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"We never speak as we pass by."

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BUTLER REDIVIVUS.

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER is as hard to sit on as an inverted carpet-tack, or an "L" train during commission hours. He is like Truth, and when crushed to earth will rise again; he is also like a drummer, and does not know when he is snubbed. We must say we admire him for it. Only a few weeks ago Harvard refused him the customary distinction of the degree of LL. D. Did he feel bad about it? Not he. Behold him at Harvard during commencement week, casting irradiating smiles around him, and acting precisely as if the whole show had been got up for his special delectation, and as if there was not another man in all Massachusetts but himself—which there probably is not, in his own opinion. With such qualities as these it is no wonder that General Butler has got on in life. It will be a colder day than we are likely to have during July when he gets left.

SPIRITUAL RELAXATION.

At this season, when everyone who can do so takes a vacation, it is natural that our poor over-worked pastors should seek to enjoy the *otium cum dig.* of ecclesiastical retirement. And why should they not? Who has any appetite for spiritual loaves and fishes in the dogdays? Who wants polemics with the thermometer in the nineties? and even hell loses its terrors when poor humanity can realize nothing hotter than that which it is patiently enduring. And so our clergymen, our spiritual pastors and masters, proceed to enjoy their sea, their mountains, and their European trips like meaner mortals. And THE JUDGE has been credibly informed that at such moments they do not differ essentially from the rest of mankind—and they even bury the hatchet and meet each other on an equal plane. Ah! Summer is a great level-

er, and a vacation is a great institution; and the \$30,000-a-year clergyman enjoys it just as much—perhaps a little more—than the \$1,200-a-year clerk.

THE NAVY AND THE INDIANS.

THE JUDGE has offered the Government many solutions of the Indian problem—perhaps the most complete and every-way satisfactory is that which we submit this week, for it will have the double advantage of ridding us of our Indians and of our navy at one fell swoop. The idea is to man our ships exclusively with Indians, and send them on a voyage of discovery in the latitude of tornadoes. In fact, in the interests of science, they might follow a tornado, and observe its behavior, and trace its course—as far as the tornado would let them—and when old Boreas turned again and rent them, two of the great problems of these United States would be definitely and permanently solved. For decidedly the two most useless, most expensive and most dangerous entities with which the country has to deal, are its Indians and its navy. If they could be made to destroy each other mutually, we would have taken a long step towards the millenium.

FORAKER TO THE FRONT.

GOVERNOR FOSTER, we hardly think, had it in his mind when he brought Judge Foraker to the front as the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, that he would cut figure enough as a Presidential possibility to be even considered among the remote contingents. Yet, in view of the unexpected power and ability he has developed in his campaign canvass, from this early period of observation we unhesitatingly say that Judge Foraker will give somebody trouble in the struggle for the Presidential nomination. The clean-cut enunciation of the principles of the Republican party, which he is making in his canvass—the bold and righteous stand he is taking upon the Scott law, and the unmistakable ring to his tariff doctrine, all tend to show that it is no politician from the land of Lilliput who is addressing himself to the intelligence of the American people, but one of Brobdignagian lineage, possessing strong political convictions, with the courage to express them, and a rare ability to make their presentation felt. His commitment of the Republican party to the repression of the whisky traffic, to keeping it within wholesome bounds, will, we have no doubt, be repudiated by many of the short-haired and short-sighted "leaders" in the Republican party, on the grounds that it is a dangerous subject to deal with, and that it will surely antagonize elements that have heretofore contributed to Republican success. The only elements we know of that would be antagonized by such an issue are the keepers of grogeries, whose political affiliations have ever been with the Democratic party, and a smattering of the German element who have

not intelligence enough to know that it is not sumptuary laws which the Republican party desire to inaugurate, but certain restrictions in the sale of intoxicating liquors, which the advanced civilization of to-day demands. Now these two elements the Republican party can afford to dispense with. Victory can be attained without them; and, if it could not, defeat were preferable to a sacrificial compromise, in which the Republican party would lose the name and prestige acquired by a quarter of a century of high aims and noble achievements.

THE JOURNALISTIC FAKIR.

GEORGE JONES, yclept the New York Times, reminds us a great deal of one of the old-time mountebanks who traversed the provinces with his "Greatest Show on Earth," which show depended mainly on its orchestra to secure its patronage—the big base drum and the brazen gong being the chief instruments which attracted public attention. Whenever Jones desires anything he immediately issues orders for the band to play. If his desires are not immediately gratified, he sings aloud to stop the weaker instruments, and to go ahead with the drum and gong. He has already reduced this orchestra fake to a science, and his success has almost been phenomenal. Whenever President Arthur makes a mistake and runs counter to what Jones desires, the drum and gong are ordered into service, and it is wonderful the effect which it has upon the *pate-de-foie-gras* composition of our country's ruler. He detests noise; a *dolce-far-niente* administration is all he asks for, and rather than listen to the deafening noise of Jones' Cyclopean orchestra, he orders a halt, and finally commands a hasty retreat.

That this musical phenomenon may be duly appreciated by the general public, we have but to call attention to the fact that Jones' orchestra is now at work, and, at present writing, with drum and gong only, to bring about the decapitation of Commissioner of Internal Revenue Evans, or at least to force the latter to withdraw some appointments made by him, which pleased not Jones and his halfbreed friends. Watch the result, and it will be readily apparent that Jones' orchestra gives forth music which doth charm the Presidential ear, and maketh of the President an obedient vassal, willing to pay an abject deference to the wishes and desires of Jones and his hybrid friends.

POLITICAL PLEASANTRIES.

THE Ohio Democrats have "been and gone and done it" again. They have just achieved one of the most wonderfully clever pieces of political strategem, for which they are famous, by nominating for Governor a Republican sorehead in the person of Judge Hoadley. This is repeating the ingenious strategy of 1872, when the "unterrified," in

their desperate efforts to do "anything to beat Grant," ignored those of their own political faith, and selected poor Greeley as their standard-bearer. The outcome of that piece of political renegadism must have been very encouraging and comforting to the Democracy—and history sometimes has a provoking way of repeating itself.

* * *

Truly there is something pathetically generous in Henry Watterson's assuming the philanthropic role of rejuvenator of decrepid old age. His published interview with his Methusalehetic friend, Sammy Tilden, is refreshingly seasonable. Watterson's description of the daily life of the frisky Samuel is as cool and nery as a horse-auctioneer's warrantee.

* * *

The energetic indifference, brotherly love and truthful devotion displayed by those self-sacrificing Democratic patriots, "Sunset" Cox and Samuel J. Randall, in their willingness to offer up their lives to their country—in the Speaker's chair—is an example of sublime patriotism worthy the emulation of the youth of our land.

* * *

And now comes the good Abe Hewett, who steps to the front and publicly announces that he is not ambitious to play the role of a Presidential martyr. THE JUDGE is ready to accord to the Hon. A. S. Hewett many noble personal characteristics, and considers Mr. Hewett not only a worthy business successor of his lamented and esteemed father-in-law, the late Peter Cooper, but likewise one of the ablest and most reliable statesmen in the ranks of the Democracy. But candor compels us to say that the indications do not point, with any degree of certainty, to even the possibility of Mr. Hewett being called upon to risk his precious life in discharging the duties of President of these United States.

How the Temperature affects a Philadelphia Editor.

ROSCOE CONKLING, it was stated not long ago had undertaken to direct the pictorial policy of THE JUDGE, the aggressive young rival of Puck. Whether the report be true or false, it is worth while to observe that THE JUDGE has already begun to abuse Mr. Blaine.—*Phila. Press.*

An Amusing Fiction on its Travels.

They understand out on the Pacific coast that Mr. Conkling and his friends have bought THE JUDGE, the New York comic paper, in order to put an end to the cartoon attacks upon the fallen statesman. This leads the San Francisco *Call* to give an anecdote concerning President VanBuren: On returning home one evening he was met at the door by his wife, who held up a newspaper to his view with a marked article, in which he was scandalously abused. "Mr. VanBuren," said she, "unless you cowhide the author of that article, I will get a divorce from you." "Tut, tut, wife," replied Mr. VanBuren, "I paid the editor \$300 for writing it."—*Lynn Reporter.*

BOLTS are quoted higher. This is singular, indeed. They should be cheaper, if anything, considering the thousands of bolts made at the election last fall. It was thought the market was overstocked.



ASSISTED EMIGRATION.

J. G. B. (TO RIFLEMAN)—Well, I have a good many calls upon me, but as far as this goes, you're welcome. I've seen a good deal about assisted emigration in the papers lately, and I suppose I must stand my share.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

FROM ALFRED FLASHMAN, ESQ. TO MRS. ISABELLA FLASHMAN.

NEW YORK, JULY.

MY DEAR LITTLE WIFEY—Just a week since you left me, and you can't imagine how I miss you. All my life is a blank without you, but I console myself with the thought that the pure air of the mountains is doing my poppet so much good, and will bring her back to her darling Alfred with such a bright color in her cheeks and such a love-light in her eye. Oh dear! I bear your absence as best I can. I have been so busy at the office since you left that I have scarcely been able to get home at all, as you will probably hear on your return, and I have not even made a pretence of eating my meals at the house. You see, my great work on philology and ethnology occupies a great deal of my time. These national studies are very engrossing, and I have been observing the different races at Sheepshead Bay and Jerome Park very closely, and, I trust, not without profit to myself. Perhaps you may have heard of the national game of poker, also. I have been studying it assiduously. It is one of the most universal and time-honored pastimes of the country, I find; and, as a ceremony, is something akin to the practice of the ancient Druids in removing the misletoe from the oak with a golden knife. In other words, it is a skin game, and most interesting. But do not think that these pursuits alienate my affections from you, or make me

love you the less. They are a mere distraction to relieve the tedium, but do not solace me for the loss occasioned by your absence. Indeed, my co-laborers in these paths of science often remark on the fact, saying, "Oh, you need be in no hurry, Alf; your wife is out of town"—as if I ever forget, or as if I would dream of playing—I mean studying—the mysteries of poker if my poppet were in New York. I am afraid, though, that I am applying myself too ardently to these intellectual pursuits. Fascinating as they are, the tax on the brain power is enormous, and I seldom wake without a headache. Do not be uneasy, however, for if I can spare the time I will take a week at Coney Island, and the sea-breezes will set me up all right. I am so anxiously looking out for your next letter. Let it be a long one, dearest, and let it tell me how *you* bear your enforced absence from your loving husband, ALFRED.

"A SHAKER elder has left the church because he was not allowed to kiss the sisters." When a man arrays himself in a costume almost as ridiculous as that worn by Oscar Wilde, and then is not permitted to "oscullate" the sisters, life must be shorn of all its pleasures, and become almost a blankless blank. It is rough. Such a rule is enough to "bust up" any religion.

"TRUTH, crushed to earth, will rise again"—but if it get down this hot weather, we don't bet heavily on an India-rubber bob up.



U where is my dear
little dog?

host

Johnny dear where are
you?



JOHN

The Duel between Hector and Ajax.

BY ALICE COOPER.

Now in the days of King Agamemnon—lord of many nations and a long name—came Athene, Zeus-descended, from the Olympian heights, and said unto Apollo, "My heart is sad within me because the Greeks whom I love are slain by Hector. Vain is it to call for the S. P. C. A. I know not how to stay the battle."

Apollo answered and said, "Let us hasten to hiss on Hector, he of the strong arm, to fight the bravest Greek—man to man—and be sure you pick out a big one."

Then Helenus (which was a seer) went near to Hector and said unto him, "Listen to me, for I am your brother, and don't you forget it. Thou art to fight a Greek—and hearken in your ear. Ajax will be the man; his left side is his weakest. A nod is as good as a wink; fear not; tighten your suspenders, and you'll take the cake—it is the will of the immortal gods!"

The while, King Agamemnon was offering a bribe of a marble monument to the man who would rise up against Hector; but they

wouldn't rise. "What! doth no champion come forth? Surely, if Father Peleus were alive, he would grieve to hear such a tale, and would pray that this day he might die."

But there arose a murmuring among them, and they said, one to another, "Send for John Longfellow Sullivan or Mitchel, that they vanquish him—we have families to support."

Then arose Menelaus, the stumpy: "Surely, ye are women and not men! Lo, I will fight him my ownself, for the issues of battle are with the immortal gods. Trot out your man, Aggy!"

King Agamemnon answered: "Brother, you paralyze us; you, with your squat form and *emboupoint* figure! Seek not to vanquish one stronger than thou art, but take a man of your own size."

Then Menelaus hearkened to his brother's words and took a back seat—and a drink.

Then up arose nine chiefs of fame, (among them Diomed, and Ajax the Less, and Ajax the Greater,) crying "Timidi! Timidi!" which is the Latin for "cowards." They feared to express themselves in their native tongue, for fear of the multitude. Then

said they, "Let us cast lots to decide who shall do battle with this great man."

Then threw they the lots into Agamemnon's smoking-cap, and Diomed prayed, "Grant, ye gods, that the lot of either of the Ajaxes may leap forth, but not mine—for he is a powerful man and strong, and could whitewash me in one round."

Then cried Ajax the Greater, "Mine is the lot, my friends! Let me don my arms, and pray thou to Zeus; but don't let the Trojans hear, else they'll think we're scared."

So Ajax girded up his loins and said, "Ta-ta, Athene—I'll see you later!" and stepped out.

Threateningly he spoke to Hector: "Now, thou son of a craven-hearted coward, come on!"

"Speak not to me, Zeus-descended Ajax! Well know I the art of battle—but I would not fight a foe by stealth, but openly, if it so befall—so don't be alarmed; I won't hit you in the back."

The first three rounds passed even without incident, except that Hector's nose was bloody, even unto the skirts of his clothing, and Ajax had a black eye. Yet Hector did not cease from combat. A great stone and rough he caught up from the ground, and hurled it at Ajax. Ajax dodged and seized a stone, heavier by far, which took Hector in the temple and bore him backward. But Apollo raised him up. The audience, however, saw it was to be a drawn-game; so, ere they could again join in close battle, came the heralds, and said, "Time's called! Fight no more, my sons! Zeus loves you both; ye are mighty warriors—but you don't keep the laws of the ring. Here comes a cop! Scoot down the back way if you don't want to be scooped."

So they girded up their loins and scooted; and right glad were the sons of Troy when they saw how easily Hector had come off. And King Agamemnon, who had held the sponge the while, rejoiced greatly at the escape of Ajax, saying, "It was touch and go whether I wouldn't have to fight him myself. It'll be a chilly day when I arrange any more duels!"

A MAN has to be mighty careful how he conducts himself in New York. He will be allowed to starve in a garret with impunity, but if he attempts to shuffle off his mortal coil with Paris green, he'll be discovered by a policeman and a doctor with a stomach-pump, and then be sent up to the Island for sixty days or so. If he drops overboard, there will be men all along the shore with boat-hooks to fish him out, and the justice will punish him for attempted *felo de se*. Should he try in vain to cut off his head with a razor, they will not let him die in peace, but will punish him for his juggling. It's got so now that a man has to do pretty sure work with himself before it is found out, or he will be punished severely.

A SHOEMAKER'S epitaph—True to the last. A baker's—A friend in knead. A lawyer's—Calmly he lies. A fireman's—He dreaded not the fire. A plumber's—Faithful to his charge.

No matter how pugnacious a man may be, he permits the haberdasher to collar and cuff him with impunity.

"AWL's well that ends swell," remarked the shoemaker as he punctured a boil with one of his tools.

To split a hair—use a cleaver on a hare.



I HAVE finally secured rooms, at Long Branch, that suit me perfectly. In fact they are better than I expected they would be. They are on the second floor, are large and airy, and on the ocean side. To be sure, our board costs an awful lot of money; but Heraclitus was only too willing to give me anything I wanted, after his disgraceful conduct last week.

Now I come to think of it, it is really astonishing what a multitude of sins are covered up and hid by the simple words "Coney Island." All summer long, if one's husband doesn't appear at the expected time, the invariable excuse is "Coney Island." If he's late to dinner, it's "Coney Island;" and if, when he does come, he is decidedly champagne-y, it's again "Coney Island." So, a few evenings ago, after I'd dined alone, and goodness only knew when Heraclitus would put in an appearance, I just thought I'd take a trip to Coney Island on my own account. It happened so nicely, too. My brother John had just come home from college for vacation, and right after dinner he strolled over to our house and asked where Heraclitus was? I said I didn't know, and asked him to take me down the bay for a sail, it was such a lovely moonlight night. Under ordinary circumstances he would have said he had an engagement, or made some other excuse; but his girl is out of town, and I guess he felt rather lonely, and didn't know exactly what to do. At all events, for once he was willing to entertain his sister, and so we took the 8-o'clock boat for the Island. The trip was delightful and the moonlight superb. We didn't land, but returned on the same boat, and reached home about eleven.

Before we started I had informed Marie where I was going, and told her if Mr. Pennyfeather came in, to say I'd gone to Coney Island, but she needn't mention who with. As he didn't know John had arrived, I thought his lack of knowledge as to who my companion was, would make him real pleased and happy. I might have spared myself this trouble, however; for after John had said "good night," and I had entered the house, I discovered that Heraclitus had not been home at all, and what was worse, he had sent neither note nor telegram. When he knows he is going to be out late he invariably sends a message of some kind. I must confess I am seldom any wiser as to his whereabouts after I receive it than before; but that doesn't alter the fact of it's being his duty to let me know he hasn't met with some horrid catastrophe. I finally went to bed; but I got so nervous I couldn't sleep. Every little while I got up and went to the window, but could see nothing of him. I ran over in my mind all the accidents on the "L" roads I'd ever heard of; regretted all the cross things I'd

ever said, and thought to myself, "I'd be glad to see him, even if he were full of wine and without a penny in his pocket." At 7 I arose and dressed; but my eyes were so red and swollen that I scarcely knew myself; and besides, I was so worried that I thought I should go mad. This was the first time since our marriage that he'd ever staid away all night without sending me word—and I guess it will be his last!

I couldn't swallow a mouthful of breakfast, and about half-past eight, while I was looking in the *Morning Journal* for casualties, the front door opened and closed very gingerly, and my young man came into the dining-room, looking either scared or sorry, I couldn't tell which. He asked me if I had worried about him? and started to kiss me, but I repulsed him with vigor, threw myself on to the sofa, and went off into a fit of hysterics that frightened him, as it always does. He kept saying "he was sorry, but couldn't help it"—and as soon as I could speak I asked him where he had been? When he said "to Coney Island," I pricked up my ears; but when he added that "he started to take the 9-o'clock boat home, and it rained so hard he gave it up and went back for the train, and missed that," I felt every fibre of my being thrill with indignation. I picked myself up from the sofa and looked razors at him as I asked him to repeat what he'd said about the rain. As true as I'm a living woman, he said it all over again, but when he reached the point where the rain fell, I was so enraged that I stamped my foot and said, "don't you dare to tell me that again; it never rained one drop at Coney Island at nine o'clock last night, and you can never make me believe it did." He looked rather surprised at my vehemence, but I suppose he thought a lie well stuck to was as good as the truth, and again declared it did rain, and asked, in injured tones, if "I thought he would lie to me?" This was too much for human endurance, and I fairly screamed at him as I answered, "No! I don't think you would tell me a lie, I know it! I was at Coney Island at nine o'clock last night, myself; the air was as clear as a bell, and the moonlight was the brightest I ever saw." It was as good as a play to

see the expression of his face when I uttered these words. He couldn't say anything at all for a minute or two, and then commenced to stammer something about a shower after nine o'clock, but I finally lost what little patience I ever had, and told him it was no use his standing there inventing excuses. "I didn't see what the rain had to do with it, anyway. I supposed boats and cars didn't stop running on account of it; and I presumed if I should ask him why he didn't telegraph, he'd say 'a cyclone had blown down all the wires.'" It appeared to take him some little time to collect his senses after this outburst on my part—but as soon as he recovered his conversational powers and got a chance to use them, he wanted to know how I came to go to Coney Island, and who I went with. I told him I would impart the whole valuable information to him when I knew the name of his companion during the previous night. He said he "went down with some fellows." I told him "there was where we differed. I didn't go with 'some' fellows, I went with one." Although the blood flew up into his face when I said this, he wasn't as furious as I expected he would be, and he was evidently relieved at thinking he had me in a corner instead of I him. I soon took away what little comfort he may have found in that reflection by telling him I went with brother John, and then he looked more crest-fallen than ever.

I now saw that my time for victory had arrived. If John found out all this, the whole family would soon know of it; and if there's anything Heraclitus hates, it is to have his doings discussed by the whole circle of female relatives—so I just remarked, very quietly (for my wrath was abating), "there's no use saying anything more about it. If you'll write and engage those rooms we were looking at on Wednesday at the Branch, and give me three hundred dollars, I'll call it square." He at first seemed a little staggered at the demand, but drew from his pocket a big roll of bills and proceeded to count me out six fifties. If there is a woman who knows how to make her husband's idiocyncracies pay, that woman is

PENELOPE PENNYFEATHER.



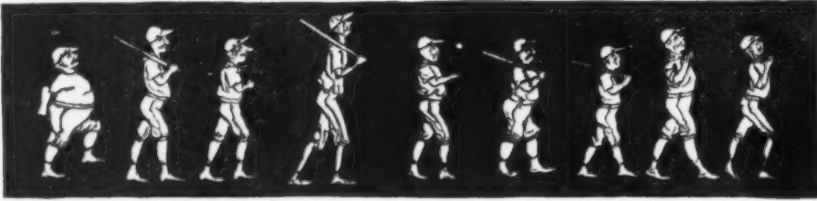
MUSCLE DEVELOPMENT.

MR. SMALL-LUNG has been ordered by his Doctor to take to cornet-playing as a means of strengthening his lungs.

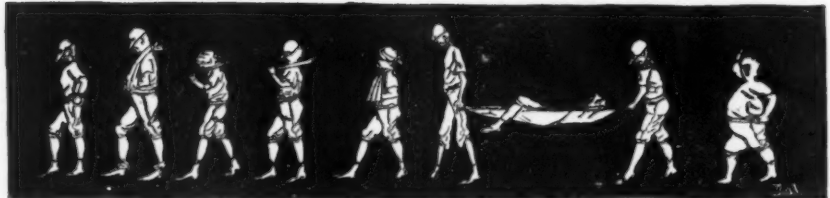


CRABTREE, across the way, doesn't consult the Doctor as to exercise, but takes it on his own hook.

BASE-BALL.



Oh, the national game, the national game—
It has bruised us, ill-used us and rendered us lame;
Stopped we ball- with shin and face,
Balls that hit as hard as Mace—
Balls propelled with deadly aim.
Search among us, in vain, for a trace
Of the spirit that carried us to the base—
Poor lame, lame ducks from the national game!



Oh, the national game, the national game—
We were brimful of spirits when to it we came—
Trained like athletes for a race,
Full of heart, in splendid case;
All defying defeat and shame,
Ready to stand in any place,
Confident fellow at ev'ry base—
Cocks of the walk at the national game!

THE FARO-DEALER'S STORY.

ABOUT the game's morality—
I think that's neither here nor there;
It's pretty much like other games
When dealt upon the square.
If men have coin and want to play,
The law won't hinder them a bit—
In time they learn it doesn't pay,
And then they sometimes quit.
I've dealt the game for thirty years—
I've left it now; I didn't fail—
I sickened at one sight I saw,
And thereby hangs a tale.
Some three years since I ran a game—
A high-toned one—dead on the square—
If I'm not wrong you know the place;
I think I've seen you there.
Well, sir, I ran a thriving game,
And dealt for half the bloods in town—
I've had as much as five lay-outs,
And no chance to sit down.
One evening a young chap strolled in—
Fair hair, blue eyes, and clear-cut face;
So fresh that you could see he was
A stranger in the place.
He was at home, though, for I saw
In his blue eyes the love of play,
And after that first evening's deal
He scarcely missed a day.
He played his pile right up and up,
And never growled if luck was hard;
He'd stack the limit up in blue
On every second card.
His luck was bad—sometimes the worst
I ever saw, and I've seen lots;
I've seen him in a single deal
Lose seven double shots.
Business for me, of course; and yet
Sometimes it almost seemed too bad.
Of course I couldn't say a word,
But still I liked the lad.
He'd lots of cash, though; I should think
He must have dropped, since the first day,
A hundred thousand, first and last,
Before he gave up play.
We both quit gambling the same night—
He, poor boy, for sufficient cause;
And I because I loathed the game—
And this was how it was.

He didn't have much coin along;
It gave out in a deal or two—
So he put up a diamond ring
To see his ill luck through.
The chips soon went. He had a pin,
A flaming stone in massive gold—
Without a word he passed it in,
And drew five hundred cold.
So help me, God! I wished him luck,
As did each player in the place.
But no, his last check came my way
Upon a losing ace.
He handed in his watch and chain,
And drew, I think, three hundred more,
And tried his line of bets again—
The luck was as before.
My God! I never shall forget
The pale, drawn look upon his face—
But still he never spoke a word,
And never left his place.
His hand lay where his chips had been,
And moved, at times, as if to bet—
A thin, worn circlet of dull gold
Was on his finger yet.
At last it caught his eye; he stopped
And looked at it a little space,
And a dark wave of crimson blood
Passed hotly o'er his face.
And then he drew it off—it came
Reluctantly, this worn old ring—
Far closer than the flashing gem
That circlet seemed to cling.
He handed it across to me;
"I don't know what its value is,
But I'll redeem it first of all—
What can I have on this?"
I took the ring; it might have cost
Five dollars—it was worthless then,
But I passed out a Fifty stack
To let him try again.
He planked the pile down in the pot,
Then low upon the table laid
His head upon his folded arms,
And so that deal was played.
Well, the luck changed; he won three times;
I told him when the limit barred;
He took no notice—so we played
Three hundred on each card.
Would you believe it? in that deal
The pot won out, and never lost;

And still the winner hid his face
Upon his two arms crossed.
The deal was out. I spoke to him—
He did not stir. I raised his head;
And there, amid his piled-up gains,
The boy was sitting—DEAD!
I've often wondered to myself
What thoughts were flitting thro' his mind
When he bent down his fair, young face,
And hid it from mankind.
What pledges of a better life,
Regrets for fortunes spent in vain,
And loathing of his bygone course,
Were burning in his brain.
We do not know—it is as well.
Such pangs we guess at, do not feel—
His face showed countless years of hell,
Lived through in that brief deal.
It was not till the inquest sat
That I learned all remorse's sting—
The ring that changed his luck and life,
Was his dead mother's ring.
Poor boy! had his sad lot been cast
With different or better men,
He might be living now. For me—
I never dealt again. G. H. JESSOP.

"SOLID beer, which can be chewed," has been introduced. It may fill a long-felt want and many young men who have heretofore gone out between the acts for a breath of fresh air and other refreshments; but it is not likely to improve the morals of the world to any considerable extent. "Solid beer, which can be chewed," however, will put more money in the inventor's pocket than if he had concocted a fluid bread which could be imbibed. Some men would almost starve to death before throwing away their money on the latter.

"Two Men Stabbed on a Pleasure Excursion" is the cheerful heading in one of the daily papers. The managers of excursions resort to all sorts of schemes to make it pleasant for their patrons. There is so much competition in the business that it is absolutely necessary to almost daily introduce some new attraction to draw customers. A "pleasure excursion," where no one is stabbed, and the trip is not enlivened by a few drunken fights, must be a very dull affair, and fail to afford the excursionists the "pleasure" anticipated.

CHRONICLES OF GOTHAM.

CHAPTER VI.

1. Now in these days it came to pass that there dwelt in the camp a man by the name of Haztor, and he was rich.

2. Now the man named Jaygoal did come near to these men called brokers, and say, Peradventure can we not get this man called Haztor to join us in our schemes?

3. No way was for Jaygoal to obtain his wish except by trick and guile;

4. Yet was he in no wise disheartened, because his way was of a dark way, and of fraud, and all his dealings with the men of Oual street was in this manner.

5. So he draweth near to the man Haztor, saying, If you will join us in the ring, and to us give the use of your name, we will do thus and so:

6. Yea, verily, will even I, Jaygoal, do to you as I would do to no other man—even to the giving to you of the dreams and delusions called shares, yea many of them.

7. Now this man whose name was Haztor, did in the time gone by keep himself away from the tribes of all sort, and hold himself better than they, for he was of the tribe of Jacob.

8. For Jacob and his tribe were of numbers many, and they were the first in the camp in the ancient days.

9. In the third month of the year it came to pass that a man of the camp named Vander-guilt did make a grand feast, and did take in a great number of the dwellers in the camp;

10. Yet he did in no way ask Haztor, of the tribe of Jacob.

11. And the women folks of the tribe did feel badly, and they said to the lord of the house, Humble yourself before this man Vander-guilt, that we may go to this feast.

12. And Haztor did as he was bid, and there sprung up a great friendship between these men.

13. Now Van-der-guilt was crafty; and he said to Jaygoal, I will go down to the big sea, yea, even to England, the island that lyeth across the big water;

14. And when I am away, go you to Haztor, of the tribe of Jacob, and make friends with him, and give to him presents, and get his name, and so make more shekels.

15. And Jaygoal did as he was bid, and Haztor did accept the presents, and was one of the ring, and was called a durrektah—and Van-der-guilt was happy.

16. Now when the men of Gotham did hear these things there was a great noise in the camp, and the men of Oual street were amazed;

17. And some of the men of Oual street did laugh, and some did cry, saying, Now for a big corner!

18. And the bulls did sharpen their horns and bellow mightily; and the bears did rub their teeth against the stocks, and stretch their claws, so as not to lose any of the prey, called profits.

19. Now there was a way in the camp that covered the most of the tents and tabernacles, and it stretched throughout the country round about, yea even to the most remote corners thereof; and the name of this way was Western Union.

20. And this way was the thing that Jaygoal did make presents of its dreams and delusions to Haztor, of the tribe of Jacob.

21. Now this way was needful to the dwellers in the camp, for it brought many things to the camp and to the dwellers therein, yea, even to the scribes and to the merchants.



THE BARBER-SHOP OF THE FUTURE.

22. Now the durrektahs of this way did know this thing, and said amongst themselves, We will have this thing in our own hands, and the people must pay for it.

23. Now when Haztor saw the trickery of these men, he said, being a just man, I will have none of it;

24. But Van-der-guilt and Jaygoal did laugh at the man Haztor, saying, We have your shekels, yea, your good name also;

25. And if you do not as we say you will lose both, even all you have. So Haztor, of the tribe of Jacob, was dumb, and spake not a word.

26. And the people of the camp, and the brokers, and the share-holders are waiting for the revelation of the time to come. B. T. P.

WHY AND BECAUSE?

OR,

The Curious Child Answered.

BY BILLY, A BAD BOY WHAT'S BEEN TO YOUR ROPE.

"PAPA," said Fanny, as she nestled on the Professor's knee, after dinner, "What is a dude?"

"A dude, my love; a dude—" said the professor, evidently at a loss to classify that specimen of the genus *homo*—"Well, Fanny, a dude is a cross between a man and a monkey; or, in other words, the 'missing link' that Darwin tried so hard to find."

"What is the physical condition of a dude, papa?" asked Fanny, remembering the question her teacher had put to her that day in the geography class.

"The body slim and slender; a sickly crop of down covers the upper lip. The pedal extremities are somewhat contracted. The upper portion of the body is surmounted by a small prominence commonly called 'the head,' the top of which is covered by thin,

fine hair, which, by the aid of the tonsorial artist and false bangs, is made to closely resemble that of a well-kept poodle."

"What covers the surface of the dude, papa?" said Fanny, becoming interested.

"The interior covering, my dear, is fine silk underwear; a reform double-action feminine corset, with a full supply of cotton in the clasped arrondissements around the upper portion of the body, over which an elaborate frilled shirt, with lace trimmings and pantallettes to match, is placed. The lower extremities are then encased in extremely tight-fitting pantaloons, which accounts for the peculiar gait of the species. A very short coat, remarkable for its property of rendering visible the posterior curvature of the body, covers the arms and shoulders."

"Are dudes productive?"

"Yes, of much matter to the patient, persevering paragrapher."

"Where do dudes predominate?"

"Principally in front of metropolitan hotels and theatres, where they stand for hours, all unconscious of the admiring glances of the fair sex or the grinning gags of the newsboys and the street Arabs."

"Do dudes ever marry, papa?"

"No, dear; their mission in the world is too exalted to permit of their entangling themselves in a matrimonial alliance."

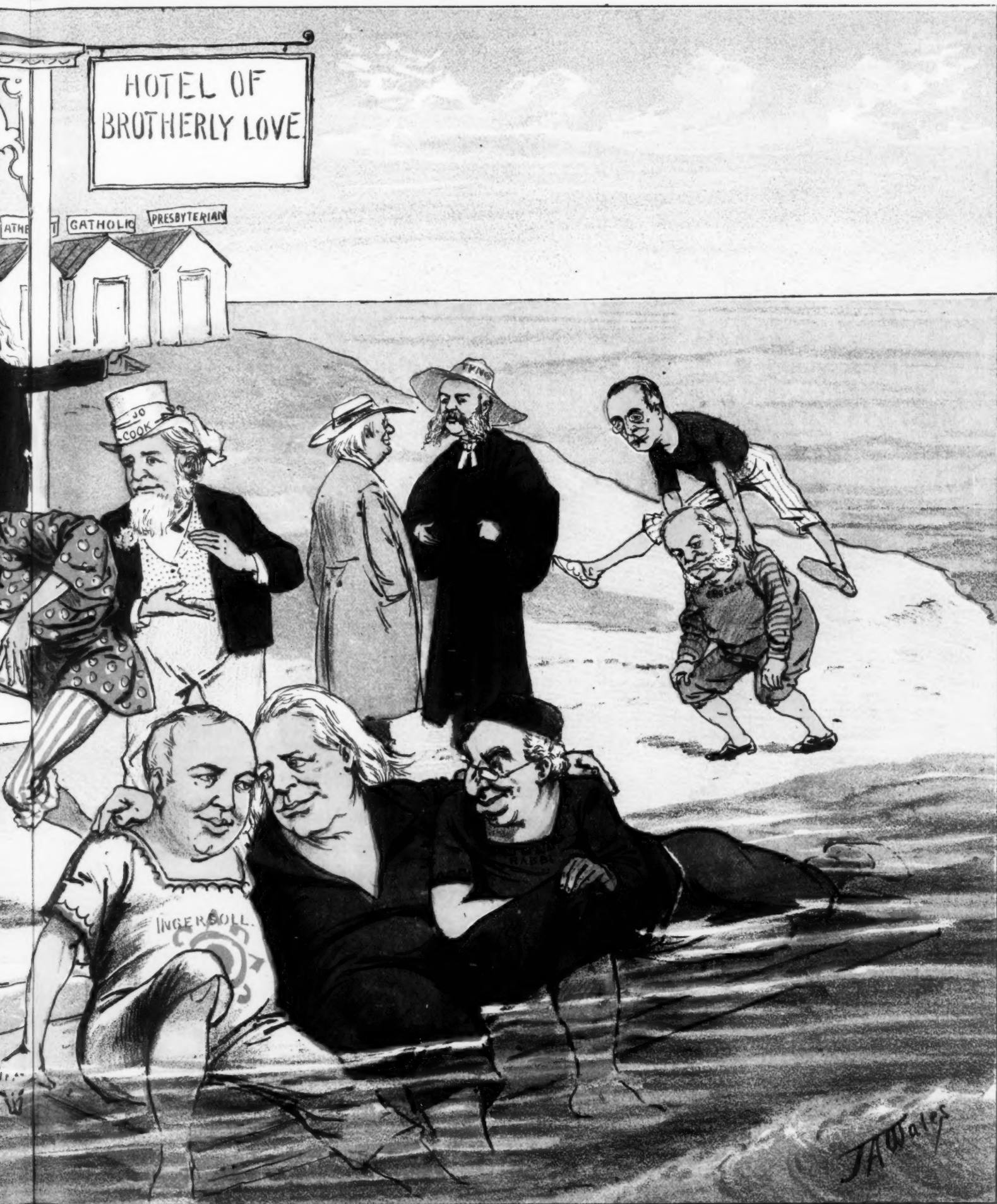
"What is their mission, papa?"

"To show the world that some men might be angels if they were not born 'a little lower.' But Barnum will be here in a few days, dear, and then, no doubt, I shall have an opportunity to make a thorough examination of the species, because he always has the latest curiosities. Now, my dear, a kiss; I must go."

"Adude, papa."

To put a good face on—use lily-white.





NE ANOTHER.



"IT'S A WISE CHILD," ETC.

MOTHER—Now, Nellie, tell me who this gentleman is.
 NELLIE—That ain't no gentleman—that's papa.

OUR MORNING DRIVE.

RECOVERING from a recent serious attack of spring fever, my doctor ordered me to take a drive in the country; so, for that purpose, mother hired a horse and phaeton from a livery stable near by. Mother was to do the driving, as she "knew how," she alleged, and I didn't.

Well, I got into the phaeton, a feat not accomplished (by reason of mother's original way of backing the horse) until a scavenger across the way beheld the sudden apparition of my new striped terra-cotta hosiery.

Slowly and peacefully along the monotonous route of a horse railroad we drove until suddenly a horse-car came "kerplunk" before us.

"Git out of the way!" furiously yelled the perspiring driver.

"I hain't a-goin' to do it!" replied mother; "it's your place to turn to the right; I reckon I know the rules for drivin' as well as you do."

The horses were then so close together that there was no telling what dire accident would have resulted had not the driver leaped from his seat and yanked our horse off the track, exclaiming, "You gosh-blamed old fool! Wonder you don't drive up a telegraph pole or church steeple!"

This exasperated mother so much that, while turning herself around to verbally retaliate upon him for his impudence, she drove square into an oil-vender's cart, knocking the bung out of a full barrel of the fluid he had been for hours trying to sell. This man was an Irishman "with a temper"—not an unusual combination—and he at once threatened to use his pedal extremities as an impetus to our personal descent into those warm regions whose existence is distinctly repudiated by Mr. Robert Ingersoll and others. A burly Englishman, overhearing the oil-vender's violent language, cried out, "Aw say, you blasted H Irishman! hif you—aw—don't quit hinsultin' hof these ladies, hi will break your blarsted 'ead, so hi will!"

"Ye z will?" cried the Irishman, giving

him a hard blow on the side of his head that knocked his hat clean off. A fistic duel ensued, every round of which was vociferously interspersed with sarcastic allusions to their respective nationalities.

Escaping from these belligerents, and artfully dodging the sticks and stones thrown at us by enraged mothers whose offspring we narrowly missed running over, we at length got fairly out on a country road. Suddenly discovering the loss of her whip, mother concluded to drive up the nearest by-lane, leading to a farm house, and borrow one, but in doing so we accidentally ran over a fat goose, hidden in the tall grass. While mother was knocking at the farm-house door, I got out and lifted the goose into the carriage to examine its injuries; but no sooner had I done so than the horse, with the squalling goose and myself, started down another lane to the road, and couldn't be stopped running till it reached its owner's stable in town. In the meantime a brace of rural constables took mother into custody on the farmer's charge that she was my accomplice in stealing the goose. Next morning pa had to settle for the goose and damaged carriage, as well as for sundry treats to newspaper reporters who might otherwise have written up our morning drive.

ADELE.

Down by a little brooklet,
 In a shady little nooklet,
 Sits a kid, who, on a hooklet,
 Is from school.

Down by the little brooklet,
 In the shady little nooklet,
 There is a slate and booklet.
 The kidlet's in the pool.
 From school—
 In pool—
 — fool! —PHELIQUE.

COMMANDMENT to the dude: "Thou shalt not live by a hat alone."

PLAYING in hard luck—the musician who has good reason to believe he will not be paid.

LA JALOUSE.

At last she is here, and I've seen her—
 Has she come to disturb my peace?
 She once had your heart in her keeping;
 Whence came such a sudden release?
 I thought, while I gazed on her fairness,
 Shall I tell you? Perhaps 'twill amuse—
 But, first of all, let me assure you,
Mon cher, je ne suis pas jalouse.

I thought of the sweet summer twilight—
 Of the walks in the dark and the dew;
 Of the time you first told me you loved me—
 And I said, "Is the whole world untrue?"
 And my heart gave a strange little flutter,
 While the tears, dear, my eyes would suffuse,
 For you once told the same to another—
Mais, mon cher, je ne suis pas jalouse.

Then I thought of the sails on the river,
 Of the tender, first loving embrace,
 How I trembled with fear and delight, dear,
 As I half raised my eyes to your face.
 But the kiss that you begged in the twilight,
 The kiss that I couldn't refuse,
 Another had granted before me—
Eh, bien! je ne suis pas jalouse.

She was queen of your heart once, my darling;
 Am I its sole mistress to-day?
 Her love once was all you desired, dear,
 Is mine to be thus turned away?
 What has happened may happen again, dear—
 Love speeches fall into disuse—
 The cold world may flow between us, dear,
Mais, mon cher, je ne suis pas jalouse.

And you tell me you love her no longer!
 I suppose I must take it for true.
 When I look in your eyes I believe it—
 When you're gone, then the doubts rise anew,
 And I long for a pledge or a token.
 But, darling, you see it's no use—
 My heart's never light when you're absent,
Mais, mon cher, je ne suis pas jalouse.

Only when you are with me, my loved one,
 The sun begins shining once more;
 Then I know that in starlight or moonlight,
 On the land, or the sea, or the shore,
 That you'll love me the same—so, my darling,
 Come kiss me, and call me "a goose"—
 In your arms, your eyes looking in mine, dear,
 Ah, 'tis then *je ne suis pas jalouse.* —R. S. M.

Bombastes Furioso Bombasticus.

B. F. B. is a big man.
 B. F. B. is a lawyer.
 B. F. B. is a general.
 B. F. B. is a governor.
 B. F. B. is a commodore.
 B. F. B. has a mill.
 B. F. B. has a yacht.
 B. F. B. has a big head.
 B. F. B. was a senator.
 B. F. B. was nominated ten times.
 B. F. B. was defeated nine times.
 B. F. B. has the Veto!

BUT

B. F. B. is not L.L.D.
 Harvard said "No."
 B. F. B. wants to be a President—then he
 can have D. C. L., Ph. D., M. D., A. B.,
 B. C., and will be A. S. S. B. T. P.

It is estimated that the sun will only last 15,000,000 years longer; and yet there are some fellows who growl every warm day, just the same as if Old Sol was going to last forever. They ought to enjoy it while they have a chance.

A FINE figure—\$10 and costs.

THE TWO SISTERS.

SHE stepped from the train in her beauty
And stood just an instant apart;
We railroad men paused in our duty
To still a strange stir at the heart.
The light in her blue eyes was beaming
As clear as the light from two stars,
While the hurrying engines were screaming
And backing and shifting the cars.

The wind whistled shrill—it was winter—
And yet, as she stood in the snow,
Its coldest caress could but tint her
Soft cheeks with a tenderer glow.
She was looking for some one; impatient,
Her little foot tapped out her mind—
Little foot, so exquisitely fashioned,
Like a leaflet astir in the wind.

She sees her, and, light as a fairy,
Springs down to cross over the track;
In a voice like a bird's, crying "Mary!
You're pleased, dear, to welcome me back!"
Then, looking across, we saw standing,
All dressed out in silk and rich furs,
A lady, of figure commanding,
And fair face, unlike, yet like hers.

'Twas a picture, I tell you; the other
Stood there, with her welcoming eyes
And outstretching hands like a mother,
In gestures waved back her replies—
And the little one, all animation,
With curls like the gold of the dawn,
Like a sculptor's fulfilled inspiration,
Passed on with the step of a fawn.

I saw it a moment—how plainly,
How often I've seen it again—
As I screamed out the warning so vainly
To the ominous, swift-backing train;
And her voice, pure and clear as a linnet,
Rang out in an agonized scream—
I felt, for one terrible minute,
Like one in a horrible dream.

The snow where she lay was not whiter
Than her cheeks when the color had fled;
Her eyes than the harebells were brighter
Till they dim'd, and we knew she was dead;
And her hair, floating loose in its glory
Of a gold that no master could paint,
Like the halo, in martyrdom's story,
Encircling the brow of a saint.

We felt it, we boys did, how badly
Is more than we then could have said,
As the tall lady, weeping so madly,
Hung over the beautiful dead.
"Oh Heaven!" she murmur'd, "just Heaven!"
Was this blow dealt justly or well?
The guilty may not be forgiven—
Must the innocent perish as well?

"My darling! my sweet one! the only
Bright spot in my dreadful career—
For a moment, my own, I am lonely;
But, darling! our meeting is near—
For the last time, Farewell! my sweet sister"—
And she bent o'er the beautiful face,
And stroked the soft tresses, and kissed her,
Then silently walked from the place.

It touched us; it broke me completely;
I cannot recall what was said,
But the living had spoken so sweetly,
And she looked so beautiful, dead,
There was not, in all that big station,
An eye but was misty with brine,
And the up-train reached its destination
Full three minutes after its time.

You've guessed the whole story—the elder
Had kept her sad life and its blame



AN INCONGRUITY.

THIS IS A WILDLY IMAGINATIVE SKETCH.

Away from her sister, and held her
Apart from all shadow of shame,
And would have so done, or have perished
For her she loved more than her life,
Till she'd seen the girl woo'd, won and cher-
ished,
Some good, honest man's happy wife.

'Twas a last adieu, too, we saw bidden,
At least on this side of death's door.
When the dark river gave up its hidden,
Her body was brought to the shore;
I saw them both lying so stilly,
So hushed in their endless repose—
The younger a pale, broken lily,
The elder a faded white rose. G. B. J.

A CONNECTICUT editor accepted compliments to a mesmerist's entertainment, and also went forward as a subject. The mesmerist put him through a "course of sprouts," made him sing, dance, orate, laugh, cry, yell, murmur and gesticulate, stand on his ear, perform like a circus athlete, and make a fool of himself generally. The editor, when he "came out of it" and was told how he appeared, called the mesmerist a fraud in his paper; but the public who had seen the editor's antics, didn't take any stock in the article.

OUR big contemporary, the *Herald*, is much puzzled by the fact that drinking men drink spirits in summer to keep cool, and in winter to get hot. A little thing like this should not stagger the mighty intellect of the *Herald*. Such anomalies are not uncommon. Why, the story of the man who blew on his hands to warm them, and on his porridge to cool it, is as old as classic fable.

MARY ANDERSON never shoos a chicken, but when there are depredations made upon her mother's garden patch in their old Kentucky home, she walks out with stately step and slow, and says in tragic tones, "Go hens, go hens!" and her mother is always along to see that it is done properly.

OH—WHEW!

Oh, for a seat in some railroad of chilliness,
And a swift engine to bear one away
Far from this summer heat, blinding and villainous,
Into the cool of a midwinter day.
Oh, for a cobbler of Amontillado,
With the ice dewing the liberal glass—
Oh, for a century passed in the shadow
Of breezy trees, with the frost on the grass.
Oh, for a tempest to blow this hot curtain hence,
And set panting nature astir and awirl—
Oh, for the cool stare of well-bred impertinence,
Oh, for a coolness, if but with my girl.
Oh, for a sight of some ghostly, uncanny thing,
Freezing my blood with a sudden affright—
Oh for, and oh for, and oh for most anything
To fetch the mercury down into sight!

"WHY do young men remain single?" asks a newspaper writer. An old philosopher once observed that if more young men were to marry, there would be fewer old bachelors in the land, and the more we reflect on the subject the more it strikes us that the old philosopher hit the bull's eye. Young men remain single because they don't marry.

A POET sings: "Deep in my heart a birdling dwells." This sounds like a campaign rumor. Let him substitute head for heart, and his statement will appear more plausible. There is evidently plenty of room in his head for a birdling to dwell.

It takes \$50,000 a year to replenish the wardrobe of the Empress of Austria. We cannot be too thankful that the Empress is not our wife. If she were, she'd be deuced lucky if she got even \$25,000 worth of wardrobe a year.

A SAYING does not become a proverb until it is old. In other words, you cannot adage without time.

THE end of all things—the letter "s."



THE managerial wars continue, and new contestants are constantly appearing upon the field of battle. The latest is the rivalry between Col. Hickey, of the Cosmopolitan, and Col. McCaull, of the Casino. The cause of all the trouble is Strauss' opera, "Prince Methusalem," the English version of which met with a signal failure in London not long ago. If the game be worth the candle here, it is because the singers are for the most part clever enough to carry anything through. The combined forces of Ryley, Adolphi and Catherine Lewis, under the leadership of their gallant manager, will prove formidable foes to the Casino faction; and Col. McCaull, without the "airy, fairy Lillian," is rather weak in the ranks. However, the bombardment has commenced from the Cosmopolitan batteries, and we are waiting to see what effect the return fire will have.

Shook & Collier have secured the services of McKee Rankin as "leading man," and Stetson has engaged O'Neill for the same business. O'Neill's salary is not stated. Rankin gets \$500 a week for forty-two weeks, and Mr. Charles Warner gets—left in England. Sims and Pettit will write a new part "to fit him," and he will appear at the Adelphi in the fall. Mr. Rankin's salary seems to be a pretty large one; but he may need the whole of his \$21,000 before his new Third Avenue Theatre is on a paying basis.

The rivalry between Mapleson and Abbey continues on the other side of the Atlantic. They have both been in Paris, and while the former is looking for a tenor, and making up his mind what to do about Patti, the latter has added Mme. Sembrich to his list of attractions by agreeing to pay her \$96,000 for a season of fifty nights. "They come high, but we must have them."

"Two Christmas Eves," at the San Francisco Opera House, is, to say the least, a little out of season, and Miss Annie Berlein is decidedly out of place. As Annie Mack, of Harrigan & Hart's, she did well enough; but she will not pass as a star, even in July, when most anything will satisfy the small audiences that attend the few places of amusement that remain open.

There are plenty of playwrights now-a-days, but one that can write a play without alluding to Russian affairs or introducing to our notice a lot of Nihilists, would be looked upon as an eccentricity.

"Strictly Business" has much that is "fresh" about it, but Sam'l of Posen was a far more original drummer than Phineas Philkins proves to be. However, P. P. marries a Russian Countess, becomes a Nihilist, and saves the Czar's life by preventing his eating some of the redoubtable P. P.'s can'd goods, that have, in an unguarded moment, been poisoned by other and wicked Nihilists. From this it will be seen that the plot is not only original but probable. The story is also presented with great clearness by Mr. Bishop, who amuses the audience by his acting, albeit the fun is at times broad if not coarse.

While so many theatres are closed, and so many of the profession are resting from their last season's labors, it is curious if not amusing to see the trouble they take to keep their names before the public.

Matrimonial infelicities, divorces, sprained ankles and stolen jewels are worked up into newspaper paragraphs so often that the public begins to look upon them as almost a part of the legitimate advertising business. Mrs. Langtry never misses an opportunity to make herself conspicuous, and her dress, her smile and her Freddie are all more or less appropriately commented upon. Modjeska, as Juliet, doesn't swallow real poison, but she "comes near doing so," and her manager takes good care that this important fact is duly blazoned forth.

Theo goes back to France; says she received \$20,000 worth of presents while in America, and, as a reward of virtue, finds she is much more highly prized by her country-people than ever before.

Various are the schemes resorted to, but Maud Granger's name has been used in one that at least bears the impress of novelty, and has succeeded in putting her ahead of all competitors in the advertising business. In an article published in one of our dailies, (presumably not without the lady's consent), she appears as the exponent of the curative powers of a quack medicine. The lack of professional dignity in a proceeding of this kind is only equalled by the indelicacy shown in alluding to particulars regarding her late illness, and the fact that the article in question (although printed as regular reading matter), proves to be a paid advertisement, does not mitigate, but, on the contrary, serves to augment the offense.

THE man who predicted that there would be no summer this year has retired. He concluded there was no prophet in the business.

CORRESPONDENTS.

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

FANNY.—No, thank you.

A. F.—We have seen nothing of it.

H. B. L.—We shall let you know in due course.

KING FOR A WEEK.—Not for a minute—in THE JUDGE.

NEW AGE.—The manuscript was mailed to the address furnished by you the day after you called.

VERNON.—The heat would appear to have affected your brain—or, if not your brain, what serves you in lieu thereof. The effect is painfully evident in your composition.

A. B.—Your education does not seem to have progressed beyond your own initials, and that is altogether too elementary. Try and master a few more letters—go to a music teacher, and get up to C at any rate—before you write for publication.

RED RAIN.—We shall use both sketch and poem as soon as possible. The topic of the latter would not furnish suitable illustration, in our artist's opinion. We will give our best attention to other contributions you may send, and hope they may be of the same degree of merit as your first installment.

THURLOW.—Your *nom de plume* and the utter imbecility of your verses, combined, induce us to reply to you in the words of Lord Byron, applied by him to another Thurlow who would be a poet:

"When Thurlow this d—d nonsense sent,
I hope I am not violent—
Nor gods nor man knew what he meant."

A CITIZEN of New York recently shot a man for flirting with his wife. Thus does the grasping monopolist interfere with the pleasures of the people.

THE belle and the hunter are alike in one thing—they both use powder before the ball, and the object of both is to bring down the game.



THE TORTURES OF TANTALUS.

THE street was dry and arid,
And the tramps were dry according
As they watched the lager flowing
In the house beyond the boarding.

AN INSTANTANEOUS LIGHT.

SUCH, in a word, is the unique apparatus on exhibition at the rooms of the Portable Electric Light Company, 22 Water street, Boston. It occupies the space of only five square inches, and weighs but five pounds, and can be carried with ease. The light, or more properly lighter, requires no extra power, wires, or connections, and is so constructed that any part can be replaced at small cost. The chemicals are placed in a glass retort; a carbon and zinc apparatus, with a spiral platinum attachment, is then adjusted so as to form a battery, and the light is ready. The pressure on a little knob produces an electric current by which the spiral of platinum is heated to incandescence. The Portable Electric Light Company was recently incorporated, with a capital of \$100,000 under the laws of Massachusetts. The usefulness of the apparatus and the low price (\$5) will no doubt result in its general adoption. Some of the prominent business men of the State are identified with this enterprise. In addition to its use as a lighter, the apparatus can also be used in connection with a burglar-alarm and galvanic battery.—*Boston Transcript, Dec. 30.*

Something we Recommend
IS OUR
**FOURTEEN DOLLAR
SERGE SACK SUIT.**

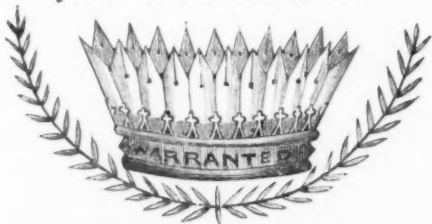
It is made up in Blue or Olive Green, with Skeleton Back. A good-looking suit, a pleasant Summer suit and a well-wearing suit.

COME AND LOOK AT IT.

EHRICHS'

8th Ave., 24th & 25th sts.

JOHN B. DAVIDS & CO.'S



**CROWN BRAND
WRITING INKS AND MUCILAGE.**

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

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

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

I guarantee six boxes to cure any case.

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

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THE PRESIDENT'S JOKE.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR is fond of playing practical jokes. An incident occurred at the White House recently that afforded considerable amusement. A party of Mr. Arthur's friends were here on a visit from New York. The President had shown them through the White House. The party were loud in their praise of the improvements in the Presidential mansion. Coming through the East room, or general reception room, Mr. Arthur halted and said in the most serious manner:

"Do you see that colored man standing over there?" pointing to a well preserved specimen of the African race. "Well," continued the host, "he has a most remarkable history."

"How so?"

"Guess," said Mr. Arthur.

"An exiled king?" said a bewitching young-lady member of the party.

"An ex-Street Commissioner?" observed a practical Wall street broker.

"Neither," said the President. "Listen: He has been sold into slavery over 700 times."

"Impossible."

"Fact, I assure you," said Mr. Arthur.

The colored man was called over and questioned.

"My good man," said the Wall street broker, "is it true that you have been sold in slavery more than 700 times?" The colored representative showed his white teeth and bowed.

"Remarkable," was the general response.

"What are you doing now?" was asked.

"Well, boss, I'm traveling with an Uncle Tom's Cabin Company. I'm put on the auction block every night and sold."—*Washington Capital.*

THINGS worth no-ing—Invitations to drink.—*Boston Post.*

DESDEMONA didn't live long enough to kiss Othello for his smother.—*N. Y. News.*

THE revenue officials have been after the moonshiners again in Georgia. These people would be quiet and law-abiding citizens if the Government officers would only allow them to keep still.

As to bangs, the difference is that the girl wears them before marriage, and the man gets them after.

"FAR from the mad'ning crowd"—a policeman.

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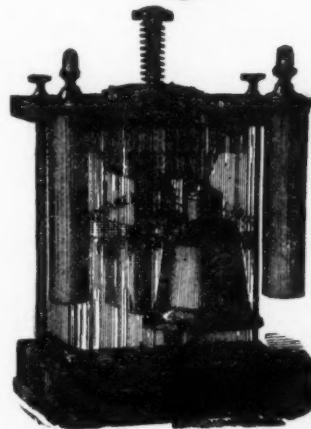
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Beatty's Organs—East River Bridge.

BUT few are aware how good an Organ can be built and sold for \$65. When one has facilities to be able to make and ship an instrument every ten minutes the mystery is solved. A fact not to be overlooked. While we celebrate the opening of the great East River Bridge, we should not forget the fact that Beatty, who began business in 1870 penniless, is to-day doing a business of several million dollars annually. The public are indebted to master minds in erecting the great Bridge; also to Beatty in reducing the price of Cabinet Organs, bringing them within the reach of the laboring man as well as the millionaire. Visitors are cordially welcome. Those who desire to visit Beatty's Organ Factory, corner Railroad av. and Beatty st., Washington, New Jersey (the largest and best equipped Reed Organ Works in existence), leave New York city foot of Barclay st., or Christopher st. (Hoboken Ferries), via Delaware, Lackawana and Western Railroad, as follows: 7:30 (9 A. M. Buffalo express), 1, 3:30, or 7 P. M. daily (Sundays excepted); returning, leave Washington at 4:18, 7:30 A. M., 1, 3:30 or 7 P. M. For excursions, only \$2.85. Free coach, with polite attendants, meets all trains. Whether you buy or not, you are welcome anyway. Five dollars allowance will be made from lowest net cash prices to all buyers. Address or call upon Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.



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OUR office-boy thought he would go to school last week, but he was bounced the first day. The teacher was explaining the fact in natural history that animals sought their own kind, and, to test the force of her remarks, said to our boy: "Now, Phil, if you were out in the woods, and should come across a snake, what would you look for next?" "A club, Miss, p. d. q.," and the teacher was so shocked she sent him back to us at once.—*Cincinnati Drummer.*

THE four-story marble residence of the editor of *The Argus* was entered on Wednesday night by twelve masked men. The villains stole, as far as can be ascertained, seven thousand dollars' worth of diamond studs, a diamond-studded watch presented *The Argus* man by the Czar of Russia, and four barrels of silver plate. (We don't propose to let the actresses have all the free advertising; for we can lie about as well as they can).—*Evansville Argus.*

SINCE John L. Sullivan has taken to fighting women, *The Sun* will back Bridget Mulcahey, of Chicago, to fight him for a thousand dollars a side, Marquis of Gooseberry rules, at six months from signing articles, and put the money up in the hands of Richard K. Fox, of New York. One stipulation that is insisted on is that Sullivan shall keep on getting drunk every day until the date of the fight.—*Peck's Sun.*

WE stopped in front of a fruit stand this morning, and lifting a peach from the basket bit into it and then asked the price. Hereafter we shall always ask the price first, and don't you forget to remember it.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

As will be seen by our special from Brady's Bend the fire originated in a livery and undertaking establishment. A man who will conduct a livery and deadery business under the same roof ought to be burned out.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

A ST. LOUIS judge says that the boys who become criminals are the boys who do not get whipped. The St. Louis judge is wrong. The boys who do not get whipped become rich and famous. Mr. Sullivan is one of these "boys."—*Rochester Express.*

JUDGING from the pictures of Jumbo in the Western papers Barnum will not be inconvenienced by the burning of the big tent. He can travel right along and give his three-ringed show under Jumbo.—*Phila. News.*

It is perfectly natural for an Irishman to remark, when told to go back to his own country, "I'll be hanged if I do!"—*Boston Transcript.*

"MAMMA, does the wind whistle for the leaves to dance by?" asked little Min one day, as she came bounding into the house.—*Unknown Exchange.*

SOMEONE says "no thoroughly-occupied man was ever miserable." How about the man occupied in fighting a dozen hornets that have got up his trousers?—*Boston Post.*

IF the wages of sin is death some old sinners we know of are a long time in drawing their salary.—*Grit.*

THEY say that the Prince of Wales is too fat to dance. He could make a fortune with a side-show.—*The Eye.*

THE nitrate of silver is lower than the day rates, because all the plugged pieces come to light after a night's work.—*Waterloo Obs'r.*

LONG prayers will not save a man who gives short weight.—*Middletown Trans.*



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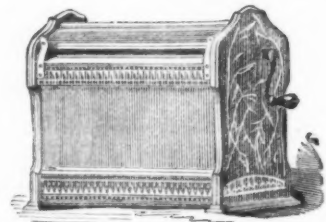
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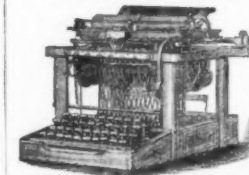
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The next drawing takes place on the
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And every Bond bought of us on or before the 31st of July is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. **25¢** out-of-town orders, sent in Registered Letters, and enclosing 85, will secure one of these Bonds for the next drawing. For orders, circulars, or any other information, address

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AGENTS

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"It is a very bright paper," said Mrs. Jones; "but my husband does not like me to read it. It is so full of naughty witticisms"—he says. "That is just what my husband says," said Mrs. Smith; "but he brings home a copy every week—having merely cut out the improper paragraphs. Of course I buy another copy." "Then he might as well spare himself the trouble of supplying a mutilated one." "Indeed no; it is very useful. One cannot read an entire newspaper. I lay his copy over mine, and read through the hole."—*San. Wasp.*

A STORY is told of a woman in the rural districts who wanted to keep up appearances, and was often thwarted in this by her innocent and matter-of-fact daughter. One day, when a visitor was present at the table the hostess said to her daughter "Where are all our knives?" "Here they are, both of them," was the astounding reply.—*Exchange.*

A NEW "serenade" has these lines for an opening stanza:

The lemon petals gently fall,
Within the windless Indian night,
The wild liana'd waterfall
Hangs lingering like a ghostly light!
Drop down to me and linger long
My heart's entire delight.

What was she; a caterpillar?—*Boston Sunday Tour.*

POINTED colloquy—Patriot: "O'im an invincible!" Britannia: "Hau hinvincible? Ho, you be 'anged!" (He is, accordingly.) *Rochester Post-Express.*

A MAN who had been trying to find out the ages of a couple of old maids said that he had been reading up about the dark ages.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

THEY tell of a South-side saloonist who runs his customers through a clothes wringer instead of feeding them pretzels. They get dryer than ever.—*Wheeling Leader.*

YELLOW is fashionable with the ladies this summer, and "crushed strawberry" has been superseded by "pulverized pumpkin."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

A PROHIBITIONIST asks if a man of temperance who lives to be ninety years of age is a know-no-gin-arian. We are laying for old prohib. with a club.—*The Drummer.*

WHAT a strange language we have; insanity is often pronounced "incurable."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Ross's Royal Belfast Ginger Ale.

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Natural Mineral Water

THE ONLY PALATABLE APERIENT.

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

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FOR

CATARRH



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J. MULDHOFF, 401 Broadway.

Apply by the little finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, restores the membrane linings of the head from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will cure. Unsuited for colds in the head. Agreeable to use. Send for circular for information and reliable testimonials. Will deliver by mail 50c. a package—stamps.
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CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 23, 1883.

C. N. CRITTENTON, Esq.

DEAR SIR—I was a banter in Idaho and Utah, in 1869, and from exposure and thirst I was compelled to drink alkali water, having nothing else for over 30 hours. I drank too much, and it saturated my system, bringing out on my face and forehead large red blotches near the nose, which remained for over ten years.

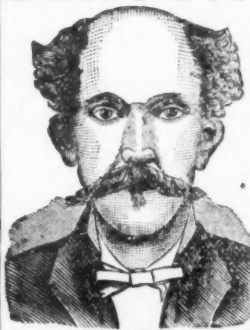
I tried everything I could find, and had the best physicians in Chicago doctor me for over two years. Finally I tried Glenn's Sulphur Soap, which cleansed, but produced such a redness all over that I threw it away; but one day I thought I would try it again, and it is a mercy that I did, for six cakes took the blotches all away, and I shall always feel like thanking Mr. Glenn, and highly recommending his Soap to the public. I have at all times told everybody of its marvelous cure to me, and if you want me to recommend it to anybody, I will do so. I remain, yours sincerely,

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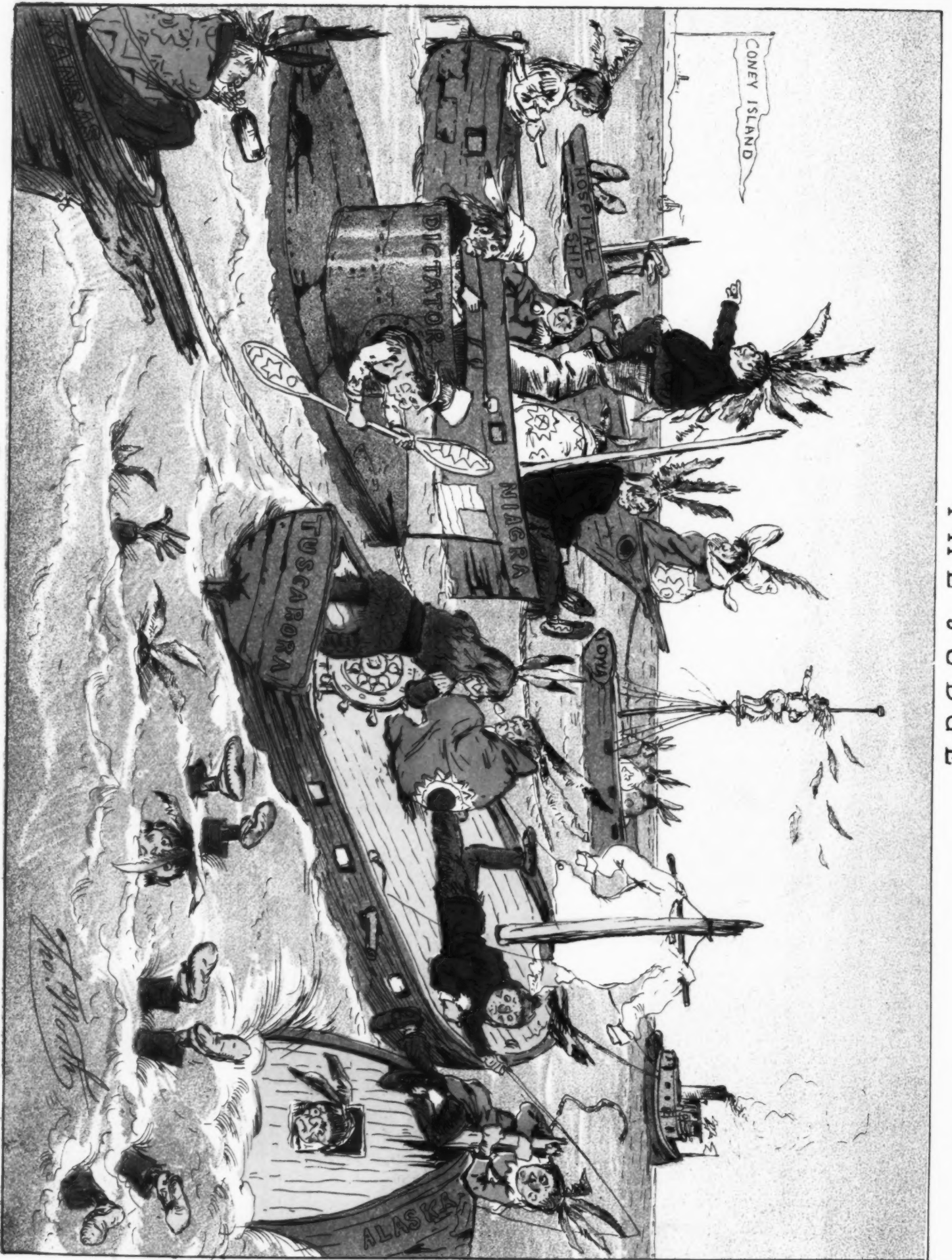


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