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S. J.T.--"I am too old and feeble to support you, but I have a great affection for you, my dear old party."



THE JUDGE.

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GROWING FEEBLE.

Mr. Tilden is not as young as he used to be—few of us are, for that matter—and a disappointment which he could bear bravely enough some years ago would fall with crushing force on him to-day. At least the chances are that it would, and he is not disposed to run the risk. He loves the grand old Democratic party as well as ever, he says. He was always partial to it:

“When other tongues its follies named,
 He fled the unwelcome story,
 Or found e'en in the faults they blamed
 Some gleams of future glory.
 He still was true when nearer friends
 Conspired to wrong it, slight it;
 The heart that now its conduct rends,
 Would then have bled to right it.”

But that is all over now. Mr. Tilden's love for his party has ceased to be anything more than Platonic. He cannot stand the strain as he once could have stood it. It is all over, and Mr. Tilden in active political life will soon be nothing more than a memory.

THE BIG BRIDGE.

The other day, for the first time in his life, THE JUDGE walked from Brooklyn to New York. He enjoyed the unspeakable luxury of looking down on the ferryboats, puffing and panting their arduous way so far below him. For once in his life he felt himself not only above them, but independent of them. To be sure, independence has its inconveniences—the mere pursuit of independence is not a pathway of roses, as any Irishman will tell you—nor is its attainment an unmixed advantage. In the first place, the man who has achieved independence has to continue to enjoy it by its own exertions. THE JUDGE, independent of and despising the puffing and panting of the ferry boats in the river, had to do all the puffing and panting on the Bridge him-

self. This, in itself, for a mile and a half or so over an inclined plane of asphalt and planking on a sunny afternoon, is no slight thing; add to this the apprehension felt by any humane mind for the safety of fellow-creatures suspended among the mighty girders and cables and the interlaced network of ties which in comparison to the rest of the structure we may call wires—poor devils, they seem to hang between heaven and earth without visible means of support, like Mahomed's coffin or an ordinary tramp, painting away busily. One cannot help glancing up at them apprehensively, partly in dread of a fatal accident occurring at any moment, and partly in the altogether vain hope of dodging the constant patter of white paint which falls from their eyrie in a shower around you. All these are some of the inconveniences of independence, and so far the ferry boats have the best of it.

But there is a silver side to the shield. THE JUDGE found a haven near the centre of the bridge where the painters ceased from troubling, and where he got a chance to rest. Besides, the painters are not perennial, and the centre of the bridge is—for all practical purposes. At any rate, it will outlast this particularly malign batch of painters. And what a lounging place it will make of a fine summer evening, after sunset, far above the noise and turmoil and dirt and smells of the two cities; up in a stratum of its own where the atmosphere must be pure, and where the breeze, if there be any anywhere, is sure to be blowing. To enjoy all this, while looking north and south at the beautiful panorama of the glistening river, dotted with its islands and alive with its shipping—then east and west at the two great cities which the structure we are standing upon has made one—New York with her towers and spires and tall factories and great buildings, and Brooklyn, the city of churches, looking at that distance, and from that point of view, but little different from her sister city across the water. It is a curious fact, and the Bridge is the place of all others to engender the reflection, that all cities viewed from a balloon or any elevation look very much alike, presenting as they do the same general features. Perhaps, for all we wicked mortals think about it, wicked Chicago, as viewed from Heaven, does not seem very different from saintly Philadelphia or virtuous Boston.

But the Brooklyn Bridge is finished, and moralizing is lost in view of that stupendous fact. By the time this number of THE JUDGE is in the hands of its more distant readers the ceremony which throws the Bridge open to the public will have taken place, and the great project which shaped itself in Mr. Kingsley's brain some fifteen years ago will have passed into history as an accomplished fact. This is not the time to review, even cursorily, the details of the gigantic work. All THE JUDGE will attempt to-day is to congratulate Mr. Kingsley, the

two cities, the whole country and the world at large on the successful achievement of the greatest piece of engineering work of modern times—the Brooklyn Bridge.

DEADLY OPIUM.

The Eastern States, never having greatly suffered from their presence, have not had a great deal of sympathy with the Pacific Coast in its determined hostility to Chinamen. It seems now, however, that the Yellow Plague (as they call Chinese Emigration over there) is innoculating certain quarters of New York very unpleasantly. The disclosures of the *Herald* regarding the doings in certain opium dens in Mott street and the vicinity are calculated to strike a chill of horror through every father and mother in the community. That beastly Oriental vices should exist among us, in the persons of Orientals themselves, is bad enough, but that these vices should be suffered to spread and fester in our midst till they contaminate our own population is inexcusable. We agree with the *Herald* that there must have been culpable negligence or something worse on the part of the police before such a state of things could have become possible. This is a matter that is worse than gambling, or offences against the excise. It is a crime so heinous that even the Sabbatarian fanatics would probably admit that it is nearly as bad as buying a newspaper on Sunday. The priests deserve the thanks of the community for their earnest and Christian efforts to abate this nuisance in our midst. It is deplorable, however, that we have to thank outsiders so often for accomplishing reforms which we maintain a costly police system to attend to, but in a case like this we are not disposed to grumble at the means employed so long as the work is effectually done. The exposures made by the *Herald* show that the trouble is of no recent origin; but it has been suffered to go on unheeded—we fear it has even been encouraged—till there is scarcely a tenement house in the affected district which does not show the pallid cheeks and slouching gait that marks the victim of the fatal opium habit. And worse still, it has been shown but too clearly that the young girls who are enticed to surrender themselves to the baleful drug are enticed for the vilest purposes. The stomach sickens and the heart heaves against the bare idea of the enormities perpetrated in those Chinese dens. Better, a thousand times better to sweep the yellow plague from our shores at once than to suffer it thus to contaminate the virtue and strength and health of our working class at the very fount. THE JUDGE wishes Father Barry every success in his righteous mission, and hopes he may yet compel the police to do their duty and put an end to this ineffable shame, this unspeakable degradation.

WILL our Brooklyn-Bridge cartoon prove a prophecy?

REGARDING EXTRADITION.

CIVILIZATION can entertain but one opinion regarding the black guilt of the Irish assassins and the righteousness of the sentence that has been pronounced upon them. Unfortunately, however, all the criminals are not in the hands of the British government, and some of them have taken refuge in this country. The question of whether they should be handed over to justice or not is a delicate one; for these men, though assassins, can scarcely be termed murderers in the eyes of international jurisprudence. That the murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke twelve months ago in Phoenix Park were political murders can scarcely be denied. Cowardly, coldblooded, indefensible as they were, they were committed for political reasons and on the persons of men in official position. It is scarcely probable that a single Irishman to-day, outside of the wretched handful of fanatics from whom the ranks of political murderers are recruited, will defend the crime, but America has to look at it from a broader standpoint; she has to vindicate her claim to be regarded as a haven for the oppressed of other nations; she has to live up to the terms of her own extradition treaty. No doubt, if Guiteau had succeeded in escaping to Canada after the murder of Garfield, and if the English authorities had refused to surrender him, there would have been much bad feeling engendered in this country, and a refusal on the part of the government to surrender the Phoenix Park murderers would engender much bad feeling in England. Still there is a strong underlying sentiment, which took its rise, perhaps, as far back as the Revolution, and which was fostered by the eagerness of England to accord belligerent rights to the Confederacy in our own civil war, that impels our people to allow every latitude to rebels against the English crown. It is a delicate question, and whichever way our government decides, the consequences may be more serious than most people imagine.

MANY an egotistical literary adventurer starts out hopefully to conduct a train of thought, who ere long discovers that he only runs a slow freight, loaded with goods more notable for their bulk and weight than value; while some comrade, who had very humble aspirations, dashes by in charge of a lightning express, filled with many parcels of great wealth.

A NEW ENGLAND physician says that if every family would keep a box of mustard in the house one-half of the doctors would starve. We suggest that every family keep two boxes in the house.

NILSSON says that Americans are not polished in their manners. They compare very favorably though with a car-load of Swedes going West.

A MAN recently broke a boiled egg and found a tack in it. This lie is told by an exchange, but we haven't time to stop and nail it.



TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

THE MIDNIGHT MARAUDER OF FULTON STREET.

BY GEO. L. CARVILL.

THE night was cloudy, rather than dark. The straggling clouds, continually sweeping across the moon's face, rendered the light treacherous and uncertain. The vast bridge and silent river sometimes blent in one gloomy field, then separated as a flood of rays strayed through the rents in the vapory masses. It was then the East River seemed to collect the lights upon its surface, and reflect them with a phosphorescent glow, such as sometimes is seen upon the ocean when the moon is shining without obscuration. The glistening face of the noble stream was only ruffled when the splash of some animal along shore sent a ring of tiny, widening circles in motion, and gave a tremulously grotesque reflection of the moon's image, which hitherto had come and gone in the bosom of the river like the figure in a mirror.

Around a camp fire were some forty or fifty redskins. Some were rolled up and fast asleep in their delicately-embroidered blankets, while others silently smoked their "Henry Mortar" cigars. They were part of the notorious Duda-dah-da tribe, a treacherous, bloodthirsty nation, whose home was on the beautiful banks of New-town creek. They had been on a buffalo hunt in Prospect Park during the day, and were now resting from the fatigue incidental to that innocent, genteel recreation.

On a soap-box in the ruddy glare of the camp fire sat a young Indian warrior, deep in silly thought. On his dainty feet he wore cloth-top pointed-toed button gaiters, and his narrow-gauge legs were encased in exceedingly light pants, which, from frequent lubrication, were soiled with the conglomeration of powdered soapstone and vaseline. Suspended from his aquiline nose, a massive gold ring with a solitaire diamond, swayed like a well-oiled gate, in sympathy with his graceful movements. In the full light of the camp fire the diamond looked like a ball of fire. Suddenly the brave young warrior opened his mouth and yawned, and the diamond seemed to diminish, and resembled the flames of a candle in a brewery vault. Leisurely removing a tobacco box from his pistol pocket, he took a huge chew, and said he

"guessed he'd turn in with the rest of the circus." * * *

It was morning, and in the uncertain light of the grey dawn a solitary horseman dashed along Fulton street. The continuation of this thrilling story can be found in number twenty-two of the *Weekly Gravesend Pall-Bearer*, the largest and best family paper in the United States. Ask your newsdealer for No. twenty-two.

AN American by the name of Hulett will present claims against Madagascar for being nearly massacred by the natives. 'Twould have been cheaper for the Madagascans to have massacred him clean.

SARAH's mother thought her daughter must have been honey-dewed after Chawles called. He was such a sweet specimen of the dude.

MOODY and Sankey's hymns have been published in many languages. It would seem quite appropriate to sing "Hold the Fort" in Sioux.

A FASHION note says that bright plaids will be much worn by children this season. We know it. We used to wear ours considerably; principally at the knees.

"I SHOULD have thought this soup would have all got lost before we ever got it," said Boodle. "Why?" asked his girl. "Because there's so much leek in it, my dear."

THE present aspect of Republican "harmony" reminds one of the handshaking just previous to a prize fight.

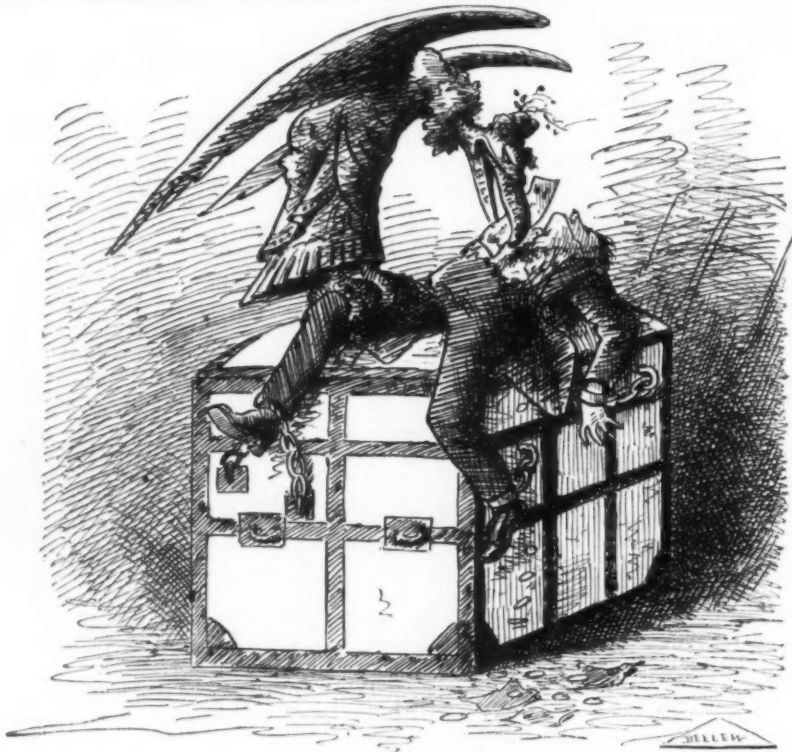
THE United States raises forty-seven million hogs a year. Let's see; how many inhabitants are there, any way.

THE ballet of a troupe may create a spectacle, but the treasurer is always the pay-gent.

THE girl who bought a new sewing machine said she had got a new feller.

BOILS are blessings in disguise, provided you can properly disguise them.

Come to stay—the whalebone.



THE MODERN PROMETHEUS—
As the American Husband, chained to a Saratoga Trunk.

CORPSE MISLAID.

WE have funerals sometimes for what is scarcely worth burying. This is said in no disrespect, but does it not seem almost whimsical to enlist the whole pageantry of woe with which modern civilization has endowed the king of terrors, on behalf of the mortal remains of a day-or-two-old baby? This was strikingly exemplified some little time since in a New England town. A little infant died, a poor little creature whose eyes had scarcely opened on this world of sin and sorrow before (probably disliking what they saw of it) they closed forever. Forthwith the services of the undertaker were called into request on behalf of this poor little mite of humanity. The wee baby was enclosed in a tiny rosewood coffin, the mourners were assembled, and the minister read the services. When the time came to adjourn to the cemetery, the little coffin could not be found. It transpired afterwards that one of the mourners had inadvertently laid his overcoat down on it, completely covering it from sight. The minister was compelled to prorogue the assembly, stating that, as the corpse had been mislaid, the ceremony would not be concluded at the cemetery. Nobody said "its cemeterial," but probably somebody felt like doing so. This may or may not furnish an argument in favor of cremation. It certainly does furnish one against funeral pageants for infants.

IN Japan cremation is becoming very popular, over 9,000 bodies being cremated annually. The Japanese should come over and board at our hotels or live in French flats.

BURGLARS are working Connecticut in advance of the circus. We always thought the two "doubled up."

Appropriate place to "buck the tiger"—the Faro(e) Islands.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL STORIES.

WITH PATENT SELF-SUGGESTING MORALS.

NO. V.

MANY years ago, before Haroun was caliph of Bagdad, the people of a neighboring State, which was tributary and in some measure allied with the government of Bagdad, took up arms and waged a long and fierce war with the Bagdadians. Countless lives and treasure were expended in the contest, and the rebels still preserved a bold front. At length a certain vizier, named Ulysses, was appointed to the command of the Bagdadian army. His military prowess at once became apparent, and after a few daring and successful campaigns he reduced the rebels, and returned with his victorious army to Bagdad. His entrance was a triumph; the city was illuminated, bells pealed, and fireworks crackled in honor of the illustrious Ulysses. His name was in everyone's mouth. Mothers pointed him out to their boys as he rode on his charger through the streets of the city, and urged the lads to gaze on him well that they might remember him always, and so fashion their after lives that they might grow up to acquire some of the renown with which Ulysses had covered himself. He was the hero of the hour, in short, and everyone hailed him as the preserver of his country.

The fame of Ulysses' great deeds had gone abroad, and the whole world wanted to do honor to him who was the foremost soldier of his age. He traveled, and was received everywhere with as much honor as if he had been a prince. He returned home after a prolonged absence, to find himself—forgotten? Oh, no; such deeds as his are never forgotten—but he found the popular sentiment much changed towards him. He was now envied where he had been congratulated, feared where he had been loved, and distrusted by the very people he had saved. Other men had come into power during his absence; demagogues had won the popular ear.

The great Ulysses, educated in camps, knew nothing of demagogic arts; in short, he was a man for a crisis, and the crisis had passed. He noted the change, and felt hurt by it—but he was too magnanimous to suffer resentment to take possession of him. He retired into private life, and, in company with a few friends, allowed the great stream of national life to flow by him, never seeking to check, and scarcely observing its course.

Among these friends was one About Ben Keim. It so happened that many abuses having crept into the administration of government, and the people murmuring thereat, it became necessary to set some changes on foot, and a man was to be chosen to inaugurate these changes, and to direct their working. Some one suggested Keim; others endorsed him as a good man and suitable for the duties to be required of him. Those who were loudest in favor of the changes were loudest in favor of Keim. Who so worthy as About Ben Keim?

So he was appointed? Oh, no. He was objected to; and upon what grounds? Not because any one believed him incapable of discharging the duties devolving upon him; not because any whisper ever was breathed against his integrity or his capacity; but simply because he was a friend of Ulysses. That was the sole allegation against him. To be a friend of the man who had saved his country; whose name had been worshipped in that city as a god's; whose prowess the whole world looked up to and acknowledged and admired—to be his friend was sufficient disqualification for office. For such was the fickleness and indecency and ingratitude of public life in Bagdad two thousand years ago. And such is the fickleness and indecency and ingratitude of public life in America to-day. For though civilization has advanced, human nature has not changed in two thousand years.

* * * * *

Will those who have objected to DeB. Keim as Civil Service Examiner, although put forward by such men as Dorman B. Eaton, and Senators Hawley and Bayard—will those who based their objection on the fact that "Keim is a friend of Grant's," kindly furnish a moral for the foregoing?

Now wield fair maids the mallet-sticks
With strange infatuation,
And knock the balls all out of time
In mild exhilaration.
The mallets sweep, the balls they leap
Like brickbats at eviction,
Till suddenly one strikes her corn,
An unearthly shriek on the air is borne,
And a loud, fierce mallet-diction. J. L. M'C.

She can buy a fancy bonnet, and she knows the use of dye;
She can sing in seven languages at sight;
She can talk aesthetic chatter and the art that's known as "high";
She can do a ball or concert every night;
She can paint on silk and velvet, and knows Swinburne's works
by heart;
She can angle, she can snub and she can flirt;
But she can't put down a carpet, and she cannot make a tart,
And she cannot sew a button on a shirt.

THE *Corset*, the new trade paper, remarks the Lowell *Citizen*, is making great efforts to get around the ladies. The *Corset* has large facilities in this way over most newspapers. It is always ready to go to press, and as for making up forms—why, that is its business.

It is estimated that there are 8,000 Italians out of work in New York. Statistics place the number of Italian laborers out of soap much higher.



I GUESS Heraclitus won't say anything more to me on the subject of auctions, for those old chairs have proved to be quite valuable. The man from Syphers offered me twenty-two dollars a-piece for them, and I had a great mind to sell them and make twenty-two dollars out of the operation, but Heraclitus, who has suddenly taken a great fancy to them, won't hear of such a thing. He has even gone so far as to have the seats re-upholstered in embossed leather. This is all very well; but if he can afford embossed leather he can afford a good many other things; and I've just made up my mind that I will have new paper on the walls of the house into which we've just moved. I mean to have the halls a dull Pompeian red, with a dado and a frieze, and I know just where to go to find the loveliest and most artistic designs. I've interviewed the landlord on the subject, but he is too mean to do anything more than is absolutely obligatory, and Heraclitus just laughs when I tell him what I want. He even went so far as to make a vulgar pun as to its being a cold day when he had a frieze. He also had the impudence to tell me that I had rather high notions for a woman that would blister her hands crocheting that abominable twine, and after I'd made some of it up into a real pretty lambrequin, he wanted to know what was the sense of putting ribbon in a fish-net? I told him it wasn't expected he'd see much sense in anything, but when I made another I'd glue poker chips all over it, and perhaps he'd like it better. Then he got mad, and said he'd rather have the house filled with poker chips than a lot of brummagem stuff that wasn't worth two cents. Brummagem, indeed! He'll never complain of that again. I'll take care, hereafter, that my purchases are simon-pure articles, and perhaps when my young man comes to pay the bills he'll descend from his high and mighty perch, and be willing to have a few things in the house that are not quite as *recherche*. I'll commence with the sitting-room. This has a painted wall, that would look very nicely with a pretty little paper border at the top, and wouldn't cost over six or eight dollars; but for fear it may be called "brummagem" I'll have the whole room done over, and I'll have it decorated, too. The walls of the dining-room I shall have a delicate olive with a narrow dado and a frieze to correspond. Of course the wood work will have to be re-painted to match, and I shall get one of those Kensington art-rugs for the centre of the room, as the floor is inlaid. These rugs are new and choice, and can only be found at one store in the city, but fortunately they know us there, and I'll just get the thing charged. Then by the time my fine gentleman has paid for all this, and has his embossed-leather chairs, I trust

the apartment will be genuinely artistic enough to please his loftiness. I happen to have a little money by me that he doesn't know anything about. The day we moved, as a matter of course, he had important business down town and couldn't get away, and as usual the whole brunt of the trouble fell on my shoulders. He engaged some men to move us, at so much a load, and they were to make five trips. The money with which they were to be paid was left with me, and I was to settle with them when they had finished. As soon as the head of the house had departed I told the creatures they could take all there was to take on three loads. Of course they objected, and said if things were to be piled up that way they wouldn't be responsible; but I told them I'd risk it, and so they undertook the job. I never realized before that so many things could be put into one cart, but my energy and perseverance carried the day. I just paid for three loads, put the price of the other two loads into my pocket, and said nothing. I'm going to look at some things for the table in a few days, and if I find I've saved enough money from those rapacious cartmen to buy a pair of lovely little silver-mounted Japanese bottles for holding oil and vinegar, that I saw on Broadway the other day, I shall certainly get them. To be sure, the furniture was a good deal scratched on account of taking so much at a time, and one large mirror was broken; but when Heraclitus began to find fault about it I told him it served him right; if he'd remained at home, like any other man, to see to things himself, and not leave it all to his poor wife, he'd probably be better off. This crushed him so he didn't seem inclined to pursue the subject. He may be a very smart man and a very shrewd lawyer, but we've been married three years and a half, and he's never yet been able to get the best of

PENELOPE PENNYFEATHER.

HENDERSON is one of those talkative fellows who are always ready if not able to converse on any subject, whether it be politics, art, agriculture or the price of salt pork. Somebody speaking of the disease called meningitis in his presence recently, Henderson as usual chimed in: "Menengitis; a very bad disease; it either kills you or leaves you demented; I have had it." "Oh, is that so, Henderson?" remarked Col. Jiggers, with a smile; "then that explains your present condition." Henderson doesn't bore the boys quite so much now.

A NEW YORK paper, evidently published in the interests of a certain gentleman who ran for the Presidency some years ago, but who shall at present be nameless, heads an article "The Gathering of the Tilden Legions." This must be a misprint for "The Gathering of the Tilden Legends." Archaeology offers no pursuit more fascinating than this latter would be; but the "Tilden Legions"—what are they, who are they, and where do they keep themselves? The legends would at least have the authority of tradition. The legions are purely mythical.

AN exchange, under the heading "Marital Misery," tells how a girl was courted, wed and deserted all in twenty-four hours. This may be marital misery, but at least the misery was short lived.

THE Philadelphia *Transcript* publishes a poem called "The Little White Hearse." For a sentimental poem the title is unfortunate, it so readily suggests "The Little Brown Jug."

HOME RULE.

BY THE JUDGE'S CITY LYRIST.

"SHALL it be Saratoga or the Island?"
Said Ethel, musingly, the other day.
'Tis growing warm, another little while—and
Away.

'Twas after dinner, warmish, and my reason,
Lapped in Havana fumes, had gone astray;
The hour was witching eight o'clock; the season
Mid-May.

"Shall it be Saratoga or the Island?"
I had not thought; I really could not say;
I faintly chirped some praise of Catskill Highland,
But "Nay."

Said Ethel softly—oh, her winning smile and
Caressing gesture brought to mind the day
When I had asked her hand on Coney Island
Last May.

"Not those old Catskills where that horrid Mann set
With all their frowsy cousins always stay;
Now, if you wish, I'd go to Narragansett—
Now, pray!"

"Now, dearest, it is time enough; consider,
We only moved in here the first of May—"
Eyes filled; they mostly do if I forbid her
Own way.

She dropped a tear and kiss upon my forehead,
And sobbed, "Of course, if you insist, we'll stay;
I'll die, but you won't care; you've just been horrid
All day!"

I yielded—that of course; a twelve-month married
Seldom records a long-sustained "Nay;"
I let her have (when I'd been kissed and "Harry-ed")
Her way.

Vanished the tears. "Well, shall it be the Island?"
"Just as you please, my dear," I meekly say;
"Make your own choice; go anywhere for style and
Display."

"The Island be it! Now I'm glad that's settled;
I'll make my preparations right away; [nettled!]
Oh, won't those Manns and Greens be cross and
I say,

Be warned, young men! for nothing can restore you
The liberties that marriage takes away;
Fancy some girl making your mind up for you
Next May.

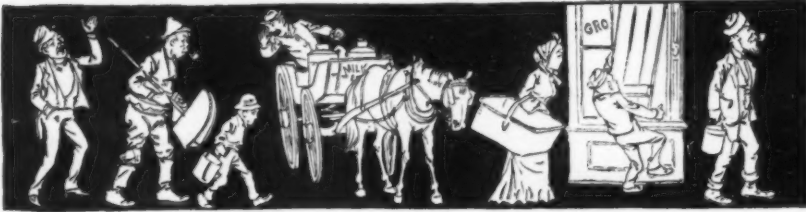
"If you don't fancy her you will not wed her—"
That's very true; I've nothing more to say,
And if your mind's made up to take a header,
You may.



HE FOUND IT OUT.

You thought you had a mere toy—a plaything to amuse you for the hour, and then be cast aside like a faded flower—but I guess you've found out your mistake.

HALF-PAST SIX AND HALF-PAST SEVEN.



The milkman drives his rapid cart
At half-past six o'clock;
The workman to his toil doth start,
Rousing the drowsy block.
The toppers take their morning sticks;
The city, in her face of bricks,
Opes window eyes; the two lights mix
At half-past six.

The workman's labor has begun
By half-past seven, before
The sleepy shop-girls, one by one,
Steal forth to many a store.
The fragrant smell of breakfast steaks
The heads of many households wakes;
The world its worried aspect takes
By half-past seven.



VEREKER'S COURTSHIP.

When Mrs. Vereker was a fair and blooming maiden and Mr. Vereker was an eligible young man, they both went through the probationary period which comes to every young couple as certainly as the measles, and which is known as courting. Vereker loved the embryo Mrs. V., and she loved him. Oh, those happy ante-nuptial days, when the pleading lover shows none of the angles which matrimony will sharpen to a razor-like edge, and when the yielding girl has developed no symptoms of the temper which is one day to make a spouse quake. It was love's young dream with the Verekers a few years ago, and very happy they were over it.

Now Clara—the lady who is at present Mrs. Vereker—had a bosom friend and intimate, known as Belinda Busbee. No properly regulated young lady can get along without a bosom friend and intimate into whose sympathetic ears she can pour the treasures of her overburdened soul; and if, on ordinary occasions, such a friend is necessary, she rises to the dignity of indispensability when a young lady is being courted and receiving the attentions of a young gentleman. So Belinda heard at second hand all the soft nothings which Vereker whispered into his Clara's ear at first hand; she expressed her opinion on the exact degree of significance to be attached to every hand-squeeze; she even reviewed Clara's conduct, and was pleased to express her unqualified approbation of her behavior on that never to be forgotten occasion when Mr. V. snatched his first kiss. And on those occasions when propriety dictated the presence of a third party, at drives or other excursions, that third party always took the form of Belinda—most devoted of friends, discreetest of chaperones.

At length the eventful words were spoken. With emotion struggling in his manly bosom and an unconquerable bashfulness weighting his tongue, Mr. Vereker at length managed to stammer forth the few words necessary to make Clara acquainted with his desire. Clara had been acquainted with it long ago, but custom and the law courts have sanctioned the wise precaution of waiting till the swain has irrevocably committed himself in words, and for those words had Clara accordingly waited. The instant they were breathed she yielded a coy assent which she endeavored to tone down to the proper degree of reluctance, for she well knew that maidens should not be rapturous on such oc-

casions as these, and then she flew to tell the whole story to the confidante.

After dinner that day Vereker proposed a sleigh-ride. It was fortunately winter, and the weather was well adapted to his purpose, for in his then state of mind he would have made the suggestion as cheerfully on the 4th of July. Little aberrations of this kind were not uncommon with Vereker even then, and were readily condoned by the affectionate Clara, who recognized in them only evidences of his love for her—though she now persistently sets down any eccentricities on her husband's part to old rye. But on this occasion all was lovely; the sleigh-ride was decided upon, and Belinda, as usual, was to bear the lovers company.

Now Vereker had a ring, an heir-loom of exceeding great loominess, which had typified the link which bound together the affections of untold generations of Verekers. This ring, it is needless to say, he regarded as his engagement ring, and in the intoxication of the drive and amid the shades of gathering night he managed to slip it on the fourth finger of his beloved's left hand.

He struck the correct finger right enough, but in some unaccountable way he bungled on the more important selection of hands, and the result was that the circlet that had typified the affections of countless Verekers was pressed tenderly on the taper finger of Belinda Busbee.

But Belinda was a tender-hearted girl. She knew how cruelly the consciousness of such a mistake would wound the susceptibilities of the chivalrous Vereker. So she kept the ring and her own counsel till the drive was over, and the lover, after an affectionate good night, had torn himself away from his adored one. Then, in the solitude of their virgin chamber, Belinda gave the ring to Clara, and told her all. They agreed that nothing should be said to Vereker, but that he should be allowed to believe that he had slipped the ring on Clara's finger with his own hand. "Poor, dear fellow," she said, "how bad he would feel if he thought he could have made such a mistake." For our betrothed are, as a rule, more careful of our feelings than are our wives.

They were married; they have been married quite a while; THE JUDGE has had the pleasure of laying before his readers a few passages from the domestic life of the worthy couple, but it was only yesterday that this incident of their engagement ring came to Mr. Vereker's knowledge. Mrs. Vereker, annoyed at her spouse for something, resolved

to annihilate him with the fact that she had kept bottled up in her mind against him for so long. "Yes, Mr. Vereker," she remarked with her customary point and sarcasm, "you may think you're very smart, but you're not. We never told you of it, but do you know that you put your ring on Belinda Busbee's finger, not on mine, that day we went sleigh-riding?"

"By Jove," said Vereker, with admirable presence of mind, "I knew I got fooled somehow. I've been wondering ever since how you came to get hold of that ring!"

And now Mrs. Vereker is madder than ever.

A CRUEL JEST.

"Dost know the difference, Fred," said she,

"Between the moon and you?"

"I don't," said he, "my dearest one,"

As he gazed with interest new.

"The difference is this," she said,

With satire of a Junius,

"The moon hath silvery quarters, dear,

While you are impecunious." J. L. M'C.

A PARTY of young men were talking together, when one spoke of seeing a crowd gather to see a dog fight; another spoke of something else that had attracted a large assemblage, and so on, each trying to outdo the other in the size of the crowd and the smallness of the cause.

"I can draw the biggest crowd with something smaller than anything yet mentioned," said Jones.

"What is it?" they all exclaimed.

"This," he answered, and produced the stub of a pencil. They admitted that he was right, and all went in to "see a man."

WHEN a young fellow in Patagonia wants a bride he mounts his trusty charger and lassoes one; and in this country, when a young fellow wants the same article but doesn't exactly come to the scratch, the lass-sues him for breach of promise, and gets big damages.

BASE BALL is not paying as it used to do, and that strikes us as curious. Why should not the quotation "Base is the slave that pays," carry equal force when for "slave" you read "ball."

THE Southern Educational Monthly heads its column with the request "Send a new subscriber with your renewal." Certainly. We'll send him by book post with the ends out, and registered as live mail matter.

THE MEDICAL WAR.

I'm a stickler-for-code young man,
 Reformers-be-blown young man;
 Whatever result
 I will never consult
 With a homeopathic young man.
 I'm a regular-school young man,
 A stand-by-the-rule young man;
 My medical ethics
 Bar homeopathies—
 I won't be their tool, young man.

THE latest craze is a "hair album." Young Spinks, who boards at Mrs. Bulgrader's, purchased one of these albums a month ago, and already has four capillary samples in it, labelled respectively—Bridget Foley's, Katrine Seltzheimer's, Mollie Smith's and Dinah Glasgow's. All these names belonged to Mrs. Bulgrader's cooks—averaging one a week—and if Spinks gleaned his samples from the eatables, it is conclusive evidence that he is a so-called luminous paragraphist. No other boarders find so many hairs in the food.

If for ev'ry pun I shed
 I were to be pun-i-shed,
 I should need a puny shed
 In which to hide my punished head.

WHEN the prohibition law went into effect at Austin, Alabama, a large crowd of whites and blacks celebrated the event by a drunken riot. Queer result of an overdose of prohibition, rather, yet the temperance people need not feel despondent about it. They would have celebrated the defeat of prohibition in precisely the same manner—perhaps a little more so. All jokes on the above *morceau* patented.

A YOUNG Englishman robbed a Paris jewelry store of \$75,000 worth of diamonds, and while the Gallic proprietors were railing at *perfidie Albion* he was arrested in New York, allee samee as if he had robbed Tiffany. Which goes to show that diamonds and salesmen is on certain on both sides of the pond.

Now doth the poetess of Spring
 Exalt her feeble chirrup,
 And verse pours forth as sweet and soft
 As fresh-drawn maple syrup.

A MAN in Rhode Island was killed by driving off an embankment. We have read of people who got killed in the attempt to drive off tramps, but that an embankment should turn again and rend its persecutors seems strange. Pretty soon it won't be safe to drive off alone.

AN absent-minded editor wrote a love letter and an editorial at the same time. The love letter he sent out to be set up in type by the printers and a long editorial on tariff to his girl. There was fun at both ends of the route.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT has retired from the control of the great trunk lines, but his sons carry on the business of the firm at the old stand. Assuredly, to these young men the lines have fallen in pleasant places.

"FRENCH lawns, for suits, are very pretty indeed, but most of the designs are small." They will never suit our enterprising girls, who entertain no design smaller than a millionaire with a house on Fifth Avenue.



THE MODERN DUDE AND THE OLD-TIME DANDY.

"*Cæsar and Pompey berry much alike—specially Pompey.*"

THE MODERN DUDE AND THE OLD-TIME DANDY.

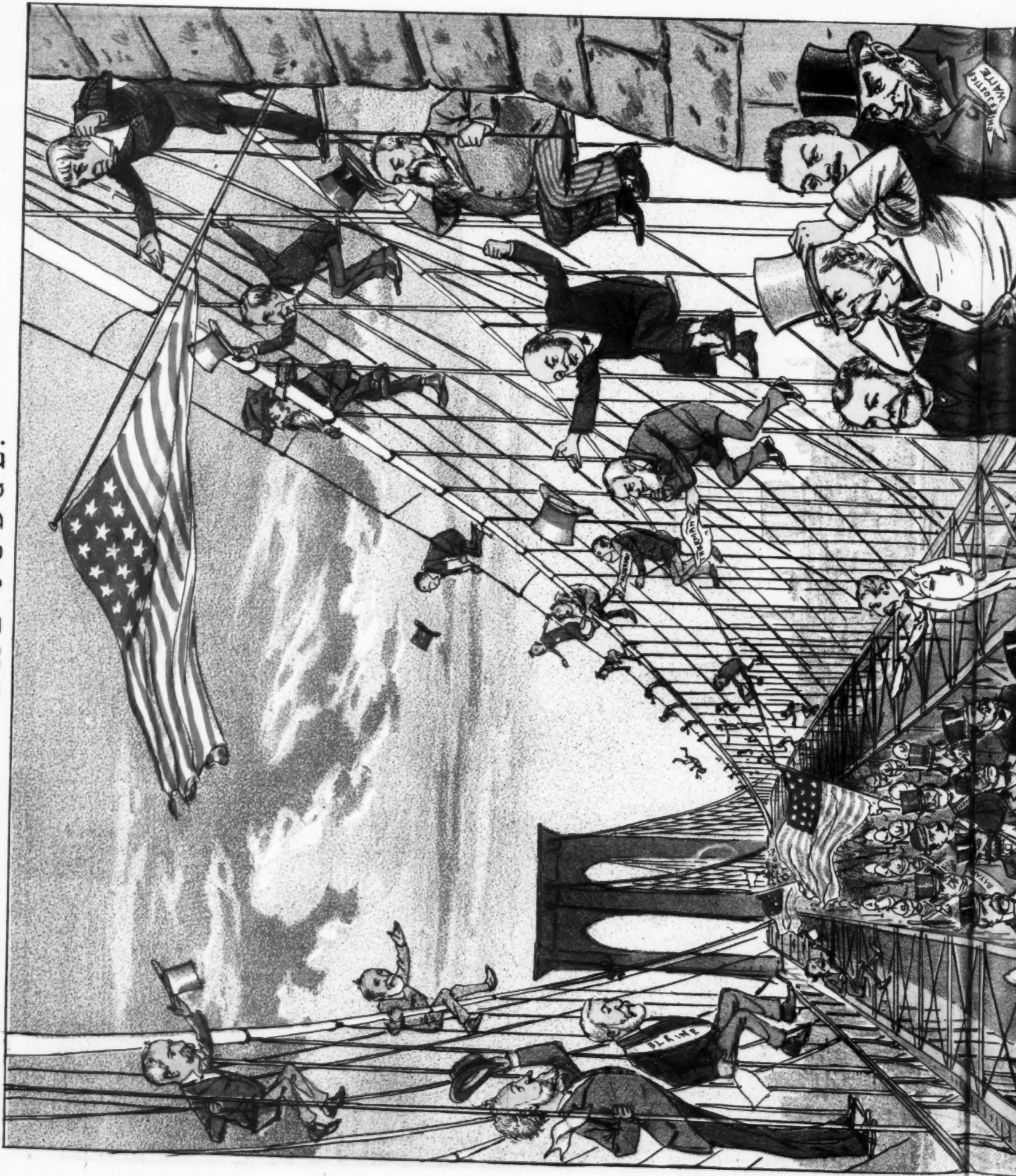
My gentle dude, let your father, or your uncle, or any of your elder male friends, who take it into their grey heads to twit you with the eccentricity of your attire, look on the subjoined picture of the Broadway dandy of thirty years ago, and ask him candidly whether he did not look something like that when he was about your age. As you will see, there is not much difference between your dress and his—the same tight pantaloons, short coat and broad-brimmed hat. The differences, my gentle dude, between now and then are that your father wore a preposterously high velvet collar to his coat, which came away up to the back of his head, and chafed against his organ of philoprogenitiveness; his shirt collars struck out like two porcelain ploughshare, and were called Father-Killers, from a German legend to the effect that a certain Berlin student, returning home from vacation, rushed to embrace his father (they embrace in Germany) and cut the old gentleman's throat with the sharp edges of this spear-like decoration. Your father, too, wore a huge silk cravat which reached from shoulder to shoulder, and looked like half a windmill or two black pillows, and a pirate's flag artistically arranged. His boots were called stub-toed. That is to say the portion which contained the big toe was rather loose and baggy, and projected beyond the sole, so that, my gentle dude, when your father struck the paternal foot against a projecting piece of pavement, he received the whole force of the

concussion on the end of his toe nail, which made things very pleasant for him. And when you bear in mind that the sidewalks in New York were then even worse, much worse, than they are now, and that projecting flagstones were rather the rule than the exception, you may readily imagine that in some respects the *Dandy's life* was not a happy one. I speak whereof I know, for did not I once, returning from a ball on a bitter cold night, with the thermometer below zero and my feet on fire, owing to a pair of excruciating boots, one of which seemed to be filled with all the boiling brimstone of Tophet and the other raging with every phase of Dante's Inferno, did not I smite my large toe against a three-inch projection of flagstone at the corner of Irving place, and hurl myself prone on the frigid sidewalk, and then pick myself up to see two grinning mouths across the knees of my pantaloons, which seemed to jeer at my anguish. Be thankful my gentle dude that you are living in an age where it is the fashion to wear good long toes to your boots.

On the whole, my gentle dude, I think your attire at the present day is less preposterous than was ours three decades ago.

History repeats itself and so does fashion, which has been well defined as *the race of the rich to keep away from the poor*. Colonel Newcome's dress-coat we know had been in and out of fashion half a dozen times in its long life, and we may yet live to see you, gentle dude, wearing baggy breeches and broad-toed boots just as your father did, when the reaction set in from tights and stubs, twenty-five years ago.

THE JUDGE.





OPENING OF THE GREAT EAST-RIVER BRIDGE.
READY-MADE PROCESSION FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE TRUSTEES.



GIVING THEM FITS.

THE New York and New Haven Railroad believes in uniforms for its employees, and it also believes in economy in their selection. The consequence is, that by one of those laws of nature which apply exclusively to ready-made and second-hand clothing stores—all the big men get the little suits, and all the little men the big suits. Thus no one is suited. The result is not becoming, but it is one of those cases where there is no redress.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

FROM CLARENCE FITZDUDE, ESQ., TO MR. L. D. D'A. DANGLER.

DEAR OLD CHAPPIE—Miss you awfully, you know. Cawn't really imagine how I get on without you, and as for Sylphide, the *premiere* of the Terpsichore, she is absolutely inconsolable. Don't know, though, but you are well out of it all. We are in sad straits here. These beastly cigarette-makers have struck, and we cawn't get along at all. Poor old de Slimshin has positively been compelled to eat, and really I was so run down yesterday that I was obliged to take a lemonade with a stick—or was it a straw?—in it. I don't know what will happen, and a meeting has been called of all the prominent dudes in this community to discuss the situation. I'm afraid, when the situation has been discussed, it will be found more disgusting than ever; but what is to be done? De Slimshin has great hopes of something turning up when the united wisdom of the dudes has been brought to bear upon the situation; but then the united wisdom of the dudes is so very little, you know. Several of the old chappies have gone in extensively for athletics this season, and young Tyte actually carried his cane from the Fifth Avenue Hotel to the top of Madison Square without changing hands once. This feat is more wonderful when you remember that it was his heavy winter cane, for the weather has been so beastly uncertain that none of us have ventured to wear our spring canes yet. So much pneumonia and horrid vulgar diseases about, you know. Poor Bertie is very low. You see, it is next door to impossible to keep count of the beastly months, and he inadvertently ate an oyster the other day before he realized that April had passed and that there is no *r* in May. He fainted immediately, and has not been able to be out

since. Indeed the doctor seems to think very badly of his case; he is puzzled about it at present, and says there is hardly any disease it may not develop into except brain fever. He kindly says he can ensure poor dear Bertie against any brain trouble whatever. Let this be a warning to you, dear old chappie. Take every care of yourself; don't expose yourself to draughts, and, above all, don't eat oysters. They are sure poison to dudes at this time of year.

I must also caution you against a very dangerous counterfeit that has obtained circulation here. It is a new and very fascinating-looking cane. It professes and seems to have a silver knob, but in reality the knob is lead, and several prominent dudes who have lately worn one have been taken ill with symptoms of lead-poisoning. Indeed it is difficult to see how any of us can escape if we are to be imposed upon in this way, as it is necessary to suck the knobs of our canes so much. It seems hard, too; since poor McFlimsy's death we have given up gold-headed canes, since it seems that so many are brass—but we really did imagine that silver could not be counterfeited. While you are abroad you might make inquiries and ascertain if there is not some metal that cannot be imitated, suitable for cane-heads. You know the requisites for the purpose as well as I do. It must be light, nourishing and highly ornamental, and expensive enough to keep our would-be imitators from adopting it. Is there not some metal the old gods used to use, called nectar, or something of the sort? If there is, you ought to be able to find out about it in Paris.

Now dear old chappie, I must say good-bye, for I am really exhausted with dictating this long letter. My secretary seems to stand the labor of writing it wonderfully well, but I suppose that kind of fellows have no nerves. I will spend the afternoon in a bath of cologne and tepid rose-water, and I may feel up to the theatre by evening. If I only had a cigarette! Send me one in your next letter, dear old chappie, and believe me to be, as ever, your affectionate fellow-dude,

CLARENCE PAGET FITZDUDE.

P. S.—I know you will forgive me, old chappie, if this letter fatigues you. Judging from the effort its composition has cost me, I fear it will be a severe tax on you. I should recommend you not to attempt to read more than half a dozen lines a day, and if you feel the strain, send for a doctor at once.

“WHY is a monkey looking out of the window like the moon,” asked a young lady? After some cogitation the young man allowed he didn't know. “Because it looks round,” said she triumphantly. “Well, but,” objected he, “the monkey doesn't always look round.” “Neither does the moon,” retorted she. He pondered over it for a few moments and finally said he supposed that was so, and the caramels were on him.

THERE was a young statesman who took
His speeches clear out of a book—
When the papers found out
What he was about
This young chap was speedily shook.

THE Wilmington *Every Evening*, over a dead baby, conjectures that it is “perhaps a case of infanticide.” The evidence certainly points in that direction rather than towards parricide.

“THE richest strike I ever made,” said an old '49er, “was when I punched the bugle of a chap who had \$10,000 in his pocket.”

MR. O'GRADY'S REMARKS
TO THE CONVENTION OF THE SONS OF TOLL.

D. O'G.—Phat I want av yez all is attintion—
Bedad, this shillelah will have it;
An' whin I address the convintion,
Kape silence, begor, an' lots av it;
For I spake in the intrest av fradom,
For the roights av the poor an' the nady,
The rights av the pape that made 'em—

ASSEMBLAGE—It's roight ye are, Dinnis O'Grady.

D. O'G.—I'm hearin' a singular shtory
About the Bridge an' av thim runnin' it,
Celebratin' the birth of Victory;
Be jabbers, I don't see much fun in it.
It's meself will purtest at the loikes o' that;
The thrick has a look dark and shady,
An' ivery thruve pathriot stroikes to that—

ASSEMBLAGE—It's roight ye are, Dinnis O'Grady.

D. O'G.—D'ye mind now, since that is the state av it,
We'd better show thim a small sign o' might,
An' if they don't alther the date av it,
Just blow up the ould Bridge wid dynamite.
They'd better look out how they fool agin
The inimies of the ould lady,
Or we'll git so hot we'll not cool agin—

ASSEMBLAGE—It's roight ye are, Dinnis O'Grady.

D. O'G.—And thin it is said that wurrukin min
Can't march on the Bridge wid the 'ristocrat;
And ain't they as good as the shiruckin min
Who niver do wurruck? Will yez whist to that?
The Bridge, it belongs to the pape;
Wurrukin min did all the tile av it;
To be sure they got paid for aich staple
They druv, but thin there war a pile av it.

So the pape, ye see, built aich trustle,
Av coorse they got paid by the day for it,
But whin a man wurrucks wid his muscle,
By me faith, ain't his hire worth the pay for it?
And where'd they git money? one axes;
It come from the bloated aristocrat—
They had to come down with the taxes,
For they own all the land. Will yez hist to that?

D'ye moind, when yez git to the roight av it,
A man as has wealth should employ it—
An' lookin' at things in this loight av it,
The man as has none should enjoy it.
The rich should be skinned wid the taxes,
For we built the bridge for the nady
Wurrukinman who should have all he axes.

ASSEMBLAGE—It's roight ye are, Dinnis O'Grady!
HARRY J. SHELLMAN.

THE Rochester *Post* asks: “Are city jurors corrupt?” Well, it depends very much on the kind of case they are trying.



“Nothing here that seems to suit me.—Guess I'll have to go to Delmonico's, after all.”

THE BRIDGE.

NOT BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I stood on the Bridge that morning
While Hewitt spoke for an hour,
And the sun was dodging the shadows
Cast by the Brooklyn tower.

And meaningless as the waters
Among the massive piers,
Did the speaker's flowing periods
Strike on my deadened ears.

For the crowd was hot and restless,
And kept swaying there and here,
And while Hewitt discoursed his finest,
They obviously wanted beer.

But the Bridge looked very massive,
And the cities twain looked gay,
And, like toy boats dressed in bunting,
The ships in the harbor lay.

And I thought how I, from the city
Must look like a gnat or midge,
Should the city's eyes behold me
High perched on the Brooklyn Bridge.

And I thought how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Would cross where I stood right then.

For a time I was calm and placid,
For the breeze came fresh and free,
And 'twas only the crowding of others
That incommoded me.

But the wind on a sudden freshened,
My straw hat sailed away
Like a golden goblet, falling
And sinking into the bay.

Then deeply, oh how deeply,
Did I mourn that the ebbing tide
Was bearing away my headgear
To the ocean wild and wide.

And I saw the city's hat stores
Gleam through my fancy's mist,
And a feeling of sadness came o'er me,
That my soul could not resist;

A naked, an underdressed feeling
That was not akin to pain,
Like the throe of the guest of a Pullman
When his pants are nipped from the train.

But Hewitt at length concluded,
The crowd thinned, one by one,
And the Bridge was duly opened,
And the work of the day was done;

But my hat with the sky-blue ribbon
In the water doth appear
Like the first of the sad mischances
In the Bridge's grand career.

THE *Toronto Globe* goes into a long dissertation on a cure for biting horse. We didn't know that folks bit horses now-a-days. In Julius Caesar's time, or rather just after Julius Caesar's time, we know that hippophagism prevailed, for Caesar's ghost expressly invites Brutus to a banquet of horse-flesh, in these words: "We'll meet again at filly-pie." But now, in the nineteenth century, with porter-house steak down to bed-rock prices, and bananas three-for-a-dime, if anyone wants to go and bite horses, let him do it—he isn't worth curing.

A FASHION item tells us that linen dresses with embroidery made to match will be fashionable. Anything is sure to become popular that is likely to make a match.



A STUDY.

And as the organ rolls and peals
Its notes so pure and clear,
The man of many missing meals
Makes salvage of the beer.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

A FOURTH-AVENUE car is bound up town. A young lady of the true domestic order, and with decidedly Milesian features, is anxious to alight. She vainly signals to the conductor. He, though a compatriot, wearing the whole map of Ireland on his face, ungallantly fails to perceive her. He is exchanging the courtesies of the season with a truck driver abreast of him. Finally, in desperation, the Milesian young lady seizes a rope and jerks savagely at it. A bell is heard. It produces no effect whatsoever upon the driver, and the speed of the car continues unabated. Its effect on the conductor, however, is electrical, not to say galvanic. He springs into activity with the alacrity of a shamming possum on which a jug of cold water has been thrown. He advances into the car. "Which of yez pulled that bell?" he asks savagely. "Well, then I did, if ye want to know," responds the damsel, "and why don't ye stop the ky-ar?" The conductor takes no notice of the question, but merely remarks: "Ye have a right to give me foive cents," and holds out his hand for the same. The damsel goes to her pocket instinctively, and in another moment the coin would have gone the way of so many nickels into the conductor's pocket, but her presence of mind returns. "What should I give ye foive cents for, whin I ped me fare?" "Bekase you rung up a fare on me, and I'll have to pay it." "Sarve ye right then; it'll larn ye to attend to yer business another time." "Well, get out now and be quick about it," said the conductor giving the bell a sharp jerk. "Sure, that's just what I want to do," and so they parted, she to retrace the two blocks which she had been carried beyond her destination during the altercation, and he to study out some combination by which to beat the indicator five cents' worth. They parted in anger, perhaps never to meet again. Sad, is it not?

EARLY RISING.

SOMEBODY who has no respect for wise saws and modern instances thus satirizes the early-rising craze:

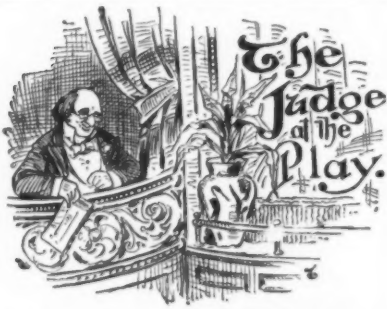
He who would thrive
Must rise at five;
He who'd thrive more
Should rise at four;
He who would most thriving be
Should leave his bed at stroke of three;
He who the others would outdo
Should be already dressed at two;
He who would never be outdone
Should rise before the clock strikes one;
And he who would thrive best of all
Should never go to bed at all.

The convenience of this argument to a great many men—if they can only get its sequence logically through their heads and off their tongues after having been out all night—will be universally appreciated.

"A CHRISTIAN writes a whole pamphlet in endeavoring to solve the question, 'What is the hardest cross of all?' The *JUDGE* suggests one or two solutions. Down-town Broadway on a muddy day is a pretty hard cross. So is a race if the jockey is "on the cross" and you don't know it. So is your best girl if she is cross with you. So is the ocean ferry in the equinox. Strange, that in that forty-eight page pamphlet "A Christian" should never have hit on one of these solutions. But then what some Christians don't know would fill a great big book.

TARPORT, Pennsylvania, has been laid low by fire. If there be anything in a name, Tarport should have made a good blaze.

BEAUTIFUL SPRING. That of a girl from a stage step to the sidewalk of a muddy day.



THE annual invasion of New York by numerous traveling companies that have been passing the winter on the road is about to take place. During the winter months it is often our privilege to enjoy the society of many great and noble artists of the drama and song, but with the first warm breath of spring they spread their wings or pack their trunks and depart, and the plague of the grasshopper is no worse than that of the barnstormers that every summer swoop down upon us. If one of these troupes can manage to scrape together sufficient money to pay the rent of a first class theatre for a week or two, during the dull season, their sojourn among us serves to advertise them for the next campaign, and the ingenuity they display in garbling the few notices they receive from the city press is worthy of a better cause. Fortunately the taste of our country cousins is improving, and even the inhabitants of such places as Oshkosh, Duluth, etc., are beginning to see the difference between good acting and bad. A few more companies like the Madison and Union Squares, scattered broadcast over the land, might elevate the standard so high as to bankrupt the miserable "snide" shows and preclude the possibility of their ever raising sufficient funds to be able to again inflict themselves on a patient and perspiring city. Such a consummation is certainly most devoutly to be hoped.

Daly's, after a week's rest from the assaults and somersaults of Carrie Swain, has sufficiently revived to take unto itself Theo, who, although she can't sing, much less turn a handspring, is nevertheless a charming and piquante actress. By the way, how many more farewell engagements is she going to play here?

"A Bunch of Keys" at the San Francisco Opera House continues with unabated success. It is such a "sparkling" performance that it will probably scintillate all summer.

That "Caste" should be withdrawn from the Bijou by Mr. Pitt was *pitiful*, but it has found a worthy successor in "The Two Roses." Miss Nellie Howard as Lotta is charming and graceful and acts intelligently.

"La Belle Russe" is at Wallack's again; no relation to the Russians that are still enjoying their honeymoon at the Madison Square. "The road to Ruin" is expected to be the next play that Wallack will produce. Let us hope its title will not be prophetic of the result.

At the Standard they have, after many re-surrections, finally succeeded in raising the Devil. This is literally true, though the attempt to elevate his Satanic Majesty on the first night required considerable effort. The scenic effects of "Satanella" are very fine, but the singing and dancing are for the most part execrable, Marie Jansen proving a decided exception to the general rule. She makes as pretty a stage picture as one could wish to see, and her singing and acting are extremely charming. As for Miss Alice May,

she proves a shining example of the folly of sending abroad for artists, when we have much better ones at home. Her voice is powerful, but worn and rasping, and her utter disregard of the key is paralyzing. In her duet with Arimanes, at the end of act IV. on the first night, the discord was enough to set one's teeth on edge—even false ones might have been affected by it, and the gem of the whole opera, "The Power of Love," was utterly ruined. Mr. George Travener as Count Rupert is also very bad, and his attempt to murder the lovely little song "The Glorious Vintage of Champagne," was eminently successful. The time has gone by for Spectacular Operas to do well in New York unless the singing and acting are exceptionally fine. People want something beside red light and buncombe for their money, and the sooner managers learn this fact the better it will be for all concerned.

At the Casino "The Princess of Trebizonde" is doing a good business. With such popular artists in the caste it couldn't help but draw, even if it is not quite up to the standard of many of Offenbach's other operas.

Miss Etelka Borry, a Hungarian actress of some reputation abroad, has finished a one week's engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre without making any very decided impression as to her ability, and Miss Helen Barry is playing at the Union Square in a piece called "Arkwright's Wife," written by Tom Taylor.

At Niblo's we are treated to a second dose of Pond's Extract in the shape of "Her Atonement." Haverly's Consolidated Minstrels are at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, and Callendar's Consolidated ditto are flourishing at the Cosmopolitton.

A SUBTERRANEAN HERO.

Yes, 'tis a hard, hard life;
You swells on top would scarcely guess how hard;
From love and little ones, from home and wife,
From sun and air debarred.

Dangerous? Yes, of course;
You little think, beside your blazing hearth,
How that same coal, piled up in tons of force,
Shuts us from upper earth.

We're mostly a hard lot;
Born by the coal pit, raised beside the shaft;
If ever we knew aught, we have forgot
All things outside our craft.

Stop; there was one I knew—
And, calling miners hard, I leave out him;
Ask the whole shift, and you will find how few
Won't recollect our Jim.

He was a man, he was;
No lily-fingered loafer; he would work
As brave as any; I ne'er saw the cause
Would make him shrink or shirk.

Sometimes he seemed to dream;
A far-off look would come into his eyes
Of softened sorrow, such as I have seen
In April sunset skies.

We would respect that mood;
We always felt that Jim had known a past
Far other than our training 'midst the rude
Life of the pit and blast.

He lighted up that hell;
That black pit felt his goodness through and thro';
I'd talk a year if I should try to tell
The good he used to do.

He did not drink or play;
Sometimes the miners thought him stingy like,

And whispered of big money stowed away,
Waiting a chance to strike.

Not much! We found out soon
Where all Jim's weekly earnings used to pass
When Peters died that summer afternoon
Choked by the poisonous gas,

And left a wife and child;
And Jim stood out and paid the widow's way—
If charity's sweet angel ever smiled,
She had a chance that day.

He had his jest and smile;
He'd laugh and chat and chaff like all the rest;
But, somehow, ev'ry miner felt the while
Gentleman Jim was best.

We found out, when he died—
Ah, yes; our Jim has met the miner's end;
He did good while he lived, and death defied
And faced, to save a friend.

You know the Master saith
"No greater love than this hath mankind shown
Than that a man, to save his friend from death,
Should sacrifice his own."

Well, sir, our Jim did this:
When the pit caved last fall—that dreadful day—
Gentleman Jim, with that strong arm of his
Did the crushed timbers stay

For just a second's space—
And, as he braced against the mighty heap,
He nodded outwards toward a safer place,
And shouted "Leap, George, leap!"

And as he sprang and reached
A safer spot he heard the timbers part.
When we dug down two heavy beams were stretched
Crosswise across Jim's heart.

His face was all unscathed,
But the fresh hue was paled, the frank eye dim;
Ah, many a tear unwonted that day bathed
The corpse of dear old Jim.

We drew him out and found
Upon his breast his story told in part;
A little package with blue ribbon bound,
And warm upon his heart.

We opened it and saw
A small moss-rose bud, dry as desert sand,
And these words written: "*Marie, toute a toi,*"
Fine, in a lady's hand.

The screed was old and worn;
We scarce could read it—lower down was this:
"*Marie, it all is withered but the thorn*":
We knew this last was his.

Who was she? maid or bride?
It is a fancy that yourself may weave!
We knew him as he lived and worked and died;
Enough for us to grieve. G. H. JESSOP.

THE Brooklyn *Times* is exercised over the fact that a cask of liquor, which had been used to preserve a dead body, had been sold in a saloon on the North Side. *Moral*: Don't drink whisky in Brooklyn, or you may find more body in the spirit than you bargain for.

THE JUDGE saw an article in the Philadelphia *Ledger*, headed "Child Abducted," and for a moment he trembled for the great national obituary poet; but a second glance reassured him, for the g. n. o. p. wears an "s" to his name.

WE are informed that the new styles of stockings for this summer will come higher than ever before. Really, you know, we have never—that is—well, we have had no opportunity of knowing just how high they have been coming.

PUBLIC GRIEVANCES.

BY E. E. TEN EVCK.

No. 3.

"Kape quiet, will yez, for a second," said the nurse-girl to the lace-capped and lined-dressed child which she carried in her arms. "Be aisy, if it's in yez nathur, till I spake to this gintleman for a whoile."

"As I says to me own cousin, Bridget Malone, but the day before yestherday, sez I, 'Bridget, ye appear to be jealous av me situation.' 'Why not,' she says; 'luk at the difference betwane me and yerself. Faik, it is wurruck in a laundry have I to from dawn till twilouight, wid niver a chance to brathe a breath av frish air; whiles all that yez have to do is to tind to a small choild, and spind most of yer toime at the Park, gazing at the sparrows. Besoides, yez have a good home and twilve dollars a month.'

"Sure, ye should see the good home," sez I; 'where do I slape? Wid the cook and the housemaid, both of thim the dirty Dutch. There are three av us penned up in what yez moight call a cell, a little apartment wid whitewashed ceilings and a windy the size av a postage stamp; and there is only wan bed for us all. If ye belave in the ould maxim that two is company and three a crowd, yez can raypose on the flure.

"The wages are fair enough—whin I gets thim. Half av the toime the missus puts me off, says that divil a cint did the mather give her for the servants, and yet the very same afternoon out will she go, in a *coupe*, mind yez, spreading wid her silks and satins and diamonds, like a quane, to spind a lot av money at the dhry-goods sthores. By the way, I have noticed av late that not a bundle will the same dhry-goods wagons lave until the bill is paid. It is in hard luck must the mather be, but who would think that he could not afford to pay a poor girl, to see him go down to the office av a morning wid a twinty-foive cint cigar in his hand, a-twirling av his gould-headed cane.

"Thin this choild I have here—(If yez dare open yer mouth agen, ye young rat! it's meself who will close it wid a slap for yez)—av all the wurriment that iver was, he bates thim all. It is cry, cry all the time; not a minit can he be still. And the artful one that he is! To get me in throuble appears to be the only object av his loife.

"Look at yestherday: I wur up at Madison Square a-talking to Denny O'Hara, sarving as policeman there, and me own blood relation—his father and moine came over in the same ship thegither—and shurely there is no harrum in a minute's conversation wid him. Wud yez belave it, just as he were asking me wud I go to the moonlight barbecue av the Undertaker's Glee Club, the little rascal lept out of me arms and fell intil the wather of the fountain. Denny rescued him, and it tuk nearly two hours to dhry him in the sun; yet aven thin he wur damp, which we got him home and the missus noticed it. She asked me the rayson; I had to have some excuse, so I towld her that we had passed too adjacent to a sphrinkling cart, and received some of its contints. I didn't dare tell her the truth, for it wud have bin out in the could wurruld for me if I had, for the missus disloikes Denny. He called upon me three or four toimes, and the missus says there was a silver fork or spune missin' afther aich visit. The idea av puttin' a slur upon a poor lad like that!

"Well, she give me fits for me carelessness, but I could stand that. She gives me fits, anyway. Weren't I blowed up sky-high

bekase the other noight, whin she went to the thay-a-ter, I took him up in me room, an' to quiet him I lets him play wid the keroseene lamp. Loike the young ruffian he is, he burnt his fingers on the chimbly, just on purpose, I do belave, to git me in throuble; and—

"Whist! yez omadhoun! Kape that mouth av yez mute. Excuse me, sir. Go to slape, me darlint, me darlint, me darlint. Go to slape, me darlint—he's Norah's little pet. That's the missus comin' round the corner!"

CORRESPONDENTS.

EMPIRE.—Thanks, we will use it.

VERSITAN.—Probably next week.

FANNY.—We will probably use it.

SPANISH AMERICAN.—Not quite suitable.

DENNIS.—You cannot rhyme "bathos" with "cart horse," at least not in these columns.

THREE-PLY.—If you ever sent us such a manuscript, we have never seen it. If it turns up, we shall let you know.

E. C., Detroit.—We like the general idea very well. Send along a specimen, and if the execution equals the design we will gladly avail ourselves of it.

V. S.—Write only on one side of the paper. This is for your guidance in future, as printers like MS. in that way. As regards the effusion you sent us, it is immaterial, as the waste-basket is not particular.

HARRY DEB.—You, and others like you, are bent on poisoning all the pleasure in Spring. Your poem is enough to make us wish that there was only one season in the year so that no change could occur to tempt you into verse.

PETER G.—Write your little story in good sober prose and we will consider it. It may be funny, and we are inclined to think it is, but at present it is so fogged with verbiage and bad verse as hardly to repay the trouble of reading, much less of printing.

AN Englishman who saw one of the press portraits of the late Peter Cooper, remarked that "he looked like a blasted ourang-outang, you know." It was terribly hard on our late revered citizen, but wonderfully true to the cut.

A CIRCUS proprietor boasts of his "stud of costly chargers," whereat Blisson says he knows of a stud of costly chargers that beat the circus man's all hollow—his tailor, butcher and grocer. Blisson says they are the costliest chargers he ever knew of.

A NEWSPAPER in Japan is over 900 years old. Its projector is dead, and its present proprietor says that if some of the original subscribers don't pay up pretty soon he'll cross their names off his subscription books.

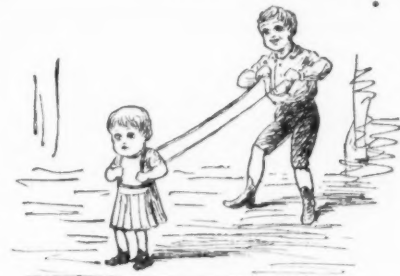
"DROWNING men clutch at straws"; yes, and so do other men—those of the "smiling" kind—when a brandy-smash or a sherry-cobbler happens to be at the end of the straw.

THE biggest part of Uniontown, Indiana, was burned up last week, and a western paper, in dealing with the news, was unkind enough to head its article "Purified by Fire."

PEOPLE who endeavor to out railway restaurant pie-crust or carve boarding-house beefsteak, should remember that time wasted can never be recalled.

THE man who stole a chronometer was on time, but the policeman who nabbed him was on the watch.

WHEN new Irish potatoes sell at \$3 a bushel we don't see why the Irish population need to be fooling around with dynamite.



LINES ON AN INFANT.

UNCLE BILLY'S SNAKE STORY.

Sitting in the Rockett Hotel, in the vilage of A—, you can hear groups of the ruralists telling tales over their mugs of hard cider every evening. One evening last week the tales were all about snakes. There was one story in particular worth preserving. It was told by an aged farmer, who went by the name of "Uncle Billy." "So, boys, you want me to tell about some snakes in my day. Well, I will tell you about the big snake of Amawalk Pits. It was the day after the Secore's barn and outbuildings was burnt down. I and some other of the neighbors were sitting near the ruins refreshing ourselves with some hard cider, gave to us by Ike Secore, when we saw Eb. Bassett come running to us as if the old boy was after him. On becoming more collected, he said in passing by the little Frenchman's hut in the mountains he almost walked on top of a snake as big around as a barrel and thirty feet long. There was a general laugh, as it was thought it was the effects of the hard cider. Immediately after Jim Mead came in breathless with the same story. Two men were sent up the mountain to investigate. Shortly after the committee of investigation were seen coming down the mountain as if their running was to save their lives. They corroborated the story of the snake. It was then decided to go up the mountain, each one armed with a gun charged with double B. On coming in sight of the snake there was not one of us that did not feel shaky, as there was the monster coiled up right in front of Frenchy's hut, fully as big as Eb. Bassett first described it, if not bigger. However, we all blazed away at it." "Did we kill it, no?" "Why?" "Because after firing at it Frenchy came out of the hut cursing and dancing as if he was crazy. The fact was, boys, the little Frenchman was a taxidermist, and we had blown to atoms a splendid skin of a boa constrictor he had set up." "EMPIRE."

AN exchange says: "It is not so much what we do that makes us suffer." No, dear brother; what you do makes other people suffer. That's the beauty of being a newspaper.

If the female glove becomes any longer ladies will be obliged to let a few tucks out of their arms in order to follow the fashion—and this would be very inconvenient.

AN exchange has "The Disadvantages of Marriage," by an old maid. Now what nonsense that is! What on earth can an old maid know about marriage?

A NEW JERSEYMAN was caught kissing a plumber's wife. He probably wanted to get his bill in first.

UNDER THE WILLOW — The boy who is getting birched.

THE JUDGE.

A NEW YORK physician says it is dangerous to kiss any one who is hungry, as the saliva at such times is very poisonous. This will probably explain why a young man fills his coat pocket with caramels when going to see his girl. He guards against the danger referred to by the physician aforesaid by appeasing her appetite with sweatmeats before the osculatory exercises commence.—*Norristown Herald*.

"I HEAR the widow Ferguson is in very destitute circumstances," said Deacon Gilpin to Squire McGill the other evening.

"Yes, I s'pose she is," replied the Squire.

"I should think the lodge would do something for her."

"Oh, they did. When Ferguson died they published most half a column of resolutions."—*Marathon Independent*.

O'DONOVAN ROSSA—Dynamite is made of glycerine, nitric acid and silica. Mix them, pound them well and then drop a hot coal on them in order to cement them together. Prepare it when no one else is around, because the presence of others might confuse you and lead you to leave out one of the ingredients.—*Philadelphia News*.

"GATH" says: "No prize-fighter ever came to anything." "Gath" is certainly mistaken. In all the prize-fight accounts we have read, at least one of the principals came to the scratch." And a few years ago one came to the penitentiary.—*Norristown Herald*.

THACKERAY never breakfasted until nine o'clock, and yet he always got up at five o'clock. We believe he wore button shoes.—*Philadelphia News*.

Castoria.

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

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weeks without knife, ligature, or caustic. Send for circular containing references. DR. HOYT, 36 West 27th st., New York.

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320 and 322 Broadway, New York.

GASTRINE
(IN LIQUID FORM)
CURES DYSPEPSIA
DRUGGISTS.

AN old darkey came into an Austin drug store with his head bandaged up and groaning as if every bone in his body was broken. "What's the matter?" asked the drug clerk.

"We have had the berry debble of a time, me and de ole woman, battering each udder wid de chairs and sich."

"Well, what do you want?"

"We needs some anarchy. Dar ain't no anarchy in de house. De bottle got smashed in de fuss, and de anachy spilled all ober de floor."

"If you had more harmony in your house there would be less anarchy," remarked the drug clerk, smiling as he filled a small bottle of arnica.

"You am right, boss. Dats jes what de fuss was about. De reason we needs anarchy is bekase dar was no hominy in de house, and dats why de ole woman hit me wid de chair."

THE addresses of a certain young man having been declined by a young lady, he paid court to her sister. "How much you resemble your sister," said he, on the evening of the first call. "You have got the same hair and the same forehead, and the same eyes—" "And the same noes," she added quickly. He has stopped calling at that house.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

A GERMAN professor thinks that slates lead to short-sightedness in school children. A saloon-keeper down town thinks slates similarly affected some of his customers. He says when he puts their drinks "on the slate" they immediately lose sight of the fact, and their memory also becomes impaired.—*Norristown Herald*.

"I HAF only von brice for my goots," said one of our "clodink" merchants to a customer the other day, and then in an aside to his head clerk he added, with a wink, "and dot vas te brice he is villing to gif."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

THE widowed Baroness Rothschild, it is said, intends to establish in Versailles a home for aged and destitute authors and journalists. It is an excellent idea, but the distance is a little too far to walk.—*Norr. Herald*.

A CORRESPONDENT sends a poem which he says he wrote to kill time. It was a case of murder with extreme cruelty.—*Somerville Journal*.

"PLEASE check my trunk," as the passenger said to the expressman when he saw his baggage about to fall off of the truck.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

THE Democratic saloon-keepers believe in a "tear" if for revenue only, says the Philadelphia News.

IT is natural for the theatre manager who detests dead heads to mourn over the passed.—*Saturday Night*.

LITTLE gold pigs are worn as ornaments—probably because they are stylish.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

WE frequently hear the expression "bee in a bonnet." Who ever saw bonnet without a B in it?—*Boston Star*.

TIME, with a scythe, is pictured as bald-headed, so that he cannot be taken by the forelock.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

THE following dialogue was overheard the other day: He: "Armantina, je l'adore." She: "Shut it yourself."—*Exchange*.

THE Black Crook ballet is never given a full-dress rehearsal.—*N. O. Picayune*.



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

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

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

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50 All New Enameled Gold and Floral Chromo Cards, name on, 10c. W. H. Card Works, West Haven, Ct.

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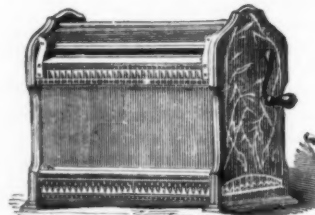
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When I say cure, I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl Street, New York.

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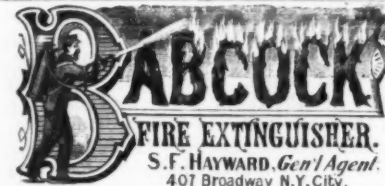
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 YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE
IMPERIAL AUSTRIAN
 100 FLORINS
GOVERNMENT BOND,
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Which bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemed in drawings, FOUR TIMES ANNUALLY. Until each and every Bond is drawn with a larger or smaller premium. Every Bond MUST draw a prize, as THERE ARE NO BLANKS.

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

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And every Bond bought of us on or before the 1st of June is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. **2000** out of town orders, sent in REGISTERED Letters, and enclosing \$5, will secure one of these Bonds for the next drawing. For orders, circulars, or any other information, address

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AN exchange contains the following advertisement from a country subscriber:
 "TALK NOTIS.

"Runed away—A white calfs. His two hind legs beis black. He was a she calf. Anybody vat brings him back pays \$5. Yacob Leifenbriemer, two miles behind der bridge."

ANOTHER survivor of Balaklava is dead in England. Thus they are falling, the "noble six hundred," by the ruthless hand of Time. By the end of this century, probably, there will not be more than nine hundred of them left.—*Middletown (Del.) Transcript.*

A WASHINGTON correspondent says "the life of a dollar greenback is very short." But it is not as short as the man who hasn't got a greenback to his name.—*Norristown Herald.*

Fogg says that he has bottled up enough health during the winter to last nearly through the two weeks which he intends spending at some health resort next summer.—*Boston Transcript.*

A PHILADELPHIA dealer in bric-a-brac and antique furniture is so conscientious that he has named the wagon which daily brings the stock over from his factory "The Mayflower."—*Phila. News.*

FRESH strawberries have made their appearance in our markets. They come high and so does the bottom of each box, which is a little nearer the top than last year's style.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

PATTI can afford to think that music belongs to heaven rather than earth. It's the fellows who buy seats in the parquette who differ with her.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

AN exchange asks: "What's in a name?" Well, ask your bank directors to discount your note, and you will find out.—*Middletown Transcript.*

Ross's Royal Belfast Ginger Ale.

SOLE MANUFACTORY: BELFAST, IRELAND.



Preserves the Health by promoting all the vital functions. It purifies and at the same time cools the blood, and so clears the head and improves the complexion.
 For sale by all Druggists.

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THE LANCASTER GOVERNMENT FOUNTAIN PEN does not destroy the character of the handwriting—always ready—sent to any address on receipt of price, \$2.50; fitted with 14 karat Gold Pen. A PERFECT STYLOGRAPHIC PEN at only \$1.00.
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AGENTS

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



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LATEST

Crown Collar.

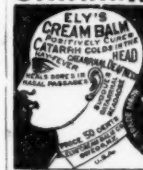
Height in front, 2.18 inches.
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A Positive Cure is

ELY'S
CREAM BALM,

FOR
CATARRH



HAY-FEVER

Catarrh and Hay-Fever.

For twenty years I was a sufferer from Catarrh of the head and throat in a very aggravated form, and during the summer months with Hay-Fever. I procured a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm, and after a few applications received decided benefit—was cured before the bottle was used. Have had no return of the complaint.

CHARLOTTE PARKER, Waverly, N. Y.
 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 men-brain 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 \$c. a package—stamps. ELY'S CREAM BALM Co., Oswego, N. Y.

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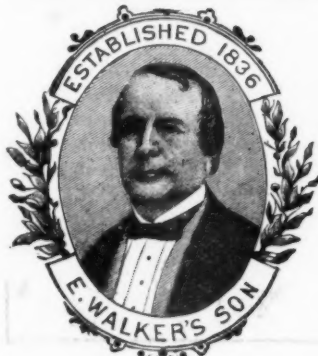
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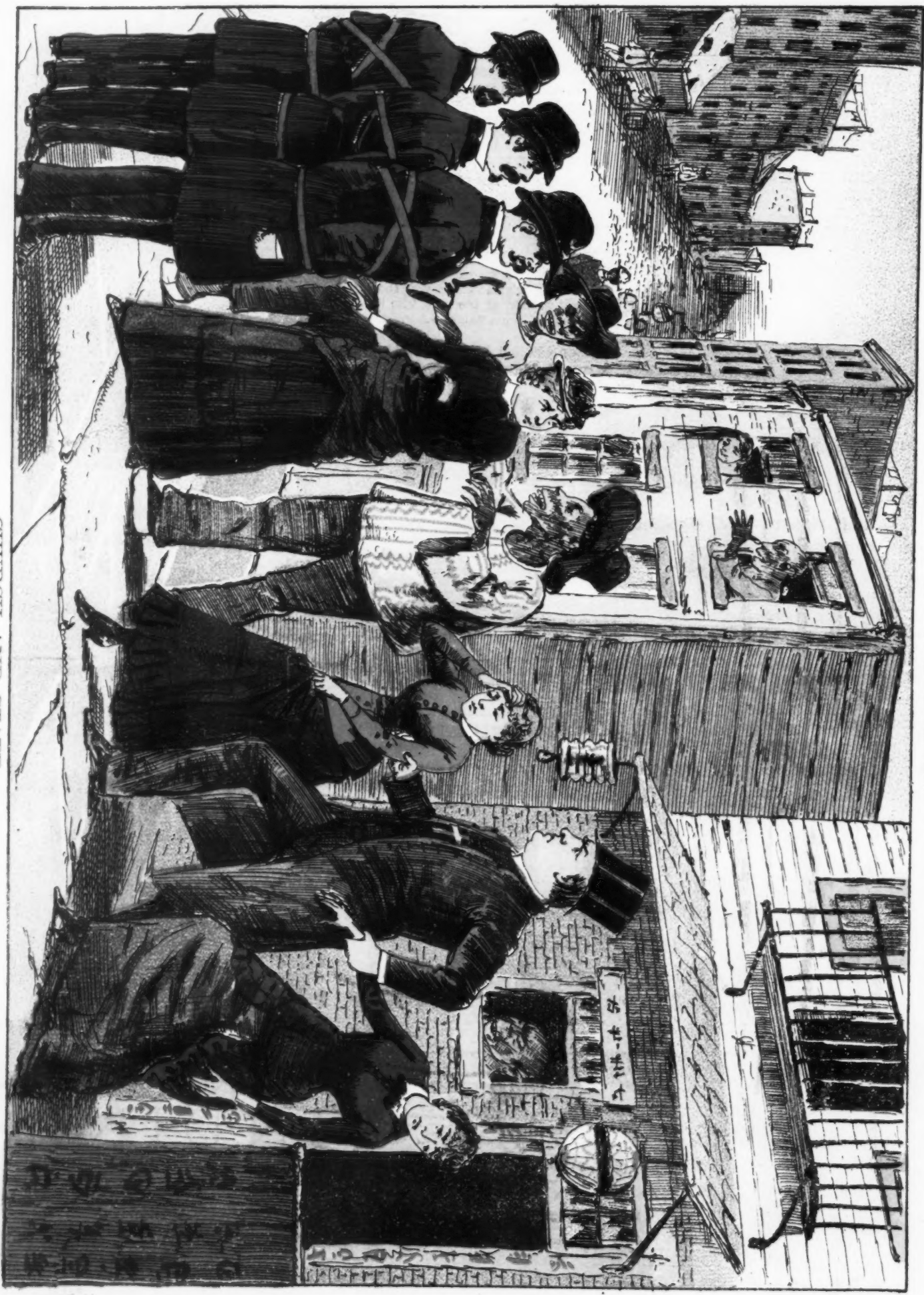
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THE JUDGE.



CHURCH AND STATE.
The Chinese Opium Dens, which have thriven under the Police, are broken up by the Priests.