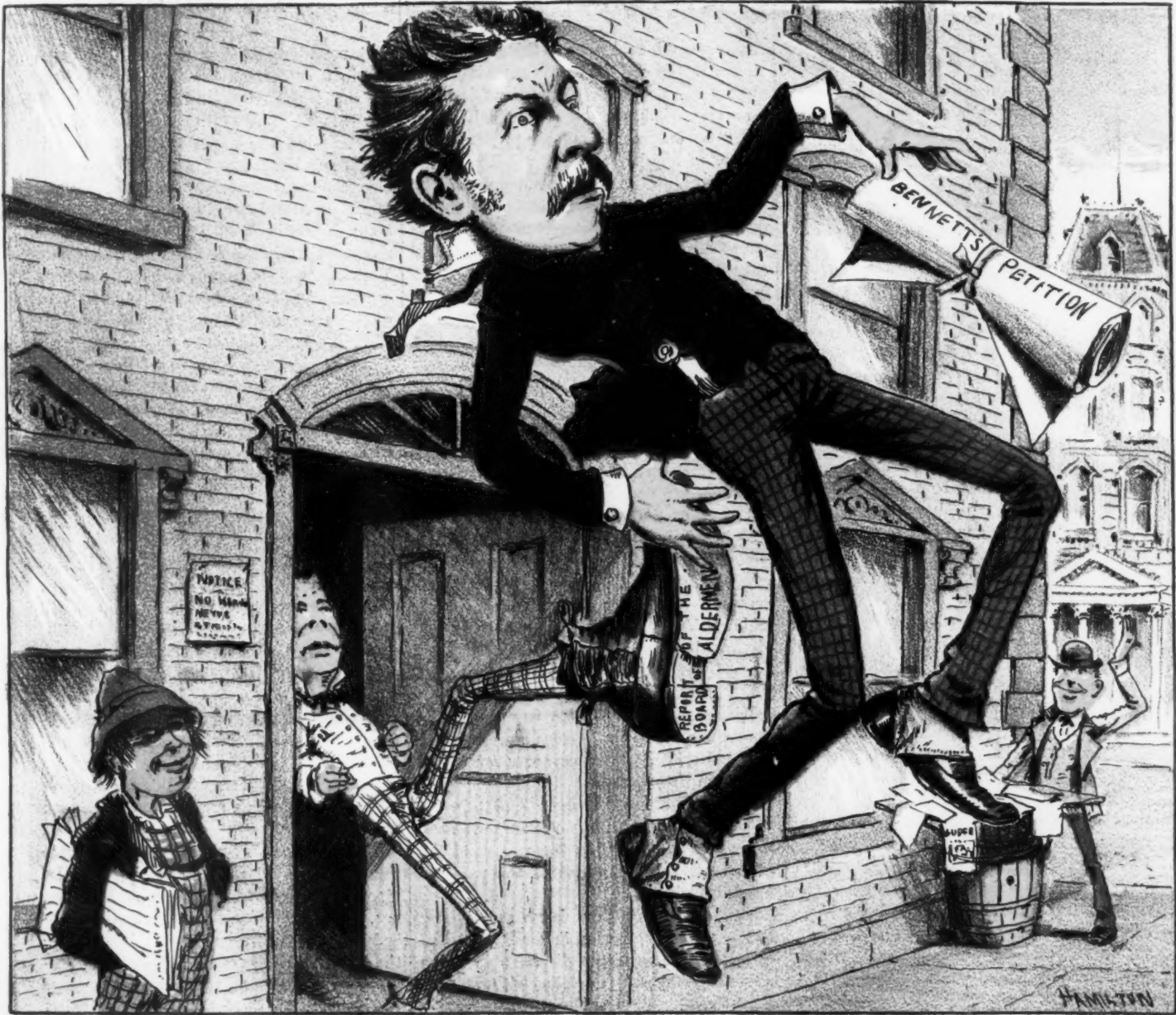


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BENNETT FIRED.  
Score one for the Newsdealers.

FRANKLIN SQUARE LITH. CO. NEW YORK.

THE JUDGE



## THE JUDGE.

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### THE "HERALD" NEWS-STANDS.

THE aldermen of the city of New York have, in their wisdom, refused to grant permits to the *Herald* to establish its news-stands in various places throughout the city. This is somewhat of a surprise. People have become accustomed to regard the Board of Aldermen as a very weather-cock body, liable to be swayed in any given direction by any passing breeze. To be sure, in the present instance there were two currents blowing in direct opposition to each other, and the natural expectation was that the wise and puissant board would, weathercock-like, yield to the stronger. Now, in the matter of political influence, most people would credit the *Herald* with more strength than the newsdealers, and political influence has a very powerful effect on the average alderman. It is scarcely to be supposed that the aldermanic intelligence was equal to a *per capita* count of the votes controlled by the newsmen and the *Herald* staff; consequently we must, for once in our lives, look below the immediate surface for the main spring that moved the City Fathers of Manhattan Island in their unexpected course.

The obvious objection to granting the *Herald's* petition is the precedent it would establish. Granted to one paper, why should not the news-stand privilege be claimed by all of the Metropolitan press. The *Herald's* no less obvious answer to this objection is, that all papers will be offered for sale on its

news-stands. But this answer does not appear to have been urged, or if urged, did not prove effectual; so the *Herald* suffers check in its scheme of distribution, and the newsdealers are jubilant. Well, they deserve their success, and THE JUDGE is pleased to find that the aldermen are not destitute of human sympathy with a large and industrious body of men like the newsdealers, who have waged so plucky and successful a war against a great paper like the *Herald*. Certainly, a profit of a fraction of a cent is not exorbitant, considering the work the newsdealers do, and public sympathy remains with the newsdealers. It looks now as if public sympathy would win them the fight. The rejection of the Bennett petition by the Board of Aldermen is a popular step which will do that body more good in the estimation of the public than the *Herald* can ever do them harm.

### THE ERA OF ECONOMY.

ECONOMY is such a good thing in its way that it is very difficult to find anything to say against it. Of course "economy" is a relative term. What in one person or position would be only commendable prudence and thrift, in another becomes parsimony and greed; but, on the whole, prudence is a good thing, and there is a large section of the American press which makes continual capital out of this theme—which finds a text for eternal sermons in the alleged extravagance of our administration, and which watches the opening of the public pocket with the fidelity of a dog who expects a bone. Now, as a matter of fact, it is the money wasted, and not the money expended, which justifies attacks upon public finance. Probably we never had an administration more parsimonious in petty matters than that of Hayes, and we certainly never had one for which the American people had so much cause to blush. And did we—the nation—save a dollar by this niggardly economy? We did not—but Hayes did. Everybody knew that when Rutherford B. Hayes posed as a temperance fanatic, and banished wine from the table of the White House, he had the cause of total abstinence less nearly at heart than the cause of Mr. Hayes' bank account. And yet, at the White House table were entertained, or were supposed to be entertained, the representatives of foreign governments. How paltry Mr. Hayes' economy must have seemed in their eyes, and how derogatory to the dignity of a great nation! And the worst of such parsimony is, as we remarked above, that the saving goes into the pocket of the official, and not into that of the public—which is unjust.

Now, at present, there is no particularly unnecessary expenditure in the Presidential household. There is no direction in which it could be materially curtailed without hurting the dignity of the office. Waste there is plenty, as there is in every department.

That is an immemorial custom, and apparently inseparable from official life in this country. But experience has shown that when the pruning-knife of economy is applied, it is not the superfluous branches of expenditure that are lopped off, but the necessary ones. For the pruning-knife must, of necessity, be wielded by official hands—and as the official income is directly augmented by the waste, it is not the waste that will be first attacked. If President Arthur held his state in a log-cabin, and the cabinet officers drove jackasses instead of fast horses, the burdens to the taxpayers would not be lightened, for the repairs to our navy, and the other wasteful items in the budget would go on just the same. Therefore, if we must spend the money, let us at least use some of it to support our national dignity. We had enough of petty parsimony during the Hayes regime.

### ANGLOMANIA.

BEFORE long all New York will be engaged in a centennial celebration. We have had a good many centennials lately. Naturally they all come within a few years of one another—but the impending celebration is one of peculiar interest to New Yorkers. It commemorates the day when the British finally evacuated Manhattan Island, and relaxed their grip on the fine city on the two rivers. Certainly it is a day of which New York may well be proud; but it is a strange comment on our consistency that even now, when we are celebrating the defeat of the English a hundred years ago, we are being conquered by them again in a different way. We are servile imitators of English fashions; our very dudes are an outgrowth and a travesty on the London swell. Our theatres perform English plays, and bring over English actors to play them. Our millionaires court Henry Irving because he is an Englishman, patronized by royalty and befriended by Lady Burdett Coutts. What was it that enabled Mrs. Langtry to make a hundred thousand dollars or so in this country last season. None will pretend it was her talents; few will ascribe the result even to her much lauded beauty. The real reason is apparent enough—it is heir apparent. She had been the fashion in England for a season or two; the Prince of Wales made her so. She outlived her notoriety there, and came across the Atlantic, like many another discarded fashion, to adorn America. And yet we expelled the English a hundred years ago, and pretend to be glad of it.

Not that THE JUDGE means to insinuate that the cases of Mrs. Langtry and Mr. Irving are in any sense analogous. They are not. Mrs. Langtry was a pretentious nobody, trading upon her reputed beauty and the foolish curiosity of the public, which willingly paid two prices to see upon the stage the intimate friend of the Prince of Wales. Mr. Irving is confessedly a great artist. He



Two fat men, next each other, in a railroad car, are too much.

stands at the head of his profession in England, and is an ornament to it. But while this fact may explain and justify the interest and even excitement his visit has created among the great mass of our amusement-loving public, will anyone pretend that it is his abilities, pure and simple, which commend him to such a man as Vanderbilt, for instance? Does anyone credit Vanderbilt with æsthetic tastes? Does anyone pretend to even—except possibly his picture-dealer, who may find his account in so doing? No; the points which Mr. Vanderbilt admires in Mr. Irving are that he is English, the fashion, and the friend of the aristocracy. Mr. Irving is also rich—a fact which may not be without its weight with Mr. Vanderbilt, than whom there probably does not exist a man better qualified to appreciate wealth. He feels what it has done for himself; he knows that he owes everything to it, and he may be pardoned if he worships it accordingly.

But neither Mr. Irving nor Miss Terry need imagine that all Americans carry their souls in their money-bags. They will find here as much and as true appreciation of art as ever they found in England.

**How Mrs. John Farely First Tried Homœopathy.**

It is a cold, damp October evening. Mrs. John Farely stands by the window, waiting the return of her liege lord.

Something has evidently engaged her attention very deeply, for it is not usual with her to let her hearthstone grow cold; to forget the usual preparations for the evening meal, or to allow the infant Farely to exert his powerful lungs unheeded, as he is doing now. Decidedly Mrs. Farely has something on her mind. It is a state of affairs that will not be at all appreciated by Mr. Farely on his return. Yet she lingers on in the fast deepening twilight, and peruses with great attention a small pamphlet she holds in her hand. We cease to wonder at her abstraction when we venture to glance over her shoulder and behold on the title page of the volume the magic word

“Homœopathy.”

What a wide field for interesting study and experiment has opened itself before her delighted eyes; a field in which—pardon the simile—she might browse for a life-time, and still leave an abundance of greenness and verdure behind her. She feels her heart thrill as she lays down the book with a sigh,



Two lean men are not enough.

and remains still musing at the open window. Wholly unconscious of the flight of time, she murmurs half-aloud:

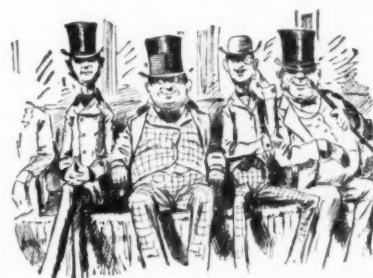
“It is wonderful, it is, indeed; six years it is now since John and I were married, and every winter he has made intolerable to me and every one in the house, by that perpetual rheumatism in his shoulder; and, only think, cold water, properly applied, might have prevented it all; and then he gets coughs, does John, and stays in the house all day. A nice house it is when he is round all day with a cough—or, without one either. Dear John! I shall certainly make him try ‘Homœopathy.’ Let me see. I must apply plenty of cold water to his shoulder, after he is asleep to-night. That will be very troublesome, but he sleeps, fortunately, very soundly, and he would never let me do it when he is awake; and I shall make him take a camphor pillule. It is nearly time for his winter cough to begin now. How glad I am I brought them home to-day. Then I shall make him a good bowl of Homœopathic soup—as my little book recommends, and keep him on very low diet till it is ready, if I can, as it takes some days to prepare the soup properly. Yes, then he will do nicely. Dear John. I am afraid he will not like it, but I can always manage him. I want to try a course myself, but it is better to begin with John—because—because, well, because his life is insured. Let me read once more how the soup is made: I’ll just light up, and read it over again. Oh! here it is: ‘Take a sparrow’s leg.’ How shall I get a sparrow? I must send a messenger boy for that, I guess—”

“‘Take a sparrow’s leg.’”

**HOMŒOPATHIC SOUP.**

Take a sparrow’s leg—mind, the drumstick merely. Put it in a vessel—filled with water nearly; Stand it out of doors in a place that’s shady. Let it stand a week—or less, if for a lady. Put a teaspoonful of the liquor into a fine new kettle. Which must not be of tin, or any baser metal: Fill it up with water—set it on a boiling—Strain the liquor well to prevent it oiling. Put in one grain of salt. If you want it flavory: Stir it twice around with a stick of savory. When the soup is done nothing can excel it. Then three times a day let the patient smell it; If he chance to die—say ‘twas Nature did it— If he chance to live—give the soup the credit.

While Mrs. Farely was still musing over this somewhat complicated recipe, “John” appeared, and displayed, to say the least of it, an unreasonable amount of indignation at the meagre preparations made for his comfort, little suspecting that his wife had



Alternate layers of fat and lean, like prime bacon, are the best.

spent the entire afternoon studying his welfare.

However, Mrs. Farely was a woman of great tact and boundless resources. In an incredibly short time she had made the house assume a cheerful appearance, ministered to Mr. F.’s most pressing needs—sympathized with him concerning his rheumatism, stilled the unruly but now almost exhausted infant, and sat down to supper, with “Homœopathy” on her knee, and placed the infant on top of it.

“Seems to me,” growled John, after a pause, “you’ve mighty little to eat here?”

“Oh, dear me, you know it’s bad for your rheumatism, John, to eat too much. Have a candy, dear.”

“It don’t taste much like candy,” growled John, still unmollified. “Well, if you’ve nothing more, I guess I’ll go to bed; the rheumatism is very bad.”

“Have you a cough, John?”

“No,” responds John; “what ’ud I have a cough for?”

“Dear me, dear me,” sighed Mrs. Farely, when she was once more alone. “I have done it all wrong. What does the book say? ‘Like gives like—and like cures like.’ I gave him the cure for the cough, when he had no cough. I suppose he’ll get one now—but I’ll make no mistake about the cold water. The rheumatism is there, any way.”

It is needless to describe how very cautiously and yet how effectually Mrs. Farely disposed of the contents of a fair-sized bucket of water on and about the afflicted shoulder of the unconscious husband. Needless for me to add that the cough remedy, or something else, produced the effect Mrs. Farely dreaded. More than a week has elapsed. Mr. Farely, still confined to bed, inhaling homœopathic soup three times a day, under severe protest, also under Mrs. Farely’s eye; and were it not for the contraband articles of diet surreptitiously conveyed to him by his friendly neighbor, Mr. Perkins, we should have cause to regret even more keenly than we do at present, the sad plight in which we are obliged to leave the once stalwart and active John Farely.

GEN. ROBERT TOOMBS says Absalom was a dude. He don’t state who gave him the information, but intimates that he knows of what he speaks. Certain it is, that while his long hair was for a time no end of trouble to him, it at last made compensation by bringing all his troubles to an end.

WHEN thieves fall out honest men get their dues, says the adage. Occasionally thieves get their dues at the same time. Irving and Walsh got their dues when they fell out—their own deserts.



WHEN Marie brought home that terrible coat the other day, I little thought it would turn out to be such a Nemesis. I consoled myself for the loss of the twenty dollars by reflecting that it was worth a good deal to have the garment in the house where I could put my hands on it at any moment. I said to myself that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and I laughed to think how Heraclitus would come out at the little end of the horn, as he usually does when trying to get the best of me.

Alas! even my favorite proverbs prove fallacious, and I wish from the bottom of my heart that I'd been born in the Fiji Islands, where overcoats are unnecessary, and second-hand-clothes women have nothing to prey upon. Then to think I've fooled away \$20 for nothing! I declare, I actually made faces at myself when I stood before the mirror combing my hair the next morning, and thought of the three pairs of lovely silk stockings I might have bought with that money.

When Heraclitus came home that memorable night, I said, in as nonchalant a manner as I could assume, "Here's your old coat you've made such a fuss about. Now I hope you'll be satisfied." He was in a very good humor, for a wonder, and replied, "All right; I'm going out after dinner, and shall need it." Then I asked him where he was going, and he said "To see a client." As this is what he always says when a poker game is on the tapis, I knew what to expect. While he was reading the evening paper and smoking his segar, I ran up stairs, and picking up the coat to assure myself that all was right, (from mere force of habit, I suppose,) I commenced going through the pockets. Down in the corner of one I felt a piece of crumpled paper, which I soon discovered to be a billet-doux. The note ran in this way:

MAY 29th.

DEAREST DEAR—Come to-night without fail. Charles has started on his western tour, and the coast is clear. Ever your own, IMOGENE.

There was no envelope and no address—only this and nothing more. But who and what was Imogene, and how dared she write a note like this to my husband? Was it possible that an intrigue had been going on for six months, and I had only just found it out? It served me right for ever neglecting to search his clothing when I had a chance to do it; but I would have revenge somehow or other. Rage consumed me, and I determined to replace the note in the pocket, and when he came up stairs I would confront him with his perfidy, and see what he had to say for himself.

I hardly had time to compose my nerves when he appeared in the room, and taking the coat from off the bed, attempted to put

it on. He got his arms into the sleeves, but when he commenced to jerk himself, man fashion, to get it up on to his shoulders, it would go no further. Then he made still more vigorous efforts, but they were of no use—it would not go on; and he exclaimed, "Thunder and lightning! Penelope—this is not my coat at all!" I was so mad about the note that I never stopped to reflect that perhaps he was right, and that I might have made a mistake, and said, "Oh, very likely! The coat isn't yours, and I presume you will say next that the charming little billet-doux that is in the lower left-hand pocket does not belong to you, either?" He looked at me in a surprised and bewildered way, and pulled the note out and read it. He looked puzzled; then he took off the coat and examined it, and then the storm broke in all its fury; and it suddenly dawned upon me that I'd made a great fool of myself. I never saw Heraclitus so angry before, and I certainly hope I shall never experience the same sensations again. He just took my breath away, and when, in a voice of concentrated anger, he demanded an answer as to how I came by that coat, for once in my life I was entirely speechless. "You needn't stand there trying to look innocent," said he. "You're a good actress, but 'innocence' won't go down this time. This coat is not mine—never was mine; and now where did you get it; and what have you done with my old one?"

I saw prevarication was of no use—so I made a clean breast of it, and told the whole truth, from beginning to end—how that Mrs. Jones, a friend of ours, had told me of a woman who occasionally bought cast-off finery, etc.—that I had asked her to send the woman to me in the spring, and that I had disposed of some of my own clothes, and some of his, as well—that I never intended to sell the coat, but when I discovered that it was gone, I took advantage of the remark he made about seeing one with a lining like his down on Sixth avenue, and that I'd sent Marie down there for it this morning. When I reached this part of my narrative, and he discovered he'd been trying on a coat from a second-hand clothing shop, his fury knew no bounds. He just threw up the window with a bang, and flung the despised garment, with all his might, out into the street. For a moment I didn't know but he was going to treat me in the same way, so I just tumbled down on the floor in a faint, and he

had to pick me up and put me on the sofa. Then he rang the bell for Marie, and as soon as I came to, he went out, slamming the front door after him, and he never came back until after 4 o'clock in the morning, and, I regret to say, his condition was anything but a sober one.

He was horribly ill all the next day; but I was assiduous in my attentions, and never reproached him. Once, when I was getting some ice for his head, I saw in the mirror the reflection of a self-satisfied grin on his face, and I asked him what he was smiling at? "How much did that coat cost you?" said he, for an answer. This was gall and wormwood to me, and I burst into tears as I replied, "Enough to buy three pairs of silk stockings." Then I curled myself on the bed beside him, and hid my face for a real good cry, and he patted me on the back and said, "Never mind, dear, don't cry. I suppose I behaved like a brute last night, and I think I owe you some sort of an apology. You shall have the stockings—but I want you to promise me one thing—never to deceive me again, and when you need money, come and ask me for it. I never mean to scrimp you, and your attempts at bargaining with second-hand-clothes people, to say the least, show a want of proper respect for your husband."

I promised gladly; goodness knows I've had enough of the business, and I'll never be caught in such a scrape again.

When I thought of the lovely ring he had just given me, I really did feel ashamed of myself—so I commenced crying again, and told him I was sorry. My penitence seemed to please him wonderfully, probably because it was such an unusual thing for me to acknowledge I was in the wrong. And he has been just as good as gold ever since.

Well, all's well that ends well. I am happy once more. Before he went down town this morning he gave me twenty-five dollars for my silk stockings, and now I'm going out to spend it.

He isn't such a bad husband, after all; he is really proud of Kathleen and me, and likes to see us well dressed; and, notwithstanding his sniffs at the folly of wearing French heels, he likes to see my foot look pretty as well as I do. When he comes home to-night I'll surprise him, and show him the prettiest stocking and slipper that has ever yet adorned the arched instep of his wife.

PENELOPE PENNYFEATHER.



A COLD DAY FOR THE ICEMAN.

Lay of a Lost Dime.

I have wasted a dime, a beautiful dime,  
And a dime that was dear to me,  
And my heart cries out, there may come a  
time  
When I'll miss it most wofullee.  
So lithe and listen, ye ladies gay,  
And pardon my halting rhyme,  
While I tell ye all, in dollar-ous lay,  
How I wasted my minted dime.

How I met a friend on the Broadway pave,  
And said in my recklessness:  
"Come beer with me," and the scurry  
knave  
Eftsoons he responded "Yes;"  
But never a tunnel or Dutch saloon  
Could I meet with far or near:  
'Twas a big hotel—ah, the thriftless loon—  
I entered to buy the beer.

And that was where I wasted the dime—  
The dime that was dear to me;  
The beer was bottled, and far from prime,  
Yet they charged me a double fee;  
Full twenty cents for our glasses twain,  
And I sighed as I paid the sum;  
And when he asked me to drink again,  
I prudently ordered rum.

Now, had we gone to a Dutch saloon,  
Or a mere Wein Handlung shop,  
I'd have bought the beer to a five-cent tune,  
And have relished every drop;  
Or had I paused to consider and count,  
And get my worth for my tin,  
I might have a schooner for that amount,  
And have possibly swum therein.

Take warning, therefore, ye ladies gay,  
When ye long for the foaming beer,  
Seek the Dutch saloon across the way—  
Though the big hotel stands near;  
For had I learned this lesson in time,  
That now I have learned with tears,  
I'd have saved my dime, my beautiful dime,  
The price of a brace of beers.

G. H. JESSOP.

Chronicles of Gotham.

CHAPTER XXII.

1. Now while the men of the camp of Gotham, and the politicians of the different tribes were busy in the fight for lawgivers.
2. Lo, and behold, in the land to the eastward, the land of beans, and of codfish, there were strange doings;
3. For the high priest of the tribe of Benjamin, whose surname is Bootlar, did do strange things.
4. He in the time gone by had been a leader of fighting men; and he did not wisely nor well in those days, for did he not take the spoils of the enemy to his own glory, and leave nothing for the fighters?
5. And has he not taken presents from the people; yea, bribes also, and so waxed rich?
6. Yet he is in no way satisfied; did he not, by false tongue and smooth speech, and lies, gain to himself the office of high priest?
7. And when he was set in the high places did he not hunt round about, and find the small tricks and let them go, and did he not cast shame on the State by reason of lies and skin?
8. For of truth the skin he did show was in no way used for the making of anything, but as a curiosity.
9. Yet this man, who is called by many



NOT SAFE TO SEE STRANGERS.

LITTLE GIRL.—Papa, a man by the name of "Owin" is at the door, and wishes to see you very particular.  
PAPA.—Owin; I don't know any Owin. It must be a creditor in disguise. Tell him, my daughter, that I've gone down town, and won't be back for a month.

- names; yea, even the names of Beast, Piccayune, and many more like unto it.
10. Did he not say in the meeting of the scribes and dwellers, that these things were done, and that he would do the honest thing, and put a stop to this vileness?
11. But he did say vile things, and the smell of his vileness still hangs over the kingdom.
12. Now when the time drew near for the choosing of a new ruler over the people, did this Bootlar put himself forward, and did say:
13. Have I not done well this last year? Have I not cast shame on this State? Have I not told lies and borne false witness? And for these things do I not deserve your votes?
14. And moreover, to make myself pleasing to you, I will say falsehoods about these, my soldiers. Yea, verily, will I blow hot, and blow cold. I will be all things, and do anything, so that I am chief ruler for another year;
15. For verily, I say unto you, the time draweth near for the choosing of a ruler over the Kingdom of Unkulpsalm. And who so fit as I?
16. For have I not belonged to all tribes? even the Dimmikrats and the Republicans, and the party of Greenbacks, and have I not worshipped the Ragbaby also?
17. Now the people did hear these words, and were disgusted, and they did look around for some one more worthy.
18. And the people of the Kingdom of Unkulpsalm did say: Verily, this Bootlar, of the tribe of Benjamin, is a smart man, and a big man,
19. But we want him not; for verily he that doth befoul his own nest will not do for the head of the kingdom.
20. And the Boss of the Camp of Gotham, whose name is Kellie, did say:
21. Nay; Bootlar me no Bootlar; he is too smart; peradventure, if he be the chief ruler over the kingdom, I of a truth would lose this, my bossdom, which would be in no way right.
22. Now the men of the tribes did cast about the kingdom for a man, and they did look towards the West.
23. But the man who they looked upon was not known to the people of the kingdom.
24. And they of the tribe of Dimmikrats did feel well, and did rejoice that divers and certain of the camps of the West did conquer, and that they of the Republikans did mourn for the reason of defeat.
25. Still the dwellers of the camp of Gotham did wait, while the politicians did wage war upon one and another. Yet were they athirst for water, and for the cleansing the highways and byways.
26. But the men who had power over these things were busy in the fight for office and phat jobs, and did not care for the welfare of the camp.
27. And when the eleventh month had come, the battle was over, and they, the people, did hope for better things in the time to come.

B. T. P.

HON. MR. SKIN, defaulting bank cashier, has no "state" desire to receive calls at present.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW, if incurable mutes, are now brought out considerably in society by young married men.

THE scene of William Black's next story will be Stratford-on-Avon—time 1610.



JACK FROST MAKES A CALL ON THE FRESH-AIR CRANK.

## A Lay of the Lazy.

I LOVE the bracing morning breeze,  
I love the dashing billow;  
But in the morn, beyond all these,  
I love my downy pillow.

I like the little birds to fly,  
And sing their morning trill-O,  
While half asleep I dreaming lie  
Upon my little pillow,

And watch them dance beneath the eaves,  
And fight in notes so shrill-O,  
And see them glancing 'mong the leaves,  
While nestling on my pillow.

While others seek an appetite  
For mutton chops or grill-O,  
In walks abroad at earliest light—  
I find it on my pillow.

If seediness my path invade,  
And I perchance feel ill-O,  
Think what it is to have a friend  
Like my own darling pillow.

Why should I, then, exert myself  
Like convict in a mill-O?  
The fact is, I'm a lazy elf,  
And dearly love my pillow.

I find it answers me so well,  
My life runs like a rill-O,  
I love its potent, dreamy spell—  
So I'll keep to my pillow.

M. L. B.

THE Van Smitherses will not receive parlor calls this winter, owing to the increased price of coal. They purpose going South—of the kitchen range—until Spring.

SINCE cheap editions of classic music have got afloat, it has become *en regle* for musical upper-tendom to play expensive copies of Grant's March, The Sack Waltz, etc.

## Alonzo Busbee: His Life and Impressions.

BY WILLIAM GILL.

CHAP. XII.

"The Law is a sort of a hocus-pocus science that smiles in your face while it picks your pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of more use to the professors than the justice of it."

—David Dudley Field.

ONE bright and sunshiny day in the latter part of August, 18—, a traveler—clad in a linen duster and various other articles of clothing, carrying in his hand a small satchel, and in his pocket one of those "blarsted brarses," as an English tourist would designate a baggage check, which entitled him to a well-filled trunk, at present in the possession of the R. R. Company—might have been observed emerging from a car on to the R. R. platform connected with the R. R. Depot of Slewville, O.

That traveler was I—Alonzo Busbee.

I had selected Law as my future profession instead of Burglary, as it entailed less risk on its follower, while its results were more satisfactory; as one in robbing the public does not lose his position in society. It makes all the difference what instrument you use in breaking into people's cash boxes. A legal opinion isn't half so dangerous looking as a crowbar, or a jimmy, or a bunch of skeleton keys, but how much more deadly in its effect! After a burglar has cracked your crib and left, you know exactly how much you have lost. When a lawyer cracks your crib, he don't leave till he not only has corralled all your present boodle, but holds a lien on your coffin and family lot in the cemetery. Besides, any lawyer can be a burglar if he feels like it, but every burglar can't be a lawyer! So I had made up my mind to read law with some sharp practitioner, if I had to rob every chicken coop in the vicinity to pay my way. Better that

fifty egg-producers should suffer than one lawyer be lost to the world.

From the R. R. depot I went to the hotel and registered; and right here let me say a few words on the subject of hotels. I don't mean the palatial structures that adorn the streets of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, and other large cities, but those that infest the towns, happily termed by members of the theatrical profession, "One-Night Stands"—that is, towns in which an "Aggregation of Talent" or an "All-Star Dramatic Consolidation" finds it impossible to obtain a paying audience for more than one consecutive night.

When stock companies were abolished, and the theatrical combination first took root, two one-night-stand hotels became united in the holy bonds of matrimony, and in the course of time begat numbers of little one-night-stand hotels, who, growing rapidly, branched out from the paternal roof, spread over the surface of the country, and firmly established themselves in the good curses of the wandering sons of Momus and the grand army of commercial travelers. They carried with them the ways and habits of their progenitors. They employed the same brand of cooks, and dealt in the same line of eatables and drinkables. I am ready to take oath that a cup of coffee (?) I swallowed in Bangor, Me., did, with malice aforethought, follow me to Omaha, Neb., and—ghost-like—haunt me in the wilds of Atlanta, Ga. I have known some oleomargerine to pursue me for some 1225 miles; and a dough nut to whom I was introduced in Salem, Mass., turned up again and claimed my friendship in Tombstone, Arizona.

'Twas the same with soup and mashed potatoes; and nothing will persuade me that the proprietors of the one-night stand hotels have not entered into a diabolical compact to buy up the horns and parts adjacent of Texas steers, and boldly foist the meat therefrom upon the helpless guests as sirloin steak. All the tea used is grown on the same currant bush, and the cayenne pepper is crushed from the same brand of bricks. Then the ballet—I mean the young ladies whom Providence, for some inscrutable purpose of its own, has placed in the one-night stand-hotel dining-room—in each caravan-erie is wonderfully alike. So is the bill of fare each fairy drops from her pouting lips. For breakfast the weary traveler hears the legend, "Ordered, sir?" "No; what have you got?" "Beefsteak, pork chop, sausage." This takes place in Hornellsville, N. Y. Scene changes to Marshall, Tex. Enter fairy; with pouting lips: "Ordered, sir?" "No, what have you got?" "Beefsteak, pork chops, sausage!" How long, oh Lord, how long? Another change of scene. Weary traveler discovered at breakfast table; locality Kankakee, Ill. Enter fairy, with the same old P. L. (pouting lips). "Ordered, sir?" "No, what have you got?"—as if he didn't know by this time what was coming! "Beefsteak ——" that's enough, he finishes the sentence—"pork chops, sausage!" and dies to slow music in fifteen minutes. A marked peculiarity of the one-night-stand ballet is, that it resents any attempt on the part of the weary traveler to have his order brought him as he gave it. The weary traveler asks for coffee; as a natural and to-be-looked-for consequence, the fairy deposits a cup of alleged tea in front of him, he politely intimates that his order was coffee, not tea; the bang on the fairy's forehead fairly quivers with indignation at the insult, and when the weary traveler does get his mocha, he quickly realizes the fact

that it has been rinsed in the dirty dish-tub, and is cold, flat, stale and unprofitable, and—ha! ha! ha! the Fairy is avenged! Gentle reader, take a tip from one who knows; the moment you strike a hotel with a Ballet, get through with your business as quickly as the law will allow you, and fly the fatal scene. As is a storm signal to an experienced mariner, so is a dining-room ballet to the hardened land traveler—a warning to keep away. As a rule, the landlords of these stomach crushers are very good fellows, willing and eager to supply their guests in any way, and it would seem that their tastes, in the matter of food, have become so perverted by a long course of one-night-stand hotel living, that they don't know how atrociously bad their cuisine is. That's the only way I can account for it. Another extraordinary thing about those hotels is, that the smallest rooms always contain the largest stoves. You get into town about 8 A. M. It is cold, bitterly and indefensibly cold; a cold that is not to be thought of in after years without a new crop of chilblains starting out upon your gnarled toes; so cold that icicles fall from your breath, and, striking upon the uppers of your shoes, make deep dents upon the surface of the leather. You are shown into a room on the top floor, a corner room with four windows and three doors in it; the room is 6x9, or 9x6, just as you like, and in it is a stove whose ponderous corpulency would about fit an apartment 35x45. The atmosphere of the room is so arctical that you immediately order a fire to be built. Wretched traveler! Here your misery commences. A freeborn American King, of Hibernian descent, on three dollars a week salary, enters with the kindling wood, a strong breath, conversational tendencies, and four sticks of wood, and proceeds to illuminate the interior of the stove; the feat is soon accomplished, and in a few minutes the atmosphere of the room is warm and cheering. Now the stove begins to get in its fine work. Hotter and hotter! Phew! You open the transom—hotter and hotter! Great Caesar's ghost! Open first one window, then another, then all of them. The demon of the stove laughs ha! ha! Great beads of sweat start out upon your brow—fiercer and fiercer glows the fire-fiend, off go coat and vest—no good! The fire seizes upon your vitals, it suffocates, blinds you, sears your brain, and finally you dash out into the Polar regions of the corridor, and don't return to your room until it is at freezing point again; and for the remainder of your stay you shiver in preference to roasting—you can't find the happy medium in that hotel. But those five minutes of warmth, those four sticks of wood are remembered in your bill to the tune of 75 cts.

The victim of a season of one-night-stand hotels can easily be detected; his eyes bear the hunted, despairing look one sees in a dog whose caudal appendage has had an experience with an empty tomato can. He becomes careless as to cuff and collar; doesn't wash his celluloids more than once a month, and betrays no shame when a pin is detected usurping the place of a vest button. Nature for him has lost her charm. Coney Island woos in vain, and the well-spring of his happiness is poisoned by the fatal chalice held to the lips of his memory by the fairy of the one-night stand hotel!

[To be continued in our next, unless the author enters into partnership with J. G. Bennett and Bonanza Mackey, in the new Cable Scheme.]



## MIXED.

PARSON JONES—Well, Tommy, why don't you come to Sunday-school any more?

TOMMY—Oh, our Club keeps me busy. Why, I'm first base now.

PARSON—Well, that's helping the good cause. We always want good bass for our choir.

## Bayville Church Fair.

THERE has been a great deal of fun poked by the wicked paragraphers at church fairs, festivals, sociables, *et id genus omne*. But a church festival is not all fun; oh, no. Sometimes it resembles Donnybrook Fair in its most serious and impressive moments. That one at Bayville, for instance. What a row that broke up in. It appears that the oyster had been abstracted from the stew by some unauthorized individual, who secreted himself under the communion table, to enjoy the unwonted delicacy undisturbed. He was disturbed at his unhallowed feast by some church members, who were justly indignant that the oyster for which they were in the very act of raffling, should have been scooped by an outsider. They went for him, but the aggressor, stimulated by his nourishing meal, showed fight, and for awhile that church resembled Bedlam broken loose: Cushions, candles, and altar pieces were vigorously plied, and the remaining articles of food were turned into weapons of offense and defense. The pastor was struck in the eye by a flying doughnut. Hard and heavy as a lump of lead, this terrible missile laid his cheek open to the bone. A shape of ice cream exploded with terrific force between two maiden ladies, and the deadly mixture froze their young affections as solid as a silver brick. Finally the intruder was ejected, order prevailed, and a

subscription was taken up to replace the oyster. When harmony was restored, the congregation united in the following beautiful and well known hymn:

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,  
For 'tis their nature to;  
Let bears and lions growl and fight—  
Then why not we and you?

Birds in their little nests agree,  
And 'tis a pleasing sight  
When members of one sanctuary  
Fall out, and bark and bite.

How doth our busy brother B.  
Creep tiptoe from his pew,  
And hook the oyster secretly  
From out our luscious stew?

So, brothers, sniff the savory dish,  
The odor lingers long  
Of our one oyster—sainted fish—  
Who suffered and was strong.

It is a significant fact, now-a-days, that our fashionable *restaurateurs* demand their fees in advance for catering to *bon-ton* parties and weddings.

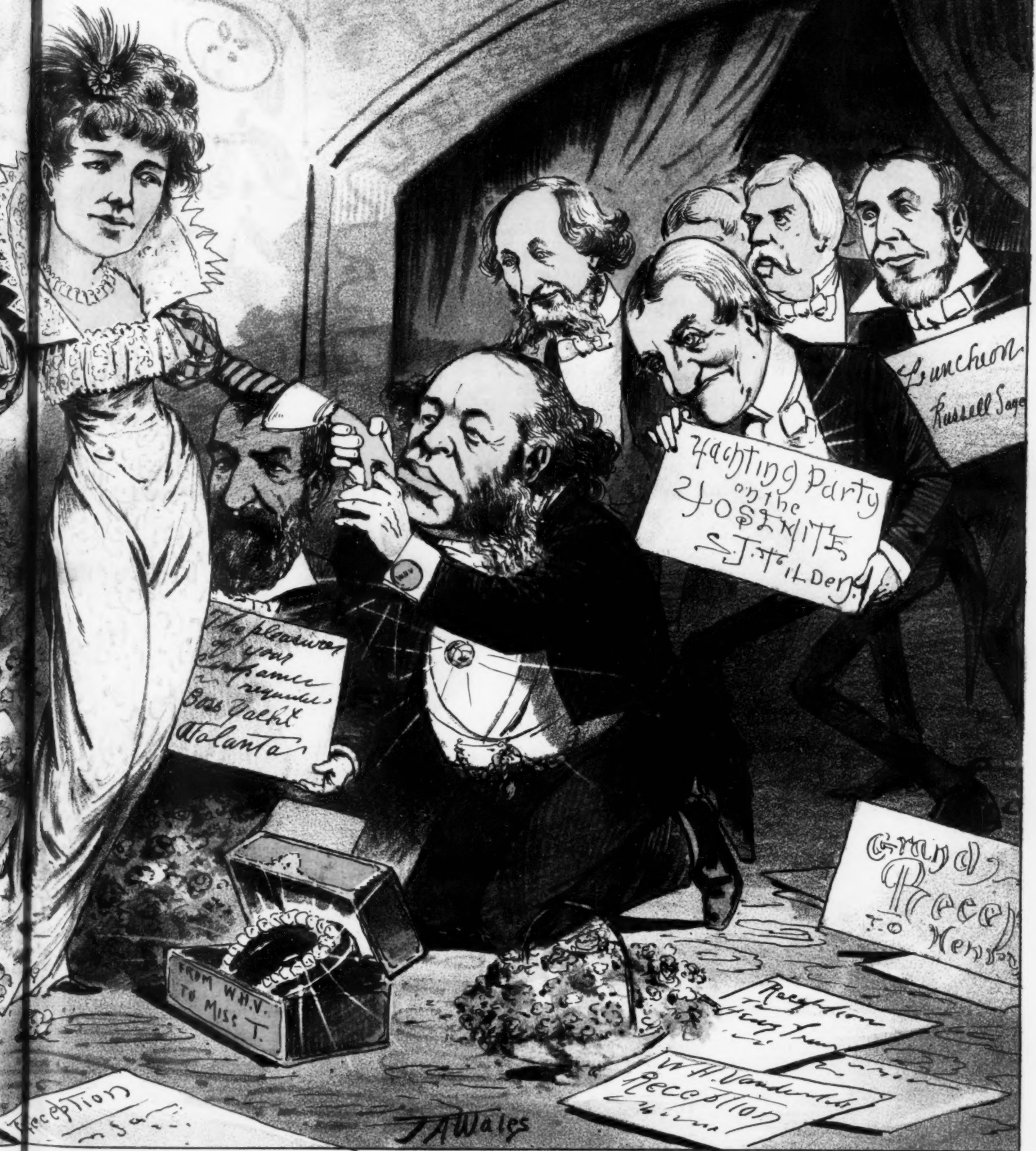
MADAME DE GRUM, of Murray Hill circles, announces her intention to eschew the wearing of sealskins and diamonds this season; it is her "uncle's" wish.



The Latest Idols of the Am  
We all worship them--they are s



WELCOME



he American Aristocrats.  
he are so English, you know.



LADY (in drug store)—“Have you any ‘Kid Reviver,’ Mr. Salter?”

MR. S.—“No, madam, we do not keep any, but (with animation) we have the ‘Infant Restorative,’ which is much more highly recommended at present.”

#### Pork Chops vs. Mutton Chops.

Now I'll tell you of the quarrel Parson Slop had with his wife:  
Ever since they had been married, between them had been a strife.  
What first commenced the trouble between this pair of Slops,  
One always wanted pork, and the other mutton chops.  
The butcher he'd knock at the door, and to the Parson say:  
“Will you tell me what kind of meat you'd like to have to-day?”  
“Pork chops,” said the Parson—his wife she would say “Mutton.”  
From that they almost came to blows; she'd call him an “old glutton.”  
“I cannot eat that horrid pork!” his wife most loudly cried;  
“I cannot preach on mutton chops,” the Parson quick replied.  
“This day let us have mutton chops; come, listen now, my dear.”  
“Pork chops we'll have, my duck,” is all that she could hear.  
Like other wives, the Parson's was bound to have her way,  
And the more that he'd say “pork!” the more she'd “mutton!” say.  
Said the butcher to the Parson: “Now I'll tell you what to do;  
I'll give your wife some mutton chops, and pork chops give to you.”  
So that's the way they fix'd it, and it ended all their strife,  
For it made the Parson happy, as it likewise did his wife.  
But when they came to cook it, only one frying-pan they had.  
“Pork first!” “I say mutton!” and then they both got mad.  
To fry the mutton first, his wife she was inclined—  
“Pork first!” replied the Parson, and would not change his mind.  
Which had his chops fried first, it was very hard to say—  
But somehow they both got fried, and each one claimed the day.  
And now 'twould seem that everything was done up most complete,  
And the parson and his wife could sit down in peace and eat.  
If they'd each a dish of gravy, their strife would have been done;

But, as it chanced to happen, they'd between them only one.  
Said the wife, “Will you please pass the mutton-gravy round?”  
“Pork gravy!” says the Parson, “I'll bet a thousand pound!”  
She grabbed one side of the gravy dish, the Parson grabbed the other—  
“You're greedy!” cried out the Parson, and she cried, “You're another!”  
They pulled as hard as they could pull, and pulled the dish in two—  
The gravy it was scattered round, and o'er both of them it flew;  
The table it was overturned, and the dishes did all break—  
I was fast asleep and dreaming, but the noise did me awake!

SIDEWALK PET.

MISSIONARY SHAW, of Madagascar, besides achieving no small notoriety and various emoluments, is to be paid £1,000 from the Secret Service Fund. Nice to be a missionary in these days. Formerly missionaries were frequently eaten by their flocks without any particular fuss being made about the matter, and the good men expected some such fate when they undertook a cure of savage souls; but now-a-days, if their evangelical coat tails happen to be trod upon, or the chip of orthodoxy be knocked from their sacerdotal shoulders, they are paid a thousand pounds for it. Verily, we live in a progressive age.

AN exchange says: We have before us one of the most beautiful bills of fare used on the New York and Chicago (limited) express, made up of “drawing-room, dining-room, smoking-room and sleeping cars,” with library, writing desks, etc., etc.

Well, we knew that New York and Chicago travellers could get away with almost anything, and when we hear of them tackling a *menu* of Soup, Drawing Room Car; *Entrees*, Dining Room Cars; Roast, Smoking Room Cars; Sauces, Sleeping Cars; Side dishes, Library, Writing Desks, Wash Stands, Water Coolers, etc., we only envy them their digestive organs.

PROF. PROCTOR reasons that the moon has grown old six times as fast as the earth, and that sixty millions of years must elapse before the earth will reach the stage of life through which the moon is now passing. We are interested in these things, and have carefully noted the sort of life the moon is now reaching with the intention of comparing it with the earth's at the time set by the Professor, to see if his reasons are solid. Persons of a scientific turn of mind, and an uncertainty as to the future, would do well to join us.

REV. W. H. D. MURRAY says in a lecture on the subject, that in those States where divorce is permitted, there are evidences of the highest civilization. Few of his cloth will agree with him.



Fierce, fiery warriors fought—Julius Caesar.



THE ROGUE'S QUICKSTEP.

#### Washington Gossip.

BY OUR OWN LIAI.

WASHINGTON, D. C., NOV. 1st.

YOUR correspondent was fortunate enough to obtain the privilege of an interview with the celebrated Congressman-at-Large from the Lone Star State—Tomaso Ochiltree. He has just returned from an extended tour, through Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, and the Island of Sardinia. The distinguished Congressman thinks very highly of Europe, has a good word for Asia, and can't say too much in praise of other portions of the globe. In fact, the entire universe is spoken very favorably of by Tomaso. Upon his arrival at Liverpool on his outward trip Mr. Ochiltree was received upon the wharf by quite a large concourse of people, which included a number of porters and hackney coachmen; the desire they evinced to carry Mr. O's satchel and convey Mr. O's person to any part of the city he might desire, evidenced a lively interest in America in general, and Texas in particular, which was as unexpected as it was gratifying. Some one in the crowd, Mr. O. observed, must have desired to possess some memento of his presence, for on arriving at his hotel he discovered that his pocket handkerchief, tooth brush, a meal ticket in a Galveston hash factory, some loose change, and a thousand mile pass on a Texan R. R., nine hundred and ninety-two miles punched out, were missing. Our distinguished countryman was presented with the freedom of the city in a pewter measure, and his hotel bill upon his departure; he paid for both; the “freedom,” he declares, was not bad, but give him square old Kentucky rye for choice, every time. While in London he visited the Tower and the Houses of Parliament, upon the floor of which—invited thereto by Mr. Gladstone—he delivered a speech upon the grand future of Texas, which so affected numbers of members that a syndicate was at once formed for the purpose of buying up several hundred square miles of Texan soil, upon which to raise potatoes for the use of the poor in Ireland. Mr. Ochiltree also paid visits to the British Museum; the Canterbury Music Hall; Buckingham Palace; Madame Tussaud's Waxworks; Ratcliff Highway; the Bank of England, and Tony Moore's Minstrels. He saw Henry Irving, and is of the opinion that he's not a marker to Dr. Landis; but Ellen Terry—she's a daisy! He had the honor of meeting the Prince of Wales at a dog-fight, and his Royal Highness gave the genial Congressman a commission to look him up a ranche in the event of any objection being made by the people to his ascending the throne when Victoria passed in her checks. He was in Paris at the time of the King Alfonso episode, and was the means of saving that monarch from the fury of the mob, by flinging around the royal form an American flag, which he happened to have in his pocket,

and himself sitting by the side of the Spanish monarch with a loaded revolver in each hand, with which he threatened to put daylight through any scoundrel who dared lay one finger on the sacred folds of the banner of freedom; he was for this gallant act created a noble of Spain by the grateful sovereign; and, did not his Republican instincts prevent him from doing so, Tom has the right to paralyze any hotel clerk in the land by inscribing in the register, "Thomas Ochiltree, L'Duc d' Munchausen." While in the capital of France, he was consulted on the Tonquin affair, by both President Greuv and the Marquis Tseng, and to Tom Ochiltree, the great truth-seeker of Texas, may be ascribed the peaceful termination of what at one time promised to be a bloody and prolonged encounter between the Chinese and the French. In Germany his reception was most enthusiastic, and the unveiling of the Statue of the Nation took place some days before the time originally selected, so that Mr. Ochiltree might deliver the congratulatory address; he, however, declined the honor, as he was afraid that a great deal of the eloquence would be thrown away, owing to the fact that his auditors would not understand a word he said. Tomaso only speaks two languages—United States and Texan; the latter consists of words which are usually represented in all newspapers by dashes: as, "I'll be d—," "My — of an opponent may think himself — lucky if he comes out of this — contest with a — rag of reputation left upon his — back, or a — ear or nose on his — face!" etc. It will be seen that this is a somewhat difficult language to make oneself understood in, especially when one's auditors are foreigners. In Rome, Mr. Ochiltree was invited to kiss the Pope's toe, but as he was particularly struck with the beauty of the Roman gals, he respectfully declined the honor, as he considered it would be a waste of material which could be, and was being better bestowed. He says St. Peters reminds him strongly of the court house in Austin, only it's a trifle larger, and a year or two older. In Turkey, Mr. O. was introduced to the Sultan, whom he taught poker, at an expense, to the Sultan, of 24 Circassian slaves of the female sex, and a principality on the Bosphorus; the latter he returned to Meeran, or Hafid—or whatever his d— name is, (those are the words of Thomas, in Texan), and the Circassian he disposed of to a Dime Museum, which was short of fat women. The Turkish monarch made him a Mussalman of the third grade, and now Tom has, every morning and evening, to kneel down on a piece of stair carpet, with his face to the sun, bob his forehead to the ground three times, and repeat seven verses of the Koran without taking breath. That is, the Sultan supposes Tom does so; what Tom really does, is to place his line of beauty against a bar, and bob his head once to the gentleman who officiates. He says it's a less troublesome ceremony, and the results are quite as pleasant, if not more so. As Tom graphically has it, "I might make a good Musselman if I hadn't got so d— Texan in my habits."

From Turkey, Mr. Ochiltree proceeded to Greece, where he gave George some points on horse raising, which will enable His Hellenic Majesty to pay his board in America, should the "whirligig of time" ever oust him from his present position. During his further wanderings, our distinguished fellow citizen met the King of Atlanta; the Tycoon of Japan; the Emperor of China;

the King of Anaur; the Psha of Persia, and the Czar of all the Russias, and yet—to show how firmly the principles of Republicanism are implanted in the breast of every true American—he is just as ready and willing as ever he was to accept any post of pecuniary profit in the gift of the people, from Postmaster of Skee-dunk, Tex., to President of the United States.

#### Masked.

I MET her the night of the Chatteris' ball,  
With her laughing eyes and nut-brown hair,  
And we danced together down the hall  
Under the chandelier's bright glare,  
To the witching strain of a swinging air.

I saw the flush on her rounded cheek,  
As we circling swung in the open space;  
While lips are sealed, eyes yet may speak,  
And hers looked up in my eager face  
As I held her close in the brief embrace.

Who was she? That no man would ask  
If *his* lips swept her perfumed hair,  
And her eyes, from under the narrow mask,  
Smiled into his with a roguish dare.  
And I led her out on the silent stair—

Into the moonlight—and sought to peer  
Under the mask; yea, even knelt,  
Whispering a compliment for her ear,  
Watching the dark eyes glow and melt,  
As I spoke of love that I almost felt.

Growing brave till I kiss the cheek,  
As lower and lower the eyelids fell—  
For men are strong, and women are weak—  
So I drop the mask from the face, and—well,  
Laughing before me was sister Belle.

GEO. B. FARRISH.

A LADY, traveling with her little boy in a drawing room car recently, appeared to have much trouble in keeping the child within bounds. He would crawl over and under the seats, startling and disturbing the other passengers, open and shut the windows, and, in short, make himself as numerous as circumstances would permit. No admonition from his mother was effectual in producing more than a minute of quietude. At length an irritated passenger said, with a world of sleeping sarcasm in his voice, "your little boy appears to be particularly lively, madam." "Oh, yes," responded the lady sweetly; "he thinks he is in church."

FASHION is at home again. From across the broad ocean and the distant mountain top she wings her airy flight and gladly nestles in her old haunts on Murray Hill, and the avenues are again filled with life and activity, gay equipages and fairy costumes, but fairest of all are the eyes peeping from beneath the narrow brimmed hats, and the cheeks scarcely less red than the roses that cluster around them. Let us hope that with all this beauty and display of wealth there is happiness in each heart that beats under the flashing diamond brooch.

THEY are going to have a new oratorio in Berlin, entitled "Maria Magdalena." Jesus Christ is a baritone, Magdalena a contralto, Simeon a baritone, and the apostle a tenor. This goes to prove what THE JUDGE observed recently, that makes it all the difference what you call a thing. A Passion Play is regarded as very horrible and shocking to public sensibilities, but a singing Saviour in an oratorio is all right, and doubtless will prove a good drawing card.

#### Woman's Weapon.

ROUNDSMAN MCSWEENEY arrested a pretty, but talkative young woman for drunkenness and brought her before the judge.

Before his honor had time to ask her a question she said "don't try to stop my talking, judge, for you can't do it."

"I never stop a woman who talks," said the judge.

"Please tell me then why I am arrested and brought here?"

"The officer says a car conductor ordered him to arrest you for being drunk. What's your name?"

"Never mind that! I'm called Mrs. A. M. Farley from my husband, who has deserted me and taken my child away. The case was to be heard in the Harlem Police Court today at half past two. I started for there, but in the car were three witnesses on the other side; they abused me and I retorted. The conductor tried to stop my talking, and when I refused he arrested me."

Calling the officer, the judge said: "This woman is not drunk. As talking is no crime—the only offence she seems to have committed—I discharge her."

With a withering look at the officer, the woman said: "If all women who talk are drunk, I think you'll find but few sober ones in the community. The tongue is woman's weapon, and they'll all use it too, and don't you forget it." With this parting injunction she left the court room.

THE Newburg Centennial is still bearing fruit, and there are some of the participants who have not yet forgotten the glorious day. Those who are figuring on the prices of new watches, will be apt to remember it until they replace their time pieces stolen on that festive occasion and those who are still in durance vile for mixing too much gin with their patriotism, will think often of Newburg—at least till their prison doors are opened. Love of country is a beautiful sentiment in the abstract.

MRS. JONES keeps a boarding house, and is always complaining of hard times and payment in arrears, and the other woes incidental to boarding-house-keeping existence. She has finally arrived at the conclusion that she cannot make both ends meet, and accordingly is going to make one end vegetables, much to her boarders' disgust.

"Do you know who came to save sinners?" asked a Bible-teacher of an honest Dutchman who occupied a seat in the class. "I heard it was Got," said Hans. The questioner shook his head. "No, no, my good Hans; it was Jesus Christ, the Son of God." "Oh, ho! So it was one of the poys? I thought it was the ole man," replied Hans.

A "LIFE OF BACON" is shortly to be published in England. Mr. Porker, of Cincinnati, has ordered a copy of the work in advance, though he says he is puzzled to know what anyone can tell him about a life of bacon, as he has lived one as long as he can remember anything.

A STARTLING innovation for a bride was that of the Countess Octave-de-Behague who was recently married to the Vicomte de Kergegei. In consequence of the death of the Comte de Chambord she was married in black silk with a phenomenal train, black frills at her neck and wrist, and a black bonnet ornamented with jet.



THERE is such an "embarrassment of riches" in the amusement line, just at present, that it is impossible for THE JUDGE, or any other man, to do justice to all.

What with Irving and Ellen Terry ringing The Bells at the Star; Nilsson and Gerster simultaneously singing through the agonies of dissolution at the rival opera houses; Coghlan vociferating as to his whereabouts at the Fifth Avenue, and the production of Sims and Pettit's In the Ranks at the Standard, the situation is most bewildering, and what or which to do first becomes a problem. If they'd give them to us one at a time, they'd last longer; but, as usual in New York, we have either a feast or a famine.

To begin with, the Metropolitan Opera House is almost the biggest thing there is to see, and were it any bigger, it would be advisable to establish telephonic communication between the family circle and the stage, and offer telescopes in place of opera glasses for the balcony. On the opening night the prices of admission were commensurate with the size of the building; but, as the performance lasted till between one and two o'clock A. M., no one that waited for the last act could complain of not getting the worth of his money. It took a twelve-hundred-dollar opera glass for the occupant of one of the parterre boxes opposite the stage to see whether Nilsson's voice had grown thin or not, but Tiffany fixed it so that the glass didn't cost any more than the box did, and the happy owner had still a few thousand dollars left for flowers and supper.

Campanini acknowledged he was a little tired after the show was over, and Del Puente would probably have felt better if Mapleson had not previously bothered him half to death. Nilsson spoiled her pretty white dress on the dusty stage, but she can sell the costly cadeau she received from an unknown source, and buy another robe, if her salary is not sufficiently large to warrant the additional expense.

Down at the Academy, Gerster has been warbling most mellifluously, and Mapleson is busy preparing injunctions for the singers at the other house, and telling reporters that he hasn't played his trump card yet. He says he'll have a straight flush if he can draw a few more cards from Abbey, and Abbey declares that he holds four queens of song right in his hand, and is sure of the game. Play away boys; you've got the season before you, and one or the other is sure to win.

Whatever may be Mr. Stetson's shortcomings as a manager, one thing is certain, he is not guilty of putting new wine into old bottles. Money, A Celebrated Case, and The Duke's Motto have quite as ancient a flavor as the names of Coghlan, Morrison, Ramsey, etc.

If the Fifth Avenue will keep on changing its bill every week, it may in time strike something that will prove a success. Thus far, however, the prices are the only things that have proved at all popular.

Jefferson, at the Union Square, and Fanny Davenport, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, continue their career; and Dollars and Sense at Daly's, and Moths, at Wallack's, are popular hits. Sarony has succeeded in photographing the charming Fanny Fedora in more attitudes than we ever imagined one woman could assume; but we don't know much about Russian ladies, and perhaps they are more limber-jointed than other females. Fanny must have gone through a vigorous course of calisthenics and light gymnastics, though, to become so proficient.

Kate Claxton has removed The Sea of Ice from McKee Rankin's Theatre, and Roland Reed has possession there now, and is exhibiting his unbounded Cheek as usual.

At the Casino, the Beggar Student beggars description (no charge for this joke), and Marie Prescott has again attacked a New York audience—this time at the Twenty-third Street Theatre in a play bad enough to have been written by Oscar Wilde himself. This building seems to be unfortunate, anyhow. Salmi Morse's A Bustle Among the Petticoats, was the first play produced here; then came the ill-fated opera Zenobia, followed by Charlotte Thompson in Harry Marshall's The Romanoff. Last week, Harkins as Richelieu, and now Belmont's Bride. What a list!

Annie Pixley is at The Grand Opera House, and Excelsior is still progressing at Niblo's. Thatcher, Primrose and West are doing an excellent business at the New Park, and The Picnic continues at Harrigan and Hart's.

The Horse Show is over, but the American Institute Fair is still in operation.

Regarding the great tragedian at The Star, and the new play at The Standard, THE JUDGE takes the papers, and reserves his decision until the next issue.

"Just the thing for a birthday present to my wife" said Mr. Lardkine, a rich pork merchant who was traveling in Europe with his better-half, and he read aloud:

"Order of Isabella of Spain, \$9."

"The Lion and Sun of Persia, \$9."

"The Garter—ah, that would suit you my dear!"

"Yes, Mr. Lardkine; but I would want a pair," said his spouse.

"A pair! and at that price," shouted Lardkine. "Why, Queen Victoria never wears but one."

"That may do for the Queen. I've heard often of her careless way of dressing; but I'm not going with one stocking-leg down at the heel just because it is fashionable. No, not by a good sight," insisted Mrs. Lardkine.

MISS CHAMBERLAIN is still in high favor at the British Court, says gossip. It is well-known that the Prince of Wales has ordered a life-size portrait of her from an English artist of high note. He has offered his yacht to the silly parents of this yet more silly beauty, for an Autumn cruise. He dances with the fair American and pays her exceptional honor. She is also invited to visit for several days at Cumberland Lodge, Windsor, with the Princess Christian, where she will meet a distinguished party.

Don't all set sail for England at once, girls, even though you have pretty faces and charming manners, but stay in America and marry some solid man, who will not flatter and pet you for a month or a season, but will love and care for you all your life.

#### Answers to Correspondents.

TYRO.—We earnestly hope that your "beginning" will be the end. We see no bud of promise in your contribution—nothing to lead us to hope for improvement. We are willing to encourage talent, but cannot waste time and space on nonsense.

TYPO.—If you saw your MS. in cold type, you might be led to contemplate *felo de se*. The very thought that our acquiescence in your request to publish might lead to such a catastrophe, makes us tremble. Stick to your "ems" and let the pen alone.

J. J. M.—"Not for Joe." THE JUDGE cannot prostitute its festive mission to lugubrious purposes. We believe in the wisdom of hearty laughter, not in tears. This paper is neither a morgue nor a cemetery. Its editor is neither an undertaker nor a corner.

OMNI.—Your verses are acceptable—to our wastebasket. See notice to contributors on the editorial page. To return all rejected MS. at our own expense would involve a goodly portion of the revenue of the office.

QUIZ.—Your quizzical sketch of men and things is accepted, subject to certain editorial alterations, which, in our judgment, are needed. We may not, however, be able to publish it for some weeks yet. Let us hear from you again.

T. M. J.—Remember the Scripture phrase, Many are called, but few are chosen. You are not of our chosen few—not this time, at least.

JANET.—We candidly caution our fair correspondent against the shoals, rocks and quicksands of rhyming. We cannot, for the life of us, see any "divine afflatus" in your verses. We hope Janet is more dexterous with stitches than distiches.

JUSTITIA.—What injury did we ever inflict upon you that you should wantonly put on us the hopeless task of wading through your epic? We have given your address to our "devil;" and, as the judges of our criminal courts say on passing sentence of death, May God have mercy on your soul!

RHYMEFUL.—Why feel so hurt over our answer two weeks ago? By our halidome, we swear that we intended to be pleasant with you—but we feel really angry now. Don't tempt us further, or abide the consequences. By the Nine Muses—yes, even by ten or twelve of them—we feel like killing you!

THE man, Frank Mason, who is serving out a term for bank robbery in the Missouri Penitentiary, has two wives—one living in St. Louis and one in Terre Haute, Indiana.

"What a man can want with two wives is more than I can tell," said a hen-pecked husband as he sat ruminating over the announcement with the newspaper before him. "One wife is enough for me, goodness knows. When we have our little arguments you'd think, if you were passing the house; there was a dozen women in the jam, and no man apparent. If I am nowhere with one wife, where would I be with a dozen? is a conundrum I often ask myself."

MR. HENRY L. TAYLOR, of Belair, Md., would read the Bible; Mrs. Taylor wouldn't allow it. If Taylor read it to the neglect of other duties, Mrs. T. had a right to object. If he was a poor reader and insisted on reading it aloud hour after hour, when she was in no frame of mind to listen, or if he selected objectionable passages such as "women obey your husband's," Mrs. T. would naturally become "riled" and request him to "shut up."

Mr. Taylor asks for a divorce on the above grounds, and the case is to have a hearing before a jury. Then we shall know the why's and wherefores.



## Castile Soap.

INTO the Plaza del Sophia—  
His horse all flecked with foam—  
The courier, Don Wan Maria,  
Came riding wildly home.  
"O! Spaniards, high and low," he cried,  
"Most evil news I bring—  
The vulgar Frenchmen do deride  
And stultify our king."

Up started Don Tomato then—  
A brave hidalgo he—  
And queried to his fellow-men  
How they could silent be.  
"Shall we," he cried, "look tamely on  
Alfonso's shame, and mope,  
When we should shout for Aragon,  
And strike for Castile soap?"

Now tremble, France; thy doom is spoke,  
And cooked thy fated goose—  
The pestilential seals are broke,  
The dogs of war turned loose.  
"To arms, to arms, Cantharides!"  
The Spanish courtiers cry,  
And, maddened by such shouts as these,  
To arms the Spanish fly.

—Chicago News.

BARTHOLDI intends to come over himself with his new monster statue of Liberty, so that he can watch it until it is placed in position and fenced in. He is evidently afraid that some American servant girl may attempt to dust it. He does not want it broken.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"NO MORE of the fruit, but a little more of the juice, if you please," said the temperance advocate when the hostess asked him to have another dish of preserves—brandied peaches.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

NAST denies that he had anything to do with the illustrations in Butler's picture book. He says they are too nasty for him.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

OSCAR WILDE has received many thanks from Mary Anderson for writing a play for her. They reach him in this shape: "Declined with many thanks."—*Bismarck Tribune.*

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.  
SNOOK & COLLIER, Proprietors.  
Every evening at 8—Saturday Matinee at 2.  
JOSEPH JEFFERSON in the CHICKET ON THE HEARTH and  
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OVER EVENINGS AT 10:30. MATINEES AT 4:15.

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LAST WEEK OF LAST WEEK  
Offenbach's most popular Opera Bouffe,  
THE PRINCESS OF TREBIZONDE.

Presented by  
THE McCAULL OPERA COQUETE COMPANY.  
Characters by Misses JEANNE WINSTON, EMMA CARSON,  
MARGIE JANSEN, JULIE DE RUYTHIER; Messrs. FRAN-  
CIS WILSON, A. H. BELL, A. W. MAFLIN,  
THOMAS GUISE.

Music under the direction of Professor HILL.  
LARGE CHORUS, INCREASED ORCHESTRA.  
New and Magnificent Scenery and Costumes.  
MONDAY EVENING, October 29, first production, on a scale of unprecedented splendor, of Millocker's reigning European opera company sensation.

THE BEGGAR STUDENT.  
John A. McCaull, sole and exclusive license for the United States and Canada, through Goldmark and Corried.  
Characters by Mesdames CECILE FERNANDEZ (her first appearance); BERTHA RICCI (her first appearance); ROSE LEIGHTON (her first appearance); and MATHILDE COT-TRELLY, and Messrs. FREDERICK LESLIE (his first appearance); Mr. W. S. RISING (his first appearance); ELLIS RYSE, HARRY STANDISH and W. T. CARLETON.  
Chorus of 60.  
Orchestra of 30.

The opera produced under the direction of  
MR. JESSE WILLIAMS.  
SEATS CAN NOW BE SECURED.

## A CARD.

To all suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, N. Y.

## Taking the Census.

THE gentleman who is now engaged in canvassing for the new city directory is also taking the census. The other day he stopped at a neat cottage on Second street, knocked and was admitted by a young lady, when the following conversation took place:

"I am getting the names of the residents of Laramie for the new city directory. Will you please give me yours?"

The young lady blushed, dropped her head, and finally answered in a low tone of voice:

"Mrs. —."

"Any children?" continued the canvasser, as he made a few hieroglyphics in his note book, which were supposed to represent the name just given.

"Oh! goodness sake, no!" ejaculated the lady.

The canvasser glanced up inquiringly. The cheeks of his hostess were fairly aflame, and she was evidently trying to say something more, but could not find the right words because of her embarrassment. Finally she broke the painful silence:

"That isn't my n—that is, I—I am going to—my—my name isn't Mrs. — now, you see, sir, but it will be to-night!"—*Laramie Boomerang.*

## Caught in a Lie.

AN unbleached Austin domestic in the employment of the Pettigrew family was caught very neatly in a lie not long since. Mrs. Pettigrew sent her with a note to Mrs. Colonel Percy Yerger. After having been gone an unreasonably long time, Matilda returned.

"Did you take a note that Mrs. Yerger?"

"Yes, mum, but she was done gone down town to make some calls."

"Then you left the note with the servant?"

"Leff de note wid de sarvint?"

"Yes, that's what I said."

"No, mum; de sarvint was done gone out, too."

"If the servant wasn't there, how did you find that Mrs. Yerger had gone out calling?"

"How did I—yes, mum—I jess 'spicined she had done gone out callin', bekase how thar war nobody at home? De house was done locked up, an' de shutters was turned down, so I brung de note home."

"Well, go right back now, and see if Mrs. Yerger has not returned."

"Yes, mum, but—"

"But what?"

"I don't know whar she libs."—*Texas Siftings.*

## There Was One.

THE census-taker was doing one of the interior towns, as is the case in these places about every year, and at one house he interviewed the proprietor. After certain inquiries, he said:

"Have you a wife?"

"Yes."

"First one?"

"No, the last one out of four."

"Any children?"

"A few."

"How many?"

"Thirteen."

"Any idiots?"

"Well, let me see"—scratching his head, in a thoughtful attitude—"I guess there's one. That's me. Put it down in the book that way, anyhow, on general principles."—*Merchant Traveler.*

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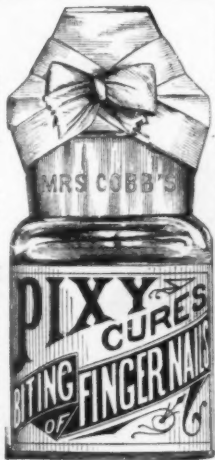
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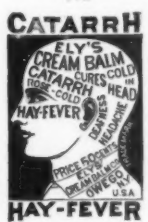
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 Bran-Nail Powder.—Most brilliant finger nail polish in the world.  
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An Aggrieved Man.

A LARGE negro called at the office of a Little Rock newspaper, and drawing out a paper, said:

"I've got a complaint ter make, sah."  
 "Well sir, what's the matter?" asked the editor.

"Read dis!" and he put a finger that looked like a cold chisel, on the following paragraph:

"While everyone must recognize the foundation upon which our social institutions are based, yet no one of profound learning can admire the professional (if we may use the term) society man.

"Did yer write dat?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Den, sah, yer has got me ter whup."

"And why do you take offense? It does not in the least refer to you."  
 "De debil it doan!"

"Are you a society man?"  
 "Yes, sah, I is. I is de Secretary ob de S'ciety ob de Sons ob Ham, and I'll be danged if I doan stan' up fur my rights. When a newspaper says suthin' agin' a society man it slaps at me as well as de oddsers, and de fact dat I've de fust ter take it up prubes dat I've de best s'ciety man, an' 'titled ter stan' at de head ob de order. Is yer ready to gin me satersfaeshun?"

"I do not mind fighting you, as I have not killed a negro since breakfast, and only by earnest and persistent endeavor did I succeed in getting in three effective shots this morning before daylight—but the paragraph does not refer to you. It is a slam at the white whipper-snapper whose only aim is to put on a clean shirt and visit simpering young ladies."

"Meant fur de white folks, was it? Wal, den I've yer fren, boss. Dat's de fust lick dat has been struck fur de niggers since de wah, an' ef it wan't agin de 'stablished rules ob de order, we'd 'nishiade yer into de s'ciety. Ain't got a ole par o' britches layin roun', is yer? Wal, I'll wait till yer scours roun' on dem britches a while longer, an' come an' git 'em. Bleegee ter yer, boss, fur yer 'sideration."—Arkansas Traveler.

What to Buy.

"Hullo, Lambkin! I can give you a point this time. If you want to double your money, buy Halifax & San Francisco. Biggest thing yet! Air line—through in forty-eight hours—no change of cars—everybody'll patronize it—stock's bound to soar—can't be had for love nor money before the end of the week."

"But do you think the road will ever be built?"

"Built?" exclaimed Sharpshy; "why, Lambkin, you innocent creature, of course it won't be. But what's that to do with it? Do you suppose I'd advise you to invest, if I thought it would? No, sir. Never buy railroads, my boy; bad investment. Buy stock if you would make money."—Boston Transcript.

AND the political speaker stood and envied the vocal powers of the boy who was talking to a companion three feet away.—Boston Post.

THE Spaniards want France to understand that they don't allow anybody to sass their king but themselves.—Boston Transcript.

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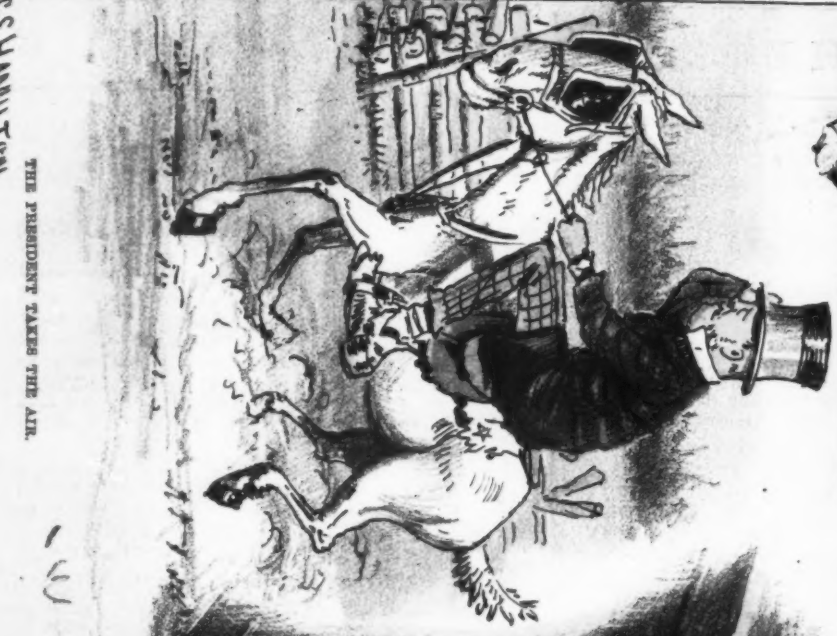
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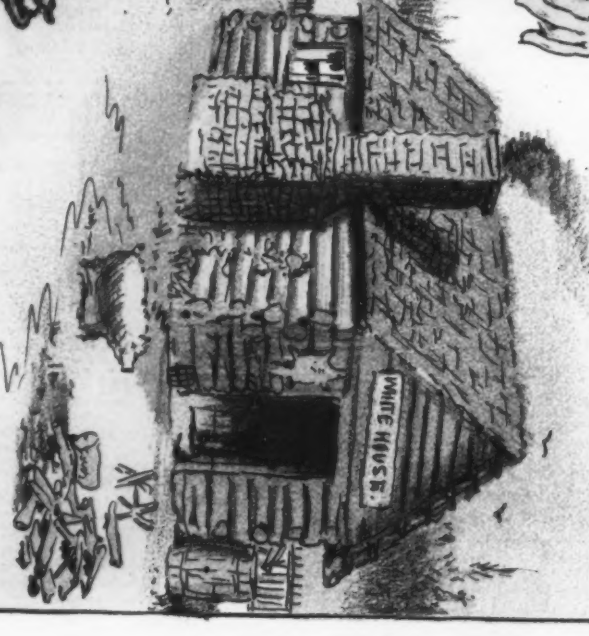
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