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"A BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION."
Is this apt to conciliate Foreign "Biz?"

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THE JUDGE.

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TAKING A NEW HITCH.

FOR fear it may have escaped the attention of the vigilant reader, THE JUDGE volunteers to inform him that there has been a good deal of improvement in the mechanical and artistic execution of the few later issues, and increased efforts to make the reading matter excruciatingly funny. There is also a purpose on the part of a new hand at the wheel to make THE JUDGE something other and better than a comic paper, by putting a determined purpose in it. We mean that there shall be many true words said in jest, many a picture with "a moral into it." THE JUDGE is not to be merely a court jester. So if anything hereafter herein that provokes a smile also inspires a serious thought, do not return your borrowed copy to the owner and demand that the price of it be refunded. These presents begin the eighth volume. THE JUDGE holds by life tenure, and as he has the secret of rejuvenation, cheerfulness, many more volumes may be anxiously looked for.

ONLY A BLIND.

It is accounted unto him for righteousness that President Cleveland has appointed a Republican to be postmaster of New York. The idea of the Mugwump seems to be that Pearson's appointment offsets such confessedly vicious ones as Higgins'.

Now, it is conceded that one good Republican can leaven a large lump of Democracy, and this slight attempt of Mr. Cleve-

land to give respectability to his official list is commendable in so far as it is an acknowledgement that there is no Democrat in the Metropolis fit to be preferred for the office.

But the motives of the actor, if ascertainable, must color the act; and we may perhaps be justified in preferring to the exalted motives that the Mugwumps ascribe for the appointment of Mr. Pearson those which Mr. Cleveland himself avows. Cleveland unfortunately contradicts his eulogists. He said to the journal that most nearly reflects his views, that he used the New York Post Office patronage to pay off his personal debt to the New York liberals. There was no reform pretence in it; no thought of public service; not even a consideration of Democratic interests. It was a barter of office for support of Grover Cleveland—past, and possibly, prospective.

If there was any policy in it, it was to cover up bad appointments, a blind. Eulogy of the act must come from men under whose standard regards the sin consists in being found out.

Originating from so low a motive, we may reasonably expect worse appointments to follow to offset this and keep down the the average quality. Josh Billings said he had known a mule to be good six weeks to get a chance to kick some one.

THE SPECTRE OF EUROPEAN POLITICS.

RUSSIA is strong geographically and by her weakness. She has no navy to be attacked by a foreign foe; no out-lying dependencies to defend; her scattered population and great area make invasion profitless and indecisive, if not fatal to the successful invader, as in the case of Bonaparte. Her very inertia contributes to her formidableness. She is feared and dreaded by all her neighbors.

England may fear her most of any power because her outlying Indian lots are in Russia's path of expansion, as are the possessions of no other power—a line undefined, remote and inaccessible to England, but one upon which Russia moves from the inside of a circle. Russia, albeit without a navy to meet England, has by far the larger army. England is therefore stronger than Russia on the sea, and in a protracted struggle only excels in the matter of money.

To compensate for this advantage England has a troublesome war on her hands in Soudan, insurrection in Manitoba, chronic Irish enmity and a home population honey-combed with Republican ideas and industrial discontent.

In this condition of affairs, with Parliament almost ready to unhorse him, Gladstone was dazzled by the Russian Aurora Borealis. The spectre that haunted Bonaparte's regime and has cast its lurid glare on European politics ever since, is now in one of its brilliant outbursts. What disturbances of the political atmosphere shall result?

A BRISTLING APPOINTMENT.

THE same mal-adroitness that caused the new Secretary of the Treasury to select for appointment clerk, Higgins, the notorious spoils broker, and President Cleveland to affront Mexican sensibilities by sending to them as minister one of the veterans of the unjust Mexican war, must have inspired the selection of a citizen of Porkpoils to present our sweet courtesies to the hog-hating Bismarck. This is a "vigorous foreign policy," to be sure; it will not cast lard oil on the diplomatic waters troubled by the late quarrel between Herr Bismarck and the American Minister. As there is a spice of retort in this cramming a Cincinnati ham down the throat of Germany, as it were, we need not squeal about the appointment, no matter how much Bismarck may bristle up about it.

Indeed, we are inclined to approve. It defeats German exclusiveness. Bismarck may be able to exclude American pork on the assumption that it contains trichinae, but how will he feel when he finds that, in spite of prohibition and customs vigilance, he has received with his court a specimen fresh from Cincinnati with a maggot in his brain?

The German oaths that this porcine *coup d'etat* will inspire will have to be forwarded to our department of state as petitions for clerkships are now filed, in a large bound volume—size sufficient to contain one of Mr. Evarts' most eloquent sentences.

The Genial 'Gene.

'GENE HIGGINS, the Baltimore "Blood-Tub" appointment-clerk of the treasury under the reform administration, is commended by an eminent Democratic authority as being "fond of a harmless joke." Democrats consider ballot-box forgeries and false counts in Maryland legislatures harmless jokes. Their hugest joke in this line is their disfranchisement of a million and a half of Southern Republicans whom they fraudulently represent in Congress and the electoral college. By a refinement of humor they claim that Cleveland, thus returned, was elected by the majority of the people, and they keep their faces perfectly straight while saying it. They are rare humorists. THE JUDGE's hat is off to them.

Not a Hambletonian.

DISGRUNTLED DEMOCRATS are trying to prove Prof. Phelps' unfitness for the office that the President has conferred upon him by disputing the authenticity of certain copperhead speeches of his during the war. Worse still, the *Sun* says he is a Hamiltonian. THE JUDGE is in position to say that Mr. Phelps is not of that stock, but is of pure Vermont Black Hawk pedigree—if that will do him any good.

ADVICES from the rural districts say the past winter has been very severe and destructive of bees. It is predicted that there will be a marked increase of pic-nics during the summer to restore the festive average.

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NIGHT AND MORNING.

WHAT is it takes the man away
From hearth-stone, wife and fami-lay,
Each evening till the break o' day?—
The Club.

What is it, when he's homeward bound—
So shouting drunk on wine he's "downed",
Policemen use to quell his sound?—
The club.

"JEF. JOBLYN."

Hints Against Reading.

A STEADY and undiscouraged reader who peruses THE JUDGE for useful information, wants some further hints on reading. As a hintist THE JUDGE takes the negative on the sad and growing practice of reading, and hints only on not reading.

It advises strongly against Reading. Try anything else—Northern Pacific, Preferred. Even Erie. You know what you are getting when you take Erie or Coney Island clam chowder. Avoid Reading, gentle reader. As *Punch* said to young people about to marry—DON'T:

We can tell you what not to read—a few of the many. Avoid such works as the unexpurgated editions of "Arabian Nights," "Young's Night Thoughts," "Rebellais," "The Songs of Solomon," "Anthony [Comstock] and Cleopatra," "The Woman in White," "Ouida's."

Put away the complete editions of Rollin, Mark Twain, U. S. Commissioner of Patents, Bayard Taylor, the Popular Science Series, and all "standard" literature—until you have accumulated a fortune, and retired to the shades of Tusculum to be an amateur literateur. After that age you will not be able to do much injury as a literary authority.

In the line of reform swear off on the *Evening Post*, all Greenback and Woman's Rights writers, all morbid and abnormal health publications, Dio Lewis, Blake, Fowler and Wells, and the "Man, know-thyself" sort of thing. On Dana's advice to Unmarried couples, and couples who want to be; on the *Tribune's* silver-coinage utterances, and Watterson's free-trade strictures and restrictions; on all that the converted Democrats and hardened Reformers have to say about the reformed administration.

Shut your ears resolutely against all the writings of Chopin, Wagner, and Ned Braham, and never have anything to do with any other composer.

But there is no end to this. Perhaps we had better sum up by a general caution against anything but Shakespeare and THE JUDGE. Indulge in other reading but sparingly and under the advice of your most illiterate society friends.

THE JUDGE declines in advance to act as umpire of any base-ball games, referee in any prize-fights or moderator at any church trials.

RULINGS.

THE SCRUB politicians whom the executive has elevated to office are no doubt Cleveland's highered men.

STATE SOVEREIGNTY is interpreted by the thrifty Nutmeg legislators to be authorizing the manufacture of oleomargerine in Connecticut, and forbidding its sale there. There is no flavor of hypocrisy in that.

THE Brooklyn Bridge Bill in which the people of the iron-ligatured cities are most interested is not any that the legislature can enact, but the bill for construction and maintenance which they have to pay.

THERE is a movement now among public school teachers to exclude visitors during school hours, as their presence is held to have

ZIGS AND ZAGS.

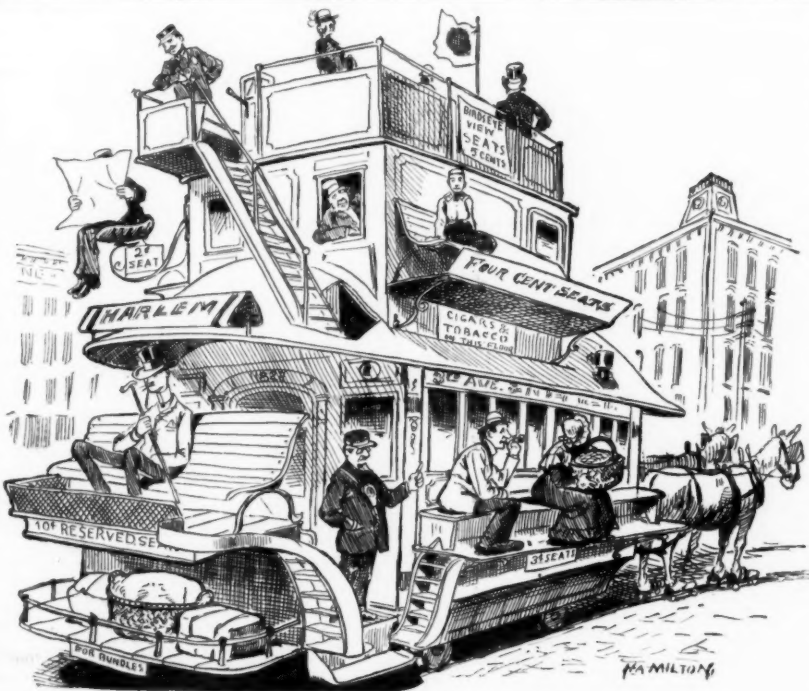
LAST week, while striding up Broadway,
I met Zags a-striding down;
His hands were clutched as in despair,
And frightful was his frown.
Now Zags, as everybody knows,
Dramatist claims to be,
And writes a heap of orful plays
Which no one goes to see.
Last week he made another fluke,
And when we met he said,
"Behold, my friend, a broken man
Who might as well be dead."
"Yes, Zags," I said, and pity looked,
"My care for you increases,
You must be broke, my boy, for I
Have seen your various pieces."

Ravages of Rinkophobia.

THE roller skate continues its work of devastation in our homes and meeting houses.

Men neglect their families evenings to attend the rinks. Mistresses desert their servants shamefully in broad day-light to skate. School children play hookey to go. And even the poker clubs are losing thir attractions.

There is alarming spread of the disease, and what is worse, our doctors, of medicine and divinity, do not succeed in overcoming its terror. The Board of Health seems powerless to act in this emergency as in others. Dr. Hammond has brought to bear on it his well-known powers of obscuration in vain. Sanitary science has at last found a human complaint it cannot prevent, even Mr. Wingate remaining dumb and jokeless with discouragement. The high-moral clubs—Twilight, Constitution, Nineteenth Century—have discussed this problem without settling it to their own satisfaction. Brer Shearman and Capt. Codman have got no



ANTI-MONOPOLY CAR OF THE FUTURE. PATENT APPLIED FOR BY A LONG SUFFERING PUBLIC. PAY YOUR MONEY AND TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

an unfavorable influence on the pupils. Wouldn't the same fact call for the exclusion of the pupils too, during school hours?

OUR AMBITIOUS new Secretary of State, although we have no colonies, has a Colonial Policy. This Colonial Policy sends the navy to Colon, at an expense of \$100,000, to guard the property of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company against Indian mobs. Millions for defense, but not one cent for subsidy.

THE WORLD celebrated the First of April without any fooling. There was war in China, Tonquin, Soudan, Afghanistan (a big cloud) South Africa, Manitoba, Central America—with the United States getting ready to take a hand in the "discooshin"—and the unpleasantness in the Democratic party was unsettled.

farther than to attribute the epidemic to protection, and probably never will.

The press is equally powerless to stay the ravages of Rinkophobia. The *World* prescribes "Wants" and total abstention from partaking of the *Herald's* advertising columns. The *Sun* can only wring its hands and sing "it is the cat." The *Tribune* attributes it to Cleveland's election and the *Herald* has contented itself with publishing maps showing the rinks which are storm centers of the disturbance—which of course only aggravates the complaint. The *Post's* prescription is to stop the silver coinage so as to cut off the supply of gate money while the *Times* has no mind about this matter, as about others.

One of the most alarming of the later developments of the disorder is the spread of the contagion by contact with young men under the guise of teachers who inoculate attendants at the rinks, especially females, with the disease. This dangerous complication has gone so far that an active movement has begun against these

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teachers. Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, who has been appealed to, gives this opinion:

"I have no doubt that much evil comes from having male teachers in rinks. Proprietors select young men, and this makes an additional attraction for young girls. There is something very fascinating, you know, in one who is able to skate the 'grapevine twist,' or go through some other intricate involution. It is easy for the teachers to show favoritism, and the girls who are favored do not fail to notice it."

Mr. Gerry clinches the matter by giving some examples almost too shocking for belief:

"I knew of a case: not long ago, of a prominent young lady uptown who became infatuated with one of the male teachers. *Fortunately nothing ever came of it.* This was one case that was brought to my attention. There are a thousand, I suppose, that never come to light. Girls and married women get in the habit of going to the rinks to meet these fascinating friends. But I care nothing about married women; they are old enough to take care of themselves. I am interested in saving young girls from the downward road."

A deputy-constable has been dispatched by THE JUDGE to comprehend some of these thousand (1000) vagrom cases that have been rolling around in the dark. The report is but too true. Enough was ascertained to form an accurate estimate that as many as twelve hundred (1200) cases have not come to light in which nothing ever came of it. A few samples will suffice:

A fashionable lady sitting in the gallery of a rink was suddenly struck with admiration for a professional and said nothing about it.

A society belle with a not unpromising prospect of marriage when her respected parent returns from Canada, was skating with a male teacher when several of her intendeds came in. Thereafter, of course, nothing came of it.

A young lady was skating alone when a dazzling young man proposed without an introduction. As he only proposed to skate a match for three laps, of course nothing came of it.

Another case was cited where a match resulted from a similar proposal at a rink, though there were only two laps stipulated for.

A young man of fortune, a college graduate and hence a kicker, and a person of considerable intelligence, undertook to teach a lady the 'grapevine twist.' When she excused herself and left the rink the young man found he couldn't find his purse. Nothing ever came of this, either. "Nothing from nothing, nothing remains."

A case not so fresh in several respects was that of a couple who were clandestinely married over a year ago from the Little Rink Around the Corner, and nothing ever came of it.

Another marriage brought about in a similar way has resulted in the young wife returning home to board while her husband was compelled to resort to work for a living. This is one of the few cases where something did come of it.

Indeed, one of the most alarming features is that these cases do not come to light—different from the poor cigarettes sold at the rinks. There is a strange reticence on the part of the victims of this fascination. They seem unwilling to tell the reporters when the thing strikes in on 'em and it is only with the utmost vigilance and industry that the incubator of "specials" can imagine the conversations that pass between the young people when skates are being adjusted or "the spirits rush together at the touching of the hips," as Tennyson touchingly remarked.

One of two things certainly must be done

—and who better than Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry to attend to it? Either something must come of these cases, or they must come to light.

Mr. Gerry, be it understood, does not refer to cases that come to light on the rink floor in divers attitudes to delight the rapt gaze of A. Comstock. Nor does he refer to deceptive canned goods in "cases that come too light." His meaning is obvious and his indignation as justifiable as that of the special reporters.

A Capital Theory.

A PHILADELPHIA hat manufacturer says the average of Philadelphia heads takes a hat several sizes smaller than the average New Yorker's does; and he concludes that "the size of heads is increased by excitement." It is anticipated that continuous reading of Philadelphia papers will, in time, lower the record of sizes there still further. A thimble will probably be about the ultimate.



LADY TOURIST—"Excuse me, but is this the smoking room, sir?"
TRAVELER (with unlighted cigar)—"No, Madam; if you wish to smoke you must go in the next apartment."

Remarks by Lilian.

PAPA HAS dismissed our last groom for the crime of being too good looking!

Did you ever hear of such injustice? Oh, well yes, if you insist upon it, he *did* say something about my having made eyes at him—which was quite too perfectly absurd, you know. Jack says "the Governor didn't want any Morosini in his." What a vulgar way of putting it! Jack is so slangy.

And now we have a horrid old thing from England—about sixty, I should say, who has red hair and drops his h's, tells me I am "ard on 'orses,"—reminds me of those "Rough on Rats" advertisements that stare you out of countenance everywhere.

I am really mortified to appear in the Park with such a scare-crow! Jack teases me half to death about him and says: "Well, Lil, he's not pretty, certainly, but 'he's English, you know'—as though that made the old fossil any more endurable!

I wish to heaven "Adonis" had never been written! Dixey is too fascinating for words (especially when he is dressed as the groom) but I don't care to have him hurled

at me when I crave sympathy! It is bad enough to have one's only brother "gone" on one of the chorus girls and haunt the Bijou in consequence, but it is piling on the agony to have theatrical airs constantly pervade the home atmosphere! I can't make the most commonplace remark to Jack that he doesn't flourish his arms and say: "I am a simple village maiden, but I know my rights!"

There is no use trying to crush him—his only reply is to thunder forth "you are no longer a chée-ild of mine!"

He makes me tired!

As for Regina, she doesn't know the meaning of the word sympathy!

When I spoke to her about that nightmare of a groom, she only said in her icy way, "Don't be an idiot, Lilian."

I do hope that when we go to Heaven, I won't sit on the same cloud with Reg.

LITERARY CIRCLES are much interested over the approaching Sheephead Bay and Monmouth Park seasons. It is anticipated that there will be a boom in book-making.

ON THE ROAD.

Adventures of the Emissaries of Trade.—
How the Gentle Drummers Disported
Themselves With the Railroad Bore.

I REPRESENT Messrs. Bottom & Quince, of New York, whose labels and illuminated printing I am introducing to such business men throughout the country as I think ought to use them. My name is Lang—L. L. Lang, at your service.

Josh. Brown, who travels in the interest of the Western Union Coffin & Casket Co., and Gus Cusby, the gentlemanly representative of "Pydia Linkham's Mineral Compound," and I pulled out of Cleveland together last Monday. The smoker was well filled. My friends occupied the seat in front of me while I was paired off with an old gentleman of full habit, scorbutic as to complexion and bibulous of feature, the odor of whose breath informed me that he had taken a drink before taking the train. He belonged to that variety of the human species, the conversational bore—as I quickly ascertained without effort. He informed me fully of his business, his destination etc., etc., and then demanded a return of confidence.

I determined to make things hot for him. And this is how I did it:

"You would not guess, sir, to look at me that I am a keeper in a lunatic asylum. You would not take the two gentlemen seated before me for raving maniacs—now would you?"

"Great Caesar!" ejaculated the old gentleman, starting violently.

"Fact, sir. They look tame enough, don't they? This man (indicating Cusby) in his milder moments imagines himself a milk-can, and, being by nature as honest a man as ever breathed, he never adulterates his contents with water. I must admit, though, that I have seen the various component parts of an orthodox milk punch emptied into him with privity and convenience.

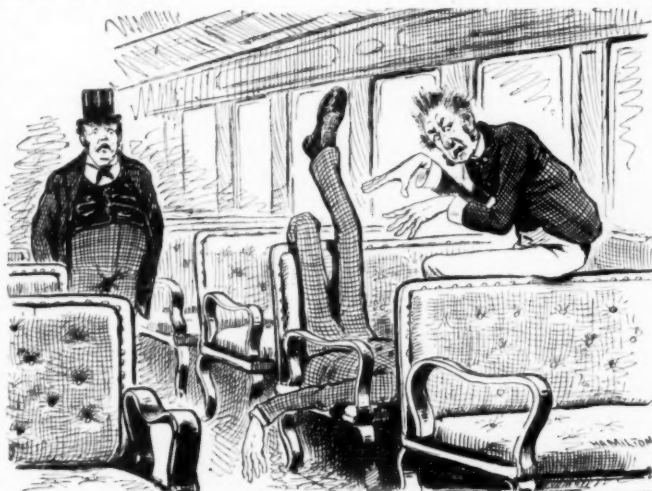
"The first symptom of insanity the other man showed was a trick of going to pawnbrokers all over town to get himself hung up, under the impression that he was a watch. His trouble is that he is continually running down and requires to be wound up periodically, in a manner very agreeable to himself. When he has kept time for an hour, if the winding-up process is not promptly attended to, he breaks his main spring, smashes his crystal, and that is the time we have to put a chain on that watch and lock it. This time-piece, between windings, makes the fastest sixty minutes on record. Now as we find it necessary to give one man water to drink occasionally, and as we can't always be winding up the other with rye whiskey—his favorite key—the padded cells are a necessity.

"You mightn't think it, but I can control them, as men do wild beasts, by merely keeping my gaze fixed on their eyes. To show you how easy this is, I will relax my vigilance and turn them loose. No trouble—don't protest, it's only a slight return for your own efforts to entertain me to-day. No apologies, my dear sir. Now watch 'em."

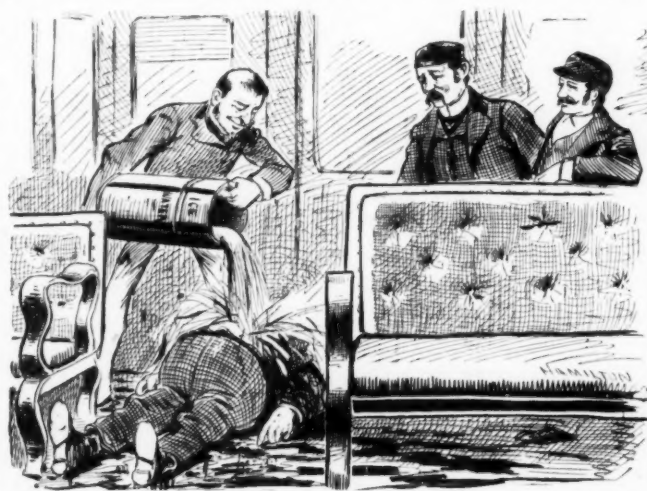
I covered my eyes with my hand, and feign-

ing sleep, snored like a very Samson on the knees of his Delilah.

Of course, Cusby and Brown had "got onto my scheme." Lord! how livid the visage of that poor old rooster grew, and how violently the hand which clutched my arm trembled as Cusby arose noiselessly from his seat with eyes peeping cunningly over his shoulder at me. The mouth of the demented creature stretched until the bicuspid were plainly visible as he grinned fiendishly. His fingers were set to resemble the claws of a bird.



Brown also performed his part acceptably, though rather too wildly, by jumping nimbly upon the back of his seat where he balanced himself with arms extended, his fingers working nervously and his eyes rolling in an alarming manner. He rendered his performance the more realistic by growling like a disturbed lion—all of which, he afterward informed me, was his idea of the invariable manner in which all professional madmen disport themselves when on exhibition.



The other occupants of the car at this began to manifest an impulse to seek more refined associations than the smoking car usually affords; and when Cusby with a most terrific shriek darted into the aisle followed closely by Brown, a stampede followed and the jam which occurred at the doors was frightful. A minute or more elapsed before the corner was broken and the market relieved.

The two "maniacs," now reduced to perfect submission by the eagle eye of their keeper, turned their attention to their victim, who had judiciously fainted and lay on his back

in the aisle.

"What shall we do with it, boys," I asked, "I'll give you each a half if you'll carry it away."

"Give him a dose of our great Mineral Compound," cried Gus, "it will cure consumption, reform the civil service, remove dand—"

"All right," cried Brown. "The Compound will kill him dead and I'll work in my Dr. Potterfield's Embalming Fluid on him—(reaching for his grip)—and will forward him to the bereaved friends, C. O. D. warranted to keep in any climate."

"Come off, Josh," I interrupted, "this case is mine, and I am going to try plain ordinary water. The old cock looks as if he wasn't used to that element, and judging by his nose it will probably surprise his nervous system with good results."

For the first time that I ever heard of, the consulting physicians disagreed with the doctor in charge; and we emptied the contents of the water cooler over the prostrate man.

The treatment resulted as I had expected. He gradually regained the use of his faculties, and after propounding the conundrum usual in such cases, viz: "Where am I?" begged to be assisted to another car.

When the conductor, alarmed by the reports of the dispersed passengers, entered the smoker, accompanied by several brakemen miscellaneously armed, he found three quiet inoffensive gentlemen engaged in a game of draw with \$2.00 in the pot, as good as a pair of jacks being required to open.

Prison Reform.

MR. WARNER'S able article on Prison Management, in the *N. A. Review*, informs us that the state prison at Wethersfield, Conn., is "altogether a gloomy and depressing place," and that the Rhode Island state prison, though "a new handsome granite building," is no more desirable as a summer resort.

But the case is not as hard everywhere as it seems in New England. If Mr. W. will extend his prison visitations to this city he will find that the inmates have cheerful, even aesthetic surroundings. "Prison reform" has been at work since the days of Tweed, and Brussels carpets and terrapin stew frequently alleviate the lot of the involuntary boarder. The free and intelligent voters of this state, by ordaining that its guests shall no more soil their hands

with work, have, by a master stroke, taken away the last objection to a stay there. Accordingly, Mr. Warner will not be surprised to learn that the attendance at these popular resorts is rapidly increasing and now numbers over 15,000 in this state, all of whom much enjoy the well-earned rest which the grand old Empire State affords its favorite sons.

THE wild western criticism of Cleveland that he has never crossed the Mississippi is N. G. He doesn't have to. He does not care for the scenery.



SPRING STYLES FOR ROLLER RINK FAIRIES.

OFF THE BENCH.

HANGING on the ragged edge is now rendered tottering on the slippery b-rink.

TREES have their day for planting, but all, thou hast all times for thy sowing, O-oats.

A BUTCHER has been run in by a callow cop for bringing his cart into the streets without a tire.

It is suggested that as the tide raised the ice on the Hudson River twice every day, all winter, it is likely to be very high this summer.

It is said that the editor of *The Merchant Traveller* is studying for the ministry. It's high time! Between Talmage and Joe Cook the pulpit has become sadly lacking in solemnity.

THE WOMEN'S RIGHTERS have a right, at last, to feel encouraged. In far Constantinople, "where woman has never a soul to save," the fair sex has riz and shrieked, and bulldozed the government. They declared, "the Sublime Porte is no Bossphorus."

THE LAW of re-taliation is expressed in the clause: "If you will relieve the irritation of the epidermis of my dorsal regions by gently forrowing it with the unguical appendages of your digits, I will reciprocate by a similar alleviating service on behalf of your own posterior surfaces."

RIEL'S REBELS, in Manitoba, cut the barbed-wire fences, and placed themselves outside the pale of civilized warfare—being mostly red Indians. The wires being down no telegraphic communication could be had to convey the intimidating threats of the Canada militia. It was a Riel rebellion.

A BRAZOS LEGEND.

RELATED BY BILL FLYNN.

WHAR did I last see Charley—
Charley ther king ov ther cards?
Wal, it war down on ther Brazos,
Me an' him used ter be pards.
He war a marvel with aces,
Flushes, an' them sort o' things—
Got 'em as easy as smilin',
And laid out yer onery kings,
Down on ther Brazos, I told yer,
Hell never saw such a night;
Crash went ther terrible thunder!
Lurrid the skies war with light.
Frightened, my hoss sunk beneath me,
And groaned like a man at his death;
Ther wind had a hand at my weazen
Chokin' me outen my breath.

Hither and yon, like a drunkard,
I staggered from thistle to thorn,
Cursin' ther terrible tempest,
Eagerly longin' ther morn.
An' when ther arrows o' daylight
Shot from ther bows o' ther east,
Gods! how I blubbered and shouted:
Oh, 'fore my eyes what a feast!

What did I see but a cabin?—
Wholly unscathed by ther storm!
Nestling down in a deep valley,
Like a babe in a bosom so warm.
Straight war the bee-line I made for't,
I sank with a groan at ther door;
But I lifted my hands with an effort,
And counted my raps up to four.

Nary a voice bade me enter,
But, like a chased wolf, I went in;
"Whar is ther landlord?" I shouted.
"Shelter for storm-euchred Flynn!"
Thar sat a man at a table,
A-lookin' right down at his hand,
A candle war burnin' before him,

Stuck inter a heap o' wet sand.

"'Tis Charley!" I cried ther next minute,
"Shiver my eyes! if it ain't.
Hello! my old pard! don't yer know me?
I'm Bill what yer nicknamed ther Saint.
Ar' yer holdin' yer old hand at poker?
Ye ar' from ther lay-out o' things;"
For thar on ther table before him
War layin' a hull set o' kings.

But still he sot gazin' an' gazin',
He never looked up, never stirr'd;
An' I said to myself, "What's ther matter?
Does Death hold the highest trump kerd?"
Then I saw 'twix ther eyes o' King Charley,
A little round spot that war blue,
An' ther kings, they kept grinnin' an' grinnin',
As if the hull story they knew—

Which they did. They had beate the aces.
That clung to ther cold, icy hand;
Wal, he sleeps his last sleep by ther Brazos,
I planted him thar in the sand;
An' above him I muttered, "O, vengeance,"
An' "killin'," an' them sort o' things;
For 'twar painful to see ther four aces
Laid out by ther onery kings.

Did I find him? One night in Galveston
We war havin' o' poker a game,
I asked if kings ever took aces,
And he said he had heard o' ther same.
He said it war up on ther Brazos,
A year or two arter ther war,
When the kings scooped the quartette o' aces:
For," said he with a wink, "I war thar!"

I left my chair, gently remarkin'
They never would do that agin';
An' they havn't since—not as I know of—
Nor they shan't, says the trigger o' Flynn.
They said, them as laid out ther corkiss,
Which ther Coroner came for ter view,
That right 'twix his elegant peepers
War a little round spot that war blue.

T. C. HARRAUGH.



ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL DIFFICULTY.

STRAINED RELATIONS BETWEEN GERMANY AND ITALY. GERMANY ISSUES DIPLOMATIC NOTES AND COMPELS AN ITALIAN ORGAN TO RETRACT.

"HOORAY!" cried a stalwart when he read the news of the advance of Canada police against the Manitoba insurgents. "Put down the half-breeds, Vic! They made trouble here and they'll trouble you—sock it to 'em!"

"NINETEEN MORE young ladies admitted to the practice of medicine," is a newspaper heading. Yes, but you know a person cannot be convicted on her own admissions. Probably they will escape, as all the male doctors do.

PRACTICAL PHYSIOGNOMY.

“Speaking Eyes”—The Windows of the Soul and Their Curtains.—How to Read What is Back of Them.

THE JUDGE continues its efforts to help its readers to the delightful knowledge of the inmost natures of their respective neighbors—their fine feelings, meannesses, etc., Kind Providence evidently gave us so many means of expression that we might have no private characters at all—a plan of creation that our fellow creatures have always devoutly tried to carry out. They have failed because their methods of uncovering their neighbors' souls was defective. Substitute for phrenology, clairvoyance, lawyer's cross-examination, and other false systems THE JUDGE's complete science, and people will be better able to fathom their fellows and to more satisfactorily discharge their chief duty of regulating their neighbors.

There is now no doubt that the complete power of mind-reading was an original gift to Adam and Eve, and that the legend of the tailoring of fig-leaves is a parable regarding the first human efforts to conceal thought. Therefore our science is an attempted restoration of man to his primal state of open-heartedness. It will restore paradise, instead of inaugurating hades on the planet, as some have rashly concluded.

The eye is the starting point of all expression; the storm-center in a family disturbance; the hydrant of the emotional works; the dynamo of intellectual lighting. It is very near the brain, and therefore, Delsarte tells us, it gets the first advices from that seat of authority—or sick room, as the case may be—and bulletins them ahead of all its expressional contemporaries—a “scoop” that our newspaper friends will see.

By the eye as an organ of soul-revelation we mean the eye-brows, lids, lashes, and the contiguous muscles of the face. All these take part in the simplest and most commonplace of your eye-speaking, as you can readily ascertain by looking at them on yourself the next time you call for a glass of soda-water. Indeed, the expression is not in the eye-balls, and a man with glass eyes has no more advantage in politics, or courtship, or stock-jobbing than the man with natural eyes. This explains the fact that the ghost of Banker had no speculation in his eyes, not being able to give Macbeth “a friendly tip” without the use of his accessory optic muscles—which, it is well known, regular ghosts in those days were not equal to. We have improved all that by the invention of the cabinet-seance, and there is now nothing a live medium can do that the gauziest ghost cannot.

As was explained in a previous finding regarding the nose, the eyes are merely organs of expressions and have outgrown their original function of vision. This can be tested by listening to the sworn evidence of different eye-witnesses to any event. No two men will see alike as to who struck first. Read also the testimony on the Fitz John Porter case, and the recent articles from eye-witnesses of Shiloh and other battles in the late unprincipled raid of the hireling North. Read also the evidences of the complete loss of eye-sight by New York police. The fact that some of our keenest-sighted men are now not able to see after four o'clock is evidence of the gradual disappearance of sight by disuse; while an instance of sudden

loss of vision, on the other hand, is the blindness of Democrats and the “high-moral causes” of reform to the faults of Cleveland—they who just before could see nothing but sins in the other Presidents. We now proceed promptly to illustrate by concrete examples.

To prove conclusively that the eye-ball has no share in expression, we first submit the cut of a subject whose eyes are purposely obscured by goggles, and you will be surprised to see how easily you can “call the turn” on this man's probable acts and motives in spite of his spectacles.



THE MERCENARY EMISSARY.

sun. Observe the bushy eye-brows sweeping upward and outward and the orbits turned downward—a divergence of features that suggests inconsistency and lack of moral purpose. The eyes are set well apart, which indicates intellectual abilities, especially in speaking parts. If a man with such optics were an orator, his incon-

of men and a natural leader of them. His eyes are small, which shows a secretive diplomatic nature and gives a fairly-good equipment for affairs. But they also indicate a narrowness which will bar his success in broad arenas. He will make a powerful and lasting leader among men of limited intellect and low morals. How accurately this reading fits, anyone can see by a mere glance at the illustration.

Now please give your careful attention to a more difficult subject—in fact, a tough case. This is an exaggerated type of a man of which there are too many feeble examples in this country. You will not fail to remark the high-pointed brow, the pointed arch of of the upper lid and the way it seems to curtain not only the eye-ball but sweeps down over the lower lid, too, as if it would drop like an impenetrable veil over the man's entire face. “Tough and deevilish sly” is inscribed on that curtain. Few people know what goes on behind it. THE JUDGE doesn't care to;



THE TRICKSTER.



ONE OF THE RISING GENERATION.

LADY PROFESSOR—“Oh! it's a dead failure—the ladies won't come because the gentlemen are excluded.”

LITTLE GIRL—“Well, who can blame them, a girl don't want to elope with a female.”

stant, conscienceless nature would lead him to sell his talents to any one who would buy, regardless of his record or previous opinion. Even if he should happen to adhere to the party he had always professed to support, it would be for a selfish motive. He could not speak for the cause he loved except for the most exorbitant pay, cash in hand, perhaps so much as \$200 a speech.

Our next type of eyes is of an opposite reading. Here the brows sweep upward, but they are arched, while the lids follow the same direction, and there is a large distance between the orbs. This is a man of great will and obstinacy, and no inconsiderable intellect. He will not get the credit of as much brains as he really possesses, because his bull-dog nature makes him essentially a fighter. He is a good judge



THE BULL-DOG.

there is more of a show on the drop curtain than behind it, sometimes. This man has the ingenuity in sin of Mephestopheles, but, fortunately for society, he lacks the devil's daring. He is a coward and flinches from the consequences of his own plotting when it comes to light. He will spoil all his larger enterprises by superfluous guile and finally throw away great opportunities by indecision and indiscretion. He is capable of buying a high office, but not of winning it on merit. He would prefer to win by secret and abhorrent forces, and when these fail has no powerful resources left; he collapses when tapped for manly qualities. Lady Constance prophetically described a man of this type:

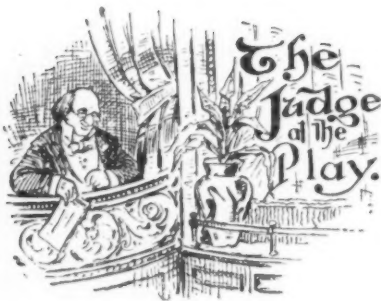
“Thou little valiant, great in villainy.”



THE SPECTRE OF EUROPE.
Dazzling Display of Northern Light.

THE JUDGE.





IF SHE ONLY COULD!

DESPITE the unusual number of attractions during the past two weeks, Mlle. Theo has been charming to fair sized audiences, nightly, at the Star.

This is the secret of her hold upon the public—she is charming, bright, sprightly, delightful. French without being too Frenchy. If she could only sing! It is sometimes an advantage to a comic opera star to be able to sing a little.

WHY SHE DOESN'T "GET THERE."

From present developments we predict that though the real Rose of Wallack's company will be gone next season, there will be a good imitation one in her place. Miss Anna Robe, who is to be their leading lady, possesses a finely shaped head and—large imitative powers. When she crosses the stage we see a lesser Coghlan stride, and in the portrayal of deep emotion, love or anger—it matter not which—we again hear Miss Coghlan's mysterious, monotonous intonations, only in a less positive declamatory style. Miss Coghlan never fails to strike the same underground tone; whereas, Miss Robe sometimes forgets and does better—and we are soothed by a pleasant, natural tone.

Imitation at its best is the cheapest stock in trade of the artist. But if the dramatic instinct is not developed enough in young actors, and they needs must copy from others—why, they should be discriminating in their choice of a subject as "a poor imitation of a good thing is better than a good imitation of a poor thing."

Miss Robe has much to work for. Association with artists may overcome her unconscious plagiarism of expression, and give her broader conception and style. At present, she is a fair representative of the would-be climax actor—those that subordinate the ensemble to situations; the general to the particular; and as her situations lack strength, she fails to reach the summit of the climax. Her best acting is when she does not try.

"EH! AH! OH!" AND !!!

In his Harvard address, Mr. Irving dwelt at length upon the use of exclamations. Strange that this artist should notice these little waifs of expression, when the mass of our alleged actors are superior to such trifles. An instructor at the Lyceum School made the startling announcement that there are three stage exclamations!!! Eh! Ah! Oh! Three stage exclamations! There are as many as there are possible sounds in the human voice. Exclamations are the most dramatic part of our language. They are short route messengers of the feelings.

DRAMA'S NURSERY MISSION.

That the play is an educator cannot be denied. It has long been included in the curriculum of Fashionable Finishing Institutions, but Dixey strikes deeper. He gives

a lesson in physiology, horticulture and medicine in his popular kindergarten poem. The old stereotyped nursery rhymes as "Banbury Cross," "Baby Bunting," etc., are a thing of the past. Our little ones now clamor for "The Apple of Emerald 'Ue":

A apple in a orchard grew,
A little apple of emerald 'ue,
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,
It grew!

One day, as John and his sister Sue
Were taking a walk the orchard through,
They spied this apple of emerald 'ue,
Them two!

Then into the tree a stick they threw,
Which brought down the apple of emerald 'ue,
Peek-a-boo!

John took a bite and Sue took a chew,
And then the trouble began to brew;
Trouble the doctors could not subdue—
Paregoric too.

Under the sod where the daises grew,
They planted John and his sister Sue,
And up to the angels their little souls flew—
Adieu.

A FIT FINALE.

The regular season at the Union Square closed with one of the most remarkable performance that ever took place at any theatre. Following is a complete libretto:

A lady, evidently of high social standing, came in carrying a silk umbrella. At the first drop of the curtain she went, out not carrying said silk take-'em-where-you-find-'em. Being unattended, she waited near the crossing for a car. A slight touch on the shoulder, she indignantly turned—to confront a gentleman with overcoat thrown hastily across his arm, hat in one hand and her umbrella in the other.

An umbrella Samaritan! What next?

A BEUTIFUL SETTING FOR PASTE.

If Mr. James Steele Mackaye had only announced that his new original play with the aesthetically suggestive title of "Dakolar," was to be another rehash of the French novel which several play-wright plagiarists have already pecculated he would have relieved

the public of much anxious speculation. We were afraid his play-plot would be as unsatisfactory as his dramatic school scheme was. But we are satisfied on this score—the plot is all right. But the making up of the scenes is—well, according to Delsarte principles—it is decidedly relaxed! Too tame! There is a superabundance of pseudo-Delsartism running through the whole performance.

But, for the new theatre and the setting of the new piece nothing but praise could be said.

Its tones are mellow, its combinations indiscernibly blending, its form and proportions rhythmical. Nothing equal to it has been seen in this country. What Irving has done by stage detail, Mackaye has done by architecture and accessories. Whether the supplementary acting shall be as complementary in one case as in the other remains to be seen.

THE CITY CORRESPONDENT.

BY H. S. KELLER.

LET's tune our lyre this April day
And carol the blithesome roundelay.
Let's hang on the limb of a willow tree
Our dripping refulgence of ecstasy.

RESULT.

Here's to the special who pushes the quill
The fancy of country readers to fill.

He writes of the glamour of charity balls
Among the abode of grim tenement walls.

He'll tell you how Henry and Terry did play;
'Tis all a rehash of the *Herald* next day.

He'll tell you strawberries are now on the pass;
He took them all in—through a plate of French glass.

State dinners they ooze from his fanciful pen;
He dines—in his mind—with our very big men.

In a column of social, just make up your mind,
Our special has pushed the quill just a bit blind.

High liver? not much, for a herring that's red
Oft is the scribe's supper 'ere going to bed.



OVER THE GARDEN WALL.



PAST MEMORIES.

My thoughts how they drift to the days of my smallness.
 When bright visions ascending with ardor I'd view,
 And oft I repent to think of my proneness
 In leaving the haunts that my infancy knew.
 Many times have I rode in that bottomless wagon,
 The steeds once so fiery with a clothes-line I'd guide,
 While my big brother Bill and wee sister Nancy
 Clung on to the saw-back we all sat astride.
 The iron-bound swill-tub that stood near the doorway,
 Its resplendent beauty now turns to the light;
 Oft have I dived in that bottomless treasure
 In search of my hat that had sank out of sight.
 The dirt covered school-house that stood near the birch-tree,
 In my dreams now I fancy I peep through its door,
 'Tis the last day of "teachin," and the scholars are telling
 The price of each garment of store-clothes they wore.
 Fleet-footed child-hood, where dost thou vanish?
 The scenes we so cherish Time hides from our view,
 Like the fog in the morn which obscured the scare-crow
 That stood in the fields "that my infancy knew."
 H. WANCROFT.

—It is indeed hard times. Eastern milliners claim that their profits have been cut down to about 300 per cent.—[Free Press.

The New Opera House,

Is now open for the coming season, and the coming Man is expected, also the coming Woman—unless they are babes in arms.
 Complimentaries, accompanied with the cash, taken at the door.
 Ladies, who are only half fair, admitted at such rates upon proving the same.
 Persons leaving during a play requested to remove their boots before starting.
 Representatives of the House of Usher, in this house charge nothing for an ush.
 Young men not admitted into the Family Circle, unless eligible as sons-in-law.
 Young dudes must be accompanied by their nurses.
 Girls who giggle all the time, will be promptly chloroformed.
 No comedies allowed off the stage, and if any young man and young woman persist in love-making scenes, they will be invited behind the same.
 If families are worth ten dollars a box, they will be furnished the box.
 Anybody dissatisfied with the show will have his ticket returned at the door.
 Anyone talking when it is not his put in, will be put out.
 Ladies with high bonnets will put them on the chairs and sit down on them, or the managers will sit down on them anyhow.
 Late lamented gentlemen should preserve a dead silence upon coming in.
 Deaf and dumb people not allowed to talk with their fingers above a whisper.
 Cross-eyed people, who see the show twice,

will be charged double.

All windows open outward, in case of fire and talking in the audience. Men, who in funny scenes throw their heads back and plaster their laughs against the ceiling, will be held responsible for their removal of the latter; the management will attend to the same duty for the former.

Everybody will be entitled to a front seat if he is not behind-hand.

Condensed brandy-drops for sale at the office, to prevent wear and tear of stair carpet. No one allowed to draw his ears straight out and obscure the stage to those behind.

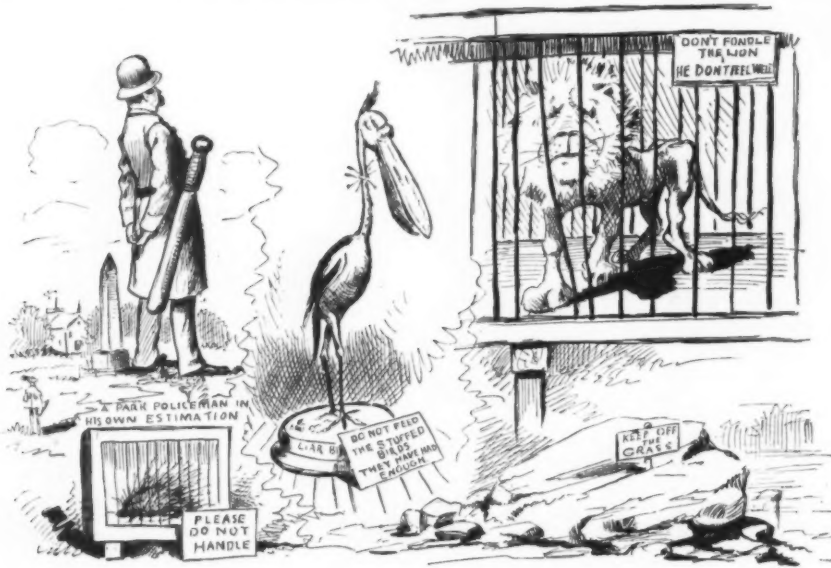
Young men requested to show more attention to the girls on the stage than to those by their sides; while they have the chance they should see all they can of the former.

Husbands with carriages, can be ordered at 11 o'clock, by telephone.

A. W. BELLAW.

Not Fitted for College.

In all the talk of educational reform, no one has proposed any dietary regimen and physical discipline which shall so reinforce the mental constitution that an ordinary intellect can survive a college course. Athletics only avoid the test—proceeding, evidently, on the idea of Johnny's composition that pins can save many lives "by not swollerin' ov 'em." It is possible that a psychological matriculation test can be applied, so as not to expose any but the most rugged intellects to the perils of a college curriculum.



IMPRESSIONS OF CENTRAL PARK.

HUBADUBRUBBISH.

THE mysteries of the universe, the origin of forces—
Both psychical and physical—the primal cause of
matter,
The why of this and wherefore, and of this and that
the sources,
We trace with patient ardor and much metaphysic
chatter;
And the party or the person that no love has for
the occult;
We set down as a party or a person having no cult.

Hubadubrubbish! tra, la!
We soar among dim idealities
On the wings of Philosophy far
Away from the realms of realities.

The 'I' of me, what is it? or the 'We' of us, the
Ego—
Which is all in all—the sum of cause—with logic,
mixed and mystic,
We pursue to its recesses, to the deepest abyss we go
In search of Truths which we display in essays
altruistic;
We prove—'mongst lots of other things—that dif-
ferentiation
Of nebular atoms makes the force of generation.

Hubadubrubbish, tra la!
We fearless tackle infinity,
While anything short of a star
We neglect as too near our vicinity.

The 'Is': what is the 'Is,' and what the reason of
its 'Isness'?
By what mysterious action from the 'seas' has it
proceeded?
These queries, long unanswered, show the colleges'
remissness
Or challenge their ability to solve the things that
we did:
(You will find the subject settled in an essay by
Miss Whycaus,
Section ix., cor. 2, page 90 on "The Microcosms
of Psychos")

Hubadubrubbish, tra la!
We have not a little of vanity,
Although well aware that we are
The wisest and best of humanity.

O, we can solve the riddle of the Sphinx or of the
ages!
We know—and do not let this fact escape your
recollections—

How many beans make five, and why such ailment
makes sages,
And its sequence, why our Boston is more learned
than other sections;
We have felt the pulse of nature, and we prove by
wearing glasses
That we're far more intellectual and cultured than
the masses.

Hubadubrubbish, tra la!
We're for brains with entire unanimity,
And as love is philosophy's bar,
We care not for babes of divinity.

DAVID RORTY.

Not an Advertising Dodge.

A WELL-KNOWN grocer in the "Spice
District," West Side, sloughed off with
the Mugwumps last fall, consequently feels
it incumbent on his self-respect to applaud
everything "Our Grover" does. Reading
the executive appointments, lately, he was
heard to exclaim:

"By hokey! that's a good advertisement
for Coleman's Mustard. S'pose he caught
the President on his weak points—table
delicacies. Good appointment, too."

"Who is it?" inquired his partner.

"Why, Coleman, the chap that Cleve-
land's made the Commissioner of Agricul-
ture."

"Oh, that isn't the mustard man. That's
a St. Louis feller. Don't believe he ever so
much as raised a mustard seed. He's not
smart enough."

"Well, what sort of a pull did he have on
the President, then?"

"Give it up. No mustard, though, un-
less the draught was applied to him and he
was mustered into the Confederate service."

Of course, the Mugwump Merchant didn't
see any joke. How could he?

She Found Her Man.

"SHE cried for succor, and I went to her
aid," he said as he pulled out his empty
pockets.

"Yes, and by the looks of things I should
think she found one," was all the comfort
he got.



A BUSY BUMMER.

GERMAN—"Dimes vas bat, don't it?"

BUM—"Why, I'm busy all day."

GERMAN—"How vas dot?"

BUM—"Half the day getting drunk, and the other half getting over it."

OYEZ! OYEZ!

Her voice was harsh and she jawed all day,
Till the man was crazy, as one may say,
From morn till night it was chin, chin, chin,
And people who couldn't help hearing the din
Knew well that the man had a cross to bear
And he cried in the depths of his wild despair:
I've loved, I've loved her through good and ill,
And with all her faults I love her still.

[Boston Courier.]

—Coal is said to have been discovered "in the heart of Mexico." Hope Mexico will not have the heart-burn.—[Boston Commercial Bulletin.]

—A fashion paper says: Ladies will not dress as much as usual the coming season. This seems to indicate a hot summer.

[Philadelphia Call.]

—An outlay of \$2 will clothe a whole family in Porto Rico for one year. It is a kind of Washington ball all the year around.

[Omaha Bee.]

—Yellow is going to be a fashionable color this year and if you attend a picnic and sit down on a custard pie don't feel that you are out of style.—[Detroit Free Press.]

—"Mamma," said a little four-year-old, "this is the calf of my leg isn't it?" "Yes." "Well, then," slapping his thigh, "this must be the cow."—[Exchange.]

—One kind of appointment Cleveland is conferring generally upon democratic office-seekers is dis-appointment. Still there's more to follow.—[Merchant Traveler.]

—About the only reference to base ball in holy writ that we remember is where Rebecca goes to the right field with a pitcher. The right field for water.—[Chicago Ledger.]

—Snodkins says, apropos of President Eliot's report, that he believes base ball is a very ancient sport indeed, for the daughter of Cyrus the Great was Atossa.

[The Crimson.]

—Teacher—"How many wars were waged with Spain?" Pupil—"Six." Teacher—"Enumerate them." Pupil—"One, two, three, four, five, six."—[French Joke.]

—"I have neither time nor inclination to pass paragories on the deceased," remarked a funeral orator. "Panegyrics," corrected a parson present. "As you please, sir," remarked the orator, stiffly, "the words are anonymous."—[Boston Journal.]

—Edith asks: "How should a young man kiss me?" Well, if you're as homely as your handwriting, and if you have many such bad spells as in this letter, we should prefer to kiss you by proxy.—[Boston Times.]

—Atlanta wants to know if her public spirit is dying out. The way to test it is to trap a rat and let him loose in the street. If you can't raise a crowd your p. s. is gone.

[Detroit Free Press.]

—A woman who has taken in sewing for a couple of years to support her lazy and drunken husband says it is so surprising that the Board of Health has not had her indicted for "maintaining a nuisance."

[Norristown Herald.]

—"Do you know that there is a great difference between the country owl and the Boston owl?" "No." "Well, there is; the uncultured bird you know, says 'Tu whit tu whoo,' but the cultured one says, 'Tu whit tu whom.'"—[Boston Budget.]

—It was a Tennessee couple who left Washington of a Monday night without call-

ing at the White House, remembering that it was wash-day, and that the ironing would come Tuesday and the baking Wednesday.

[Detroit Free Press.]

—"Every voter," says Cleveland in his inaugural, exercises a public trust." You're way off there, Grover. Here's one, at least, who sells his vote on no other terms than spot cash. Trust, forsooth!—[Peck's Sun.]

—It is said that an enthusiastic Vassar College girl has sworn to let her hair go un-banged until the White House is again occupied by a Republican. Hence her personal appearance will be improved for just four years.—[Norristown Herald.]

—Some years ago a lady in Boston died. Her husband, being a strong spiritualist, desired to hold communication with his departed, and inquired if she was happy. "Oh, yes," was the reply, "I am happy here; yet, after all, it isn't Boston."

[Burlington Hawkeye.]

—Visitor (to convict in a western penitentiary).—Do they treat you kindly, poor fellow? Convict (cautiously)—Well, I don't want to make any complaints, sir, but it's hardly right to make a man listen to a Baptist minister every Sunday morning when he was born and brought up an Episcopalian.

[Omaha Bee.]

—An exchange says: "While we do not sympathize with the denunciations of the roller skating rinks hurled from the pulpits of the country, there is no question that our young people have been pushing this form of amusement to foolish extremes." The last two words are meant probably to include both the heads and the feet of rinkers.

[Detroit Free Press.]

—"It's a boy!" young Mr. Happiday gleefully shouted, as he rushed in and planked a ten-dollar note down on the bank-counter: "the daisiest little feller you ever saw. Here, just put this on deposit in his name, will you? I'm going to add to it every year and call it the fresh heir fund." It is apt to be that way with the first.

[Boston Journal.]

THE LEVEL-HEADED MERCHANT.

The merchant now devises
A plan brisk trade to win:
He straightway advertises
And rakes the shekel in.

[Boston Courier.]

WANTED TO BE SURE.

"Do you mean to say I'm a liar?" said a tall man bracing up to a sawed-off specimen about as big as a keg of nails.

"That's just what I mean," replied the little one, standing square on his pegs, and not fluctuating to any appreciable extent.

"Well, that's all right," continued the tall man, not advancing from his original position, "that's all right. I just wanted to be sure whether you meant it or not, for so many men are liars nowadays that really I don't know who to believe. Let's have something to drink."—[Merchant Traveler.]

TELEGRAPHING TO A DETROIT FRIEND.

"Can I get some one to write a message for me?" asked a lady, accompanied by another lady, at one of the windows of the Western Union Chicago office Saturday. Then a young man was detailed to do the work. He sat down at the table, flanked on

either side by a form divine. The young man wrote: "Chicago, March 14."

One of the ladies looked over his shoulder and said: "This isn't the 14th, is it?"

The young man said he could not be mistaken.

"I thought it was the 15th," the second young lady remarked, adding, with an upward tendency of the voice: "isn't it the 15th?"

The young man insisted it was the 14th. "What day does St. Patrick's Day come on?" asked No. 1, crossing her hands on her lap like a corpse.

"Tuesday, the 17th," the young man answered.

"Then this is the 14th," No. 1 concluded. "To whom do you wish this message sent?"

"To my friend in Detroit."

"Yes," sighed the young man; "the name, please, and the number."

"Oh, yes; I forgot that. Why, to Thomas—got that? W.—Thomas W.—G—i—b—s—Thomas W. Gibbs."

"Number, please?"

"He—I don't know. Kitty, what is Tommy's number?"

"Really, I haven't it."

"How stupid in me. But never mind. Just send it to him as I told you, and then I'll write to him to-night, when I go home, to call at the telegraph office and get the message. How much is that?"

"Nothing. You haven't told me what to send yet," said the young man.

The young ladies looked at each other like a couple of interrogation points "off their feet," and one of them called for water, while the other used a powder rag instead of her handkerchief on her lips. As they went out the young man said: "This is what I'm paid for in this office. The job gets monotonous because they all act the same way."—[Cleveland Herald.]

NOT FUNNY.

A picture of George Eliot is "going the rounds" of the American press. George Eliot was great but she was not beautiful. Beauty had nothing to do with the modeling of her nose, neither did graceful outlines assist in shaping her chin, but the god of thought clapped his hand on her head when the work had been completed.

[Arkansas Traveler.]

MODES OF COURSHIP.

Chesnuts in new shells;

The tailor presses his suit.

The shoemaker lays his awl at her feet.

The blacksmith strikes the iron when it is hot.

The carpenter says her society adz joy to his existence.

The woodchopper offers himself as her feller.

The mason believes his chances rest on a good foundation when he informs her that her refusal would be mortar-fying to him.

The sailor first ascertains how the land lies, then approaches her when she's in, stays and informs her that he is in need of a first mate.

The dairy man declares he is bound to heifer and can love no udder.

The furniture dealer is so much in love with her that he is willing to accept her affection on instalments, one-tenth down.

The poet woos her with a sonnet and her big brother starts out in search of him with a shotgun.

The "funny man" approaches her with

jokes and puns and has the dog set on him and loses the skirts of his swallow tail.

Finally the champion roller-skater rolls into her good graces and she elopes and marries him.—[Boston Courier.

—An Arkansaw man having been appointed to one of the South American States, sent the following letter to President Cleveland: "Allow me to thank you for the appointment. I think that I am able to represent our country in any foreign court. I am a lawyer and used to preside over a court myself. They can't pack any juries on me, let me tell you. Please let me know when to start, so I can get there before the grand jury is empanelled."

[Arkansaw Traveler.

—Young Politician—"Really you ask too much. How can we, who keep out of politics, say for certain that Grover Cleveland will be the Republican nominee for President in 1888?"

[Merchant Traveler.

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NOT MUCH OF A RECONCILIATION.

The Israelites have a day of reconciliation on which it is customary for those who have hard feelings to shake hands over the bloody chasm. Mose Schaumburg and Ike Schwin-

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delmeyer are rival merchant princes on Austin avenue, and have said some pretty hard things about each other. They hate each other cordially, each one being very much in the other's way.

On the day of reconciliation they happened to meet.

"To-day vash dot reconciliation day," said Mose, holding out his hand.

Isaac took the offered hand and said: "Moses, I wishes you all dose dings vat you wishes me."

"You wishes me dose dings vat I wish you. So you vants to start dot fuss again, eh. Vy don't you schoost come out and say dot you wishes me pad luck?"—[Texas Siftings.

CONSIDERATION.

"Who was that rang the bell, Jane?" asked the lady of the house.

"The grocer, mum."

"With a bill, I presume."

"Yesum."

"You told him to come next week?"

"Yesum."

"What did he say?"

"He said, mum, he had been here a dozen times already and he wouldn't come again, and to tell you so."

"How considerate." I didn't think it of a groceryman."—[Merchant Traveler.

MSWILLIGEN'S LITTLE JOKE.

"My dear, what makes a train move?" asks McSwilligen of his spouse.

"The engine, of course," replied Mrs. McS.

"Mistaken," said her husband.

"What is it, then, I'd like to know?"

"The freight, my dear, makes the cargo." [Oil City Derrick.

A DREAM OF POKER.

A rich man who had been to a poker party dreamed that night he had a "straight flush," but had six cards. In the attempt to throw away the sixth card he struck his wife on the nose, who, being aroused and confused, asked:

"Did you call?"

"Call, thunder! I raised you."—[Richmond Baton.

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The favorite oyster with the bursted speculator—Blue "Points."

The favorite oyster with a poor equestrian—Saddle Rocks.—[The Rambler.

"Say, why is everything

Either at sixes or at sevens?"

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"Yes, judge," was the reply of the prisoner, whose penalty had been assessed at im-

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—“How'd Flanders make it last year?” said one farmer to another, on a railway train.
“Why, middlin' fair, I should jedge.”
“Had a good crop, did he?”
“Well, no; nothin' extra. But he raised jest about wheat enough to bread him, an' hogs enough to pork him, I should think, an' for him, now, you know that's doin' middlin' well.”—[Chicago Ledger.

NO NIGGAH.

The negro servants of Austin are becoming more worthless and trifling every day. Andrew B. Norton, of Galveston, has a colored boy in his employment whose business it is to shine Norton's boots. Of late, the boots have not had the requisite polish. Yesterday morning Norton lost patience and, wrenching the brush from the placid African, he polished the boot in fine style.
“Now, look at that! You must press hard on the brush. Just look how that boot shines.”
“Huh,” grunted the darkey, “ef I was ter work like a niggah, I could make hit shine too.”—[Texas Siftings.

A SINECURE.

“Hello, Brown! Struck a job yet?”
“Yes; I'm collecting.”
“Ah! What are you collecting?”
“My thoughts.”
“You were always a lucky dog!”
“Where's the luck now?”
“In striking so easy a job. Morning.”
[Philadelphia Call.

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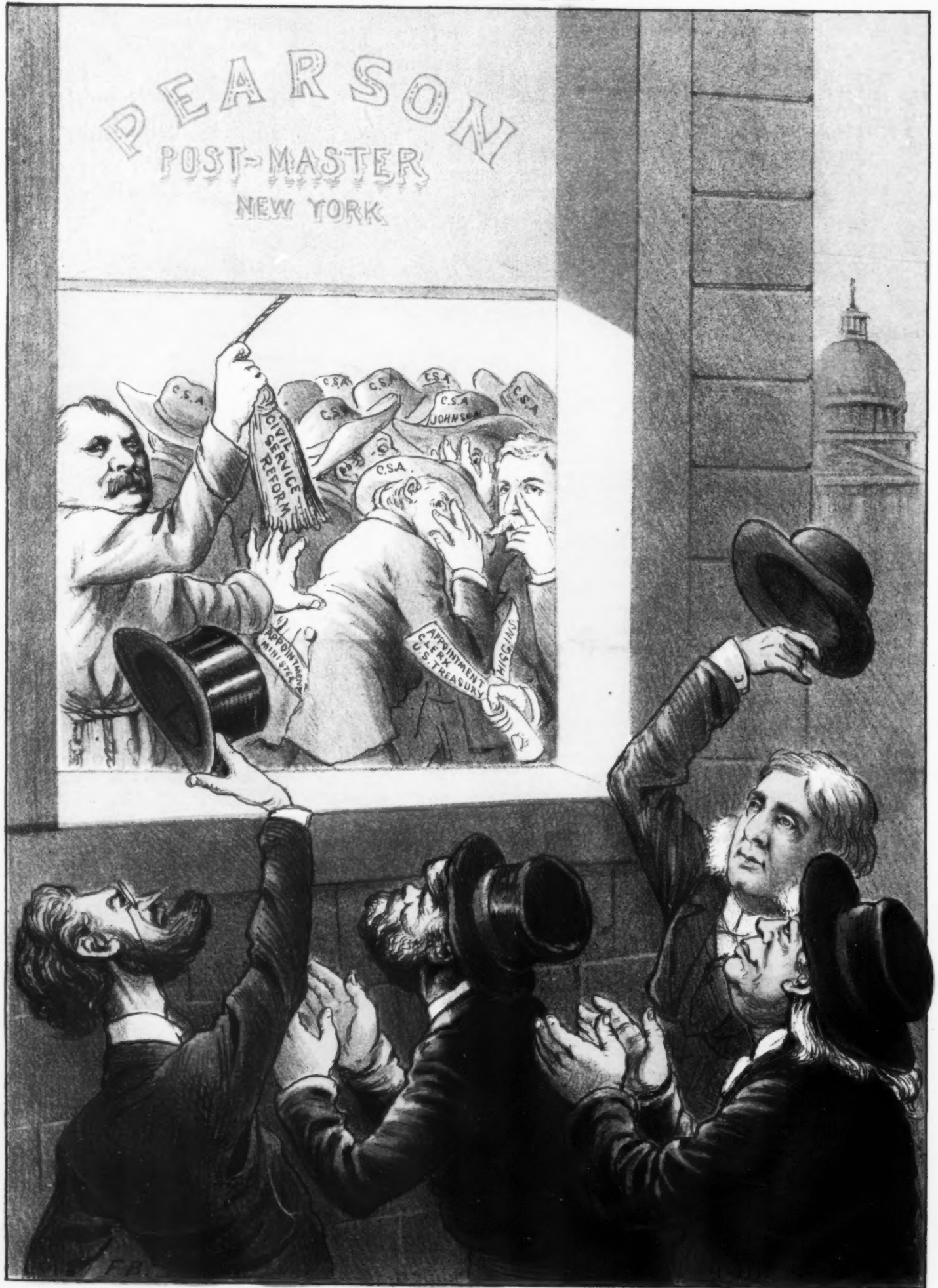
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