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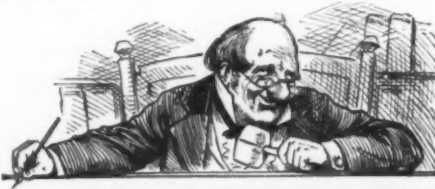


FRANKLIN SQUARE LITH CO. NEW YORK.

TELLER'S INDIAN GROCERY.

If we don't nourish these Indians well through the Winter, they won't be able to make war on us in the Spring.

THE JUDGE



THE JUDGE.

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OUR DEAR INDIANS.

THE Indian policy of the United States has long been one of the insoluble conundrums of the age. It will probably continue so till the last Indian solves it, and the great problem together, by dying. While waiting for that happy consummation, however, it may not be amiss to discuss the question which is being so frequently raised by a party of interesting aborigines armed with government rifles and inspired by government whiskey. The Indians are in the habit of raising this question each spring, as soon as the beautiful snow has ceased to mask the fertile surface of their native heaths. They are also in the habit of raising Cain at the same time. With the first assurance of fine weather they abandon their reservations, shoulder their muskets, and start forth to make it pleasant for the neighboring settlers, and to give Uncle Sam's soldiery a chance to earn its money. After more or less rapine, murder, robbery and crime of various kinds, which, to particularize, would only disgust, the cheerful Indians, warned by the approach of winter, return to their reservations, take a long and strong pull at the government rations, and then subside into tranquil, but by no means inexpensive quietude, till the lengthening days send them on the war path again. And this is repeated, year after year, season after season, and Uncle Sam puts up with the imposition with what grace he may.

Now, in time of warfare—and it is a very real warfare these Indians make while it lasts—it is not customary for the invaded party to provide comfortable winter quarters for the invaders. Still less is it customary for the latter to be furnished with such munitions as civilized nations are in the habit of designating as “contraband of war” at the expense of the former. Now all this, and more, does the United States government do for its dear—its very dear—Indians; who occupy what time is allowed them by the arduous duties of consuming U. S. rations, in the pleasing employment of robbing and murdering U. S. settlers. Is it not about time that Indians were treated like other robbers and murderers, and let shift for themselves when the exigencies of the climate render free-booting uncomfortable.

ARTHURS' MACHINE.

WHEN Chester A. Arthur, by virtue of luck and Guiteau's bullet, was fired into the position of President of the United States, he by no means merged the identity of Chester A. Arthur in the personality of the President. In fact, he considered, and always has considered, that Chester A. Arthur is a person of very much more importance—to himself at least—than the chief executive officer of the Union. Is it surprising, then, that, at the conclusion of the fishing season, Mr. Arthur should be inclined to use his office, for the first time in his life, for the benefit of himself and friends? That this may seem rational to the parties most interested, THE JUDGE cannot doubt; that it will be satisfactory to the country at large is more problematical. It is consoling to reflect, however, that there is no likelihood of Mr. Arthur laying himself open to the same criticism twice.

THOSE STATUES.

OUR cousins, the Britishers, are fond of saying that “the Yankees beat creation;” and we Yankees, or whoever we may be called, are fond of believing it. Perhaps our cousins speak in an ironical sense, which we very certainly do not; but, as Mr. Gilbert would say, “the interesting fact remains” that we certainly did induce the English to vacate this charming island of Manhattan about a hundred years ago. All of which, it may be thought, has a very remote connection with General Cesnola and his statuettes; yet the connection is far more real than apparent. General Cesnola is not, as his name and occupation would seem to imply, an Italian image-vender. He is an American citizen, and as such is prepared to lay just a little over the whole of the rest of creation in his particular line; which is manufacturing statues to order—or against orders—THE JUDGE is not quite positive

which. As a manufacturer, Mr. Cesnola has proven himself an eminent success. As a medium for putting his own wares upon the market he has not shown himself uncommonly superior to the rest of mankind—notably the art connoisseurs of England and Russia. Still, he has managed to plant a more or less elaborate lot of rubbish on his confiding fellow-countrymen, and has given a mighty boom to the dismantled statue business. Hereafter, whoever is “on a bust,” or contemplates being on one, will seek Cesnola, and the result will be—perfect. Who will want to have a battered old statue, minus a few arms and legs, lying around his home, when Cesnola will willingly restore (isn't that the word?) the missing members with neatness and dispatch, satisfaction guaranteed, and the junctures of the limbs not visible. Go to Pompeii, Mr. Cesnola. You are wasted here.

The Plancus Ring on the Situation.

THE GOVERNOR'S PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

To see the calmness and fortitude which the Honorable Governor exhibits on the situation would melt a heart of stone. He says “I loose nothing but an irksome and thankless office. It is for the dear old Bay State that I grieve. What she will lose in the administration of a corrupt executive the coming year, it will be difficult to conceive; but it will be only for a year. The public will then go down upon its knees to me to accept the nomination for Governor; but a nomination to a higher office will be tendered me. The stand I have taken the past year in this State will prove the ‘open sesame’ to the most exalted position this country has to give.”

The carriage that he lately purchased is fit for a presidential candidate; and Nymphia proposes to join the Governor in a stumping tour through the country when his term of office expires.

He has some trifling affairs to settle up in Boston, which may delay him a little; but he thinks favorably of her proposition, for he knows her wisdom and his own power as a public speaker, and has heretofore conquered all obstacles put in his way by a jealous, unappreciative and pilfering public.

When we think of the success attending the Tewksbury investigation, and his perseverance and determination in exposing to the public that disgusting traffic, we can scarcely bring our minds to conceive the greater frauds and corruptions hidden in the Nation's Capitol; that he—with the aid of the Plancus Ring of the Greenback party—will unearth, and, in all their sad enormity, expose to the gaze of the horrified world.

Of course, there will be a strong opposition to him, but he is prepared to meet and repudiate every story circulated to his discredit; and also to give to the public many a true but untold tale of his official enemies.

Their “tricks of trade” are well known to him; being a man of principle and untarnished honor he has scorned to use them for his own aggrandizement, though offered for a sinecure by many a would-be office holder under his regime.

Instead of swinging round the circle like “Andy Johnson,” of pious memory, or taking a foot passage through the South, like poor Greeley, “peace to his ashes,” the

At the President's Reception



"My dear Mrs. Gilmore, you do so resemble my dear little wife at home - and this is a photograph of her which he had in his pocket"



The taking of Washington



A colored Member

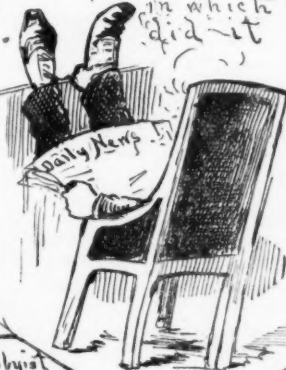


Mr. Polittle, was elected on the "Independent Reform-Green-back-Labor" ticket and arrives with the idea that he will turn things inside out

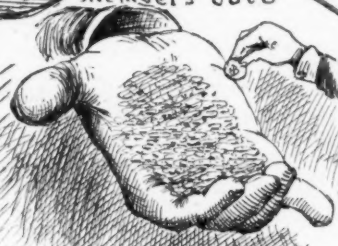


Bitter Pill for our Uncle to swallow

and this is the way in which he did it



A Lobbyist soliciting a Members vote



ON TO WASHINGTON!

hero of Tewksbury will drive a four-in-hand through every State in the Union, and the clarion notes of his tally ho! will sound in every hamlet.

The Plancus Ring will follow him, swelling and augmenting in numbers. They will sing to the praises of their General as they proceed, and his name will become a household word in every hamlet of the land.

After a stump speech has been delivered by the General with telling effect, Nymphia is to circulate some written pledges, similar to those used by the temperance societies, which all good and true men will sign, promising to support the General for President, regardless of consequences.

Nymphia is in ecstasies. She says the General's defeat in this last election for Governor of Massachusetts, will be the stepping stone to his success as President; then can he exchange the silver spoons of N. Orleans for the spoons of the White-house.

Dentist Davis' Dilemma.

TEN ladies of Portland, Oregon, have preferred charges of breach-of-promise against George H. Davis, the principal plaintiff in the case being Miss Minnie Wood, a blue-eyed blonde; the other young ladies appearing as witnesses in the case.

Davis bowed politely to the ladies as he took the stand in his own defence; and said that his intentions had been wilfully misinterpreted by the fair ones. The only trouble in the case was their too great anxiety to get husbands. As there was only about one marriageable man to ten or a dozen women, he was only taking upon himself about the proper ratio.

He cast side glances at the young ladies while delivering the above sentiment, and was, as may be imagined, interrupted many times by hisses and exclamations of "brute," "Mormon saint," "Brigham Young," etc., by the indignant fair ones.

How greatly his sympathy for them would have weighed with the jury cannot be determined; for, before the close of the trial, word came from Chicago that Davis had already three wives there who were about starting for Portland to condole with the ten disappointed damsels of that place. The question now is, can thirteen disaffected females make Davis a happy husband.

We also hear of a woman in Chicago who has already four husbands, with prospects of more, if the law does not interfere. "What is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose."

A literary lady of thirty-seven writes to one of the papers that she has just arrived at a delightful age to marry; but she don't say whether she will take a man with already one or more wives or no.

A boy is called "a young hopeful," because the one hopeful thing about him is that he will not always be young.



THE other night, when I put on the new opera wrap, with its wonderful embroidery, and pretty white ostrich tips nodding around my throat, it was just too becoming for anything.

My nervousness and anxiety about my husband had given me rosy cheeks, and I knew that never in all my life had I looked better. Under the circumstances I was not surprised that Heraclitus should be unusually demonstrative; but, alas, all his praises were lost upon me, and his numerous compliments gave me no pleasure. It seemed as if the more depressed I became, the jollier he grew; and all that evening he was in exasperatingly good spirits.

The next day was the anniversary of our wedding, and although I had invited his mother and sister to pay us a visit and surprise him, I can't say that I felt very hilarious over the event; and when I heard his latch-key click in the door-lock, several hours earlier than I had expected him to put in an appearance that afternoon, my coolness had not one whit abated.

He came bouncing up-stairs three steps at a time, and rushed into the room exclaiming, "Get on your things, Penelope, as quickly as possible, and I'll take you for a drive."

I hesitated, and for a moment I thought I'd decline the invitation and tell him to go and take his dear "Dolly," but discretion got the better part of valor, and it was such a lovely day that the temptation to go was too great to resist.

While I was putting on my boots and new seal-skin dolman, he kept saying, "do hurry up," till I lost all patience and told him that if he was in such haste he couldn't wait for me to properly array myself, he'd better go without me.

He replied quite good-naturedly, "Oh no, I'm not going without my little wife, who has apparently forgotten what day it is."

Taffy! thought I to myself; but fortunately I managed to keep my mouth shut till I reached the front door, which Heraclitus opened with astonishing alacrity; and there, in the street, right before my face and eyes, stood a handsome new coupe and an awfully stylish horse. I was surprised to see such a turnout, for I supposed he was going in an open wagon; and the minute I looked at the coupe, I saw it had the Pennyfeather coat of arms on the carriage door.

Before I had time to speak, Heraclitus took my hand, and leading me up to the horse, said, "Allow me to introduce to you your imaginary rival, Dolly. I trust after you have become acquainted with her you will have a better opinion of her and of your unfortunate husband as well."

Of course, I was delighted with the establishment, and it would have been a great relief to my feelings to know that Dolly wasn't a woman, if Heraclitus hadn't deceived me so about her. I do so hate deception and subterfuge of all kinds.

As soon as we were seated in the vehicle and had started off, he put his arm around my waist and said, "Now, dear, aren't you a little bit ashamed of yourself, to think you were so easily made jealous of a husband who was only trying to please and surprise his dear little wife?"

"Not at all," I promptly replied. "It was your own fault, the whole of it. When I first discovered the existence of a 'Dolly,' why didn't you explain who Dolly was? Then there would have been no misunderstanding at all."

"It was too good a joke," he replied, "to have you so jealous of a horse."

"Well," I said, "you may have thought it a joke, but knowing so well your numerous peccadillos, I consider it a most serious matter."

I was going on to say more but he commenced to laugh and kiss me, and said, "There, there, no recriminations to-day. You are sure to get the better of me in any discussion we enter into, and I know you too well to ever expect you to acknowledge yourself in the wrong."

"Why, Heraclitus, how can I acknowledge myself to be in the wrong, when I've never been anything else than right," I asked; whereupon he laughed louder than ever, and said I was incorrigible, though I don't see what there was funny about it. Then he wanted to know what I thought of the rig, anyhow.

The lining is of elegant brown satin, and the interior is fitted up so exquisitely that I really couldn't find a word of fault with it. I declare, nothing was forgotten. In one of the pockets or compartments was a little set of books; one for accounts, one for visits, etc., all fastened in a curious little case with a tiny lock and key.

When we got out on the road the horse commenced to show his paces, and as I before remarked, he is certainly a stylish animal.

The coachman, who bears the high-sounding name of Patrick, is not an Adonis; but one cannot expect to have everything perfect in this world, I suppose. Heraclitus says the man is an excellent driver, and it is better to have a careful person, even if he is a little plain, than a swell who pays more attention to his personal appearance than to his horse. May be so, but Mr. Patrick will have to get himself up in better style or he will take his departure. It is positively sickening to see such a looking man on the box of such a swell carriage. Of course, I haven't said anything about it yet. It is most too soon to begin to find fault, but later I'll set my wits to work to effect a removal.

Well, our drive ended most delightfully, and I was distracted between thinking of how Mrs. Hapgood and one or two other old cats would envy me, and wondering what Heraclitus would say when he found his mother and sister at the house.

When we reached home, we found them awaiting our arrival. Marie and Kathleen had been entertaining them, and after the pow wow and excitement of greeting them was over, Heraclitus, who didn't seem to know whether he was on his head or his heels, took the whole family out on the sidewalk to see the new horse and carriage. The

neighbors probably thought the whole Pennyfeather family had gone mad; but Heraclitus, as usual, said he didn't care a — what the neighbors thought.

When he discovered that I had invited the guests as a pleasant surprise for him, he was nicer than ever, and actually apologized to me for having said before we went to drive, that he guessed I'd forgotten all about the day. I told him that a person should think twice before making a disagreeable speech; but I was awfully glad he didn't know what the state of my feelings was after I'd invited the ladies. Now it's all over it seems like a dream, and I didn't realize before that I actually cared so much about my husband.

"Well, he has convinced me that there's no such woman as Dolly; but he hasn't yet explained how he knew so much about Mrs. Dove's appearance at the opera."

Now, I've got those relations of his to entertain, and of course there'll be no end of shopping and sight seeing. I hope they won't stay very long, for its getting near Christmas time, and I shall have no end of purchases to make on my account, though goodness knows where all the necessary money is coming from.

Heraclitus wants to take Lucinda to the opera to-night, and I'm afraid she'll look a perfect guy. I've told Marie to try and dress her hair in some sort of a stylish way, and I'll do her up in one of my old opera cloaks and make her look as respectable as possible. I can't help laughing when I think how shocked she'll be at the bare necks and arms she'll see; but she is a good soul after all, and as she left those dreadful boys at home I'll do most anything for her.

I'm going to wear the white dress I wore when Kathleen was christened, and I'll put on all the jewels that the family can lay claim to.

I suppose Lucinda'll think I'm an awful extravagant woman. Well, like Heraclitus, I'm not going to care what anybody thinks. I'll make myself as charming as possible, and for once, I think I'll be a jolly and happy

PENELOPE PENNYFEATHER.

Mrs. Pandora Pensorosa's Last Poem.

My friends, who knew me when I lived in my papa's halls, where the glowing stream of my genius flowed on without interruption, often say to me, "My dear Mrs. Pensorosa, why, why do you never now present the world with your graceful and beautiful compositions? Has the divine afflatus forsaken you? Is the throat of the warbler choked off? Has the mantle of genius fallen off your poetic shoulders? Has the fire of your imagination been quenched?"

To these and thousands of other inquiries, I respond in three words, "I am married!" My reply never varies—or, to use the well known words of the immortal Sir J. Porter, "Hardly ever." I am married—married to an unappreciative husband, whose soul, fettered to earth, cannot soar—a fact which often makes my heart sore. (Excuse the play on words—a fault I am very rarely betrayed into.) Then, I am the mother of a large family; and I regret to say, though perfect in every other respect, my children are, one and all, totally devoid of intellect. Alas! my own colossal head has monopolized all the brains of my household. Even my servants, my little band of domestics, are all (to use a strong expression) more or less idiotic, generally more. What becomes of my muse, think you, in such an atmosphere? It merely becomes a subject of a-muse-ment. Indeed

I doubt if any one in my house ever knew what a muse meant—but I wander from my theme. I did not mean to write of myself, or to enlarge on my own griefs and wrongs. I am not, I never was, a selfish woman—but my husband is—and his whole soul is possessed by one absorbing passion. All that should be poetry in his nature flows towards it. All that is amiable and beautiful in his nature disappears in its absence, and I must minister to this all-unconquerable need of his nature. I will tell you its name—pickled cabbage. “But,” I hear you saying, “my dear Mrs. Pensorosa, in former days you had a wonderful, an uncommon power of abstracting yourself from the common herd, and plunging fathoms down into the depths of your imagination, where no tumult from the vulgar herd could intercept the floods of inspiration which flowed through your wonderful soul, and, emerging from your finger tips, from thence, through the medium of a golden pen, traced crooked and illegible yet beautiful lines on the enchanted paper.”

And you are right, my friends; it was so. But now—now, alas! things are different. Your words seem almost to re-awaken the dead spirit within me, and I will—I will—write once again, even should my song be my last—the last, last effort of my soul, like the glorious death-music of the expiring swan. My pen, my pen! I live once more! I breathe again! Leave me; you shall see the result, and judge for yourselves of the merit of my “last poem.”

NIGHT.

Over the waters rising, the beauteous queen of night
The long, long shadow deepens beside her own clear
light,

And in the soft reflection I see two separate moons;
(Law! there's my husband calling, “Pan! bring my
pantaloons!”)

My reverie is broken; and vainly have I tried
To make my fickle muse resume her station at my
side.

My hands and brain are idle—I see it is in vain;
But when the morning rises, she'll surely come a-
gain.

MORNING.

It is morning—and the little drops are sparkling on
the trees,

And across the rippling waters blows the fresh and
balmy breeze;

The little birds are flying high with light and airy
pinions—
 (“The grocer's boy, ma'am, wants to know if you
requires inions.”)

Oh, Christopher Columbus! Oh, ye gods and little
fishes!

My strain is broke in pieces by a grocer's boy of-
ficious.

I can write no more till evening, when my house-
hold cares are done,

And I can claim five minutes clear, and proclaim
them as my own.

EVENING.

'Tis eventide, sweet eventide—the setting sun yet
lingers;

The pen I love, the poet's pen, once more is in my
fingers;

The cares of day have vanished now—faded to dust
and ashes—

(I hear a cry—“Mamma, come down, and give us
our molasses!”)

Ah! the day is done, the night is come—for me it is
too late

All my shining gifts and talents rare to try to cul-
tivate.



A REMINISCENCE OF THANKSGIVING.

The last turkey of Autumn left steaming alone—All its lovely companions are eaten and gone.

John, take the twins; give Kate and Tom and James
some bread and butter—
My brain is wheeling round and round; I have not
strength to utter— Or too utter!

Now, my friends and admirers, what do you think of that? Is it any wonder? Is it any wonder I hide my head in the sand, like an ostrich? Oh, yes! of course, I knew you would say that, like the ostrich, I could not be hidden. I wish I could. All my family are calling me now with one voice—and the stuff I have written! Why, any editor in the world would laugh in my face if I asked him to publish it. Here! any of you that like are welcome to the MS. There is nothing in for breakfast; Kitty has tumbled into the bath-tub; little Tommy has been sucking the empty pot of rat-paste till he looks all blue; and James has made in my papa's little sailing fleet of nearly all his papa's new cigars.

Farewell. I must dry out Kitty myself, and send Matilda Ann for some fresh cigars and an antidote. This is positively the last composition that shall ever emanate from the pen of
PANDORA PENSOROSA.

THE wife of Mr. August Egg entered a complaint at the Police Court to have him arrested for ill-treatment. When the officers went for Egg he had left the nest and wandered off. His wife, however, found him in Mulberry street in a half-drunken condition, and dragged him to police headquarters, where he was locked up. When asked “why she married a bad Egg,” she replied, “how are you to know an Egg is bad till you try it?”

The Unhappy Bride.

FROM far down South, with rapt delight,
Gus bore his blushing bride away;
She seemed as beautiful and bright
As Venus at the dawn of day.

But ah! her damask cheeks soon paled,
The lustre of her dark eyes fled;
Her voice, so rich in music, failed—
Her heart, once glad, grew cold and dead.

“O Heavens!” cried Gus, while doubting fear
His jealous, doting heart did press,
“What is there—tell me, Julia dear—
To cause this blighting, dark distress?”

She softly breathed, “I'm sad enough.”
“Confess!” moaned Gus, with quivering lip—
“You love me not.” She whisper'd “Snuff!
I'm pining, darling, for a 'dip.’” OWEN JONES.

THE JUDGE is doubtless aware of the fact that “dipping” was, and I apprehend is a common practice among females in the South—nor was the habit entirely confined to the lower order of women, but was secretly practiced by ladies (?) of the higher circles, who had been taught the habit by domestics. It becomes an entralling infatuation; and the effect of being deprived of the pleasure is almost akin to that produced upon the rum-drinker or opium-eater when deprived of the liquor or drug. Nor is the practice, by any means, confined to the South, for in some of the Northern States, to the writer's knowledge, large quantities of snuff are sold to gratify the propensity of “dipping” among women. In Philadelphia there are parties who make a specialty of selling snuff for this purpose. O. J.

WE noticed some weeks since, the fashion of trimming ladies' hats with the heads of kittens. To that, now, are added pug dogs and mice.



THE USUAL DECEMBER FANCY.—ONCE MORE THE PLUMBER IS KING.

Alonzo Busbee: His Life and Impressions.

BY WILLIAM GILL.

CHAP. XVI.

"When'er I take my walks abroad,
How many beasts I see,
And 'cos I never speaks to them,
They never speaks to me!"

HENRY BERGH.

I awoke from my stupor to find myself in an open boat, without oar, or compass, or rudder, or a change of socks. There was no land in sight, and the conviction forced itself upon me that the wretch Ramakama had chartered a tug to tow my unconscious form out to sea, then leave me alone in my glory. He had been afraid to murder me outright for fear that—knowing his hostility to me had been universally commented on—were my mangled body found, the crime would be fastened on him; and he knew what fate would be his at the hands of the irate Queen. So he treated me as N. Y. stockholder do their property—he watered me.

What a position to be in—out of sight of land in an open boat; half clothed, and no water or provisions in the cockle-shell of a craft which stood between me and the coral covered bottom of the Indian Ocean. I am sorry to say that the remarks I gave utterance to when I realized my helpless condition, and reflected that I had been driven from Madagascar without even being given time to pay my tailor's bill—good heavens! what would that worthy tradesman think of me? The remarks I gave utterance to would have caused the blush of envy to rise to a

cow-boy's brow. In plainer and less ambiguous words—I cursed. I cursed not wisely but too well. I cursed both loud and deep, upon the deep. I cursed Ramakama until my blistered tongue grew lame; then I paused, and then started in again on his relations, even unto the third and fourth generation. I cursed his grandmother, his wife's brother-in-law, his sisters, his cousins and his aunts. I cursed his man servant, his maid servant, his horse, his ox, his ass, his mule, his dromedary, and the stranger within his gates. For a comprehensive cuss, it took the seething yeast in the bakery. Then I felt better. Then I began to collect my scattered senses and reflect upon my position. To commence with, I was in an open boat; open at the top, and—I soon found out—open at the bottom, or partially so. A good deal of the Indian Ocean was wallowing around my legs in a manner more free than agreeable. I looked around for something to bail it out with. Horror! there was nothing; absolutely nothing—but myself—in the shell.

The villain Ramakama had placed me in that wretched travestie of a Hoboken dingy with nothing but my self-esteem to keep me company. If he had left me a piece of soap, I might have washed myself ashore. Oh! how I wished for one of Evarts' long sentences. I could have used it for a bridge, over which I could have walked to dry land. As it was I was helpless, completely in the power of the elements. Luckily, the weather was warm, so I did not feel the want of the clothing, of which I had been deprived by my bitter enemy; but I was hungry and had nothing to eat; thirsty and nothing to drink. I stood up in the boat in

the intervals of baling, which I had to do with an empty baked-bean can that I found lying under the seat. What wouldn't I have given for a bean at that moment of hunger? Alas! there was nothing but the shell left to tantalize me; the pearls had disappeared into the capacious mouth of some Madagascan seeker after "Culchaw" through the medium of Boston's most cherished fruit.

As I said before, I stood up in the boat and looked eagerly around for some sign of land; vain expectation; as well look for harmony in the N. Y. Democratic ranks, or honesty in a Tammany Alderman. Yet, dreary as was my outlook, I did not despair; for something seemed to whisper to me that I was not born to be drowned—I was destined for something better than fish bait. So I renewed my baling occupation; and was ready, like Micawber, for anything to turn up; excepting, of course, the boat's bottom.

I continued, alternately baling and cursing, until nature asserted her rights, and I fell into a deep sleep. How long I slumbered I know not; but when I awoke I found myself—and the boat—resting quietly on a beach of pure white sand, on to which the frail craft had drifted, and the tide receding left it high and dry. I looked around me, and soon perceived that I was on one of those little islands which stud the Indian Ocean like the clams in a Coney Island chowder—a great deal of ocean to very little island—a great deal of chowder to very little clam. Oh! how beautiful it was—the island—not the chowder! Reaching to the edge of the sandy beach were magnificent trees of every size and shade, of brilliant green foliage, standing in the midst of a carpet of velvet moss and soft waving grass, variegated with flowers of every color and perfume that one could imagine. Agile monkeys, some with long tails, some with short tails, some with no tails to speak of, leaped from bough to bough, and played base-ball with cocoanuts, and pelted each other with luscious bananas, oranges, lemons, peanuts, and roast chestnuts. Streams of pellucid water emerged from cracks in the fern-covered rocks, and formed murmuring brooks in which trout, mackerel, halibut, sharks, whales, dolphins, whitebait and fish-balls disported; while on their banks stood cows, pigs, sheep, buffaloes, elk, bears, lions, lamb chops, pig's feet, and animal delicatessen of every variety slaking their thirst.

Judge of my surprise when I tasted the fluid to discover that what I took to be running water was a stream of sparkling champagne. It was a veritable Garden of Eden, and needed but a natural fountain of lager to be a paradise on earth. Evidently I was the first human to put foot on the island, for the animals evinced no terror at my appearance, but went on calmly with their various occupations, and I was astonished to perceive that the utmost harmony existed in their midst. The lamb laid down by the lion's side, and the bears and elks fraternized like the Kelly Democrats and sore-head Republicans on the eve of a State election.

What would not Barnum give for this happy family, I thought, and then the idea struck me of getting this menagerie away from this uninhabited island; where there wasn't a cent in the show, and transporting it to the land of the free and happy homes of impecunious foreigners.

Where would the profits of Bernhardt, Langtry, Irving, Patti, or Matthew Arnold be in comparison with the millions I could

capture out of the great big American purse with my troupe of distinguished foreigners?

No sooner had the scheme taken root in my brain than I determined to find a way to carry it out. In the meantime it was necessary to win the confidence of my companions, and I proceeded forthwith to do so. I mingled freely with them; I gambled with the lambs upon the green; I stroked the face of the lions; I said to a deer, "Are you an elk?" and gave him the grip and password of the order. I taught the monkeys how to skin a banana—hitherto they had eaten that fruit, envelope and all—and I explained to them the mystery of the milk in the coconut. I taught the bears the latest wrinkles in Greco-Roman wrestling, and won the hearts of the goats by teaching them how to buck the tiger. I tickled the vanity of the moose by telling him a moose-ing story; and I made the hyenas laugh with my artistic imitation of Irving's pathos.

I soon became monarch of the island, and everything upon it. I had a docile set of subjects, who obeyed my every word and nod; and peaceful was my reign. It saddened me when I thought that by taking the happy family of gentle beasts into a Christian land, I should be putting innocence to peril by bringing them into contact with human beings who would shame them out of their sylvan simplicity, and teach them acts of wickedness and bloodshed to which they were now strangers. The lion would be sneered at for lying down with the lamb, and taught—possibly by some officious Wall Street teacher—how easy and natural it was to gobble up his bedfellow, and how much better he would feel after tasting blood. The elephant would soon get a big head, and strike for the salary of a successful prima donna; the goats would learn to pass by their present menu of grass and tender shrubs with contempt, and revel in the civilized luxuries of brown paper, old boots, barb-wire fences, and battered tea-kettles; and the monkeys would abandon tree climbing, and sigh for an organ and the delight of shinning up fire escapes for pennies.

But sentiment is one thing, and dollars another; and knowing what a wealth of the latter I could amass if I could get my happy family to Columbia's beautiful shore, I persevered in my fell design.

[To be continued, unless the author mentions one Grover Cleveland as a probable successful candidate for President, to one O'Grady.]

"Now," said drummer number one, as the train pulled out of Pittsburg, "I have a bottle of whiskey. Let's sit down and have a real good time. I only wish we had sugar and ice; we could have some toddy."

"I've some sugar," said drummer number two, unstrapping his valise.

"And my brother has some ice," said drummer number three: "he's in the baggage car. I'll just step in and get some," and he did.

The toddy was brewed and rebrewed. The whiskey bottle was a large one, the supply of sugar seemed inexhaustible, and drummer number three made as many visits to the baggage car as the occasion demanded.

However, just as they were all feeling good, and were about to compound a farewell drink, number three returned empty-handed. "Very sorry, boys," he remarked, "but the baggage man says if I take any more ice off my brother he won't keep."

PRIMER—The old maid.



EDITOR TO COMPOSITOR—*There's been another defaulting cashier. Take the matter we have been using for the past four years, now in type, put in "Iowa" in place of "Ohio," "Smith" instead of "Baldwin," and "was a member of the Methodist Church" instead of "the Presbyterian Church," and "He took \$20,000" instead of "\$50,000." Head it "Smith Defaults."*

Alnaschar on Wall Street.

ALNASCHAR turned to enjoy again
The tints of the dainty porcelain.
Vases were there that might grace the board
Of Babylon's caliph or Persia's lord;
Those tiny cups would be fair between
The finger-tips of the harem's queen;
The greatest genii scarce could choose
A daintier set for their master's use—
So fine, a rose-leaf would leave a stain
On the delicate gloss of the porcelain.

Alnaschar scanned his beautiful ware,
And he framed a vision upon it there.
He knew it was rare, of costly price;
He saw it was wrought with a strange device
And said: "When the caliph shall see my
ware,

He will own it regal and passing rare;
He will call his slaves and buy it straight,
Weighing each cup with a golden weight.
So shall I thrive, when years have gone,
The richest merchant of Babylon;
A thousand slaves shall attend my pride,
A prince's daughter shall be my bride—"
And so, with gesture of head and hand,
He followed his fortune from land to land,
Till the first link snapped in his fancy's chain.
As he swept to the earth his porcelain.

Alnaschar died—but his spirit still
Is seeking to reap where he did not till.
Wealth and fortune and fame remain
Wrapped in a future he cannot gain.
Here he watches the stormy seas,
Freighted with possible argosies;
There he watches the ebb and flow
Of cold humanity come and go—
Learned in the lessons misfortunes teach,
Gaining a goal that he could not reach—
To these, Alnaschar, is all in vain
The lesson taught by the porcelain.

Alnaschar stands on the busy street,
Bravely hoping against defeat.
Proudly he watches the stocks ascend,

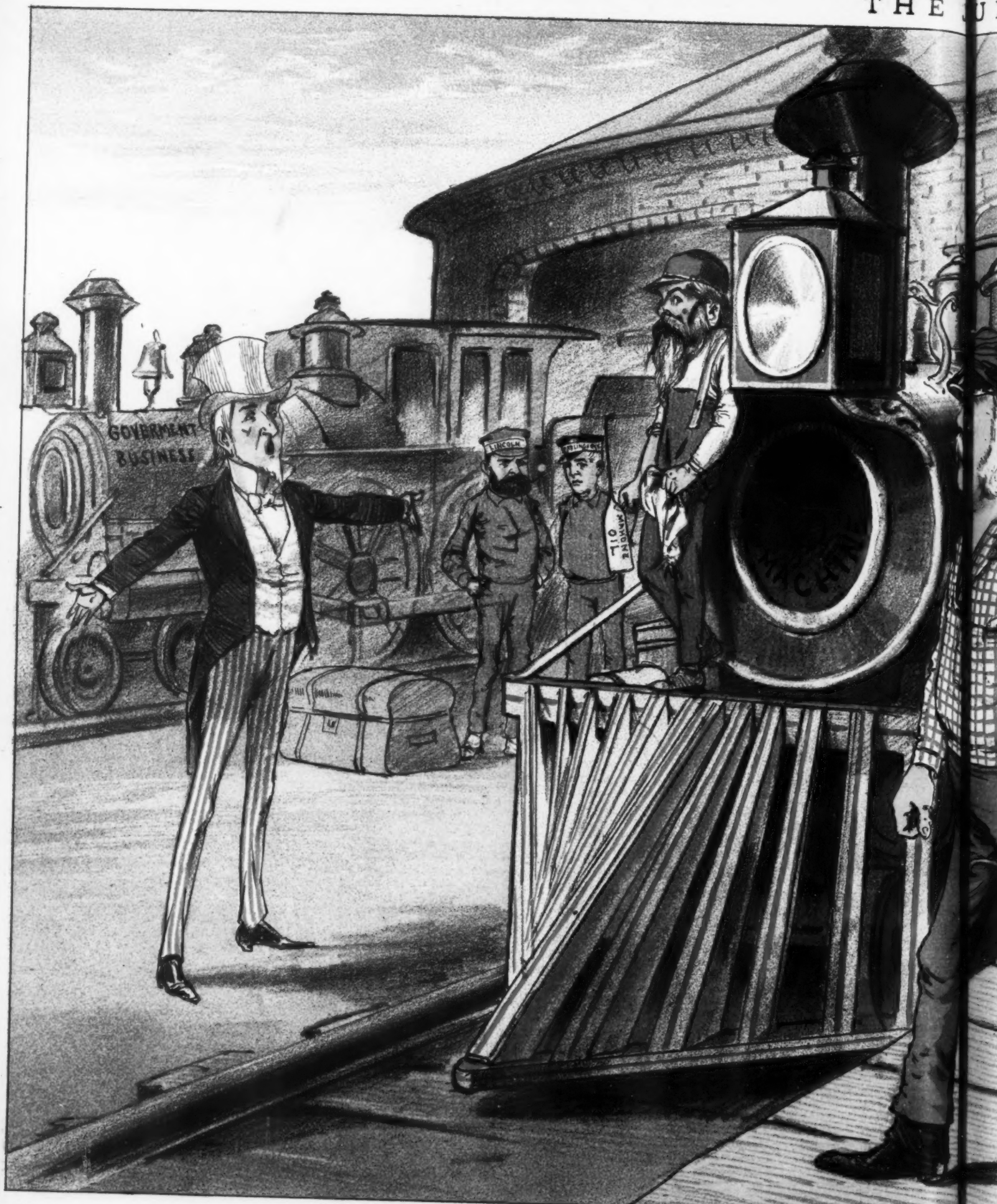
His fancy pressing them to the end.
Every dollar that they go up
Adds to his store another cup.
He looks at the beautiful porcelain
And frames the vision of joy again:
"If I put up my margin now—
Stocks were surely never so low—
I can get—let me see; so much.
Then I will sell them when they touch
Five hundred—that's a handsome gain;
And when they fall I'll buy again.
Then I'll have fortune in my hand;
Then will I buy me house and land —"
So the bright tints of fancy glow
Till values shrink and margins go,
And poor Alnaschar mourns again
His shattered heap of porcelain.

Alnaschar's fitful spirit still
Seeks to reap where he did not till;
The gold of dreams is piled in heaps
While he, who should protect it, sleeps;
Fortunes grow for the lame and blind,
But the castle-builder is left behind.
Values vary like ebb of tide,
But he is stranded on either side.
Prince's daughter and troops of slaves
End but sadly in early graves,
Till the weary lesson is taught again
By other fragments of porcelain.

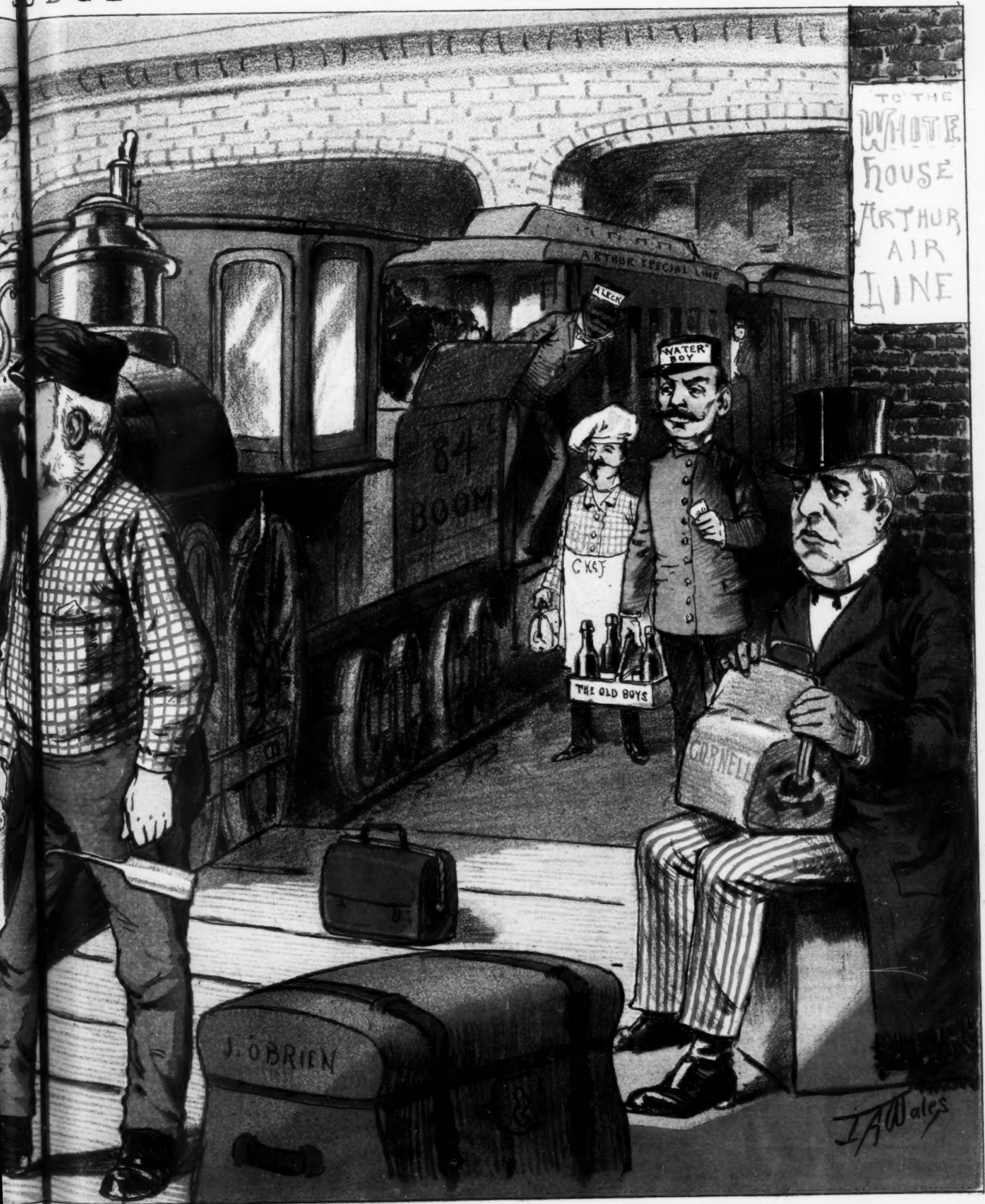
"LET'S go to the Thalia to-night and see
'The Lass of '76,'" said Mrs. Giblett to her
husband, who was preparing for a quiet evening
at his own hearth-stone. "My taste
would be for lasses not quite so old," replied
Gilbert. As he went off in a doze, Mrs. G.
went off with another man.

"SILK underclothing," says a fashion
journal, "grows in favor." If not changed
at sufficiently short intervals, it also grows
in flavor.

THE dentist is *facile forceps* in his pro-
fession.



TRAIN DUE AT WASH
UNCLE SAM—Jump aboard here, Arthur. You'll find this



T WASHINGTON, '84.
ou'll find this machine will reach the White House first.



MRS. GINGLE — (two feet above)—*And this is what you call coming home early, is it, Mr. Gingle?*

MR. GINGLE, (bracing)—*Now lovey, ole gal! just wait a minish—see! ish just zackly four o'clock. Couldn't get home much earlier—hey, dovey?*

Washington Gossip.

BY OUR OWN LIAR.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

Thanksgiving Day.

THANKSGIVING DAYS may come, and Thanksgiving days may go, but your correspondent goes on forever—or would, rather, if you wouldn't be so economical in the matter of space allowed him—for the \$75.69 a column you pay him for his lucubrations make it worth his while to pile up the gossip agony to an indefinite height—or length.

Thanksgiving day is a wisely-ordered holiday. If the previous year has been a prosperous one, we have a right to be thankful; and if, *au contraire*, it has come to us loaded down with bad crops, contraction of currency, corns, catarrh and consumption, we still have a right to be thankful—that we can never have one much worse. So that, anyway one takes it, it is properly a day of rejoicing.

Thanksgiving day is here in Washington, as in all other cities, hamlets, towns, shanties and cross-roads of this country—and so

is Sam Randall—here in Washington. Sam is a good boy, and has the gout—so Sam should be doubly thankful on this day of thanks. The gout is an evidence of ancestry—blue-blood ancestry—none of your common three-for-a-quarter father and grandfather racket; but the real slap-up, bong-tong article, which entitles a man to membership in the Grandfather Club, of which your correspondent had something to say in his last "gossip," without any need of bringing forward further proof of the existence of the requisite progenitors. Sam'l of Philadelphia informed your correspondent that there was not the least doubt in his mind as to the result of the Democratic caucus' selection of Speaker—it would be Sam'l. He very clearly expressed his views on the tariff question by stating that he was in favor of a heavy tax upon all articles imported from anywhere; which tax should be considered as being levied for revenue only. In short, he was a Free-Trade Protectionist Democratic Republican, with leanings towards Greenbackism and Independency, and he didn't care who knew it. Your correspondent is of the opinion that Mr. Randall will be nominated for Speaker—by a large majority.

In the course of an interview with Mr. Carlisle, of Kentucky, your correspondent was much struck with the arguments that gentleman brought forward in support of the theory that one Carlisle, who hails from Kentucky, will undoubtedly be the Democratic choice for Speaker. Any doubt that hitherto lurked in your correspondent's mind incontinently fled at the broad, lurid blaze of conviction which Mr. Carlisle's words cast upon the subject. In fact, your correspondent is pretty certain that the next Speaker of the House of Representatives will be Mr. Carlisle, of Kentucky.

Roaming through the spacious bar-rooms—corridors, he would say—of the Ebbitt House, your correspondent came upon the agreeable form and pleasing features of the other Sam—Sam'l of New York—S. S. Cox, to-wit. After receiving an invitation to refresh at an adjoining sample-room, which (as usual) your correspondent promptly—accepted, the conversation drifted upon the vexed question of "Who will be the next Speaker of the House?" Mr. Cox said that he had been giving the matter a good deal of thought of late, and he had come to the conclusion that S. S. Cox, of New York, would undoubtedly receive the full vote of the Democratic caucus. He had, he continued, looked the affair square in the face, and he could see nothing else for it. After the acceptance of another invitation to the aforesaid, your correspondent was asked by the Honorable S. S. Cox what *he* thought of Cox, of New York's chances? Your correspondent assured him, as he now assures you, that no sensible man has the faintest shadow of a doubt about the result. The next House of Representatives will recognize for Speaker a gentleman whose first name is Samuel S. Cox, of New York.

Excuse the briefness of this epistle—but Thanksgiving day—I need say no more.

[You need not—for, if you do, it won't be printed. Your handwriting is bad enough when it is *not* Thanksgiving day, to give a self-respecting compositor the horrors.—What it would be on—There, there! go home and sleep it off!—Ed.]

Spiritualism Investigated by Mrs. Squizzle.

YES, I've been to a seants. I mite have seen uncles and cousins and great grandmothers for all I no, if I'd followed up the subject; but one our' and a haf was enough for me.

I found a plase by looking over a kolume of advertisements in the Sunday morning paper. I thought I mite as well go where they materyilised, and see the whole thing. So I put on my black silk dress and krape veil that I'd kept folded up in dride rose leves ever since my first husband, Jeremiar Kroaker, took his departure for the land of the unbeknown; and puttin on a subdude air of deep grefe, I went up the steps and rang the bell. Purty soon a long faised individual opened the dore. As I was steppin in he put his hand on my sholder and sez he, "Your pardon, mem, but there's an admission fee."

"Goodness gracious!" sez I. "How much?"

"One dollar and a haf," sez he.

"So the spirits are for makin money, whether in or out of the flesh," sez I. I was not prepared to be swindled, even by the "dear departed." "Now here's a dollar. If your a mind ter take that and call it

square I'll go in; tho I reckon that's more'n the show is worth."

He took the dollar, bit it to see if it was all rite, then ushered me into a room darker'n a pocket.

"Now don't speke," sez he, "but sit rite down in this chere and take hold of the hand of the pusson each side of you, and don't let go whatever happens."

I was plumped down into a cheer and my hands was grabbed, and such a squeeze in as they got makes me grone to think of it. I stood it as long as I kould, then I jest give a mighty twitch, and whatever was a holdin 'em went over with a heavy thump each side of me on the floor. "If your sperits, your solid ones," sez I, "I reckon next time you'll no how to treat a lady."

A solemn voice sez, "don't let go hands, because that disturbs the electric current, and we shall get no manifestations."

The unknown, each side of me, were more mild in their demonstrasions of regard after that; and purty soon I smelt a strong oder of fosforus, and then sparks began to fly, and the solemn voice sed "These are the sperits of the dere departed." One settled down purty nere me, and as the solemn voice again approached me said, "madam, you kan ask any question of the spirit hovering over you and it will answer through me, for I'm a mejum."

"I'd like to know whose spirit it is before I strike up a konversation," sez I.

"Are you not a widow," asked the solemn voice.

"Not exactly, tho' I've expectations that way," sez I.

"The spirit hovering near tells me that he was once your husband," sez the solemn voice.

I must say at that I was skered. My hair riz up and I was on the pint of rizing up myself when I was pushed flop down in the chere.

This made me mad, and sez I, "Mr. Kroaker, I'd like to ask you a question."

"Go on," sez the solemn voice.

"Do you know all that's happened on this airth since you left it for the grate beyond?" sez I.

"Yes, every thing," replied the solemn voice.

"Very well then," sez I, "I needn't tell you that I did marry again; and I got every sent of that money you was so mean as to will away from me. I don't know as I've enny thing further to say, unless it is that you needn't take the trouble to materyillize, for I don't want to set eyes on you agin, and I don't know of enny body that dus."

"Don't you want to know if the dere departed is happy in the spirit land?" sez the solemn voice.

"I ain't partiularly anxious," sez I. "If he is rewarded akording to his works I don't think he's havin a very jolly time of it."

The spark now disappeared, and I was glad of it, for there was a great noise around in different parts of the room; and soon there was a dim, bluish lite seen, and I discovered what they called a kabynet, and every body stood on tip tow to look, for it was whispered that the sperits inside were materyilizin. There was a dreadful fumbling around for sperits; and I sed I thought they'd better let me go in and help 'em dress for the okasion, but they declined with thanks; so I waited as pashently as I kould till a tall one put in an apperants. It looked for all the world like one of Cesnola's Cyprite antickertys, patched up by Galen, and I'd hev sworn it was one eskaped from the



LADY OF THE HOUSE (to Cook)—Maggie, I want you to be sure and baste the duck you are cooking."

Cook—Oh yes, mim; I will. And ye see I was jist afther comin for a naddle an thrid to do it wid.

Metrypollytan Museum, if a fellow nere by hadn't drawn a toy pistil from his brest pockit and fired rite into it.

Such a holler as it made, and such a jump as it gave, shode that it was antic, if not an antickerty; and a man in the krowd who seemed to be manager of the "seacants" kum up and was a goin to fight the feller that fired the pistil.

"What do you mene, you raskill?" sez he, grabbing him by the kolfer.

The feller he looked ruther skered at sich ruff handlin.

"Don't be afraid," sez I. Then turin to the seacantic manager, sez I "he's investigatin spiritualism; his method is a good and a thorough one, and for one I approve of it."

"Do you want to see a murder committed?" see the manager a-tremblin with rage.

"Murder," sez I. "Gun powder and shot won't hurt a spirit the leste bit in the world; and if that baggage what jumped and kicked and skreeched so, like all possessed, when the shot was fired at it, wasn't a spirit, it deserves to be made one, that's all I've got to say about it."

This was about the end of the seacants. The meeting broke up in a row, and I red in the papers the next day that there was sum broken heds, sum broken furniture, and a spirit badly wounded; it didn't say where.

"ARE YOU going to the funeral this afternoon, Mrs. Flip?" asked one lady of another on Broadway.

"Well, yes, if my husband don't bring home matinee tickets," replied the latter.

A rough diamond—A convict breaking stones.

Fresh-Air Cranks.

MR. JUDGE—RESPECTED SIR—i take up my pen to write for a few lines on the subject of fresh air cranks, the current topic of the day. i aint no regler noospaper correspondent, altho i hav had several aunt sisters who was, but they are dead.

them cranks as you have been a picturin ov aint the wust—a man as will go to bed by hissself and histe up the winder to let the gail in can do as he likes and be blowed—he hurts nobody but hissself—but a man or a woman, or both, who will set down in a railway coche and histe up the winder wide, with a dozen or more people behind with toothakes and colds and swummins in the hed with rumaticks in every blessed jint and agew. I say a man or a woman, or both, who will do that, is wuss than if he comited crewilty to animiles. but the worst of all is for a woman or mon to set in a railway coche at the rear end of a winder wide open with a babby behind her or sum other week pusson with no lungs worth speekin of, and she or them drest up in a vale as thick as canting flanel, a see lion skin cloke, and sich like artick aparl like she was poochissin for sum out dore situation in Alaska, or one of them cool climits. them peepel as cant get enuff air inside a railway coche when the air outside is as damp and cold as ice water, don't orter be inside; the roof is theyre natif eliment. so no more at present from your humble servant COLUMBUS WASHINGTON.

"It's a very wise man who knows all his own business nowadays," says Mrs. Grundy.

BOLD-FACED—The tramp.



IRVING and Miss Terry have taken their departure; Wyndham and his company are far away, and New York now has an opportunity to indulge in a little, a very little American play-acting.

Next week will see Booth at The Star; and Booth really belongs to the United States; but the stock at the Union Square, The Standard, and Wallack's (of course) is still English preferred.

Irving's engagement was a most brilliant one, and the professional matinee he gave near its close, was a notable performance. Everybody that was anybody in the profession was there, and everybody was delighted; and, of course, never saw anything like it before. In fact, the only drawback to complete happiness on that thrilling occasion, was Miss Terry's absence from the stage. One can't expect to have every thing in this world, and Irving and Terry ought to have been enough for one day. Miss Terry has become a great favorite, and she is, without doubt, a finished and charming actress. The dudes don't seem to tackle kindly to her, to any great extent, but that is a point in her favor. All sensible people like THE JUDGE admire her, and wish she'd grow just a little more corpulent. Her resemblance to poor Bernhardt in this respect is almost too painful.

Wallack's is still infested with "Moths," and the play is worse than the insects themselves. Tearle, as Coreze, has a most unfortunate part, and he does not even look well in it. The wig he wears gives an additional air of imbecility to a character which is quite idiotic enough without it.

Rose Coghlan, too, is entirely out of her element. In parts like "Forget-me-not," or "La Belle Russe," she is unapproachable; but when she attempts to pose as an immaculate and congealed young saint, we beg to be excused from witnessing the performance. The character of Vere, both in the novel and the play is most unnatural and artificial; and if it were possible for anything like this solidified female to exist on this terrestrial sphere, the proper thing to do with her would be to put her in a glass case and handle with care.

Gerald Eyre, as Zuroff, does some remarkably good acting. Zuroff isn't half as repulsive as Ouida would have us believe, but the devil (on the stage) is never as black as he is painted.

Caroline Hill and Isabel Everson are charming; the piece is beautifully mounted and the scenery very fine.

The play, unlike most naughty things, is not nice. It is dull and tiresome, and there is scarcely a dramatic situation to relieve the monotony of the whole four acts.

As regards the Fifth Avenue, it is better to say nothing. Whatever we write about, Mr. Stetson is sure to change before we can possibly get our copy into print. For sudden transformations, and for frequent change of bill, commend us to the Fifth Avenue.

"In the Ranks" may still be seen at The Standard; and it goes without saying that "Excelsior" is at Niblo's, and "The Rajah" at the Madison Square.

The Florences are still vibrating, and are this week at McKee Rankin's; and Robson and Crane are as funny as ever at The Star. "The Beggar Student," or "The Lady of Lyons" set to music, is doing well at The Casino; and "The Strangers of Paris" will probably continue to run until this article is published.

The operatic warfare continues, though there has not been so much firing along the lines of late. They don't have as much ballet at the Metropolitan as one would naturally expect them to have, considering the amount of talent they possess in the dancing line. We always like to see Cavallazzi and her sister trippers of the light fantastic; but there is a law of compensation, and what one misses in feet and ankles on the stage, is amply made up for by the lavish display of upper extremities in the boxes.

A New Kind of Plant.

THEY'RE an intelligent couple—the Spilkings; man and wife.

"My dear," said the former, looking up from his paper the other morning, "what do they mean by a telegraph plant? I have some little acquaintance with botany and the vegetable kingdom in general, but in all the works I've read upon that subject I have seen no mention made of a telegraph plant."

"Yes, and precious little acquaintance it is too," replied his wife tartly, "or you wouldn't ask so stupid a question. Didn't you ever notice them bushes and weeds and things growin' round the bottom of the poles along the railroad tracks? Them's what they call telegraph plants. You're too refreshingly green for anything, Spilkins."

"Oh, I never thought of that," remarked Mr. S., with the air of a man upon whom a sudden illumination has dawned; and a moment after he added, with a sly twinkle of the eye, for he enjoyed his joke, "then I suppose that is what might be called the vegetation of the pole-ar regions."

"Humor may be a very good thing, Mr. Spilkins," observed his wife sharply, "but a little intelligence is a much better thing."

"Oh! yes—yes, dear," said Mr. S. meekly; and after a moment's quiet reflection, he added, "No, I never did think of that before!" with a look of profound admiration at his wife's superior wisdom.

PATRICK CALLIGAN, finding the basement door of a brown-stone front in Brooklyn, open, entered, and was recognized by a servant girl while helping himself to the silver, which had just been placed on the table for dinner. She screamed for help; and Pat, drawing the four corners of the table-cover together, tied the silver therein, swung the bundle over his shoulder, and made good his escape.

Should Patrick call again, the police, who are now on the watch, are prepared to make it pleasant for him.

"Do you know, sir, that you have outraged not only the fixed laws of society, but you have lost the respect of your friends and relations, by marrying this mulatto?" said an irate father to his eldest son, who stood in defiant attitude before him. "What is your excuse for this grave and irremediable offence?" "I was 'color blind,' father," was the reply of the innocent young man.

Subscribing for a Paper.

A young lady stepped into the office of a Cincinnati newspaper and said:

"I would like to subscribe for your paper."

"Certainly, miss," was the polite response.

"For a year or six months?"

"Oh, no! only for a week," she replied.

And then she explained:

"I only use them for bustles, and a week's papers last a long time."—*Phila. Call.*

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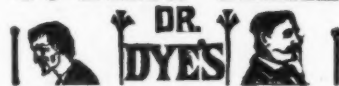
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An Improbable Story.

A Massachusetts book agent, who was wearing a small circular piece of court-plaster on his face, removed it while shaving a few mornings since, and replaced it when his toilet was complete. Contrary to his usual experience, as he went about his business during the rest of the day he was everywhere received with smiles, which grew broader and broader, until at last somebody laughed in his face. Led by this to look in the glass, he was somewhat taken aback to discover that, instead of the court-plaster, he had affixed to his face a little round printed label, which had fallen from the back of a new mantel clock purchased the day before, and which bore the inscription, "Warranted solid brass."—*Exchange.*

"OH, dear! I do feel so mortified." "Why, what is the matter now?" "You know Mrs. Dashaway, don't you?" "Yes." "And always considered her respectable, did you not?" "Certainly." "Well, you may not believe it, but she has written me a letter which went through the public mails, was handed into my door by a regular letter carrier, who knows everybody in our set, and on the envelope, right in plain sight, was one of these horrid green three-cent stamps that were out of style almost a week ago."—*Phila. Call.*

"WHAT is the mission of the humorous paper?" a serious minded exchange asks with great earnestness. To get more subscribers, man; to get more subscribers and whoop up the advertising rates 145 degrees in the shade. What did you suppose people published a humorous paper for? Fun? Not much. Fun's business in these earnest days.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

It was Oscar Wilde that said of Henry Irving's legs that one was a symphony and the other a beautiful poem, but he neglected to divulge which was which. It would be most distressing to gaze at one leg during the entire performance under the impression that we're enjoying a beautiful poem, to discover when too late that it was only a beautiful symphony.—*Phila. Call.*

"DON'T you think she's pretty?" said the fond mother to the father, as she stroked the baby's silken hair. The father was in a sulking mood, something had disagreed with him, and he replied somewhat curtly, "Oh all babies are about alike. They look like little monkeys." Just then a neighbor entered, and taking the baby on her lap, said, "Mercy on us, how like its father that child is!"—*Somerville Journal.*

AMONG the Dunkards men kiss only men, and the kissing of women is done only among themselves. If the custom were vice versa-ed, so to speak—the men kiss only the women, and the women ditto the men—the Dunkard religion would gain converts much more rapidly. There is very little inducement for young folks to become Dunkards.—*Norristown Herald.*

MARCELLA SEMBRICH, Mr. Abbey's prima donna, sings in French, Italian, German and Russian, plays artistically upon the piano and violin, and yet she is only twenty-six years of age. If she lives, say fifteen years more, until she is "thirty," she will be somewhat accomplished.—*Hartford Post.*

THE immense new organ for the cathedral at Riga, has 124 stops. This is 123 more than "Grandfather's Clock" has.—*Lowell Courier.*

The Points were "Agin" Her.

"Now what I want you to do, Miranda," said a white woman to the colored "help," "is to get up early, make two fires, get breakfast, take care of the children while I am eating; then, after breakfast, sweep the rooms, make up the beds, and do anything else that comes handy."

"What's yerself gwine ter be doin' all dat time?"

"Why, I'll be attending to my own affairs, of course."

"An' seein' me workin' like a slabe? Lady, I doan reckon we kin trade. I lef' de las' place case de 'oman ob de house got so proud dat she didn't want me ter set in de rockin' cheer, an' de way yerself's startin' out I'se afeerd dat yer would't recognize me as a member ob 'ciety. Like ter 'commodate yer, lady, but all de pints is agin yer."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

WHAT right has Prof. Young to spoil any little vacation plans by saying that a railroad train traveling at the rate of forty miles an hour without stops, would be more than three hundred and sixty-five years in reaching the sun; and that at the low rate of one cent a mile, the fare would be \$950,000?—*Lowell Courier.*

A sneak thief caught in a Brooklyn dwelling escaped by saying that he was a physician who had been called to the house. The people were dreadfully frightened. When they took him for a thief, they feared for their valuables; but when he said he was a physician, they trembled for their lives.—*Boston Transcript.*

"JOHNNIE, did anyone have the croup in your house last night?" "Dunno! What made you ax me?" "Well, I saw a light in the house long after midnight." "Oh! that's my sister! She has something down in the parlor awful late every night, but I don't know whether it's the croup or not."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

SOME man broke a street lamp in De Kalb, Ga., and the editor of the *News* says: "For the sake of human decency we hope the man was drunk." We have pondered over that paragraph a long time in a vain endeavor to see wherein the cause of human decency would be advanced by a man being drunk, but give it up.—*Hawkeye.*

"So your husband is a contractor. In what particular line is he?" "In the debt line." "In the debt line?" "Yes, he has contracted about \$10,000 worth of debts during the last two years. Everybody says he is very successful in his business."—*Boston Transcript.*

"PAPA, what do you expect to give me for a birthday present?" asked a young girl of her father, a well-known police-court justice. "Give you," said the justice, whose mind was evidently upon something else—"give you—I'll give you six months."—*Phila. Call.*

CUT THIS OUT

PACK OF WONDERS

Contains 3 Photos of Mrs. Langtry in different positions. 1 Photo of Jennie Cramer, 5 Beautiful Actresses in stage costumes, 1 "Hold to light" cards, 1 Pack Acquaintance cards, 15 Pleasant games, 1 Trim Silk Handkerchief, 1 Pack Trick Cards, 1 Bird and Animal Imitator, 1 Elegant Pen, 100 Selections for Autograph Albums, 20 Latest Songs, as sung by Harrigan and Hart, Tony Pastor, J. E. Emmet, etc. 1 Beautiful Little Book Containing 14 Spicy Illustrations, 1 Pocket Book, 12 Night Scenes, 1 pic. Masquerade Scenes, Comic Cards, 1 Beautiful Chromo, The entire lot by mail for 25 cts. (P.O. stamps) **BIJOU NOVELTY CO., 7 Warren Street, New York.**

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New York Riding School, 34th st., near 3d av.

Print Your Own Cards Labels, Envelopes, &c., with our \$3 PRINTING PRESS. Larger sizes, for Circulars, &c., \$3 to \$75. For pleasure, money making, young or old. Everything easy. Printed instructions. Send two stamps for Catalogue of Presses, Type, Cards, &c., to the Factory.

KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

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RELIEVED and CURED without the injury Trusses inflict, by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method. Office, 251 Broadway, New York. His book, with photographic likenesses of bad cases, before and after cure, mailed for 10 cents.

LOOK! LOOK! THE MAGIC REVEALER examines the hidden beautiful and **SECRET** wonders of nature. Something that every young man and woman wants. Will magnify 1000 times. This is something entirely new and a Rare Bargain to those who wish to see the Beautiful in Nature Revealed. Price 25c. 5c for \$1.00 (Silver or P. O. Stamp.) All handsomely mounted in Drexel and Levery, and sent secure from observation on receipt of price. When not in use its object cannot be detected. With every order we will send free of charge, a New Wonderful and **RARE BOOK**, which will surely please you. (Out of stock and send no orders.) Mention this paper.

STAR NOVELTY CO., GREENPOINT, N. Y. (Box 98)

A PRIMA DONNA IN EVERY HOME

THE MARVELLOUS WEBBER Singing Doll.

A Mechanical Wonder—Last year we first introduced this CHARMING NOVELTY to the children of America and it is safe to assert that no toy ever devised attained such immediate popularity. We were then unable to meet promptly the great demand that came upon us, but we shall endeavor this year to fill all orders the day of receipt. **The Doll has been improved in every way since last year.** Instead of the old German body as in all imported Dolls, our Doll has an **AMERICAN MADE BODY** with limber joints, so that it will sit easily and gracefully in any position. The arms are of **Finest Rigid** with separate fingers. These are positively the best bodies ever put in a Doll. **The Waxen Heads** with long hair are of the best French wax German make, made especially for this Doll and they are as beautiful as life—long hair, beautiful eyes and delicately tinted cheeks. We consider them the finest Doll heads ever imported into this country, and that without the **Wonderful Singing Attachment**. **THE DOLL ALONE IS WELL WORTH THE ENTIRE PRICE.** The **SINGING ATTACHMENT** is concealed within the body (see picture). It is one of the most ingenious inventions of the age. It is a **Perfect Musical Instrument**, finely made, not liable to get out of order and so arranged that a slight pressure causes the Doll to sing one of the following airs: "Home, sweet home," "I want to be an angel," "There is a happy land," "Sweet love and life," "Bonnie Jean," "America," "Frère Baptiste" (German), "Tell Aunt Rhoda," "Buy a broom," "Fading Doodle," "Coming thro' the Rye," "Grandfather's Clock," "Last Rose of Summer," "Old Folks at Home," "Pop Goes the Weasel," "God save the Queen," and others. Expensive walking and talking dolls do not afford the little ones half the pleasure and entertainment that our **Wonderful Singing Doll** does, which is the **Greatest Novelty in CHILDREN'S TOYS EVER PRODUCED** and is the most beautiful and appropriate present that can be made to a child. We can furnish three sizes. **No. 1,** 22 inches high, price **\$2.75.** **No. 2,** 24 inches high, larger head, price **\$3.25.** **No. 3,** 26 inches high, our best, price **\$4.00.** THESE PRICES INCLUDE BOXING. All three sizes are equally perfect and complete, but the larger the doll the larger the singing attachment and better heard. Sent to any address on receipt of price; fine embossed **Chromos**, 25 cents extra. **THE TRADE SUPPLIER.** Address all orders to **THE MASSACHUSETTS DOLL CO., No. 57 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.**

FINE COSTUMES for these dolls with underclothing lace trimmed. *Richly made.* \$3.00 to \$5.00 extra.

SEE OUR LARGE DOUBLE-COLUMN ADVERTISEMENT OF THIS DOLL IN A LATE ISSUE OF THIS PAPER.

INDIAN Relics, Agate Goods, Curiosities, Specimens. Send stamp for Catalogue to H. H. Tammen & Co., No. 9 Windsor bldg., Denver, Colo.

Ladies DO YOUR OWN STAMPING for Embroidery, with our STAMPING PATTERNS for Kensington, Arsenne, Outline, Braid Work, &c. Easily transferred to any fabric or material and can be used a hundred times over. 100 full sized working patterns including Flowers, Corners, Borders, Scooped, Braid Strips, outline figures, and your own initial letters for handkerchiefs, hat bands &c., with Powder, Pad and directions for working, all for 60 cents, postpaid.

Book of 100 designs for Embroidery, Braiding &c. 25c. Our Book "Manual of Needlework" is a complete instructor in Kensington, Arsenne and all other branches of Embroidery, Kitting, Tatting, Crocheting, Lace Making, &c. 35 cents. Four for \$1.00. All the above for \$1.00. **Patton Pub. Co. 47 Barclay Street, New York**

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Write for Circular
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Blank, and when re-
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\$70,000,000 of
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Not One Dollar of
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MEMBERSHIP FEE, \$4. ANNUAL COST ABOUT
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\$10,000 Insurance, with \$50 Weekly In-
demnity, at corresponding rates.

CHARLES B. PEET (of Rogers, Peet & Co.), Pres't.
JAMES B. PITCHER, Secretary.

Confusion in the Temple.

DURING a late protracted session of the Blue Light Tabernacle, the Rev. Whang doodle Baxter brought his umbrella down on the pulpit with a jolt that rattled all the sash in the window frames, and exclaimed:

"Dere's got ter be less talkin' in dis room. I can't hear mesself think."

Upon this one of the colored sisters arose and said:

"Brudder Baxter, I wishes to call yer re-tention to the fac dat it am de male members of de congregasion who am doin' de talkin'."

"Hit am, am it?" replied the Rev. Whang-doodle, with a savage gleam in his eye, "Ise mighty glad of dat. Dar am some kin' of show of hits stoppin' ef hits de males. Ef hit war the females dar would be no hopes of hits ebber lettin' up."—*Texas Siftings.*

Our Flag Insulted.

"Ah, Jones, good morning," said Plumbottle, the other day, grasping his friend warmly by the hand, "I have a few questions I want to ask you."

"Proceed," replied Jones, gravely.

"Have I got a short, bull neck?"

"Quite the contrary," said Jones.

"Am I all intellectual development, and no hair? Does my forehead extend away over to the base of my brain?"

"Quite the contrary."

"Do I look like a pouter pigeon with a white vest and a moss rose in my coat lappel?"

"Certainly not."

"Am I cock-eyed?"

"No," said Jones, indignantly.

"Glad to hear it," said Plumbottle. "Glad to hear you so emphatically deny the following foul aspersions. See here," taking a newspaper out of his pocket, "that legal British luminary, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, says that Benjamin F. Butler is the typical American. Plumbottle, shall we, as freemen, take such insults, or shall we twist the lion's tail?"—*Texas Siftings.*

"Yes," he said, "of all the obliging people I ever met in my life those living in Winnipeg are the most so." He was an old country farmer from the parish of St. Charles, and only comes to the city about every five years. Asked why the Winnipeg people were so obliging, he said, "I hadn't been in town ten minutes when one man asked me if I didn't want a horse and dray; another asked me if I didn't want two horses and a hack, and a man down by the depot grabbed me by the arm and said, 'Mein friend, put don't yous vant a goat mit two pockets in de pack?' Why, I might live in St. Charles all my life before the folks there would want to give me so much."—*Winnipeg Siftings.*

OF course the bonanza kings want to shake the wives of their youths and marry others. You see it takes one kind of a wife to help make a fortune; another to help spend it.—*Boston Post.*

SEALSKIN Garments, sold by TERRY & Co., 1159 Broadway, corner 27th street, are of the celebrated TREADWELL Dye, will never fade or wear yellow. No other house has them. It is OUR SPECIALTY.

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Grain and Provisions,
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At close of present season we will remove to our new and commodious building,

797 and 799 Third Avenue,

Corner 49th Street, (now in course of construction). To avoid moving our present immense stock, we shall offer it at prices that will command certain and immediate sale. Stock is unusually large, and selected by experienced buyers from both Foreign and Domestic Markets, and embraces all the new patterns and shades in

**Axminster,
Moquette,
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WITH BORDERS TO MATCH**

ORIENTAL CARPETS and RUGS. Also Kensington Art Squares, in all sizes. Mattings & Floor Cloths of all descriptions.

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We must sell this stock or move it at a great expense—therefore prices will be made to insure sale to all who appreciate excellent goods way below market prices.

Purchases made by the readers of this paper delivered free of charge.

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Near Cooper Institute, 3d and 4th Avenue cars pass the door.

Read's 3-minute Headache and Neuralgia Cure never Fails.

Sent by mail on receipt of 30 cts.
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185 Fifth Avenue, New York.

AGENTS CAN NOW GRASP A FORTUNE.
Outfit worth \$10 free. Address
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"WEAK AND UNDEVELOPED PARTS OF THE HUMAN BODY ENLARGED, DEVELOPED & STRENGTHENED," etc., is an interesting advertisement long run in our paper. In reply to inquiries we will say that there is no evidence of humbug about this. On the contrary, the advertisers are very highly endorsed. Interested persons may get sealed circulars giving all particulars, by addressing ELKE MEDICAL CO., P. O. Box 53, Buffalo, N. Y.—(Toledo Evening Bee.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE ever invented. With knit a pair of Stockings with HEEL and TOE COMPLETE in TWENTY minutes. It will also knit a great variety of Fancy Work, for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the TWOMBLY KNITTING MACHINE COMPANY, 103 Tremont street, Boston.



"I owe my Restoration to Health and Beauty to the CUTICURA REMEDIES."

Testimonial of a Boston lady.

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays itching and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Sun-Burn and Greasy Skin.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Prices—Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, \$1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. Boston, Mass.

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Black Silks at the very Lowest Prices.

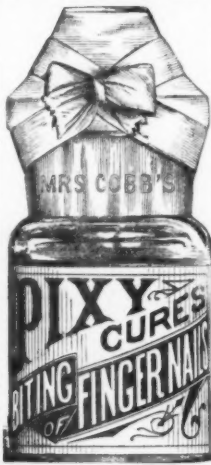
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Cosmetic Cherry-Lip.—For tinting finger nails, lips and cheeks.
 Brasso Nail Powder.—Most brilliant finisher nail polish in the world.
 Pen-as-Cream.—Cures hang nails. Softens and whitens the hands.
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 FINGER NAILS BEAUTIFIED BY 6 THOROUGH MANICURES.
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MORPHINE HABIT. No pay till cured. Ten years established. 1,000 cured. State case. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

Unconscious Deception.

A well-dressed newspaper correspondent stopped at a camp of railroad workmen in Arkansaw, and remained several days with the men, preparing an elaborate article on "Camp Life." The men were very kind to him, and their studied attempts at politeness in his presence were almost reverential. When Sunday came, a rough fellow approached the correspondent, and removing his hat with a respectful air, said:

"Mister, we men are out here in the woods all the time, but don't think that we have run wild, for we still like good preachin', so we all concluded that we'd like for you to preach for us to-day."

"What?" exclaimed the astonished correspondent.

"Want you to preach, parson?"

"The devil you say. I'm no preacher."

"You ain't?"

"No, I'm not."

"That settles it. I've been tiptoeing around here four or five days thinking you was a preacher. Scalded myself with hot coffee, got a coal of fire in my shoe, took hold of the wrong end of the poker and was stung by a yaller-jacket and didn't cuss, didn't properly express my feelin's kase you was here. Now, sir, I'm goin' to have it outen your hide."

"My dear sir, it was not my fault," said the man of the pen, who did not think that his instrument, just at that time, was mightier than the use of the sword, or any other physical force.

"Yes it was your fault, fur you had no business to fool with a man's nat'ral feelings an' an outpourin' of his sperit. Take off that slick lookin' coat. I was achin' fur a preach or a fight, an' ef I kain't git one I hafter take t'other," and he began to roll up his sleeves.

"My dear sir, I am not a fighter. I am a newspaper man."

"Wall, then, print us a newspaper."

"I can't print it here, for I have no type."

"Then I'll have to light into you. I can't sacrifice my natural appetite for cussin' when the occasion comes. You may not have tried to fling out the belief that you was a preacher, and you may have kept me outen my natural rights with the innocence of a lamb, but you know a lamb's innocence don't save him. Buck to me. Take care of yourself."

The newspaper man dodged and took to his heels. People who saw his precipitous flight say that it does not often fall to the lot of sport-loving man to witness such a spirited race. The journalist threw back his head and traveled by electric jerks. The man who wanted to whip him, and who had often declared that he was no "slouch" of a runner, was soon left far behind; but a party of section hands, who saw the journalist running, supposed that he had stolen something, and seizing him they took him back to the camp, where, to save his hide, he stood on a barrel and preached a sound Democratic sermon.—Arkansaw Traveler.

BUTLER MAHONE, son of the late Virginia boss, has had to pay \$15 for disturbing the peace on election day, it is said. We think the extenuating circumstances should be taken into account. We don't see how a youth with that name could very well help disturbing the peace.—Boston Post.

Eighty million dollars is the estimated value of the finger-rings of this country actually worn, and still there are people mean enough to go hacking and coughing because they do not want to invest 25 cents for a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

BONDS.

WITH FIVE DOLLARS

YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE IMPERIAL AUSTRIAN VIENNA CITY

Government Bond.

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THE THREE HIGHEST PREMIUMS AMOUNT TO 200,000, 50,000 and 30,000 FLORINS,

And Bonds not drawing one of the above premiums must be redeemed with at least 130 Florins.

The next Redemption takes place on the

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And every Bond bought of us on or before the 2nd of January, is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that day.

Out of town orders sent in registered letter inclosing five dollars, will secure one of these Bonds for the next drawing.

For orders, circulars or any other information address the INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO., 207 Broadway, cor. Fulton st., N. Y. City.

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The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the United States.

N. B.—In writing, please say that you saw this in THE JUDGE.

A Positive Cure is

ELY'S CREAM BALM,

FOR CATARRH



MANY PERSONS in Pittston are using Ely's Cream Balm, a Catarrh remedy, with most satisfactory results. A lady is recovering the sense of smell which she has not enjoyed for fifteen years. She had given up her case as incurable. Mr. Barber, the druggist, has used it in his family, and commends it very highly. A Tunkhannock lawyer, known to many of our readers, testifies that he was cured of partial deafness.—Pittston (Pa.) Gazette.

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, 50 cts. a package. Stamps.

ELY'S CREAM BALM Co., Owego, N. Y.

ABSOLUTELY THE BEST. WILSON'S LIGHTNING SEWER!

Two thousand stitches a minute. The only absolutely first-class Sewing Machine in the world. Sent on trial. Warranted 5 years. Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Circular. B. Agents Wanted. THE WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO., Chicago or New York.

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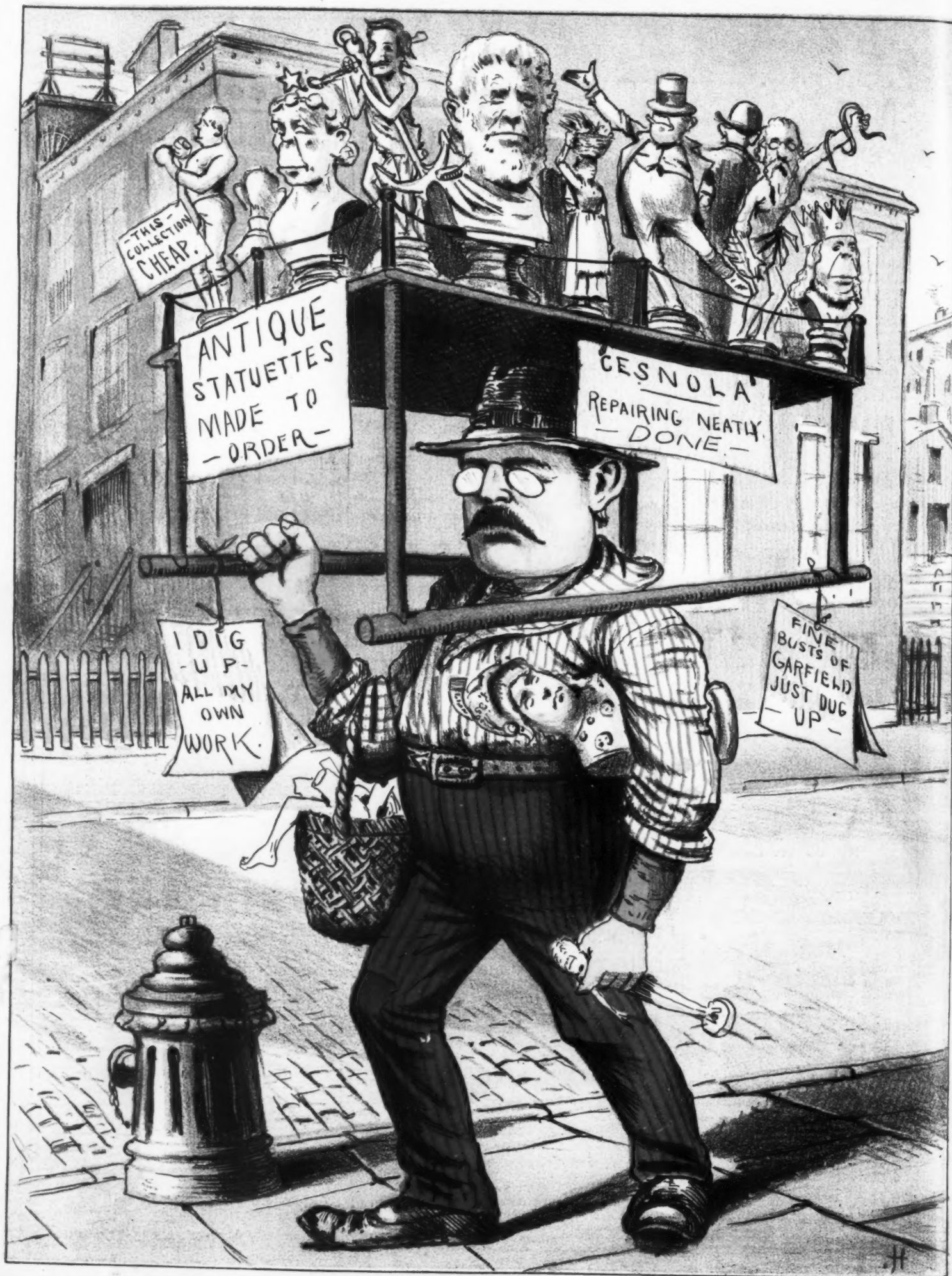
THERE is only one LITTLE LIVER PILL, and that is CARTER'S. There are plenty of other Pills, big and little, but they are not like CARTER'S. Some of them constipate; some of them gripe and purge, while nearly all disappoint. Using Carter's Liver Pills is no experiment. You take them with the certainty of improving your health. You fear no griping or purging or pain, because they have no such unpleasant action. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Sour Rising of Food, Bad Taste in the Mouth, and all troubles caused by a Bilious Habit. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable, very small and very easy to take, and will certainly please anyone. Price 25 cents. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

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THE JUDGE



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