthy enamel of her maiden cheek.

Being a silver-tongued belle, she gently tolled her love.

She told him that he might osculate her pouting labials for his darling mamma.

Now, luckily for the badly "mashed" yet high-spirited Lenox Vanderbilt Van Alstyne, his father had been twice a bridegroom. So he kissed Blanche for both mothers.

And thus they were betrothed.

Some unknown philosopher (and maybe it's the writer) has neatly said: "The course of true love never runs fine."

So it was in this memorable instance.

You must at once become cognizant of the fact that this growing intimacy between two fondly-twining affections had not been unmarked by the grave parent of our gushing heroine. Not by any manner of means.

This grave parent was a professional sexton, who had an elaborate blue-and-gold sign-board tacked to the mixed exterior architecture of a Madison avenue church.

He drew his salary once a month, and sober breaths at least three times in every four weeks.

Yet was he not descended from the Trevors of Trevor Hall? And hadn't the Trevors made many hauls?

If not, why not?

"Who were these presumptuous Van Alstynes?" he repeated haughtily to himself between gin-and-seltzer hiccoughs.

Gin-and-seltzer was his pulse-warmer at all seasons of the year, and especially at the convivial seasons.

Once in a while (if not oftener) he so far disremembered himself as to freely imbibe of the gin without the seltzer.

On one of these extra occasions, returning

to his domicile "in the dead waste and middle of the night," he encountered Lenox Vanderbilt Van Alstyne and Blanche Madeline Trevor playing ivy with the vestibule wall.

Old Trevor took in the situation, and the opportunity he had longed for, in the twinkling of a corporation gas-light.

Then, as the Last Minstrel sang to the dying chief of Clan Alpine:

"There rose so wild a yell  
Within that dark and narrow dell,  
As all the fiends from heaven that fell  
Had pealed the banner cry of —"

Well, never mind the rest of it. [Sir Walter Scott is a little too forcible in his verse at times.—EDITOR].

Our own patent, machine-made poetry shall blazon the inevitable sequel.

Lenox Vanderbilt Van Alstyne retired in inglorious disorder.

"Kind fate had marked these spoonneys twain,  
As for each other suited;  
He loved her with his might and main,  
But was a soul-distracted swain,  
When by her papa booted."

Blanche Madeline sobbed hysterically; but the stolid liquidator of her millinery bills let her sob.

The *denouement* had a curious effect on Lenox Vanderbilt Van Alstyne. He neither stood on the order of his going, nor was he seen to sit down for a week afterwards.

Miss Trevor mourned like she who refused to be comforted, until her cruel parent bought her a sealskin dolman, which completely took the gloss off the one sported by that hateful thing next door, up-stairs.

Our narrative is retailed *au pied de la lettre*.

How's that for French?

ENRIQUE.

## A TOAST.

Uprox the dancing waters bright,  
The dizzy mountain side;  
Beneath the solemn stars of night,  
The glow of fierce noontide;  
Mid smoke of battle—or cigar,  
The brilliant banquet's joys;  
In skiff or saddle, coach or car,  
All's one—Here's to you, boys!

Hath man a gift of speech or song,  
Kind word or merry jest,  
Some power to help a neighbor's wrong,  
Balm for some wounded breast;  
Of power or wealth, or wit or worth,  
He best his all employs,  
Who, in his little round of earth,  
Best saith—Here's to you, boys!

Then fill the glasses round again,  
Here's to the old and young,  
Here's to the men we might have been,  
Here's to our songs unsung!  
And last the lullaby of Death.  
Tired hands drop broken toys;  
Playmates, my drowsing, dying breath  
To you—Here's to you, boys!

—ADAM CLARK.

## Mlle. Sophronia Soprano Buskinni;

OR,

## A Romance in the Life of a Mellow-Dramatic Screecher.

BY TARANTELE.

THE dramatic and musical salary-grabber of the City Island *Bobolink* was sitting at his desk writing his column of items under the head of "*The Too-Tooning Fork*," and he had penned such paragraphs as these:

Remenyi rasps resin.  
Liszt listens listlessly.  
Mlle. Marsh-Mallow mashes macaroni.  
M. Twitter Timtum tenderly triturates tremulous tenor.  
Sullivan somnolently slings sonnets so sumptuously, soaring syllabubs serenely.

As he sat there the office boy came in and handed him a note, which read:

"MY DEAR MR. BLOOMINGBOY,—My darling friend, Mlle. Sophronia Soprano Buskinni, is at the Hippodrome Hotel, and if you will call at four o'clock, I will tell you in her presence a most remarkable romance, which you are at liberty to publish, but do not let her know you are going to do so, for she is very shy, and does not wish to be advertised to the public.

"Yours very truly,

"MRS. PILOT-KNOB SMITH."

Poor Bloomingboy was tired, and wished to fill his column for the morrow; but he took a car, and at four o'clock was in the room of Mlle. Buskinni, who is known to the public as a maiden, but who is really wedded to her stage husband, Mr. Andrew Soaplock. Mlle. Buskinni sat carelessly in an arm-chair, in a "simple and elegant" dress, and was reading Carlyle's revised edition of Francatelli's Cook Book; for, as was afterwards said in the *Bobolink*, "she is a very serious and domestic young lady, and when not studying her parts she is engaged in the congenial duty of making some delightful dish of macaroni and marmalade for the worthy poor." Her friend, Mrs. Pilot-Knob Smith, who half belongs on her father's side to the family of the Kyranques, who know much of other people's business because they have none of their own—I say, this officious and trading woman was in the room. She looked surprised, and said,

"Oh, my dear Mr. Bloomingboy, I forgot to tell her you were coming. Never mind. My darling Sophronia, you are surprised; this is Mr. Bloomingboy, of the *Bobolink*." The great mellow-dramatic screecher arose, and said, "What! If I had only known it I should have been dressed more suitably." Bloomingboy knew that she was playing on his credulity, and that she was studiously dressed for the occasion; but he said that he was charmed, charmed, charmed. He went to the sideboard and took a glass of apollinaris.

"My darling," said Mrs. Pilot-Knob Smith, "sit right still there; do not blush; and let me tell Mr. Bloomingboy of your great romance. Don't run away. I will, I will, I will. It must be told. Sir, this is no advertisement. See her blush! But you may often have noticed that when dear Sophronia is about to be kissed by the supe, as he comes in to dust the carpets on the stage, she gently makes a motion with her right eye and her left leg? You have? Thereby hangs a yellow stocking and a harrowing story. The kiss, you know, is nothing. It is a mere omnibus kiss. But you must remember all these incidents in the life of this mighty actress—this pearl of Pittsburg, this bon-bon of Boston, this cherub of Chicago, this song sampler of Savannah, this Columbine of Communipaw. First she was burnt out. Then her jewels were stolen by her ninth husband, who pawned them to her third husband, who sold them at auction to a politician in the Fourth Ward. You remember when she was crushed beneath the ice of Niagara, and refused to keep her engagement to sing for \$20,000 a night at Harry Hill's. You remember she was in the San Francisco fire, and was fired out of a Saratoga hotel because her husband, in a fit of love and jealousy, had raised her nose. Now, my darling, do not blush; but Mr. Bloomingboy shall hear the romance.

"I said," proceeded Mrs. Pilot-Knob Smith, "that when she is kissed gently by the supe she winks her right eye and swells her left leg in her yellow stocking. Pooh! I speak in a whisper—that eye is a glass eye. In the year 1492 (O. S.), my darling was in Madagascar.

"The queen of that island saw her for a moment, and was jealous. She went mad, cut off her wool, and swore she would never smoke a pipe of niggerhead tobacco until her rival was blind; for she was sure that she would rob her of her prince consort, Julius Jumbo Sam. Alas! Julius Jumbo Sam, the prince consort, did come in, and as he kicked the sand off his feet, he saw the great mellow-dramatic maiden of two hemispheres. He 'shouted.' Everybody at once stood up. The prince took the diamond hoop from his under lip, and handed it to Sophronia. He was mashed—gone. He shrunk up so fast that the royal blacksmiths could not fit tires to his feet in three days. She refused the hoop with a gentle smile, and on her knees requested him to keep the event out of the Madagascar papers. He pined; he became limp; he was fairly crippled with his limpness. You would have thought he was an Oscar Wilde shaded off with stove polish. But he had loved. The black queen of Madagascar

was no longer a fine lump of Lehigh coal to his eyes.

"But Sophronia sang to the great audiences, and Julius Jumbo Sam enjoyed her from his empty lemon box. That night she was thrown into prison, and in resisting the queen, she knocked out one of that dark sovereign's false teeth. The missionaries had been teaching there, but their maxims were somewhat misunderstood. The cry was raised, 'A tooth for an eye, an eye for a tooth.' In vain Sophronia explained that it was a tooth for a tooth. The queen said it came from the missionaries who had reduced the ignorance and the color of some of the inhabitants. So Sophronia had her eye destroyed in the night by some invisible powder, and was turned loose. Julius Jumbo Sam was in despair; so he took the jewel eye from the favorite idol of Madagascar, a jewel more expensive than a thousand diamonds. While she wears it she can see splendidly. But the emissaries of Madagascar have followed her the world over. Sometimes they wreck a car in order to get at her. She has been offered millions to return the jewel, but she says it's all in her eye. She has received omnibus kisses from bleached Romeos from Madagascar, who would like to bite her eye out; but she winks and drops the jewel into her yellow stocking. Over a hundred men, from pearl divers to grand dukes, are employed in following her. But the magic eye detects them. A dentist once got her under the influence of chloroform and took the eye. Alas for him, it was only her counterfeit every-day eye.

"To-morrow night at the Humdrum Theater she begins her engagement. Here are tickets. You might say in your paper that fifty Madagascar agents will be in the audience, waiting for her by some unfortunate wink to drop the eye upon the stage. Of course, this is no ad. Have some more apollinaris, Mr. Bloomingboy? She now has the jeweled eye in her stocking. The one she is wearing is glass. Good-morning."

Four hours later Mr. Bloomingboy had written up the story for the *Bobolink*. It was in type. At midnight a dispatch came:

"The great mellow-dramatic screecher is in dire distress. The yellow stocking, which was sent to the laundress, has been lost with the jeweled eye, but Julius Jumbo Sam has arrived at Castle Garden, and will recover it. He will be in a box this evening with Oscar Wilde, who knows the exact shade of yellow of the stocking. This is not an advertisement. Mrs. Pilot-Knob Smith."

The theater was jammed, Bloomingboy received a bottle of apollinaris, and Mrs. Pilot-Knob Smith received a hundred dollars reward.

MULLET wants to be government architect again. We do not know where he is just now; but we hope he is, as the poet says, "where the purple mullet and the gold fish rove."

OSCAR WILDE loves to say, "No—no—no." He is too too no-ing by half.

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He slipped quietly in at the door, but catching sight of an inquiring face over the stair rail, said: "Sorry so late, my dear; couldn't get a car before." "So the cars were full, too," said the lady; and further remarks were unnecessary.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

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SOMEBODY left a nice fat girl baby on Mr. Beecher's door-step last week, and he went straight to the pulpit and "took back" all he had said about those Brooklyn school marms.—*Turners Falls Reporter.*

LITERARY kleptomania is quite prevalent. Could some of the kleptomaniacs be vaccinated with the virus of common sense it might work them some good.—*Oil City Derrick.* Why do you want more virus injected into them? They are a regular set of scabs now.—*New York News.*

BRICK POMEROY is righteously indignant because the report was set in circulation while he was sick in bed that he was a bankrupt, and at the same time his partner cut off over two hundred of the *Great West* exchanges, thus aiding in spreading the damaging rumor.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

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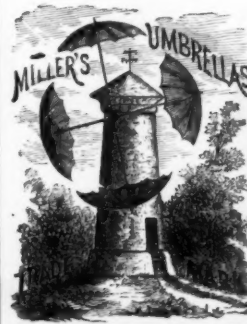
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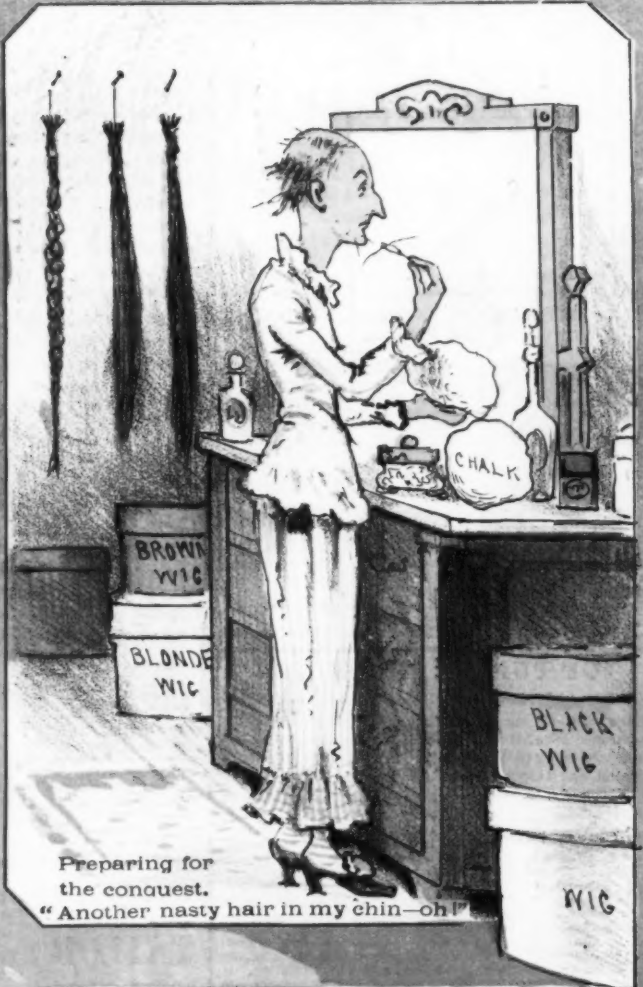
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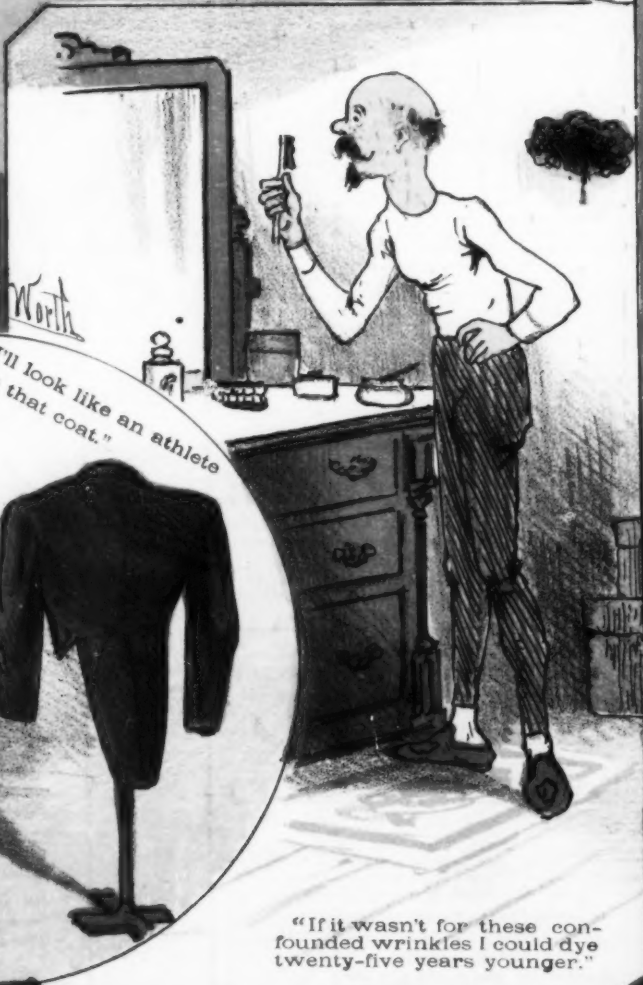
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