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THE PENALTY OF RICHES: THE MILLIONAIRE'S BEST FRIEND—THE POLICE



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The Star-Route.

DOES Attorney-General Wayne MacVeagh feel that life is a burden to him now that the people long to fix their wondering eyes upon him? Has he taken his seat in a convention of hornets now that he has sneaked out of court with the laughter of bouncing "Bob" Ingersoll, the affectionate Dorsey, and the razor-edged Brady ringing in his ears? Does he now think he might be more comfortable in Widow Oliver Cameron's barn, picking hayseed from his hair?

The people had a right to expect better things of this Philadelphia lawyer than his conduct in the Star Route.

They hoped that when Postmaster-General James tripped up Dorsey and Brady in their plunges into the country's treasury, that the chief prosecuting officer of the government would do his whole duty. A page that might have been a bright one in Wayne MacVeagh's history has been blackened. The necessity of having a fearless, competent Attorney-General has been made so apparent, that with head cast down, humiliated and disgraced, he may return to Pennsylvania, never again to display himself to public gaze.

The Penalty of Riches.

THE recent black-mailing scheme instigated against Jay Gould is only another illustration of how dangerous it is to be rich. The late A. T. Stewart saw it not only in his lifetime, but his body was not allowed to rest in its tomb, and was taken thence and held for a price. Indeed, it is a terrible thing to be a millionaire, for if the general ghoul does not fasten upon you, your relations are sure to do so after you have passed in your chips. Blessed be nothing, for then you can enjoy it in peace and all the comfort that can be extracted from it.

Seriously, however, THE JUDGE trusts that this latest phase of crankism will be dealt with as it deserves. The insanity plea will not go down in the case of Welles, any more than it does in the case of the abject wretch who murdered the President of the United States. Society needs weeding, and its cranks should be the first to be banished to the insane asylum,

the prison, or the gallows. Neither will the plea of "social standing" avail. Ill weeds grow apace, and the attention of the authorities should be directed to them constantly, until crankism is wholly banished or ceases to pay.

The police have shown themselves not only expert, but the best friends of the rich man, and let us hope that they will be as fortunate in catching every "crank" as they were in bagging this man Welles.

Imitation English.

ANOTHER phase of the Anglomania is the fox hunts which have obtained in certain parts of the country during the past few years. Was greater nonsense ever indulged in by people claiming to be the possessors of common sense? And yet, thank Heaven, these imitators of English customs, these Anglomaniacs, are not numerous. The good sense of the average American prevents this being so, and it would be dignifying them too much to notice their idiotic antics were their doings not shown up in the ridiculous light which Mr. Worth's pencil has given them in this issue. But, as though the business of imitating the English sport of fox hunting was not ridiculous enough, we often hear of these valiant hunters following "the 'ounds, yer know," who are in "full cry" upon the scent of an anise-seed bag! Think of what a manly sport it must be to have such a scent trailed over a stretch of country for dogs to follow, and they in turn followed by mounted puppies! THE JUDGE is in favor of all field sports, from shooting buffaloes to catching ground moles or mosquitoes, but sets his face against all such namby-pamby imitations as these Anglomaniacs indulge in. They are not only held in contempt by all manly Americans, but by the poor farmers who suffer by their trespasses, one phase of which is shown in the cartoon. A few well-employed shot-guns might check this nuisance.

Our Annual Feed.

"THERE will be plenty of stuff next week," said one type to another, within hearing of THE JUDGE, as His Honor loitered in Printing-House Square the other evening, waiting for a street car, with only a comfortable quota of homeward-bound Gothamites. "Why so?" queried Slug 8. "Because Thanksgiving Day will fill up our forms," was the technical response. It was, as the always respected A. Ward was wont to suggest, "a mild witticism"—possibly an ivy-clad jest, but the laugh came in all the same as the brace of compositors lit out, and THE JUDGE was alone with his meditations. One of them is pictured elsewhere in this paper, and it artistically tells its own story. Ere next Thursday's twilight has shadowed this land of thirst and appetite, America's fall supplement of national bird will have been largely transported to the internal regions of Gourmandy. The proclamations have gone forth, in bad syntax and worse metaphor, and Turkey is doomed. Behold the allegory he sees in the declining sunshine of

his life. Perched on his ultimate roost, he awaits the inevitable, realizing that what is Fate to him is Festival to millions who will squabble over the wish-bones of his species.

Cranks.

THEY are making their mark in the world. They come to the front in the majority of modern sensations. Now they shoot a President or an Emperor; then they "strike" a rich man—alive or dead—and tell them on the strict Q. T. that they have been employed by the Lord to put a head on them (unless they come down handsomely), and in various other ways they are making themselves felt. But, come to think of it, why should not society turn on these cranks as a person turns upon a vampire or a Jersey mosquito?

The fear of hanging somebody who is not exactly *compos mentis* has been a bugaboo long enough. Society must protect itself, and if it hangs or incarcerates a few of these fellows who are troubled with mental angularity, it will not only be doing a good thing for the world at large, but a good thing also for the cranks themselves.

Now doth the gentle turkey  
Improve each shining hour,  
Getting three square meals per day,  
Flung in a golden shower.  
And when killing day doth come,  
He gets a double round,  
Farmers thinking corn well sold  
At eighteen cents per pound.

THERE is a nuisance—more properly an outrage—to which patrons of theaters on rainy occasions are subjected, and which should be done away with. We refer to the umbrella check business. Not taking dripping umbrellas into a theater is supposed to be for the benefit of the managers; and yet, in face of that fact, they charge you ten cents for keeping it when it will not injure their property! They charge enough for their seats, Heaven knows, without this petty ten-penny outrage. Reform it, please.

HORACE MODERNIZED.

I LOATHE the Cockney "swell," O lad,  
This Anglo-maniac drives me mad—  
Away from him, I'm over-glad  
To spend a night, sir.

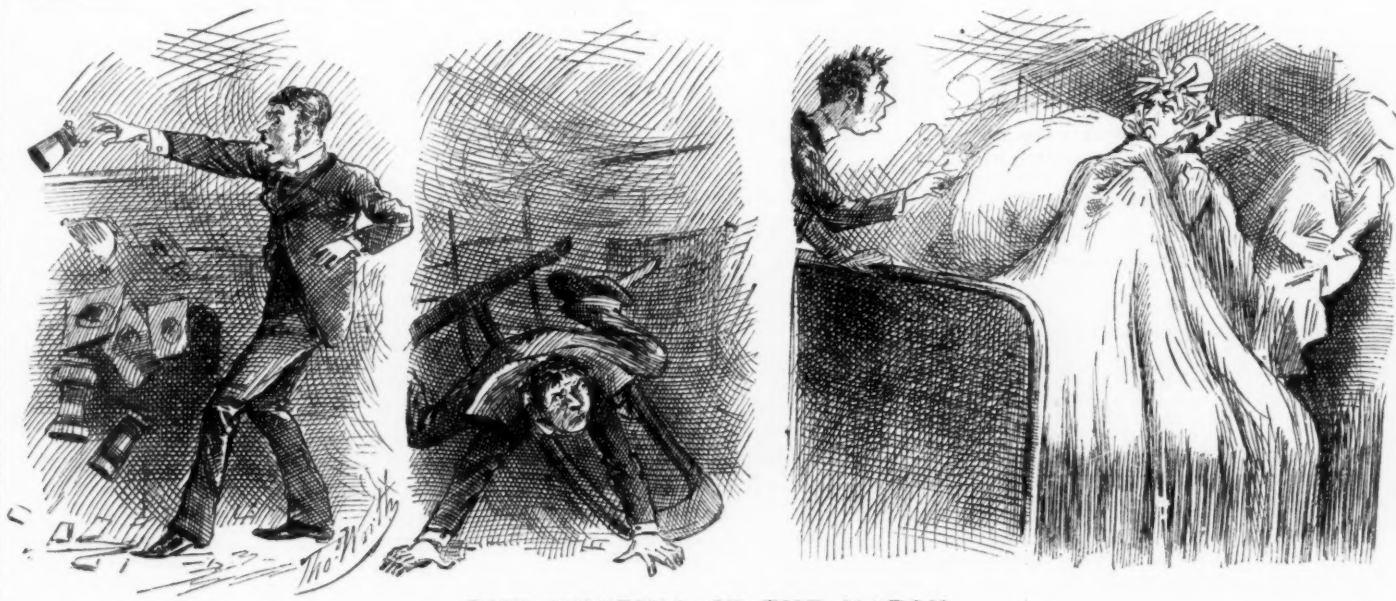
And with my maiden at my side,  
Eat tripe with onions nicely fried—  
Toss off a brace of beers, well shied  
By native Schweitzer.

—PHILANDER PEEP.

THE Brooklyn divines appear to be conscience-smitten, and one by one are startling their congregations by their confessions. Only a few Sundays ago Mr. Beecher admitted that he once stole his mother's preserves; and now comes Talmage with a pulpit admission that he once used tobacco. Next!

DOMESTIC troubles come bunched, like celery.





Robinson comes home much later than he said he would, tries to find a match softly, without waking up his wife in the next room.

Having knocked everything off the shelf, he next tumbles over a rocking-chair in his efforts to get one.

As he don't hear anything, he fondly hopes he has not awakened her, secures a match at last and gently strikes a light. [Tableau.]

THE HUNTING OF THE MATCH.

HANDED UP BY A LAYMAN.

A young man who went off with a laugh,  
The cup of life's follies to quaff,  
Soon returned with "Enough!  
I am sick of the stough,  
And am hungry for dad's 'fatted caught.'"  
But the old man said, "Nay! go and plough;  
Learn to live by the sweat of thy brough!  
If you do this, although  
You have sinned, I will gough  
And make ready the whole of a caught!"

"The Wild Rose of Hoboken" was begun in No. 5 of "THE JUDGE." Back numbers may be obtained of any first-class newsdealer.

THE WILD ROSE OF HOBOKEN

(Hoboken is opposite New York);

OR,

The Fatal Gift of Beauty.

A THRILLING STORY OF OUR EPOCH.

BY JEPER JAMES.

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CHAPTER I—(Continued).

THE Wild Rose of Hoboken stood on the bluff, looking wistfully toward the great city.

I might as well state that the great city here mentioned is New York. (See title.)

She had just wiped the pellucid tear from her azure eye—before more particularly described—when the sound of oars greeted her ears.

She started!

"Ah! 'tis he!" she cried, and she strained her azure eyes in the direction of the sound.

How her tender young heart did beat; but it was doomed to disappointment.

She caught sight of the boat and the rower.

It was only a lone colored fisherman visiting his eel-pots! Alas!

She wiped another pellucid tear from her azure eye, and hove another ragged sigh.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE "County Democracy" superintended the labor of the political mountain, but after all it only brought forth "Mike" Norton.

It is an old saying that "one-half of the world does not know what the other half is doing." If it doesn't it isn't the fault of the first half. This is official.

WHEN a man is spoken of as having a life position in a government office, it may be construed to mean that he would die if it were taken away from him.

"OH, they knocked me out, did they? Whoop!" cries John Kelly, flourishing his bit of a stick while performing his triumphant jig.

IF "Billy the Kid" had only come to New York instead of going to the far west, he might have been a civil justice now instead of being a disagreeable body filled with bullets.

A METEOROLOGICAL inquiry from livery-stable keepers: Vennor we going to have sleighing?

"EXPERIENCE is a dear teacher." For terms of tuition, etc., inquire in person.

THE man who claimed the world owed him a living is slowly collecting the debt. He is a tramp.

No man can claim to be a true journalist until he has learned to gracefully dip the paste brush into the inkstand.

THE man who says he stays away from church Sundays to read, just as likely as not goes a-fishing. There are "books in running brooks," you know.

WHEN a Chinaman refers to his sweetheart as "dovey," he may be said to speak in "pigeon" English.

THE JUDGE has lived long enough to realize that gossip is cheap as dirt, and oftentimes as dirty as cheap.

GEORGE WASHINGTON could not tell a lie, so he became the father of his country in view of the fact that he was unfit for the position of canvasser.

"YES," said Young Spendthrift, who gets all his money from his mother, "I will go up and see the 'golden hen.'" "The golden goose would be a much better name," quoth Jenkins, who was standing near.

"To look pretty," says a philosophical galant, "is the duty of every woman," and THE JUDGE notices that the majority of feminines neglect all other duties to attend to this special one.

"THERE'S a sigh and a song of the weary,  
Hard times, hard times, come again no more,  
Many days you have lingered"—  
Few dollars we have fingered;  
And your credit is defunct at  
The corner grocery store.

—LUSH AND LUNCH.

THE logic of events occasionally evolves the contingent of prophecy.

THE husband of the gushing bride who wanted to go to housekeeping in a leghorn "flat," is now hunting for straw bail.

EASY glides a lie from the tip of an oily tongue.

"THAT'S hymn!" exclaimed the church soprano, as she pointed to a chants acquaintance.

PUMPS that are always dry: those used by dancers.

"SMITHKINS has plenty of mother wit."  
—Ex.

"Grandmother wit," we should think, from the age of his jokes.

## GOOD ENOUGH.

"O WOMAN, in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy and hard to please—"

## I.

"I'm very sure," she sobbed, "you love me not."  
"Why so?" quoth I; "say, precious little pet."  
"Because," she naively answered, "you've forgot  
To tell me so, and lovers don't forget."

## II.

Ah, then I kissed her lips, and cheek, and brow,  
And hugged her closely to my Sunday vest;  
At last released—"There, that will do just now,"  
She blushing said; "why, you beat all the rest!"

—DOLLY DAWDLE.

## INCLINED THAT WAY.

## A STORY FOR BACHELORS.

BY "BRICKTOP."

TOFT MCGUDGEON dreamed dreams "all wool and a yard wide" that night.

At last—and with only a little trouble, too—he had managed to get upon the downy side of fortune; at last he was about to marry an heiress and become independent of the work-a-day life he had been living for fifty years. Why had he not thought of it before?

That morning at the breakfast table he fairly beamed. His fellow-boarders noticed it, and wondered what had happened to him.

His landlady, Mrs. Wax, noticed it, but she *knew* what had happened to him.

As a general thing he was gruff or wholly silent at the table, but now he actually scintillated with good humor and talked cheerfully on the various topics of the day.

The boarders reasoned among themselves regarding the wonder, and finally came to the conclusion that he had lately fallen heir to a fortune, feeling certain that nothing short of money in considerable quantities could bring about such a change.

They noticed it at the store, but of course they all knew the secret. And he knew that they had all seen him out walking with the heiress, and rather expected to be chaffed a little on account of it. But he felt so good that he could stand that sort of thing. Indeed, he felt that they would all know it sooner or later, and so there was no use of fighting very shy.

But Mr. Tripper, his employer, was the first to say anything about the matter.

"McGudgeon, I was never so surprised in my life as I was yesterday. Why, you have been working for me twenty-five years, and I never so much as heard of your even squinting at a woman; but there I saw you like a beau of twenty, tripping along with a butterfly on your arm, bright as a flower in early spring. What does it mean?"

"Oh, well, it is never too late to mend, you know," replied McGudgeon, smiling and trying to blush.

"Ah! then you have an idea of mending, have you?" asked Mr. Tripper, smiling.

"Well, to tell you the truth, sir, I have; I am tired of living alone."

"What!"

"And I am tired of working year after year for just enough to rub-and-go on."

"What is that you say? Have you con-

cluded to give up work?" asked Mr. Tripper, going towards him, with a look of anxiety.

"I have, sir," he replied, calmly.

"And she—"

"She has sufficient for us both."

Mr. Tripper gave a prolonged whistle.

"An heiress, eh?"

"Yes, sir. But you don't blame me, do you, sir?"

"But it is so—so devilish sudden. Why, who would ever have thought that even a fortune would have influenced you towards it, if it was held by a woman? Going to get married, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"And settle down?"

McGudgeon nodded.

"But are you going to leave my employ?"

"Yes, sir, for I think I have worked long enough. If I can marry a fortune it is much better than slaving all my days and then not to get one."

"Actually going to leave me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why, Mack, I shan't know how to get along without you. You have been with me ever since I started business."

"I know it, sir, and I have no fault to find, only that it is right for a man to do better whenever he has an opportunity, even if he has to become a Benedick."

"Well, yes, but—"

"So you may as well look out for another book-keeper," he said, dipping his pen into the ink.

"When do you propose to change?"

"In just one month from to-day, sir."

"Whew! Well, that *is* sudden, I must say. Who would have thought it?" and the old merchant went back into his private office bowed and thoughtful, while McGudgeon returned to his books, glad that the ice had been so easily broken.

Tom Tripper was called in and told the news.

"We must look out for another book-keeper," said the old gentleman, "for Mack is going to marry a fortune and leave us."

"Well, dad, I wouldn't bother about it until the danger gets a trifle more threatening," said Tom, with a peculiar twinkle in his eye.

"What do you mean? Hasn't he just told me that he is going to leave us?"

"On account of marrying a fortune?"

"Certainly. What are you laughing at, sir?"

"I was not laughing, sir."

"I say you was. What do you know about the matter, anyhow?" he demanded, sternly.

"Nothing much."

"Nothing much! Do you know the lady he is going to marry?"

"Yes, I have met her once or twice."

"Is she rich?"

"She says she is."

Old Mr. Tripper looked steadfastly at his rapid son for a moment, and from something he saw in his expression he made up his mind that he knew more than he admitted.

"Tom, you are an ass. Keep a sharp lookout for a book-keeper to take Mc's place," he finally said, waving him from the room.

"The old fool," he mused, after being left

alone, "if he had come to me I would have doubled his salary rather than to have parted with him. But what the devil was Tom laughing at?"

The entrance of a brother merchant drove the conundrum from his mind for the time.

During the day Tom Tripper and several of the salesmen took occasion to congratulate McGudgeon on the swell he cut the day before, and upon the escort of such a charming young lady. He took it all in good part, neither admitting or denying that there was a likelihood of anything serious coming out of the affair, although the smile he wore gave him dead away.

But was there ever a Paradise without a cactus in it? Was there ever a rose without one or more thorns? Well, somehow, not frequently.

Just before finishing the labors of the day—and what a joyful day it had been to him in his mind!—Toft McGudgeon received a letter.

It read as follows:

DEAR SIR: Do not go too far with Clara Queen. I saw you walking with her yesterday, and she appeared to be spread for conquest; you seemed to be swallowing the bait. She pretends to be wealthy, but she isn't worth the clothes on her back. She is an adventuress, who has been felled so many times in getting a rich husband that she has at last become desperate, and is bound to take up with a poor one rather than none at all. The woman she boards with is capping for her, hoping to get hunk on a long board bill, and gives her the use of her parlor, etc.; allowing her to call it her house, and to order the servants around as though they were her own. Why, even your landlady, Mrs. Wax, knows this to be true, and if you doubt what I am writing, ask her. I trust you have not gone far enough to give her a hold upon you, for she is desperate, and wouldn't hesitate to sue you for breach of promise. Back water and get away from the rocks as far as possible is the advice of a friend by the name of

"ST SMITH.

"P. S.—I can make good all I have said, and in case she has the grape-vine twist on you I will come to the front.

ST S."

Mrs. Wax wrote that letter, but she got a friend to copy it.

After reading it he staggered and fell back into a chair.

What a rude awakening! What a fall from the balloon of bliss that he had been sailing in all that day! Could it be possible? Wasn't it, after all, a disagreeable turn in the dream he had been luxuriating in all these hours?

And Mrs. Wax knew all about her, did she?

Confound Mrs. Wax; he would never go to her to find out; he would sift the matter himself, and know whether he was about to be taken in or not.

Clara Queen a fraud! Could it be?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FROM what we hear of patent medicines, when one looks at one of these "Before and After Using" cuts, it is rather doubtful sometimes which is which.

A GOOD name is better than riches, we are told. John Smith may be a pretty good name, but we'll take the riches, please.

"No, gentlemen; I never drink," said the man with his feet crossed and his elbows on the bar. And as he spoke these words—he smiled.



THE KING'S WHINE.

[In imitation of Thomas Bailey Aldrich.]

THE small green seal, on labeled bottles stuck,  
Proved that the vintage was no common truck—  
And all who sipped it thought themselves in luck.

So night by night carousers clinked and drank,  
Some ample-pouched, and others tall and lank,  
Quaffed muddling nectar 'til their senses sank.

And he, the merry monarch of the feast,  
Sat on his throne, an incarnate beast;  
Drunk as a lord—to say the very least.

He feebly whined: "Come, set 'em up, old fel"—  
Then tumbled from his throne (so boon companions tell)  
Awful light-headed for a heavy swell.

—ERRATIC ENRIQUE.

Lo, the Gentle Restauranter!

THE JUDGE has one in his mind now, Horatio, and his career is a bright example of what rich results come from a proper mixture of a knowledge of human nature with business will do. He is a Frenchman. He landed here about five years ago and at once started a little *tab. d'hote* restaurant on a cheap down-town street. His customers were few, and mostly Americans, but he studied them close. He sized and weighed them all up, so to speak, and then used his own judgment in serving them. For instance, if a young man came in for a fifty-cent dinner, which included a bottle of *vin d'ordinaire*, he would say to himself: "This man lives at a cheap boarding-house, where the only luxuries he receives are his turkey and ice cream for dinner on Sundays; I'll astonish him," and forthwith he proceeds to do so in the politest manner. Soups, fish, beef *a la mode*, pig's head, and a bit of strong, tasty cheese as a finisher. The customer is astonished, and brings others to him, of course. So with an overfed man with a poor stomach. He judges what he has been feeding on all these years, and goes to the other extreme, giving him tempting tid-bits which delight him, and he brings his friends. So the business went on until his little restaurant was not large enough for it. He presently moved to a larger one, where he pursued the same policy, and not a year ago he became the proprietor of a grand *cafe* up-town, where he is making a fortune, and all because he knows how to tickle people's stomachs in an original way.



CAPTAIN OF "A" Co.: "Present arms! Oh, that'll never do, never do, Mr. Chubb; the piece must be held perpendicular, and within three inches of the line of the face."



THE SHOOTING SEASON.  
OWNER OF PREMISES: "Hold on here; can't you read?"

A Model Collector.

If you have a creditor whom you have given up as hopeless, wait a little. There is Bill Nash, who never fails, they say, and from what we saw the other day we guess it is so. He is a tall, ugly-looking customer, and whether he ever loses a case or not, he certainly never refuses one.

We were dining in an eating-house the other day, the proprietor of which has a bad reputation for owing people small amounts. Bill strode into the place about one o'clock, when it was full of customers, and the proprietor stood behind his desk, all smiles and good nature, raking shekels into his money-drawer. Bill approached him slowly.

"Mr. Blank?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir."

"Ah!" and he proceeded to draw forth a huge pocket-book. "I have a little bill here due Tom Jones, for cash lent some time ago, and—"

"Can't 'tend to that to-day; too busy. Come around some other time," said Blank, sharply.

"Hey?" asked Bill, pretending to be deaf, and so Blank had to repeat it so loud that everybody in the saloon looked up, greatly to his disgust.

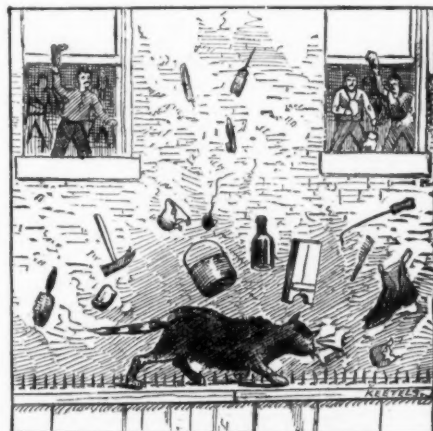
"You have told that story twenty times, but it won't go down this time," said he in a loud tone. "Hey?" he added, as Blank attempted to quiet him.

It was no go, however. Bill pretended to be deaf, and like all deaf men spoke very loud, while Blank had to maintain the same tone. At one time he looked as though moved to throw him into the street, but when he sized up that herculean collector, he concluded not to do it, and as he continued to talk he finally paid the bill, and the triumphant Bill lowered his voice and went out with a smile that was harmless and bland.

Kelly With His War Club.

FERNANDO WOOD, after his re-election to Congress last year, delivered a speech at a meeting of the General Committee of Tammany Hall, in which he said that the time would come when some of the more prominent deserters from the organization would be glad to return to the Wigwam. He hoped, he

added, that at such a time, men who had always been true to Tammany would stand at the head of the stairs with clubs and beat back the renegades, who deserved no mercy. The result of the recent election, in which Tammany succeeded in securing the Democratic lion's share of the offices voted for, may give John Kelly the opportunity now of laying in a large stock of clubs for the statesmen who go the way the political winds blow. Kelly, with a club in his hand, beating back the Falstaffian Hubert O. Thompson, who seems to claim the shoes once worn by William M. Tweed; ex-Mayor Cooper, the plucked goose; rosy-faced Tom Costigan, editor of the musical department of the *City Record*, and "plain Jimmy" Oliver, is by no means an improbable picture of the future. Kelly has been spat upon and ground in the mud so long by the men whose pocket-books were fattened by him, and who, under the guise of Democratic reformers, drove him out of power, that it must be a pleasant thing for him at last to shake the mud from his hair and beard. Brandishing a club, and shrieking the war cry of Tammany, he may again be contemplated by peaceful citizens, who may not grieve if he does dance through the so-called county Democracy, striking a head now and then.



Bouquets hurled at the unappreciated prima donna of the back yard fence.

"My Wife's Mother is going rapidly."—  
Publisher. How many other men are there who wish they could say the same thing?

"We didn't know it was loaded."

J. S. HUSTED.  
W. W. ASTOR.

"MAN'S work is from sun to sun, but women's work is never done"—by them.

A WAIL from that step-ladder:—"Who threw that brick?"

A SUGGESTION: For President in 1884—  
"Mike" Norton. Always take up a winner.

THE latest pathetic song is entitled: "The Toes are Peeping-Out of Sister's Shoes."

THE ideas of a shrewd, practical man are milestones on the road to certain success, if you can only carry them out.



### THEATRICAL BRIEFS.

*May it please Your Honor:*

In view of certain evidence, pictorial and otherwise, recently submitted to me by the celebrated Professor Charles Collins, an expert of great fame and reputation, I am obliged to report that the sole and exclusive right of Mr. D'Oyly Carte to produce, present, and perform the comic operetta entitled "Patience," were grossly infringed upon on Monday last, by one Rice. The said Rice is a gifted young man of Bostonian origin, who, having reduced divers musical compositions by Verdi, Donizetti, Rossini, and the like to a plain, straightforward hand-organ level, called them, in the aggregate, "Evangeline," and thereupon became The American Composer, *par excellence*.

The said Rice, after many and several experiences of a financial character, has taken one more stride in the direction of absolute insolvency, and become an operative manager. He has induced several worthy persons of middle age and quavering voice to join him in his nefarious designs, and began, upon Monday night aforesaid, to obtain money upon the false pretense of playing, performing, and producing the said opera of Patience with the connivance, complicity, and aid of certain ex-residents of the Old Ladies' Home and several veterans of the war of 1812.

Among these is one Gustavus, or "Gus" Hall, to whose sad case I venture incidentally to invite the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Human Animals. The said Gustavus or "Gus" Hall is an estimable old gentleman of many, many years' standing, who is mentioned by historians of the reign of George the Third as having had a soft voice in the preceding century, which had been the pride and glory of at least two foregoing generations of Englishmen.

Within the last hundred years, Gustavus or "Gus" Hall aforesaid, has not actually sung a note, but has, on the contrary, practiced with much industry and acumen at all the bars known to the jurisprudence—and others—of these United States. Whence it clearly follows that to drag him out of the comfortable shelter of oblivion and put him up in the alleged part of the Colonel in Patience, to be laughed at, sneered at, flouted, jeered at, gnyed, ridiculed, contemned, scorned, denounced, abused, and perhaps, even, hissed at, is an act of monstrous cruelty on the part of Edward Evangeline Rice aforesaid, which should be punished, even, if necessary, to the extreme limit of compelling the said E. E. Rice to sing in public one of his own compositions.

In respect to the Union Square Theater, it becomes

my duty to report that Frau Janauschek did, to the satisfaction of many eminent German barbers, beer-sellers, coroners and other owners of Spitz dogs, perform during the week past, in a certain play, so-called, entitled, "The Doctor of Lima." As far as I can depend for reliable information upon the testimony of one Ezekiel Chamberlain, door-keeper of the Union Square Theater, the author, writer, and composer of the said play, farce, or comedy aforesaid, is one Salmi Morse, who, it is alleged, recently founded a comic opera upon the Divine Passion of Jesus of Nazareth, which was prevented from being produced on the stage of Booth's Theater, simply and solely by the exasperated piety of the Board of Aldermen. There is reason to apprehend, however, that Ezekiel Chamberlain aforesaid, does not know the meaning or value of an oath, seeing that he is a very prodigal in respect to profanity, wasting his execrations on the most trivial and unimportant matters. Whence we may reasonably conclude that the said Salmi-of-Mount-of-Olives Morse did not write the play, farce, or comedy, entitled "The Doctor of Lima."

Having, at the risk of much injury to life and reason, attended a performance of the play, farce, or comedy aforesaid, I have to report that nothing more remarkable has been seen upon the stage of any theater in the world. The gifted gentleman whose great drama had a tremendously prolonged run of one consecutive night at the Academy of Music three years ago, has been out-plotted, out-dialogued, out-situated, and altogether out-twaddled and out-rolled by the other gifted gentleman whom Ezekiel Chamberlain, aforesaid, persists in identifying as Mr. Salmi-of-Pontius-Pilate and Mount-of-Olives Morse. It is a play which can be witnessed by the most eminent lunatics at present confined in Bloomingdale without a twinge of envy. In short, no professional idiot, no matter how talented in respect to incoherence and imbecility, would feel any sentiment after observing its performance other than one of almost divine compassion for the inspired ass who wrote it.

It is with real pleasure that I pass from a consideration of this painful subject to a review of the case of Edward Harrigan and Anthony Hart, who are at present occupied in giving certain theatrical performances in a new and commodious establishment situated within a six-mile radius of the New York Hotel. The said Harrigan and the said Hart, it seems, have long been accomplices and conspirators together against the peace and dignity of the people of this city and county especially, and of the people of all cities and counties generally. Aided and abetted by divers comedians, minstrels, soubrettes and other professional enemies of sadness and melancholy, Harrigan and Hart, aforesaid, have been engaged for several weeks in shattering the gravity and dissipating the vest-buttons of some of the most exemplary residents of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City. Notably has this been the case of the junior defendant, the said Anthony Hart, who, being the soul of good nature and amiability, has frequently been promised a large and popular funeral by his many friends. At the same time, I would respectfully suggest that the said Hart be compelled to explain, under oath, the fact that he was present at a matinee performance of *Patience* at the Standard Theater on Saturday afternoon last.

It gives me great pleasure to report in the case of the young man calling himself Augustin Daly and professing to be at one and the same time the son-in-law of John Duff, Esq., and manager of the Broadway Theater, that the said Daly has not been left, in a pecuniary sense, by the *Passing Regiment*. On the contrary, the *Passing Regiment* is a comedy of much intrinsic humor, and is admirably, almost faultlessly, played by the excellent company which the said so-called Augustin Daly has gathered about him—to the great pecuniary profit, benefit and advantage of Augustin Daly, so-called, as aforesaid.

In conclusion, I desire most respectfully to call the attention of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children to a very sad and deserving case. It seems that a pale, frail and delicate infant, Thomas or "Tom" Wyatt by name, has been cruelly compelled, night after night, to go through certain comical and gymnastic performances, in the Park Theater, by three heartless and unfeeling brethren, the Hanlon-Lees, by virtue of a second baptism, to-wit: The said infant, Wyatt, has, during the week, become incapacitated and disabled, and can no longer jump, dance, stride or perform the many difficult tricks or exploits which he

was compelled to perform, while in a condition to do so, by the said Hanlon-Lees. Any young lady of beauty and fortune desirous of adopting and rescuing from a life of ignoble servitude and drudgery one of the most beautiful blue-eyed children ever offered to practical sympathy will do well to give poor little Thomas or "Tom" aforesaid an early call.

Mr. Haverly realizes that young blood tells. One of the most popular and efficient treasurers of any of our city theaters is Mr. Wm. Black, of Haverly's Fifth Avenue Theater, and Mr. Black, we believe, isn't twenty-five yet.

THE REFEREE.

### NONSENSE VERSES.

If you were a jubalong juko,  
And I were a tialollee,  
And you sailed o'er the maddening tuko,  
While I strolled by the Kindamaree,

Then I'd wreathe sweet molung for your tresses,  
And I'd strew mynkilos 'neath your feet,  
And we'd sit where the sunshine e'er blesses  
The lyn where the colyots meet.

Then we'd sing of the Komyrotynos,  
Which bloom by the side of the San,  
And the wings of the Djinnns and the Jynns,  
Which the brow of the fongatos fan.

We would whirl a tomkit to the zephyr,  
And smile a cylindrical smile,  
And write a weird hymn to a heifer,  
Or a ballad in Gilbert's best style.

THE clock struck eleven. Myrtle and Billy were standing in the hallway, her arms twined about him in the ecstasy of love. "And you will love me always, Billy?" Myrtle said, softly. "Yes, my precious one, forever and ever." "And when shall we be married?" came in low, dulcet tones from the girl, as her head nestled confidently above his liver-pad. Now was Colonel Billy's longed-for opportunity. Two years before, Myrtle had laughed a merry, heartless laugh when he had seated himself in a pie at a picnic. Drawing himself up proudly, he said, while a lemon-like smile fitted over his clear-cut features, "Yes, I will marry you, Myrtle." "But when?" pleaded the girl. "When the Washington monument is completed," he answered; and with a hollow, mocking laugh, he fled into the darkness, leaving her in the front hall, alone and desolate.—*Chicago Tribune*.

EDWIN BOOTH has introduced new "business" into Hamlet. We are glad of it. We trust he will so improve the play that a man won't feel like a funeral procession for two weeks after he sees it. A little acrobatic song and dance, with local "gags," is the great need of Hamlet in order to give it a relish to the average play-goer.—*Peck's Sun*.

### WHIFFS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

H. P. S.—Didn't you forget to inclose the ballad you speak of?  
W. V. T.—Accepted.

C. F. C.—We shall scatter them for the present.

PAUL FORD.—We cannot afford to print it.

"DICK."—You will have to appeal to a higher court. It lacks originality, point and snap.

H. M. W.—Hand up your briefs.

TO AN OHIOAN.—THE JUDGE does not like "American Flunkies." Catch on?

"CRESCENT."—Respectfully handed back with costs.

SIDNEY REID.—Mr. Reid, you should learn to write, unless it is your mission to exasperate as many editors as possible. Your things may be very good, but we will wager that no one knows them but yourself, if even you can read the writing now that it is cold. Indeed, your "copy" is so bad that it paralyzed an old typo who used to set that of Horace Greeley without trouble.

"POOR TOM."—If your wife kicks you out of bed, get into another one or lie on the floor. Never show temper or resentment for trifles like that. Neither would THE JUDGE counsel you to use a club upon her. Remember, "He who raises his hand to a woman, save in an act of kindness, is a wretch whom it were base flattery to call a coward." No, never strike a woman—kicking is so much more effective.

"BOSTONIAN."—You are mistaken. Eli Perkins is not a comic writer. He is simply a liar.

C. W.—Make your briefs as brief as possible, for life is short, and THE JUDGE wishes to hear as many good cases as possible each week.





### Our Original Norristown Budget.

WE see no reason why the press and general public should make so much fun of those namby-pamby youths called "lardy-dars." They fill a niche in the moving world, and only think how valuable they are to the paragraphers.

A NIAGARA FALLS hackman was recently robbed of seventeen dollars. And yet we are told that there is honor among thieves.

THE front doors of William H. Vanderbilt's new house, it is said, cost \$25,000. It is evidently an easy task to keep the wolf from such doors; but, if the Bible is true, a man whose front doors cost only two dollars and a half, stands a better chance than Mr. V. of getting through the golden gate guarded by St. Peter.

A NEW YORK physician says that there have died in New York, within a few years, three excellent clergymen, all of whom would now be alive had they not used tobacco. This paragraph should be cut out and sent to that old gentleman who, at the age of ninety-eight, is still using tobacco. Twenty-five years hence he may be the subject of a similar remark.

A SOUTHERN paper speaks of a curious phenomenon in the shape of "a shower of stones." If there was a Scotchman playing the weird and unearthly bagpipes in the neighborhood, no further explanation is necessary. Such a phenomenon, under the same provocation, is of frequent occurrence.

"Six thousand boxes of axle grease were sold in Madagascar by an American vessel last fall, and yet there isn't a wheeled vehicle in the whole island." If the Madagascar people used the axle grease for butter, they are guilty of a wild piece of extravagance. Oleomargarine is plenty good enough for 'em

A CELEBRATED physician says every man ought to take a nap immediately after eating. Young Smikes acted upon this advice, and went to sleep in the office the other day after dinner, and his employer coming in an hour later, and finding his clerk asleep, gave him a severe punch in the ribs with his cane, and told him his services were no longer needed. It is not always best to take the free prescriptions prescribed by celebrated physicians.

ENGRAVING on wood, it is stated, was practiced in China many centuries before it was known or used in America. It appears that about the only things that were known in China many centuries before they were practiced in this country were a couple of secrets in political economy—*i. e.*, saving \$25,000 a year out of a salary of \$3,000, and failing for \$150,000, paying ten cents on the dollar, and retiring from business with a fortune of \$500,000.

A CONNECTICUT barber can breathe for a time without the use of mouth or nostrils, as "communication is kept up between his lungs and the atmosphere through his ears." He's not much of an improvement over the ordinary barber, however. What the male portion of this free and enlightened Republic yearn for is a barber that can suspend breathing altogether while shaving a man—especially if the tonsorial artist is addicted to onions, sauerkraut and beer.

GAIL HAMILTON is said to be writing the reminiscences of her girlhood. The rumor that the first chapter opens with, "In the year 1724, when the writer was a girl of twelve years," strikes truth in a vital spot. She was not over six years old at the time.

"A NORTH CAROLINA colony is meditated which shall be free from beer saloons, churches, ministers and lawyers." The projectors, we presume, are journalists, but the idea, we fear, is impracticable. Journalists would not miss the beer saloons, but they must have churches.

A GERMAN philosopher, who has been experimenting as to the influence of intellectual labor upon the circulation of the blood, says that the greater the mental labor the greater the pulsations of the heart. Hence it may be inferred that writing humorous paragraphs decreases rather than increases the heart beats, as there is no mental effort connected with such labor.

Now that the cold, dreary winter is close upon us, and many of the necessaries of life are fifty per cent. higher than they were last year at this time, it must afford our worthy poor a great deal of satisfaction and comfort to know that Mrs. John Jacob Astor made a recent purchase of a pair of Japanese bronze vases at a cost of \$40,000, and an antique cabinet for \$5,000. When the gaunt wolf Hunger is gnawing at the vitals of a poor family, and the wind is howling dismally around their cheerless home, let them turn their thoughts to Mrs. Astor's purchases, and be happy and contented—if they can. W.

A HOMELY young lady never finds fault with her photograph when it makes her look as handsome as a professional beauty, but if it is a perfect likeness she insists upon sitting again.

### Newspaper Clowns and Claqueurs.

IN its issue of April, 1879, more than two-and-a-half years ago, one of the best known of American monthlies savagely knuckle-rapped "the evident tendency in domestic newspaper literature to drift into clownish journalism." The most pointed allusions were those made to professional jokers (?), who were, even then, spinning out an interminable hank of retail paragram, snide conundrums, treacle compliments, mutual back-scratchings, and like spasms of the overdone funny business. And the name of such, this Honorable Court is sorry to acknowledge, has become Egregian. Humorists are supposed to be those who utter *original* droll conceits. A writer may be a wag and never a wit. Moreover, he can be either or both without being a blank dashed idiot. THE JUDGE wants no monkeying in his. He has space and cash for good rollicking fun and timely satire from scribes of merit, whether they have mere local fame or wide repute; and he also has a supreme contempt for any editor that spreads a taffy column before his helpless, outraged readers, or who continually blows his own tooter at the expense of a brother's self-respect. His Honor would, in all kindness, try to save these inveterate fools from their vulgar folly. They are paid to supply news and bona-fide entertainment, not swash and paragraphic flim-flam. Witness the irrepressible jackanapes of the *Silver City Sporter*. This fellow rushes into frigid type with the gratuitous announcement that S. Arsap Arilla of the *Spankboard Herald* (he who last propounded the slug-worm interrogation: "What was it the pavement?") is the greatest jester this country has ever produced since Charles Farrar Browne was A. Ward-ed distinction. The italics are ours, the puff a fair sample of much-to-be-despised provincial buffoonery. Then, S. Arsap Arilla readeth what is printed, and findeth himself mightily exalted thereat, and sucketh greedily at the fraternal caramel, and lifteth his voice and Faber in gratitude, and lo and behold! he telleth *his* little, narrow world in the very next handful of the *Spankboard Herald*, that Priggs of the *Silver City Sporter* is "a second Tom Hood, an Ingoldsby resurrected, Charles Lamb in duplicate (no doubt meaning a doubled-up mutton-head), and, in brief, the most sparkling writer since grim death boned all that was mortal of Douglas Jerrold." Then this bosh and cackle is blue-penciled and mailed broadcast for the delectation of a crew of trained *claqueurs*, who in turn are plentifully daubed with fluent saponine.

Thus the reciprocity farce is played to a yawning audience of "old subscribers," who cheat themselves into the belief that they are not cheated when flour, potatoes and sanctum fuel are swapped for such editorial twaddle. Yet contrary ruleth His Honor.



SNEAKING OUT OF A GRE



JUDGE.



GRAT RESPONSIBILITY.

**"There's Nothing Succeeds Like Success."**

"There's nothing succeeds like success,"

Said the old man, counting his gold;  
"There's nothing succeeds like success."  
Said the young man, eager and bold,  
As soon as the old man was buried  
And the sum of his wealth was told!

No foolish young spendthrift was he,  
But keen, with a well-balanced head;  
Successful on land and on sea,  
A chip of the old block, all said;  
But so busy planning and scheming,  
Had no time to court or to wed.

"There's nothing succeeds like success,"  
While hoarding his wealth, he would say;  
But he had no children to bless  
Or advise when he had grown gray,  
And when very old, without warning,  
Grim Death snatched the rich man away!

And from far and near came the heirs—  
Nephews and cousins—to apply  
For the moneys, chattels and wares  
The scheming old man had laid by,  
When appeared a young widow, saying:  
"His wife, sirs, I was on the sly!"

With her lawyers she came to the court  
In her weeds, all grief and distress:  
Against her it could not report,  
But gave her the right to possess;  
Then the happy young widow exclaimed:  
"There's nothing succeeds like success!"

—W. V. T.

**OUR POPULAR FARCES.**

**OUR JURYMEN.**

REPORTED BY "ED."

*Scene—Court room upon the occasion of the trial of a popular murderer.*

**CHARACTERS:**

COUNSEL FOR THE PROSECUTION, COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE, JUDGE AND A VARIOUS ARRAY OF HUMANITY SUMMONED TO SERVE ON THE JURY. FIRST NAME, RICHARD McNEIL, CALLED BY JUDGE.

*C. F. P.*—Your name is McNeil?

*McNeil.*—Yes, sir.

*C. F. P.*—Have you stated an opinion about the case?

*McNeil.*—No, sir.

*C. F. P.*—Have you read any newspaper reports of the case, and if so, did they prejudice you one way or another?

*McNeil.*—No, sir, I never read newspapers.

*C. F. P.*—Why not?

*McNeil.*—Never see a newspaper.

*C. F. D.*—(Here arises).

*C. F. D.*—Do you mean to say, Mr. McNeil, that the case is foreign to you—that you have not heard of it at all?

*McNeil.*—I haven't, sir. I have been working upon the Elevated Railroad for the last year, sir; we never hear anything; we haven't time to eat, much less read newspapers and discuss murders. Sixteen hours' labor a day causes a man to lose all interest in public affairs.

[MR. McNEIL is accepted as a juror. MR. ISRAEL ISAACS, from Chatham street, is next called. MR. ISAACS, in reply to the questions put to him, states that he has formed no opinion; will give a conscientious

verdict, "S'elp him, Moses!" Is about to be accepted, when C. F. P. interposes.]

*C. F. P.*—Mr. Isaacs, you keep a clothing store, I believe?

*Mr. Isaacs.*—Yes, I vas. Id vas dem finest in de land. I vill sell you a seal-skin overcoat, varrant not to break, tear or wear, for dwelve shillings. I vas de—

*C. F. P.*—That will do. I object to your eligibility as a juror.

*Mr. Isaacs.*—Why?

*C. F. P.*—Four years ago you sold defendant's brother a cherry-colored vest. Didn't you?

*Mr. Isaacs.*—Mine gracious, I believe I did. I remember those sherry-colored vests. Dey vas made owit auf baber muslin, und I vas lose sixpence on efery vest.

*C. F. P.*—You see, Mr. Isaacs admits having business transactions with one of the defendant's blood relatives. Naturally, if for only the sake of his business interests, he will be biased towards defendant. I decidedly object to such a juror.

[The objection is sustained. MR. ISAACS leaves gleelessly. MR. WILLIAM SILLY is next called. The usual questions as to whether he has formed an opinion of the case are put.]

*Mr. Silly.*—No, I h'aint. He! he!

*C. F. P.*—Haven't you read about it?

*Mr. Silly.*—No, I hain't. He! he!

*C. F. D.*—Or conversed about it?

*Mr. Silly.*—No, I hain't. He! he!

*C. F. P.*—Or formed any private opinion?

*Mr. Silly.*—No, I hain't. He! he!

*C. F. P.*—Why not?

*Mr. Silly.*—Because I've been in an idiot asylum for five years. He! he! And ma says she's going to send me back for five years more. He! he!

[MR. SILLY is accepted as a competent juror, and is carefully conducted by his nurse, who is present, to the jury-box and provided with a toy monkey upon a stick to keep him quiet.]

HANS PRETZEL next called. Hans appears. Questions put to Hans.

*Hans.*—Nicht fer stay. Nein sprechen sie English.

*C. F. D.*—What do you say?

*Hans.*—Nein sprechen sie English.

*C. F. D.*—Oh, I see. You cannot speak English?

*Hans.*—Nein.

*C. F. D.*—Do you understand English?

*Hans (hopelessly).*—Nein. (He also follows the negative with a volley of sentences in Low German. THE COURT INTERPRETER is called to the rescue.)

*Court Interpreter.*—He says he can't speak English, cannot understand English, and has only been a week in the country.

*C. F. D.*—Just the man we want.

*C. F. P.*—Precisely. (HANS is accepted.)

SOLOMON STICK is called. Upon being interrogated he pantomimes expressively.

*C. F. D.*—What ails him?

*C. F. P.*—Can't you discern?

*C. F. D.*—No.

*C. F. P.*—He's deaf and dumb.

*C. F. D. (delightedly).*—Another man we

want. It would not be a bad idea to make him foreman, would it?

*C. F. P. (delightedly).*—No! I'll make a note to that effect.

[MR. T. DE LACY MACBETH is called. Mr. T. DE LACY MACBETH, a *solitaire stud*, fashionably dressed young man, languidly appears.]

*C. F. D.*—Have you expressed any idea in relation to the case, Mr. Macbeth?

*Mr. Macbeth.*—Naw—I nevah express any ideah in relation to anything.

*C. F. D.*—Why not?

*Mr. Macbeth.*—Because I nevah have any ideahs. It is deucedly low to have ideahs, you know.

*C. F. P.*—Have you read about it?

*Mr. Macbeth.*—Naw—I nevah wead about anything. It's deucedly low to wead. I—aw—pay my private secretary extwa to wead the papahs for me.

[MR. MACBETH is at once placed upon the jury. MR. HUGO HALLIGONIAN is then called.]

*Mr. Halligonian.*—You have made a mistake. My name is not Halligonian. It used to be before I was resurrected. But now I am King of the Air. I float upon clouds; I sail in the east wind and fill my pockets with stars. Will any gentleman here have a star?

*C. F. D.*—Do you know anything about the case?

*Mr. Halligonian.*—Hurrah, no! All I know about is the air! Hoop-la, I ride upon rainbows and dance upon eclipses. To-night I shall drive out behind two comets.

*C. F. P.*—Who is this man?

*Judge.*—A harmless lunatic, I believe, just escaped from Bellevue Hospital.

*C. F. P.*—Ah, he will be a perfectly eligible juror.

*C. F. D.*—Of course I am entirely willing to accept him.

[MR. HALLIGONIAN is tied to the jury-box so he won't get away, and the farce proceeds. Persons who have brains and understanding are of course rejected; finally, after two days' hard work, six more idiots—a PARK COMMISSIONER, TWO POETS, A WARD DETECTIVE, A COMIC ARTIST, AND THE PRESIDENT OF A NEWARK BANK—are added to the list. This fills the jury, and the case is ready for trial.]

[CURTAIN.]

THE "Emma Abbott kiss" proved a splendid advertising scheme, but having used it for all it is worth, she has now taken up another one that promises well. Her husband has sued a newspaper editor out west for saying that her conduct is indelicate in the bed-chamber scene of "Fra Diavola." If "Fra Diavola" don't draw well after this, we shall maintain that there is no virtue in ingenious advertising.

A PHILOSOPHER assures us that we double all the evils of our fate by dwelling on them. So if you chance to have a boil where you are liable to dwell on it when you sit down, don't sit down. You wouldn't want to double it, sure.



## OLD SHOES.

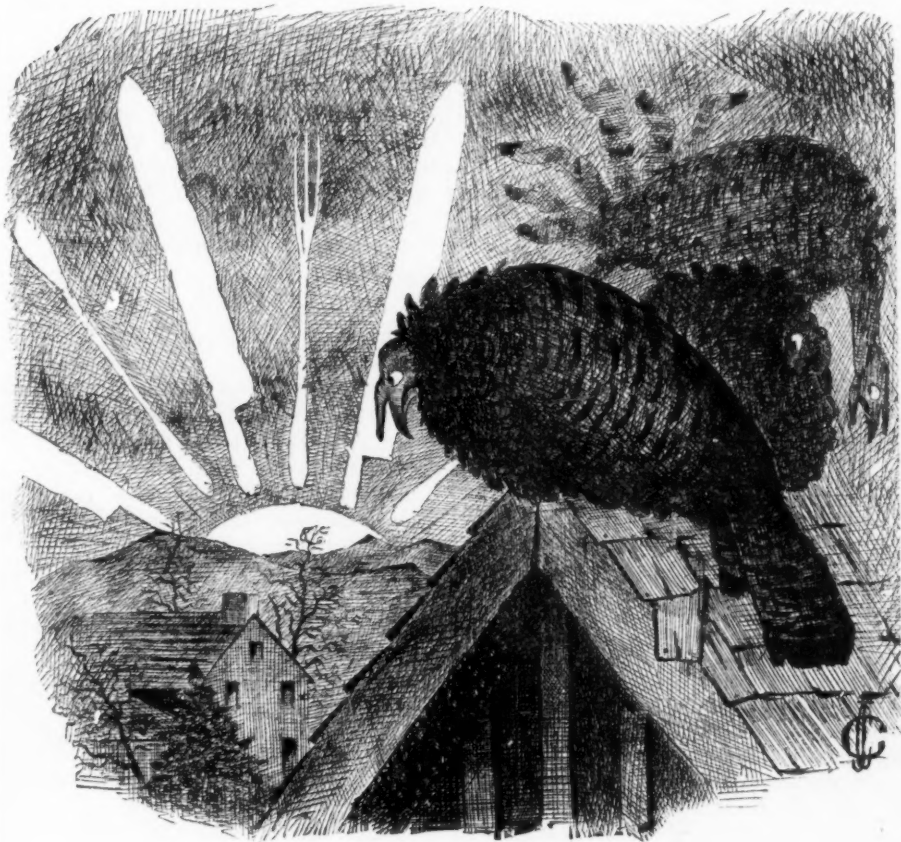
How much a man is like old shoes.  
 For instance, both a sole may lose;  
 Both have been tanned, both are made tight  
 By cobblers. Both get left and right.  
 Both need a mate to be complete,  
 And both are made to go on feet.  
 They both need healing; oft are sold,  
 And both in time turn all to mold.  
 With shoes the last is first; with men  
 The first shall be the last, and when  
 The shoes wear out they're mended new;  
 When men wear out they're men dead too.  
 They both are trod upon, and both  
 Will tread on others, nothing loath.  
 Both have their ties, and both incline,  
 When polished, in the world to shine.  
 And both peg out—and would you choose  
 To be a man or be his shoes?

—H. C. DODGE.

## The Fitzjoys' New Stove.

THE domestic economy of the Fitzjoy family seemed to demand a new cooking range. The cook-stove which had for years stood upon three legs and one piece of brick beneath the mantel-piece had become decrepit. The top was warped until its swelling undulations resembled the outlines of a smoothly running sea; the covers, every individual of them, were badly cracked; at least seven grates and three linings had been burned out and the heat had thinned the castings perceptibly. Mrs. Fitzjoy had declared over and over again that the oven was wholly unreliable. One day it would burn on the top, the next it would scorch the undercrusts, the third it would absolutely refuse to bake at all. Plainly the old stove, which had been the pride of the earlier housekeeping days, had served its time. Mr. Fitzjoy suggested that now, before Thanksgiving day, when its wealth of cooking was at hand, was the proper time to invest, and promised half a day from business to make the tour of the stove stores and buy the best there was in the market. The town was taken. To the astonishment of the Fitzjoys every stove-dealer in town had the best stove in the market. Such an accumulation of superlative cooking ranges had heretofore seemed impossible to them, but the facts were all on the side of the stove-dealers. Each and every separate range was the best. Did it have a hot-air closet underneath the oven? A convenience that was a necessity in every well-regulated family. The dinner could not only be kept warm in it for the belated business man, but instances of biscuits being baked in hot-air closets were numerous. Was there no hot-air closet beneath the oven? Such things were going out of style altogether; besides, science distinctly teaches that heat rises, and consequently could not descend to any hot-air closet. To tell the truth, most of the housekeepers who had bought ranges with hot-air closet attachments had been obliged to use such closets as refrigerators, or as mere receptacles for flat irons, stove-lifters and pokers.

Now science having settled the fact that heat rises, the shelf attachment to the pipe was the proper thing, as anybody with half an eye could see. The proper place to keep cold dinners warm was on the shelf, above the



MEDITATIONS.

stove, rather than in the closet underneath it. Was the fire-box small? Economy in fuel was thus assured beyond a doubt. Was the fire-box large? Thorough and rapid heating of the oven was assured, enabling the cooking to be dispatched with greater facility, thus proving conclusively that a large fire-box was the best and the cheapest. Was the oven capable of baking six pies on the top shelf, a turkey, three loaves of bread, a pot of beans, and a pudding below? Just the stove for a Thanksgiving or Christmas party. Was it only capable of doing half that amount at once? There was less space to heat, the cooking must necessarily be more uniform. Was the draft-damper of good size? The fire could be kindled in no time, or less, and the breakfast coffee boiling before Mrs. Fitzjoy took her hair out of the crimping pins. Was the draught-damper very small? An obvious advantage. Instead of the fuel skipping up the chimney in blaze and smoke, in a vain endeavor to warm up all out-doors, it would burn gently, and the fire would keep from one year's end to another. In fact, what was a defect in one stove was the most effective feature in another, and the Fitzjoys were in a worse muddle after their stove-shopping tour than they were before they began it. Finally, in a moment of desperation, Mr. Fitzjoy suggested that they draw lots between a dozen of the best patterns they had seen, and they did so, the lot falling on the very first stove they had examined. It was put up in their kitchen and worked to a charm; but every neighbor within two blocks was positively sure that it wasn't half so good a stove as the one they themselves were using.—*New Haven Register.*

THE other evening a Brush street policeman heard a whistle shrilly blown and a female voice calling for help, and after a short run he reached the scene of commotion. A man was getting up and falling down again on the door steps, and a female had her head out of an upper window and seemed to be half scared to death. "What's the matter?" asked the officer. "A man has been kicking on the door," she answered. "This man here?" "Yes. I thought he'd tear the whole house down." The officer reached out for the man, and made two discoveries at once. It was the woman's husband, and he was fighting drunk. "Why, this man wouldn't hurt you—he's your husband," he called out. "Is that so? Charles, is that you?" "Bet yer life's smee," mumbled Charles. "Then you really must excuse me, Mr. Officer. You see, we have only been married six weeks, and I do not readily recognize him yet. I'll be down in a minute, darling."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"I LOVE my wife," young Mr. Osculus, who has been married only six weeks, was saying, "I love my wife as no other man does." And then the rippling smile of approbation went around the company and died away in whispering giggles in shadowed window seats and dimly lighted corners, and the young man felt that he had failed to make himself understood just as he wished to be.—*Burlington Hawk-eye.*

THE JUDGE solemnly inquires: When, in the name of Gaud, will the decoration mania cease.



PERTINENT.

LANDLORD—*Let me see: If I could get another brace in there, I could get a few more hundreds out of it.*

FIRST ANNUAL MEETING  
OF THE  
Authors of "Beautiful Snow."

REPORTED BY W. P.

WALT WHITMAN, on taking the chair, said that if there was any Long-Hair present, who had *not* written "Beautiful Snow," he would please leave the assemblage; and requested the sergeant-at-arms to attend to the matter. Brother Longfellow rose and walked out, every one else remaining. The roll was then called, showing 409 members present.

The chair then read the following telegram: "Would like to join the club. Wrote 'Beautiful Snow' when joining the street cleaning brigade.

"CAPT. WILLIAMS."

On putting this application to vote, the chairman reminded the society that Captain Williams had to leave one club for disorderly conduct, and might repeat himself if made a member of this. Vote showed 439 black balls. Captain Williams not admitted.

The following cable was then read:

"Hailj bjrothers! I wrote 'Bjeautiful Snowj,' after I hadj stjolen a pjar of rubber bjoots.

"BJORNSTERNE BJORNSSON."

A vote of thanks was tendered the Swedish poet for his kind remembrance of this meeting.

At this point of the proceedings a messenger entered, bearing a large parcel, carefully done up, and handed same, with a card, to the chairman. The card bore this inscription:

"Will the beloved authors of 'Beautiful Snow,' accept the accompanying gift, from

"ASSOCIATE EDITORS."

Mid a profound silence the package was husked, and its contents stood disclosed—A Waste Basket.

Meeting adjourned ten minutes to discuss on editors in general. Seven fights squelched by sergeant-at-arms.

On again calling the meeting to order, Chairman Whitman alluded, officially, to editors in these words:

Who are these men—these editors? They are the scoria on the body politic. These jail birds of journalism! These—bah! Blacker than their ink, are their scoriferous souls. Pestiferous to madness! You bet!"

He then dismissed the subject as unworthy the attention of such an assemblage.

Martin Farquhar Tupper was called on for his experiences *in re* "Beautiful Snow."

Mr. Tupper said he wrote it on St. Patrick's day. The poem had given him his present fame. Previous to writing it he had experienced the truth of Whittier's lines:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these—'returned with thanks.'"

Mr. Tupper sat down.

The chairman then rose to state that each poet present should have a chance to tell the assemblage how, when and where he wrote "Beautiful Snow," and that relays of stenographers had been booked ahead to take down all the testimony; but that first he must beg the attention of the meeting for Mr. Joaquin Miller—without Joaquin, one of our best poets—who would read a companion epic, entitled, "The Beautiful Blizzard."

Mr. Miller rose. So did the building. After the ruins had been cleared away, it was found that the Associate Editors had laid a mine to the cellar of the building where the meeting was held, and during the session—as is seen—blew up the whole concern.

As there were no survivors, "Beautiful Snow" is now an orphan epic.

An Unfinished Finale.

MR. LUCIUS PERIWIG was a bachelor, with all that the term implies, who lived in a pretty villa on the outskirts of W—. He had been living in single blessedness for upwards of fifty years, and during that time had become so confirmed a woman-hater that the sight of a comely young girl would almost throw him into convulsions. Mr. Periwig's property adjoins and overlooks a beautiful little cottage which was formerly occupied by an ill-assorted couple, whose quarrels and bickering furnished him the material for many a tirade against matrimony and the fair sex. To see the next door neighbor's wife pursuing the fleeting form of her liege about the house with an unearthly gleam in her eye and a potato-masher in her hand was a spectacle that filled our hero with unutterable joy. But there came a change. The hen-pecked husband, kindly aided by the family physician, departed from a world of trials, his belicose relict gathered together her household goods and went away, presumably in search of another victim, and the house which was once the scene of so much conjugal infelicity became the theater for the performance of the drama of love's young dream. It was an unfortunate day for Mr. Periwig's peace of mind when the empty residence was purchased by young Romeo Silverton, who a few weeks later brought his blushing Juliet with the wedding vow still fresh upon her lips, and the priestly benediction still ringing in her ears, to make the house a temple and a shrine of love. It was in the gladsome summer season, and the wedded lovers would wander arm-in-arm along the garden paths in the balmy evenings, mingling the silvery treble and the manly tenor of their voices with the perfume of the flowers, and their

bachelor neighbor would observe them from his window and grind his teeth with rage. A few weeks' experience of this kind so inflamed the absurdly prejudiced mind of Mr. Periwig, that he became melancholy; his digestive organs refused to perform their proper functions, and this beautiful world, with all its charm of hill and valley, of birds and flowers, and trees and murmuring brooks, of happy children and smiling faces, and warm friendships, took on a sickly hue, and the one great absorbing passion of his life became how to rid himself of his obnoxious neighbors.

We leave the story with the reader at this point. It is written to fill a long felt want. Nobody is satisfied with the conclusion of a story—could have wound it up much better himself. The reader will please do so. Make the old curmudgeon's cunningly devised plot to blow up the loving couple with dynamite recoil and blow him (the curmudgeon) into 6,325,387 pieces.

THE man who has a family of about six blooming daughters is often looked upon as a happy man. What a delusion! Consider six new bonnets and six new silk dresses every week or two, bills for same coming in with clock-like regularity. Think of coming home from the lodge, or somewhere, and finding six cigar stumps adorning the front stoop; twelve muddy footprints frescoing the hallways; six infinitesimal skimming-dishes and six pug-headed canes ornamenting the hat-rack. Imagine six hugging-matches in full blast, and a terrible six-ply quarrel in the morning, as to whose turn it was to have the parlor. Think of encountering lovers in the parlor, in the hall, on the stairs, in the dining-room, in the kitchen, even; until you begin to find yourself an alien and an outcast in your own home, that you are scratching your head to find the wherewithal to pay fifty dollars per month rent for.

SEE here, Mr. Mayor, if you will kindly exempt us from arrest for a day, we will promise to be ever so good; we'll never break a law of any kind again; we'll be the most exemplary party in all the city. We want to take one of the too too utterly utter Oscar Wilde young men and kick him all the way from Central Park to the Battery and into the Bay. Please, Mr. Mayor, we only want one; there will be lots left unfortunately, but we would like to have a chance alone. Oh, just to think of it! Oh, please do, Mr. Mayor!

THE poet his muse to amuse,  
On the spring his views reviews.  
He grinds out his verse perverse,  
And the editors curse a curse.

THE trains on the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. are evidently run with a view to impressing on the minds of the travelers the uncertainty of human affairs.

HANG up the political sledge. All the campaign lies have been firmly nailed until next year.



## Wm. Bowline, Esq.'s Sad Taking Off

(A ROMANTIC NAUTICAL BALLAD.)

Ho! landsmen all, and women, too,  
Of high or low condition,  
To sing to you a tale o'er true  
Is now my humble mission.

Bill Bowline was a henpecked man,  
His home was in commotion;  
At last his Sally drove him to  
A notion for the ocean.

As days wore on and things grew worse,  
This man Sal soda-rided,  
Picked up his kit and out he lit,  
To seek a port decided.

So Bill set sail; and eke his Sal  
At losing him grew frantic.  
"Farewell!" cried Bill; "farewell, ole gal,  
I'll meet you hence, Atlantic."

The first day out poor Bill was sick;  
Now what would he not barter  
To see his home again and 'scape  
That dread emetic, tartar.

He thought of Sal, whose grievous ways  
Had made him go a sailor,  
And winked and roared, "Oh, I'll go back  
And be my Sally's whaler."

But when the winds blew fair and fresh  
Across the briny water,  
Bill found a solace for himself—  
It was the captain's daughter.

And day by day Bill made the maid  
Love's sweetest protestations;  
But still she stationary stood  
And prated of their stations.

She said some rather cutting things,  
She gave her rancor cable,  
Then threw herself into a throe  
On the ship's unstable table.

Now Bill was wild; "O, take me, love,  
For better or for worse,  
And I will fill my empty purse  
By a-murderin' the purser."

Then Josephine wept on Bill's breast,  
And said, while passion stirred her,  
"I love you, Bill, and yet I must  
Demur against de murder."

Long stood they thus in sweet delight,  
Each to the other sticking,  
Nor spoke a word, nor ever heard  
The larboard watch's ticking.

But hark! The lovers spring apart  
Some feet—say twenty-seven;  
Bill sees the moon rise in the yeast—  
He knows the hour is 'leven.

The captain treads the quarter-deck;  
He's mad; he's loudly talking.  
[Sea captains never tread the hull,  
The quarter always walking.]

Bill saw his doom. The captain shouts.  
"Aha! Oho! Aw-hawser!  
Such cursed deed as this, bad Bill,  
Daddy, I never saw, sir."

Bill Bowline then threw up his hands  
(He'd little else to throw up);  
"Farewell!" he cried; then to the mate—  
"I'm ready, sir, to go up."

They placed him on the fatal plank.  
Near stood the captain's daughter;  
Bill took his final glass of grog,  
Then calmly took to water.

The tale is told. The poor girl sighed.  
"Tis just as I expected."  
Her papa said, "Take comfort, lass,  
A shark your Bill's collected."

—H. FERRY SMITH.

## Parable of the Pilgrim.

AND it came to pass that a certain Pilgrim journeyed down from a distant province toward the great city of the east. And when he had come within the gates thereof, he would fain have reposed himself, but knew no place wherein to lay his head. And while he meditated upon these things there came unto him one arrayed in the guise of a runner and made speech with him, saying "Behold! thou art but newly arrived within the city and in sore need of food and change of raiment; follow me, then, that I may relieve thy wants." And when the Pilgrim heard him discourse after this fashion, he marveled much within himself, saying, "What manner of man is this, that maketh himself so fresh? Verily, I will keep my starboard eye open." And he took up his gripsack and followed him. And when they had arrived within the walls of the inn they were accosted by a youth of good address, who prevailed with them to imbibe a certain refreshing compound from out some curious and costly vessels which were called, in the figurative language of the east, schooners. And they were upward of a cubit in height, and they were of glass. And while they reposed themselves after this manner they drank of the beer of one Pfaff, and they were exceeding dry. And it came to pass that after they had refreshed themselves to the extent of their desire, the Pilgrim retired to the solitude of his chamber to perform his ablutions, for he was a righteous man. And while he was so absent the two took counsel together and said, one unto the other, "Behold, it has pleased the Gods to deliver this man into our hands a captive to our bow, and to our beer, so to speak. Let us then combine instruction with amusement and go through him, and that while we enrich ourselves with the shekels which he has amassed, so also may we acquire dexterity in the arts which make us eligible to hold high office in the land." And when they had so arranged the Pilgrim came in unto them, and became seated. And they perceived that the fumes of the liquors which he had absorbed had affected his understanding, and that he staggered, and that he reeled to and fro, like unto a drunken man. And when they saw these things they winked, one unto the other, and produced dice. And it came to pass that after they had played for upward of some time that the mind of the Pilgrim became possessed of a full understanding of the game, and that he offered to lay four score and ten shekels on the result of one throw. And the two cast about them to see how they might procure the wealth to cover his pile. And it so chanced that they joined issue on the result and borrowed ten shekels of the host, and after they had done these things, each man took one cast of the cup. And the first man reckoned up the two pair, and thought that it was good. And the second man threw three of a kind, and he also was content. And when the Pilgrim saw these things he braced up and threw four aces, and just naturally scooped in the whole pot. And when the two who had plotted for the overthrow of the P. P. saw that they were stuck, they waxed wrathful, and retired into an inner

room that they might put up a job on him. And when they had closeted themselves together, he who was surnamed The Runner spake unto the youth of good address, saying, "Verily! we are up a tree, as it were; we went out to shear, and have come back shorn. This is not well. If my plan find favor in your sight, let us return to this hoary Philistine and wrest from him his ill-gotten gains. And if he resist, we will convey him unto the back yard and smite him under the fifth rib." And the youth of good address saw that his words were the words of wisdom, and assented thereto. And when they had come back to the place where they had left ye pious Pilgrim, behold! he had girded up his loins and fled. And when they had satisfied themselves that this was so, they swore divers strange and curious oaths, the like unto which no man had ever heard before, and threw dust upon their heads and rent their paper collars. And when their grief had in some manner subsided, the youth of good address spake unto the other, saying, "Behold! we did covenant with the Publican to return to him his ten shekels, and also to divy up on the specie; and shall we so do? Nay, verily, I say unto you, we have lost every blamed picayune we had, and his likewise. And if we fail in our covenant with him will he not give us into the custody of those uncircumcised dogs, the officers? and shall we not be brought before the Cadie and cast into a dungeon? Yea, verily, this is exceedingly thin. Let us slope." And when they had come out on to that street which is called Friend, they slid round different corners and were seen no more. And when the hand-maiden brought these tidings unto the ears of the Publican, he raised up his voice and wept, saying, "Is it not enough that I lose my just share in the profits of the Pilgrim, but must I also make mine own substance like unto one whom Allah hath afflicted? Nay, this is too utterly, too hideously all but!" And he wept sore, and refused all comfort.

W. H. M.

POOR Mr. Dana! Why is it that he does not desire to hear Adelina Patti sing those charming melodies, "Coming Through the Rye," and "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town?" Does the recollection of Old Rye's fearful work in the editorial columns of our esteemed contemporary recall visions of the writers? If "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town" had been changed by the famous prima donna to "Within a Mile of Philadelphia," we might believe that the vision of a Brotherly Love of a Pennsylvania Sheriff inquiring about his conviction in the Kemble libel suit had startled him.

THE San Francisco Minstrels haven't been doing so well of late, and it is all because certain papers have been circulating a report that the "end men" have a set of new jokes. It was a mean thing to do, for the majority of those who patronized them did so solely to rejuvenate themselves with their old boyhood jokes.

MOTHER SHIPTON's stoek is going down almost as fast as that of the gas companies.

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**Fourth—Their action is more vigorous than electricity, and as a local remedy they are more powerful and penetrating.**

**Fifth—One Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster will effect more than the use of a dozen of any other brand.**

**Sixth—They will quickly cure ailments that other remedies after continuous use and wear, fail to relieve.**

**Seventh—Physicians prescribe them for their patients, preferring them to any other porous plaster, which alone is overwhelming proof of their value and superior merit.**

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**SCIENCE.**

A WEEKLY RECORD OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.  
Illustrated. JOHN MICHELS, Editor. Terms of subscription, \$4 a year. Publication office, Room 17, Tribune Building, New York.

Laura S., Huntsville—"How do you fix castor oil so that you do not taste it? I am told there is some way to do this." This is the way we fix it so that we do not taste it. We mix it with some sugar and the white of an egg, in a glass, and bribe the office boy to drink it. That is the most successful way we have yet discovered.—*Texas Siftings.*

SOME of the journals that are "too funny for anything," have one third of their space filled with taffy from papers which are good for nothing.—*New York News.*

Hush money: The stuffing of a woman's pocket-book.—*New York News.*

THERE has been an immense shower of cobwebs along the shore of Lake Michigan. Let's see, isn't there something about kissing jarring the cobwebs in the room? Must have been a smack wrecked in the Lake.—*New Haven Register.*

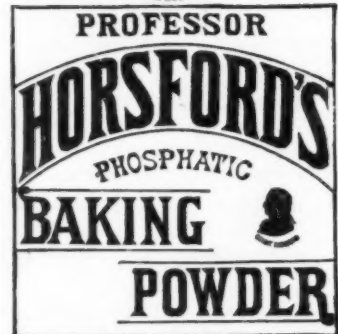
THE rubber sling used by little boys is getting to be as dangerous as the gin sling handled by their daddies.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

MERCURY passed over the sun's face on the 7th inst., as astronomers inform us. We didn't suppose the sun would allow any one but a barber to do that.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

BROWN was abusing SMITH, violently, on the sidewalk one night. Jones, who heard it from an upper window, yelled to SMITH, "Knock him down!" The next day Jones and SMITH met. "Why didn't you knock that man down?" asked SMITH; "I hollered to you to do it." "Yes," said SMITH, "and I would have hollered the same thing if I had been up there."—*Fal Contributor.*

"MRS. JONES has sent to borrow my bonnet, and I don't want to loan it to her. What message shall I return?" said a lady to her husband. The reply was clear and prompt: "Tell her she has your good will, but cannot have your fixtures."—*Chronicle-Herald.*

BALDWIN left the Newark Bank building because it was the only thing which, if stolen, the directors would have missed.—*Philadelphia Times.*



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The Sun.

NEW YORK, 1882.

THE SUN for 1882 will make its fifteenth annual revolution under the present management, shining, as always, for all, big and little, mean and gracious, contented and unhappy, Republican and Democratic, depraved and virtuous, intelligent and obtuse. THE SUN'S light is for mankind and womankind of every sort; but its genial warmth is for the good, while it pours hot discomfort on the blistering backs of the persistently wicked.

THE SUN of 1868 was a newspaper of a new kind. It discarded many of the forms, and a multitude of the superfluous words and phrases of ancient journalism. It undertook to report in a fresh, succinct, unconventional way all the news of the world, omitting no event of human interest, and commenting upon affairs with the fearlessness of absolute independence. The success of this experiment was the success of THE SUN. It effected a permanent change in the style of American newspapers. Every important journal established in this country in the dozen years past has been modeled after THE SUN. Every important journal already existing has been modified and bettered by the force of THE SUN'S example.

THE SUN of 1882 will be the same outspoken, truth-telling, and interesting newspaper.

By a liberal use of the means which an abundant prosperity affords, we shall make it better than ever before.

We shall print all the news, putting it into readable shape, and measuring its importance, not by the traditional yardstick, but by its real interest to the people. Distance from Printing House Square is not the first consideration with THE SUN. Whenever anything happens worth reporting we get the particulars, whether it happens in Brooklyn or in Bokhara.

In politics we have decided opinions; and are accustomed to express them in language that can be understood. We say what we think about men and events. That habit is the only secret of THE SUN'S political course.

THE WEEKLY SUN gathers into eight pages the best matter of the seven daily issues. An Agricultural Department of unequalled merit, full market reports and a liberal proportion of literary, scientific, and domestic intelligence complete THE WEEKLY SUN, and make it the best newspaper for the farmer's household that was ever printed.

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The price of the WEEKLY SUN, eight pages, fifty-six columns, is \$1 a year, postage paid. For clubs of ten sending \$10 we will send an extra copy free.

Address: I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher of THE SUN, New York City.

THE Girl is Scratching her Back against the Door. She has Been eating Buckwheat Cakes. Her Bean thinks she is Delicate, but he has Never seen her tackle a Plate of hot Cakes on a Frosty Morning. Cakes had better Roost high when she is Around. If we Were the Girl we Would wear Sand Paper lining in the Dress, and not be Making a Hair-Brush out of the Poor Door. —*New Denver Primer.*

A RECIPE for lemon pie vaguely adds: "Then sit on a stove and stir constantly." Just as if any one could sit on a stove without stirring constantly. —*Old City Derrick.*

"WHOEVER shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also," is the Biblical expression. In modern parlance it is termed a "reversible cuff." —*Boston Sunday Times.*

MANY sarcastic females, like certain popular melodies, are too sharp to be natural. —*Toledo American.*

A QUANTITY of dynamite was seized on a train in Ireland, the other day, and the important capture was announced in all the English newspapers with due prominence. The next day an Englishman who owned and operated a stone quarry in the North of Ireland, and of whose locality there was no shadow of doubt, put in an appearance and threatened to sue the railway company unless they produced his explosives that he had ordered from London. Thus the native hue of a sensation was sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. —*Peck's Sun.*

ALWAYS carry a stiff upper lip, and people won't try to shave you. —*Illinois State Register.*

NOTHING can overcome French politeness. Commandant Lichtenstein, who represented the President of the French Republic at the Yorktown Centennial, suffered severely while here from rheumatism, had a fight with a burglar at Philadelphia, and was finally ordered home by his physician on account of a severe bronchial affection. Yet before leaving, he said that his trip to the United States will hereafter be remembered as one of the pleasantest periods of his life. —*Boston Courier.*

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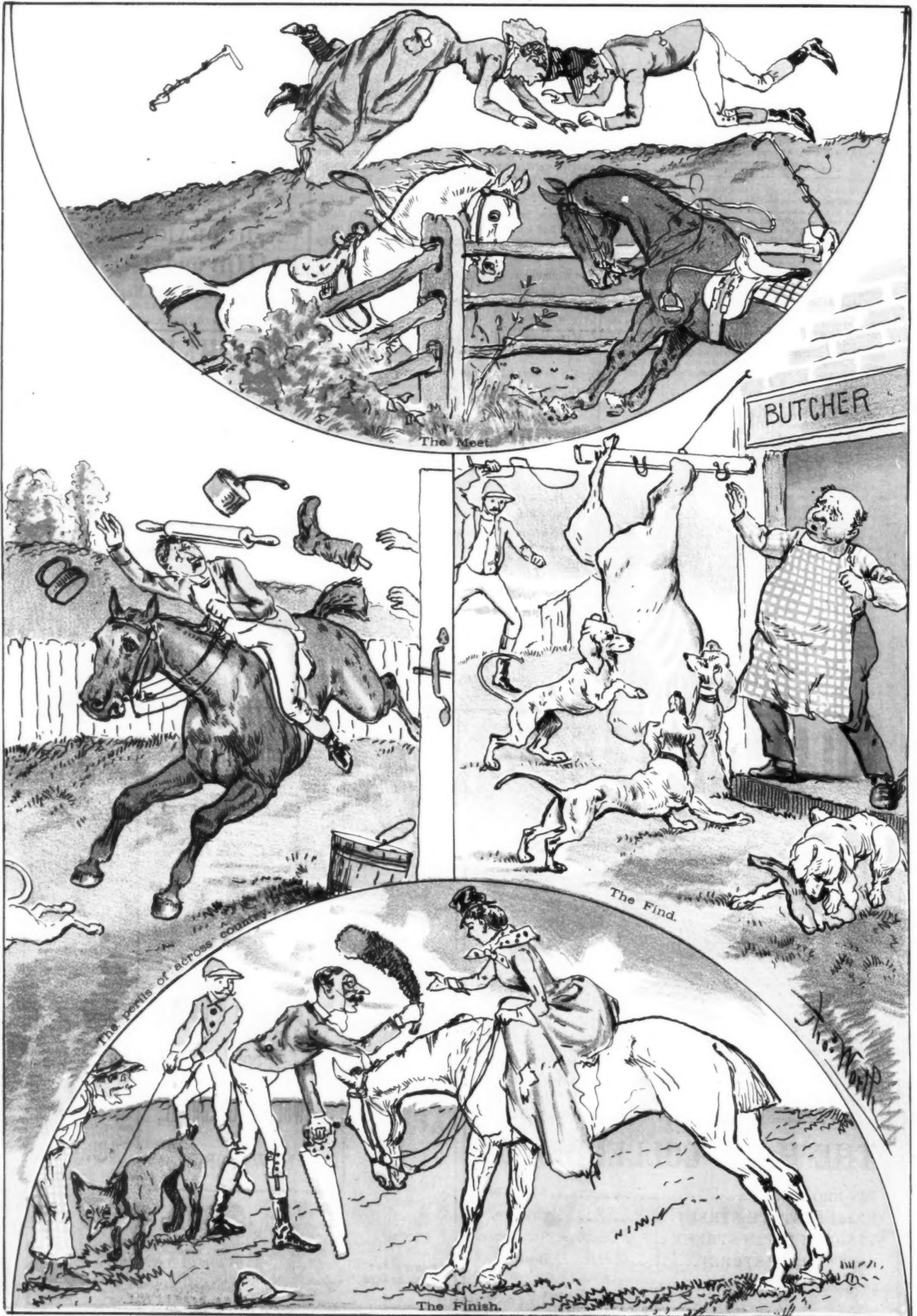


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