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THE MONEY-BAG SENATE.

Mr. Payne has all the requisites for a good Senator.

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THE JUDGE



THE JUDGE.

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OVERCROWDED CARS.

LOCAL travel between and in the cities of New York and Brooklyn has lately increased so much that the passenger traffic has altogether overgrown its facilities—at no time quite adequate to the demands upon them. Of course, the transportation companies have to labor under this disadvantage: that the tide of travel sets mainly in the same direction at a given hour, and while dozens of empty cars—whether surface or elevated—may be going up-town almost empty on any given morning, a similar, or even a greater number, may be altogether overcrowded, simply because they are bound in an opposite direction. This applies equally in New York and Brooklyn, and anyone who has had occasion to make his way up-town on the cars of either city, between the hours of four and seven in the afternoon, will agree with THE JUDGE, that the transportation facilities are entirely inadequate to meet the demand upon them.

But in Brooklyn, as opposed to New York, matters are even worse, and they are compelled to remain in their present condition through the inactivity, or worse, of certain Brooklyn aldermen, and the influence, or worse, of a certain Brooklyn street car company. There is naturally a large amount of Brooklyn traffic converging towards or diverging from the bridge. The opening of the bridge was a revolution in Brooklyn passenger traffic, and to some ex-

tent in New York passenger traffic as well. It was also a bonanza to the Brooklyn street car company whose lines tapped the eastern outlet of the bridge. Now, however willing the aforesaid company may be to make money out of the bridge and those who cross it, the latter are by no means willing to freeze and wait while the company fattens. The distributing powers of the street cars that start from the bridge entrance are altogether inadequate, and the monopoly they enjoy does much to defeat the real purpose and intention of the great structure that spans the East River. It was contemplated to furnish Brooklyn with a system of rapid transit which, in connection with the bridge, would weld the two cities into a homogeneous whole. The plans were laid out and elaborated, much of the track for an elevated road built and completed, and here the Brooklyn aldermen step in and refuse the railroad company the right of way necessary to complete their connection and make their road available for traffic. Far be it from THE JUDGE to impute any sinister motive to such an august and erudite body as the Brooklyn Board of Aldermen; but when a large section of the population of two cities stands on one side, and a wealthy corporation stands on the other, and the corporation gets its way, to the manifest discomfort and inconvenience of the travelling public, we begin to think that the arguments of the company must have been of a more potent and convincing kind than the public, as a rule, cares to employ.

However, we make no deductions. We only point to the shivering mass of humanity which the bridge disgorges every evening, vainly endeavoring to pack itself into a few street cars, and looking with a vain and hopeless longing at the elevated structure above their heads, whereon no engine whistles, and no train of cars stands ready to bear the wayfarers homeward. And from this picture we emphatically say that the bridge will not begin to fulfil the purpose of its existence till it is connected with and supplemented by a rapid transit system in Brooklyn.

THE SPEAKER'S EAR.

How anxious everybody is to catch it; what volumes of sound are poured into it from all quarters of the spacious legislative chamber; how very, very tired it must get towards the close of a protracted session. Mr. Carlisle is our Speaker now—so called because he has to do more listening than anyone else—and he has two ears and full employment for both. Mr. Cox and Mr. Randall, both of whom entertain no manner of doubt but they could have both spoken and listened in a manner superior to Mr. Carlisle, can avenge themselves. There are plenty of other members who will help them; there will come moments when the whole House will pour its woes and grievances at once into the Speaker's outstretched ear, and

will criticize his rulings unkindly, and will accuse him of favoritism, because, poor soul, he cannot perform impossibilities and listen to a hundred people at once. Poor Carlisle! The Speaker's position may be brilliant, but assuredly his lot is not a happy one. When the pension lists are made out is there any mention of our deafened Speakers? When envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness run rife through Washington, who, on the other hand, is made the mark for the lion's share of opprobrium? Who, but the Speaker? Poor Speaker! THE JUDGE for one would not blame him if he justified his title and "talked back" some fine day.

PAYNE AND PENDLETON.

THERE is considerable exultation among "the men of Payne" in Ohio over the victory of their favorite. Mr. Payne secured the nomination to the senate on the first ballot, and Mr. Pendleton was left. The result was scarcely unexpected but was none the less disheartening to the ex-senator. Pendleton has distinguished himself in the past as a champion of Civil Service Reform. Payne is distinguished in the present as a prominent and wealthy business man. Civil Service Reform may be a very good thing in the abstract, but wealth is universally conceded to be an excellent thing alike in the abstract and the concrete—first, last and all the time. So Payne steps forward as Pendleton steps down and out, for such is the kingdom of politics.

The Plancus Ring in New York.

THE Plancus Ring like New York City as an abiding place as well as the heavy dragons of "Patience" fame liked candy, but they don't care to remain for life. Prospects are fair for a "march on to Washington" another year, and they will be ready to make the trip on the 1st of March, 1885. One of the dailies says that Gov. Butler will not occupy his house in Washington next year. Of course not; his headquarters will be in the White House.

His house in Washington, as well as his Lowell residence, will be to let cheap to some discomfited ex-official who, when his term of office expires, will not have where to lay his head.

The General is kind-hearted and generous to a fault, and when he becomes Chief Magistrate of the Nation he will not set in his gilded chair of state and see his less fortunate compatriots suffer.

With his surplus funds he has thought of building a hospital which will be called "The Butler Home for Disappointed Office Seekers and Defeated Candidates."

He will see that it is amply endowed, and establish it on a basis that will stand for all time.

Nymphia said (when he made his plans known to her) that it would be a grand undertaking, and one that would be of the greatest benefit to the country at large, for it would make a steady home for the tramps who had heretofore roamed at large, making themselves a nuisance and terror to every household. The General was so pleased with her views on the subject that he said he

would not wait until after his election, but would proceed to break ground for the hospital at once.

Nymphia again concurred with him, saying "she hoped it would be ready for occupancy the day after election, and they had better build an additional wing to the main hospital for the 'drunk and crazy;' no matter how large, it would be sure to be filled."

The General has her opinion under consideration; but he is so often disturbed by impertinent reporters, asking foolish questions, that there is danger of the affair slipping his mind altogether.

One paper has asserted that "he is going to Washington to work up a boom." Instead of that, the boom works up the General—the cart before the horse, as usual. Another paper charges him with engaging the *National View* newspaper to start his nomination for the presidency. Of course every one who knows the General will know that story is false. He never spends money on papers, for political purposes. It's against his principle; besides, he is already nominated in the heart of every honest American citizen; and when next election day rolls around he'll need no boom. The little slip of paper—For President, Benjamin Butler—repeated often enough at the ballot box, will tell the story quietly and well. Then, indeed, there will be a new *regime* in Washington. His firm stand against oppression of all kinds is well known. He has spent much time already in ferreting out wrongs and abuses practiced on the living, and during the next few months preceding his election he will take pains to expose their nefarious business to the world, in all its sad enormity.

"A Fall in Suits."

It was a tall and slight young man,
Came strolling down the street;
Can I describe that noble form,
That toilet so complete?

His Rhine stone studs, and diamond pin,
And links were perfect loves.
And, oh! the pale grey pants he wore
Fitted like Paris gloves.

And then the tie and vest and coat
Were perfect, nay divine.
And he had on each little boot
A very bootful shine.

His curling hair was parted straight
Above his Roman nose,
And on his manly breast there bloomed
A full blown crimson rose.

The pavements were as smooth as glass,
A sheet of polished ice.
'Twixt them, the crossings deep with mud
Were anything but nice.

He paused one moment on the brink
And fingered his cigar,
And stroked his chin, and heaved a sigh,
But only said "By gar."

And then dashed on with fearless front
Into the busy street,
But on the ice, just starting out
He missed his little feet.

He's down and up! yes, up again,
One solid cake of mire,
Not only on his face and hands,
But worse, on his attire.

Farewell, my friend, go quickly home,
Get brushed and scraped and clean,
But never dream, that suit will be
The suit that it has been.



INDEPENDENT INTERPRETATION.

FOND DAUGHTER—"I dreamed last night that I was married. Is that a bad dream?"
CROSS PA—"The only thing bad about it is that it aint true."

And here's my moral. Hark! ye dudes.
On every frosty day,
The last new suit you chance to have
Fold carefully away.

And when you take your walks abroad,
And other dudes you see
Destroying all their Sunday bests,
Then render thanks to me. M. K. J.

Unbalanced Bids.

MRS. SPILKINS attended a furniture auction a few mornings ago, and in the evening gave her husband an account of the various bids she had made upon several articles.

"Talking about bids," observed Mr. Spilkins, laying down his copy of the *Tribune*, "I think the most profitable speculation in that line is diggin' out rocks and dirt at eight dollars per cubic yard. I've a great notion to put an unbalanced bid into the Department of Public Works. I tell you, Mrs. S., there's millions in it. But I must confess," continued Mr. Spilkins, with a puzzled look, and scratching his head, a usual action with him when perplexed, "that I don't quite understand what they mean by unbalanced bids."

"Spilkins, you're an idiot!" ejaculated his amiable spouse. "It means they haven't been weighed, of course."

"But, my dear, I don't see how you can weigh a bid."

"Put 'em in the scales and weigh 'em, can't they?" said his wife. "Them bids is wrote out on paper, sort of official dockyment like, ain't they? Well, they put 'em in the scales and weigh 'em, and the government takes the lowest bid. That's the paper dockyment that's the heaviest, 'cause it's the lowest down in the scales, isn't it? Spilkins, you're too innocent for this wicked

world. It's a blessing for you that you've got a wife with some intelligence. Indeed, I don't see how you could get along at all without me."

Mr. Spilkins appeared to be profoundly impressed with this view of the matter, for he remained, during the rest of the evening, in a brown study. Possibly he was thinking of those millions he might pocket, if he could only get on the inside track in the Department of Public Works. F.

Hinc Illae Lacrymae.

"I GAVE that girl my heart's devoted love," said Simpkins, in a broken tone of voice, pointing out a young lady on the street, to his friend the other day.

"Well, what are you blubbering about," was the sympathetic reply. "She returned your love, didn't she?"

"Yes. That's just the trouble. She did return it. She said she wouldn't have it. She unfeelingly remarked that my name alone was enough for her."

MISS MARY ANDERSON will neither marry a duke nor dine with a baron. She says she will act a little longer, so as to earn some more money for her mother's family, and then retire to a convent. Could not this last happy consummation be hastened by a public subscription for her mother's benefit? Miss Anderson is just a little too purely pure for this work-a-day world. She is virtuous to the verge of eccentricity, and a convent is probably the only place where her phenomenal chastity could find full scope.

WHAT is the worst description of mental disorder? The sentimental.

Know any other bad kind of mental? Yes; there is the detrimental.



A COOL WISH.

COUNTRY DOCTOR—"Um! Your tongue is thickly coated."
PAT—"An faith I wish me back was too."

Disinterested Love.

TO MY HEART'S IDOL.

BELINDA, in that eye of thine
There lurks a wondrous spell;
It sparkles with a fire divine,
I know it's magic well.
Thine are the lips of ruby red,
The teeth of pearly white,
The lily hand, the faultless head,
Thou, Queen of Love by right.

(She squints horribly, several of her teeth are false, and she paints. But tell it not in Gath, proclaim in not in the streets of Askelon, that I said so.)

Of auburn tresses, rich and rare,
Let other poets sing;
With thy dark locks, naught can compare,
If not the raven's wing.
Thy form is shaped in beauty's mould,
Befitting such a face,
Whose every movement doth unfold
An ever living grace.

(She is awkward and angular; her hair is a coarse, thick, black, and her visage is slightly pitted with the small-pox. But don't, for the world, give me away on this strictly private and confidential communication.)

Think not it is the princely dot
Which goeth with thy hand,
The fortune that with thee is got,
That doth my love command.
Is it because thy father grows
So rich in bonds and stocks?
Or yet because of brown stone rows,
He owns a score of blocks?
Is it because, an only child,
Thou heiress art to all,
That thou my heart hast thus beguiled,
My own I thee would call?

For these vain trifles care not I
At all to call them mine.
Yes, 'tis for the (e) alone I sigh,
For the (e) dear girl, I pine.

(Sweet deceptions, all. But everything's fair in war and in love—with your girl's fortune. But whisper it not, for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter).

With but a word thou canst assuage
This tempest of the heart,
Then wilt thou calm its passions' rage,
And peace and joy impart?
One little word—would'st thou it hear?
Shall I that word confess?
Dear girl, I'll whisper in thine ear,
That little word is—"yes."

(Yes, then will the tempest of the—pocket—cease. Then will the long and weary years of my disinterested devotion meet with its well merited and ample reward. But these little confidences should be breathed only to one's self). T. H. F.

"BILLY BORUM what am de reason dat you don't cum 'long wid dat beefstake what de white folks sent you arter?"

"Go way Tildy, I done loss dat fifteen cents what ole Miss gin me to buy it wid, an' I'se looking fer de money. My ole breeches pocket am got a hole in it, an' as I was a cumin' by George Harris's saloon up dar by de post-office, I heard dat money drap in his cash box."

"BRO. BORUM, I come down here to-night to git you to tell me what am a tariff. De white folks am bin er talkin' about it all day an' I want you to splain it to me."

"Fore de Lord, boy, you am de biggest fool dis nigger eber sot his eyes on. It am a big insect 'bout de size ob a bumble-bee, and has a stinger liken unto a yaller jacket."

Diary of Patrick O'Callahan, Conductor.

"PATRICK," sez Maggie, me woife, a few avenins ago, while I wuz off duty, a sittin' an' warmin' meself beside the cold stove in the kitchin', "Patrick," sez she, "why don't yez wroite a buk?"

"A buk is it?" sez I, all a taken aback loike, "how the devil cud I wroite a buk?"

"Will," sez she, "aisy enuff." As condhucther of a horse cair yez has a chance to study human nature in all its faises, (thim is her words) an' if ye cud kape a dhiary of what yez says and hears in thim same cairs, whin yez gits back to the ould counthree yez moight edit a buk and call it 'Patrick O'Callahan's Imprissions of Ameriky and her Institooshions, from a Condhucther's Shtandpoint.' It wud be as good," she continued, "as any of thim buks that thim haythenish lords an' dhukes is continually a wroitin'; bad cess to the hull lot of 'em!"

"Arrah, Maggie," sez I, "go 'long wid your Cordaylia's aspirations! What toime hev I, betwane pickin' up the passengairs and ringin' up the fares, to wroite a buk? Besides," sez I, "me shpellin's not good, an' me grammar is by no means perfeck."

"Patrick O'Callahan," sez she, "fwat o' that? You wroite the dhiary and I'll correck the mishtakes. Besides," she went on, "its not ungrateful yez are, and its somethin' yez owes to me sister's furst cousin's husband, Aldherman Mc— who lifted yez from a hod carrier to the phroud position of a hors cair condhucther."

"Begorra, I owe him nothing," sez I. "Wasn't I his most solid consthitoants dhuring the eliction, and didn't I wurruk for him, an' buy up votes fur him more loike a black naygur thin a dacint wroite man? Besides," sez I, "fwat good wud a buk do a man that can't rade his alfahbet, I'd loike to know?"

"Bad luck to ye, Pat," sez she. "Cudn't yez didicate the frunt page to the Hon Mr. Mc—, and wudn't that be an honor an' a glory to him all the same? And now," sez she, "to bed wid yez, an' no more wurruds about it. Afther this, ivery noight whin yer off dhuty, yez'll come home, an' together we'll wroite out our imprissions of the day, and if the cair company howlds out, we'll hev a buk big enuff to print, befoar the next eliction."

Wid that, knowin' there wuz no moar to be sed, I retired, and the next noight whin I cum in, Maggie was a sittin' forinst the table wid the pin an' the paper in front of her, waitin' to take down me imprissions before I'd had toime to make any of the same meself on the cowl mate and the p'raties that shtud there awaitin' me orders. Ivery noight she takes down me wurruds as fast as I shpake thim, an' this is fwat we've written betwane us up to the prisint toime:

Jinooary 2d.—Wid the shnow an' the slush an' the rain, a bad day intirely. Four horses to the cairs, and the same crowded wid passengairs. No ladies wid foine clothes to be seen. Most of the passengairs min and workin' gurruls. Some of the min shtill laboring wid the dhrop too much they'd taken, dhrinkin' other payple's helths the day befur.

On me sivinth thrip up, there cum in the cair a woman that I tuk fur a regulaire grane-horn, but I found out aftherwards I'd made a big mishtake, and the intraguing chrayture bate me clane out of twenty-five cints, stroight enuff.

When I axed fur her fare, she woiped her nose on the back of her hand, and thin from

the raycisses of a dhirty pocket handkerchief, she tuk out foive coppers, that she countid over twice before she wud pairt wid 'em.

"Oh, hurry oop!" sez I. "I've no toime to be a boddering wid the loikes of yez all day."

"Moind yer bizness, if ye hev any," sez she, "and lit me off at Thurty-siccond strate, widout fale."

I hadn't time to replot proparely to the ould varmint, fur me presince was that instant requoired wid some passengairs at the back ind of the cair.

Whin we raiched Thirty-siccond shtrate the ould woman had gone clean out o' my hed intirely, and my attintion was given to the peecoliar appairance of a young faymale that hed just tumbled down the shteps of the Doime Savings Bank.

Whoile I shtud gaizing at the soight wid me back to the cair door, suddenly thare shmote me lug a sound that made me bhlood turrin could. Somebuddy had rung up a faire. I turned quick enuff, and thare shtood the ould shpalpeen wid her hand on the shtrap a pullin' away fur dear loife.

"Shtop that! fwat are yer doin'?" sez I.

"Ringin' the bell," sez she.

"Give me twenty-five cints," sez I.

"What fur?" sez she.

"You've rung up foive faires on me," sez I.

"I'll ring your neck nixt," sez she, "if yez doant let me off this cair. I towld ye to moind yer bizness an' lit me off at Thurty-siccond strate, and fhwy didn't yez do it?"

By this toime she shtud on the lasht shtep of the cair an' I hed to ring the bell and let her off; but the loss of the foive fares rankled in me brist and I thurstid fur revinge. By a grate effort I kept me ove inside the cair the rist of the day, but the shtrain on me narves hez nearly put an ind to me intirely.

[NOTE. Imbrace the furst opphorthunity I get to shpake to me woife's sister's first cousin's husband, the aldherman, about inthrojuing a law whir-boy it shell be a penal offfinse for any passengair to touch any bell rope, in any horse-cair, under any circhumshtances whatsumiver.]

Jimooary 3rd.—Direckly I saw fwat a foine day it was I knowed there be throuble, for the ladies, bad cess to 'em, afther two days cofnoiment, wud be out in full force.

Its a haird day for the condhucther whin the cairs do be filled wid the furs and the velvets an' the laices. Its the wimmin wid the foine clothes that take advantage of the crowd, and chate wid the fares whiniver they git a chance, and they won't move oop—and they're mad as marich hares if they're towld to shtep loivley.

On wan of me mornin' thrips down, two wimmin, as foine as paycocks, wid all their faythers a rustlin', got into the cair.

"Shtep loivly?" sez I, in mi accustomed perlite tone, and I tuk howld of the arrum of wan to help her. She shuk hersilf fray frum me grasp and glared at me loike a she divil. When we raiched Twenty-fourth shtrate she shuk her twilve button glove at me, but I tuk no notiss whativer of the motion.

The cair was behoind toime, and I wasn't a goin' to shtop it thare, anyhow. I knowed there'd be a lot to get off at Twinty-third shtrate, and what difference does wan block make to a woman?

Whin she got to the platform, begorra, she wint fur me. Her black eyes shnapped loike coals, an', sez she, "Fwhy didn't you shtop at Twinty-fourth shtrate?"



"Isn't that your son Tirrince, Mrs. MacHallowan?"

"Whist, it is; but he doesn't wish me to recignoise him on the shstreet."

"Bekaze I can't be shtoppin' the cair every block," sez I.

"I'll say if ye can't," sez she, "and I'll take yer number."

"Do so," sez I. "Take it to the divil if ye want to, and now shtep loivly agin, or I'll carry ye anuther block."

Wid that she departed, but by all the howly saints, I belave if she'd had a pistol saygerated about her purson, she'd a shot me wid it, she was that mad.

[NOTE.—Whin the Amerikin wimin get mad they niver do what they threaten, and experiance proves that the fiercer they are at takin' your number, the less loikely they are to report the same.]

The Metamorphosis of Rochefort Green.

IN THREE CHANGES.

CHANGE II.

ROCHEFORT thought himself exceedingly lucky in escaping the meshes of the law by slipping a five into his stern guardian's hand while being escorted to the lock-up; and the gift was received with the modesty and indecision so becoming in those in official life.

His worthy captor advised him to skip the town and start life anew in some far western locality. This Rochefort promised to do, but before packing his trunk he be-thought himself of his wicked, though wise friend, and resolved to ascertain the reason for such an unlooked for result of following good advice.

He found his guide in his 6x9 on the top floor of his boarding house, calmly engaged on a segar and an old copy of the *Sunday-school Advocate*. He sneaked in without knocking, softly shut the door, and sank wearily on the cover of the shoe-blackening cabinet that stood conveniently near.

His friend regarded him with astonishment and even permitted his pet bull-dog to chew off a half page of magazine without remonstrance.

"Well, bless my chin-whiskers. Wot's up, Rocky, my boy?"

In feeble tones Rochefort informed him of the disastrous events of the day.

"Well, poke me in a bung-hole and ram me tight—if you aint a case," remarked Bismarck, consolingly. "Didn't you know any better than to show off your points in public like that?"

"But did you not tell me to interpolate various figurative remarks into my conversation?" remonstrated Rochefort, nervously wiping his spectacles on the counterpane.

"Recommend thunder'n lightning," returned his friend, vigorously kicking the remainder of the publication down the dog's throat. "I didn't tell you to talk such fancy talk to every girl you knew, and hang out a sign to draw people to the performance."

"What's the matter with my talk?" demanded Rochefort, indignantly, carefully drawing his legs from the immediate neighborhood of the press annihilator. "Didn't I say just what you told me to say?"

"Well," said Bismarck, reflectively, "I may have introduced advice of that sort into my remarks; but there, my boy, you must know your opportunity when you want to blow such gaff as that. I think you are going to attend a reg'lar pig-butcher's funeral this time."

"Yes," groaned Rochefort, "I wont dare face my mama again. I think I'll take the evening train for Manitoba. You know I've sacrificed my position."

"Yes, I guess you've lost your job. But lemme see. There must be some way out of the difficulty. Oh! I have it."

"How, oh how?" pleaded Rochefort, clasping his hands.

"There, my boy. Don't hammer your fins together that way, and look like a dog catcher's wife at a christenin'. Now listen. It would never do for you to go down to the store just now and see 'em yourself. They'd find you out, wouldn't they?"

Rochefort admitted the possibility of such an event happening.

"Well, what you want to do is to write



Mr. Milton has been "storming" about having to "go around with torn pockets." Mrs. M. is supposed to be going quietly through his coat pockets to make necessary repairs, when Mr. M. suddenly remembers that in one of the pockets of that particular coat there is a certain little violet-scented note that he wouldn't have Mrs. M. lay hands on for a million.

them a nice note, sayin' that—er, owing to the temporary absence from his gin platform of Jerry, the bar-keeper for Murphy and Shannon, on the corner, the evening before the robbery—I mean *contretemps*, (good word, French, you know) you had helped yourself a little too freely to his fizzlers on the back shelf—or something of that sort. See? And then—"

"Never," said Rochefort, firmly, falling on his knees. "Never will I say I drank of the intoxicating cup, e'en though—"

"Glug-er-glug," said Bismark, immediately before removing from his mouth a small black pocket pistol he drew from under the mattress. "Well, old man, we must fix you up somehow. Take a sip o' this. French extract. Do you good. Lemme see again."

"Say, Bismark, what did you say that fragrant liquid in the bottle was. French-er what?"

"Why, old feather head. Do you want to nurse the baby again? French extract. Very good for chilblains and shattered constitutions. Take a snifter. It'll steady your nerves."

"Snifter," ejaculated Rochefort, reproachfully, after recovering from a severe fit of coughing incidental to a liberal dose of extract. "Wasser use o' usin' such language when you can jessus well indulge in—hee haw hum—this fresh 'stract kinder strong, aint um?"

"You'll get used to it, Roehy, after awhile. Now, lemme see—"

"Messrs. Club'em and Eat'em, City. We, the undersigned—no, hang it. You can call next week to collect—no that aint it, either."

"Say, Bismuk, whose dorg's this 'ere? I b'lieve he'sh eaten six inches my pantsh up. Git out, don't bother me."

"That's all right. He's only fooling with you. Don't yer mind him. Lemme—"

"French 'shack—very fine. Got, any more, dear boy?"

"Take it easy, Coriolanus. I'll join you soon's I finish this note. Listen!"

MESSRS. CLUB'EM AND EAT'EM.

It is with deep sorrow and shame that I am compelled thus to acknowledge having borrowed ten dollars from the till last night to put on the red at Jake's. I was cleaned out this morning or I would have returned it at once. How the devil did you find it out so soon. Believe me. Affectionately yours,
BISMARK BROWN.

"There, old boy. Haw's that?" shouted the writer of this touching letter of repentance. "I think that will fetch them."

But Rochefort was deaf to all earthly sounds, lovingly *tele a tele* with the bull dog on the floor.

Fortunately for the health of Rochefort and his festive friend the dog was urged by the pangs of hunger to make a midnight lunch off the letter, and Bismark, on awakening, was persuaded he had sent it on its conciliatory mission the night previous. In the meantime, Rochefort's mother had settled matters with the firm, and he was allowed to resume his duties on the morrow with the caution "not to do it again."
PAUL GELID.

From Chas. F. Lummis, of Chillicothe, O., to whose pen THE JUDGE has been from time to time indebted for some of his merriest quips and jests, we have received some volumes of the well known "Birch Bark Poems." These quaint little volumes, about two inches square, are printed on the inner bark of the birch tree—a wonderfully delicate substance, which is gathered by Mr. Lummis himself, by whom all the work, mechanical as well as literary, is performed. The novelty and "taking" appearance of the tiny volumes may at first draw attention from their contents; but the poems themselves are full of brightness and fancy, and as pretty and delicate in their way as the dainty fabric on which they are printed.

"You don't seem to be dancing any this winter," remarked young Le Dude to his friend Slim. Oh, but you're mistaken, you know. I go to three balls every week." "Indeed! And where?" "At the pawn-broker's."

Lawyers' "Briefs"

IN BRIEF,
With a Brief Judicial Opinion,

(Specially "briefed" for THE JUDGE)
BY T. O'D. O'C.

John Doe, }
vs. }
Richard Roe. }

PLAINTIFF'S BRIEF.

Statement.

The facts of the case at bar are all in favor of the plaintiff, as testified under oath by plaintiff and his witnesses on the trial. The defendant and his witnesses are unmitigated liars and unindicted perjurers.

Point 1st (and last).

The preponderance of law is clearly in favor of plaintiff, who should have judgment for the full amount claimed with interest, costs, and disbursements, and an extra allowance to the undersigned and his associate counsel respectively.

ISAAC SCROOGE,

PLT's Att'y.

(Approved),

A, B and C,

of Counsel.

Richard Roe, }
vs. }
John Doe. }

DEFENDANT'S BRIEF.

Statement.

The assertion is fully borne out and sustained by the facts that the defendant and his witnesses told "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth" on the trial, and that the plaintiff and his witnesses, on the contrary, have proved themselves, under oath, to be wholly unworthy of belief.

Point 1st (and last).

The authorities, without exception, sustain the defense, and the complaint should be dismissed, with costs and disbursements to the defendant, also an extra allowance to the undersigned and his learned colleagues on the trial.

JACOB NUDGE,

Def't's Att'y.

(Countersigned),

X, Y and Z,

of Counsel.

UNWRITTEN OPINION OF COURT (sans a Jury).

We verily believe that both plaintiff and defendant have deliberately lied throughout, and that a "sneaking regard" for the truth is clearly observable in the testimony of *disinterested* witnesses; but in order to encourage litigation and keep the legal machinery oiled and in good working order—feeling also that the plaintiff has, perhaps, some *slight* cause of action—we deem it our solemn bounden duty, in view of all these facts, to give judgment against the defendant for six cents, which will carry costs and disbursements; also, an extra allowance of ———, to be divided among plaintiff's lawyers as may be agreed between themselves.

All concur.

BEHEMOTH, P. J.

COMMENTATOR'S NOTE.—Judgment ordered accordingly; defendant appeals, and the work "goes bravely on."

Mrs. Squizzle on Creed.

FINDING it was no use to try and talk Sally Mari into buying a place and settling in Gobbletown, I gave in, and concluded, after replenishing our wardrobe, to sail for Eurip.

I have never liked the idee of the voyage, but she's sot on it, particularly now that the papers are so full of the sayings and doings of "American girls abroad."

Well, we had just returned from a shopping expedition, arms full of bundles, and messengers following at our heels with hat-boxes and packages, when the doctor was announced.

I thought it was rather rude of him when I had that morning sent him word that Sally Mari had so far recovered that we shouldn't need his services any longer. He bowed very purlite, and took a chair as soon as I cleared it of bundles.

"I guess you didn't get my message," sez I.

"Yes I did," sez he, "and that's what brought me around. I expect to sail for

Urip on the next steamer going out, therefore should like to have my bill settled before I go."

"Very well," sez I, taking out my buckskin purse. "Charges are the same all over the country I presume. Dr. Jones, of Gobbletown, charges a dollar a visit, but makes it two dollars less by the dozen; that is, ten dollars for twelve visits. I believe you've made thirty-six visits. Here is thirty dollars," and I handed him the change; but he didn't pay the slightest attention to it.

"Madam," sez he, "my charges are \$100 a visit; my bill is \$3,600, which you'll oblige me by settling at your earliest convenience," and he handed me a bill printed off in great flaring letters.

"My convenience wont be very early in paying charges like that," sez I.

"The Elevated have come down very handsomely for you, I hear," sez he, "and you owe it to me that you have got anything from them. \$3,600 is only a fair share of the profits, and that I must have, or I'll commence a suit immediately."

He frightened me a little, and sez I, "What do you think you would gain by taking that course?"

"I'd gain my suit, get my money, and show you up to the world as an unmitigated fraud."

I thought of the broken limb business and the discoloration we had played off on the defendants, and I could see no way to avoid paying that bill without disgracing us both, so I handed him over the amount and made him receipt the bill. I was glad enough to see the last of him and so was Sally Mari. But our joy was of short duration. Scarcely had the door closed on him when the lawyer I had employed to work up the case put in an appearance, with a bill five hundred dollars in advance of the doctor's.

"Goodness gracious me!" sez I, "What on airth do you mean by presenting me a bill like that?"

"I'm contemplating a trip to Urip, and I mean to have it paid before I go," sez he.

"Do you think I'm made of money?" sez I.

"Not exactly," sez he. "You'd have got \$30,000 just as easy as \$8,000, if you hadn't taken the business into your own hands and settled it without my knowledge."

This riled me, and sez I, "It wouldn't have made a bit of difference how much the Elevated paid me, you and the doctor would have taken it all, just as you are a trying to do now. I'm glad I didn't ask for more if it's all a goin into your pockets. Talk about bulls and bears of Wall street, indeed; I don't think, as far as my experience with them goes, that they can compare with the pigs of doctors and lawyers that I have employed here."

Sez he, "Madam, you will do well to pay my bill first; you can abuse me as much as you like afterwards."

"I told him then and there that I had already been swindled by one individual and I shouldn't submit to another.

"Just as you please," sez he, and he turned and was a going down stairs when Sally Mari called him back and told me to pay the bill, which I did, and then ordered him to leave my presence, which he did with a polite bow that made me madder than ever.

I'm disgusted with the whole fraternity of doctors and lawyers. Sally Mari says she wouldn't send for either if she had the small pox, unless she thought they'd catch it.

"Light come, light go," is an old but true saying.

The lawyer and doctor will go to Urip on



our money, and we shall have to stay home, for there'll be no money left to travel with after paying for our parapheralia. Sally Mari may go into the "Fine Art" business, but I shall take to lecturing. If I continue as I feel now, my first subject will be "On Animals; or, The Bulls, Bears and Pigs of the City, as Compared with those of the Country," and I'll send both the doctor and lawyer free tickets to the entertainment.

The Serenade.

Soft notes 'rose from his violin,
His ardent love disclosing,
As—neath the chamber she was in
In Morpheus' arms reposing—

He stood and gazed with fond delight,
And played in tones most tender—
It was just twelve o'clock at night—
Where was his dear Lorinda?

Then he struck up a livelier tune
And sang—although no singer;
Yet, joining voice with violin,
Failed to his gaze to bring her.

He sawed the chords with all his strength,
And howled, as tenors can do,
This roused her from her dreams, at length,
And brought her to the window.

Alas, the sight that met his eyes
Was frightful, nay appalling!
"I shall not sleep a wink," she said,
"With all this caterwauling."

This skeleton of what he loved,
Without her bangs or bangles;
All comeliness of form removed,
Her cheek bones at right angles,

Ghost-like within the window stood,
And "Scat, you cat!" it shouted;
"Till Romeo, in trembling mood,
His sanity misdoubted.

Soon from the clouds the moon shone out,
And then did she discover
"Twas not the cat she told to "scat,"
But her accepted lover.

"I thought it was the cat," said she,
In tones apologetic.
He cried, "I find you are for me
Too etherially æsthetic."

With that he dropped his violin,
And threw away his bow:
This was the last of love between
The "ghost" and Romeo.

FRANK WARR.

An Early Negro Juror.

GEN Thomas Harrison, who was commander of a Texas regiment during the war, and known by the boys as the "Jim Town Major," was soon after the war elected judge of one of the districts of Texas. Shortly after his election he visited one of the counties in his district for the purpose of holding court, and on his arrival in town immediately impaneled a jury, consisting of eleven white men and one negro.

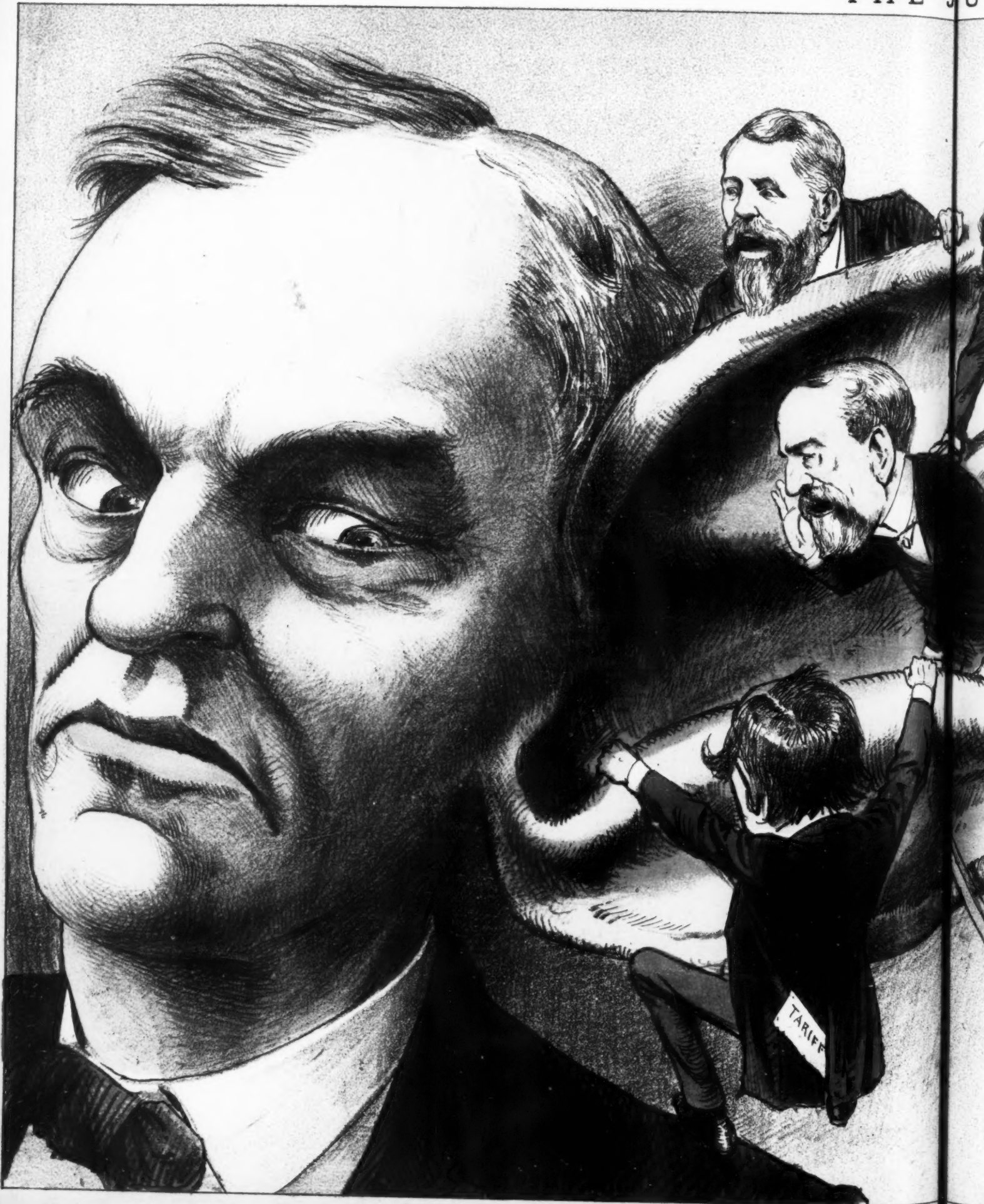
About the first case called was one against a party for murder. After hearing the evidence, arguments of counsel and charge of the court, the jury started down stairs to consider their verdict, the colored juror happening to be in the rear. Following them was the attorney for defendant. At the head of the stairs (and in hearing of the colored juror,) the attorney was asked by a friend how he thought the case would be decided. The reply was, "I think the defendant will be acquitted and the jury will be hung."

The jury went down the steps and out in the yard, and upon looking around the colored member was missing. Upon investigation they saw him making 2:40 time in the direction of the brush. The sheriff was called, and, after a vigorous pursuit, Mr. Juror was captured and brought before the court and asked why he had run away. His reply was: "He had heard a gentleman say if the man wasn't cleared the jury would be hung, and as he hadn't done nothing, he didn't want to take any chances."—*Galveston News.*

THAT was a bright state prison chaplain who, when asked by a friend how his parishioners were, replied, "All under conviction."—*Waltham Record.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD had but 150 listeners to his lecture in Baltimore. It is not strange that Mr. Arnold should say that the majority is usually in the wrong, when it is the majority that neglects to buy tickets to his lectures.—*Boston Transcript.*

WHENEVER you hear that short crops, business failures, lock-outs, strikes, high prices, and a hard winter are certain to force non-paying dividend stocks from 72 to 100, sit down on a codfish box, and sandpaper your head until you strike a streak of common sense.—*Wall Street News.*



"A SPEAKER'S LIFE I NO





ALBERT PULITZER.

THE JUDGE this week presents his readers with a peculiarly life-like portrait of a particularly live young journalist, Mr. Albert Pulitzer, of the *Morning Journal*. Our artist has depicted Mr. Pulitzer in the very act of journalism, grasping the implements of his craft in either hand. And so well has he wielded these weapons that his paper, the

Journal, stands to-day a very substantial monument of pluck, business energy, and wide-awake, far-sighted journalism. Its success has been almost unparalleled in the newspaper history of New York, and it deserves it. Can we say more? We trow not, and so we introduce Mr. Albert Pulitzer to our readers.

"A Tale of Mystery."

THE wind was howling fiercely,
And heavy fell the rain,
With a smatter and a spatter,
Upon the window pane,
As John Thomas Spout, the luckless,
With graceful, slender form,
Put down his green umbrella,
And sought shelter from the storm.

The house was rather breezy,
And the wind it whistled through,
For the windows ventilated,
And the roof was airy, too.
Through many a cold, dark passage
And musty corridor,
Our hero walked in silence—
Hush—was that sound a snore?

John Thomas Spout felt chilly,
And his hair began to creep,
And in his slender bosom, too,
His heart began to leap.
For through the thick'ning darkness
A figure white uprose,
And phosphoric light was shining
Around its mouth and nose.

And these solemn words it uttered,
With voice low-toned and deep:
"Hath thou come here, oh stranger bold,
To wake me from my sleep?"
And through the broken window now
The moon began to peep.
"What art thou? Speak!" John Thomas cried,
With cane and voice upraised;
"If thou art man, speak out at once,
And may the saints be praised."

Then spoke the thing, in merry tone,
"Methinks thou art a Quaker;
But now, to save more waste of time,
I'll tell you: I'm a baker."
"But what's that light about your nose?"
John Thomas Spout inquired.
"It is tobacco in a pipe,
And it has just been fired."
"Indeed!" our hero now replied,
"I'm glad we did not fight;
But, as the storm is over now,
I beg to say good-night."

B. T. P.

MURRAY HILL *parvenus* have made flash jewelry so common, that even prize candy packages have ceased to contain hundred dollar diamond rings, or breast-pin lanterns.

The Infant Year.

Oh mystic babe, that scarce hath breathed,
Thy tender eyes in sleep still sheathed,
Wilt thou be "happy" too?
Hope wishes all a bright New Year,
Faith stems each tide without a fear;
So much for thee to do.

Human misery, old and sere,
Believes a change with *this* New Year.
And thou, sweet babe, so young,
Must thou too age, and cast-off be,
Whose birth all nations hail with glee,
Be old to every tongue?

How long wilt thou be loved as "New?"
Scarce one twilight; ere falls the dew
On thee, helpless and lone,
They will forget to help thee walk,
Will not take time to hear thee talk,—
What wonder should a tone

From thy lost youth soon pierce their hearts,
As their abuse, misuse imparts
A New Year's barren crown.
Oh hearts, be hearts of red blood warm,
Shelter the infant year from storm.
God sends his blessings down.

—Bonafide.

Borrowmore Blower's Letter to The Judge.

HAVING by careful and continuous reading found the history of Jehoshaphat, and made myself tolerably familiar with it, I braced up for the occasion by taking an extra glass of otard at dinner.

There was no excuse for a postponement of the important family story that I could think of; and, as it was snowing great guns outside, there was no human probability of an interruption; so, preceded by Mrs. Blower, I took my seat, like a school-boy prepared to recite his lesson, and commenced.

"Jehoshaphat, my dear, was a man of great ability in his day, and his father early discovered his precociousness. He had other sons not equal to the little Jehoshaphat in intellect, therefore he used to make a companion of him even when quite a child, ask his advice, and take him with him when he made long journeys from home, which showed the old man's wisdom."

"Was he a native of this State?" asked Mrs. B.

"Goodness, no! Haven't I told they lived in a foreign country, away to the East?"

"How many generations back?" asked Mrs. B.

"That I can't exactly tell. I only know that Jehoshaphat's father's name was Asa, and his mother's name Azuhah. They had wars and insurrections almost equal to our civil war, plenty of bloodshed, and all that; and at the age of thirty-five, Jehoshaphat became ruler. He was chosen by the people, I think, and he made a very good ruler. He was a good, pious individual; perhaps not quite stern enough, but he was very generally liked, and there were very quiet, peaceable times during a part of his administration. He had to take up arms at one time to quell an insurrection, and so his enemies found him as able in war as in peace. He soon quelled the disturbance, and, after peace was restored, he turned his attention to ship-building. No doubt he was as remarkable in his day as William H. Webb and John Roach are in ours, but he didn't have the tools to work with. Still, he built some very creditable vessels and made occasional trips in them himself."

"Did he ever come to this country?" asked Mrs. B.

"Probably not. I never heard of his making the voyage; and, as it would have been considered a matter of importance in his day, I think it would have been chronicled if he had."

"I wonder how he looked. Don't you suppose there is a portrait or photograph of him in the Blower family? I do wish you would make inquiries of that great aunt of yours whom you say is over one hundred years old."

"I may come across some portrait of the old fellow, but photographs were not taken in those days, you must remember."

"Well, go on," said Mrs. Blower.

"I've got through," said I, rising, and giving vent to a yawn of relief.

"O dear me; you don't say that is all you know of your famous ancestor," said Mrs. Blower, in a disappointed tone.

"I do say it is *all*; and you may be thankful that I am able to rake up even that much of a history, hundreds and hundreds of years old."

"And is it really and verily true?" asked Mrs. B., looking me square in the face.

"As true as the Bible, my dear," said I, without flinching. "The Blower's have blue blood, if we haven't money."

"I would so like to add the name of Asa to that of Jehoshaphat for our little boy. It would write so prettily," said Mrs. B. musingly. "Do you think I could?"

"Certainly, my dear, I do not see the slightest objection—if you wish it—of writing him down 'Jehoshaphat A. Blower.'"

Mr. Spilkins's Political Aspirations.

"THE Hon. Jeremiah Spilkins, M. C.—how would that look in print, my dear?" said Mr. S. to his wife, looking up from his paper. "Do you know I have quite an idea of dipping into politics."

"I'm glad you've got an idea about something, Spilkins," replied his wife pleasantly. "Hold on to it tight, or it'll get away from you. But you'll dip into a pretty dirty mess if you do; that's all I've got to say."

"I mean I have a great notion of running for office. Something respectable, of course."

"You might get elected pound keeper or constable, or lamplighter, or something of that sort. It does require some little brains, Mr. Spilkins."

"Well, no; not necessarily in all cases, my dear."

"Yes, that's true," said Mrs. Spilkins, reflectively, "you might do for an alderman."

"Thank you, my dear," observed Mr. S., complacently. He was quite used to his wife's delicate little compliments, and they glanced off as harmlessly from his good nature as a drop of water from a duck's back.

"But what chance is there for a radical black republican like you in New York, I should like to know?" said Mrs. S.

"None whatever, I confess," replied her husband; "but of course, I shall turn democrat. Look at Ben Butler; he turned democrat; and what was the result? He got elected governor of Massachusetts. And there's Hoadley; he did the same thing, and he became governor of Ohio. Now I shall turn democrat and get elected—"

"Governor of New York, I suppose, remarked Mrs. S., sarcastically.

"Well, no, not exactly that, perhaps. But I shall strike for something high. In fact," exclaimed Mr. Spilkins, with a sud-



A MISUNDERSTANDING.

SMALL BOY IN THE SNOW—"I say, hold on!"
BIG BOY—"All right; I'm holdin' on all tight."

den burst of ardor, "I am consumed with an unquenchable thirst for fame and immortality. I burn with an insatiable desire to become a distributor of governmental pap; to boss a few Star Route jobs; to figure as an eloquent expounder of the principles of our great and glorious constitution, and to excite the adulation and homage of the multitude. In short," pursued Mr. S., with another outburst of enthusiasm, "I would soar into the uppermost empyrean; I would become a bright and shining luminary in that glorious galaxy of the political firmament which—"

"Spilkins, you've been drinking," exclaimed Mrs. S., in a severe tone of voice.

"Yes, my dear, I have. I have been drinking in—imbibing, I may say—political wisdom and knowledge from the true source and fountain head itself. I called on Mr. Kelly to-day, who you know is an old personal friend of mine. It was about his dinner time. He invited me in to take pot luck with him. I accepted. A few minutes later my legs were under his hospitable mahogany. We soon became confidential. 'Mr. Kelly,' I said, 'if you could—'"

"Those who love me, call me John," remarked the great and good man.

"Well, then, John," I said, in my most affectionate tones, "if you could put me in the way of something big—something fat, you know—eh?"

"The sage of Tammany bestowed upon me a significant nod, winked his eye slyly, and made some remark about unbalanced bids."

"Oh, no," I said, "it is rather glory than wealth that I seek."

"A mingled look of astonishment, pity and disgust passed over the great man's face. 'Then,' he remarked in a tone of sadness, you must go to congress.' My preference had evidently bewildered and distressed him. But to cut the story short, my dear, it was then and there settled between us that I am to run for congress at the next election from his district."

"I will do what I can for an old friend," he said, pathetically, as I was about leaving. "You may rely upon me, Mr. Spilkins."

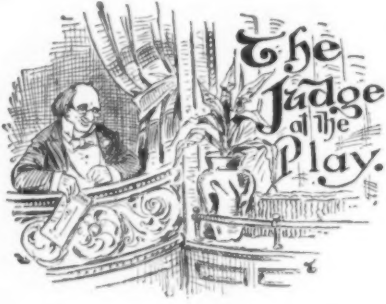
"Those who love me, call me Jerry," I said, affectionately squeezing his hand. I would not be outdone in courtesy by him. I would not prove derelict to those winning little personal graces and social amenities which have always so conspicuously characterized the Spilkins family. I took an affecting leave of him, and came away revolving in my mind the various little hints he had given me."

"You must have been studying them big words out of Webster-on-a-bridge, Spilkins," said his wife. "But a poll parrot can repeat words without knowin' what it means."

"I shall make sure of the Irish and German vote," pursued Mr. Spilkins, apparently unconscious of his wife's compliment, "by advocating a free and unlimited supply of whisky and lager beer. As a tariff reformer, in fact, I shall go in for making everything free. Free whisky, free lager, free trade and free love. No, not free trade. I shall, to use a political metaphor, sit on the fence in regard to that matter until after we've elected our president, and I shall then flop gracefully over onto the free trade side. The question of temperance I shall leave severely alone. That unfortunate little blunder made political corpses of poor old Maynard and Forakers; indeed, it's enough to ruin four score of acres," said Mr. S., who couldn't resist his propensity to indulge in a pun, "and I shall take warning by their fate. Temperance and democracy, I fear, are not compatible terms. I shall also secure the negro vote by—"

"There, that'll do, Spilkins," cried his wife. "I've heard sufficient. If you're goin' to get niggers to vote for you, that's enough for me," and she rose indignantly from her chair and sailed majestically out of the room, leaving Mr. Spilkins to snooze peacefully by the fire, or indulge in dreamy reveries of his future political greatness.

T. H. F.



THE Italian warblers have again departed, and the chanting and fighting have ceased—for a season.

After discord comes harmony, and the only thing to distract the solemn silence around either opera house is an occasional benefit, or an incidental Terpsichorean festivity, whereby the ladies of New York (for the sake of charity) take pleasure in exhibiting their charms of mind, and body as well. Their souls are about all that is hidden by the numerous yards of satin or tulle that it takes to make a dress of the period.

At a leading jeweller's THE JUDGE has seen (under a glass case only) a pair of garter buckles, labelled, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" The thought has occurred to him that this inscription would be equally appropriate on the cincture that encompasses the eighteen inch waists of some of the fair ones. On account of the small space, the letters would necessarily have to be fine. Diamond or pearl type would doubtless be attractive; and not he who runs, but he who dances, might be privileged to read. But such distracting thoughts cause us to wander from our subject.

Trebelli, at the Metropolitan, made a hit in "Carmen" and Campanini, as *Don Jose*, did as he usually does—pursued the even tenor of his way.

Nicolini, down at the Academy, though, was not so successful, and his path and his voice may be said to have proved most uneven.

Patti, as *Anetta*, in the pretty little opera, called in Anglo-Saxon, "The Cobbler and the Fairy," scored a big success, and showed how remarkably clever she can be in comic parts. From "Aida" to "Crispino" was a big step, but the little Diva was equal to it. Besides, the distance between the two operas was no greater than that between Mr. Irving's and Mr. Booth's performances at the Star.

Between the "Merchant of Venice," as given by Mr. Irving, Miss Terry and their excellent company, and the same play as presented by the Booth Company, there is a great gulf fixed. Mr. Booth, as Shylock, was acceptable, but the play, with no Portia at all worth mentioning, is almost as bad as Hamlet would be with the part of Hamlet left out.

Mr. Shakespeare originally wrote this play in five acts, but as Shylock doesn't appear in the fifth act, and the audience came to see Booth, not the play, the curtain was rung down as the Jew makes his exit, a little before the end of the fourth act.

Under certain circumstances, this cutting short of the play would have been a relief, but unfortunately, there was a double bill, and the less of "The Merchant of Venice" there was to endure, the more of "The Taming of the Shrew" there was to listen to.

"Katherine and Petruchio," (and this time there was quite enough Katherine) managed to make a tremendous amount of noise and

confusion, but THE JUDGE scarcely recognized it as the same play he saw Fanny Davenport and the same *Petruchio* render with such delicate humor at what is now the Fifth Avenue Theatre, many—say eleven or twelve years ago. Either Booth has not improved, or else the careless, not to say slovenly way his plays this season have been produced, has taken the glamour from his acting. His engagement was not in any sense an artistic success, however satisfactory the box office receipts may have been.

At the Fifth Avenue, Mr. Coghlan and Mrs. Langtry mutually contribute to one another's support.

Bartley Campbell has concluded not to call his new play for the Square "A False Step" after all. Whether he has changed the name because he thought it might prove prophetic, or whether it is because an English play of that name wouldn't pass muster with the Lord Chamberlain, we know not. At all events "Separation" is the latest title up to the present time. As soon as Charles Coghlan separates himself from Mr. Stetson, "Separation" will be placed upon the stage, and Mr. McKee Rankin will then separate himself from the Union Square and go upon the road with that highly moral and intellectual drama called "Storm Beaten." At least, this is the official announcement from the management, but Mme. Dolaro has a little word to say about the non-production of her play, and when the proper time arrives, we shall see what we shall see, or, as the French politely phrase it, *nous verrons.*

ONLY some snow! but under it—ice,
Sufficient of snow to cover it nice;
Only a man—proud walking along,
Up goes his heels, down goes the strong.
Only a sting in his cold fingers,
Sweetly, indeed, the memory lingers.
Only a rent in his fine new pants,
But stopping at once his farther advance.
Only an oath! but so strong and deep
As to cause one's blood in a chill to creep;
Only a flaw in deportment neat,
Caused by that treacherous ice under feet.
Only a man! but fallen so low,
Cursing the author of "Beautiful Snow!"
Only his wish in this world so wide—
To discover the boy who made that slide.
—Progress.

A PENNSYLVANIAN, probably just married, has discovered that children are born with fighting propensities. Any old married man who has had his chest kicked in several inches could have told him that.—*Boston Globe.*

THE biggest bore on earth is the man who has just had a tooth pulled. He wants to tell the whole story from the time the tooth first began to ache to the heroic manner in which he allowed it to be pulled.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"YES, SIR," said Jenkins, "Smithers is a man who keeps his word; but then he has to." "How is that?" asked Jones. "Because no one will take it.—*Derrick.*

"DOCTOR," said a man to his physician, who had just presented a bill for \$50 for treatment during a recent illness, "I have not much ready money. Will you not take this out in trade?" "Oh, yes," cheerfully answered the doctor; "I think we can arrange that; but what is your business?" "I am a cornet player," was the startling response.—*Fall River (Mass.) Herald.*

Diamond Cut Diamond.

THE head clerk of a Milwaukee mercantile house was bragging rather largely of the amount of business done by his "firm." "You may judge of its extent," said he, "when I tell you that the pens for our correspondence only, cost \$2,000 a year!" "Pooh!" said the clerk of another house, who was sitting by, "what is that to our correspondence, when I save \$4,000 a year in merely omitting to dot the 'i's'?"—*Peck's Sun.*

Knew His Man.

THE other day a man with rather a genteel air, but a very red nose, opened the front door of a crowded car on the L. & N. road, and gazed in a moment in an undecided way. Then looking intently around he said:

"Is there a Chicago drummer in this car?"

A nice looking fellow spoke up from the rear. "Here, I'm one. What is it?"

"Bring your cork-screw and come into the smoker."—*Evansville Argus.*

A LADY writes to know how is the best way to preserve a piano. The best way to preserve the piano is to cut it in quarters, take out the core and boil the pieces until they are about half done. Then make a syrup of sugar and pour it over the pieces, after which it can be put up in cans or jars. Pianos preserved in this way will keep all winter.—*Peck's Sun.*

A LITTLE faded flower: "See here," said the star to the manager, "If you are going to have bouquets handed to me every night, why don't you get decent ones? Look at this, to-night's; it's all wilted. Why can't I always have as good a bouquet as I had last night?" "As good a bouquet as you had last night?" shrieked the manager. "Why, holy sunflower, it's the same one."—*Lowell Citizen.*

"JOHN," said a druggist to his clerk, "how is your stock of lint for bandages?" "Got plenty," said John. "And arnica, are we well supplied with that?" "Yes, sir, a fresh barrel just arrived this morning." "Our stock of salves, lotions and broken bone remedies of all sorts is complete, is it?" "Yes, sir; we've got enough of everything." "Very well, then," said the proprietor, glancing at the sky through the front window, "it looks as though we might have a cold, freezing night, and you had better go out and wash down the steps."—*Philadelphia Call.*



FAMILY RECIPES.—How to get lean.

Switched Off Suddenly.

AN animated discussion was going on in the smoker regarding the recent improvements in railroad running-gear, and the great advantages of modern accoutrements over ancient rolling stock.

"I tell you, gentlemen, that it's wonderful, perfectly wonderful!" excitedly exclaimed a bald-headed little man, who had monopolized the conversation.

"Great Scott!" interrupted a listener; "the man is a centenarian."

"What were the tickets made of then?" queried the man behind him.

"Were the conductors bow-legged?" asked another.

"Did they have passes in those days?" inquired an editor.

"What kind of train-boys did they have?" said a big fellow in front of him.

"Why, gentlemen, i—"

But a chorus of dizzy questions paralyzed the old statistician, and he shut up like a patent coupler.—Drake's Traveler's Mag.

How He Got In.

THE other night at the opera house an old negro went to the door, feeling his way along with a cane.

"Whar's de show man?" he asked. "Here I am," replied the manager of a Humpty-Dumpty troupe.

"Would yer let a po' ole blin' man go inter de house?"

"It won't do you any good to go in, old man. You can't see anything and there is no talking in this show."

"Wall, lemme go in anyway. I ain't been ter a tainment in so long I'se hongry fur it."

"All right, old man, go up stairs," and a boy was called to show the old fellow to a seat. During the performance the manager looked up into the gallery and saw the old negro laughing "fit to kill himself."

Going up and approaching the old fellow the angry showman said:

"Thought you were blind."

"Sah?" looking up with a puzzled air.

"I say I thought you were blind."

"Who, me?"

"Yes, you."

"Whut made yer think dat?" "Because you said so."

"Nor, sah, I didn't. I axed yer ef yer'd let a ole blin' man go inter de show an' yer-sef is de one whut said I couldn't see."

"Well, you'll have to get out of here."

"Who, me?"

"Yes, you."

"Jes' case I ain't bline? W'y man, yer ought be glad dat I ken see. Yer ought-ent want nobody ter be bline. Jes' lemme stay an' I'll shet my eyes durin' de rest o' de show? Won't do it? Hah, fust man I eber seed what wanted folkes ter be bline. Oh, I'll go out ef dat's whut yer's a hintin' at. Wants me ter go jes' case I'se enjoyin' my-sef. Dar's some mighty funny folkes in dis heah worl', nohow."—Arkansas Traveler.

"WHAT is a complimentary vote?" asked Gilhooly of Gus De Smith.

Gus, who had several times experienced the joy of receiving such a testimonial of the esteem in which he is held by his fellow citizens, cleared his throat and replied:

"A complimentary vote is like kissing a girl through a telephone; it is the shadow without the substance."—Texas Siftings.

\$50,000 IN PRESENTS GIVEN AWAY! OUR SECOND AWARD! This Offer Good Until May 1, 1884.

THE FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE has now over 100,000 actual subscribers. Being desirous of having its circulation more widely extended and increased to over 200,000, the proprietors again announce another award of \$50,000 to be made May 1st, 1884, when they will give each subscriber 100,000 subscribers. The award of \$40,000 just completed by us fully establishes our reputation and the fact that we will carry out and fulfill to the letter the promises heretofore made.

FOR ONE DOLLAR

The List of Presents to Be Given Our Subscribers: 50 U. S. Government Bonds of \$100 each. 20 U. S. Greenbacks, \$10 each. 1 U. S. Government Bond. 20 U. S. Greenbacks of \$50 each. 50 U. S. Greenbacks, \$20 each. 100 U. S. Greenbacks, \$10 each. 100 U. S. Greenbacks, \$5 each. 5 Grand Parlor Organs. 3 Grand Pianos. 1 Twenty-Foot Sloop Sail-Boat. 1 Rob Roy Fifteen-Foot Canoe. 1 Four-Carvel Row-Boat. 1 Columbia Bicycle. 2 Phonographs. 2 Top Bugles. 5 Elegant Black Silk Dress Patterns. 2 Village Carts. 5 Best Singer Sewing Machines. 2 Raw Silk Parlor Suits. 2 Plush Silk Parlor Suits. 5 Silver Dinner Services. 1 Black Walnut Marble Top Chamber Suit. 100 Set Solid Silver Teaspoons—6 to the set.

Also, 90,000 OTHER USEFUL AND VALUABLE PRESENTS, ranging in value from 25c to \$1 each, making a grand total of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND PRESENTS.

THE ONE DOLLAR which you send us is the regular subscription price for a yearly subscription and therefore we charge nothing for the presents. If you have failed to take advantage of our former offer you should not let this opportunity go by. We believe that you will like our paper so well that you will remain a regular subscriber, and say with others that you would not be without it for five times the cost.

THE FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE

is one of the oldest and ablest edited Family and Agricultural papers. It contains twenty-eight large pages, one hundred and twelve columns; the paper is magazine form, bound, stitched and cut. Its circulation is now over 100,000 and we are sure to receive the 100,000 called for at the time set, and the distribution of presents will take place on May 1st.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR

REMEMBER these are Presents to our Subscribers given to them absolutely Free. Cut this out and show to friends, acquaintances and neighbors, as it will not appear again. This is a great opportunity and you should take advantage of this extraordinary offer.

The FARM, FIELD & FIRESIDE, 89 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

A FEW WHO RECEIVED PRESENTS IN OUR LAST AWARD:

- NUMBERED RECEIPT 12,445, Miss L. M. Snyder, Waterloo, Blackhawk Co., Iowa, \$1,000. NUMBERED RECEIPT 33,990, Miss Clara Merrill, Cove, Union Co., Oregon, \$1,000. NUMBERED RECEIPT 46,161, N. Willis Akers, Kansas City, Mo., \$500. NUMBERED RECEIPT 60,490, Mrs. George C. Woodkirk, Lowell, Mass., \$500. NUMBERED RECEIPT 88,065, Mrs. S. J. Wright, Monterey, Cal., \$100. NUMBERED RECEIPT 92,946, John Jeffers, Saline City, Clay Co., Ind., \$50. NUMBERED RECEIPT 81,080, S. H. Pfutz, New Franklin, Pa., \$50. NUMBERED RECEIPT 46,980, Mrs. R. B. Mitchell, Arlington Heights, Cook Co., Ill., \$50. NUMBERED RECEIPT 85,956, Hiram Granger, Detroit, Mich., \$50. NUMBERED RECEIPT 90,246, Emanuel Brown, Litchfield, Montgomery Co., Ill., \$100. NUMBERED RECEIPT 18,227, Marianne V. Jacobs, Hammond, Atlantic Co., N. J., \$100. NUMBERED RECEIPT 67,099, L. A. Weyburn, Transamburg, Tompkins Co., N. Y., Ladies' Gold Watch. NUMBERED RECEIPT 74,905, D. Haven Smith, Staunton, Augusta Co., Va., Gents' Gold Watch. NUMBERED RECEIPT 99,010, L. D. Vincent, Otterville, Ont., Canada, Gents' Gold Watch. NUMBERED RECEIPT 75,051, Albert Derr, Plattsville, Shelby Co., O., Ladies' Gold Watch. NUMBERED RECEIPT 57,220, Mrs. John Gaylord, Charlotte, Eaton Co., Mich., Grand Piano. NUMBERED RECEIPT 70,974, Robert F. Fols, Litchfield, Ill., Silver Dinner Service. NUMBERED RECEIPT 77,469, Wm. P. Barton, Union, Tenn., \$20.

If you write to any of the above enclose a postal for answer. For further awards, see our paper. Sent Free.

WE sat beside the glowing fire,
The hour was growing late,
I turned and to my heart's desire
Said "How you fascinate."

And then she said with smile benign,
"With flattery have done;
I cannot fascinate—or—nine—
But I can fasten one."

—Ecausville Argus.

"WOMAN is the Sunday of man." It would be terribly monotonous to have Sunday come every day in the week.—*Boston Transcript*. But it would be more monotonous not to have Sunday come at all.—*Hartford Post*.

In another column will be found the advertisement of the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE, offering \$50,000 in presents to new subscribers. This publication ranks among the best and handsomest of family and agricultural papers, and its proprietors are fully able to carry out any offer they may make. An award of forty thousand dollars was made in December to its subscribers, all of which was carried out, as shown by the names and addresses, in the advertisement, of some of the receivers.

FLANAGAN, NAY & CO.
COLUMBIAN
BREWERY and MALT HOUSE

450 W. 26th Street,
BETWEEN NINTH & TENTH AVE'S.

JAMES FLANAGAN,
JOSEPH O. NAY,
WM. L. FLANAGAN. } NEW YORK.

CATARRH



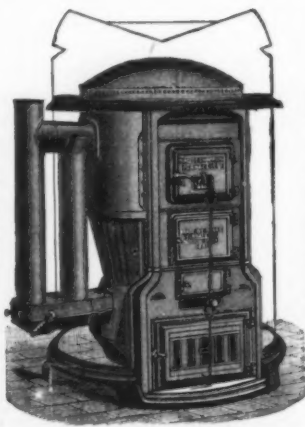
PHILADELPHIA.

I was troubled with chronic catarrh and gathering in my head. Was very deaf at times, and had discharges from my ears, besides being unable to breathe through my nose. Before the second bottle of Ely's Cream Balm was exhausted I was cured, and to-day enjoy sound health. C. CORBIN, Philadelphia, Pa.

CREAM BALM causes no pain. Gives relief at once. Cleanses the head. Causes healthy secretions. Abates inflammation. A thorough treatment will cure. Not a liquid or snuff. Applied with the finger. Send for circular. Sold by druggists. Mailed for 5c. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Oswego, N. Y.

**MAGEE'S CHAMPION
HOT AIR FURNACE**

The Magee Furnace Co. manufacture only first-class Goods.



This Furnace is used to Heat most of the West Shore Railway Depots.

With Cast Iron Fire Pot and Boiler Iron Dome. Gas-tight, Economical, and the Most Powerful Heater made. For heating Churches, Depots, School Houses and Public Buildings. Send for descriptive circular of the Magee Furnaces Co.'s Ranges, Furnaces, Stoves, &c., to

J. Q. A. BUTLER, General Agent,
92 Beekman St., New York.

YOUNG ladies who are anxious to marry should bear in mind that a sealed proposal can be sent by mail for two cents.—*New York Journal*.

A YOUNG minister was seen on the streets this morning trying to trade forty pairs of Christmas slippers for a load of coal.—*Philadelphia Call*.

NEVER make love, young man. The manufactured article is not a satisfactory substitute for the natural production.—*Boston Transcript*.

THE singer who understands the management of his breath is considered a great artist. It ought to be the same way with a barber.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

ONE of the Harvard students has fitted up his room at a cost of \$4,000. We suspect that the young man's room is better than his company.—*Boston Transcript*.

JEFF DAVIS admits relationship to a Cincinnati newspaper humorist. The boss ex-Confederate doesn't appear to have a particle of shame left. It is very sad.—*Nor. Herald*.

THE congressman who left home determined to raise hades and turmoil the entire government is about the most quiet and bashful man in Washington, to-day.—*Boston Post*.

ADVANCES are now being made towards patching up the differences between two neighbors in the Fourth Ward. One of the families owns a good snow shovel.—*Newark Call*.

MADAME COLUMBIA, in view of her approaching widowhood, will take advantage of this leap year, and lead some unsuspecting republican to the presidential chair.—*Hartford Post*.

If the newspapers are reliable, it is only beautiful and accomplished young women that figure in elopements. This shows at least that the men have good taste.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

DE fatter de dog gits de lazier he is, but de richer a man gits de more dustrious he becomes. Dis is 'bout de biggest difference dat I ken see 'twixt de dog an' de aberage man.—*Arkansaw Traveler*.

A SOUTHERN Dakota man recently promised his dying wife that he would meet her in heaven. When the fact became known that the man was an editor, the joke was regarded as too good to keep.—*Bismarck Tribune*.

DR. DEEMS says: "Kissing is a purely American habit." From the gusto with which it is practised on this side of the water we supposed it was a custom imported from our own beloved England.—*Rockland Courier Gazette*.

LONDON seamstresses get three pence for making boys' suits, and generally the boy on taking an observation of his condition after the mild exertion of climbing a fence, concludes that the pay is ample for the work done.—*Boston Post*.

AN Indiana man attempted to commit suicide because his wife cut off her bangs. It is hoped this incident will not deter women from cutting off their bangs. A man without life looks better than a woman without bangs.—*Norristown Herald*.

Now they speak of Crude Petroleum as a remedy for Consumption; better not try it, but take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup,—the standard Cough Remedy of our age. It is agreeable to the taste, never fails to cure, and costs only 25 cents a bottle.

D. B. CANOLL,
COMMISSION
Grain and Provisions,

76 Broadway and 9 New Street, N. Y.

ORDERS EXECUTED THROUGH
GEO. C. WALKER & CO., Chicago, Illa.
POOLE KENT & CO. " "
J. R. HOBBS & CO. " "
IRWIN ORR & CO. " "
GEO. C. ELDRIDGE & CO. " "
YOUNG BROTHERS, Toledo, Ohio.
C. A. KING & CO. " "
E. A. KENT & CO., St. Louis, Mo.
W. T. ANDERSON & CO. " "
D. R. FRANCIS & BRO. " "
GILLET HALL, Detroit, Mich.

Margins deposited with Farmers' Loan & Trust Co., N. Y.

CARPETS.
REMOVAL.

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

797 and 799 Third Avenue,

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

Axminster,
Moquette,
Velvets,
Smyrnas,
Brussels,
Tapestries,
Ingrains,
Damasks,
WITH BORDERS TO MATCH.

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

WINDOW SHADES A SPECIALTY.

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

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

REUBEN SMITH,

No. 4 Fourth Avenue, New York.
Near Cooper Institute. 3d and 4th Avenue cars pass the door.

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer, give Express and P. O. address Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, 161 Pearl St., N. Y.



Columbia Bicycle

Is what every Boy wants, and what every Man ought to have.

Send 3-cent stamp for new, elegantly illustrated 36-page Catalogue and Price List.

THE POPE MANUFACTURING CO.,

826 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
New York Riding School, 34th st., near 3d av.



Print Your Own Cards Labels, Envelopes, &c., with

our \$3 PRINTING PRESS. Larger sizes, for Circulars, &c., \$8 to \$75. For pleasure, money making, young or old. Everything easy. Printed instructions. Send two stamps for Catalogue of Presses, Type, Cards, &c., to the Factory.
KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

RUPTURE

BELIEVED and CURED without the injury Trusses inflict, by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method. Office, 261 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 30 cts.
W. H. READ, Baltimore and Light Sts., Baltimore, Md.



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

Testimonial of a Boston lady.

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

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

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

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

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

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

BEHNING

FIRST CLASS

Grand Square & Upright PIANOS.

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

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

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.



BABCOCK

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



LOOK! LOOK! THE MAGIC REVEALER. Examine the Hidden Beautiful and SECRET wonders of Nature. Something that every young man and woman wants. Will magnify 1000 times. This is something entirely new and a Rare Bargain to those who wish to see the Beautiful in Nature Revealed. Price 25c. 5 for \$1.00 (Silver or P. O. Stamps). All handsomely mounted in Olive 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 98)



THE MAGIC REVEALER of the beautiful and secret wonders of Nature. (For Young Men Only). It is of Olive Ivory and but little larger than above cut; can be worn on watch chain as a charm. Sent securely sealed for 25 cents; 5 for \$1.00. Agents wanted. Please mention this paper.

CHICAGO BOOK CO., Box 307, CHICAGO ILL.

PERFECTION MAGIC LANTERNS.

Best Quality. Latest Improvements.

Advertising Stereopticians, new and second-hand, A SPECIALTY, with Full Instructions.

Their compact form and accurate work particularly adapt them for Public Exhibitions.

With a FEW DOLLARS' outlay a comfortable living may be earned. VIEWS in stock, and made to order. Send for Catalogue.

JAKOBI & HART, 185 Fifth Avenue, New York.

AGENTS CAN NOW GRASP A FORTUNE.

Outfit worth \$10 free. Address E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

PENS THE MOST POPULAR IN USE.

Leading Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 333, 161. FOR SALE BY ALL STATIONERS. ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO., Works, Camden, N. J. 25 John St., New York.

M'Carty's Pansion Claim.

"Are you the pansion claim agent, Whose name is down there on the door? Will, my name, sor, is Terrence McCarty, An' I'll put me hat doon on the flure While I tell you me business. Tim Murphy. He's a neighbor of moine, sor, is Tim, Has jist got his pansion, an' I, sor, Did the book of the swearing for him.

These pansion are very convainent, An' they're aisy to git, too, you see, So I thought I'd take wan meself, now, An' have Tim do the swearing for me. So many are thyring for pansion That I thought I'd thry it a whack, For somehow, in lepping the bounties, Bedad, sor, I hurted me back."

—Lowell Citizen.

THE woman ordered by her doctor to go out and walk in the sun will surely carry a parasol.—Boston Post.

THE largest dry goods dealer in Rochester has failed. The Rochester ladies must have been doing a good deal of shopping this year.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"KNOWLEDGE is power," but learned men stand no chances in a nominating convention. In politics hoodlum power is greater than the power of knowledge.—New Orleans Picayune.

"YES," said Mrs. Egomoi, "I used to think a great deal of Mrs. Goode, she was always so kind to me; but then, I've found out that she treats everybody just the same."—Boston Transcript.

WHEN a young woman is in love she turns to the poet's corner first on picking up the local paper. After she is married, she turns first to the advertisements of the dry goods stores.—Somerville Journal.

KATE FIELD is unhappy because Utah furnishes her with no fresh subject for a letter. We had an impression that Utah was full of very fresh subjects. Kate must be growing near-sighted.—Hartford Post.

WHEN you hear of a congressman "serving his term" don't take it for granted that he is expiating his sin in some reformatory institution. The national capital is not that kind of a place, although we hear a good deal about reform there.—Boston Times.

"If you desire to challenge any of the jury, you may now do so," was the remark of the judge to the accused, in a court room down South. And in an instant those twelve flowers of Southern chivalry were upon their feet, exclaiming that a challenge under such circumstances would be an infringement of the code.—Lowell Citizen.

A WRITER says that a Burmese girl who wishes to kiss "presses her nose up against a face and sniffs." Now when you go to Burmah, and a girl rushes up in the street and presses her nose against your face and sniffs, you will know how to act. But for this timely information, you would no doubt have shouted "police!" "murder!" etc.—Norristown Herald.

LOUISVILLE boasts of having had a child born in a street car, but that is nothing very remarkable. In Pennsylvania a child was born in a railway accommodation train, grew into a newsboy, then into a brakeman, was afterward promoted to conductor, and finally died of old age before the train reached the end of the first trip.—Philadelphia Call.

BONDS.

WITH FIVE DOLLARS

YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE

5 per cent. Imp. Austrian 100fl. Government Bond. Issue of 1860.

These bonds are guaranteed by the Imperial Government of Austria, and bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, Payable semi-monthly.

They are redeemed in two drawings annually, in which 106 large premiums of 60,000, 10,000, 5,000, etc., florins are drawn.

Every Austrian 5 per cent. 100 florin bond, which does not draw one of the large premiums, must be redeemed with at least 120 Florins,

as there are no blanks, and every bond must draw something. The next drawing takes place on the 1st of February, 1884,

and every Bond bought of us on or before the 1st of February, is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. Out-of-town orders, sent in registered letters and enclosing \$5, will secure one of these Bonds for the next drawing.

For orders, circulars and any other information, address INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO., 160 Fulton st., cor. Broadway, N. Y. City.

ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

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

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

FOR SALE.

A NEW \$1 000 GRAND SQUARE PIANO.

Purchaser can select from stock of one of the very best makers. W. H. G. P. O. Box, 2,643.

SALOON-MEN, STUDY YOUR INTERESTS!



This machine is entirely automatic, requiring no attention when once started; it will force any number of barrels of beer or other liquids from the cellar and keep them pure and fresh, down to the last glass. Flat Beer is never known where it is used. No live saloon can afford to be without it. It will pay for its cost in a short time. For descriptive catalogue and price, to any address, apply to

"THE STANDARD PUMP MANUF'G CO."

215 Centre Street, New York.

Agents wanted in every town and city. Address as above for full particulars. Mention THE JUDGE.

CANCER

AURORA

INSTITUTE

Established in 1872 for the cure of Cancer, Tumors, Ulcers, Scrofula, and Skin Diseases, without the use of knife or loss of blood and little pain.

For information, circulars and references, address Dr. F. L. FOND, Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

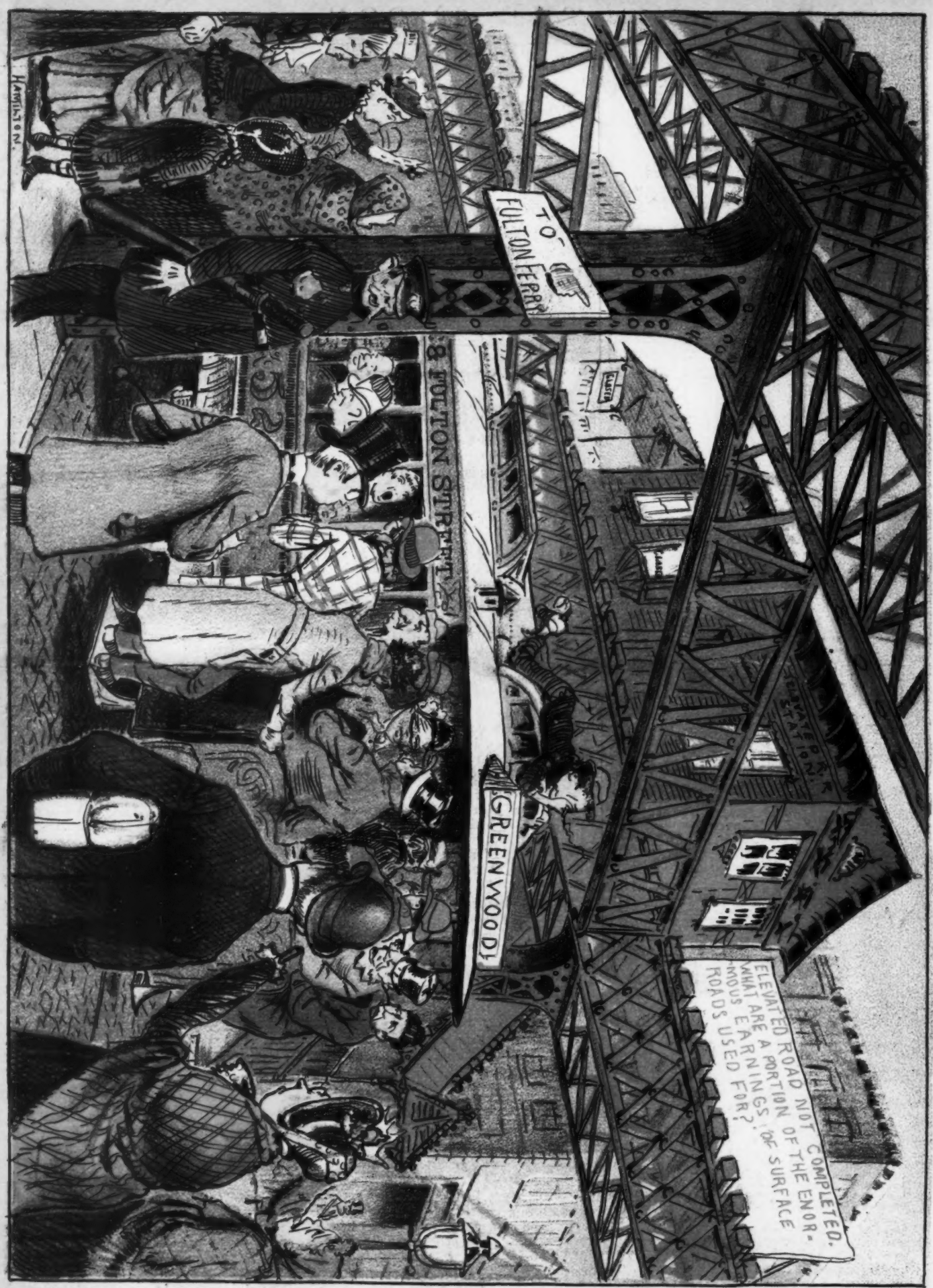
Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

FITS

A Leading London Physician establishes an office in New York for the cure of EPILEPTIC FITS. From Am. Journal of Medicine. Dr. Ab. Meserole (late of London), who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. Address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address Dr. Ab. MESEROLE, No. 56 John St., New York.

THE JUDGE



THE BRIDGE PASSENGERS.

Some of the comforts of Brooklyn travel.