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Price

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 22, 1883.

10 Cents.



LOCK THEM UP!

The Loafers who Annoy our School-Girls.

FRANKLIN SQUARE LITH. CO. NEW YORK.

THE JUDGE



THE JUDGE.

324, 326 and 328 Pearl St., (Franklin Square.)
NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)
IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers, \$5.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers, 2.50
One copy, for 13 weeks, 1.25

POSTAGE FREE.

Address,
THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
324, 326 and 328 Pearl St., New York.

EUROPEAN AGENTS:

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 11 Boulevard St., (Fleet St.)
LONDON, ENGLAND.

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WINTER PASTIMES.

THE present winter has, so far, been an exceptionally mild one; nevertheless, there are those who hope for the full usual quota of snow and ice before it melts away into the beautiful and poetic and pulmonary season of spring. Mankind has an abiding faith, founded on experience, in the phenomena of the seasons. While April is still chilling with its possible snow and pneumonic blasts, the keeper of the summer hotel is getting ready for the influx of guests which he never doubts a month or two more will gather round his hospitable board. While people are still debating if it is really worth while to put on an overcoat yet, and whether that ulster would not be safe in mine uncle's keeping for a little longer, you may see last years sleigh getting dusted off in the livery stable, and the newest patterns of the same vehicle exposed in the carriage-builder's store. Men are apt to be guided more by the almanac than by the thermometer in such matters. They are conscious because it is December, that it ought to be cold, even as they will be conscious six months hence that, because it is June, it ought to be hot. We are creatures of habit, after all, and given to reasoning from analogy.

As a matter of fact, though, this winter has been a remarkably mild one from an atmospheric point of view. Politically, it has not been quite so mild, but then politics run on independent of weather. So far,

the skates in the shops have been drugs upon the market, but the chosen few are girding up their loins for a skating tournament which will be held, ice or no ice, during the coming year; and the goal and prize thereof is the White House. However dull things may be in other respects, politicians are busy, and the race will be an interesting one. Of course, the skates and the ice are merely figurative; but, having regard to the difficulties and dangers of the track, and the ease with which the contestants may slip up, the simile is not ill chosen. Every one knows how little a thing, comparatively, on the polished surface of a frozen lake will trip up a skater and send him headlong to *aqua firma*. We have known a man upset while skating by such a trifling accident as dropping a letter—not a letter "H," for in that case no Englishman could skate, but an ordinary written epistle, which fell from his pocket, tangled him up somehow, and overthrew him. Presidential candidates are peculiarly liable to be upset by letters or the like, which they incautiously drop—perhaps it would be a safe idea for presidential skaters not to write at all. It may save some ugly tumbles. And that is all THE JUDGE has to say about the matter at present; except that he wants to see every one start fair, and no pulling back, tripping, crossing or "fouling" will be permitted. And now skate away, gentlemen. Don't mind waiting for ice. You will find your way slippery enough without it.

ENGLAND AND EGYPT.

WHEN Arabi had been effectually sat down upon; when the French had been frozen out of Egypt; and when various favorite British officers had covered themselves with glory and emoluments in the land of pyramids and sphinxes, England thought she had done her work on the banks of the Nile, and had nothing further to do but reap the profits. And now comes that excessively annoying False Prophet, with strong evidence of his ability to create a very real disturbance, and all Europe is set by the ears again, and Egyptian politics are once more a topic of lively and absorbing interest. England is certainly to be pitied. She must do her work all over again if she does not want France to do it for her. Indeed, considering that the disaffection caused by the False Prophet's successes seems to have spread as far as Tunis and Algiers, it is difficult to see how France can be excluded from taking a hand in the pacification of disturbed Africa. French influence was well nigh lost by the vacillating conduct of the Republic during the Arabi Bey troubles, and France has never regretted her inaction but once, and that is ever since. Of course, the injury to French prestige in the East was nuts for England, and she will deeply deplore the calamitous chance which seems to offer her ancient rival a chance of rehabilitation. At

the same time, unless England can manage to shut Egypt up in her bayonet-and-navy-guarded strong house, along with India, Ireland and her other more or less recalcitrant dependencies, it is difficult to see how she can act in the present phase of the Eastern question without either sharing her influence with a foreigner or embroiling herself with Europe. That False Prophet has proved a fearful element of discord in diplomatic calculations; and the worst of it is that he will probably be worse before he is better.

WORTHY OF SEVERE PUNISHMENT.

IT must have been extremely gratifying to every father of young daughters, and especially to every father whose daughters are developed beyond their tender years, that Jersey justice has, again, vindicated her proverbial firmness. This thing of turning young heads with promises of marriage and of dazzling young eyes with pinchback jewelry, with the sole purpose of ruining young lives, has become notoriously common. Well-dressed rakes and smooth-tongued *roues* waylay the school-girl tripping along, however virtuous and modest; old lotharios and gray Don Juans throng the streets and ogle and smile at the pretty maids whose innocent minds can not but be impressed by such marked attention from "venerable gentlemen." But these same gentleman calculate their chances to a nicety. They know how often a hard day's study is ended by a dull and, sometimes, miserable evening; they know how a young girl longs for entertainment, and how necessary it is, to keep her good, that home should be attractive and amusing, and so they are sure that their way lies open to a discontented child. But the case in point proves that their wiles can even outbalance parental care which, however devoted, can not be ever present. Persuasion, insinuation, "double-entente" promises of wealth and position are too often fatal weapons, when the mother's shield is lowered, and we, once more, congratulate Jersey that she has set an example to these ancient mashers that it would be well for us to quickly follow.

Lock the wretches up where sprightly faces and shapely figures will not quicken the sluggish current of their blood and keep our modern household gods—the pure minds and innate modesty of our daughters—free from their vile beseeching and their baser prayers.

THE President has appointed Lawrence Weldon, of Illinois, to be a Judge of the Court of Claims. It was "well done" of the President to give Lawrence the chance of well doing in the future. One William Dunnell, of Montana, is also hankering for an office in the new territory. As he has heretofore "done well," could the President do better than to give him a position at the next vacancy?

A Lock of Hair.

A LOCK of hair! a lock of hair!
Of lively auburn, very fair,
I stole—I stole from Sylvia's crown.
I would have sworn it was her own.
But oh, my uncle! oh, my aunt!
It was a strange transplanted plant.

That lock of hair! that lock of hair!
'Tis lying there, 'tis lying there!
But it has raised a barrier dread
Betwixt my heart and Sylvia's head;
For, as I held the curl she wore,
She screamed aloud, she almost swore.

All summer she had been my girl;
I'd often begged her for that curl;
I'd begged her on my bended knee
That sacred lock to cut for me—
And asked her where it really grew.
She told me then—what was not true.

And now, defiantly she stands,
Holding the ringlet in her hands,
Swearing 'twas true, the which she said,
That all the hair upon her head
Was quite her own. But, as I caught it,
I owned it her's—because she bought it.

M. K. J.

Our Big American Gun;

AND INVENTIONS IN GENERAL AND PARTICULAR,
FROM THE DISCURSIVE HIBERNIAN STANDPOINT.

Now, by way of introdueshun, I w'll ray-mark that it is not me intinshun to take up the time of THE JUDGE, or its larned and witty and humerus editor, or its vayrous, illigant and discriminating readers with long discripshuns of pocket pistols, (which we use' to say in the ould cuntry for hard aljebraical or jommethrical problems and sich like) or big or small guns or any other spayshes of cannon or difinsive or offinsive waypons; but 'tis me intinshun, whether by axident or disine, I can't now say, to thrate yees all, JUDGE, jury, editors, sub-editors, assistant sub-editors, composithurs, readhers, an' all consarned, to sum general raymarks of me own about all koinds of invinshuns which have cum undher me observashun since me shoe cost four pince, and from that airly time back along to the airliest age of th' wurruld when th' furst invinshun tuk place about that affair in the garden of Ayden, in which th' ould varmint himself—bad luk to him an' all his seed, breed an' ginerashuns with their slimy ways and their cute and palavering thricks and kapers—in which th' ould sarpent himself, as I sed before, and our foolish furst payrients—God be wid 'em—wor connected an' mixed up, as we're towld in the holy Schriptides, an' from that down along to the invinshun about George Washington an' his little hatchet and th' cherry tree, an' thin down to our own time and the political invinshuns about Sammy Tilden and Benny Butler an' sich other ambishus ould schamers in conneeshun wid the presidensy of our grate, gloryus, immortal and free cuntry, flow'ing wid (skim) milk and honey—the skim milk bein' fur the poor diludhed people, and the honey for the schaming politicians. An' faith, whin I luk back I kin see plainly that me opening sintince is 'most a whole article in itself, an' riminds me very much of a sintince which Judge Duffy pronounced agin' me at the time of me last spree whin he sed "tin days or tin dollars." An' be the same token I tuk th' tin days whin I'd rather take the tin dollars, iv I got 'em, but divil a chance there was to git tin dollars out of Duffy, who knows inough of New



HALT!!

Let public opinion deal with the Tramp assassin.

York politics to squeeze his salary out of the poor, ignorant people who iledted him and the loiks of him to their fat offices. But, laving Duffy an' th' rest of 'em where they are—and divil a good they are anyhow, th' whole kit of 'em, except as a necessary evil, th' same as the ould boy himself, an' th' other imps of perdishun—afore we prosade farther, I can't help menshuning th' invinshuns about Jonah an' th' whale, an' Joshay an' th' sun; and Samson an' th' Filisteens an' th' jaw-bone of an ass; an' Noah an' th' ark; (which has been recently invinved over agin as if th' ould thing itself was not enuff) an' Dan in th' line's din; an' a whole lot of other things not wurth minshuning, ayther bygrafically, joggrafically or any other way.

Well, shure inuff, there has been a grate many invinshuns and invinthors; good, bad, middling an' indifferent, consarning improvements in 'most every human thing on th' face of the globe, from a pinny whistle to a spaking thrumpet; or in other words, from a kamebric needle to a rapeing hook, or a darning needle, wid which—God be wid th' ould times an' th' ould people—our mothers an' gran' mothers, an' grate-gran' mothers used to darn our stockings—they call 'em hosheery now, bless th' mark—whin we wor yung an' innicent—an' from th' ould darning needle of those days (which has niver been improved since) down along in reg'lar graduashun to our own ould Irish pike wid which they used to mallafosther the Hayshuns, the blud-thirsty, furren vagabones in "ninety-eight,"—an' from th' pike—God bless it—to th' shillelay; an' down along in discindng rayshio—as Thade O'Flannagin O'Flaharty our schoolmaster sed it, when we sot on th' sods of turf in th' ould mud school-house in Ballynascorthy near the grate bog of Allen—till we raich th' sublime althitude of parfeceshun in th' parpythual line of invintive progresshun for the purpose of killing off our fellow craythurs and axilerating the day when this airth of ours will be loike a widdy who has lost all her childher and spins her time crooning, croonawning and ulagoning; save and except such porshun of the day an'

night as she divotes to aiting and dhrinking, knitting an' praying, and other pastimes of th' jaynus faymale.

But, going back to whare we left off, not an invinshun 'mong 'em all, from th' first invinshun of Adam and Eve, wid their tails, an' other things, from a han'ful of dhry airth, can compare for a minnit wid th' big gun that has been recently invinved in this cuntry, and which they say can sink a whole armydo, or wipe out a brigade of milishamin wid a single broadside, at tin miles distance.

An' sure and sartin, to make a long story short, at this rate o' goin', afore you, JUDGE and meeself are ould min—an' be th' same token we're both ould enuff to be good enuff—there's no inimy can cum nearer to us wid safety—to ourselves—than th' middle o' th' grate Atlantic; an', bethune ourselves, they may stay there as long as it plazes 'em, an' injoy thimselves watching th' sharks an' whales an' porpusses an' other salt-wather anymals; not to minshun th' say-sarpent, the laynial discindant, be all accounts, of th' ould chap who led our furst payrints astray—may th' dhiond take th' ould palaverer an' all his spayshees!—watching 'em all, as I sed above, cavorting an' sunnin' thimselves in th' briny wathers of ould Nepthune, whil' we ourselves are watching thim thru on telescopes and spectacles an' other manes of vishun, from the top of th' grate Statue of Liberty down there in Bedloe's Island. An' sure it's thin we can fling diffiance an' all koinds of other missiles at John Bull, an' ould rumatticky Bismark an' Spane an' th' rest of th' ould cuntry schamers over there, who are jellos of our good luk an' wish to see us, you, meeself an' your readhers, an' the grate American aigle an' Niagara an' th' Aist River Bridge an' our other grate nath'ral an' invinted curyosities, including th' big gun an' other things, at th' bottom of th' say or in aternal perdishun.

An' faith, 'tis I meeself wouldn't thrust England if she got a chance to walk over here wid her iron-clads, an' saylors an' sogers an' peelers, an' all th' rest of 'em, to have rivinge for th' walloping she an' her



After the Speakership contest, the glorious "Sunset" of Cox.

hayshuns got more nor a cintahury ago from Washington an' his hayroes at Bunker Hill an' Yorkton an' other well-known spots in American joggraffy an' histhory.

But the big gun an' our torpaydos, including our grate navy of jolly boats an' our boat clubs an' other warlike invinshuns of various koids an' shapes, will do th' biss'ness for 'em iv they iver attempt to come anny ways nearer to us than th' banks of Newfoundland, an' be me sowl, in the face of our new invinshun and our other "big guns," I don't think they'll be foolish enuff to attempt anny sich pirattical expedishun; fur if they did, d—I a won of 'em wud be left to tell what became of th' rest of 'em; an' th' sharks an' say-sarpent an' th' other blud-thursty gurillos who parade the oshun in sarch of plundher, wud have a faste, an' lashins and lavins for many a year an' a day to cum, an' wouldn't be much trubbled about sarching for a brekfast or supper 'round Coney Island, or any other sich place whare th' boys an' girls go badheing to cool themselves in th' swelthering hate of July an' August; although, 'pon me sowl, 'twould be no harm at all if sum of these same sharks an' say-sarpents made a good square mail of our New York politishuns sum foine day afore elecshun, so that we could fill their vacant places widh honest min like ourselves.

We could very well afford to dispense with the sarvices of a grate many big political guns who wor only very small pocket-pistols widh blank cartridges afore the innicent an' diludhed an' plundhered people tuk thim on their shoulders an' hoisted th' varmint into place an' power; an' like th' wran an' the aigle long 'go, lo an' behowld

you, th' very minnit they got up high enuff, they tuk it into their heads that they cud fly for thimselves and to th' d—I widh th' people who tuk thim there.

An' whoever invinted politics th' first day disarves th' execrashun of mankind, for from that day to this, no one iver cud put his hand on an honest politishun—ayther sinathors, assimblymin, aldhermin, or other political scamps of anny shape, sthripe or cullur, dimmycrats, whigs, tories, rapublicans or anything else. An' may th' ould boy fly away widh 'em, body an' bones, is the prayer of yours throoly.

THE O'CALLAGHAN.

THE *Spirit of the Times* is issuing a very handsome Christmas number, which contains, besides a story by Wilkie Collins, articles from the pens of Henry Irving, W. J. Florence, and Lawrence Barrett. Apart from these special features, the prospectus leads us to look for a varied and interesting number.

SERGEANT MASON, who discharged his musket at a prisoner whom he had been detailed to guard, has been pardoned by President Arthur. After all, why not? Our army is so small that it is scarcely worth while maintaining discipline in it.

OLD CONUNDRUM: When is a door more than a door? When it is (shut) to. New application: When is a Speaker less than a Speaker? When there are three of them.

"HER ATONEMENT," which was played at The People's Theatre, is said to "touch the heart." If one has no heart to touch, it strikes the liver.



WHEN I told Heraclitus, a few days ago, that I had more trouble than any ordinary human being ought to be called upon to endure, he said—

"Well, you're not an ordinary human being at all. On the contrary, you're about the most extra-ordinary one I've ever had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with."

This remark was intended to be ironical, and under the circumstances both unfeeling and uncalled for; but for once in his life his sarcasm lost its sting, and he spoke the truth when he said I was extra-ordinary. Were I anything else, I should be in my grave.

The primeval cause of all my misery was Dinah.

Right in the midst of my preparations for Christmas, and just as I had commenced an elaborate piece of embroidery, she, of all other people in the house, must go and get sick.

On Saturday morning she was taken so suddenly and violently ill that I had to tell her to go to bed, though goodness only knew how we were to get along without her, and when Heraclitus arrived on the scene he dispatched a messenger for the doctor, who, when he had seen her, pleasantly informed us that she had pneumonia.

When Heraclitus heard the verdict, he kept saying "Poor old Dinah!" "Poor old Dinah!" till I lost all patience, and I told him it would look better for him to say "Poor Penelope," once in a while; that I didn't know how to get dinner, and there wasn't a servant in the house, except Dinah, that could boil an egg. Then, as is his custom when anything disagreeable occurs, he began to make preparations to go out, but he took occasion to say before he departed, that it was a pity that three or four women together couldn't manage to cook *something* edible; a beefsteak and potatoes were good enough, if one couldn't get anything better.

Three or four women, indeed! I told him I liked his impudence! Calling me a woman, as if I were no better than the servants themselves!

I don't think he heard me though, for he banged out of the house, leaving me without one word of comfort in a state of helplessness that was absolutely distracting.

Oh, how I wished that I were a man and could do as Heraclitus did. Simply button up my overcoat, put on a hat and go forth among other men, thus shirking all the responsibilities of life. But no, I was a woman, and "Women must work, and women must weep," only I reversed the usual method of procedure, and did the weeping first.

After I had a good cry, I felt better and descended to the kitchen, and called the laundress and waitress to assist.

Dinah had intended to have oyster soup, roast turkey with cranberry sauce, lobster salad, and the usual vegetables. I had the girls bring the things from the refrigerator, and I must say they formed a most appalling spectacle. The laundress said she could fix the turkey, and I told her to go ahead and cook it; and I was mighty glad I didn't have anything to do with it, for when we came to eat it, it was not only underdone but she had left something, Heraclitus called the crop, inside it, and when he cut into it with his knife great kernels of corn came falling out into the platter. Heraclitus looked mad and disgusted, but when I innocently inquired if he didn't suppose she'd stuffed the animal with canned corn, he burst out laughing at what he politely called my want of general knowledge. The lobster salad was better; in fact that and the ice cream was about all there was on the table that was fit to eat. Marie makes a delicious mayonnaise, and I knew that the lobster ought to be boiled alive, but he wriggled so that I had to run out of the kitchen when they put him into hot water. Marie managed to get the meat out of the shell and fix the thing up into a nice dish while I was struggling with the oyster soup. Such a mess as it turned out, too. The milk must have been sour, for it all divided into little bits, and the butter wouldn't stay where I put it, but kept floating around on the top of the milk, although I followed Mrs. B.'s explicit directions. I've about made up my mind that cook books are an invention of the arch enemy, made to delude innocent and unsuspecting females into the belief that they can cook, without previous knowledge on the subject.

After what Heraclitus called my alleged dinner, that night, he said: "Well, Penelope, evidently we must make up our mind to live on lobster salad, or go out to our meals until Dinah gets well."

He couldn't have thought of anything that would have pleased me better than to go out to our meals, had it not been for little Kathleen; so I said, "That's all very well, but what shall we do with the servants and the baby?"

This was a puzzle for him, and me too; so I said, "You'd better go around and see what mother says about it."

Of course he went, and of course she invited us around there for the next day which was Sunday, and we left the servants to look out for themselves. Heraclitus said "if they couldn't cook for themselves they'd better starve," and for once I quite agreed with him; but he went off and got a nurse for poor old Dinah. At first I was awfully worried about her, and was afraid she was going to die, but doctor says he'll pull her through. One of my friends said, she wondered we didn't send her off to a hospital, but I told her Heraclitus wouldn't think of such a thing. She took care of me when I was a baby and had always been a trusty, faithful servant, and he said she should have the best of care and attention as long as she lived.

As for me, I wouldn't have an ambulance backed up in front of my door, with all the neighbors staring at it for a hundred dollars.

Since Sunday, we've had a woman in by the day to cook, and we just manage to exist. I burnt my hand trying to make the oyster soup, and I've ruined my finger nails that I've always kept so nicely manicured. Heraclitus says he's glad of it, for they always looked like claws, but I'm getting used to his unsympathetic speeches. I'm trying to get him an æsthetic dressing gown for



INTELLIGENT.

Faiz, I wonder if in this country they dig wid picks like that.

Christmas, and that was what I commenced the embroidery for; but if Dinah don't get well pretty soon it'll never be finished.

We only went to the opera once last week, but I managed to make use of the coupe at least once a day. I am keeping an argus eye on Patrick, and as soon as I catch him doing anything wrong he'll go. I must say, however, that so far his behavior has been most exemplary. If he didn't look so like fury, I'd keep him. I wonder if he couldn't be beautified a little. I should think Marie could induce him to put on a little more style.

Aunt Penelope is going to have a Christmas tree for Kathleen, and I suppose the blessed child will have heaps of presents. I keep hinting to Heraclitus that I'd like a new piano, but he doesn't seem to tackle kindly to the idea. He groaned when the bill for keeping the horse and coupe came in from the livery stable, but I don't see as that makes much difference; he'd groan at any bill, I believe, even an undertaker's.

He hasn't been out late since the night of the dinner party, but it's about time for him to have one of his periodical sprees, and I'm on the *qui vive*.

He usually solaces himself with poker and champagne after he's finished paying the bills that arrive after the first of the month, and December will probably not prove an exception to the general rule. I only hope, when the time *does* come, I'll manage to get enough out of him to buy some Christmas presents, for I've already spent my monthly allowance, and more too. Oh, dear me, I wonder if I shall always be the same impetuous

PENELOPE PENNYFEATHER.

In this cheerful winter weather,
Let us take a walk together
Through the thoroughfares, still ancle deep
With slush, slush, slush.

Thou can'st take my arm, my dearest,
At the crossing which thou fearest,
And we'll dodge the dashing stages
With a rush, rush, rush.

THE turnout on Evacuation day was rather larger than that of 1783, with this difference: Then it was the British that took up their knapsacks and marched to the tune of "Yankee Doodle;" this year it is the Yankees.

He and She.

HE was a languid, harmless dude
She was a dudess fair.
He had an eye-glass staring rude,
She had a Langtry air.

He had a hammered silver cane,
She had a canine pug.
He of his languid air was vain,
She of her sealskin snug.

He in the Brunswick window stood,
She with her pug went by.
He struck a dress-plate attitude,
She heaved a two-cent sigh.

He was mashed by the canine pug,
She by his hammered cane.
Now they live in a French flat snug,
And both of the heir are vain.

W. J. D.

Mrs. Squizzle on the Great Evacuation.

IF New York was as nasty, and wet and muddy on the 26th of November, 1773, as it was on the 26th of this year, I don't wonder the British evacuated, and went home in disgust. The Yankees needn't take any credit to themselves in the affair, I'm thinkin'; I guess they'd have gone any way.

As for myself, fired up with a sort of enthusiasm, I took a stand on Madison Square, thinkin' I'd see what was goin' on, and, if opportunity offered, I'd make a speech.

I felt sorry that Sally Mari couldn't come out and join the persession, but I couldn't think of throwin' up the chance of "damidges" that she's been a lyin' in bed for for the past three weeks.

She was mitily disappointed, too; for she could have seen the President, and Grant and Ben Butler, and all the other notorious generals who have figured in war and politics for the last forty years strung along together.

Seeing she took it to hart, I told her I thought they'd go through the maneuver again the first pleasant day, and I left her writin' a petition to the President to that effect.

I must say I never got into quite so unmannerly a krowd before; first one pushed me one way, then a perliceman on the other side took me by the arm, and sez he, "Madam, you musn't stand here."



Romeo serenades Juliet.

BALCONY SCENE.

Juliet responds.

"I've as good a rite here as ennybody," sez I; "that feller, there, has krowded rite into my please."

"O, that's a reporter," sez the perliceman. "A reporter! what's that?" sez I.

"Why, a man who makes notes of what happens, and puts it in the newspapers," sez he.

"That's jest what I do myself; and according to your own showin' I've as good a rite here as he has," sez I. "What paper do you report for?" sez the perliceman.

"The Gubbletown Gazette," sez I, "and its taken by the Literarity all over the country. A copy done up in a blew rapper is sent free every week to President Arthur."

Just then a raskally boy, with an umbrelly like a kowshed, ran smack against me and knocked me flat into a pile of mortar. As I was a strugglin' to git on my fete, the reporter, who stood there with a pensil behind his ere and another in his hand, asked in an exasperatin' tone what I thought of the parade."

Sez I, "I don't give away my ideas."

Sez he, "I'd like your impression."

"I think you'll find it in the mortar," sez I.

Just then a big gust of wind fairly took me off my fete, turnin' my new silk umbrelly inside out.

While I was tryin' to turn the umbrelly back, sumbody kum up behind and stole my pocket-book. I'd either got to let the umbrelly go or the pocket-book; so I hung onto the umbrelly, and shouted to the perlice; but they are never where they are wanted, and the thief had got a good piece off when arrested. As the pocket-book was empty it was recovered; and the thief couldn't be held, the perliceman said, because he hadn't stole anything.

Everybody luffed as tho they thot it was funny. I told 'em I thought it was a shame, if this was the way they let thieves lose on the public, I'd had about enuf of the city, and I thot that some of the furriners who were here a lecktering on the "Shams of Society" had better give us one on the "Shames."

I gave 'em my ideas in plane English. The reporter was busy a making something like chickens' tracks on the paper he held, all the time I was talkin. There was such a noise around with the carriges and soldiers a passing that I don't spose ennybody heard haf I sed; so I'm a goin' to write it and have it printed in pamflet form, and distributed the whole length of Broadway whenever there's another "evacuation."

The wind and the rain kame harder and faster, and I made up my mind I couldn't stand it much longer. I put my hand down to my belt for my chattylane watch, to see what time it was, when lo and behold it was gone, hook, chane and awl. "This is a pretty business," I skreeched.

"What's the matter now?" sez the perliceman, with a wink at the reporter.

"My watch has been stolen," sez I.

"What else kould you expect in a krowd like this?" ses he. "Ladies who wear jewelery on the street have to keep a sharp look-out nowdays."

"What are you policemen here for but to keep an eye out and see that we don't get robbed?" sez I. "You ought to be able to tell an onest man from a thief any time, and if you kant do it you'd better resine."

"A greater part of the pickpockets are women, and its next to an impossibility to detect 'em in the act, they git so rapped up in shawls, and have pockits in such out of the way places," sez he.

Jest then there was a big shout that "the President was a kuming," and the crowd got so thick around me that I couldn't see who or what was passing. My size kept me from being mashed to the sidewalk, I reckon. My wait when I left home was 310. Women of 160 were completely "flattened out." One our and a haf after, I found myself standin' with a perliceman on one side and a lamp post on the other, I had no hat at all on my head, and only the handle to my umbrelly left in my hand.

My shawl had disappered entirely and a portion of my dress.

No wonder Sally Mari thot I'd been "fiting

over the battles of the revolution," when I reached hum, and in this dilapidated kondition entered her presence. Once in a century is often enuf fur such a day. I've told Sally Mari to throw her petition for another evacuation in the fire.

Alonzo Busbee: His Life and Impressions.

BY WILLIAM GILL.

CHAP. XVIII.

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute."

—*Carlisle o' Kentucky.*

I was roused from my slumbers one morning by the mingled voices of my faithful subjects; they were evidently in pain—the accents of their barks, squeaks, roars, growls, etc., betokened terror. To jump from my couch, dress myself—which feat consisted of throwing my hair out of my eyes and enveloping myself in modesty as with a garment—and rush in the direction from whence the noises proceeded, was with me but the work of an instant—actual measurement; and then, what horrifying sight met my view! The sun was about rising to perform its diurnal pilgrimage, so I reckon the hour was about 17:30; but instead of the liquid-molten mass-of-liquid view it usually presented, its face bore a "sicklied-o'er-with-the-pale-cast-of-thought" appearance, and the air was a nipping and an eager one, so nipping, in fact, that I was eager to get out of it, as my outer cuticle was rapidly assuming the eruptive appearance which is popularly and euphoniouly known as "goose-flesh." On the banks of Champagne river stood long lines of my animal subjects shivering with cold and horror, as they gazed with a stupefied amazement on what was once a clear, pellucid stream, but which was now a mass of ice, which glittered in the sun, and by its glassy brightness mocked the anguish of those who didn't ask so much for beauty as a good square drink, now impossible to obtain. To say I was flabbergasted would poorly describe the amazement which predominated my system, and left no room for anything but pie. Ice on the river five feet thick—the ice, not the river—and snow on the ground, in an island situated in the centre of the Indian Ocean! In the month of July, too—incomprehensible. Ah, I saw it all! In a moment I understood the situation. The explanation flashed across my brain with the rapidity of a Dutch christening party getting away with a keg of beer, or a colored citizen putting himself outside the juicy interior of a watermelon, or a detective not discovering a criminal, or—in short, it flashed—the island had broken loose from its moorings and was drifting in the direction of the North Pole! Of course, you know that all the islands in the Indian and Pacific oceans are formed of coral, through which the sea frequently bores tunnels. Very well, then; in this particular island the sea had bored a great many tunnels, so many in fact that it had caused the lower portion to completely sever its connection with the upper half, which, being left, floated off on its own responsibility, and getting into a current bearing E. by E.N.E. a little SW., was being gaily wafted to the Polar sea. Every hour the air was colder, and one by one my cherished beasts succumbed to the rigors of the wintry blast; and soon I was alone with my own sad, sad, heart. I skinned my faithful bears and deer, and out of their skins contrived to make myself a fall suit of clothes and a winter overcoat. It taxed my inventive facul-

ties to contrive a means of cutting out and sewing up, but difficulties are, to Alonza Basbee, incentives to fresh exertions. I revel in danger, glory in surmounting obstacles, for its then I can show the world the metal that is in me. I cut out the skin with thin pieces of ice gathered off the river, and sewed the garments together by means of long hairs, which I plucked out of my dead lions' manes, and used in needles made out of icicles, into one end of which I bored a hole to receive my improvised thread. Day by day the cold grew more intense, and the large icebergs that my island passed indicated our near approach to that mysterious region which, if it has served no better purpose than advertising J. G. Bennett and the *Herald*, has not been made in vain. It was at this moment that the Arctic exploration fever seized me, and I pictured myself as first to climb the Pole and nail the flag of my country upon it. What glory! What honor! I forgot my cold, my desolation, as ambition warmed my blood and whispered the words of triumph in my listening ear. I felt sorry for my late companions, but what was their loss was to be my gain. Even the honor of being the boss menagerie showman of America paled into nothingness by the side of the glory of being the discoverer of the North Pole! Exactly how I was going to work to occupy that position I did not know; but possessing that blind faith in myself which all great men are gifted with, I watched the blue strips of water grow narrower and the ice-fields wider, with a calm, unruffled brow, confident in my own natural resources of mind; satisfied that no barriers could be placed in my way that I could not o'erleap. This implicit faith in oneself; this intuitive knowledge of the immense advantages oneself possesses over everybody else: this is the gift that makes our Cæsars, our Wellingtons, our Von Moltkes, our Grants, our J. L. Sullivans, our George Francis Trains, and our Brooks and Dicksons tower over their contemporaries, and fill the world with admiration, astonishment, and awe! This is the gift which overturns empires, changes the map of Europe, knocks out in four rounds, buys one London dramatic failure for the price of ten American successes, and fills our fair land with peace, prosperity and N. Y. drummers.

But enough of digression; I am now approaching a portion of my experiences which, while it will stir the stagnant blood of the octogenarian and cause the beardless boy of eighteen to hold his breath in a fever of excitement as he reads, will not cause one blush of shame to rise upon the cheek of maidenhood, or shock the sensitive, gentle soul of John Kelly himself.

[To be continued, unless the author suggests to Shook & Collier the advisability of paying the compiler of "Storm Beaten" \$12,000.00 for another play of a similar calibre.]

NOTWITHSTANDING the unhappy condition of the thirty American women who have married foreigners of rank, another plucky Yankee girl is going to marry a prince. Her name is Miss Maude Goddard. The family hail from Vermont; and, like most of her predecessors who have "bagged a title," she has the "coppers," and is a very charming young lady.

DR. DEEMS is quoted as saying that "kissing is a purely American habit." We notice that foreigners "tackle kindly" to the habit, and do it so natural that one would think it nothing new.



TROOLY ROORAL.

Is the mail distributed yet, Johnny?

No'm, the old man hav'n't got through reading the postal cards yet.

The Plancus Ring for Evacuation Day.

OF course, the Governor was not left to go alone to New York. The Plancus Ring, in all the brightness of new regimentals, escorted him, and Nymphia, in a close carriage, brought up the rear.

Notwithstanding the driving rain, and the precautions the Governor took to keep dry, he was loudly cheered along the whole line of march. Even Arthur and Grant—in their barouche drawn by four bang-tailed bays—were completely cast in the shadow.

He looked happy while bowing to the shouting multitude; and if his popularity continues, no doubt, when he evacuates the gubernatorial mansion at Boston, he will settle in New York, where his friends are so numerous and enthusiastic.

After all, it isn't much to be Governor of a little State with a long name hard to spell. Ben has got as sick of it as they have, and if the good people of the Bay State want to continue the hide tanning business at Tewksbury, with Robinson as partner in the concern, Ben Butler wont interfere after the first of January. He may give some of the fraudulent voters a tanning before they fetch up at the Alms House. He says they'll get their deserts, and he's a man of his word.

Nymphia says he is a very modest man, but it isn't generally known in public. He will never be fully appreciated by the American public till he is seated in the presidential chair.

The outburst of welcome that greeted him all along the line on Evacuation day, he would not admit was for himself particularly, but insisted, in a very modest and becoming way, that the applause was very evenly distributed; but the crowd that gathered round him in his room at the hotel, assured him that he had more cheers than all the other presidents and generals put together, and as many "tigers" as "The

Merry Duchess of Epsom Downs." Though bold when facing the foe, Benjamin became very cautious while addressing his friends, and he was loath to admit that his popularity with the crowd that thronged the city on Evacuation day augured anything favorable for the future candidate.

"Everybody knows," said he "that the popularity of a man in one part of the Union may be offset by money, falsehood, and treachery in other States. However, I will not deny that the expressions of good will that I received on the march through the city, by patriotic people from nearly every State in the Union, were very gratifying to me."

Nymphia feels sure that the tact, with which the General has managed his public appearance in New York City, will insure his nomination by acclamation as a candidate for the presidency. He will be the people's man. Nymphia is far-seeing, and no doubt she is right. Time will determine.

THE *Morning Journal* advises that "if money enough can be subscribed to pay for a cable dispatch, word had better be sent to France not to ship the Bartholdi statue to New York." The *Journal* is too easily discouraged. Has the enterprising editor forgotten that the Cathedral—the finest church edifice on this side of the Atlantic—was built mainly by the efforts of the working Catholics of this city? And now that the Loan Exhibition is fairly inaugurated, the energy of the men and women connected with it, show conclusively that a large sum of money will be raised for the Bartholdi fund. Nor will they stop with the fair. Other entertainments, such as amateur theatricals, balls and concerts, will be sure to follow in quick succession, until the desired amount be raised, and the "Statue of Liberty that is to Enlighten the World," be put in its proper place.



JUDGE



SO ABLE.
age ves him a clear lead.



Old Jolypog buys a new patent spring bed, but when he retires at night the blame thing proves to be self-acting, and lands him on the tacks he had left after setting it up.

Mr. Sharp's Courtship.

Mrs. BOUNCE was a lady of uncertain age, who, since Mr. Bounce's demise, had lived in a state of single blessedness with her only daughter, Matilda Jane.

Mr. Sharp was a middle-aged bachelor, well-to-do and retired, who had for the last six months been very constant in his visits to the Bounce family.

Monday was Mrs. Bounce's washing day, a day on which she never "received," yet Mr. Sharp was always admitted.

Tuesday was her "At home" day; the only day Mr. Sharp did *not* call.

Wednesday was her ironing day. A day on which she received no one—except Mr. Sharp.

Thursday was her baking day. No one but Mr. Sharp admitted.

Friday was her cleaning day. Mr. Sharp never failed to be round for that.

Saturday was her marketing day; the day on which, accompanied by Matilda Jane, and escorted by Mr. Sharp, Mrs. Bounce weekly provided for the wants of her family.

But Sunday was the day of days for Mr. Sharp, when the widow and Matilda Jane were always at his service, both arrayed in their choicest apparel, and blandest expressions—like the celebrated "Missionary of Timbuctoo: With a sweet, sweet smile, and a hymn-book too." It was only last Sunday that the following dialogue took place between Mr. Sharp and the widow, while Matilda Jane was arranging the table for their evening repast.

Mrs. B. How these sweet quiet Sabbath evenings remind me of dear Bounce, carried beyond this wail of tears in a bean-u-tiful coffin, which cost me more than I can tell; and from which he will never return; a-a-h dear."

Mr. S. "Wouldn't wish it, ma'am, would ee?"

Mrs. B. "No. No.

"Peaceful, peaceful, let him lie,
Beneath the tree of hickorie."

"Those lines graven on his tombstone were the composition of his devoted wife Arabella Bounce; but his place has never been filled, Mr. Sharp, a-a-h. The life of a widow with a dear child is a lonely one. You feel for me, Mr. Sharp?"

Mr. S. "Yes, mum. Fact is, mum, I-I was thinking of a plan to make things kinder pleasanter for you. If I could cheer you up for a spell times; if we were kinder one family, you and me."

Mrs. B. Oh! Mr. Sharp. I-I am so-so overcome. The camphor bottle, Mr. Sharp. In the left-hand corner of the closet. Oh! Closerer Nicodemus, closerer; the closerer the more the refresher. Oh! Nicodemus, tighterer; hold me tighterer. I'm teetotally overcome. So unexpected. No, no, Nicodemus, you know I never touches it. Well, well, for your sake; ever so leetle a drop. I can't refuse you anything. There now, Mr. Sharp, I'm betterer now; only support me, and say what you was going to say."

Mr. S. "Well mum, I was saying, or I was going to say."

Mrs. B. "Don't be afeard, Mr. Sharp."

Mr. S. "I was saying mum, that my heart was sot; money being no object but a comfortable home, and no Irish need apply."

Mrs. B. "Don't be timid, Mr. Sharp."

Mr. S. "And bein' a man as always comes straight to the point, and never beats about a bush—"

Mrs. B. "Speak your mind, Mr. Sharp; I admire you, and I love you—very, very, very dearly."

Mr. S. "Not bein' so bad looking a fellow, either."

Mrs. B. "A-h-h. So handsome; so noble; so manly. If Bounce had been like him I would never have overcome his loss."

Mr. S. "Then you give your consent?"

Mrs. B. "Alas! My heart pleads all too warmly for you. Take my hand, Nicodemus Sharp."

"Take my hand and take my heart,
Whilst we live we'll never part."

Mr. S. "Thank you, ma'am, much obliged, I'm sure; and you'll say a good word for me to Matilda Jane."

Mrs. B. "Ah! Nicodemus, you are more to me than ten thousand Matilda Janes. She shall not thwart our plans."

Mr. S. "Yes mum, but I wouldn't marry the girl if she warnt willin'. I've loved Matilda Jane since—"

Mrs. B. "You've loved Matilda Jane, have you? You'd marry Matilda Jane,

would you? You would; you would; you would. You rat; you snail; you sneak. You'd marry Matilda Jane. You—you bandy-legged bandicoot. You—you miserable atom. So it's my girl you were thinking of all this time? So that's what you were fooling away my time for? Oh! begone, begone; you serpent in Eden. You pelican of the wilderness. You howl of the desert. You that haven't a hair between you and heaven; and speaks with a voice like a croaking crow. You'd marry Matilda Jane, would you? You lizard; you scorpion; get you gone."

[Since the above mentioned dialogue, Mr. Sharp has discontinued his visits to Mrs. Bounce, and Matilda Jane has had a rough time. Mrs. Bounce told her that Mr. Sharp wished to be her step-papa, but that her mother's heart was buried under the hickorie tree with Bounce. Matilda Jane smiled, and her ma commanded her to go out of her sight, and not grin over the grave of her sainted pa. Matilda Jane went out of her sight.]

BY SPECIAL TELEGRAM.

Matilda Jane and Sharp privately married, and about to start for Europe.

Mrs. Bounce weeping by Bounce's grave, and planning her own epitaph; something like this:

"A widow, lovely, young and fair,
With no crows' feet, and no gray hair.
She still remained, through all her life,
Beloved Bounce's faithful wife.

When suitors crowded at her feet,
Her words were firm, though very sweet.
"Oh! Bounce! beloved Bounce," she cried,
I'll never be another's bride."

To Mr. Matthew Arnold:

UPON HEARING HIS FIRST LECTURE IN THE U. S.,
"CHERISH THAT REMNANT."

YES, it was orthodox, the proper thing,
After your exodus from the land of bondage,
To give no "Numbers"—though poor
Chickering,

Is scarce deemed Canaan, even in this fond
age,

The tendency of which is in a fine way
To mix the muse and beer in such a *Stein*
way,

That you may change your views on our
economy,

Before you're well advanced in Deuteronomy.

Surely more seemly it would be, should you
Assume the name, as well as *role*, of Moses,
And quote the ten commandments in
Hebrew,

To aid your hearers in the diagnosis.
But advertise no "remnants," nor compare
Our too provincial "States" to Chatham
Square;

For though we know full well we're crudely
pious,

Our minds and noses are not all cut bias.

So warmly have we felt your agile pen
Infuse its force throughout our social statics,
A vague regret crept o'er our pleasure, when
We saw our Matthew, and heard mathe-
matics.

Meanwhile, our palates, palled by such light
lunches,

Await a finer zest in your Hub punches—
Your kindly heart will find, here naught of
treason,

So prithee, spare our rhyme, nor spurn our
reason.

J. F. DUFFIELD.



My first engagement was obtained of a travelling actor



My first "hit" was at Niblos Garden



Once, jumped from a burning theatre and all I saved was my contract, at 500 dollars per night



I always made one of husband watch the trunks to prevent robbery



My success was largely due to my Israelite manager



My complexion was, always greatly admired



Of course I had a few admirers who always met me at the stage door



My 10th husband was of jealous disposition and treated me unkindly



The later years of my life were spent in playing old women parts



The Bijou, though still incomplete, is more or less beautiful in its incompleteness, and will probably be finished in the course of another century or two.

Messrs. Miles and Barton have shown great pluck and perseverance in their new enterprise, and, to use their own words, they have "done the best they could under exceptionally trying circumstances."

The interior of the theatre is attractive, and the decorations, for the most part, are decidedly pleasing. There is a superabundance of peacock's feathers all over the place, and the portrait of the young lady over the proscenium arch is presumably the jewel of the establishment. The box draperies, we are compelled to state, however, are neither graceful nor artistic, and the embroidery upon them seems to be very clumsily executed. The programme informs us that the drop curtain is a "gem of art." This we are glad to know, but, had we not read it, we should never have suspected it.

As regards the opera, the game is hardly worth the candle. The company is a good one, entirely too good for such work as this, and the piece is superbly gotten up, but Mr. Freeman might have exerted his mighty powers in a better cause. "Orpheus and Eurydice," as everybody knows, is an adaptation from "Orphee aux Enfers," but everybody does not know that "Orphee aux Enfers" was Offenbach's masterpiece, as the advertisement tells us. It is much less tuneful than most of his other operas, and even Vanoni fails to make *Eurydice* an interesting character, though she sings well, and dances bewitchingly. Some of the goddesses are very pretty women, but Augusta Roche, in short skirts, shows a length of limb that is somewhat terrifying. Pauline Hall and Billie Barlow are pretty and inane, and Laura Joyce is much more effective in long skirts than posing as the Goddess of the Chase. Digby Bell sings and dances with vigor. He has some atrocious puns to get off, but, according to the remarkably brilliant couplet "written expressly for this piece by Sydney Rosenfeld," "in other respects he is doing quite well."

At Daly's, "Dollars and Sense" has been withdrawn, and "Boys and Girls," a play of Pinero's, has been produced.

At Wallack's they are trying old comedy again. This time, the play is one of Holcroft's, and was first published in 1792. It bears the somewhat ominous title of "The Road to Ruin." In it, Mr. John Gilbert, Mme. Ponisi, Effie Germon, and Adela Measer made their first appearances this season. Rose Coghlan is not in the cast. She has been amusing herself in the courts of late fighting Freddie Schwab, who wanted \$2,500 from her for alleged breach of contract. She ought to be happy, for she has beaten her opponent, saved her money, and had ever so much said about her in the newspapers.

They say that Potter, the musical critic of the *Herald*, has written a play called "Cul-

ture," and that it will follow "Duty," which is to follow "The Rajah" at the Madison Square. Beside all this, our esteemed contemporary informs us that Daniel Frohman is going to marry Georgie Cayvan. Anything more?

Stetson has a company on the road playing "Confusion," and doing a good business. There has been confusion all along at his Fifth Avenue theatre; but it hasn't seemed to pay. Even "Monte Cristo," with Jimmy O'Neill and the immaculate de Belleville, doesn't draw.

Mr. Buchanan's play at the Union Square has not proved a popular success, and Maud Harrison is not happy. She chose her own part, and made a poor selection. Fallen women are not attractive, even on the stage. Little Effie Ellsler, as sweet simplicity, wins the sympathies of the few people in the audience that do not quietly fold up their Steele Mackaye chairs, and silently steal away before the close of each performance.

Mme. Dolaro's play, "Fashion," will probably follow "Storm Beaten," and, to judge from appearances, we shall not have long to wait before seeing what the fair lady can do with her pen.

Booth is at the Star, and seats there sell like hot cakes. Financially, Edwin is doing well, and in time may be able to retrieve one or two of the fortunes he has lost. He made nearly enough money out of his Boston engagement to pay for a new house in the city of Pork and Beans, and this ought to satisfy the most exalted ambition.

Matrimonial.

TULLAMETTA DE VAIR, a middle-aged man,
With several thousands of dollars per ann.,
Being weary of living a bachelor's life,
Is anxious to meet with a suitable wife.

She must be good looking, good tempered, and young.

Bright, active, engaging, and healthy, and strong;
And, while pretty, conversant with Latin and Greek.
All the modern languages, too, she must speak.

She must do mathematics, and every 'ology;
But he don't want a "bas bleu" pedantic and collegey.

He wont wed a book-worm or musty old don—
No. An elegant figure's a *sine qua non*.

And she always must dress and appear *a la mode*
To honor his taste, and to grace his abode;
And yet not be an idle or useless young belle,
But a nice little girl, who can make puddings well;

Who can sew on his buttons, make coffee and tea,
And after his comfort in general see;
And though money's no object, he still would be glad

If a snug little fortune the applicant had.

He would counsel all ladies who seek for this post
To apply in good time, lest their chance should be lost;

Sending fullest particulars, photo—and hair,
And their height and their weight, to

MONSEIGNEUR DE VAIR.

GOVERNOR BUTLER, of Mass., has decided that a woman is not a person, and accordingly nominated one Major Phinney, of Barnstable, to fill the vacancy which the Board of Health and Lunacy claimed for one Mrs. Leonard. If this is the way the Governor is going back on the strong-minded of the fair sex he may bid good-bye to the Presidency. He will not get even the nomination. Has he forgotten that ever since the first fracas in Eden, woman has been the controlling power in all lands?

He Had it Badly.

"Do you see that young man coming this way?" said Jones to his friend Spilkins, as they went up Broadway together the other morning.

"Yes," replied Spilkins. "Seems something queer about him, doesn't there?"

"Do you mark his negligee appearance and dextrous air?" pursued Jones; "his wide, low-turned shirt collar, and long, loose-flowing neck ribbon; his shaggy, unkempt locks, and his eyes wildly rolling, as it were, with a fine poetic phrnsy? He's got the cacæthes scribendi."

"Good gracious! You don't say so!" exclaimed Spilkins in an alarmed tone of voice. "The cacæthes what, did you say?"

The cacæthes scribendi. Sort of an eruption, or itch, you know. Imagines he's Lord Byron, Tom Moore, William Shakespeare and John Milton, all rolled into one. Sad case—very."

"Oh, I see," said Spilkins, "mental hallucination. Does the disease usually manifest itself that way?"

"Yes," replied Jones, "that is one of its chief characteristics. He's got it badly, too, poor fellow. He's a confirmed poetaster."

"Dear me! It's dreadful, isn't it?" said Spilkins, sympathetically. "Is it contagious? These skin diseases very often are, you know."

"Well," said Jones, with a mischievous twinkle of the eye, "so many are afflicted with the complaint I should say that it was—very."

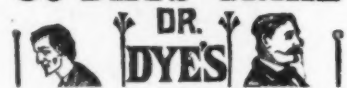
"I guess I'll turn off here," remarked Spilkins, hurriedly, and bidding a hasty good-bye, he whisked round a corner of the street and was gone in an instant, while his friend pursued the even tenor of his way, whistling a popular air, and inwardly congratulating himself upon the latest acquisition to his reputation as a practical joker.

CHARLES ARNOTT, of this city, while standing on a street corner talking with a friend, felt a tug at his watch chain, and on looking for the cause saw a young fellow who had crowded against him running down the street. The watch was gone.

"Stop thief!" was roared lustily, and officer Kane came to the rescue.

"My dear Charles," said the cop, "as you Ar-nott the man to submit to an indignity like this, I'll lend you my valuable aid." With that he gave chase, and with a few whacks of Jamie's Kane captured the thief.

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PRESENT TO THE LADY READERS OF THIS PAPER. Any lady who will cut this out and send it to us along with the names and addresses of **TWO YOUNG LADIES** in some town, also 25 cts. (Post-Office Note or Stamp) to state pay cost of advertising, postage, etc., we will send free by return mail this **ELEGANT ROLLED GOLD SOLID BANGLE BRID.** This astonishing offer is made simply to introduce our Catalogue of Fine Jewelry, Toilet Goods, etc., into new homes. We also send a **POCKET BOOK FREE**, with something in it worth all you send us.

A BIG CHANGE! DON'T LET IT SLIP! It was on 22168 257, being received to-day. It is a beauty; will order other goods from Catalogue soon. Mary Freeman, Troy, N. Y. Pocket-book containing ring at hand. Am pleased. Mrs. J. R. Stone, Dayton, O. Would not sell it for \$3. Irene Brown, Omaha, Neb. Address W. M. SIZER, 7 & 9 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

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Outfit worth \$10 free. Address
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AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE ever invented. Will knit a pair of Stockings with HEEL and TOE COMPLETE in TWENTY minutes. It will also knit a great variety of Fancy-Work, for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the **TWOBLY KNITTING MACHINE COMPANY**, 163 Tremont street, Boston.

EVERY morn as I passed at the window she stood,
A vision to gladden my heart thro' the day.
We never had met—but the beautiful maid
With romance delightful was gilding my way.

One morning she leaned from the casement and laughed;
The laugh floated earthward and broke at my feet;
But when I looked down, not the laugh, but her teeth,
Lay scattered in fragments all over the street.—*Phila. Call.*

"TIME and tide wait for no man," eh? Waited fifteen minutes in this town, to accommodate the railroads.—*Boston Post.*

THE Washington monument is 410 feet high now, and the man who climbs it won't be altogether glad that such a man as George ever lived.—*Boston Post.*

THE man who invented the horrible screaming and crying steam whistles should hereafter be tied to one that will be eternally turned on.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

OFFER you get a rebutation, yoost put him by der key and lock. He vas yoos like some umbrellas—ven you loose him you don't see him not any more yet.—*Carl Pretzel.*

IN Salt Lake City the sidewalks are twenty feet wide. This, probably, is to permit a man's widow to walk abreast instead of in couples when going to his funeral.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

THE *Scientific American* makes a desperate effort to prove that wind power is cheap, in the very face of the fact that the extra session of the Pennsylvania legislature will cost over \$500,000.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

A DETROIT man on a visit to St. Louis lost \$10,000 in cash and rewarded the finder with a twenty-cent piece. In justice to Detroit it should be stated that the man really thought it was a quarter.—*Phila. Call.*

WHATEVER may be said of the average Englishman he always gives you credit for the possession of intelligence; for when telling you anything he invariably winds up with, "you know."—*Somerville Journal.*

MISS EVA MACKAY, the daughter of Bonanza Mackey, has the choice of marrying an English nobleman or entering a convent. As she is a very sensible girl it is thought she will choose the convent.—*Phila. Call.*

As two ladies were gazing at the large black bear brought into town yesterday, one remarked: "Oh, what a nice buffalo robe his skin would make!" The other replied, "Or such a splendid seal-skin sacque."—*Oil City Derrick.*

"THANKSGIVING always comes before Congress meets," said the youth to his father. "Why is it?" "Because, my son," was the solemn reply, "it is the nature of things; it couldn't come after."—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

A "Society for the Suppression of Nuisances" has been formed in a Western city. A good move. It is about time the nuisance who pays an election bet by pushing a wheelbarrow containing another nuisance, was suppressed.—*Norristown Herald.*

SEALSKIN Garments, sold by TERRY & Co., 1159 Broadway, corner 37th street, are of the celebrated TREADWELL Dye, will never fade or wear yellow. No other house has them. It is OUR SPECIALTY.

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COMMISSION
Grain and Provisions,
76 Broadway and 9 New Street, N. Y.

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YOUNG BROTHERS, Toledo, Ohio.
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At close of present season we will remove to our new and commodious building,

797 and 799 Third Avenue,

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

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WITH BORDERS TO MATCH.

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

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

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

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

Sent by mail on receipt of 50 cts.
W. H. READ, Baltimore and Light Sts., Baltimore, Md.



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Testimonial of a Boston lady.

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

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

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

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

Sold every where. Price—Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, \$1. PUTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. BOSTON, MASS.

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BLACK GOODS OF ALL KINDS.

Black Silks at the very Lowest Prices.

Sherman, Noble & Co.,

No. 38 W. 23d St.

ABSOLUTELY THE BEST. WILSON'S LIGHTNING SEWER!

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



LOOK! LOOK! THE MACIE REVEALER

Beautiful and SECRET wonders of nature. Something that every young man and woman wants. Will magnify 1000 times. This is something entirely new and a Rare Bargain to those who wish to see the Beautiful in Nature Revealed. Price 25c. 5 for \$1.00 (Silver or P. O. Stamp). All handsomely mounted in Ore de and Ivory, and sent secure from observation on receipt of price. When not in use its object cannot be detected. With every order we will send free of charge, a New Wonderful and RARE BOOK, which will surely please you. (Cut this out and send with order.) Mention this paper. STAR NOVELTY CO., GREENPOINT, N. Y. (Box 99)

THE *New York Sun* calls Mayor Low a "dude." A dude, by the way, is getting to be an honorable title.—*Boston Transcript*.

WHEN Mr. Ruskin says that a couple should court seven years, he fails to state who should pay for the kerosene.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

It sounds rather rough to speak of a girl winning a man's love. If she won it she must have been playing for it.—*Phila. Chronicle-Herald*.

MR. POLLARD, a Little Rock minister, has married Eliza Mullabey, a pretty quadroon. Pollard, by the way, is about two shades blacker than the bride.—*Boston Post*.

ONE of the first things a new railroad acquires is a deficit. We don't know what it is used for, but it's part of the equipment the first year.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

A SCIENTIFIC writer says the American of to-day is not the bilious man of fifty years ago. No! The bilious man of fifty years ago succumbed to the doctor long ere this.—*Boston Post*.

MARY ANDERSON has been formally presented to the prince and princess of Wales. The prince at last accounts was still suffering from a chill, but his speedy recovery is predicted.—*Phila. Call*.

A CONNECTICUT woman has searched a great part of her life for her missing boy. If a woman has no trouble, she will go to the end of the world to look for some.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"WHAT shall we do with our daughters?" asks Mrs. Livermore in a recently published book. Give it up. Why didn't you take 'em to some seaside resort, and risk your chances?—*Burlington Free Press*.

A BALTIMORE drug clerk made a mistake in labelling a bottle, and his error killed the woman. To be perfectly safe, make the drug clerk take the medicine and then rub yourself with the empty bottle.—*Hotel Mail*.

No, nobody likes a liar; but everybody feels kindlier towards the liar who says, "How well you're looking," than to the honest truth-teller who exclaims, "Why! how awfully you're looking!"—*Boston Transcript*.

THEY pay preachers in Tennessee an average salary of \$381. When a preacher swears in that state, the recording angel blots it out with a tear, and waits to welcome the starving wanderer home.—*Merchant Traveler*.

A LADY tried a Jersey on in a Chestnut street store yesterday. She managed to get into it in the incredibly short space of half an hour's time, and then declined to purchase it because it was too large for her.—*Phila. Call*.

A REVIVAL is in progress in a colored church in Murfreesboro, Tenn., that has been going on there ever since the close of the war. Should think some of the deacons would be about ready to take a day off, to go home and saw a little wood and get shaved.—*Boston Post*.

THE King of Denmark is truly a paternal monarch. Finding that during the recent severe weather the royal foot guards were suffering greatly from Colds and Coughs, this good old gentleman ordered a supply of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for them and now the sentries are happy.

BEATTY PARLOR ORGANS.—We are reliably informed that Mayor Beatty, of Washington, New Jersey, is manufacturing and shipping a complete organ every five minutes, and that he has over 5,000 constantly in progress of manufacture. If you desire to secure his latest limited time price of only \$475, you should be sure to order within five days from date of this newspaper. Read his advertisement, and order without delay.

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YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE IMPERIAL AUSTRIAN VIENNA CITY

Government Bond.

Which Bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemed

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

And Bonds not drawing one of the above premiums must be redeemed with at least 150 Florins.

The next Redemption takes place on the

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

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

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INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO., 207 Broadway, cor. Fulton st., N. Y. 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.

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I could scarcely speak; it was almost impossible to breathe through my nostrils. Using Ely's Cream Balm a short time I was entirely relieved. My head has not been so clear nor voice so strong in years. I recommend this admirable remedy to all afflicted with Catarrh or Colds in the head. J. O. TICHENOR, dealer in boots and shoes, 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 always inflammation, protects the membrane linings of the head from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will cure. Unequaled for colds in the head. Agreeable to use. Send for circular for information and reliable testimonials. Will deliver by mail. 50 cts. a package. Stamps.

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"WEAK AND UNDEVELOPED PARTS OF THE HUMAN BODY ENLARGED, DEVELOPED & STRENGTHENED," etc., is an interesting advertisement long run in our paper. In reply to inquiries we will say that there is no evidence of humbug about this. On the contrary, the advertisers are very highly endorsed. Interested persons may get scaled circulars giving all particulars, by addressing ERLE MEDICAL CO., P. O. Box 513, Buffalo, N. Y.—[Toledo Evening Bee,

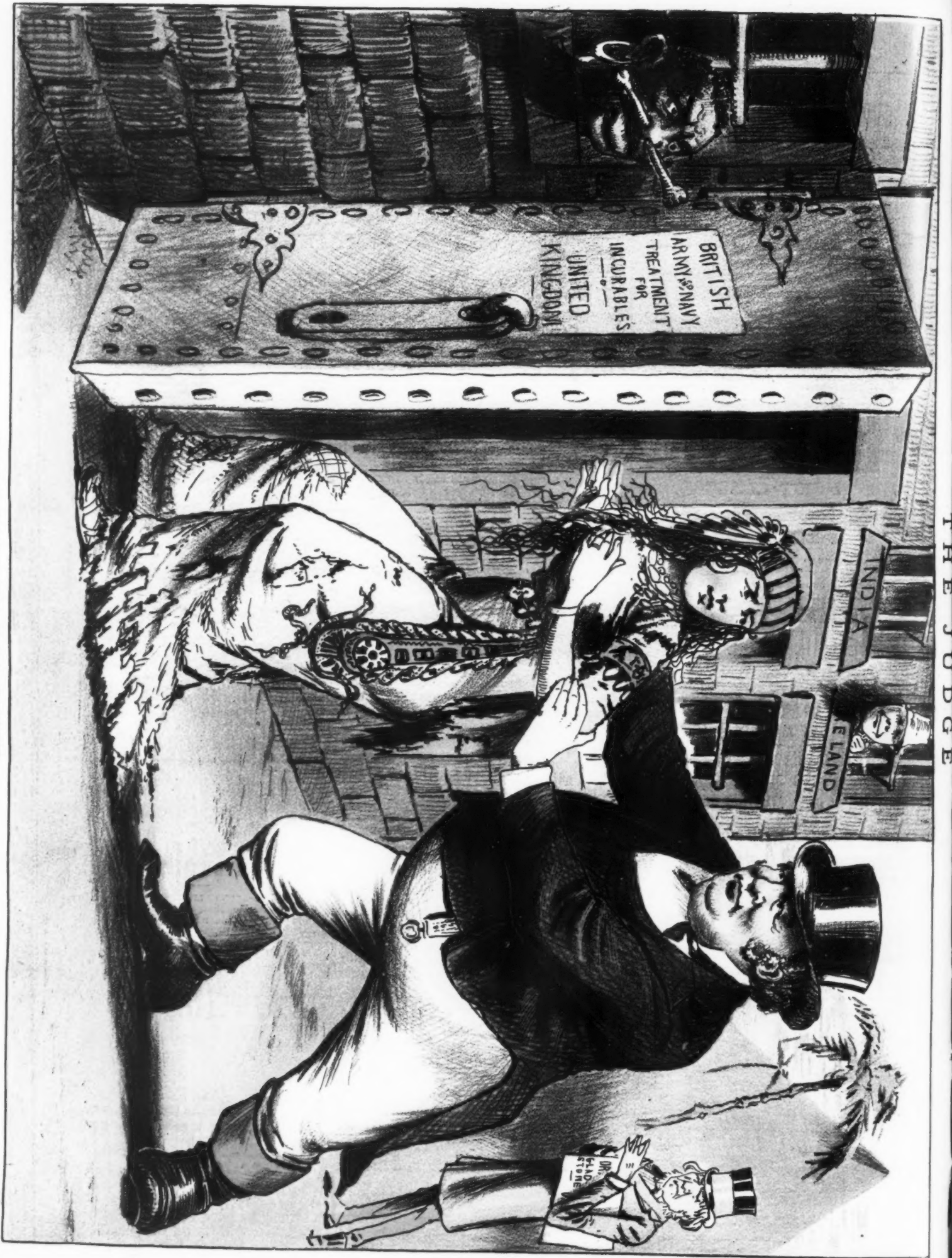
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Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills.

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All those who from indiscretions, excesses or other causes are weak, unnerfed, 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 BILLS." 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., 198 Fulton Street, New York.



JOHN BULL TO MISS EGYPT.
You are altogether too troublesome to be at large, my dear. I must lock you up with my other refractory patients.