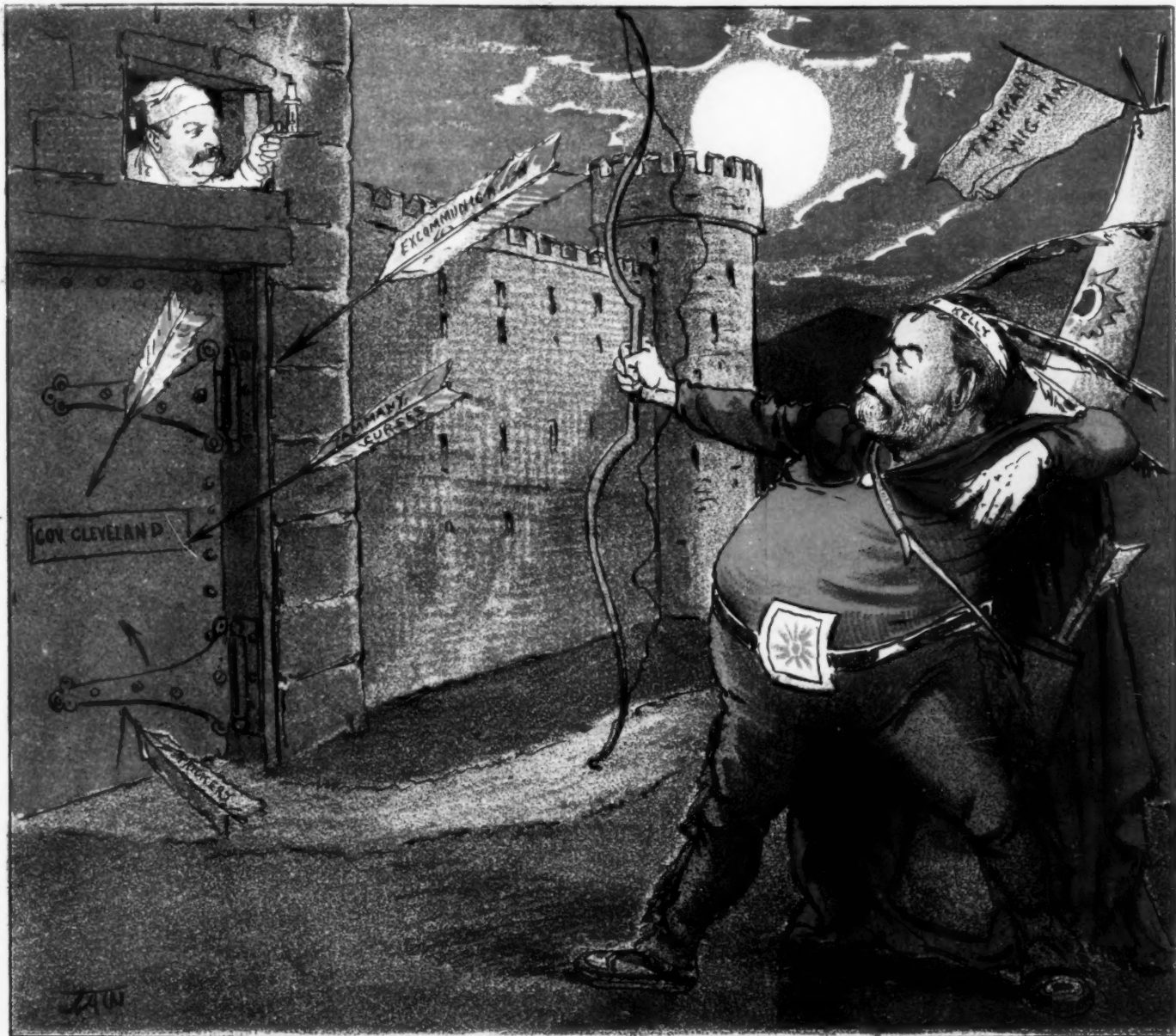


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KELLEY AND CLEVELAND.

MR. JOHN KELLEY may be the greatest Democrat in the world, but he is not happy. Bosses are bosses, but when a boss gets an election coming his way and then does not win, he is to be pitied. Mr. Kelly, as a Democrat, doubtless felt good over Mr. Grover Cleveland's election to the responsible office of Governor of the State of New York. But—and this only shows that the "best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley"—Mr. Kelley has discovered that Mr. Cleveland is not the malleable piece of clay he expected. Thus history repeats itself, and thus Mr. Kelley finds out that it would be well to change his mind—perhaps his politics.

IN THE PARK.

WE have copied a good deal from the English, first and last, and we have been, as a whole, wise enough to leave the evil and choose the good. We have chosen never more wisely than when we selected the athletic and outdoor sports of our insular progenitors as objects for imitation. We have followed England in athleticism, and gone one better. Our national game of base ball is the old English "rounders," sublimated and brought to a pitch of perfection unheard of in the old land. Polo may be almost said to be confined to America. In target-shooting and marksmanship of all kinds we are *facile princeps*. As riders we can produce Americans who can double discount the cracks of Lancashire. Even in the Park we can show ladies who sit their horses as gracefully and ride them as well as the famous belles of Rotten Row. We are all right up to the present time.

SO FAR, the Brooklyn Bridge has proven unquestionably successful.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

COMPETITIVE examination is a very fine thing, and, in its practical working, has been found open to but one objection, namely: those who know enough to pass one never know anything else. How should they? They have not time. A single paper of a civil service examination is sufficient to exhaust all the knowledge acquired by a liberal education, and these papers invariably deal largely in what we used to call humanities. Of course, it is very pleasant to reflect that our officers, appointed under the aegis of Civil Service Reform, can construe one of Plato's dialogues at sight, or construct a theory for the scansion of a chorus of Æschylus. In view of these accomplishments, of course any special fitness for the position, any special aptitude for the discharge of its duties, cannot reasonably be demanded from men of such lofty culture. If our Custom House Inspectors become so blinded by over-study that they cannot see goods smuggled in under their very eyes, we can take comfort from the fact that they are thoroughly versed in the higher mathematics, and are capable of formulating an intelligent thesis on the origin of sun spots. Our policemen will understand why they cut across lots to apprehend a fugitive, for they will be able to prove to demonstration that any two sides of a triangle are together greater than the third. That our letter carriers should know how to read is wise and necessary; that they should be well posted in Sanscrit and Hebrew is perhaps advisable. But that they should be profound logicians as well, would seem needless.

But we have been told that Civil Service Reform is not a farce, but a *bona fide* reform, and we are bound to believe it. By all means let us have dons for policemen, sophomores for tax collectors, and duly graduated Custom House Inspectors who can overhaul our baggage in eleven different languages.

ELEVATED TRAVEL.

COMPLAINTS against the elevated railroads appear to be perpetual, and assuredly where there is so much smoke there must of necessity be some fire. Certainly these roads owe a very large debt to the city for the valuable franchise they hold, and if they have largely increased the value of taxable property in certain districts, they have seriously diminished it in others—for where an elevated railroad runs through a street or block of dwelling houses, that property is doomed, from a landlord and tenant point of view. But, on the whole, we may safely say that ninety per cent. of our population regard rapid transit as a blessing—perhaps not altogether unmixed, but still as a blessing. The great and most general cause of complaint appears to be the insufficiency of the accommodation at certain hours; and it is difficult to see how that can be avoided. Where there is a large and steady tide of travel for a few hours, in a given

direction, it is not easy to accumulate rolling stock sufficient at one end to accommodate it, and safety demands some interval between the running of the trains. Another inconvenience of the elevated travel—or perhaps we might rather say a necessary evil under the present system—is the distance of the lines apart, and the lack of communication between them in the up-town districts. From Twenty-third Street down, the city is belted at sufficiently frequent intervals with cross-town lines of horse cars; but above Twenty-third Street there is no road which taps the various lines of the elevated till we reach Fifty-ninth Street, and passing that point we have to go to One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth Street before we reach another. It seems a pity that the elevated was not built originally in a mighty circle. If the train that started from Washington Heights ran on the outside track all the way round the island to Harlem on the east side, while the train from Harlem ran on the inside track in the opposite direction round the island to the Washington Heights terminus on the left, every point on both roads would be easily accessible from any given point on either, and it would require but a very short distance of extra construction. Under the present arrangement a person in West Forty-second St. for instance, who desires to reach Fulton Ferry, must either walk across to the Third Avenue Road—quite a long distance—or trust to luck to cross down-town Broadway, and make his way to the ferry from Cortland St. or thereabouts, from the Sixth Avenue side. Of course, nobody now-a-days but a few old fossils dreams of taking the lumbering and uncomfortable stage. But if the line ran around the city in a continuous chain, you could take the train at Sixth Avenue and Forty-second Street and ride to Fulton St. direct without change. And so on the other side. If there are any mechanical or engineering difficulties in the way of such an arrangement as this, we confess we do not see them, and if the elevated railroads would take some such plan into consideration we believe that they will find a simple means to please the public and profit themselves.

AN Irishman has forced his way into the English legation at Washington with the design of trying a little of the Phoenix-Park methods of agitation on the British minister. This is a flagrant outrage on the representative of a friendly power, and the perpetrator should be severely dealt with. To look for any respect for the obligations of international treaties from Irishmen of this class would be as reasonable as to expect Chesterfieldian manners from a Tonca-islander; but this government should teach people of that class that it is prepared to exact due respect from those living under its flag for the foreign representatives that are its guests; otherwise American civilization will suffer in the eyes of the old world.

THE summer exodus has fairly begun.

THE IRON PIER.

BY THE JUDGE'S CITY LYRIST.

Oh, the poet's rhyme may ring thee,
 Iron pier;
 Or the bard of Venus sing thee,
 Iron pier,
 In the long, melodious chime
 Of his soft, recurrent rhyme,
 Ever varying, ever changing,
 Sweet and strong as bonied wine—
 O'er the field of language ranging,
 Catching accents half divine—
 When we reach the month meridian of the year,
 We turn our eyes toward thee, Iron pier.
 When the mists of heat enwreath thee,
 Iron pier,
 And the waters glow beneath thee,
 Iron pier,
 With many a swain and nymph
 Disporting in thy lymph
 In their gaudy bathing dresses
 And their bare arms flashing white,
 With their loosened, dripping tresses,
 With their jests and laughter bright—
 If the water that surrounds thee were but clear,
 Thou would'st be a summer heaven, Iron pier.
 Yet, with all thy dash and clatter,
 It is clear
 Thou art no such wondrous matter,
 Iron pier,
 When, thy planet being resplendent,
 And thy season at its height,
 City belles and swells attendant,
 Grandmamas and maidens bright,
 Shoals of shapely little people,
 With their nurses, pert and pretty,
 Ministers divorced from steeple,
 Merchants haggard with the city,
 Are the crowds that tread thy flooring, Iron pier,
 For a sail the blue exploring, far and near.
 Thou'st a band to play selections,
 Iron pier,
 And a cafe for refectations,
 Iron pier;
 Yet, when all is said and done,
 'Tis thy shelter from the sun,
 'Tis thy pleasant ocean breezes, Iron pier,
 That thy populace most pleases, Iron pier,
 To leave thee 'tis a pity, Iron pier,
 For the hot and dusty city, Iron pier;
 But the last boat back is waiting,
 And the crowd is cogitating
 How thy waves are colored loamy,
 And thy beer is extra foamy,
 And they're doubting, yes, they're doubting,
 Iron pier,
 If the money for their outing,
 Iron pier,
 Has so wisely been expended
 As at first they had intended,
 As they steam from the deserted
 Iron pier.

IN war, the major portion of the army is never expected to have general knowledge of the campaign, as they have not the aids to obtain it; yet the rank and file have private information as to details.

A circus band played "Old Hundred" during a performance in Wilkes-Barre this week. That's nothing; the circus clown's jokes are older and more doleful still.

THE most prosperous baker kneads the most dough.

IF a man has lots of sugar he always has plenty of taffy offered to him.



DAT BOY, 'LIGE.

"Dat's a hole in dis jacket, and dat ten cents am duu gone. Wonder if dat boy 'Lige knows where 'tis?"

MADAME LA CHAPERONE.

VERY discreet and very confiding,
 Dreams not of evil by any chance;
 Never betrays where her charge is hiding,
 Quite independent of *convenance*;
 Takes our silliest speeches for real,
 Is not offended at whispered tones—
 Certainly we have the *beau ideal*,
 The very kindest of chaperones.
 Shall I describe her? Yes, but maybe
 The points important are those I'll miss;
 Who could ever describe a baby—
 'Specially such a babe as this?
 Strong in will, though in body feeble,
 Mamma's lap is her only throne;
 In time she may be *l'enfant terrible*—
Now she is Madame La Chaperone.
 She has her thoughts and her fancies, surely;
 Often I look in her big blue eyes
 Fixed on vacancy so demurely,

Gravely silent and wondrous wise;
 Lapped in quietude so Elysian,
 What her thoughts are will ne'er be known;
 For nothing, save a candy petition,
 Utters Madame La Chaperone.
 I am her favorite; not from merit—
 Her mental processes who can know?
 Perhaps from mamma she doth inherit
 The views peculiar that make me so.
 What pleasant hours we have passed together,
 (I trust the last of them has not flown),
 Talking or dreaming this dreamy weather,
 Mamma and I and our Chaperone.
 Well, bless you, baby; duenna kinder
 Than you have been I shall scarcely see;
 No one discreeter, nobody blinder,
 And quite enough for propriety,
 In a score of years, or sooner, maybe,
 You'll want some *te te te* of your own;
 Allow me to recommend a baby
 As the nicest possible chaperone.

G. H. JESSOP.



HE PAID THE MONEY.

Mr. JACOBS and Mr. Isaacs both had a full appreciation of the value of money, and a decided objection to ever being poor. They were both more than well-to-do, but they frequently entertained themselves by speculating what they would do if reverses overtook them and they lost their money.

"But dot vash dumpossible," said Isaacs; "I haf enough to last my dimes, ond I tell you breddy quick."

"Ya," returned Jacobs; "but ven you die you don't got no vay of taking any vid you."

"Dot vash so," returned the other reflectively. "Vell, I tell you vot I do; I insures mine life."

"Yaw, but dot will go to der estate; dot don't helb you none."

Isaacs realized the force of the objection, and finally hit on a solution. "Tell you vot, Jacobs," said he, "very likely der von't be no monish at all vanted vere ve're going; but den der may; und I tells you vot. If you dies first I buries fife thousand dollars mid you—right in der goffin; and if I dies first, you do the same mid me. Eh? How vos dot for high?"

JACOBS agreed. The singular bargain was ratified, and the minds of both men felt relieved of a considerable load. But, by-and-by, in the course of nature, Jacobs sickened and died.

Among all who mourned for him none mourned so deeply as Isaacs, for he lamented full five thousand dollars' worth. He began to think that he had entered into a very silly bargain; he was now convinced that the money would do his departed friend no earthly good, but still his conscience troubled him. He was a thoroughly square man, and he felt that he owed deceased five thousand dollars. Finally he consulted a friend in whose judgment he had implicit confidence, determined to abide by his decision.

To Isaacs' mortification the friend was of opinion that the money ought unquestionably to be deposited as agreed upon. It was, he agreed, a silly bargain; but it had been entered into in good faith by both parties, and there was clearly no way out of it now.

"You'll never feel like an honest man till you have done as you promised, Mr. Isaacs," said his friend.

"Ya; I dinks dot vosh so mineself," said Isaacs, and he departed with a heavy heart.

Two or three days after, he met the friend again, and he was so light-hearted that the gentleman at once concluded the load was off his mind.

"You have buried that money, have you not?" he asked.

"Ya, I've buried it," answered Isaacs.

"And you feel better for it, don't you?"

"Oh, much better."

"That's right; a man never loses anything by doing his duty. By-the-way, how did you bury the money; was it in gold, or greenbacks, or how?"

"Vell, no; I shust draw my check to poor Jacob's order, and let him have dot."

A GALLANT militiaman in Scotland ventured on the outside of a horse for the first time in his life one field-day. He was in full uniform, and that fact, coupled with his peculiar equestrian methods, attracted to him more attention than he altogether liked. At length he reined up and accosted some small boys who were jeering at him. "What's the matter with ye? Did ye never see a war-horse before?" "Aye, sure mon," replied the boy, in broad Scotch, "I've whiles seen a waur horse, but never a waur rider."

"UNDER TWO FLAGS."—The steam-heating pipes—and this is a low estimate.

A SUMMARY PROCEEDING.—The exodus from the city in the dog-days.

CORD OR WAVE.

OUR bright morning contemporary, the *Journal*, has the following:

"A North-Carolina girl climbed a tree and tried to hang herself with an apron, but the knot slipped, she fell into the river and was drowned. When maidens are determined to commit suicide, kind Nature invariably comes to their assistance."

Ha, ha! That reminds us—

Down by the millstream's side
Lived old Gray, the miller;
Down by the side of the bubbling tide
Grew a weeping willer.
Under the willer tree
Sat the miller's daughter,
A-singing a song and a-gazing long,
And a-looking into the water.

The tears fell from her eyes,
Her head it kept a-bobbing;
First she sighs, and then she cries,
And then commences sobbing:
"All the world's a waste;
Life to me's grown odious
Since William he deserted me
And went and joined the sojers."

She shrieked, and sobbed, and wept,
Her face she up did cover;
She breathed a sigh most mournfully
For her departed lover—
And then she did prepare
Her mortal life to injure;
Her head was bare, and the color of her hair
Was a sort of a delicate ginger.

She looked at the willer above—
Says she, "I'll hang in my garter;
But what a mistake if the garter should break,
I'd probably drown in the water."
She looked at the water below,
And her nerves began to totter—
"I'm not very bold, and I might take cold,
I'll wait till the weather gets hotter."

If the North-Carliny gal
Had only paused to consider,
She might have stayed, like the miller maid,
And grown up into a widder.
For apron strings is false,
And rivers all too certain,
And many a galoot would hang, drown or shoot
If he wasn't afraid of it's hurtin'.

"THAT coat looks as if it had seen service," remarked a gentleman to a ragged tramp, who begged of him. "Seen service," said the tramp; "I reckon it has. It's a war veteran." "A war veteran! You don't mean to tell me that coat has been through the war." "Well, it don't look new, does it? How d'ye suppose these holes came in it if it wasn't wore."

"THERE is a tide in the affairs of men," as Smith remarked when Jones refused him a trifling loan on the ground that all his money was tied up in investments.

"NEVER say dye," was Mrs. Perkins' reply to her husband's intimation that there were ways and means by which her last summer's toilet might be made to do duty again.

"REVENGE is sweet," as the man said who went in the morning to the saloon where he had been overcome the night before, and treated the bar-tender.

"WON'T washee," as the Chinaman said to his would-be-credit customer.



I do think it's awfully mean in Heraclitus not to be willing to get a new piano, particularly after telling me I could furnish the parlor just as I liked. When I reminded him of his promise, he said he didn't see what upon earth I wanted with a new piano, and asked what was the matter with the old one. I told him it was square, and out of fashion, and I wanted an upright; whereupon he burst out laughing, and said I'd want a new-fashioned husband next; that he supposed the value of a piano consisted in the quality of the music it was capable of producing, and not in the fashion of the case—but I was not going to be crushed by any of his grand arguments; so I told him that was all he knew about it. Upright pianos were fashionable, and helped to furnish a room beautifully, and an upright piano I was going to have. As for husbands, I dared say they'd changed, too, since I came into possession of one; and there was quite as much room for improvement in him as in the old piano—anyway, he was usually out of tune. Then he got mad, and banged the door and went out, and never came back till between twelve and one o'clock.

The baby hadn't been well all that day, and right after he left I sent for the doctor, who said she was threatened with croup; so when my young man returned from his poker party, or whatever he'd been to, he found matters eminently cheerful. The first thing he did, on entering the room, was to knock over a table on which was a student's lamp that I'd just got fixed to suit me. The common lamps are anything but ornamental, so I hunted around till I found a lovely, delicate pink globe that just fitted ours. Then I got some Spanish lace the same shade and fastened it to the lower edge, where it hung like a little flounce, and I drew some pink satin ribbon through the brass ring in the top of the handle, and tied it there in a good, generous bow. The effect was extremely pretty, and, when lighted, it gave the whole room a roseate hue that was beautiful. To be sure the table it was on was top-heavy, and would almost go over if you looked hard at it, but I wasn't going to tell Heraclitus of it. Let him think it was his own carelessness that upset it, and serve him right. Of course the noise awoke the baby, and the room smelled frightfully of kerosene, but instead of being sorry he said he was glad of it—I ought to know that a red light was bad for the eyes, and if I must go and make a useful thing ridiculous, I'd better have a blue shade than a pink one. I told him he was a great clown to be so clumsy; that it was no thanks to him it didn't happen to be lighted and blow us all up, and that doubtless the odor of kerosene would be highly beneficial to his child's throat, to say nothing of the

carpet and table cover I'd nearly put my eyes out embroidering. "Embroidering be hanged!" said he, "if you'd embroider some buttons on my shirts, and do a little art Kensington work on some of my socks, it would be quite as laudable as sewing Turkish towels on to push for table covers;" and added he "would as soon be blown up by kerosene as by me." I considered these remarks too contemptible to notice—besides, I was trying to coax "Tweedledums" to go to sleep again, which she finally did. He knows perfectly well that Marie, the nurse, does all the mending, and does it well, too; but he got paid for his mean speech in a way that he little expected. It seems that our little precious had been playing with a large glass marble that afternoon; Marie had neglected to pick it up, and it was left on the carpet, so when my young man had undressed, turned down the gas, and was proceeding to get into bed, he stepped on it with his bare foot, and slid half-way across the floor, bringing up against the edge of the bedstead with a crash that shook nearly everything in the room. I regret to say that the language he used was more forcible than elegant. He couldn't imagine what had happened to him till he turned up the gas again and found the marble, and then the way he began to storm about the carelessness of women in general and his own wife in particular, was a caution to all unmarried females. But I'd had enough of his crossness by this time, so I just told him to be quiet; it was nobody's fault but his own; babies had to have toys, and if his feet were so big there wasn't space enough for them and a good-sized marble in the same room, it wasn't my fault; I presumed he'd say next I was to blame for upsetting the lamp. The next morning he was quite lame. I wanted him to be particularly good natured and give me some money, so I got the bottle of Pond's Extract and bathed his leg, and just because I happened to get a little of the stuff on where the skin was off, he got perfectly furious, and tore around the room like a wild hyena. But the baby was decidedly better, and after he'd eaten a nice breakfast, I scooped fifty dollars out of him and went forth to make some purchases. I had to go to 23d street anyhow, so I just thought I'd take a look in at Le Boutillier's new store. It is very nicely fitted up, and they have a fine assortment of black silks at astonishingly low prices. Some of their fifty-cent handkerchiefs were so pretty I had to get a few, and then I went over to Stern's to get some plush for a table. I also purchased some lovely ornaments for my new cabinet there, and saw so many bargains that I'm going back to have another look as soon as I've finished with the parlor. Heraclitus has invested in an organette that he got of the Mechanical Organette Company, and the baby is perfectly delighted with it. It is too funny for anything to see her turn the handle with her little hands to "make the music come," and Heraclitus says he has at last found an instrument on which he can play. I haven't said anything about the piano lately, but I've not given it up. As soon as I make up my mind where I can do the best, and get the most for my money, I shall open the subject anew. Then he'll find that a piano and nothing but a piano will suffice

PENELOPE PENNYFEATHER.

"MAN cannot live by bread alone," yet it is always meet to have, as it is generally kneaded.

Too many "poneys" spoil the race.

COURT ETIQUETTE.

THERE are some disadvantages in being a monarch, and at times no doubt even the court etiquette is wearying. When the Grand High Chief What-d'ye-call-him, accompanied by a body of soldiers as an escort, marches up to the family casemate of the Czar, and remarks through the port-hole, "Your royal highness, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, of Moscow, of Kieff, of Vladimir, of Novgorod; Czar of Kazan, of Astrakhan, of Poland, of Siberia, of Khereson-Tawride, of Grousi; Gosouder of Pskov; Grand Duke of Smolensk, of Lithuania, of Volhynia, of Podolia and of Finland; Prince of Estonia, of Livonia, of Courland, of Semigalia, of the Samoredes, of Bielostok, of Corelica, of Foer, of Ingar, of Perm, of Viatka, of Bulgaria, and of other countries; Master and Grand Duke in the Lower Countries in Novgorod, of Tchernigoff, of Raisan, of Polotsk, of Rostoff, of Jarostaff, of Bielosersk, of Oudork, of Oldorsk, of Kindisk, of Vitelsk, of Mtskheiti, and of all the countries of the North; Master Absolute of Iversk, of Kastolnisk, of Kalardinsk, and of the Territory of Armenia; Sovereign of Mountain Princes of Teherkask; Master of Turkestan; Heir Presumptive of Norway, and Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, of Stormarne, of Dithmarse, and of Oldembourg—the banquet waits"—one would think it would make him tired. How much better the easy democratic simplicity of our "Republican court," where the waiter sticks his head in at the door and shouts, "Marse Chet, de grub's sot!"

H. J. S.

The Whitehall Times says that "the dude is the connecting link between man and puppy." This looks like an inference that he is a Bologna sausage.

DR. PUSEY left a personal estate of \$80,000 to Miss Mary Amelia Brine. The man who gets hold of this estate will probably take it *cum grano salis*.

WHEN a man gets lost in a big cornfield, no wonder he is amazed that he cannot stalk out.

IN Warsaw the grain is still threshed with a flail. Wonder if this is the same kind of threshing that Thaddeus of War-saw.

To remove paint—kiss a fashionable girl on the cheek.

A TEXAS rancher calls his sheep corral the wether bureau.

COD fishing is all net profit.



"Oh, ma! I saw a real 'dood' on the street, and he looked at me—ah, so!"



ELBRIDGE T. GERRY.

THE march of civilization brings us abreast of many strange and wondrous things, but the nineteenth century has overtaken nothing stranger or more wondrous than Elbridge T. Gerry, whose portrait we publish above. When we say we publish his portrait, we mean that we publish an arrangement of black and white which is designed to reproduce the lineaments of the gifted Gerry, as nearly as black and white or sun and chemicals can reproduce such a man. On the whole it is fortunate that such men are not reproduced very often. Once a century or so is quite as much as the world can stand. Fancy New York, or even the world, with a second edition of Elbridge T. Gerry. The mere thought is enough to drive millions to suicide.

Elbridge T. Gerry is a philanthropist, and he has it bad. Charles Dickens, in the nightmare dream of philanthropic persecution from which he evolved Gradgrind, never dreamed of such a philanthropist as Mr. Gerry. He is a raging, active, insistent philanthropist who proposes to love his fellow-man whether his fellow-man will or no; he will do him good in spite of himself, and he will do him good by the methods originated by Gradgrind and brought to perfection by Gerry. His particular phase of philanthropy inclines towards children, and might therefore be more properly called "Philopaidia" if there be such a word; and if there be not, Mr. Gerry is quite worthy of having one coined for him. He proposes to prevent cruelty to children, and he is at the head of a society organized for the purpose. Being an original man, his methods are original; and being a philanthropist of mighty scope, he naturally interests himself in children whose cases promise him the notoriety for which his benevolent heart pines. He usually finds such children on the stage.

At some period of his existence the stage must have had the misfortune to vex the righteous soul of Mr. Gerry within him. He may have written a play which failed, like his great rival in benevolence, Mr. Bergh; or he may have been refused free admission by some theatrical iconoclast who is no respecter of persons; but certain it is that Mr. Gerry can find nothing wholesome or beautiful or tolerable on the stage. In his eyes it is the school of the worst vices, and if he finds a child there his whole being is up in arms against the iniquity. Mr. Gerry immedi-

ately puts all the engines of philanthropy to work to take the child off, and probably succeeds. The little one is taken from a comfortable home, deprived of a handsome salary, debarred from the opportunity of acquiring a liberal profession, and philanthropy, as expounded by Mr. Gerry, is vindicated. For the little newsgirls who sell papers in all weathers in the open streets; for the little bootblacks who pursue their avocation amidst the worst possible surroundings, Mr. Gerry has no sympathy—for philanthropy, in his dictionary, is synonymous with notoriety, and who covets the notoriety of being the friend of the bootblacks? The boy may go on from bad to worse, infringing canon after canon of the moral and social law till the last dread crime is committed, and the rights of the people must be vindicated, and the black cap shuts the world from his eyes forever as he stands on the drop of the gallows. The girl, reared in profligacy, may wade deeper and deeper into vice, till her degraded existence becomes intolerable, and she hides her sins, her sorrows and her salvation beneath the dark rolling waves of the river—but Mr. Gerry's society, like the world's society, gathers its immaculate skirts more closely about it, and passes by on the other side. There is no notoriety in befriending such as these; but let a child seek to earn an honest and respectable living on the stage, and then—

Ah, what a blessing does the civilization of the nineteenth century possess in the person of Elbridge T. Gerry!

"A Mingled Yarn"—by Harry Edwards.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS have recently published a most enticing little volume under the above title. It is by the well-known actor, Harry Edwards, of Wallack's Theatre, and embraces a variety of sketches written by him and addresses delivered by him during his long sojourn on the Pacific coast. The contents are most diversified, alternating "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," but nowhere ceasing to form pleasant, wholesome reading. The little book will have a high place in the library of the San Francisco Bohemian Club, to whom it is dedicated, and it will likewise have a high place in the estimation of every true lover of the rare well of "English undefiled."

LORD WARD offered Sara Bernhardt \$25,000 for the ragged little suit she wore when her talent was first discovered, but she wouldn't take it. We recently sold the suit we wore when our talent was discovered, to a second-hand clothes dealer, and all we got on it was two dollars and a half.

"Look out, look out!" yelled Boodle. "What's the matter?" asked his friend. "Oh there's a grindstone in rapid motion, and when they're in motion they're liable to burst," he replied, as he saw a grindstone being carted away behind a brisk team.

A SHIP OF STATE.—Jay Gould's new yacht.



A NEW EXCUSE.

WIFE—Why, George, I do believe you've been taking too much wine!

GEORGE—(Who lives in Brooklyn, and has just returned home, after a lively evening)—Wine? Nonsense, dear. I've just (hic) come home over the Bridge, and it's made me dizzy; that's all—s'help me, Bob!

TO AND FROM "YURRUP."



Here they come, the papers say,
Fifteen hundred more to-day—
Irish, German, Swiss and Swede,
Every nationality.
Space enough have we to spare,
Wealth enough have we to share,
So we welcome all who need
Western hospitality.



MEM. in fashionable life:
"Mr. Burgoyne Jones and wife,
For a rest from business care,
Go abroad this summer."
Time brings changes in its whirl;
She was once a factory girl,
Burgoyne Jones, the millionaire,
Was a simple drummer.

Dutch Pinafore in Pennsylvania.

LEARNING that an aggravation called "Dutch Pinafore" was depopulating certain cities and towns in Pennsylvania, and increasing the volume of profanity in that State, THE JUDGE commissioned his Dutch contributor to attend one of the performances and furnish a report of the outrage. His effort is herewith annexed:

MEISTER CHUDGE:—I vos doid you all apout dese Dutch Pinafore paat vot vos arrived here last veek pefore der next. Und I vill translate dese in der Unided Shtates langvidge so dot you can make some understandings owit, ofer you don'd can read Dutch.

Some sailor mans vos come on der poat und sing dot dhose ships vos a saucy pooty vot sailed on der plue ocean, und dhey don'd got drunk. A voomans mit a pasket, she vos gomblain dot she gifs dhose conunderum oop why she vos called by dhose Leelle Butterkup names. Dhose sailor mans vos make some schmiles und say der voomans vas so rosy as nefer vos, und vos so handsome as a big apple damblyn; und der Butterkup voomans say dot a kanker vorna vos eatin' a h... in her heart owit. Dot vos putty bad, ain'd id?

Dhen there vos a ugly sailor mans come on dot poat vot look like he vos knocked owit a gouple or dwo dimes py dhose Sullivan brizefighder. He say, "I vos not very peautiful, vos I?" und der Butterkups voomans say, "Dots so, you ped; you vos so ugly like der deuce." He say dot his name vos Dick Deateye, und he haf more dhroubles as nopody.

Putty soon a handsome sailor mans vos come und sing some foolishness apout a nighdingale pird vot doid his tail, und he say dot he loyed a girl vot lived apove der railroat shdation, und she vos der capdain's daughter. The name fore dis young sailor mans vos Rack Ralphsdraw, or somedings like dot. Der Capdain fore dis Pinafore poat vos now come der deck on und say dot he nefer hartly shvears sundimes, und don'd sumtimes get putty sick ven der vinds plow like der diekens. He vos feel putty bad because his daughter Chosephine don'd would haf dhose love fore Sir Choseph. Miss Chosephine vos look so schveet dot she would make a man's heart go on some balpidations. She doid her fahder dot dhose girl vot love doo much vos sorry like eferydings, und her heart vos bowd down mit sorrow ven dhose hope go died. Her fahder says she must schmile schveetly, und maype dot Sir Choseph

Porter would come aroud after awhile putty qwick und dook her doun fore der ice-cream saloons. Vhen Chosephine vos go owit, Sir Choseph und more as a dozen or dwelve young voomans, mit dheir leedle sisters' frocks on, vos come apoard dot Pinafore poat, und dhose sailor mans vos look at dhem mit cross-eyes. Sir Choseph say he vos der monster of dhose sea, und vhen der vind makes some hurrycanes he vos in der cabin goes, und so does all dhose young voomans vot vos his sisters, und his cousins und his aunts. Sir Choseph explain dot vhen he vos a poy he polish dhose handle fore der big front-door up, und don'd vent to sea, und he vos der ruler fore dot navy owned by dot Queen voomans. Sir Choseph say dot Ralphsdraw vos a putty fine feller, bid it vos a grate pity dot he don'd could dance some hornpipes. Ralphsdraw was look so melangolly like a man vot writes chokes in der newspapers, und say dot he would right afay dole Chosephine dat he lofed her more as considerable. Chosephine say, so hellup her gracious, she don'd could nefer marry dot old Porter man. Vhen she sees dot Rackhay feller her heart beat so loud like a glock, und Ralph say he vos a poor man vot vos plunged in deshair und gloominess, und of Meester Jove would fire all der veapens vot he owns at his heat, it don'd would schare him from doidin her how much he lofe her. Chosephine act like of she vos mat, und say he vos doo fresh. Hayrack vos feel putty bad now, und he vent owit py dhose gun shdore und comes pack mit a revolver und say do would plow all der head out of his prains. Chosephine vos make a leedle schqueal, und say dot she would lofe him ofer he don'd would plow his head owit. Dhen Ralph vos feel putty happy, und say dot some elopements would dook blace at halluf-past den fore der nighd. Dot Deateye sailor he vos make some chuckles und say he vos schpille der leedle games.

In der act dwo dimes Capdain Corkonian sing some dunes fore der peautiful moons, und ask dhose pale loominaries vhy all dhose dings vos at halluf a dozen und six dimes; but dot moon don'd say nodings. Dot Butterkup voomans vos mashdt on der capdain, und say she vants to see him make some schmiles. She say she haf more as a qwart of Gypsy blood in her veins, und dhere vas some change in der grosery shdore fore der capdain, or vords like dot. Dhen she looks vildly at der capdain und sings dot some dings were bogus, und ofer you pays your moneys vor cream you don'd got nodings but millik vot haf der shkim on. Der cap-

dain say, "Yaw, dot ish so, I know how dot is mineselluf."

Putty qwick dot Sir Choseph Porter valks in und doid der capdain dot Chosephine don'd would tackle mit grate kindness to his suit vot he vos pressed on her, und maype she don'd would marry him. Der capdain say dot vos all recht; dot Sir Choseph vos doo rank, und dot her eyes vas bedazzled. Sir Choseph say dot lofe would mow doun dhose ranks right afay.

Dhen dhose sailor mans mit a eye vot vos a gorpse vos vent und doid Chosephine's fahder apout dhose elopement schemes. Der capdain he vos say he would make a head on dhose Ralphsdraw putty quick, und don'd you forgot id. At halluf-past den dhose Hayrack sailor und Chosephine vos making some elopements mit grate quvietness, und vhen dhey hear a little noise und say, "Ofer vot vos dhose?" dot sailor mit a dead eye say, "Don'd make some noise—dhose vos a cat." Vhen der capdain shoke some cat-o-nine dails und say, "Yaw, dot vos so, you ped." Vhen he doid his child there she vos goin mit dhose common sailor mans, und Ralphsdraw say dot he vos von Englishman, but he could haf been porn in Barks county, Bennisylvani, or Prooshia, but he don'd vant id. Dot's the kind of a Dutchmans he vos. Der capdain vos so excited dot he schvore a schvear, und Sir Choseph say ofer you vos look his eyes in you would see some astonishment und oxprise; und ofer dhere vas a Shdate presidentialy on poard dese vessel dot Rackhay sailor must be put in chail mit a load of chains. Dhose gruel vords make Miss Chosephine weep some leedle weeps, und say dot she always lofes dot Rachsdraw, und she would go died mitout him.

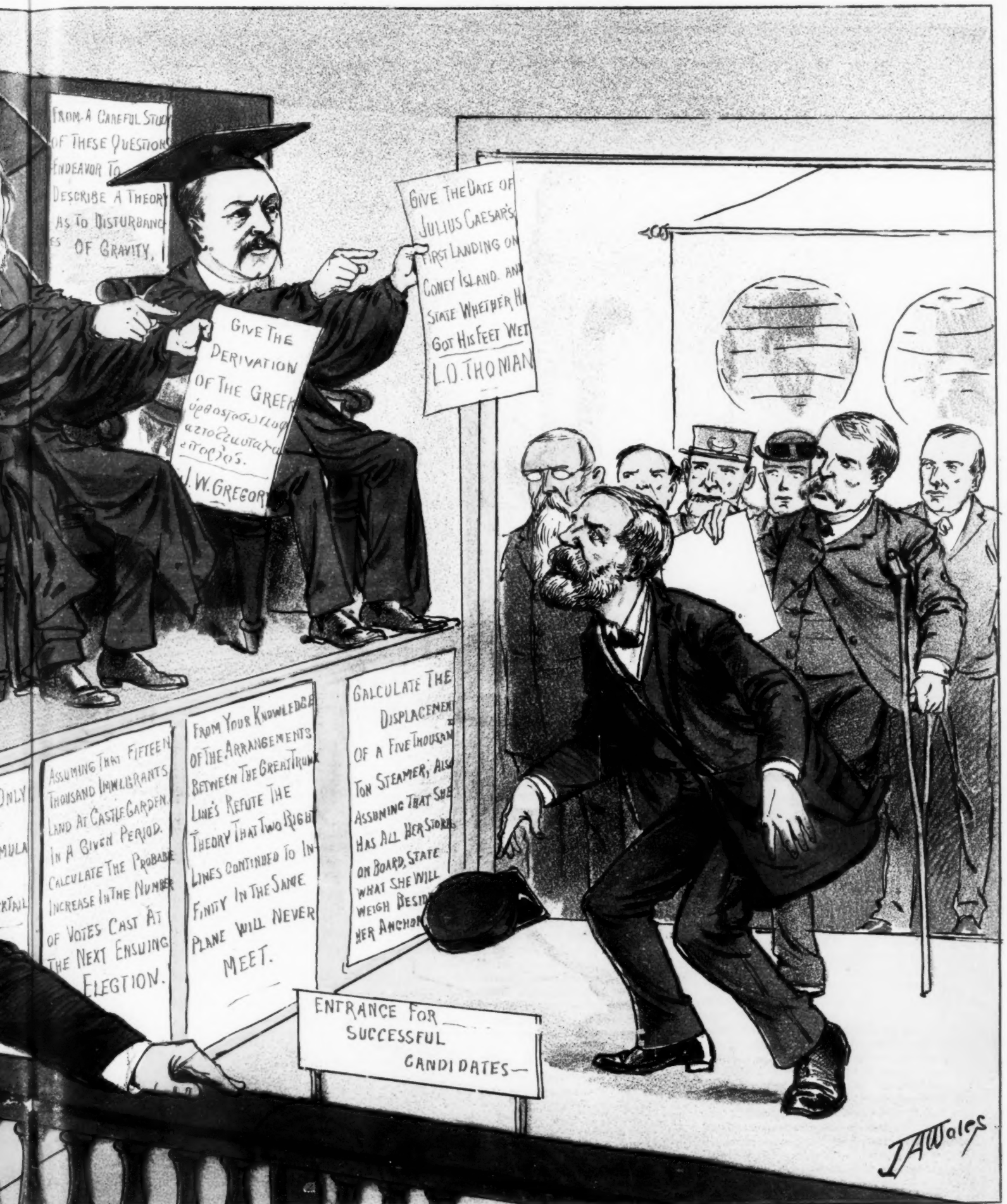
Rhalphsdraw was put in dhose Shdate penidentary, und der Butterkups voomans say she haf some exblanations to exblain. Vonce, vhen she vos a young voomans, she vos lif on a farm, und raise some infants, und she nussed a gouple of babies vot got mixed up, und von vas Ralph und von vas der capdain. Or somehow like dot. Sir Choseph vas open his eyes mit some surppriment, und say dot dhose lofe vot he vos sphoke apout don'd mow doun dhose ranks so low dot he could marry a girl dot haf a common fahder. Dhen Capdain Rackstraw marries dot Chosephine, und Corkonian vot vash't der captain now vas say he lofes dhose Butterkup voomans, und Sir Choseph say he would marry Hebe, und so would his sisters und his cousins und his aunts, vot vos more as a dozen.

Dot vos all.

HANS FREYOGLE.



CIVIL SERVICE REFORM
The Practical Working of a



SERVICE REFORM.
The Making of a Popular Farce.



THE AWFUL STRAITS OF OUR RECRUITING SERVICE.

RECRUITING SERGEANT—Come, my fine fellow, join the Army; it will be the making of you. Glory and wealth await you. The Indian is on the war-path. (Impecunious Dude is almost paralyzed.)

SUNDAY-SCHOOL STORIES.

WITH PATENT SELF-SUGGESTING MORALS.

NO. VII.

ONCE upon a time there was a hive of bees—as happy and industrious and interesting a collection of little creatures as you could meet with anywhere. The days were long, and flowers were plenty, so honey accumulated apace, for the majority of the hive worked hard. I say the majority, advisedly, for all did not work. Will some naturalist explain why every hive of bees contains its proportion of drones; why every city contains its proportion of idle men? And will the naturalist further explain why in both cases the industrious men and bees consent to support the loafers? Some things are hard to understand.

However, the drones in this particular hive had a good time, living on the fat of the land, and dreaming and buzzing the summer hours away, while their industrious fellows worked hard and piled up the honey. They (the drones) contrived to persuade the other bees that they were doing a most meritorious action in supporting them; and, as certain traditions to that effect had long obtained in the hive, the good-natured busy bees never thought of doubting it, but lived hard and worked harder that the drones might enjoy (as they certainly did) affluence and comfort.

By common consent, however, one day in each week was set apart on which no work was to be done, but which was to be observed as a day of rest and relaxation by the toil-worn bees; and very much they certainly needed, and very keenly they enjoyed their recurring period of rest. Of course, to the drones this day was no more than any other day, for they never worked at all; but they dared not oppose it, for the day of rest was sanctioned in the hive by traditions as old as entitled the drones themselves to existence as a body. And it annoyed the drones very much to see the ordinarily busy bees buzzing about and doing nothing in particular, and taking apparently as much satisfaction out of life as if they had been drones—for, mark you, these contemptible, loafing drones thought themselves very grand indeed, and affected to look down upon and hold themselves superior to the bees who supported them.

And this day of rest—or, rather, the fact that the busy population amused themselves on their sole holiday—was intolerable to the drones. They accordingly appealed to the old traditions, (which, as I before remarked, were of great weight in the hive, and which they alone—having nothing else to do—had leisure to study and become familiar with.) By a distortion of these traditions they contrived to make it appear that this one day in seven was not set apart as a day for rest and

recreation, but as a day of gloom and penance. This was no privation to the drones, for they were a stupid lot, without life enough to stir a wing at the best of times, and it formed a good pretext for spoiling the one pleasant day for the workers. So, by dint of working on the apular respect for tradition (*apular* is to bees what *popular* is to men), they contrived to have it forbidden that any bee should buzz above his breath on this seventh day, or use his wings for flight, or stir more than three inches from the entrance to the hive, or do anything, in short, but stay around and listen to the monotonous droning of the drones. Neither were they to be allowed to procure food for that day—the drones were always well provided for from the day before—and by every device the day which had been designed for rest and recreation and enjoyment, was made as disagreeable and irksome as possible.

Wherefore the bees at length discovered that they were being cheated and imposed upon, and they arose in their wrath and drove the drones from their midst, stinging some, and forcing some to work—a fate more terrible than any other to a drone.

* * * * *

Will the fanatics who have revived the Blue Laws here in New York, and made Sunday, the people's holiday, a day of gloom and ascetism, kindly furnish a moral for this little tale?

OUR esteemed contemporary, *Puck*, is fond of averaging things that it knows nothing about—the average usually is pretty low. It recently stated that "Satanella was running to good business," when, as a matter of fact, that demoniac opera had been wisely relegated by its managers to the shades below some days previously.

ENGLISH medical authorities have come to the conclusion that bicycling is fatal, in the long run, to every young man indulging in it. We notice that most things, persistently continued, result fatally in the end. Even living, long indulged in, ends in death.

ELIZABETH has an athletic club. The citizens are probably practising half-mile dashes so as to be able to leave town without loss of time before that mandamus overtakes them.

STRIKES are not often successful, but the lightning certainly made a big hit when it went against monopoly and destroyed the Standard Works at Jersey City. In this case it undoubtedly "struck oil."

THERE is a prospect of a war of rates among the great trunk lines during the coming summer. Well, they are welcome to fight it out on these lines if it takes all summer. The travelling public won't kick.

JAMES YOUNG, the man who discovered coal oil is dead. A great many people who availed themselves of the discovery to help kindle fires are dead also.

Two deaf mutes were married in Brooklyn last week. There is every chance of the marriage turning out to be a happy one. No wordy warfare, and no back talk.

HAY smells sweetest after it is cut—tell it not in Limburgtown.

THE poet's fortune is usually adverse. He stanza poor chance to make much by his line.

BETWEEN TWO STOOLS.

A SUMMER IDYL.

Ten years ago, when skies were blue,
And world and life were gay,
I fell in love, as men will do,
And courted, one long summer through,
My mistress May.

Soft cheeks she had, and golden hair,
And eyes of liquid gray;
Light eyes, light love—and neither rare;
What matter if I thought her fair?
My mistress May.

I gave my girl a golden ring
One foolish summer day—
Quoth I, "It is a sacred thing
To bind our loves to endless spring,
My mistress May."

Demure and low she answered me—
What else should any say?—
"For good, for ill, this ring shall be,
Till death, the bond of fealty
For mistress May."

Next month it chanced, by Fate's design,—
For who can Fate gainsay?—
Two eyes of brown looked into mine,
Two eyes of brown that were not thine,
My mistress May;

Two eyes so soft, of such sweet guile,
Such tender Southern ray,
I sunned myself in Olive's smile,
Forgetting for a little while
My mistress May.

Sweet Olive leaned her lips to me—
Such rosy lips were they—
I kissed them once, or twice, maybe,
And kissed again, nor thought of thee,
My mistress May.

Next morning, where the rivulet
Falls down in sheeted spray,
By banks of fern and violet,
I walked alone, and, grieving, met
My mistress May.

She knew me coming by my tread,
And yet she turned away
And bit her lips, and tossed her head;
"What! will you leave me so?" I said,
"My mistress May."

But she: "It was not thus, I ween,
You spoke me yesterday—
You men must have a change of scene,
And Olive reigns your heart within,
Not mistress May."

"Ah well," I said, "the proverb's true,
'In sunshine make your hay';
Sweet Olive straightway I will woo
Sith I must have no more to do
With mistress May."

I sought her out; "My Olive sweet,
Brown eyes eclipse the gray;
I lay my fortune at your feet,
For you alone my pulses beat,
Not mistress May."

But she: "Your heart is like a book
Re-opened every day;
For down, this morning, by the brook
I sat at work when you forsook
Your mistress May."

Twice trapped by watchers from behind,
Twice jilted in a day,
My new love scorned, my old resigned,
All lost; Olivia, peace of mind
And mistress May.



J. DUNN, LICENSED MURDERER.

Alas! how shall I tell the rest;
There came, the self-same day,
A packet sealed with arms and crest,
And on it was my name addressed
By mistress May.

Quoth I: "Here's sunshine after rain;"
But, lo! within it lay
My ring of promise, snapped in twain,
And these three words, writ fair and plain,
"From mistress May."

So both were lost me; hip, hurra!
I bear it, and am gay;
And in ten years we're parted far—
And prattling children call her "ma,"
My mistress May.

ECHO ANSWERS.

BOODLE was rather an unsociable fellow, and one morning, as he entered the office in which he and a number of other clerks were employed, he was saluted by a pleasant "good morning" from one of the boys. He passed along to his desk, however, without replying, and the boys commenced in turn to say "good morning" to him. One after another thus addressed him, until finally, the last having spoken, a silence fell on the room, when Boodle, turning around so he could face all his associates, curtly remarked, "There's a very fine echo here, isn't there?"

THE man whose tongue clove to the roof of his mouth had just been out between the acts at a theatre.

EUPHEMISTIC.

THE *Irish Nation*, a journal of strong Hibernian proclivities, published in New York, refers to the hanging of the Phoenix-Park assassin, Joe Brady, as "a secret strangling within a ring of redcoats and police." We have had quite a number of just such "secret stranglings" in our own Tombs and other jails, and the Star-spangled Banner still waves. Perhaps the *Irish Nation* would prefer to return to the old barbarous pagantry of public executions.

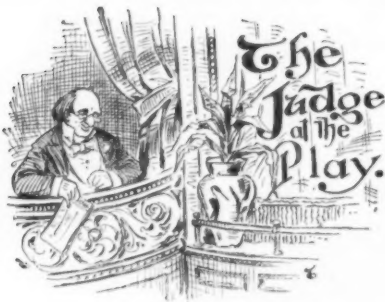
THE burning question of the hour is, does David Davis wear buttoned shoes, and if he does, how does he get them buttoned? Does his wife do it for him, or does he let out the contract to speculators?

A LAW prohibiting whistling in a graveyard has been passed by the Pennsylvania legislature. So many graves had been supplied with dogs in place of the original "stiffs" that it was highly necessary.

STEELE MACKEYE says that Helen Bancroft is endorsed with a very exceptional organization. That is what he used to say of the Madison Square Theatre—when he was running it.

THERE were seventy-two American earthquakes last years. The number of family jars is not on record.

MEMBERS of coaching clubs should be well posted.



THE JUDGE was not surprised at the sudden withdrawal of "Satanella" from the stage of the Standard Theatre. In our last issue we took occasion to notice the numerous failures of foreign productions, and "Satanella," as might have been expected by any one who witnessed it, proved as disastrous as its predecessors. If things go on much longer at this rate, the European market for plays may in time become depleted. Perhaps then our managers (if they have any money left) may be induced to turn their attention to home talent. By-the-way, the success in Boston of Wolfe's "Pounce & Co." must be most gratifying to all concerned.

After reading that Alice Dunning Lingard, Georgia Cayvan and Walden Ramsay have joined some of the numerous Madison Square companies, THE JUDGE begins to wonder what will be left for the other theatres. The Madison Square managers seem to gobble up all the good things that come in their way, plays as well as actors. We dare say Mr. Wm. Young's new piece, called "The Raja, or Wyncot's Ward," will add another to their list of successes. At all events, great preparations are being made for its production as soon as "A Russian Honeymoon" has ceased to exist.

Salmi Morse has at last succeeded in producing something he is pleased to call a play at his Twenty-third Street Theatre. If "The Passion" was one quarter as bad as "A Bustle among the Petticoats," we thank His Honor for suppressing it. Mr. Morse's latest is certainly a wild, weird thing, and if one could follow the advice of "Grosvenor" and "think of nothing at all," he might possibly be able to comprehend it. The audience that saw it the first night were as puzzled as the horses, their drivers, and the actors seemed to be. What it was all about we have not yet been able to determine. Most of the ballet had evidently "toiled at the tubs," and the language of the piece was as meaningless as that of the aesthetic critic of the *Tribune*, who has lately informed us that Miss Barry has "presence, manner, sensibility, vivacity, taste, a discreet method, a sweet voice, fine intelligence, and the power of sustained identity"! This is almost as touching as his late eulogy on Mrs. Langtry.

As we go to press, Mr. Elton is about to take his farewell benefit, which should be a rousing one. The character and the play he has chosen seem rather peculiar for the occasion, but the cast is good, and the performance ought to be most enjoyable.

"La Belle Russe" has departed from Wallack's, and an adaptation from Fenillet's "Romance of a Poor Young Man" occupies the stage.

Rice's Surprise Party are at the Bijou in something called "Pop." Summer is upon us, and so we must expect the usual light-weight pieces that the heated term brings forth. "Pop" is about as good as plays of this sort usually are, and Kate Castleton

sings and acts in it very much as she did a year ago in "All at Sea."

"A Bunch of Keys" continues prosperous at the San Francisco Opera House, though Willie Edouin has gone to Europe. His place is creditably filled by Harry Brown. At the Casino "The Princess of Trebizonde" is as charming as ever, and "The Merry War" is still at the Cosmopolitan.

Lotta, as usual, draws crowds to the Fifth Avenue, and her "farewell engagement" is an unqualified success.

Theo has vanished—for a time. She has had a benefit and plenty of applause, flowers and money. "Thus endeth the" French Opera season.

Clara Morris and Annie Ward Tiffany have finished at the Grand Opera House, and now "The Tourists," in whose company are Wm. Montague and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. Knight, are delighting the theatre goers on the west side of town.

Hermann and company are at Niblo's, the "great military drama" of "Her Atonement" having marched away, and Mr. Bloom, the manager of Ada Gray, is in town, making arrangements for her appearance. Maud Granger, in "Her Second Love," is at the Windsor, and Roland Read is playing in Marsden's "Cheek" at Haverly's.

The McSorley's have inflated Harlem, and Brooklyn has nearly recovered from the effects of opening the Bridge and celebrating the Sunday-school anniversaries. These two great events, happening both in the same week, were almost too much for our sister city; but she is now recuperating from the shock, and will soon be able to give her usual attention to theatrical matters.

CORRESPONDENTS.

F. B.—Two or three times—not oftener.

FARMER.—We are sorry to differ from you.

FANCY FREE.—A little crude, but the idea is good.

ARTHUR.—We have no use for your sketch; it is quite out of our line.

FANNY.—Somewhat better; but if you would take our advice and leave verse alone, you would do better still.

FLETCHER.—Please don't ask conundrums. How do we know whether practical Christianity is extinct or not? Ask Bob Ingersoll.

H. B. L.—You will find the full details of the height and measurement of the Bridge on the desirable colored lithograph issued by the Franklin Square Lithographic Co.

PETER THE HERMIT.—There is rhythmical relation between "hornet" and "garnet." Your third rhyme, "darn it" may form a connecting link, rhyming, as it does, with the latter, and wildly expressing the feelings of a recipient of the former's sting. But the verses are not up to the mark.

F. G.—Your arithmetic is as faulty as your metre. Thirteen and seven do not make twenty-one, neither is "Hannibal" an admissible rhyme for "mandible." You ask what books we would recommend you to read to improve your literary style. We unhesitatingly suggest any common-school arithmetic and Webster's Unabridged.

J. L. M'C.—You may save yourself the trouble of sending any more MS. to this office. When we desire clippings from the *Yonkers Gazette* or other journals, we prefer to make them direct from the paper they appear in, and we would rather credit the proper source than append your initials to them. Will the *Gazette* please to accept your literary larceny, unfortunately undetected till too late, as our apology for using matter from its columns without proper credit.

In a pretty poem, called "After the Fire," our contemporary, *Life*, remarks: "Who hath wife and child, wisely holdeth Bacon." *Life* is right; bacon is a very good foundation for housekeeping, and, with a few eggs, you can't get left for breakfast. Hold on to bacon by all means.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

FROM JOHN O'HALLORAN, PATROLMAN, TO DENNIS FLAHERTY, FARMER.

MY DEAR DENNIS—It's sorry I am to hear that times is so bad wid yez in the ould dart. Why don't ye come to America, and let the farm go, since ye can't take ony comfort out of life houldin' on to it? What sense is there in your staying there digging turf, when ye might be here editing the *Hurruld*, as any Irishman of brains and perseverance may do, or at the worst be a policeman like me. I know ye have a dislike to policemen, Dennis dear, and small blame to ye, for what do ye know about them except what ye see at petty sessions and evictions and the like? But I tell you a New York policeman is mighty different from an Irish peeler, and sure it makes all the difference whether ye're arresting somebody else or gettin' arrested yerself. Ah, it's an iligant life, and I tell ye sometimes when I'm makin' me club hop off of some fellow's head, I wonder how ever I stayed in the ould country so long. It's easy to get on the force, too, especially if ye have, as I had, a cousin who keeps a corner saloon and runs his ward, and stands well to be an alderman before long. Talk about the rights of Irishmen; faix it's nowhere they get their rights except in New York, and here they just run the whole town, barring the Dutch. Oh, it's just iligant.

I hope ye're having nothing to do wid this dynamite fuss. If ye do it's in Kilmainham ye'll wind up, wid a rope around ye'r neck. Oh, the law's a grand thing, and not to be trifled with, and it's meself that knows what I'm talking about, seein' I'm an officer meself. What odds does it make to you what the British government does be doing? And if ye don't like it, come over here and go on the *Hurruld*; ye can blow them up higher that way than ever ye could by dynamite. But yer best dart will be to come over and get on the police, and if ye can get in with your roundsman there's nothing too good for yez. I hope before the year is out to see ye over here, and on the force, a voting American citizen, wid a good chance for some big sit like yer friend, JOHN O'HALLORAN.

A YOUNG person answered an advertisement calling for a domestic servant, and ending with the words: "No Irish need apply." Her face engendered suspicions of her nationality, and she was asked if she was not Irish. "Oirish, is it? Faix, an' it's little you know to be afther axin' me such a question as that. Oirish? No, sure; but it's Cornish I am." She was not engaged.

It is proposed to keep the overpopulation of English sparrows in check by depriving them of the little houses in which they build their nests. As the same plan can hardly be tried on the dudes, how would it answer to impose a practically prohibitory import duty on crutches, toothpicks, narrow collars and coachman's coats?

THERE is a publication in the interests of temperance (not total abstinence, *bien entendu*), called *Moderation*, which is entered at the New York office as second-class mail matter. But do second-class males matter if they do exceed? First-class males and any class females, yes; but drinkers of the second class often take more than is good for them.

"LADIES wanted to address circulars." reads an advertisement. Presumably none but ladies of good address need apply.

AT THE BOX OFFICE.

We stood within the corridor;
I had just stepped inside the rail
To get my tickets, when I saw
The state of matters, and turned pale.
I had put on new clothes throughout
Upon this jaunt with her to come;
I'd brought this heavenly creature out,
Leaving my pocketbook at home.
I stood there, vexed and mortified;
'Twas cruel as it was absurd.
Then did a little gloved hand glide
Straight into mine, without a word,
Leaving a dainty portmouaie
Of gold and pearl most quaintly made,
From which, scarce knowing what to say,
I for the evening's tickets paid.

When I sat down along with her—
"Now, don't look so annoyed," said she;
"Of course mistakes sometimes occur,
And people lose their property."
Confused, I answered "I agree,
But must feel vexed about it, though;
What's yours does not belong to me."
She said, "Why shouldn't it be so?"

She spoke unthinkingly, then blushed;
"Oh, do you mean it?" straight I cried;
My wild delight she would have hushed;
A feeble "No!" in vain she tried;
But I'd not hear it, so at last—
"Yes—just to keep you still," said she;
"There, there, don't hold my hand so fast!
The usher will be sure to see."—*Ex.*

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Castoria.

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

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THE DUDINE.

It is a proof of the active character of the prevailing woman, that the dude has been in existence only a few months, and we now have the dudine. In all essential points she is the exact counterpart of her male type, except that, with a woman's subtlety, she has gone a degree deeper in vacuousness. It must, however, be acknowledged that the dudine has a more rational basis of existence than the dude. She is a living protest against the over-intellectuality of American women, and exactly represents in terra-cotta colors the beautiful vegetation which a great many men fall in love with. She clings, weeps, sighs and giggles. She is trussed, harnessed, pinioned, pinched, laced and compressed. She has reduced the problem of existence to a flirtation behind a fan. She walks with the aid of a chiropodist. She eats with the aid of pepsin and hot water. She sleeps with the aid of bromide of potassium. She exercises in an elevator. She plays Camille in her dreams, and eats caramels and reads Zola when she is awake. She is a sort of bow of promise in the social sky that the continent will not be over-populated.—*San Fr. Wasp.*

HIS MEMORY.

"TALK about memory," said an Arkansaw man; "I've got the most retentive memory of any man in the country. I can remember things that occurred when I was a child."

"I don't think that your memory is so very good," said an acquaintance, "You borrowed ten dollars from me some time ago and you have forgotten the circumstance."

"No, sir, you are wrong. You have doubtless noticed that I keep out of the way. Well, that is on account of my memory."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

"Do you think smokers are a nuisance?" asked a Harlem man of a fat individual who sat next him on the train.

"No, sir; I do not," emphatically growled the person addressed, as he got up and went into another car.

"Who is that man?" inquired the first speaker, turning to a fellow-traveler.

"He's a ham-curer, and runs a big smoke-house down town," was the reply.

"Ah," murmured the Harlem man, relapsing into sudden silence.—*Harlem Times.*

NOT long ago a California gentleman struck a town in Kentucky, and was asked by the landlady of the hotel his business. "I'm a miner," he replied. "Then you're no good here!" she shouted. "This is only a place for majors!"—*Drake's Traveller's Magazine.*

The Marquis of Queensbury, brother of Lady Florence Dixie, has said that the story of the assault upon that lady is strictly true. As Mr. Queensbury is the man who has had so many rules for pugilists named after him, it is not probable that his word will be openly doubted in the matter.—*Peck's Sun.*

A MAN lately married, was asked at the club about his bride. "Is she pretty?" "No," replied he, "she is not, but she will be when her father dies."—*Exchange.*

"I CAN'T go to Europe," a lady is reported to have said; "I'm reading forty-five continued stories, and my limited means would not allow me pay the postage."—*Ex.*

APPROPRIATE sign for a fashionable hotel, "Dude Drop Inn."—*Rome Sentinel.*

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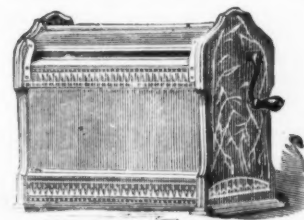
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HOW A GIRL SHARPENS A PENCIL.

A WASHINGTON reporter thus describes the way he saw a girl sharpen an obstreperous pencil: The young lady opened her knife after numerous attempts, and grasping it tight in her lily white hand made a ferocious slash at the unsuspecting cedar. The blade made a break through the wood and suddenly coming out sliced out a little piece of thumb. With an ejaculation the girl made another lunge, and this time cut the pencil entirely through. An angry light sprang into her eyes, and she cut and slashed with the energy of a Keely motor, but to no avail. The point steadily refused to reach the fineness necessary to chirography, and after the pencil had been whittled away, and the wounded thumbs and fingers bound up with court-plaster, she borrowed the reporter's pencil and brought it back an hour afterward with the end worn off and the butt chewed up.

"WHAT," asks a soft-head—soft-hearted writer, "can be more sympathetic and tender than for a young man to gently touch the forehead of some pretty, distressed creature with his lips?" We should say touching the forehead of two pretty, distressed creatures with his lips was at least twice as sympathetic and tender—provided the pretty, distressed creatures didn't scratch. It might be more satisfying for the young man anyhow, and there are lots of 'em who are willing to engage in the sympathetic and tender business.—*Norristown Herald.*

AN indignant woman came to a prominent Austin physician and asked for a remedy for her husband's rheumatism. The doctor gave her a prescription, and told her:

"Get that prepared at the drug-store, and rub it well over your husband's back. If it does any good, come and let me know. I've got a touch of rheumatism myself."

She was not an indignant woman when she came, but was an indignant woman when she left.—*Texas Siftings.*

MAN loves the picture fancy paints,
Man loves religion and the saints,
Man loves the beautiful and the fair,
Man loves ideals everywhere;
Man loves the work of nature's hand,
Man loves the charms of sea and land;
Man loves the roses on the wall,
Man loves his dinner most of all.

—*Cincinnati Drummer.*

JUDGE.—Your age.

LADY.—I am in the twenties.

JUDGE.—I must beg you to be more explicit.

LADY.—I was born in 1853.

JUDGE.—Then you are thirty years old?

LADY.—No, not yet—not until to-morrow.—*Exchange.*

OAKLAND is very proud of "disposing of cases of leprosy by sending the afflicted heathen back to China." Some day or other we shall hear of Oakland disposing of a case of liquor by sending the rum back to Jamaica. But that will be the herald of the millenium, and is too far ahead to be worth discussing.—*San Francisco Newsletter.*

SALMI MORSE having been granted a license for his theatre, he will now produce his play entitled, "A Bustle Among Petticoats." If it skirts on the vulgar, it should be suppressed by the pelisse.—*Norristown Herald.*

"ONLY a wedding trip," said John the other morning, as he stumbled over the bride's train.—*Spencer Herald.*



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"Some of the best citizens" of New York attend a glove fight between two ignorant bruisers. All sorts of respectable entertainments are being held in that city to raise funds for the erection of the Statue of Liberty, but the funds don't augment very rapidly. It is now proposed, by persons who opposed the Passion Play, to get up a series of legalized prize fights for the benefit of the statue. It evidently needs some such high-toned assistance to give it a boost.—*Norristown Herald.*

"I'm a rye-sing young man," remarked a Main-street clerk the other night at Queen's, when he'd just got full enough of the curse of Canada to be musically inclined.—*Winnipeg City.*

JAY GOULD reads Greek with the greatest facility, and a number of people have been heard to express the wish that he would go to Hellas soon as possible, and stay there.—*Detroit Chaff.*

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Apply by the little finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will cure. Unequaled for colds in the head. Agreeable to use. Send for circular for information and reliable testimonials. Will deliver by mail 5c. a package—stamps. ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., OWEGO, N. Y.

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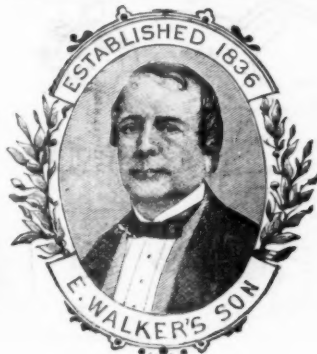
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