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SENSITIVE BROTHER DANA.
A Great Editor at a Small Business.



THE JUDGE.

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DANA WINCES.

FOR many years Mr. Dana has been amusing himself very much, and the public in a very inferior degree, by alleged witticisms at the expense of Mr. Childs, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, which he has published in the *Sun*, and doubtless chuckled over exultantly at intervals, without regard to what may be Mr. Childs' feelings in the matter at all. But there was a Nemesis at Mr. Dana's heels, and this Nemesis took the form of *Truth*. *Truth* has amused itself and the public for sometime back by publishing various little witticisms at Dana's expense; on the whole, much better witticisms than those which emanated from the *Sun* office, and Mr. Dana has wincen. He has forbidden a copy of the offending *Truth* to be introduced into the *Sun* office. This is puerile and undignified. Is Mr. Dana afraid of the truth, or is he like the ostrich, which buries its head in the sand, and, by refusing to look at its tormentors, imagines it has got rid of them altogether? Fie, Mr. Dana! Did they not teach you, many, many years ago, while you were still in the nursery, that the child who cannot take a joke should never make a joke? Or can it be possible that Mr. Dana is growing so old that he has forgotten that good old adage and his common sense together?

THE PRESIDENT'S TRIP TO THE YELLOWSTONE.

THE JUDGE trusts that President Arthur's trip to the Yellowstone may be an exceedingly pleasant one—profitable it can scarcely be, except to the Hatch syndicate. Well, after all, Mr. Hatch's junketing party is nothing new in the advertisement line; it has been done by Barnum; it has been done by Starin, it has been done by every railroad that ever was opened. The only point in

which Mr. Hatch is ahead of the record is in capturing a real live President for his excursion. That ought to give the Yellowstone Valley and the Hatch syndicate a boom—though, when people come to reflect upon it, they will realize that it never was very hard to catch our dear Chet, for a real good time. Well, as THE JUDGE remarked above, he hopes Chet, will have a genuine good time, and that Hatch & Co. will gain advertisement enough for their Yellowstone scheme to repay them for the cost of the excursion, which, if things are done the way Mr. Arthur likes to have them done, will be far from inconsiderable.

IN AND OUT OF TOWN.

JUST at this season New York is full of grass widowers, and adjacent summer resorts are full of grass widows. The cares of business keep *pater familias* within reaching distance of his office, and the health of the little ones, and very often her inclinations, drive mamma away to ocean or mountain. This is all as it should be, for men must work and women must sleep—in carefully-shaded hammocks during these sultry afternoons. But let not the fair partners of the joys and sorrows of business-bound men imagine they have all the pleasant leisure of summer enjoyments. Offices close betimes during the dog days, and Coney Island is not far off. Very likely, as Mrs. McFlimsey is saying to her interesting five-year-old, in the seclusion of their country retreat, "How poor papa must be missing us now," poor papa is inhaling the ocean breezes on one of the splendid steamers of the Iron Steamboat Company or on one of their iron piers, and playing off his very prettiest airs and graces for the benefit of such of his lady friends as may be inhaling said ocean breezes at the same time. Nor is it by any means impossible that Mrs. McFlimsey herself has started an altogether innocent and platonic flirtation with some nice young man whose devoted attention and cheerful society prevent her from missing dear hubby *too* much. Such is the way of the world; but when shortening days bring Mrs. McF. back to town she will find that her husband is none the worse for having enjoyed a brief space of bachelorhood, and will welcome her back with the admission that home was very cheerless, after all, while she was away; and she, on her part, may feel some of the almost forgotten pleasure in Mr. McF.'s society which she used to feel in those far-off honeymoon days. For these brief separations are certainly good for poor humanity, and, if not too long protracted, give some truth to the oft-disputed line, "absence makes the heart grow fonder."

"APT alliteration's artful aid" is largely invoked by some of our contemporaries in compounding their headlines. This is all very pretty, and when started by the Chicago press, had the merit of novelty, and was talking. The headline in which a Chicago pa-

per drew attention to its report of the execution of a criminal—"Jerked to Jesus"—has become historical. But of late the thing has been overdone. The *Morning Journal*, *Truth* and the *World*, among our city papers, are shining examples of how a good idea may be run into the ground. In their columns, sense, euphony and grammar are alike ruthlessly sacrificed to alliteration. "Home to Her Husband," "A Pugnacious Priest," "Protect Police Pensions"—these are a few headings culled at random from a single issue of one of these papers; and if it were worth the trouble the list might be extended indefinitely, and many an incongruous sentence might be brought to light. Alliterative headings, like many other good things, may be so overdone as to become ridiculous.

PROFESSIONAL BEAUTIES.

WELL, Mrs. Langtry has left us, and the question arises, Was she worth all the fuss that was made about her? At present we have nothing to do with her conduct or mode of procedure here, save in so far as such conduct may be regarded as part of the advertising or stock in trade of the regular professional beauty. It is certain, however, that she attracted a tremendous share of notice and comment, *pro* and *con.*, while she was amongst us; the daily press devoted a large share of its valuable space to chronicling her sayings and doings; she was lionized as a woman, and in fact generally treated and looked upon much as the celebrated elephant Jumbo was when he first came to this country. And there can be no doubt but that she has made a great deal of money. The profits of the season have been variously stated at sums ranging anywhere from one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand dollars; probably the figure half-way between the two would be a fair estimate. Now, when a woman can come to a foreign country and make such a sum as \$150,000 in a few months, it is worth while considering how it is done. What capital did she start with? Notoriously Mrs. Langtry is no actress; there is scarcely a woman on the American stage to-day playing for a salary of thirty dollars a week who could not outact her. She is at best nothing but a fifth-rate amateur—yet she attracted large and cultured audiences, a considerable advance on the regular price of seats being in many instances readily paid for the privilege of seeing her. Unquestionably she was well managed, but there must have been something more. Her beauty—her much vaunted loveliness? Scarcely; for it did not require a second glance to assure the spectator that we may meet prettier women by the score any fine afternoon on Broadway or Fifth Avenue. What then? Unquestionably a judiciously-stimulated public curiosity was the factor that filled Mrs. Langtry's pockets, and demonstrated once more, what is becoming an old axiom in Europe, That Americans are the most easily-gulled people on the face of

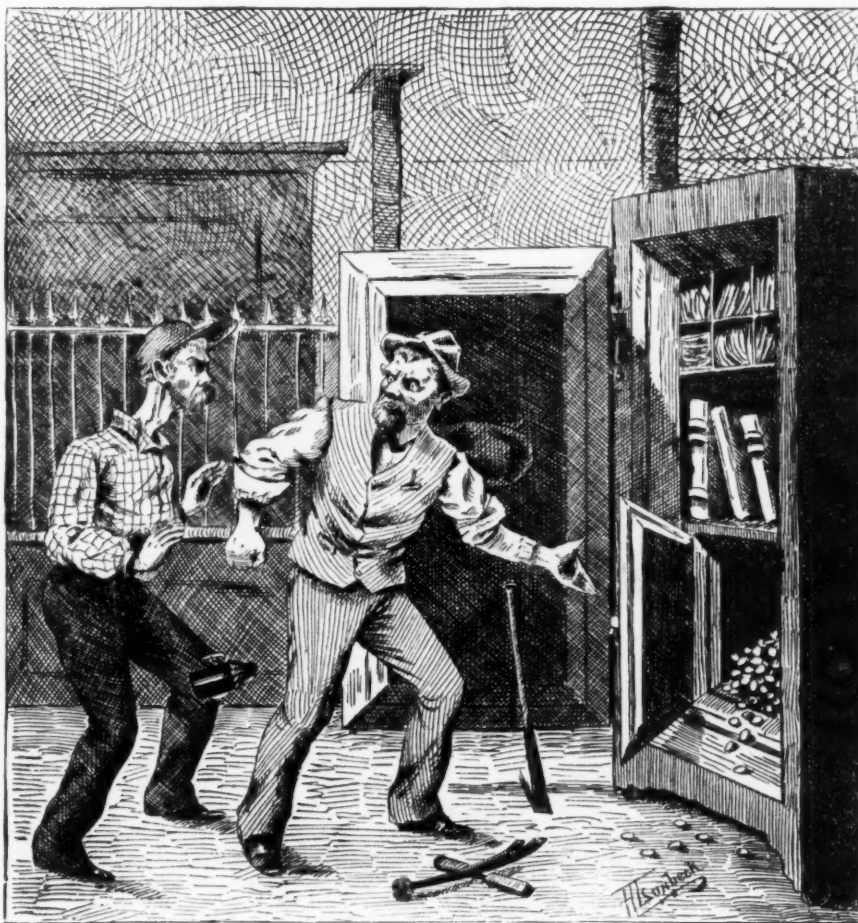
the globe. Mrs. Langtry is a professional beauty—with an average share of good looks. Luck and her managers have played her cards so well for her that she has been phenomenally successful in her profession, and she has reaped the fruits—that is all.

What a strange mode of livelihood, after all, is that of the professional beauty. Her stock in trade is very small; often—as in the case of Mrs. Langtry—including not even an extraordinary share of good looks. She is made by the photographers, by the newspaper paragraphers, and by a certain degree of dash and assurance, from which a naturally modest mind shrinks and revolts. She must court, and, to be successful, must obtain, the notice and countenance of some prominent man or men—the more prominent the better. The Prince of Wales was Mrs. Langtry's mainstay, and was the making of her in her profession. She must live in the public eye; she must inject herself into print on every possible and impossible occasion. She must contrive to have her photograph in every window, and her name on every one's tongue. For her there must be no privacy; no shrinking from the strong light that beats on public places. She must not be too tenacious of her reputation. She must be *outré*; eccentric, extravagant even—and then, if luck be on her side, she may become a second Mrs. Langtry, and make a hundred and odd thousand dollars in a season.

The profession is remunerative, but it has its drawbacks; and THE JUDGE does not think it will ever be adopted very extensively by the fair daughters of America. The professional beauty is an essentially English product, and it is probable that, for the present, we will be content to import what we require. And we do not think that Mrs. Langtry's experience on this side of the Atlantic will be duplicated during the present generation—even by Mrs. Langtry herself.

THE PITY OF IT.

LAST week the celebrated English swimmer, Captain Matthew Webb, lost his life in the hopeless attempt to swim through the rapids at Niagara. This is athletics run mad—the praiseworthy endeavor to excel in a manly and noble accomplishment leading to practical suicide. Captain Webb, who had vanquished all competitors in what might have been called his native element, at last pitted himself against nature itself, and lost his life in the hopeless struggle. The pity of it! This man of magnificent physique, of unequalled athletic powers—who had saved so many lives in his day from a watery grave—at last sacrifices his own in an attempt in which a fish could scarcely succeed. It is one more painful tragedy added to the list which Niagara affords, and it is none the less painful that the danger was voluntarily courted. Poor Webb! It was the first of



THE DISHONORED COIN.

EVEN THE BURGLARS WON'T TAKE IT.

"Bill, it's full of them blasted trade dollars. Faked again!"

the many feats which he attempted in which he failed, and the penalty of failure was death.

PERHAPS.

THE JUDGE's double-page cartoon, showing a number of editors preparing to fight duels, is a good hit; but it is not complete. Wong Chin Foo, editor of the *Chinese American*, who has challenged Dennis Kearny, is entirely ignored. When a heathen Chinée is so thoroughly civilized as to challenge Kearny to deadly conflict, he deserves a cartoon all to himself, and perhaps THE JUDGE will thus honor him.—*Norristown Herald*.

MRS. ANNIE BESANT is coming over to this country from England on missionary work. Annie has always aimed at originality, and so many people have come over on steamers of late years that some new method of transportation was imperative.

"A SILVER dime was found in the yolk of an egg recently broken at the Plankinton House, Milwaukee." Anyone who has luck enough to suck an egg like that is bound to succeed.

"SWALLOWS are fashion's favorites in Paris," says a fashion item. They seem to be everybody's favorites in New York during the heated term, if one should judge by the saloon statistics.

"A FREIGHT-RATE war is threatened, owing to the cutting of rates in Boston."—*Boston Post*. This cutting o' freights is almost as bad as cutting o' throats, and takes the place of the time-honored smashing o' baggage on the slow trains.

COULD new-born babies be called pauper immigrants? They arrive in this country without a dollar in their pockets or a suit of clothes to their backs. Evidently another phase of the "assisted emigration" business.

THE *Norristown Herald* tells us that a freight train on the Reading railroad was thrown from the track by a cow. Cowardly brute!

AN old gent named John Smith has recently got married, giving as his chief reason his desire to save the name from utter extinction. Bully for Smith!

"How high the elevated is here, remarked Slimkins, looking up as he crossed Third avenue. "Yes," responded Jones Junior, "that is the high road to Harlem,"

"I SAY, Pete, gib us a dollah fo'ter git sum new har bangs." "Sartinly not, Dinah; fo' dar's nuffin like keepin' har-mony in der household."

THE toilet tables of ladies, ten years ago, were distinguished by a band of fat bottles. Now they generally display bandoline.



ONCE upon a time there lived at a small farm house a faithful hound, that used to watch his master's property night and day, driving away predatory boys from the melon patch, and giving notice of the approach of any suspicious person by loud and persistent barking.

One day some mischievous children, out of sport, made a scarecrow with a watermelon and some old clothes, and placed it behind a stone wall in such a position that it could be plainly seen from the farm house by the hound. At once, on beholding it, the dog commenced to bark furiously, taking it for a tramp having designs on the chicken house, and continued so all day. But at last, towards evening, seeing that the figure did not move, he resolved to drive it away by more vigorous methods than mere noise. So he scampered down the road, swam a stream, climbed a steep bank, and had just placed his paws on the wall to jump over, when he discovered that he had been wasting all his

AN exchange heads an article, "Four Men Killed by a Fall from a Scaffold." From a careful perusal of the article we have arrived at the conclusion that the fall didn't hurt them near as bad as the alighting.—*Oil City Blizzard*. This may be right; we have not read the article, and cannot presume to differ, but one man fell from a scaffold over in Jersey the other day, and though he didn't alight at all, the fall killed him. He was hanged.

BARONESS BURDETT COUTTS owns twenty million dollars worth of United States bonds. We had no idea it was so much. If we had got at these figures before Bartlett—but there, there. We didn't. It's another "might have been" gone the way of its fellows.

energies on an old hat and a watermelon. He was about to return, much chagrined, when a little squirrel, perched on the fence hard by, thus addressed him:

"You foolish dog, you have been barking yourself hoarse all day long, and making yourself a perfect nuisance to your master and mistress, to myself and the entire neighborhood, when, by a little investigation, you might have saved yourself and others all this trouble. I was myself at first much alarmed at the awful appearance of this thing, standing so near my home, but I crept up cautiously, and inspecting it, soon found it was perfectly harmless. Now go home and gargle your throat with buttermilk, and be more careful what you bark at in future."

Will some of our hypochondriacal and "wolf-crying" contemporaries kindly amuse themselves in extracting a moral from the foregoing.

WE have heard no reasonable conjecture as to the derivation of the now popular word "dude." The following appears reasonable: The members of the Knickerbocker Club were called, by certain seceders from their ranks, who affected to regard them as imbecile and old-fogyish, "old cock-a-doodles." The present "dude" may be only a contraction in letters and an amplification in meaning of the old cockadoodle.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES says, "You may set it down as a truth, which admits of no exceptions, that those who ask your opinion really want your praise." And the Doctor might have added, as another truth that admits of no exceptions, that the man who asks you for the loan of five dollars would not be offended if you lent him ten.

CUPID ON LAWN TENNIS.

HE to whom she gives affection
Must soar very high above,
For I know that noble nature
Needs must honor ere it love.
Well, I know my tender pleading
On her ear unheeded falls—
How could she respect a husband
Who would "sky" his tennis balls?

When I see a swift ball coming,
I have never time to move,
And my darling frankly tells me
That my game is always "love."
Sometimes, when a ball comes flying
O'er the turf so smooth and green,
Just to watch her graceful movements,
Pensive on the net I lean.

Think of me, no longer youthful,
Sadly failed in strength and nerve—
Dare I try to win her favor
When I cannot learn to serve?
I would love her truly, fondly,
Make her life one summer's day,
If she could abandon tennis,
Or if I could learn to play.

I could read of horticulture,
Floriculture—get up shows;
Into every tidy cottage,
At her bidding, poke my nose.
I could study music, singing
"Do re mi" and "mi re do;"
I can say my notes already—
I could sing them soon, I know.

So I sadly sit and ponder,
On this weary summer eve;
O'er my useless ball and racket,
Oh, how bitterly I grieve.
Once I hoped to true affection
And to patience she would yield,
So I ceased to play, and only
Asked her leave to stand and field.
And I sought among the bushes,
Sought and found each missing ball;
Nearly tore my face to pieces—
Never saw her face at all.
So my last faint hope is shattered,
And I bid my love adieu—
She will meet her match, I'm certain;
May it be a "love match," too. M. K. J.

BY THE RIVER.

A LITTLE "oh!" and a little "ah!"
And then a little bit of a shiver,
As he caught her close in a warm embrace,
And kissed sweet lips and a blushing face
That August night by the river.

A little raising of half-closed lids
Bright eyes unveiled; then a warm white shoulder
Came peeping out from its nest of lace,
As her arms gave back the warm embrace,
And the darkness made her bolder.

A little rustle among the trees—
A sound as someone the twigs were spurning,
Was borne along on the evening breeze—
Then a decided masculine sneeze,
And the scent of tobacco burning.

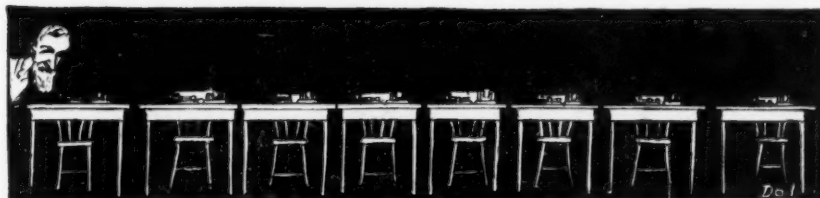
And the little "ohs" and the little "ahs"
Were prudently hushed; and the little shiver
Suppressed by the knowledge that fond papas
Will sometimes walk with their mild cigars,
On August nights, by the river. R. M. S.

THIRTY divorced women are employed in a shoe factory at Lynn, Mass. They're evidently pegging it along by themselves.

THE TELEGRAPH WAR.



WHERE so long he had ruled, the unhappy J. Gould
Perceived his authority slighted.
It was hard to believe, but he couldn't "receive"
Or even "despatch," when he tried it;
And the populace growled and the populace howled,
And the populace fretted and grumbled;
And they hoped that the day might not be far away
When the W. U. would be humbled.



THE electrical spark, for a bit of a lark,
Inspired all the telegraph minions
To don coat and vest, and to give a brief rest
To the overworked "lightning's pinions"—
So each operator in the telegraph war
Withdrew from the keys his abilities, [vised
And the folks were surprised that no plan was de-
For increasing the postal facilities.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

MRS. CLARENCE FROTH TO MISS AUGUSTA SCUM,
NEWPORT.

NEW YORK, JULY.

DEAREST AUGUSTA—Oh, I have such a piece of news for you, you can't think; and I am just dying for fear you may hear it from somebody else before you get my letter. I would have telegraphed it to you, only the telegraph people are so stupid since all their people went away on strike that I had to go clear down to the Fifth Avenue Hotel before I could find an office open; and even then, before they would take a message, they told me that very likely they would have to send it by mail. Of course I didn't leave it. I'm not quite such a goose—as if I couldn't send it by mail myself just as well as they could, and save my quarter, besides being able to give you all the delicious details ever so much more comfortably. And that reminds me I haven't told you my news yet. Oh, I do so hope you haven't heard it from any other source already—but that's scarcely likely, for who could tell you? and its only just happened. Now for it. Oh, Gus! how I would like to see you open your eyes when you read this, and purse up your mouth, and whistle—yes, I really believe you will whistle; and if anything would justify whistling, my news will. Nellie Sanders has eloped with her father's coachman!

There! What do you think of that? But what did I always say, Gus? You will do me the justice to remember that I always said that pride came before a fall, and that a daw was nothing but a daw, if it did wear peacock's plumes. Oh, I tell you, what escapes me isn't worth noticing, and when the Sanders' came to Newport last summer and put on such airs, what did I say? I said, "Pork did it; but pork don't last forever," and you see it hasn't—not that I believe the creatures aren't well enough off. Nellie's diamonds are undeniable, and I flatter myself I know Worth's toilets when I see them; but only fancy, Gus, a coachman! and just figure to yourself the scandal it will create. What a pity it occurred before they started for Newport; but then, on the other hand, wasn't it providential that I happened to have run down to New York for a week, so that I was on hand when it occurred?

But you will want to have the particulars. Well, it seems Nellie ordered the carriage after breakfast, ostensibly to go over and pay some visits in Brooklyn. She went alone, of course, and no one suspected anything. Oh,

the puss can be sly enough when it suits her. Well, off she starts, with no one, with that coachman of theirs, who, as you know, is altogether too handsome to be allowed to drive young ladies around—and that is the end of them. It is now nearly nine in the evening, and nothing has been heard of them since. I have these particulars from her father, who has just been here, terribly anxious, as well he may be, poor man! He did not seem to suspect the real facts; or, if he did, he did not hint them to me—but trust me for finding anything out. He feared they had met with some accident, and came here, hoping, he said, that Nellie had stopped here on her way back. Of course I was sympathetic, for the man is unquestionably rich, and, after all, it was not his fault.

There is a ring at the door bell. Perhaps there are more developments.

Oh, Gus! I am so mortified, so disappointed. It is a message from Mr. Sanders. He says he fears he made me uneasy by his manner when he called, and writes to say that Nellie has returned. She just got home this moment. It seems she stopped to dine with some friend in Brooklyn, and telegraphed to her father to say she would be late, and the stupid telegraph people didn't send her message—just like mine. Perhaps it will come by mail. Well, she has had a narrow escape this time, and I hope it will be a warning to her—but I doubt it. Only for the providential accident of her having that friend in Brooklyn she might be married to the coachman by this time. And, after all, we have only her own word for it that she isn't.

Write soon. Your affectionate friend,
LOUISA FROTH.

BALZAC says: The mistakes of women result almost always from her faith in the good, and her confidence in the truth. That's a fact; and the lady at Newport who believed that the new patent complexion was indestructible by salt water, and went in bathing accordingly, made the mistake of her life, and lost her fellow by her over-confidence.

THERE is a good deal said, *pro* and *con.*, on the subject of American humor; but one of the most amusing things is to note a newspaper speaking in a supercilious tone of the American humorist, and then to find an odd corner filled with bald-headed jokes which it claims to be original.

WHAT is the printing office without its paste-pot?

THE MIMIC STAGE

IMPOSSIBLE eyes and impossible hair,
And impossible play of expression,
And at least an improbable gesture and air,
And extravagant boots *a la* Hessian;
Long feathers and hats of the Corsican type,
And brigandish beards and moustaches;
Young ladies with eyes that they frequently wipe,
And exceedingly dark-colored lashes—
These are essentials, and 'tis on this plan
Melodrama is viewed by the property man.

A sudden temptation and falling from grace
Of the heir to a very large fortune;
A rascally uncle who seizes the place
And cuts the youth out of his portion;
A beauteous young lady who falls in a pond
And in love with the youth (who instructs her),
A truculent villain, who also is fond
Of the maiden, and therefore abducts her;
Pursuit by the youth and escape by the maid;
A duel—result long uncertain;
The villain is killed, lover puts up his blade,
Gets married, ousts uncle, and—curtain.
This is all that is needful, as authors confess,
To make melodrama a perfect success.

Parts long and heavy and tediously dull;
Star taking all situations;
Manager worried and mad as a bull;
Supes that would try Job's own patience;
Lady-like temper and tears every day;
Gentlemen sulks universal;
Every evening the devil to pay,
Every morning, rehearsal—
This is the aspect—for I've heard them say it—
Melodrama assumes to the actors that play it.

THE editor of the Irish paper who was sent to the Island for libelling Mr. Belmont, corresponds with his journal from that delectable retreat. His letters cannot be said to be very thrilling—moving incidents of flood and field are too much to expect from a "jugged" individual—but they serve to show the editor's indomitable determination to "free Ireland" as soon as lapse of time or the compassion of the Governor shall have freed himself.

THE Rochester *Post-Express* speaks of "Indications of the presence of oil in New York." That is an odd thing to make an item about. There is not a fire alarm in the tenement-house district which is not a strong indication of the presence of oil in New York.

Is an idiot an absent-minded person.



WELL, I've been through Heraclitus' pockets without discovering any documentary evidence against the widow. I found a letter torn in little pieces, that I strongly suspect was written by the artful hussy—but I can't prove it. I tried my best to put the pieces together again, but it was worse than a Chinese puzzle, and I finally gave it up in disgust. I haven't found out who it was he took to the Casino, but I am morally certain he had her with him down to Coney Island one evening. Mrs. Hawes, a friend of mine, was down here for a few days, and she says she saw my young man with another young fellow and two ladies on one of the iron boats quite late in the evening. The quartette passed their time on the lower deck instead of coming up where people could see them; but she got a glimpse of them again at the elevated station, after which she saw them no more. Mr. Pennyfeather she was too well acquainted with to mistake his identity. The ladies were unknown to her; but from her description of the one Heraclitus was so devoted to, it must have been the widow. I consider Mrs. Hawes a mischief-maker and a gossip, but I'm glad I've found out this about Mr. Heraclitus. I was awfully mad with him, and was waiting for a chance to annihilate him with the weight of evidence I had accumulated against him, when he brought the subject up himself by asking me why I didn't have a dress like the white China crepe Mrs. Dove used to wear. She is a very dark brunette, indeed I should not wonder if she had African blood in her veins—she might be an octoroon, for all I know—anyhow, she's capable of being anything that is bad. Well, as I started to say, I didn't think the dress was either pretty or becoming, and Mr. Glover said, when he saw her in it, that she looked like a "huckleberry in a pan of milk." I knew the thing was made out of one of those old crepe shawls, and told Heraclitus so. He said he didn't care what it was made of; it was fine, soft material, and hung in graceful folds. This was too much for human endurance, and I told him I wondered at his impertinence. I asked him how he dared to mention the horrid creature's name in the presence of his true lawful wife; and told him I presumed he was well acquainted with the texture of that and every other dress the forward minx wore. As for the white China crepe, doubtless he passed the time they spent in the summer house together, the last evening she was here, in admiring it; but as she ruined it coming back in the rain, I presumed she wore another equally as charming the night she went with him to Coney Island. This took him so by surprise that I heard him say, under his breath, "D—n

that Hawes woman!"—but I'd got a-going, and couldn't stop.

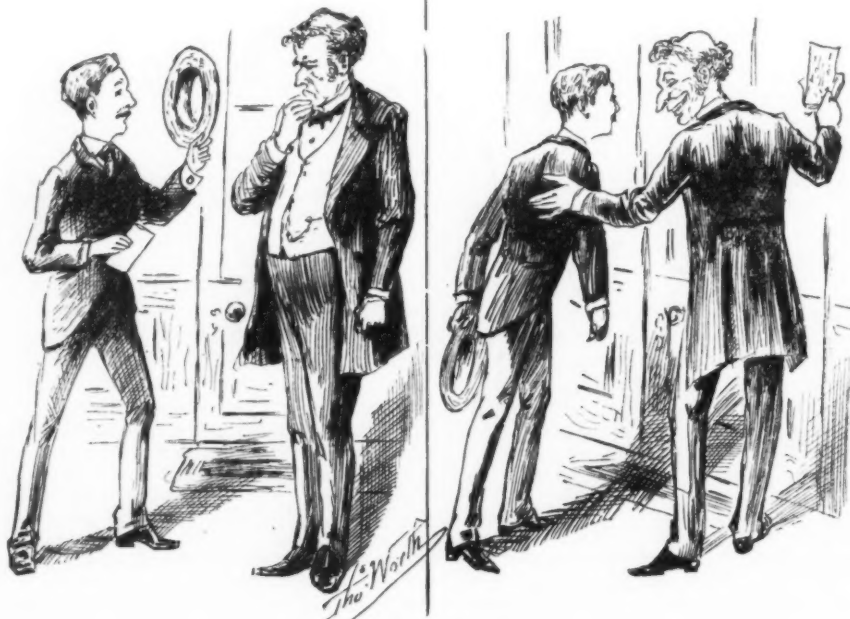
He's seemed hard up ever since the Monmouth races, and I suppose he must have lost a lot of money, for he's been trying all sorts of ways to reduce expenses; and one way is to get me to go up to Berkville. I now had an opportunity to tell him that if he thought he was going to get me up into the wilds of Massachusetts, he'd find he was greatly mistaken; if he could take widows to Coney Island and other places, and give them swell dinners (I guessed at this, but as he didn't deny it, I supposed I guessed rightly), he could afford to pay our board wherever it suited my convenience to be. Besides, I didn't intend to go off and leave him to follow the devices of his own sweet will; if I did there was no knowing where he'd fetch up. Of course he was raging internally, but he didn't say anything, and banged out of the room.

A while after, we were all in the parlor, and I was asked to sing. For once, I didn't wait to be urged, but seated myself at the piano, and, without apparent effort, arranged the folds of the lovely white surah-and-lace dress I wore in as effective a manner as possible. I suppose it was bad form, but I couldn't resist the temptation, and I commenced "Oh, fair Dove; oh, fond Dove," and sang it with such marked emphasis that everybody must have known what I meant. I sang it all through, as impressively as I could, but I noticed several of the ladies exchanged glances and drew the corners of their mouths, while Heraclitus, who was talking to a young lady when I began, grew very red in the face, and, as soon as I'd finished, left the room. Mr. Glover came over and said, "Very clever, Mrs. Pennyfeather; very clever, indeed," but I rather gave him the cold shoulder; he was a little too frequently in the neighborhood of Mrs. Langtry's car, when it

was here, to suit me, and I'm growing tired of his platitudes.

When I went up to bed, Heraclitus was already in the room, and he'd fortified himself with champagne, for the approaching storm, I suppose. He commenced by saying I was the most unreasonable woman he ever knew or saw, and that I had publicly insulted my own husband; that when matters arrived at such a point as this, it was time we came to an understanding. Then he added that he'd had a letter from Berkville, saying his sister Lucinda was ill, and he should go up there even if he had to leave me behind; that I could take my choice, and do as I pleased, but if I didn't go with him, the separation might be a longer one than I anticipated. This was rather startling, I must confess, and it scared me when I thought of the baby—but I wasn't going to let him see it. I told him I thought Berkville would be an excellent place for him, but I was afraid he'd find it rather dull without widows, fast horses or poker; if Lucinda was sick, I trusted I knew my duty, and should go to her; but if I told her of the capers he'd been cutting up all summer, I didn't think it would improve her physical condition much; that if after this he didn't treat me with proper respect and consideration, I'd inform the whole Pennyfeather family, from one end of Berkville to the other, of his goings on, and then I'd go home with the baby—his own little Toodledums, who seemed to be entirely forgotten by her father—to my own dear mother, who would receive me with open arms, as he very well knew.

He evidently began to think he'd gone a little too far, for he looked very uneasy, and said: "Well, Penelope, you needn't get your back up about it." I told him to reserve his low expressions for his Coney Island companion, if he pleased—I didn't choose to listen to them. Then he cooled off, and said



THE TOUCHSTONE.

FIRST.—YOUNG MAN, with note.—*Is this Mr. Jones?*

JONES, very gruffly—*Yes, I'm Mr. Jones—what is it? Be quick; my time's precious. (To himself)—Suppose it's some dun or beggar.*

YOUNG MAN—*Father sent me with this check, for those goods you sent him.*

SECOND.—MR. JONES—*O, certainly. Dear me! I should have known you by your likeness to your father. Walk right in my private office, and make yourself comfortable while I write a receipt.*

"What a high and mighty little wife it was," and finally got over his mad fit, and the evening wrangle ended quite pleasantly, after all.

They are getting up some tableaux and charades for to-morrow evening. After these are over I suppose I shall have to go up to B. It may do the baby good, that's one comfort—and it may bring a little more color into my cheeks, for the air is very healthful up there, I'm willing to admit. To tell the truth, I've been growing pale lately, and I certainly don't wish to lose my good looks. I'll be sweet and amiable while I'm in B., and I'll talk Heraclitus over, and make him promise that, before the season is ended, Newport or Saratoga, or both, shall receive at least a short visit from

PENELOPE PENNYFEATHER.

A TALISMAN.

I HAVE heard of the fairy host that hides
In depths of the ferny dells;
That sports with the shadows on mountain sides,
And sleeps in the heather bells;
Whose life is as pure and free from care
As the balmy breath of the mountain air.

I have read of the fiend that haunts the brake
When the traveler passes by;
That lurks in the basilisk gaze of the snake,
And leaps from the madman's eye.
But my haunting spirit, by turns it is
A demon of hate and an angel of bliss.

I have heard her fairy foot on the lea,
Like a pulse of the summer wind,
And the bud that quivers beneath the bee,
Trembles not more than my mind—
But magic goes further than poet tells,
And the most familiar have potent spells.

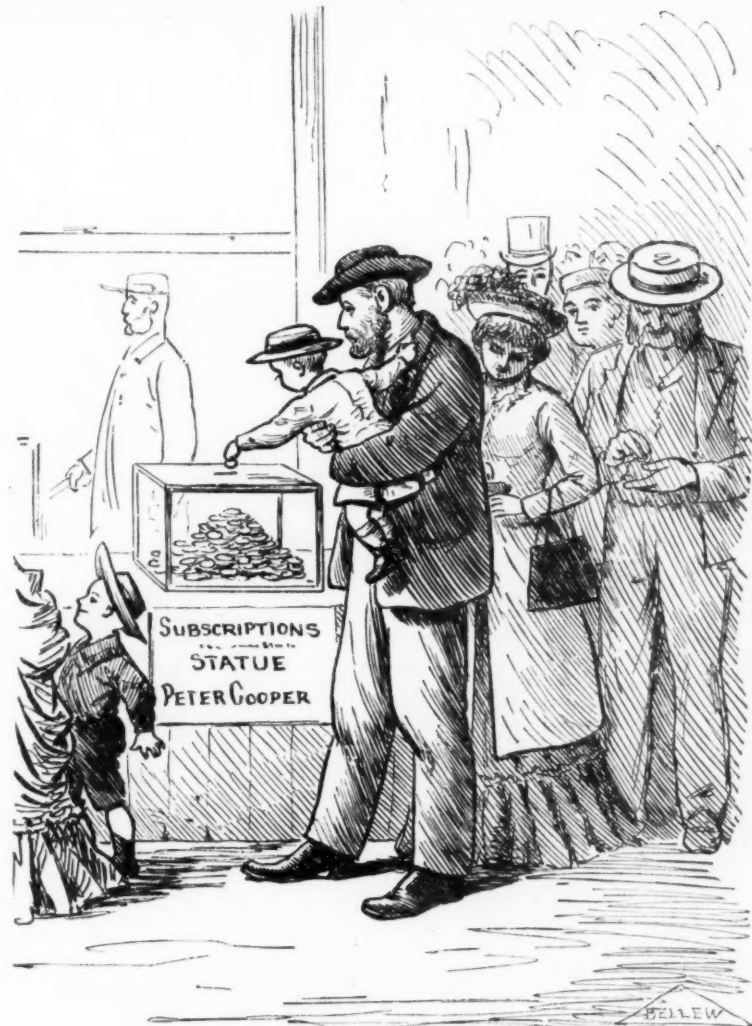
Is there a witchery in their ring,
Or only a memory?
That glittering stone is a precious thing—
Has it any worth for me?
For it calls up heaven from the buried past,
Only to tell me it could not last.

The sunlight slept on her golden hair,
The rose-flush stirred on her cheek;
Her smile was so gentle I could but dare
To hazard my fate and speak—
I knelt at her feet and implored, poor slave!
For a heart as hard as the gem she gave.

A fitful fever of hopes and fears,
A day of sunshine and rain—
I lived a month, and it seemed like years,
And she took back her troth again.
Now her fair, false smiles forever seem
To mock me up from the diamond's gleam.

The changing light of the opal's hue
Is the talisman I will wear,
Reminding me now of her eyes of blue,
And now of her golden hair—
Or, perhaps, a cluster of snowy pearl,
To symbol the love of a purer girl.

A THEATRICAL item tells that M. B. Curtis has accepted a new play from Ed. Marble; and if the new play should prove a success, it will transpire that M. B. Curtis wrote the play himself—the same as he did Sam'l of Posen, you know. Oh, Curtis is a great man—in his mind—and would undoubtedly write a wonderful play if he could conquer a certain mechanical difficulty, and learn to write at all. But perhaps he uses an amanuensis, and that is how other people's names come to be originally associated with the authorship of his plays.



PETER'S PENCE.

DAVITT'S SPEECH.

"On the 4th of July, Michael Davitt addressed 10,000 Irishmen who had assembled at Donegal to celebrate the anniversary of American Independence."

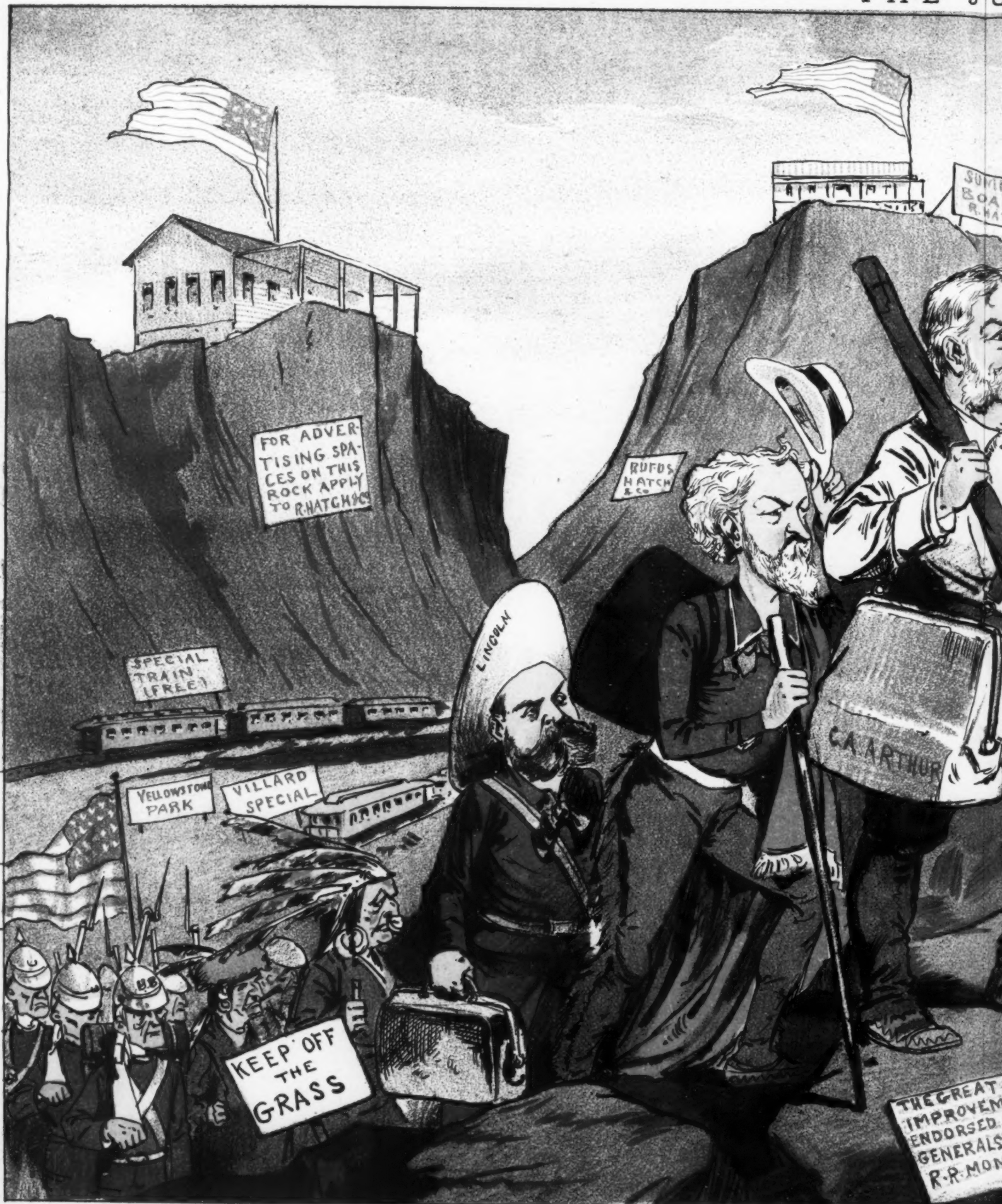
We append his speech, specially reported on the spot for THE JUDGE:

"Fellow-countrymin and brother Irishmin! More power to our elbows and to the elbows of our posterity, that fought and bled this day at the battle of Bunker Hill a hundred years ago. Musha, but we med a howly show of the bloody Sassenach that day intirely; and by this and by that, we'll do it again! Whisht! was that a policeman? Teddy Murphy, kape quiet for mercy's sake! Sure, ye scared me out of a year's growth—so you did. I thought it was a peeler was afther me. What was I sayin, anyhow? Oh, aye—sure we thrashed them whelps of Britishers from—saints presarve us! is that a rid coat I see over there forninst me? No; begorra, it's only Biddy Maloney's cloak. That's the worst of spakin' in public in Connaught; you can't tell the rid coat of a British bayonet from the rid cloak of a pretty colleen; and sure it discomfuddles me ideas. But as I was sayin, the Fourth of July is a great day intirely, and the only thing I have agin it is that it comes too near the Twelfth of July, whin, you'll remember, there was a battle fought on the banks of the Boyne, that we

didn't do so well at. But sure it's natural fighting should be done in July, whin the blood's heated, and we can't win always. (A voice—"Thru for yez.") But sure we wins sometimes, and that same's a comfort. (Another voice—"Whin?") Whin, is it? Whin we freed America, begorra—the day we celebrate; the eagle of liberty! Hurroo, Moriarty, galore! Shtep down wid me to Biddy Flannigan's shebeen, an' I'll trate ivery mither's son of yez. More power to the Skirmisher's Fund and the dacent byes and girls over in America that raises it for us."

Here the speaker descended from his elevation, and the meeting broke up in an enthusiastic though somewhat disorderly manner.

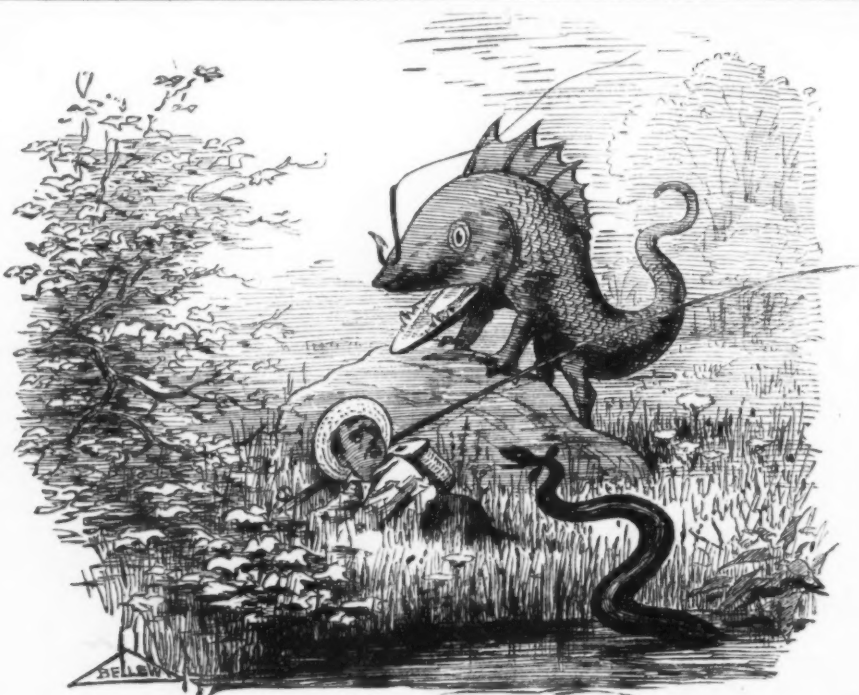
FORNEY'S *Progress* says: "The reward of the letter-carrier Shaw, who captured a thief robbing a street box, with two weeks' leave of absence, was as it should be." This is another of those items which it requires close study and a competent knowledge of the inside facts to unravel. How does a man rob a street box with two weeks' leave of absence? Why was the box there? Why was it not at the sea-side or on the mountains, enjoying its vacation? But stay; perhaps two-weeks' leave-of-absence is the Philadelphia name for a kind of pick-lock. In that case it was of course indispensable to the thief in his operations; and the only fault we have to find with the item is the absence of a foot note explaining the local term.



"Uncle Rufus" Receiving Distinguished V



...ed Visitors at his Yellowstone Park Ranch.



CHARLEY HADDOCK'S DREAM, after having had a bite from an eel, a pike, and a yaller dog on the same day.

A WASTED LIFE.

BY A TRADE DOLLAR.

READER, do you realize what a wasted life is? Can you paint to yourself the unimaginable longings and heart throbbings with which the victim of circumstances looks to what "might have been." Behold my pitiable case. I am still young; very young, compared with some of my fellows, yet my career is closed. And in all honesty I can say it is not my fault. Wherein do I differ from other dollars? I cannot see. Am I not round, as they are? Am I not as duly minted and as deftly milled? Is not the lettering on my polished surface as easy to decipher? It is all a mystery—a cruel, heart-crushing mystery, and I am sinking under it. I have already sunk to eighty-five cents—I, that at one time could proudly purchase a dollar's worth of anything—and there is no knowing where the decline will stop. I am dying of a decline. I may sink lower and lower till I find a pauper's grave among the copper coin of the country. But let us hope it will not be so bad as that. No, no—for the honor of the silver sisterhood, let us hope I may be spared that crowning degradation.

I never was very popular. I was born, I have reason to suspect, on the wrong side of the blanket, and the impress on my face is the impress of the bar sinister. This was against me. People at first received me, it is true, but they received me with suspicion. Nor could I blame them, when my own father refused me his countenance and recognition. They admitted that I was as handsome and well made as my brothers and sisters, and they acknowledged that, so far as sterling qualities were concerned, I had a certain advantage over them. But they did not like me. Where they could afford to do so, they refused me, and sometimes repudiated me altogether.

It is only quite recently, though, that fate seems to have emptied all her vials of wrath on my devoted head. Within the last two months or so I have been completely ostrac-

cised. No one will even speak to me. If I find a lodgment in anyone's pocket, my owner is never happy until he can get rid of me. He will even do this at a sacrifice, and will frequently buy something he does not want for the sake of getting me changed even at a discount; and the discourteous remarks I am forced to listen to! My blood often boils in my veins to hear the contemptuous language with which I am greeted when I am slapped down on the counter: "A trade dollar!" as if that were any reproach. I try to ring out as I strike, as merrily and cheerily as of old, for I well know that is the only way in which I can retain even the semblance of currency I enjoy; but it is hard and weary work. I am misunderstood—unappreciated, and depreciated. I am willing to buy as much as I used to do, and I often try to do so; but it is of no use; people will not have me. Mine is indeed a wasted life.

I think I shall emigrate. Surely everywhere mankind cannot be as cold and heartless as they are here. Surely there must be some people somewhere who love silver for silver's sake. I think I shall go to China. They say that I might do very well in that country. Alas! I have long given up my earlier dreams of doing well—those brief, halcyon days when I was worth a premium, are gone, never to return; but I would like to be worth a hundred cents once more before I return to the melting pot. I am naturally of a truthful disposition—as all honest silver is—and I had rather be pierced and plugged than go through the world with a lie on my face. I will emigrate; I will go where they will receive me for what I represent myself to be, or I will petition Congress to change my name, and call myself an eighty-five-cent piece.

WHEN a man goes to collect a bill he never likes to receive a snub, but he rather likes to receive a check.

"ANXIOUS INQUIRER" is informed that Fox's Book of Martyrs does not include any sketch of John L. Sullivan.

WENT BACK ON ME.

SKETCHED FROM LIFE AND THE BIG BONANZA.

THREE months, upon the lower drift, Jack Graves and I worked, shift and shift, We didn't see each other much— We had no time for talks and such; Our chance for intercourse was brief, We never met save at relief, And once or twice on Sunday bends— No matter—Jack and I were friends.

We swore sufficient—gambled some, And always took our share of rum; Drank mostly at the self-same bar, Were quiet, too—as miners are— Stuck close, for better and for worse, Used the same room and the same purse; In one sole point we were unlike— He was from Maine, and I from Pike.

I'm not the man to rile or vex; But d—n such chaps! I'd twist their necks. Now look at him—the way he acts; And mark, I'm only telling facts. He made a raise, (I don't know how); Sent home to Maine and sold a cow, Or mortgaged half a village block, And slapped it in Bonanza stock.

This was the time that they were low, And things a while went kinder slow; He knocked off work to go to town, (I antied up to fetch him down); I worked in the deep level's heat While he loafed round the broker's street As humble as a greaser's pup, Watching his pet stock struggle up.

Consarn his luck! He wasn't wrong; The booming market came along. The ornery cuss had too much luck; He coined on every stock he struck, While, in the mine, this child from Pike Was working for another strike. I felt quite easy, for I thought I had a share in all he bought. Not much; he'd swallow like a snake, And stick to every cent he'd make— So, while he dealt in leading stock, I blasted on in low-grade rock.

It came at last—my strike, I mean— The meanest strike you ever seen. The tilt of an ill-balanced cage Just dropped me down a little stage— A low-down strike; Jack would have laughed; I struck the bottom of the shaft. It didn't kill me quite—not then. Death doesn't want unlucky men. I kept my bed about a year, And left it rather crooked and queer— Not much legs left, as you may see— No matter; lumber does for me; Bent up like chicken trussed and singed, With head considerably dinged. Wa'al, if it couldn't figure out Jack Graves, it wan't of much account.

So Jack, the broadcloth millionaire, Owes crippled Bill his railroad fare And several dollars, more or less, He had off me in his distress. I laugh to see him cross the street And sneak to hide for fear we'd meet. I think he's frightened now and then For fear I'd strike him for a ten. He needn't fret; we're both content— He's millions, and I've ne'er a cent; I'm crippled, and he's got his pins— So much less room for angel's wings. But the chief point where we're unlike Is, he's from Maine, and I'm from Pike.

G. H. JESSOP.

CHRONICLES OF GOTHAM.

CHAPTER X.

1. AND it came to pass in these latter days, as the time drew near for the choosing of a ruler over the kingdom of Unkulpsalm, that the chiefs of the tribe did call together their following:

2. And the chief of the tribe of Ta-many and his following did favor one man, and the chief of the tribe of Dimmikrats did favor another man;

3. So that when the men favored by the chiefs and their following did come before the people, they did in nowise know to which to give their offerings, called votes.

4. Now the chief men of the tribe of Dimmikrats did say: We will in noway have anything to do with Ta-many and their chief, whose name is Khelly, who is called Theboss;

5. For in the time gone by did he not create a trouble amongst the tribes, and was not the name of this trouble Split?

6. Peradventure in the time to come he will make more trouble of the same degree; so we will not have Theboss or any of his following, called Ta-many, in our council.

7. Now when Theboss did hear this thing he was exceeding wrath, and did say, Do ye think, ye foolish Dimmikrats, that ye can have favor without me?

8. Know ye, then, that my power is great, and it reaches to the uttermost borders; yea, even from the big waters in the east to the big waters in the west;

9. And I will make my power felt if ye do not as I say; I will bring those of the different tribes that ye know not of, and I will crush ye.

10. Now the men of the tribe of Dimmikrats were in noway frightened by this man, but did as they thought best in their own eyes.

11. Now, as it happened, there were other tribes, and the names of them were Republicans and Stalwarts;

12. And they of the tribe of Republicans did put forward a man of their tribe, and he was against the tribes of Ta-many and the tribes of Dimmikrats—also against all other of the tribes called Politicians.

13. Now there dwelt in the borders of the camp of Gotham, a man of the tribe of Samuel; and he was an old man and weak.

14. And in the time gone by did this man of the tribe of Samuel, whose surname was Tilden, strive to be ruler over the kingdom of Unkulpsalm.

15. And he did have a great following; but by reason of trickery was he defeated—yet he was in noway cast down in spirit;

16. For did he not have a number of shekels; yea, even a barrel full of the tokens in the likeness of the god Dahlah?

17. And this man did say to the dwellers in the camps: Let me be your ruler, for have I not had knowledge of the ways of the lawgivers and of the politicians?

18. Yea, I have much knowledge of these things; for was I not highpriest at one time, and did I not learn the way of trickery?

19. And is it not written in our books that ye honor the old men? for I am old, yea nearly four-score years have I lived, and I am anxious for this honor.

20. But the dwellers in the camp did not look with favor on this man of the tribe of Samuel; and they said amongst themselves, He has passed his use; we want younger men.

21. Now there were men from the west, from the land of corn; and men from the south, from the land of blue-grass; and men



AWFUL RESULT OF THE TELEGRAPH STRIKE.

Daughter reads Telegram from her Father—*Tell your mother to wait; I will be home and skin her at five o'clock.*

(N. B.—All the fault of the blundering new operator, who should have said, "will be home to dinner.")

from the east, from the land of beans, and each did say:

22. Put me forward as the chief ruler over the kingdom, and you people will be happy.

23. And these men did make large promises; and they went abroad through the land, crying for the offerings called Votes.

24. And these things came to pass: that when the men of the different tribes, of the tribe of Ta-many, and of the tribe of Dimmikrats, and of the tribe of Republicans and of Stalwarts, did meet in a large gathering;

25. That a certain number of men from all the different tribes did join themselves together and put forward a man unknown, the whom they called Darkhorse;

26. And the name of this Darkhorse is not known to the dwellers in any of the camps.

27. And now the politicians and the men of the tribes do meet, and there is a loud noise of jawing; but the names of the men are not told to the people. B. T. P.

"DISPATCHES from Shanghai indicate that the lower classes there are showing great hostility towards Europeans." And dispatches from San Francisco indicate that the lower classes there are showing great hostility towards Asiatics.

"BANK robbers secured considerable valuable jewelry from the safe of the National Bank of Coldwater, Mich., while the cashier was busy." It'll be a cold day when the robbers take cold water.

THE majority report of the Tewksbury Committee deals severely with the course of Governor Butler during the investigation. This is not surprising. From the little THE JUDGE has read of the case he has made up his mind that these Tewksbury folk have an unpleasant way of dealing with corpses, anyhow—they deal with them or in them on purely business principles.

"A SALT company, composed of Rochester men, with a capital of \$300,000, has been organized to put down a salt well in Gainesville.—*Syracuse Herald.* A salting company, composed of New York men, without any capital to speak of, but with unlimited clubs, has been organized to put down the over-fresh dudes who haunt the Casino.

THE gathering of Connecticut singing societies, at Hartford, closed last week, and the medical officers of the State Lunatic Asylum say that some of the victims may recover. Hartford is badly shaken, however, and her inhabitants say they no longer dread the cholera.

AN old lady who, in her younger days, had been sadly disappointed in love, hearing some one say that the mails were very irregular, said "It was just so in my young days—no trusting on 'em."

Is a humorous manuscript an M-s-ary of fun?



WHILE more than half of the theatres are closed, and some of them—like the Bijou and Standard—are torn inside out with a view to “alterations and improvements,” the notes of preparation for the coming season echo loudly from “the Square” and other resorts where actors most do congregate. The coming season is going to be a grand one, the whole profession will tell you, from the manager who has just returned from Europe with his pockets full of new plays, down to the little “supe” who has been engaged for the first time in his life for a “speaking part,” and who will call himself an artist after next September. But every next season, viewed from the standpoint of early August, is going to be a grand one, according to the profession. It is only after a few weeks of trial, travel and tribulation; after half-a-dozen shows have gone to pieces, and their component parts have tested the walking between New York and various points west and south, that the season begins to be viewed in its true colors, and, rose-colored spectacles having been broken in the general smash up, is conceded to be pretty much like other seasons—in the eyes of some perhaps a shade worse. It is too soon to venture any prediction on the outcome of the season of '83-'84, but it is safe to say that it will be strewn with many dramatic wrecks, and will be an epoch fraught with many bitter disappointments. For there is a great deal expected of it; the outlay in preparation for it has been exceptionally large, and there is no reason to expect that the returns will be proportionately satisfactory. The prevailing mania for foreign plays is largely responsible for this. THE JUDGE noted some time since the hegira of managers for Europe. The return tide has set in, and the pilgrims have returned and are returning, loaded down with dramatic ware, in return for which many a good American dollar has found its way into the pockets of English and French playwrights. Such purchases as these are intrinsically expensive, and they are very, very risky. As THE JUDGE remarked on a previous occasion, a play that has proven successful in London may or may not succeed here. Its run on the other side of the water can by no means be accepted as an assurance of its run here—for it may succeed in London, owing to a train of altogether adventitious circumstances which will be without weight in New York. It may have had taking peculiarities in the way of local color or characterization; or it may have dealt with some local foible of the day, and thereby secured an advantage at the start which will be lost to it in America. On the other hand, a play that fails in London will almost inevitably fail in New York, for its failure is traceable to some fault in construction, lack of interest in plot, poverty in dialogue—somewhere or other the play has failed in awakening human interest; and as humanity is pretty much the same the world over, the same causes that have brought about its damnation in one place will secure

the same result in another. But our managers do not seem to give this matter much thought. As long as the piece has the foreign trademark they seem to be satisfied, and, undeterred by past experience, fling it at our public with self-satisfied air, as much as to say, “You *must* like this; it was written by Sims, or Pettitt, or Pinero, as the case may be; we have secured the American right at vast expense—now come and pay us for it.” And the public will do next season as it did last—exactly what it pleases. Of one thing theatre-goers may be sure. They will have variety enough to choose from—for our managers have brought over London failures, London successes and London *quasi* successes in infinite profusion, and as they (the managers) say the season is going to be a grand one.

Just at present, of course, theatrical affairs are as pulseless as the Sleeping Beauty. The midsummer calm is upon them, and all whose arrangements for next season are completed are enjoying themselves at the various summer resorts. The end of August and the beginning of September will see the gathering of the clans; and every available theatrical stage, and not a few halls, will be pressed into service for rehearsals. The Union Square Theatre, under its new management, is the Sphinx of the moment, and many are the conjectures indulged in as to its prospects, and also as to the fate of “Storm Beaten”—one of the last London season's *quasi* successes—with which it has elected to open. The consensus of opinion condemns “Storm Beaten”—but we shall see. There is many a dramatic riddle, at present all insoluble, which the next few months will furnish an answer to. The present is an anxious time for theatrical speculators.

“AH, she's a great artist, sir,” said an enthusiastic theatrical manager. “You should see the houses she draws.” “With a lead pencil, I presume,” said his rival languidly.

Near the Heart.

I HAVE a pain—with anguish I am stricken;
You ask me if 'tis sorrow of the heart—
Alas! no; 'tis where I put that chicken,
Beef, salmon, salad, ice cream, cherry tart!

OUR wealthiest man, our greatest land-owner, can, after all, hold in perpetual fee but six feet of earth, and that is the natural heritage of the veriest pauper.—BURKE.

Tom Thumb's corpse, when they buried it,
(Such treatment was unmerited),

They tell me, got
But a three-foot lot—
Was Tom Thumb disinherited?

THE dude now objects to the sparrow—
Its chirp doth his tender ears harrow;
And he says it is vile
How the bird apes his style—
Thin legs and coat-tails so narrow.

A CUBAN political club whose object is the independence of Cuba, has been organized in Philadelphia. That's nothing? An Irish political club, whose object is the independence of Ireland, has been organized in every city, town and hamlet in the United States; and as fast as they burst up in a row, another is organized. America is a good country for political clubs of this nature. It is well to free oppressed communities at a safe distance.

It is estimated that through the laying off of hands in the Paterson factories on July 4th, from \$60,000 to \$75,000 in wages was lost.—*Port Jervis Daily Union*. And it is estimated that through the laying on of hands at least double as many clergymen have been licensed to cure of souls during the past decade.

COURTING by telegraph must be a sort of electric spark.



QUITE TOO ALL BUT.

ARABELLA—I suppose you would like me to believe that you are an angel?

GEORGE—Oh, no! I'm not an angel, but I feel that I am pretty near to one.



AN EVERY-DAY OCCURRENCE.

The out-of-town man who has but a minute to catch the last train, and has left his commutation ticket on his desk—and the conductor is not a friend of his, either.

CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS WILL PLEASE TAKE NOTICE THAT THEY SEND MSS. TO THIS OFFICE AT THEIR OWN RISK. WHERE STAMPS ARE ENCLOSED WE WILL RETURN REJECTED MATTER AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, BUT WE DISTINCTLY REPUDIATE ALL RESPONSIBILITY FOR SUCH IN EVERY CASE. WHERE A PRICE IS NOT AFFIXED BY THE WRITER, CONTRIBUTIONS WILL BE REGARDED AS GRATUITOUS, AND NO SUBSEQUENT CLAIM FOR REMUNERATION WILL BE ENTERTAINED.

R. J.—Declined.

JAY-BIRD.—In a week or two, perhaps.

P. P. T.—Entirely too long; we do not print serials.

REPORTER.—We have your matter under consideration.

FILBERT.—You are not the man referred to. You must be cracked.

H. L. B.—Not bad—though not exactly what we want. Try again.

R. J. S.—Your "Mess of Clams" we find altogether unpalatable. Try Coney Island; or, failing there, send it to *Puck*.

FERGUS.—If you did not rush at your conclusions like a bull at a gate, you would see how impossible it is for us to use what you send us.

FANNIE.—You are away ahead of the season. We anticipate having a good deal of fun with watermelons and autumn moons before we hear the sleigh-bells tinkle.

FELIX F.—If you would read the notice at the head of this department, you would save yourself some trouble in writing letters, and would save us from the more excruciating torment of reading them.

JENNIE J.—Don't be so afraid of monosyllables, Jennie. They come in handy once in a while. Your entire article is composed of words which would send the average reader to his Webster every second line. That is one objection. Another is that you have written on both sides of the paper.

ARTHUR G. B.—Never, though our mortal summers to such length of years should run as the many wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery home, will we use a metrical contribution in which "tumid" is rhymed with "mermaid." We may be wrong, but we feel a necessity of drawing the line somewhere—and we draw it right there.

KICK.

NEVER submit to any wrong—
Make a kick!
Though your voice become a gong;
Though the strife be sore and long;
Though it leave you weak and sick,
Make a kick!

Right is might for honest men;
Make a kick!
Never mind the where or when;
Though the odds be one to ten,
Show yourself a plucky chick—
Make a kick!

Though it give the lawyers wealth,
Make a kick!
Poverty oft takes on health;
Fight the wrong by force, by stealth—
Always to your motto stick,
Make a kick!

—Philadelphia Times.

By their Names they are Known.

A CERTAIN young Hebrew traveling man, with an elder companion, bought a special ticket of a scalper, and got aboard the train. When the conductor came around he took up Isaac's ticket and looked at the name, and then at Isaac, shook his head, and said:

"What's your name?"

"Let me see my ticket."

"Can't you tell your name without seeing the ticket? This won't do. You'll have to get off at the next station or pay your fare."

This agitated Isaac profoundly, and he turned to his companion and said:

"Moses, I've forgot my name that was on the ticket. Can you tell me what it is?"

"Vill you let me see dot ticket, Mr. Coondogter?" inquired Moses. The conductor showed it to him. "Mien Got, Izaak, vot name is dees? Patrick Moriarty! No vonder you dond recomember dot name! Dond you nefer get some more teekets of dem scoolpers mit dot name on. Dey vill all de times gif you away."—*The Drummer*.

AND now the modest advertising agent is around asking the editor to swear about his circulation, which the editor is doing most of the time without being asked.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

A YOUNG correspondent complains that "there are too many lawyers in the country." Oh, no, my boy; there aren't too many lawyers. There aren't half clients enough, that's all.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Some Ancient Ballads.

"SING a Song of Sixpence" is as old as the sixteenth century. "Three Blind Mice" is found in a music book dated 1609. "The Frog and the Mouse" was licensed in 1580. "Three Children Sliding on the Ice" dated from 1639. "London Bridge is Broken Down" is of unfathomed antiquity. "Girls and Boys, Come out to Play" is certainly as old as the reign of Charles II., as is also "Lucy Locket Lost Her Pocket," to the tune of which the American song of "Yankee Doodle" was written. "Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, Where Have You Been?" is of the age of Queen Bess. "Little Jack Horner" is older than the seventeenth century. "The Old Woman Tossed in a Blanket" is of the reign of James II., to which monarch it is supposed to allude.—*London Journal*.

WOMAN who has been looking over blankets in a Main-street store: "Well, I didn't mean to buy. Am just looking for a friend." Clerk, politely: "Don't think you'll find your friend among the blankets; we've looked 'em all through."—*Hartford Times*.

"WERE you in the late war?" asked a veteran of a badly demoralized citizen who came hobbling down the street on a crutch. "I don't know how late you mean," was the sad reply; "she gave me this one last night before tea."—*Burlington Free Press*.

SOME smart paragrapher has started on its rounds an item to the effect that no rhyme has ever been found for coffee. We think he is trying to give us toffee.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

"WHERE is my darling boy to-day?"

Oh, anxious mother, hark!

He's stealing a ride on a street-car gay,

Headed for base-ball park.

—*Evanville Argus*.

A BALD-HEADED man, who has heard that the hairs of a man's head are numbered, wants to know if there is not some place where he can obtain back numbers?—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

THE steam calliope at a circus, like a baby at a picnic, is taken along to give tone to the occasion, and not for any pleasure it affords.—*Oil City Blizzard*.

"PAWN me honor!" says the dude. "I wouldn't advance a nickel on it," says the pawnbroker.—*N. O. Picayune*.

Color artist: The negro whitewasher.



"WELL, THEM BUTES DU NEED A LEETLE ILE, FOR A FACT."

The Way to Pay a Lawyer.

A GRISWOLD-STREET lawyer was sitting in his office the other week when a stranger appeared at the door and said: "Beg pardon, but can you tell me where Smith's office is?" "Yes, sir—next door." The stranger uttered his thanks, and passed to the next door, which was locked. Returning to the lawyer he observed: "Smith seems to be out?" "Of course he is; if you had asked that question in the first place I should have answered it by telling you so." The visitor had a troubled look on his face as he passed out of the building, but that look was gone when he returned next day and inquired of the lawyer, "How much will you charge me for a verbal opinion in a little matter?" "About \$5." The case was stated and the opinion given, and the stranger was moving away, when the lawyer said, "My fee, please." "I haven't a cent to pay you." "You haven't?" "Of course not. If you had asked me that question in the first place I should have answered by telling you so. Good morning, sir!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

THERE was a young man named DeL&. Who played the bass horn in the b&; He blew such a blast That, as he went past, He blew all the fruit off a st&.
—*Cincinnati Merchant and Traveler.*

STATISTICS show that 50,000,000 people in the United States to-day drink no more whisky than 25,000,000 did thirty years ago. Perhaps so; but 25,000,000 people thirty years ago didn't drink as much beer as 25,000 do to-day. There is always a why for the wherefore.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Well, I'll be hanged!" said the mirror when it found itself in the hands of a purchaser.—*Williamsport Girl.*

THE pen is mightier than the sword, but it can never hope to compete with the toy pistol.—*Boston Transcript.*



United States Mutual Accident Association,
320 Broadway, N. Y.

\$5000 Accident Insurance. \$25 Weekly Indemnity. Membership Fee, \$4. Annual cost about \$11. \$10,000 insurance, with \$50 Weekly Indemnity, at corresponding rates. Write or call for Circular and Application Blanks. European Permits without extra charge.
CHAS. B. PEET, (of Rogers, Peet & Co.), President.
JAS. R. PITCHER, Secretary.
320 and 322 Broadway, New York.

THE COLLENDER BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES.



COMBINING the greatest accuracy with durability. All furnished with the celebrated COMBINATION CUSHIONS, warranted for twenty years. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
THE H. W. COLLENDER COMPANY,
768 Broadway, New York. 341 Tremont St., Boston.
15 South Fifth St., St. Louis. 118 South 9th St., Philadelphia.
94 and 96 State St., Chicago. 397 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore.

The Early Peach and the Green Apple.

THE Early Peach came to a place where four roads met. He slapped his chest with his stem and looked to the east and to the south. "Bismillah!" he cried. "I am the boss, and I drive the ambulance." The little Green Apple came down the long road from the west, and heard him. He bowed to the north and he bowed to the west. "I am the son of the Cyclone," he shouted, "and I travel with my own private coroner." "By the camel of Mahomet," said the Early Peach, "I am the friend of the sexton, and I can knock you out in four rounds, Marquis of Tewksbury rules." "Come to the wake," shrieked the little Green Apple, "and you may call me the harmless paw-paw of the wilderness if I cannot double up the man who planted you." Then they looked down the four roads and waited for some one to practice on. From the east came a fair young girl from Vassar college, and up from the south came a gray-haired African. "Take you the fair student?" queried the Early Peach. "Not I," said the little Green Apple. "I didn't come here to attempt impossibilities; for nearly four years that girl has sat at surreptitious midnight lunches; she has broken up a score of young men with her ice-cream bills, and still she is hungry. But I will stand aside and give you a chance at the African." "I am not on the suicidal lay this morning," said the Early Peach. "I know him, and already since yestereven's sun there have reposed beneath his untroubled vest a peck and a half of my brethren, and he is even now famished. He is known as the destroyer of watermelons, and all my tribe fear him. Allah is great; but some things are impossible." So they let many people pass by unharmed—the old, the tough, the wary and the well seasoned. But when the day was far spent, coming down the long road from the west they saw a ruddy boy, the pride and joy of his home, and the torment of his teacher. Whistling a merry roundelay he came, his face as rosy as the glowing west, his heart as thistle down. He was their meat. The Early Peach and the little Green Apple set their teeth and breathed hard as he came near. "Now!" they shrieked, and, livid with hate, they fiercely sprang upon him. In two short minutes the boy had both of them down, and as he cracked the peach-stone to get at the "goodey," he said, "y jimmy jinks, I wist I knowed where I could find a bushel of them fellers." The Early Peach, with a dying gasp, turned and said, "We were taken in." With a hollow groan the little Green Apple replied, "Of course"; but the boy slept soundly all that night, and came back the next day to look for more.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE grandma of a little four-year-old had been telling her one day not to say people lied, but rather that they were mistaken. Her grandmother, to amuse her, told her a bear story, which was a tough one to believe. After she had finished, the little girl looked up into her face and exclaimed, "Grandma, that is the biggest mistaken I ever heard."—*San Francisco News Letter.*

THE rage for needlework decoration is growing worse; and it is so that if a man lays his duster off for a day or two, the next time he picks it up it looks like a study of Senator Tabor's premier night-shirt.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"I AM burning to stand at the head of my class," as the boy remarked when he threw his schoolmate's exercises into the fire.—*Boston Transcript.*



"I owe my Restoration to Health and Beauty to the CUTICURA REMEDIES." Testimonial of a Boston lady.

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tumor, 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 Eruptions, Sun-Burn and Greasy Skin.

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

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

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

Sent by mail on receipt of 30 cts.
W. H. READ, Baltimore and Light Sts., Baltimore, Md.

The Automatic Shading Pen

MAKES a Shaded Mark of Two Colors at a Single Stroke. Sample set of three sizes, by mail, \$1. Circular and Sample Writing, FREE. Ask for them. J. W. STOAKES, Milan, Ohio.

TAKE NOTICE.

FOR 50c. (in stamps) 20 Elegant Scrap Pictures. No two alike. F. WHITING, 30 Nassau St., N. Y.

A CARD.

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

CATARRH

To any suffering with Catarrh or Bronchitis who earnestly desire relief, I can furnish a means of Permanent and Positive Cure. A Home Treatment. No charge for consultation by mail. Valuable Treatise Free. Certificates from Doctors, Lawyers, Ministers, Business-men. Address
Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, Ohio.

PENS THE MOST POPULAR IN USE.
Leading Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 333, 161.
FOR SALE BY ALL STATIONERS.
ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,
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A BOON TO MEN

All those who from indiscretions, excesses or other causes are weak, unnerved, low spirited, physically drained, and unable to perform life's duties properly, can be certainly and permanently cured, without stomach medicines. Endorsed by doctors, ministers and the press. *The Medical Weekly* says: "The old plan of treating Nervous Debility, Physical Decay, &c., is wholly superseded by THE MARSTON BOTTLES." Even hopeless cases assured of certain restoration to full and perfect manhood. Simple, effective, cleanly, pleasant. Send for treatise. Consultation with physician free.
MARSTON REMEDY CO., 46 W. 14th St., New York.

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FIRE EXTINGUISHER.
S. F. HAYWARD, Gen'l Agent.
407 Broadway N.Y. City.

Columbia Bicycle
Is what every Boy wants, and what every Man ought to have.
Send 3-cent stamp for new, elegantly illustrated 36-page Catalogue and Price List.
THE POPE MANUFACTURING CO.,
626 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
New York Riding School, 34th St., near 31 av.

CANDY Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best candies in the world, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.
Address, **C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,**
78 Madison St., Chicago.

RUPTURE

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.

WITH
FIVE DOLLARS
YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE
IMPERIAL AUSTRIAN
100 Florins Government Bond,
Issued in 1864.

Which Bonds are issued and secured by the Govern-
ment, and are redeemed in Drawings
FOUR TIMES ANNUALLY.

Until each and every bond is drawn with a larger or smaller
premium. Every bond MUST draw a Prize,
as there are no BLANKS.

The three Highest Prizes amount to
200,000, 20,000 and 15,000 FLORINS.

And Bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a pre-
mium of not less than **200 Florins.**

The next drawing takes place on the

First of September, 1883,

And every Bond bought of us on or before the 1st of Sept. is en-
titled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that
date. Out-of-town orders, sent in REGISTERED Letters, and
enclosing \$5, will secure one of these Bonds for the next draw-
ing. For orders, circulars, or any other information, address

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,

No. 207 Broadway, cor. Fulton St., New York City.

ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

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
Rose Cold,
CATARRH**



HAY-FEVER

HAY FEVER.

I have been afflicted for twenty years,
during the months of August and Septem-
ber, with Hay Fever, and have tried various
remedies without relief. I was induced to
try ELY'S CREAM BALM; have used it
with favorable results, and can confidently
recommend it to all similarly afflicted.

ROBERT W. TOWNLEY, (ex-Mayor.)
Elizabeth, N. J.

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 in-
formation and reliable testimonials. Will
deliver by mail 50c. a package—stamps.

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Buy the Best.

THE only practical Fountain Pen ever invented is the LAN-
CASTER GOVERNMENT, combining the advantages of each
person's handwriting. Cleanliness—no leakage. Always ready.
Will last for years. Fitted with Gold Pen.

THE LANCASTER FOUNTAIN PEN CO.,

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All kinds of Fountain and Stylographic Pens, repaired,
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TOO FUNNY FOR ANYTHING. 15 SPIRITED
PICTURES showing a Young Mar-
ried couple in all sorts of Antics. By mail 25 cents.
Address WARREN & CO., Brooklyn, N. Y.

15 PHOTOS OF BEAUTIFUL ACTRESSES IN
"TIGHTS" BLOU. By mail for
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TO ORDER—TERMS MODERATE.

On Lawns, in Parlors, Churches, Fairs, etc.

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JAKOBI & HART, Proprietors.

AGENTS CAN NOW GRASP A FORTUNE.
Outfit worth \$10 free. Address
E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay st., N. Y.

The Bachelor's Song.

"Es giebt auf diesem Erdballe nichts
So schön, so schön wie sie."

THERE is naught so fair in this world of ours,
There is naught so fair as she—
Not the sun-bright bloom of orient bowers,
Nor moonlight on the sea.

You may search the globe from north to south
And inquire from east to west,
You will find no rosebud as sweet as her mouth
No pearl as pure as her breast.

The heaven of heavens to me lies clear
In the depths of her starry eyes,
And the music of heaven I seem to hear
In her gentle and low replies.

My ice-cold bosom her beauty warms;
I sing as in youth I sung;
A miracle the girl performs—
My heart she again makes young.

The years she has lived are scarce twice nine,
And I—well, my beard is gray—
But the wisdom I fondly deemed was mine
Has vanished, like smoke, away.

Ay, young and foolish I feel again—
Yet when I the witch would woo,
I seem but the latter to her—that's plain—
And I know not what to do.

Translated from the German for the *Yonkers Gazette*.

"My son," said an Arkansaw Colonel of
the reformed school, "in life always make
it a point not to fight." "Suppose a man
calls me a d—d liar, what must I do?"
"Find out whether he has told the truth or
not; if he has, acknowledge the accusation,
and if he has not, move to another neigh-
borhood."—*Arkansaw Traveler*.

In a Newport boudoir: "Oh, he is such a
charming gentleman, and he did not make
his money in vulgar trade, either. No, in-
deed! He owns a bank, for I have heard
people who knew him speak of it. It is in a
Western city named Faro."—*Phila. News*.

A WESTERN paper says: "Sam Weldon
was shot last night in the rotunda by Henry
Parsons." About the worst place a man can
be shot, next to the heart, is in the rotunda.
It invariably proves fatal.—*Norrist. Herald*.

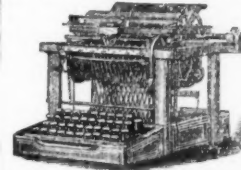
A BLACKBERRY patch: A colored grave-
yard.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.



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from Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, and Exhausted Abilities.
Also for RHEUMATISM, LIVER and KIDNEY TROUBLES, and
MANY OTHER DISEASES. Speedy cures guaranteed. Illus-
trated pamphlets free. Address
VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

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FIRST CLASS

Grand Square & Upright
PIANOS.

Warerooms: 15 E. 14th St. & 129 E. 125th St.

Factory, N. E. corner 124th st. and 1st ave., New York.

Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment,

A GUARANTEED CURE for Involuntary Weakness, Soften-
ing of the Brain, Wakefulness, Loss of Power in either Sex,
Involuntary Losses, Spermatocelia, caused by over-exertion of
the Brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence.

Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1 a box, or six
boxes for \$5, sent by mail pre-paid on receipt of price.

I guarantee six boxes to cure any case.

With each order received by me for six bottles, accompanied
with \$5, I will send the purchaser my written guarantee to re-
fund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guar-
antee issued only by A. J. DITMAN, Chemist, Broadway and
Barclay Streets, New York.

A WHOLESOME CURATIVE.

NEEDED IN

Every Family.

AN ELEGANT AND RE-
FRESHING FRUIT LOZ-
ENGE for Constipation,
Biliousness, Headache,
Indisposition, &c.



LAXATIVE

OF SUPERIOR TOPILLS
and all other system-
regulating medicines.

THE DOSE IS SMALL,
THE ACTION PROMPT,
THE TASTE DELICIOUS.

Ladies and children
like it.

Price, 25 cents. Large boxes, 50 cents.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

HOW TO WIN AT CARDS, DICE, &c

A SURE THING! Sent Free
to Anyone. I manufacture and
keep constantly on hand every article
known to the Sporting Fraternity,
and used by them to WIN with in
games of chance. Send for my mam-
moth circular. Address, or call in per-
son, ALF. SUYDAM, 45 & 47 Nassau St., New York City.

**THE BENTON
HAIR GROWER**

If the roots of the hair are not dead, (and they seldom are)
will, in 80 per cent. of the cases of BALDNESS, produce
the NEW GROWTH of HAIR, and what will GROW HAIR
will STOP its FALLING OUT and PREVENT its turning
GREY, because it is all the result of invigorating the roots.
DANDRUFF IS CURED BY HEALING THE SCALP.
WE WISH THAT ALL PERSONS HAVING DISEASED
SCALPS WOULD USE THE HAIR GROWER AS IT
WILL CURE MOST CASES. THE BENTON HAIR
GROWER IS FOR SALE BY WHOLESALE AND RE-
TAIL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE, OR WILL BE
SENT BY MAIL, PRICE, \$1.00. ADDRESS,
THE BENTON HAIR GROWER CO., Brainard Block, Cleveland, O.

BEFORE USING.

AFTER USING.

THE JUDGE



ROMANCE.

WIFE IN THE MOUNTAIN TELLS THE CHILDREN—"There is poor Papa, in the hot, dusty city, I dare say looking at our portraits, and longing to be with us, feeling very unhappy."



REALITY.

NOTHING OF THE KIND.—"Poor Papa" goes down to Coney Island nearly every night, looking anything but lonesome or unhappy.

The York