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THE NEW SLAVE OWNER.
 "I FLOURISH WHERE IGNORANCE THRIVES."

DONALDSON BROTHERS FIVE POINTS, NEW YORK.



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The New Slave Owner.

THE New York *Sun* following in the foot-prints made by THE JUDGE, is giving some facts concerning Jews. Mr. Frank Wilkeson, one of the most brilliant writers connected with the *Sun's* corps, has been traveling through the South. He has written and the *Sun* has published some most startling statements of the relations existing between the Jews and the negroes in that section of the country. He shows that the negroes are mortgaged to the Jews, and that the Jews are rapidly foreclosing the mortgages. Negroes are fleeing from the South in the same stealthy manner adopted by them before Abraham Lincoln set them free. Those who remain are in a deplorable condition, and Mr. Wilkeson intimates that a race of hook-nosed negroes is being created. He writes: "If I were asked to design a seal for the cotton belt I should picture a railroad car or a steamer, piled high with cotton bales; on the topmost bale I should place a Jew, hooked as to his nose and paunchy as to his abdomen. On his face should be a crafty smile; at his feet a number of hook-nosed mulatto children; and as he tapped his nose with stubby and dirty index finger he should exclaim, in a scroll: 'I flourish where ignorance thrives.'"

Again Mr. Wilkeson writes: "From out of the steerage of every ocean steamer that touched our shores rushed a column of dirty Jews who hastened southward. From the camps of the Union armies the Jews who had fattened on the blood of our brothers, sons, and fathers, migrated down the open Mississippi into the cotton belt. It was actually a flight of hook-nosed vultures, anxious to feed on the cotton States. * * * No denunciatory voices in the South are raised higher against the Civil Rights bill than those of the Jews; and the very Jews who so loudly denounce the bill and declare that 'Dose niggers smell bad,' have degraded the negro women to their own low level by taking them to their beds. These Jews talk of nothing but business and smut, and smut, and still smut. * * * One gaunt and fever-stricken planter, a successful one too, looked at me earnestly when I asked him why the blacks traveled around so much, and soberly replied: 'They travel, not to escape from the payment of their debts, not because they are demoralized, but simply because the policy of the ——— Jews makes them travel.' It angered me to hear this planter describe the country cross-roads Jew, playing cards and drinking whisky with the negroes. They get the negro intoxicated and then charge goods to him. They cheat in the weights. They encourage vice and license by speech and act. Savagely the jaws of this Mississippian snapped as he said profanely: 'Damn them! I should like to kill all of them and feed them to my alligators.' Might it not be for the future prosperity of the South if all the wanderers from Israel who are trading among the negroes and oppressing

the white man of the cotton belt could be turned over to my steamboat acquaintance and his alligators?'

Here the readers of the *Sun* and of THE JUDGE have a chance to learn something of the condition of affairs brought about by the Jews in the South. Jews in the North have become very much excited because THE JUDGE has pictured their conduct here. Now that the *Sun* has entered into the good work of parading the actions of Jews in the South, there is yet a possibility that the East and West will be heard from upon the same subject.

Modern Shopping.

ALMOST everybody reads in the daily newspapers the flaring advertisements of dry-goods establishments. Perhaps we should rather say that every woman revels in such interesting matter. The announcements that muslins, linens, dress goods, button-hooks, pins and needles, corset-strings, and other articles too numerous to mention are being sold at "a great sacrifice" by the well-known firm of Sandwich, Codfish & Sandwich are sufficient to startle our fair friends, and they raid the elegant and commodious stores occupied by that firm. We can understand why the daily newspapers do not give faithful reports of the scenes witnessed in the "dry-goods palaces," and as the proprietors of those establishments are not in the dark upon the subject, we will say no more about it. THE JUDGE undertakes to show to the male portion of the community, which supplies the "sinews of war" for feminine raids upon dry-goods establishments, how much real activity is actually displayed by wives and daughters.

THE JUDGE begs his fair friends not to judge him harshly in this matter. It is time, he thinks, that they should give their "old man" a chance to glance at a faithful picture of an every-day scene from which he is crowded out. That a woman should partake of a hasty breakfast, toss her children into a corner, array herself in her Sunday raiment, dash madly into the street, and fly as though winged to Derrick's, Racy's, Sandwich, Codfish & Sandwich, or some other of the big establishments; fight for admission into the place, faint away in the struggle, become restored to consciousness, battle for hours for ten yards of apron-strings, and return to her home and figure up that she has saved four cents by purchasing the goods at that store, may not seem probable to our quiet country cousins; but such women live in New York, and THE JUDGE does not intend to publish their names. We shall not quarrel with our fair friends, the daily newspapers, or the proprietors of the dry-goods establishments because such flaring advertisements are printed, or because women make such terrific raids upon the stores. We cannot resist the opportunity, however, of giving "awful man" a peep into a dry-goods establishment of the present day.

Funny Coroner Merkle.

MANY New Yorkers affected to be surprised the other day at the action of Coroner Philip Merkle in summoning such men as Ex-President Grant, William H. Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, a cluster of ex-mayors, and other gentlemen equally well known, to do jury duty. The fact is that Coroner Merkle is really one of the funny men of our times. True, his humor has begun to show itself rather late in the day—for him—but none too late for a people dying for want of amusement. This Coroner was a Tammany statesman when John Kelly was at work as a grate-maker's apprentice, and when old Colonel Tom Dunlap was a prattling infant. He has observed New York grow from the Battery to the Harlem River, and although during all this time he became accomplished in many ways, he never acquired the faculty of making himself understood in the English language. Great German comedians have made immense fortunes by imitating on the stage his style of speech and his mannerisms. In conducting inquests whereat melancholy and sad-eyed persons have been summoned as witnesses, he has turned what might have been a most sorrowful proceeding into an occasion for much laughter through his struggles with the English language. For months he repudiated the idea that he was a humorist, and showed deep indignation

when wicked newspaper reporters gave graphic descriptions of scenes in the Coroner's court-room when he sat on the bench. At length, however, he has come from an office filled with ghastly memories, and is exhibiting himself as a prize humorist. Some of his old political friends were appalled when he ordered that General Grant, Mr. Vanderbilt, and Mr. Gould should act as jurors in a recent case, and shaking their heads they solemnly said, "Merkle is off." He answered that he was never more in earnest in the whole course of his career as a public official, and then he hurried into his private office and became uproarious with delight over his scheme to put some of the great men of this city on exhibition in his court-room. Now that the case has been finished without the presence of General Grant, Messrs. Vanderbilt, Gould, and others, we may be permitted to divulge the secret that the Coroner is in training for an editorial position upon the staff of an alleged humorous publication known among our German cousins as "Buck."

The Modern Play.

A FEW suggestions to the authors of sensational dramas are offered by THE JUDGE. Complaints are frequently made by dramatic critics—and who is not one—that American plays lack something or other, and are not up to the average ground out by French machines. All attempts at American plays have been more or less ridiculed and denounced, and with all due respect to Mr. Bartley Campbell, Mr. Gus Williams, Mr. Tony Pastor, and Mr. Harry Miner, we are compelled to observe that in the opinion of a large number of THE JUDGE's friends the Great American Dramatist has not yet appeared. Still we are prepared to do our share of the work of fetching him out before the public. The scenes displayed upon another page must strike the heart of the author, stage-manager, actor, lithographer, and bill-poster, as of the kind to stir the enthusiasm and dollars of the Great American Public. Put the buzz-saw, the trip-hammer, and plenty of dynamite into the play! Such ingredients have too long been lacking. We trust that the dramatic author who shall adopt our suggestions will understand that we shall make no claim upon him for any portion of the bales of greenbacks which are sure to be received by him from the Great American Manager.

A Drama Played Out.

THE vicissitudes of life are painfully exemplified in all our daily life. But yesterday (or Saturday, to be more exact) the name of Walcott might have stood against the world (at quail on toast), and now there are few so poor or hungry as to do him honor! Sunday morning, after passing the previous night among the creeping things of the Tombs Police Station, he came up before Mr. Justice White—but not smiling. It appears the "brace of birds a day for thirty days" flew to his feet, as it were, and impeded rather than assisted locomotion. For this reason a policeman kindly volunteered his conduct to a place of safety and repose, and succeeded—not without some difficulty, however—in accomplishing his charitable mission. The Court, not being stocked with quail, presumably, saw, heard, wept, and—discharged its distinguished guest!

And Still They Come.

AMONG the latest arrivals of so-called foreign "celebrities" who have come to honor America with their presence is M. le Duc de Morny. This promising scion of a somewhat doubtful father, and still more doubtful grandfather, is known to fame solely from the circumstance of having had an actress commit suicide in his apartments at the gay capital some months ago—not very much to speak of, it is true, but enough, perhaps, to secure for him some sort of "social" recognition in certain metropolitan circles.

If Henry Bergh would only look after the smooth-shod car and stage horses, he might possibly make people believe that he was a friend to dumb animals. It is a shame the way those poor brutes are made to suffer.

L I Z E.

Was gal pink cheeks callee Lize,
Allee same don't love me, kissee Bill;
Makee squint at Melican man, wag ears,
Shake pig-tail at Chinaman, laughy him, too.

Lize makee piano go kling-kling,
Tickle man, music makee go cly;
Singee out loud, like cat-bird;
Chinaman feel heart tick under vest.

Lize got dog wagee tail,
Slit ears, tie libbon in allee yed,
Fat dog, curlee up on Lize yap—
Wishsee Chinaman was dog, curlee yup too.

Chinaman eat rice on chop-sticks;
Lize eatee lice-clean out spoon;
Makee lips go smack-smack, yed lips,
Chinaman give ten cents kissee lips tlice.

When Lize turn pale, go die,
Chinaman no washee more, no eat,
Feel sick, clothes no fittee him,
Allee world big glabe-yard,—go die.

—CHRISTOPHER QUEER.

Decline in the Chivalry Market.

WE deeply regret to learn that both Mr. Oscar Wilde and Mr. Frederick Gebhard have expressed their unqualified and united opinions that "chivalry among the American people is fast dying out." Our attention had not been called to the subject before, but now that we come to think of it, it really does look that way. For example, in a late issue of *Y Wash*, a Pittsburg paper, whose proof does not appear to have been very carefully corrected, we read:

"A'r wlad a gafodd ymae Oscar Wilde wedi ymadael an yr Hen Wilde."

Now this is simply scandalous! By what rule of knightly faith, and under what regulation of the listed tourney does this scullion editor of *Y Wash* presume to call Oscar Wilde a "Hen?" O. W. is no "Hen," and even if he was, it is contrary to the laws of true knight-errantry to call him one. We protest against it—in the name of the "Hen."

But mark what follows:

"Gyda fod Oscar yn ymadael, wela Jem Mace, yr ymluddur yn gwneuthur ei ymddangosiad!"

Worse and worse! After calling Mr. Wilde a "Hen," the *Y Wash* caittiff shamelessly proceeds to dub this aesthetic young man a "Goose," if we rightly decipher the ill-expressed meaning of the word "ymddangosiad," and with a profane prefix at that. As regards the apparently disrespectful allusion to Mr. James Mace, we pass that by without comment. James is quite able to take up the glove in his own defense.

Incredible as it may appear, the *Y Wash* knave reserves his last and most churlish observation for no less a personage than the Lily Queen of Love and Beauty herself; thus:

"Mae Mrs. Langtry wedi dechreu enil iddi ei hun na wna gynyddu dem ei gogoniant."

By the halidom of Don Quixote de la Mancha! but this caps the climax! How does the insolent iconoclast of *Y Wash* know that Mrs. Langtry wants to "go-go-to-her aunt?" The indications are that she doesn't—no, nor to Mrs. Pigeon-Labouchere either; but suppose that she did? What affair is that to the recreant reviewer of *Y Wash*? Obviously, none whatever.

We take occasion to notify this scoffer at honored knighthood, pure and undefiled, that, with all his pretensions as the editor of *Y Wash*, scurrilities such as his will not wash so long as the spirit of true chivalry animates the heart and nerves the hand of a single American righter of wrongs! And don't forget it.

A PARTY of young east-side hoodlums assaulted a Mr. Seebach on Sunday last with snow-balls. He fired into the gang, and shot one of the hoodlums in the chest. Mr. Seebach was arrested, and will probably be tried for a felonious assault upon the young scoundrel. We do not advocate the use of deadly weapons at all times, but—

WE are pleased to learn that Henry Clay Dean, having had his shirt washed for the first time in over twenty years, has at last taken to "A Defense of Christianity."

SUSAN B. ANTHONY is going abroad to shake up the effete powers of the Old World, and put things to rights generally. Susan is just the old girl to do it. If *she* can't "make Rome howl," nobody can.

OUR compliments to neighbor Edison—and won't he please hurry up that light? The world's stock of candles is getting low.

LET not your hearts be troubled, if the game is poker and you have a "straight flush."

"CHARITY," saith the proverb, "begins at home." Yes, and in most cases ends there, also.

A REPORT reaches us that an eminent New Jersey physician has been successful in curing a—ham.

It is human nature to be always unsatisfied. The young man in the golden scarlet necktie and tight pantaloons turns his back coldly and cruelly on the brown-eyed girl whose little heart dances the racquet for him alone, and whose old folks meet him at the parlor door on Sunday evening with words of welcome and metropolitan smiles. His yearning, young, ribbon-counter heart is set on the haughty maiden in the Ninth Ward, who wouldn't be seen out with him on a back street on the darkest night with her thickest veil down, and whose father has sworn to stab him in the liver on sight.

A SO-CALLED homeopathic "physician" was consulted by a well-meaning, but simple-minded person. The "physician" examined his patient, and taking a little vial, held it under his nose. "Smell," said he, "and you will be cured." Considerably surprised, the simple-minded person inquired what was the "damage"—meaning, thereby, the alleged doctor's fee, of course. "Ten dollars," meekly replied his M. D.-ship. The patient thereupon took a ten-dollar bill from his pocket, and held it under the physician's nose with the remark: "Smell, and you will be paid."

CIRCUMSTANCES alter cases. A Cincinnati man got beer froth on his finger and had to have it amputated. No surgical operation however was necessary on his stomach.

IN SYMPATHY.

"Ah! I'm saddest when I sing,"
She sung in plaintive key,
And all the neighbors yelled:
"So are we! so are we!"

GUITANO POLILION, a Bowery barber, has only one eye. Some men filled his pipe with gunpowder, and nearly blew out his remaining eye. Eyes don't appear to be right with Guitano.

CHOICE literary night-cap: Tom Hood.

Who says the North American Indian is incapable of civilization? Boss Red Cloud has actually achieved the reputation of being a first-class Washington lobbyist.

HA! HA! Now we've got it. We can account for Prof. Wiggins' predicted wind-storm for March 9. P. T. Barnum's advance agents are going to start out earlier than usual this year.

"GIRLS can be bought in Canton for seventy-five cents apiece," says a foreign correspondent of the *N. Y. Sun*. Yes; but who in the name of Mrs. Langtry wants to pay seventy-five cents for a girl, anyhow? The aching want of the present day is a girl for nothing and \$40,000 from her old man. Eh? what do you say, you young fellow there waxing the ends of a pale timid mustache?



"Talk about suppression of cruelty to animals: what can be worse than a display like that for a hungry man?"

THE ex-Empress Eugenie doesn't appear to be the *genie* of the French people just at present.

A WRITER in the *Brooklyn Eagle* says that whenever Ed Stokes, the murderer of Jim Fisk, drops into a New York club-room, a dozen prominent men ask him to drink at their expense. It is the publication of thoughtless paragraphs like the above that incites good citizens, whose custom night-cap mixer has quit keeping a slate, to commit murder.

THE Arthur problem: On the one side, Scylla; on the other, Charybdis. Will the President manage to pull through?

CRANILOGICAL puzzle: How is it that a monarch may lose his head and still retain his crown?

"A COOL thousand!" The thousand that is kept cool in a bank cellar. But don't look in the cellar of New Jersey banks for it. The New Jersey cashier is much cooler than that cellar.

NEW JERSEY husbands will please bear it in mind that pinching is an actionable offense.

THE paper that calls President Arthur "a man without a party," appears to have forgotten "Clint," and "Steve," and "Barney," and "Mike."

LEADVILLE is brightening up. It has already a "Lotus Club," and is looking towards the happy future for a Chauncey Depew.

AN advertisement reads: "Wanted—Two hundred tall men for 'Her Atonement.'" By Judas, but she must have much to atone for!

"KNOCKED out" pretty effectually: The bottom of Mr. *Police Gazette* Fox's pugilistic speculations.

METHINKS this urchin doth protest too much: "No, I ain't seed nobody throw no snow-balls."

THE Massachusetts Republicans are a philosophical lot. They believe in letting Boutwell enough alone.

THE U. S. postal-card has the following indorsement on its face: "Nothing but the address can be placed on this side." We stand ready to wager as many brace of quail as Mr. Walcott or anybody else can eat in a year, that we can produce a man who can "place" the entire Declaration of Independence "on this (the front) side" of the aforesaid postal-card—and still have room to spare.



SARCASM BITTER.

Boy (who has just been ordered away).—Oh, yes, my shovel ain't good enough. 'Spose you wants a Wander-bill or a Astor with a diamond-handled shovel to do your walk off. But I ain't none o' that gang, an' don't yer forgit it. (Exit whistling "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By.")

THE THREE TRAMPERS.

THREE bummers tramping out in the West,
Out in the West as the sun went down;
Each thought of emptiness under his vest,
And "cops" who chased them out of the town;
For bummers don't work, and bummers must eat,
And must have shoes to put on their feet,
In spite of common folks' groaning.

The farmers sat up in a chicken-house shed,
Up in the shed as the tramps came 'long;
Tramps looked at the door, at chickens well fed,
And choked the latters' immature song.

For tramps are hungry as well as men,
And like the taste of a nice fat hen;
But the farmer-men keep hiding.

Three guns went off with a horrid bang,
In the midnight gleam three sons went down;
The women-folks laughed, the children sang;
The tramps were buried by the town,
For if tramps *must* steal, farmers must shoot
The ones that forage on chicken-house fruit,
And then good-bye to shooting.

—H. A. K.

A Rising Young Journalist.

"Yes," said the rising young journalist, as he threw back the collar of his seal-skin overcoat, elevated his patent leathers on a chair in front of the one he was occupying in the bore's corner of the editorial sanctum and lighted a fifty-cent *Flor del Fumar*, "yes, the outside world is greatly misinformed in regard to the brilliant qualifications and preparatory training necessary before a young man can become a successful journalist. Of course, it does not pay either me, who furnishes the brains, wit, and *savoir faire* to fill the columns of a newspaper, or you, who do the more mechanical drudgery of putting the filling in position and standing between me and the proof-reader to give the snap away, but that the public are, as I said before, very much misinformed on the subject, my own bright example will illustrate. As you know, I left college after a year's trials (which even now, as I look back at them, seem indistinct and *hazy*), on account of a slight misunderstanding with the faculty, not entirely disconnected with investigations into spiritual phenomena. I resolved to waste no time in acquiring more knowledge, for I felt that I already knew much more than the great and shadowy public, for which I had made up my mind to cater, and at once set to work to turn my poetical talent to account.

First I was employed on a paper whose specialty is the delineation of life among the middle and lower classes, and for this sheet I whooped up sarcastic descriptions of the ten cent sodality of corner loafers, something as follows:

There's Beany and Burke,
And Ned who won't work;
And Patsy McGurk
Who beer mugs does jerk;
And Timmy the slacker,
And Jonas the Turk;
And Charlie the clerk
Who carries a dirk;
While behind him does lurk
The German count—Mereck.

"Of course my lyrics were soon quoted far and wide, and my fourth week in the business found me engaged on a mildly humorous society paper in which I gave my playful fancy rein, and filled my space with *novelty* like this:

I hear the house-maid on the stairs;
'Tis Sunday morn, my rest I'm taking;
Ah, no, I'm not, for unawares
My slumbers sweet she's rudely breaking.

"Get up," she cries, "you lazy thing,
And dress as quickly as you're able;
The beans are cold, the bread is sour,
The coffee's boiled for half an hour,
And I'm in haste to clear the table."

"From this to a position on the *Weekly Epitaph* was a change indeed; all my versatility was brought into play, and I need hardly say that my muse was fully equal to the requirements of my new position. A simple example of the kind of matter which found favor in the eyes of Mr. Rueful's readers will suffice.

How could you, heartless, silent tomb,
Embrace my Theophrastus Such,
And take him to your realms of gloom?
This is, indeed, O, too, tomb much!

"I am at present engaged in the associate management of one of our swell, upper-tendom periodicals, in which the doings and sayings of Beacon street and Columbus avenue are chronicled, and in which the scintillations of my diamond-pointed pen sparkle something in this way:

In the spring-time did I meet him,
When the birds sang on the spray,
With what rapture did I greet him;
Proud he was, and *distique*.

'Twas the summer saw our courting;
Ah, how just supremely nice
At the picnics to be sporting
With the sherbert and the ice.

In the autumn we were married,
And the presents were *au fait*.
For a while at home he tarried,
Then each night he'd be away.

And the bonds became so galling
That apart they must be forced;
So, when winter's snows were falling,
Why, of course, we got divorced."

—M. J. MESSER.

The rising young journalist paused and looked around. The editor had escaped by a secret passage, some hours before, and his pearls had been scattered upon the desert air, or words to that effect. Seeing his clearance at the door, he once more buttoned up his sealskin overcoat, threw his cigar-butt in the ink-stand, and adjourned to the Vendome for dinner.

STORIED electricity: "Jersey lightning."

AN asylum for affluent idiots: The United States Senate.

GENERAL order for February 28: "Forward March."

CONSOLATION for the rejected suitor of a lady of high standing: "Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved a tall."

PRINCE NAPOLEON appears to be troubled with gout in the head. *Chacun à son gout*, you know.

A GOOD way to help the poor blind: Paint it.

CORONER MERKLE fails to concur in the prevalent opinion that General Grant can't decline an office.

REGULAR bullionaires: The Silver Kings.

PEACE work: Patching French political affairs.

THE city of smirches: Brooklyn.

VERY soft soap: Old paper dollars.

LOW water mark: Finding a frog in your milk can.

WEALTH is a wonderful developer of Christian virtues: "D—n the public" if it isn't.

A NEW play by Oscar Wilde: "Bunco."

A YOUNG man named Polk sang all evening to a company of friends at Montgomery, Ala., and then shot himself dead. The fact that after singing all evening he had to do his own shooting shows conclusively that the wearing of weapons is falling into disuse in the South.

JOHN G. SAXE denies the report that he is suffering from hypochondria, but in the face of the fact that he is still writing humorous poetry for the newspapers the denial has a hollow and uncertain sound.

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* has an article on "How to sleep on railroad trains." Wonders will never wear out. We wouldn't be surprised any day to pick up some rash, reckless newspaper and find an article on "How to remain awake during church sermons."

THE Cincinnati *Times-Star* says that the Princess of Wales wears a very small bustle. It is something remarkable that a public man like the Prince does not take the newspapers.

WE confess to a commendable ignorance of "the fair sex," but when a fashion journal affirms that "pink veils are worn over baskets, to give a beauty not otherwise obtainable," we beg to differ in opinion—that's all.

WILLIAM SALISBURY, who has lately been in a seven days' trance in Cleveland, now insists that he visited heaven, and met Washington, Christopher Columbus, Queen Elizabeth, Voltaire, Lucretia Borgia, Jesse James, Esq., Hon. Charles Guiteau, William M. Tweed, and other celebrities. If anybody undertakes to question spiritualism after this, it will be his own fault.



SARAH BERNHARDT is to be congratulated upon the fact that her husband, M. Damala, is about to retire from the stage.

MR. JEM MACE, and Mr. Slade, go home before Mr. John L. Sullivan, of Boston, has a chance to knock both of you out.

MAYOR EDSON, THE JUDGE again calls attention to the fact that the City Hall is infested with tramps who should be in the work-house on Blackwell's Island.

GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE, of Virginia, will have no reason to complain at home of the treatment which he and his friends received in this city and Brooklyn during their recent visit.

JOHN W. McDONELL has been elected President of the Anawanda Club, and we commend the members of that club for their good sense in selecting him. He is the man to make "Old Spin" (General Spinola) take off that shirt collar.

ADAM FOREPAUGH, the showman, should be sued in Brooklyn. There Miss Louise Montague, the "handsomest woman in the world," might get some points from Miss Livingstone, who secured a \$75,000 verdict against Mr. Fleming.

JOHN McCLAVE, you write like a sensible man. You are rich in this world's goods, and have performed plenty of hard work in your time. We are pleased with your protest against adopting Cockneyisms in the naming of public thoroughfares in this city.

O'DONOVAN ROSSA, when Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke were murdered in Phenix Park, you said, if we are correctly informed, that Irishmen did not do that terrible work. According to Kavanagh, you were mistaken. Go West with John Kearney, brother O'Donovan.

WALCOTT may be able to eat two quails a day for thirty successive days, but it is certainly dangerous for him to be alone in Clatham street. This was Police-officer Condon's judgment, when he discovered Walcott sampling champagne in that street, and Walcott was "taken in."

JOHN ROACH, the ship-builder, has evidently employed some one to get up public meetings in this city in favor of the "protectionists." A rather neat way, Mr. Roach, of endeavoring to show that knots of workmen and political tramps are in favor of the protection which you desire!

COLONEL STEWART, the Sheriff of Kings County, has under his control the Raymond Street Jail, one of the most complete prisons in construction in this country. There is evidently something wrong with his jailers when a man, sentenced to life-imprisonment, has an opportunity to shoot himself.

COLONEL MICHAEL C. MURPHY, we address you because you appear to be the most active member of the Legislature from this city. Why don't you frame a law compelling pugilists to fight each other on Barren Island? We would hear less about proposed prize-fights if such a law was in force.

COLONEL E. T. WOOD, Mayor Edson's brother-in-law, should not walk as though on stilts, because he is thus related to the chief magistrate of this city. We have heard something about the quarrels of brothers-in-law in our times, and so long as the Colonel is not really the Mayor, he should smile as complacently as of yore upon his old friends.

FRANK WILKESON is doing good work in the South for the Sun, of this city. He speaks of the Jews as those "sleuth-hounds of trade," and adds that these "sleuth-hounds" are chasing the darkeys "through the valleys and over the divides, and waving mortgages at the retreating dusky forms." Mr. Wilkeson's articles bristles with names, dates and figures.

GEORGE CAULFIELD, a veteran politician, and Commissioner of Jurors of the City and County of New York, you are a blunt, determined man, and every one

personally acquainted with you, like THE JUDGE, believes your character to be above suspicion. We do not believe that you have made any mistake in throwing a bombshell into your own office. Common rumor long ago gave the office a bad name. It was said that the Commissioner of Jurors had vast opportunities to obtain money dishonestly, and regard for your own fair fame made it necessary that you should give the public a chance to know whether you were in possession of a "clean" office. Your action in procuring the arrest of your assistants makes it plain that you are a bold man, and that you deserve the respect of your friends. If the heads of other departments in the city government could as safely—for them selves—undertake to check crime in those departments there would be a panic, in our opinion, among office-holders. Mr. Commissioner, THE JUDGE congratulates you upon the stand you have taken, and is prepared to congratulate other commissioners if they will be as fearless and straightforward as you are.

No Brains.

WE should think that the insanity "experts" who were the means of setting Henry Prouse Cooper at liberty, maintaining that he was perfectly sane, would feel very proud of themselves since learning that he has been arrested in London (to which place he had unexpectedly skipped from New York) for going around in female attire. They evidently don't know enough to be depended upon for either hanging a man or giving him liberty. N. B. instead of M. D. should be attached to their names, and people would at once understand that the letters stood for No Brains.

SOMETHING to look for: Weather predictions.

LANGTRY is delighted with the South. The South is delighted with Langtry. Everything is therefore mutually lovely, and the Gebhard goose hangs high.

SOMEBODY advertises for "a kicking boy," but whether to kick or be kicked is not stated.

IN the Colorado Senatorial contest the other day the devil received one vote. We had imagined that candidate's Colorado constituency to be considerably larger.

THE Queen of Denmark is very fond of Copenhagen, so 'tis said. And so are all the other girls, in fact.

CONSIDERABLE doubt is expressed as to whether Jules is precisely the right sort of a Ferry to carry the French government safely over.

THE new British pocket piece: Egypt (for all it is worth).

SARAH BERNHARDT has sold all her jewels—except Maurice. Nobody would buy him for a cent.

THE profanationist who swears by J. C. explains that the initials stand for Julius Cæsar.

A MAN who speaks by the card: The poker-player.

ON the whole, it is better to carry your hand in a sling than a sling in your stomach.

VERY much of a surprise(d) party at times: The participants in a cocking main.



FIRST WORTHY CITIZEN (in background to SECOND DITTO).—They adulterates the beer so that its flavor is destroyed an' there's little nor no pleasure to be got in goin' round with a can no more.
SECOND CITIZEN (with a very ripe voice).—If there ain't no radical change soon, I know what I shall do, an' I ain't a-goin' to give it away neither.
(Their sorrows are soon drowned.)

GREELEVIAN advice (revised): Go to New Jersey, young man, and become a bank cashier.

MEM. for most Congressmen: Members should be seen, not heard.

NAP sucks: Night shirts

A WESTERN tombstone is embellished with the following paradox: "Methuselah Smith, aged one year."

ONLY six cases of defalcation were reported yesterday—and it wasn't a good day for defalcating either.

AN erudite editor prints h—l in ten different languages, but there is h—l in more languages than ten.

TEMPERANCE meetings are necessarily serious. It is hard to get a smile out of empty glasses.

THE happy father of triplets over in New Jersey now boasts himself as a commander of light infantry.

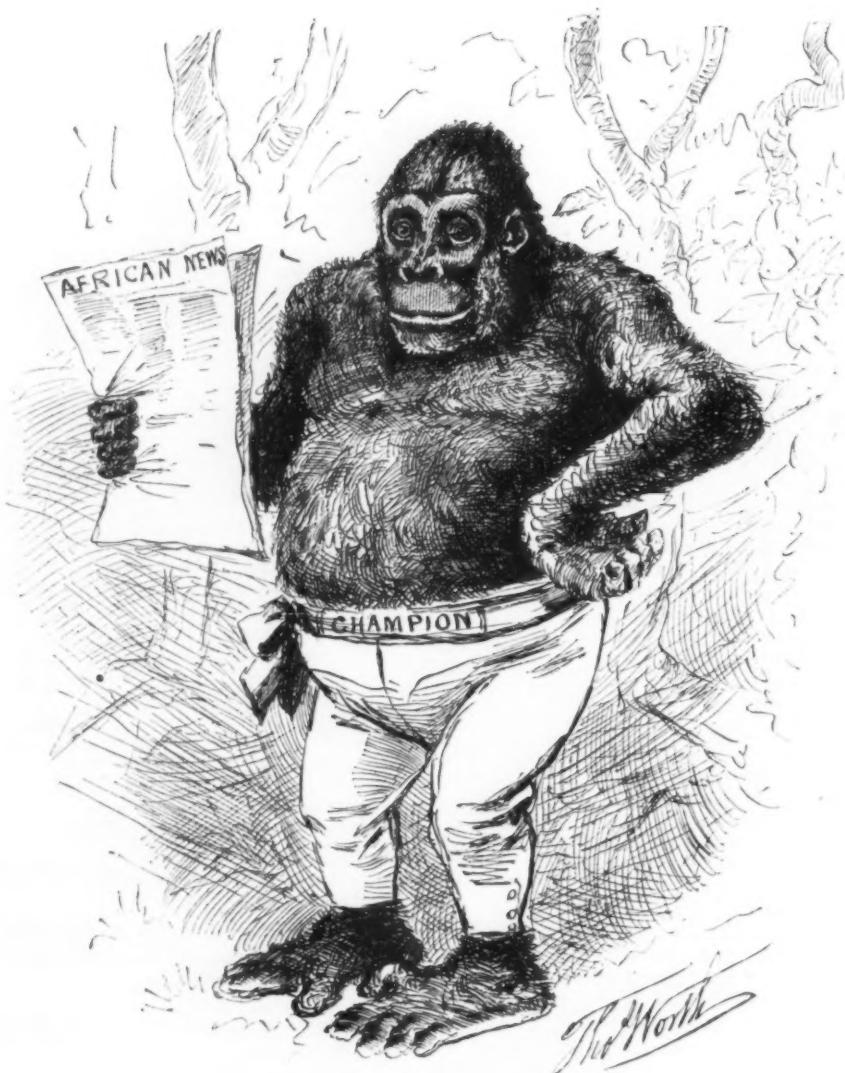
SOME of our Congressmen "talk like a book"—written by Josh Billings.

A REPORT that ex-Rev. George C. Miln fell and broke his jaw while playing Hamlet at Richmond, Indiana, turns out to be inaccurate in one particular. Mr. Miln did not break his jaw, but his arm, only, as we are glad to learn. As Tennyson has so beautifully expressed it: "For arms may break and arms may mend, but jaw goes on forever."

DAVID DAVIS will not marry—so 'tis said. Perhaps he has been reading Rabelais' advice to the matrimonially inclined.

"WHAT next?" as the young frog said when his tail dropped off.

EMBARRASSING: Hailing a person whom you think you know (but don't) on the street, and being taken for a bunco-man.



A CHALLENGE FROM AFRICA.

MR. GORILLA (the celebrated African athlete).—"Ah! I see by the papers that Boston fighter says he can knock out any man in three rounds. I'll bet I can knock him out in one, and allow him expenses to come on. So shut up or put up."

The Ends of the World.

BY BOB BRAIN.

We may safely say that the end of the world is an important event, and one which would be likely to have considerable effect on society. It has been advertised to take place a hundred times without doing it. People got all ready for it, paid up their newspaper subscription, subscribed fifteen cents to foreign missions, presented a box of paper collars to the poor, spoke kind words to the lightning-rod agent, and otherwise reduced themselves to a state of saintly purity. But the world refused to do its part, and obstinately refused to come to an end, going on in its same old course of depravity and wickedness. Recognizing the importance of the event to all classes, THE JUDGE has opened correspondence with learned sages of all nations, and has secured accurate dates and information on the subject. Our schedules can be strictly relied on, as they are prepared under our personal supervision by a competent corps of prophets.

1883.—The world will come to an end on the 20th of June, this year, as it is the time for the appearance of El Mehidi, the Messiah of Islam, who is to make his debut the 20th of April. The world will be given two months to be converted to the faith of Islam. Those who become converts will be presented with a pair of elegant chromos and a through ticket to the abodes of the blessed, while those who refuse will be filed on a hook for future reference. The people being thus settled, the world will promptly

burn up. We are informed that a prophet has appeared in Soudan, who corresponds with the description of the expected El Mehidi in every regard. He wears the same size of overshoes, and has the same number of warts on his left ear as the original. This proves beyond a doubt that he is no impostor, and that the above date can be relied on. Still, however, as the time of Soudan is twelve hours earlier than that of New York, parties had better order the hearse to come on the 19th of April, so as not to be too late.

1884.—The world comes to an end this year on the 29th of October. It will readily occur to our readers that this date is the 13339th day of the Chinese chronology, on which it is predicted by the Chinese soothsayers, that Washee Damee Bung, the Supt. of Gods of the Chinese Empire, will come to judge the world, put an end to sinners, and paralyze things generally. He will give the Human Race thirteen seconds to reform. Those who are not completely civil-service-reformed in this time will be run through a steam nutmeg grater, made into a paste, and set away in a hot place to serve as an item in the Bill of Fare of the Chinese Gods. It is expected that this cheerful programme will be carried out by a competent corps of gentlemanly attendants. You cannot afford to miss it. Reserved seats at a small advance.

1885.—The end of the world for 1885 comes on the 4th of July. This is especially lucky, because it makes one big agony serve instead of two small agonies. The way the world will come to an end is this: The 4th of July, 1885, is the anniversary of the Brakeeal-

leuppe Fast Day of the Siamese religion. On this day it is predicted that the great white elephant of Siam will have two pups. These will immediately turn into two beautiful youths, who will judge the world, going up and asking every man his views, and when these don't agree with his own, having the luckless individual promptly arrested, and incarcerated in the Siamese Hell, in a big concern like a peanut roaster, for not less than 50,000,000 years nor longer than forever. This programme is warranted to take place as advertised.

1886.—The end of the world for 1886 is kindly furnished by the Bump-and-bungs, a tribe of Timbuctoo. The title role will be in the hands of a Timbuctoo deity called Brazybug. He will promptly appear on the date assigned and take part in the mammoth street parade. He will then invite every one to prostrate themselves at his feet. Those who do so will be richly rewarded, and those who do not will be promptly reduced to cutlets. We can recommend this occasion to every one to shuffle off on, as there is nothing in it which could offend the most fastidious taste.

1887.—The end of the world this year is June 2d. On the above date the earth will shake, the sun commence to grow fiercely hot and the moon fiercely cold. Sagamon Monkeymonk, the head god of the Patagonians, will assume human form. Old Monk will appear mounted on a cream-colored jackass, and followed by a corps of trained blood-hounds. As soon as the mule stamps on the ground it is a signal for the Golden Age to begin. That is, every one in the world is to be dipped in a compound of resin and soap, and then the good in white feathers and the bad in black. They will then be put into separate cages. Sagamon Monkeymonk can be relied on to do this matter up in a chaste and instructive manner, as he has received the unanimous approval of the press wherever he has gone.

1888.—The Skineaters, a cannibal tribe of Fiji, propose to bring the world to an end on October 27, 1888. On that date Umber Butchersaw, their God of the Judgment, appears and proclaims that whoever does not believe in him shall be killed, sawed into pieces, run through a sieve, and put into quart bottles as a new patent Hair Restorer. It is thought that a large number of persons will repent, to save the disgrace of acting in so menial a capacity. Hearses may be ordered for 11:30 p.m.

1889.—This is the year set by the Rikeyahaviks, an Esquimaux tribe, among whom there is a tradition that the Esquimaux Messiah, who is a polar bear twenty-nine feet in height, will come that year and judge the world. He will then breathe on the earth until it is so cold that it will contract to the size of a nutmeg. The cheerful Messiah will then swallow the nutmeg, and that will be the whole matter. The Esquimaux give a personal guarantee that this will take place as advertised. They wish it well understood that this is no fly-by-night business, but a genuine *recherche* affair. Subscribers who want to come to an end should take this in. Further information, and a line of march, sent for three-cent postage-stamp to any address.

1890.—We have as yet received no reliable date for 1890. The Kinninicks of Siberia claim that their sacred giraffe, St. Lumpsey, will judge the world on May 19th; but we feel satisfied that it is a snide affair. Still, we hold that the world will end in that year; for is there not a mysterious significance about the number 1890? It aggregates 18 whether you add the figures singly, or whether you add the 9 and 1, and then the 8 and 0, and then put them together. It is also significant that the third figure, 9, is just 8 more than the first figure, 1, and that if you subtract the first figure, 1, from the third figure, 9, it leaves 8, which makes the number contain two 8's, which is most remarkable. We hold that these are indubitable proofs that the world will end in 1890, especially when we remember that 9 is the number of John Kelly's boots, and 1 the size of Robeson's head. We have two competent prophets at work tracing out this matter, and will let our readers know the exact date at an early day. In regard to the above events, we agree to be personally responsible that they will take place as advertised. We also advise every one to subscribe for THE JUDGE as soon as possible, as we intend to get out extra editions, descriptive of the events, together with sketches of the most thrilling scenes, and luscious poetry on the subject.

THE BELLE OF THE MINERS' BALL.

AS RELATED BY A MINER WHO WAS THERE.

Gosh blame it, but warn't she a stunner!
Jehu! how she skipp'd 'round ther hall,
An' by ther high lugs she put on, she
Jist showed she war belle o' ther ball.

Her phiz an' her har war all powdered,
She looked sweet as Eve fore her fall;
An' swung her skirt-tail like a peacock,
Yew bet, did this belle o' ther ball.

She danced with the best lookin' fellars,
Espeshildy Rody Muggall,
A big moneyed gun of a miner
Who war the swell beau o' ther ball.

To hook for a life pardner, Rody,
On purpose she'd cum to that ball.
An' while he hung round her, she turned up
Her nose at a gal by ther wall.

This wall-flower's name was Em. Stalker,
Who nary a dance had at all,
I reckon 'twar 'cause she war humly,
Or mebbe her hoofs warn't small.

Howivir, I might as well menshin,
Right here, how that Rody Muggall
Went off the next day an' got spalled to
Em. Stalker, the flow'r of the ball.

So, gals, don't depend on yer trimmin's,
Or looks, to ketch pardners fur life,
Fur pickin' a gal out to dance with,
Hain't pickin' a gal fur a wife.

—ADELE.

Jibboy's Singed Cat.

BY BRICKTOP.

My friend, Josiah Jibboy, is not rich, as the majority of my friends are, but he has a grand conception of a good time, and can make good time almost always, excepting on early mornings.

His friends call him "Jib" for short, and he has become so used to it that he seems to have forgotten that there is a "boy" attached to his name. But he is a good-natured, companionable old sport, and a better friend to everybody than he is to himself.

The last fall of snow which developed such fine sleighing "up on the road" nearly set Jib wild. He wanted to enjoy it, but his finances would not permit, for it takes a man with a distended hoodle to indulge in anything like a respectable turnout in New York whenever there happens to be snow enough to keep the runners off the ground.

His acquaintances who owned or could hire teams were all out on the road enjoying them, and there was not a livery stable that he could find where there was the slightest probability of his being able to make a "dog" of the price, or "hang up" the keeper for even an old pair of blinders.

Finally somebody suggested that he go and see Block, the butcher. He had a horse and pung that he would perhaps lend him. It was not quite so fashionable as some turnouts, but a man who wasn't proud could enjoy the ride in it just as much as he could in a first-class turnout.

Jib concluded to try it on. Block said yes; he had got through using his team for the day, as his business was over with principally, and so he sent his boy to the stable to harness and bring the "turnout" around. "Id vos nod so much style about it," said Block, after the boy had gone.

"Oh, I don't mind that. I am only going out on the road for a drive. The stables haven't a team for love or money, and as this may be the last opportunity I shall have this season to enjoy the slippery exhilaration, why, I am willing to take almost anything," said Jib, patronizingly.

"Yaw, I vos dink about dot mineself, bud I don't like to leafe dot poy in der sdore mit der cash drawer," said Block.

"How is it—has your horse got much speed in him?" asked Jib.

"Oh, he vos pudly goot, I bade you; I hafe peate-

blendy peoples mit fancy deams mit dot nag. He vos nod a beauty, bud he vos goot."

"All right. That's all I want!" and as he spoke the boy drove up to the shop door with the horse and pung.

No, he wasn't a beauty. Jib could see that at first glance, and the vehicle might have been improved by a coat of paint.

But there was no time for parley or criticism. If the horse could go, that would make up for his ancient and unkempt appearance, and he might astonish some of the sports up on the road, and that would be fun indeed.

"I'll return him some time this evening," said Jib, as he took a seat in the pung.

"Dot vos all righd, Mr. Jaypoy, ondy don'd let him stand mitout plankets und ged cold."

"Of course not; I am an old horseman, and know exactly how to use them," replied Jib, taking up the lines and driving away.

Yes, there was some speed in the old nag, although he seemed inclined to do about as he had a mind to in showing it; but finally Jib worried him up upon the road where the throng of sleighers was.

The avenues swarmed with fast steppers and gorgeous turnouts. It was indeed a gala day, such as is never seen anywhere save in New York.

Several of Jib's acquaintances passed him on the road, and many were the merry salutations which greeted him, as he drove along.

"What is it, Jib?"

"Where did you find it?"

"Is it alive, Jib?"

"What are you peddling, old man?" and dozens of other half-sarcastic, half-comical questions were fired at him.

"Oh, perhaps you'd like a little brush?" he said, in reply to one of his swell acquaintances.

"A brush with what?" asked the S. A., pulling up his 2:28 nag.

"With my nag."

"No; but I'll walk my horse and let you run that hen-coop of yours for a bottle," said he, laughing.

"Oh, you go on! Don't make any errors."

"Ta-ta! I'll try not to. Think you'll get out to Gabe Case's before dark?"

As Gabe's was only about a mile away, and it would not be dark for several hours yet, the question seemed a trifle sarcastical, and Jib got mad somewhat, while the taunters shot ahead with merry laughter.

Jib seized the whip and began to give that nag long cuts, at which the animal stopped short and turned his head around to take a look at his driver, as much as to ask: "What are you giving me? Do you expect to race me with a thousand-dollar horse? Don't be so fresh. Put up that whip, and I'll do the best I can."

But Jib was mad, and so he gave him more of the whip cuts, just to convince him of the fact and see if it wouldn't frighten him.

But it didn't seem to frighten him much. On the contrary, he raised his hind legs and demolished the dash-board, evidently intending to have a fair opportunity to kick Jib's head off the next time.

"Thunder and blazes!" howled Jib, as he picked the splinters out of himself, and other acquaintances sped laughing by. "I wonder how much it would cost to kill this beast?"

"Hello, Jib! Gone into the kindling-wood business?" asked one of his tormentors.

"Oh, go to thunder!" growled he, and presently he seemed to be all alone.

Everybody had gone past him, and feeling certain that it would not be healthy to whip the horse any more under the circumstances, he began to coax him, and to urge him along.

This was the best he could have done, for the vicious old horse at once got down on all fours and did his level best, although that was not a dazing rate of speed.

But Jib was fairly satisfied, everything considered, although he got badly left, besides being laughed at by numerous acquaintances with whom he attempted to race.

Finally a couple of young ladies drove up behind him with a pony and cutter, and he turned around to admire their rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"See the Russian sleigh," said one of the bewitching rogues.

"Russian sleigh! Russian sleighs have red plumes attached to them," said the other, and Jib was taking it all in, confident of getting up a pleasant flirtation, for he was something of a masher as well as a sport.

"Well, didn't you see the red plume when he turned around just now?"

"No; where was it?"

"Why, on his face, to be sure," replied the laughing beauty, and Jib knew at once that she alluded to his rubicund nose.

Then they drove up alongside, smiling and looking roguish enough to bite.

"Ah! ladies," said Jib, raising his hat, "this was the best turnout I could procure in New York, because everything was let. But don't make any mistake: this horse is like a singed cat—much better than he looks. Git ap, *Bulgine!*"

"Want to race?" asked one of the girls.

"Certainly, certainly," he replied, confident that he could at least beat their little pony.

"All right; come on!" and she spoke to her impatient pony, who shot ahead like a bolt, leaving Jib in the rear.

He yelled at his nag and tried to urge him on to victory, but he did not dare to give him the whip again.

After going a little ways the girls held up for him to overtake them.

"How is your singed cat?" they asked.

"Oh, he hasn't got warmed up yet, ladies," said Jib, although he felt very sheepish.

"Why don't you singe him again?"

"Yes, perhaps it would make him go faster."

"Build a fire under him!" and other of the most provoking things they said with their laughing. It was great fun for them, but Jib somehow didn't seem to see it in that light.

But after tantalizing him a while longer, they shot ahead again, kissing back their hands to him as they did so, well knowing that he could not overtake them, the rogues.

Provoked beyond endurance, he again seized the whip, and, standing up in the pung so as to be out of hoof reach, he gave it to him.

The girls pulled up to see the fun.

It wasn't so very funny as it might have been, although they enjoyed it much better than he did. Perhaps they had larger bumps of humor.

At first they could scarcely understand what had happened, but when they saw a mounted policeman gallop towards a scene of wild contention, and seize a kicking horse by the head, while a brother officer dismounted and pulled Jibboy out of a snow bank by the heels (all there remained visible of him), they began to think something of a serious nature had happened, so they drove back to see what it was.

Jibboy had been kicked out of the pung, and had attempted to fathom the depth of a big snow bank, and that fractious horse had freed himself almost completely from the thills of the demolished vehicle.

But Jibboy was not very much hurt, except in his feelings, and seeing his beautiful tormentors close at hand, looking anxious and serious now, he brushed himself out of the snow which adhered to him and smiled upon them.

It wasn't a real killing smile, but it was the best one he could hastily adjust.

"Are you hurt?" one of them asked, anxiously.

"Not in the least, I think, thank you, ladies," said he, with his old masher politeness.

"Glad to hear that; but how about your old singed cat?" they asked, merrily.

"Oh! confound him; I suppose I shall have to lead the beast back home," said he, ruefully.

"But he is better than he looks, aren't he?"

"Yes, better at kicking. Good-day, ladies."

"Ta, ta! beware of singed cats," said they, turning and resuming their drive, while Jib, after thanking the officers, threw the wrecked pung out of the road, seized the beast and started growlingly back to the city.

No more singed cats for Josiah Jibboy!

A DAILY newspaper informs us that there are about 20 000 workingwomen in Boston, whose average pay is \$4 a week, and whose board costs them an average of \$3.50 a week. This leaves them \$26 a year for eye-glasses and clothing.



Wife.—Everything is SO cheap I must go shopping to-day.

Sale
few n
cent r



Salesgentleman.—Crowd up. Only a few more lots left of the great three-cent muslin.



The old style.



Going in.



Coming out.

New style.



The result of a day's shopping.

BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.

BEFORE.

My Maggie! my beautiful darling!
Creep into my arms, my sweet!
Let me fold you again to my bosom
So close I can hear your heart beat.
What! these little fingers been sewing?
One's pricked by the needle, I see!
Those hands shall be kept from such labor
When once they are given to me.

All mine, little pet, I will shield you
From trouble and labor and care;
I will robe you like some fairy princess,
And jewels shall gleam in your hair!
Those slippers you gave me are perfect!
That dressing-gown fits to a T!
My darling! I wonder that heaven
Should give such a treasure to me!

Eight, nine, ten, eleven! my precious,
Time flies when I am with you!
It seems but a moment I've been here,
And now, must I say it? Adieu!

AFTER.

Oh! Mag, you are heavy! I'm tired!
Go sit in the rocker, I pray;
Your weight seems a hundred and ninety
When you plump down in that sort of way.
You had better be mending my coat-sleeve,
I've spoken about it before;
And I want to finish this novel,
And look over those bills from the store.

This dressing-gown looks like the d—l,
These slippers run down at the heel;
Strange nothing can ever look decent;
I wish you could know how they feel.
What's this bill from Green's? Why surely
It's not another new dress!
Look here! I'll be bankrupt ere New Year,
Or your store-bills will have to grow less!

Eight o'clock! Mag, sew on this button
As soon as you finish this sleeve.
Heigh ho! I'm so dazedly sleepy,
I'll pile off to bed, I believe.

—Truth.

The DeLannigans' Soiree.

THE DeLannigan girls were, to quote popular opinion, "awfully jealous of the Doogan girls," and the Doogan girls—well, they were not languishing with love for their DeLannigan sisters.

There is no district, however small, but has its conflicting emotions—or, in other words, antagonistic families; and that district of Muttonville which encompassed the *elite* Hibernian aristocracy was no exception to the rule. Let not the reader imagine that this antagonism took the form of rapier-wielding Montagues, or stiletto-skirmishing Capulets; no, in this age of refinement and social hypocrisy, the DeLannigans do not taunt the Doogans to a physical mortal combat, but smilingly exchange invitations to balls, parties, and suppers, where the DeLannigan girls secretly informed their masculine partners, that the Doogan's formerly kept a hash-house before their father obtained the appointment of inspector of liquor stores, to see that they complied with the law in respect to having hotel accommodations; and the Doogan girls did a like favor for the DeLannigans by reminding their masculine company of the days when the lady mother Lannigan took in white-washing before her husband was sent as a Democratic delegate to a convention, from which he returned with signs of mysterious wealth, as a coincidence, it was remarked that about this time his political views underwent a rapid transformation from Democrat to Republican.

The source of this antagonism and jealousy between these two representative families can be traced to various causes. It might be that each family, being aware of the piebeian antecedents of the other, was angry at their presumption in assuming exaggerated patrician manners; but the most probable cause of jealous feeling arose from the fact that each family had six unwilling virgins. Now the reader can picture to himself the position of twelve aspiring maidens in a district in which eligible masculines were at a premium—the de-

mand being greater than the supply. This being the condition of things, we can look forgivingly on the maneuvers of one family to entrap the eligible and necessary male. The gents of Muttonville who were thus skirmished after had a very nice time, especially as they were cognizant of how the "land lay."

They were that class of gents who wore pointed shoes, tight pants, and disported themselves behind the ribbon counters; and then there was the ever-present young lawyer, who at present was not actively engaged in his profession, because he could not, as he informed the maidens, "find a suitable office;" and then there was the *Poet*, usually combined with the lawyer; but of him more in our next. These young men alternately flattered the rival families.

For instance, when the DeLannigans gave a ball the youths explained to them the reason they visited the Doogans was out of mere pity, and to the Doogan maids they whispered a like story.

The Doogans had given an invitation ball at their residence, to which they invited not only the eligible males, but also, as an audience to their mashing performance, they had invited the DeLannigan girls.

As they glided to their paternal after the ball, the DeLannigan girls were heard to ejaculate, "It's a cold day when we get left!" Accordingly they began operations for a soiree that was to eclipse forever the social light of the Doogans. Invitations were sent out, and the night of the party had come. Now, as was said before, there were six DeLannigan maidens, the youngest claimed to be sixteen years old. She appeared rather mature for her age, but this was not remarkable, when her eldest sister, Maria Francisca, blushing named twenty-one as the number of her years. She had a *decidedly* mature look for her age. What puzzled most people was the fact there were six living sisters—how many dead unknown—the youngest sixteen and the eldest twenty-one, yet *none of them were twins*. It might be well to mention here that they had a seven-year-old brother; thereby hangs the *finale* of this tale.

During a lull in the conversation, the ubiquitous photograph album was brought into requisition. All night long the precocious and loquacious Gussie, the young brother, had been snubbed and shot at every time he tried to entertain the company with his remarks, which always tended to disagreeable results—for example, when some one asked why he had not been up skating, he blurted out—"We've only got two pair of skates, and only two of us can go skating at a time." At this his six sisters shrieked, "Gussie!" and his mother, in a reprimanding basso, said, "Augustus!" and Gussie was snubbed for the time being; but when he saw the company engaged at the album a bright idea struck him, and he glided from the room. He presently returned, carrying a very big book. Unnoticed he placed it on a chair and beckoned one of the Doogan girls to come to him; she came. Whatever he showed her in the big book entertained her very much, and she quietly beckoned her sisters and a few young men. They were all enjoying themselves hugely over the contents of the book, when Gussie, delighted at having for once in his life rendered himself agreeable, called to his sisters to enjoy the fun. By this time most of the people in the room had become aware of the contents of the book, and when the DeLannigan girls came over and recognized it, they shrieked and tried hard not to faint. Mrs. DeLannigan grabbed Gussie and demanded, "Where did you get that book?" Gussie, astonished at the commotion, replied: "I found it in the garret."

P. S.—It was the family Bible in which the parental DeLannigans had, following an old custom, inscribed the birth of their progeny. It is unnecessary to remark that the ages inscribed there were more ancient than the DeLannigan girls admitted. They are trying to explain matters. The Doogan girls are in their glory.
DEMOCRITS DINWIDDY.

JESSE JAMES is being immortalized in a blood-and-thunder drama. Next thing we may hear of a canal boat being named after him. But such is the fate of greatness.

WHEN an actor wishes to procure additional and gratuitous advertising, he fires off his wife and "marries" another; then says it is nobody's business, knowing the newspapers will think differently.

Appropriate Valentines.

For that interesting youth who smokes cigarettes, sucks at the knob of his cheap cane, wears exceedingly loud clothes, and insults passing shop-girls at the street corners, a very fitting valentine would be one with a donkey's head, ornamented with very large ears, or that of a sheep. For one of those hoary, bald-headed old miscreants, who always occupy front seats at the theaters when a ballet is on, and who are invariably armed with big opera-glasses, an appropriate valentine would be one showing "Peeping Tom" in his great key-hole act.

For that corpulent, unwieldy masculine personage who is always present at political dinners, charitable dinners, etc., and eats and drinks more thereat than any two of the guests together, and who is too stingy to dabble in politics, and never gave anything in the cause of charity in his life, no valentine could be more appropriate than one showing the portrait of a three-hundred pound prize-hog.

For one of those physicians who *never* advertise—having no need to do so, there being plenty of flats and victims in their neighborhood—an appropriate cartel would be one with the picture of a duck, who is ejaculating "Quack! quack!"

For the American Irishman who attends church the first thing Sunday morning and spends the remainder of the day card-playing and selling rum, a fitting memento would be a highly-tinted photograph of the Prince of Gehenna, a personage with whom the aforesaid A. I. will one day be on intimate terms. This valentine would likewise be appropriate for a grocer who adulterates his wares and charges big prices for the same; also for our millionaires who see suffering and want daily around them and still hang on to every cent of their ill-gotten gains.

The same one would also be very appropriate for that ulcer on English life and energy, stingy Queen Victoria the soulless, penurious, and hypocritical millstone around the British neck.

It would also be fitting for the originators of Irish "skirmishing funds" etc., who waste the hard-earned money of noble patriotic Irishmen and women in this country.

For one of our Fifth Avenue noodles and would-be Englishmen, an appropriate valentine would be one with the figure of a good, solid No. 13 boot.

For a Hoar-y corrupt River's and-Harbor's-Bill politician, a fitting one would be a valentine showing a view of that mystical region which Ingersoll says doesn't exist; a locality which one day shall possess the said politician as a citizen.
J. L. M'C.

A Woman's Advertising Tact.

THE Joneses had purchased a new Brussels carpet, and were in a mental stew, as how to advertise the acquisition among their neighbors. At length a bright idea came kerplunk into Mrs. Jones' thinkers. It was that her husband should feign an alarming state of illness, which he immediately did, and scarce a day elapsed, before his countless neighbors, both male and female, having got wind of his indisposition, filled his house, and after deeply sympathizing with Mrs. Jones on the possible event of her becoming a widow, added "her new front room carpet was just too lovely for anything." After the new carpet had been thus duly advertised, Jones' convalescence was suspiciously premature.

All's Well that Ends Well.

AN Austin clerk took in a bad \$10 bill, and his employer, who is a very severe man, threatened to deduct it from his wages unless he shoved it off on some other customer. He said that he did not intend that the firm should lose it.

Next morning when the proprietor came down, the clerk met him with a beaming smile, and said:

"Hurrah! I shoved that bill on a fellow. The firm won't lose a cent."

"On whom did you palm it off?"

"I threw dice, on account of the firm, with a member of the Legislature for it, and we lost."—*Texas Siftings*.

LENT.

HARK to the sad-toned Lenten bells!
How hoarse their throats with muffled knells
To Mirth and Frolic, late so gay!
Sweet Lenten days, I bid thee stay;
The world is fast, but faster I,
No revels now—no gayety.
In prayer I'll raise my captive wing
And snap the golden tether string,
(Erst Fashion's tie, frail, slender cord,)
Whilst brooding o'er my frugal board.

What tender mercies, Lent, are thine!
No sauce I crave, no meats, no wine;
My prayer-book and my Testament
Do yield me all the food I want.
No dainties grace my humble cloth;
I eat my crust and sip my broth;
Salt fish and eggs are all my stay
In Lenten-tide, three times a day.
My palate craves no dainty bits;
On Fridays naught but oaten grits
And gruel; this and nothing more;
But list! behind the pantry door
I slip at times, when no one's nigh,
And pick a chicken on the sly.

—C. C.

A Thief who was Too Smart.

A STORY of a thief who stole from himself created a good deal of excitement at Police Headquarters yesterday. Willie Skelton is the eight-year-old son of a washerwoman living at No. 430 West 42d street. The other day he found, while at play in the street, a quantity of waste paper—old circus posters torn from a wall—and bundled it up to take home, thinking he might sell it for a cent or two. It made quite a large bundle. Carrying it under his arm, he stopped on the way home in front of a Third Avenue dry goods store, near 41st street, and looked in at the window. A stranger tapped him on the shoulder and said: "Sonny, would you mind running in and buying me a pair of socks? I will hold your bundle. Here is the money." Proffering fifteen cents, he received the bundle, and the boy went into the store. When he returned, man and bundle were gone. A man who was passing, seeing the boy looking around with the socks in his hand, pointed out the thief two blocks away, running up the avenue for dear life. He offered to pursue him, but desisted when the boy let him into the secret of the exchange just made and expressed a desire to run away himself, for fear the thief might return and demand the socks.

Two Veterans of the Late War.

"Is this the place ye gits pinshins?" eagerly inquired a ruddy-faced Irishwoman at a pension office in Washington.
"It is, madam, what can I do for you?" politely inquired the agent.
"Och! a dale, sur. D'ye know wan Mrs. McGuffin?" she asked.
"Yes, madam; she is a lady who secured a pension from this office, is she not?"
"She is, sur, she got it bekase her husband, Barney McGuffin, hasn't had a leg ondhur 'im since he was in the war."
"The same party. Proceed, madam," said the pension agent.
"Well, sur, an' shure, Oi was thinkin' she was no better nor me, an' ez moy man—"
"Was he in the late war with McGuffin?" quickly inquired the wily agent.
"He was, an' the devil a word a lie in it, but he hasent had a *sobber* leg ondhur 'im since, so Oi thought mebbe Oi could dhrav a pinshin, too."
"This ain't a Moonshiners' office, madam, or a Good Templars lodge, either, so go along about your business," angrily cried the disappointed pension agent.

A.

An economical father writes to know what is the best dress for his little boy John. It occurs to us that a pistol-jacket would be about the thing.



THE PLEASURE OF LIVING IN AN APARTMENT HOUSE.

This is what, I think, the person overhead must be doing to make such an infernal racket.
I go up-stairs with blood in my eye, and find it's only Tommy Von Crotonbugg playing with his tin horse.

A CITY gentleman, who bought a farm last fall, has evidently read that valuable work called "What I Know of Farming." He has built a pig-pen fifteen feet high, and surmounted it with sharp iron spikes, to prevent his pigs from climbing over.

"A SUIT of clothes exploded on an Ohio man last week." And with commendable bravery he continues to wear clothes the same as if this catastrophe had not occurred.

If every "new invention of the enemy" was patented, the U. S. Patent Office would be compelled to more than double its force during Presidential campaigns.

If nature gives you a heart of oak, be thankful; but don't pray for a wooden head, particularly in the spring when the sap is running.

AN Ohio fanatic has introduced a bill to prevent drunkenness, by hanging every one engaged in it. The scheme won't work. Liquor dealers have been hung up too often to fear such a law.

MY VALENTINE.

No painter's brush can limn his grace,
No poet tell his charms in lines,
Tho' Astor's wealth he don't possess,
As "fresh" as other chaps he shines;
He has the biggest heart extant.
He ne'er's been known to spirits up:
I'd tell his name did I not fear
Some editor might write him up.

—ADELE.

A NEW Review, which will treat of Philology and Archaeology, is about to be started in Italy. For once we have occasion to congratulate the majority of the people of that country that they cannot read.

THE sheriff's jury that declared Henry Prouse Cooper, the tailor, of this city, a sane man and capable of attending to his business, may well open their individual eyes in wonder upon reading a dispatch from London that Mr. Cooper has been arrested there, charged with being a suspicious character. He was discovered in female attire in Charing Cross, and the awful words "he was remanded," were flashed through the ocean.

MAYOR EDSON is trying to get a one-headed charter for New York. That's just what other block-heads have tried—and got left. New York is a big city, but the hay-seed and cheese-press portion of the State downs and rules it all the same.

ESTHETIC young Englishman, to a tipsy German who loitered near a church, from whence sounds of Mozart's music were issuing:—"Aw say, sirrah! aw you, ah, dwinking in those exquisite stwains of—ah, Mozart?" "None o' yure tam pizness w'at I'sh pin dherrinkin'! Twash lager, enny howt; an' I pait for mien own dhreat afery times, so help me, Shrusalem!" responded the Teuton, as he indignantly staggered on.

PUNCTUALITY is a jewel. The clock-maker is always on time.

VERY stage-y individual: The omnibus driver.

THE old impression of the inebriate that "the pavement came up and hit him in the face," has been literally verified several times of late in some of our down-town streets.

STATESMAN SPINOLA has ordered a fresh pot of war-paint, and proposes moving immediately on the enemy's works.

NEVER tell an up-and-down lie—tell a round one, so that nobody can get at the bottom of it.

CONGRESSMAN CANNON is booming, albeit the Mormon business is bad.

WHAT a shame to break up that Commissioner of Jurors bonanza! There were a lot of valuable politicians making a good thing out of selling exemption, to those who wanted it, from juror duty, making a good thing for themselves and others. And yet some kicker has been and given the whole business away. But, thank goodness, there was only one church member and Sabbath-school worker caught among those ex-emptors.

THERE are no people in the world so much noted for their pie-eaty as the Americans.

"DEAD TO RIGHTS—ON TIME."

WIFE (to husband returned at a late hour from the Lodge—of course)—John, what time is it?

HUSBAND (rainily endeavoring to bring his watch to rights with his perceptibly impaired vision)—"Pon my honor, I can't say exactly. There are two hands, and each point to a different hour. I don't know which to believe. [That settled it.]

ONE NOTION OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

SCENE: The Fifth Avenue Hotel.

FIRST HOUSEMAID.—Maria, did you see the Marquis of—of—what-do-you-call-'em? Don't you think he's handsome?

SECOND HOUSEMAID.—Beautiful! But how much handsomer he would look in livery!



AN INCIDENT IN THE REHEARSAL OF THE PASSION PLAY.

MR. GRAVES (Manager).—"Here, O'Flynn, is your Jewish Guard all on hand."
O'FLYNN (Capt. of Jewish Guard).—"Yis, sorr, all ar thim barrin' Pat MacGinnis, who begged to be excused owing to his havin' to kill his pig to-day."

HOW MANY TIMES.

How many times do I drink my beer?
Tell me how many atoms be
In the atmosphere
Of a new-fall'n year.

Whose microscopic forms appear
In the sun's slant ray transparently:
So many times do I drink my beer.

How many times do I drink again?
Tell me how many links there are
In an endless chain
Of rare gold Tuscan,
At sunset reflected on the main,
Rich as the gleam of a yellow star:
So many times do I drink again.

THE *Tiger* was delighted the other day; not only delighted, but puffed up, as it were, because the principal of one of the largest female seminaries in Massachusetts wrote to him, asking his advice. He didn't exactly write, but then he sent a circular (he had it printed simply to save time), which shows that he had heard of us and appreciated our wisdom in the management of the dear girls.

We felt rather bad that day, because we had heard that the *Princetonian* had received a catalogue of the *State Insane Asylum*, and we know that the *Lit.* had lifted from the mail a circular description of a *device* "to cheat at cards," and we, poor Beast, had received only a picture of Danenhower, through the kindness of Mr. Pach. We envied our E. Cs. We felt bad over it. But when we received the kind letter—we mean circular—of the principal of a female seminary—asking us what we thought of the institution, our envy vanished and we were proud and delighted.

We think it the best thing in the world. Our girls don't know one-half of what they should know about cooking, and the addition of this branch, with a requirement of eighty to pass, and that of millinery and dress cutting should certainly be commended. The modern female graduate can chew wax in a half-dozen different languages, but don't know any more about how to cut open the polonaise of a turkey and take out the mainspring, corn-crusher and buttons in the "craw" than did Pocahontas.

To scallop out those delightful little crescents that fringe the over-dress of a mince pie and make it a thing of beauty and a joy forever, is entirely without their accomplishments. Neither can they chase a sausage around the yard and catch it and wring its head off, and pick it and bake it for dinner. Nor can they go into the fields and gather the buttercups, and from them render the non-oleomargarine butter. How many of them can toss the raw egg upon the curling irons, and souse it down, and spank it, and bring out the bubbling custard?

How many can make the *biscuit glace*? Do they know how to warm the biscuit and make the *glace* stick? Oh! it is shameful, shameful. Such degeneracy! But this institution is built to remove this stain and reform the dancing, prattling society belle into the educated cook. May the institute live and flourish. *The Tiger* sends best wishes, and will send his own girls some time in the next century (if their mother don't object).—*Princeton Tiger*.

ASTRONOMERS are having a great deal to say respecting the spot on Venus; but we suspect it is only the "beauty-spot" she had on when she visited Sol not long since.

ROUGH on wolves: Informers in Ireland.

WIGGISS, who got so badly left on his big storm prediction, now says, like the old-time Millerites, that he made a mistake of ten years in his figuring. Glad of that, for it gives us a chance to get our telegraph wires underground, and sell out our shaky tenement-houses. Seriously, Old Prob. seems to have the bulge on these weather prophets, but he is a modest old rooster and only crows for one day in advance.

WHAT does Lent amount to?—keeping social and other rackets out of the newspapers.

APPREHENSIVE.

Oh, love, good-night. I fear to linger
Now with thee in the pale moonlight.
For thy dad's boot may prove a stinger
Soon 'gainst my spine. So, love, good-night.

—A.

"ECCE HOMO."

A YOUNGSTER came to a college town,
O, the world was all before him;
He sighed for fame, he longed for renown,
The sunshine of hope shone o'er him.

"Mightier," he at the prep. school learned,
"Than the sword the trenchant pen is;"
So he left base-ball, from foot-ball turned,
And he never dreamed of tennis.

In an attic he sat, from morn till night,
Mid "Varsity Fair's" dense vapors;
And he writ and he wrat and wrut and wrote,
And he wrote for the college papers.

The managing editor nagged him on
To that horrible competition;
A text he never was known to con,
And he smiled at the word "condition."

In the eighteenth century—yes, it was—
And even yet you'll find him,
In the attic high, up next to the sky,
With his books on the floor behind him.

But on the table and under the chair,
And hung from the rusty fixtures,
Are bunches of copy, tied with string,
And labeled, "Rejected Mixture."

His clothes are in tatters, like Rip Van Wink,
His light is a tallow taper;
He has used up a million gallons of ink,
"He writes for a college paper."

THAT WIRE FENCE.

We are not cattle; we are not sheep;
We never browse the heather.
The clothes we wear are made of cloth,
Our shoes of morocco leather.

True, we sometimes "gambol on the green,"
But that's what the green is here for.
We play little games, by various names;
But we are not dangerous; therefore,

We kick on being wire fenced in—
Like bears at the great "Zoo garden;"
If the Faculty thinks this "kick" a sin,
We beg the Faculty's pardon.

But leave us alone to take care of ourselves,
Don't cage us up like monkeys;
It's just such teachin' that makes men meachin',
Miserable, spiritless donkeys.

CHORUS.—ALL.

That wire fence, that wire fence;
It cost the college just 60 cents,
But by tearing my coat it cost me rents,
And the proctor hasn't seen it "sence,"
That wire fence, that wire fence.

EVELYN.

SWEETEST, my Evelyn,
Blithely I revel in
All the warm love lurking
In your deep eyes—
As stars above lurking
In the glad skies.
So the warm love flashes
Out from thy long lashes—
Sweetest, my Evelyn.

Sweetest, my Evelyn,
Playing the devil in
This lovelorn life of mine
With thy dark eyes.
Dream-wedded wife of mine,
Kisses and sighs,
All that love dare to speak
Breathe I upon thy cheek—
Sweetest, my Evelyn.

A PIOT's exchange heads an editorial article "Whisky Logic." Quite rightly, too. Whisky, logically or otherwise, is bound to go—down.



SICKNESS and death, the advent of the Lenten season, and unusually bad weather, have had a depressing effect upon the play-going and play-acting community for the last few days. On Saturday last, there passed from among us, suddenly and unexpectedly, an actor whose loss will be universally deplored.

Friendly and benevolent, frank and candid, ready to acknowledge and aid the claims of talent in his own art, is the testimony of those who best knew Charley Thorne. His handsome face, fine physique, and dignified bearing will long be remembered, and a large family of relatives, an aged father, and a host of admirers will mourn

"The friend most loved, the son most dear;
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he died."

Most of the profession on the sick-list are improving. Kate Claxton and Agnes Leonard are convalescent, but Josephine Gallmeyer is very ill with diphtheria in Detroit, and the company are on their way East.

Salvini has finished his Brooklyn engagement, and next week will begin his farewell performances here, at the Academy of Music. He will make his first appearance in New York in the role of King Lear, a character in which he has won golden opinions from the press of other cities.

Immense audiences are at the Union Square and Wallack's every night. Rose Coghlan and Maud Harrison are adding laurels to their crowns, and Wallack and Palmer are raking in the shekels.

"The Squire" is at Daly's, *cic* "Serge Panine," retired, and Daly is making up his mind what to do next.

The new Cosmopolitan Theater is open, and "Fritz" disports himself therein. The interior is quite attractive; there are three pairs of proscenium boxes on each side of the stage resplendent in red velvet, lace, etc. The seats are upholstered in blue and gold, and are not only comfortable, but the rows are so far apart that THE JUDGE can go out between the acts without enraging all the people he has to pass. The garden on the roof will be retained, but the acoustic properties are much improved.

"Virginia" at the Bijou is saying adieu, and the last nights of "Iolanthe" are announced. Arthur Rousby and Cadwallader, of the D'Oyley Carte company, have sailed for England, and others of the troupe are soon to follow.

Salmi Morse is carrying on his rehearsals of the "Passion Play" at his Twenty-third street "Church" with great energy. The big stage is built. Herod is waiting for an opportunity to slaughter the innocents. Salome is anxious to dance, and Miss Goldberg (a handsome Jewess, and sister of the prestidigitateur) is ready to "go on" as the Virgin Mary. All that is wanted is a license, and this the Mayor persistently refuses to grant.

Mary Anderson has departed, and the Thalia Company are singing the "Countess Dubary" at the Fifth Avenue. Next week we have the Boston Ideal Company here, opening with "Fatinitza."

Last week Miss Pixley closed her engagement at the Grand Opera House, and appeared in a new play written for her by Marsden and entitled "Zara." Of course "Zara" has "gypsy blood in her veins," and of course there is a scoundrel and a poor young man, and the usual amount of stolen papers, which are secured at the critical moment by the gypsy. Miss Pixley dashes through the play with great abandon—dances, sings and capers to the delight of the audience, and is rapturously applauded. This week we have Denman Thompson in his inimitable impersonation of Josh Whitcomb.

If variety is the spice of life, we must indeed be spicy at the Windsor Theater. From the gunpowder, blood and thunder of the Jesse James combination, to the milk and water "Esmeralda," is a change as great as can easily be imagined.

"The Black Venus" is still pursuing her recalcitrant lover on and off the stage at Niblo's. The troubles of the first night have passed away, the horses have become tractable, the goats have ceased butting, and the slave-ship no longer sticks in the verdant waters of the Nile. The ballet, the menagerie, the red light and buncombe ought to satisfy the most exacting of those peculiarly constituted beings who enjoy this kind of play.

At Booth's "The Count of Monte Cristo," with its "great star cast," is attracting good audiences. The illuminated gardens, the Hungarian ballet, the mechanical devices, and wonderful scenery rival the spectacle at Niblo's.

The San Francisco Minstrels are playing "Old Mother Goose." "McSorley's Inflation" continues. Sol Smith Russell and the Boston Ideals are in Brooklyn. Herman is in Harlem, and Mr. and Mrs. Florence are delighting the inhabitants of Williamsburg.

Very Cold Facts.

"If I am unable to pay you for my lodgings on the day the money is due, I presume that I will find myself sitting on my trunk on the sidewalk?"

Thus spoke a festive young New Yorker to his landlady.

"No," she replied, in frigid tones, "no such scene will be witnessed on my sidewalk. Your trunk will be found within these walls when you fail to pay for your lodgings."

LADY'S muff: The soft young man.

LOSSES by fire: Money spent for cigars.

THE poet who "oh-ed for a lodge," etc., owes for it still.

GHOST of "Blue Grass" (to juvenile drinker): "I am thy father's spirit."

THE "Lily" hat is not likely to be lasting on account of its propensity to be "mashed."

THE man who aimed to tell the truth turned out to be a bad marksman.

WASN'T it a rather indelicate thing in Mr. Card, of New Jersey, who had just been married, to place "No Cards" at the end of his published announcement?

A MATRIMONIAL blast: Blowing up your mother-in-law.

"Who was the first mathematician?" inquired a professor of the Three R's. "Add'em," was the prompt reply of the champion pupil.

PROBABLY the most timid set of men to be found anywhere are the Albany legislators. They are so fearful that they might go wrong, that they adjourn from Friday to Monday, in order that they may consult with their constituents. But it is wonderful how many of them have constituents in the Twenty-ninth Precinct in this city.

If there is one wrong more than another which the press of New York ought to thump with stunning blows, it is that of keeping our museums and libraries closed on Sunday, the only day in the week that workmen can find time to attend them. They were intended for the people, not for the few fashionable, hypocritical snobs who manage and patronize them now. They have no brains to be improved by the contents of these great institutions, but they have money and influence enough to act the part of the dog in the manger, and keep people away who might be improved.

HONESTY may be the best policy in principle, but in practice it isn't a principle of the policy game.

A MODERNIZED HOHENLINDEN;

OR,
THE SAVAGE BULL-DOG, THE UNFORTUNATE "KID,"
AND THE ENRAGED PARIENT.

'NEATH linden trees by frost hung low,
In front yard of a big chateau,
All trodden was the winter snow
By Towser running rapidly.

While soon was seen an awful sight;
A boy stole forth at dead of night,
And toward the mill-pond winged his flight,
To skate in wildest revelry.

His pa this act had e'er forbade,
But now the kid deception played,
And sallied forth with trusty blade,
To cut spread eagle fancily.

But when he'd got most to the gate,
He heard the bull-dog there in wait,
And strove to beat the lightning gait
Of Towser barking rapidly.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven!
Oh! where did fly those pants of his'n?
Where was the bosom of them driven?
When charged the canine infantry!

Ah! redder now the blood did flow
From this kid—than from sister's beau
When he was picnicked upon so—
By Towser chawing rapidly.

'Tis o'er; the boy, all minus pants,
Now shivers on the picket fence,
While Towser yearns to drag him hence
And lunch on his anatomy.

The house-door opens. Out comes "pap,"
And rescues from the dog this chap—
To take him in and 'cross his lap
Spank warm his spine's extremity.

His father's will he could not cheat;
No more with skates upon his feet
Will he glide o'er the ice so neat,
When darkness dims the scenery.—

Unless, by club or chloroform,
He can cast o'er that dog a charm,
And 'scape the carom on his form
Of Towser biting rapidly.

—"EBENEZER FRESH-QUILL."

WHIFFS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

H. A. K.—Accepted.

F. D. WRIGHT.—Unavailable and returned.

F. E. CHASE.—Too long and too uninteresting.

A. M. T.—This is positively the last. But continue.

J. E. M.—Very acceptable. Do so often and we will give you a head to work under.

A. F. O.—There is too much of your "Shooting." If it was written better, and was worth using, and was original, we should use it.

H. H.—Your "Melodious Tragedy" is provocative of a real one, and your "Old Story Relashed" needs warming over again before THE JUDGE can swallow it.

H. S. KEELER.—No. The idea is not original by a long-range shot, and is not well put. For these good and sufficient reasons we are forced to decline your article.

BOB B.—Haven't you any ink out your way? MS. written in pencil makes both editors and compositors swear, which is naughty, you know. Pen—and—incubations are preferable, Bob.

P. DORIGHTY.—This party wishes to know the least sum a man can get married on. Go to Mayor Edson and he will tie you up for nothing; or if he does not suit go over to Brooklyn and Mayor Low will do the business for the same price, and kiss the bride in lieu of a chromo.

Castoria.

When the milk curdles, baby will cry,
When fever sets in, baby may die,
When baby has pains at dead of night
Household alarmed, father in a plight;
Then good mothers learn without delay
That Castoria cures by night and day.

No. 194 FIFTH AVENUE,
Under Fifth Ave. Hotel.
No. 212 BROADWAY,
Corner Fulton Street.
STYLES ARE CORRECT!!

KNOX,
THE HATTER'S
WORLD RENOWNED

ENGLISH HATS,
"Martin's" Umbrellas.
"DENTS" GLOVES,
Foreign Novelties.
QUALITY — THE BEST!!

Agents for the sale of these remarkable **HATS** can be found in every city in the United States.
All Hats manufactured by this house are the recognized standard of excellence throughout the world.
None genuine without the trademark.

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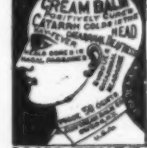
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BEST CARDS SOLD! All new: 50 Large, Perfect Chromos, name on, 10c
Beautiful designs of Art. Satisfaction Sure. Elegant Album of
Samples, with Memento Illustrated Premium List, 25c. Good
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A Positive Cure A cure at last. The evidence is over-
whelming that Ely's Cream Balm goes
more directly than any other to the seat of
the disease, and has resulted in more cures
within the range of our observation than
all other remedies.—Wilkesbarre, Pa.,
Union Leader, Dec. 19, 1879.
We hear from customers the most flatter-
ing reports of Ely's Cream Balm, an
article of real merit. SMITH, KLINE & Co.,
wholesale druggists, Phila., Pa.

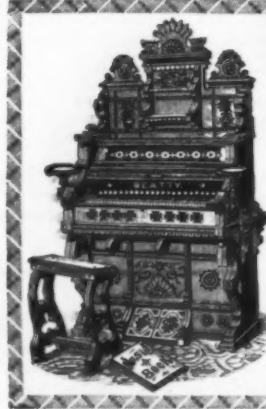


CATARRH
Apply by the little finger into the nos-
trils. It will be absorbed, effectually
cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal
virus, causing healthy secretions. It al-
ways inflammation, protects the mem-
branal linings of the head from additional
colds, completely heals the sores, and re-
stores the sense of taste and smell. Be-
neficial results are realized by a few applica-
tions. A thorough treatment will cure.
Unequaled for colds in the head. Agreeable to use. Send for
circular for information and reliable testimonials. Will de-
liver by mail, 50c. a package—stamps. ELY'S CREAM BALM
Co., Owego, N. Y.

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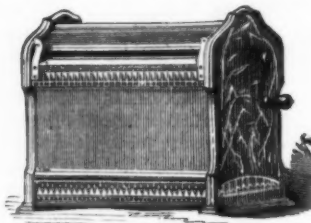
All those who from indolence, excess or other causes are
weak, unnerve, low spirited, physically drained, and unable to
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is wholly superseded by THE MARSTON BLEM." Even
hopeless cases assured of certain restoration to full and per-
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To any suffering with Catarrh or Bron-
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THE MOST SUCCESSFUL HOUSE IN AMERICA.
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KNOWN TO MEN OF FAME AND SCIENCE FOR REMOVING
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Acknowledged a Grand, Pleasant, and Efficient Cure for
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DYSPEPSIA, known by irregular appe-
tite, sour belching, weight
and tenderness at pit of stomach, despondency
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Fever, causing soreness in back and side,
also bottom of ribs; weariness, irritability,
tongue coated, skin yellow, hot and cold sensa-
tions, eyes dull, dry cough, stifled and obstructed
feeling, irregular pulse, bad colored stools.

APOPLEXY, Epilepsy, Paralysis, dim
sight, sound in ears, giddiness,
confusion in head, nervousness, flashes of light
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KIDNEYS, burning, stinging, bearing down
sensations, frequent desire to urinate, uneasiness,
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HEART, severe pains, fluttering or weight near
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when lying on left side; out of breath on exertion.

HEADACHE, dull or sharp pains in temples,
eyes or head; faintness, nausea.
Dropsy is caused by watery fluid. **Rheuma-**
tism, &c., by uric acid in blood. **Bowel Dis-**
orders by corrupt matter. **Worms** by the pests
within. **Colds** by choking of the secretions.

SWAYNE'S PILLS, by gentle action, removes
the cause, making a permanent cure. Sent by mail for
25 cents box of 30 Pills; 5 boxes, \$1.00 (In postage-
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A PATENT medicine man wrote to the editor of a religious paper, inclosing five dollars, and saying: "Inclosed please find five dollars, for which I want you to say that my chill medicine is the best in the market." The editor replied: "I am thoughtful for your opinion of my paper as an advertising medium, but I cannot conscientiously say that your medicine is the best, consequently I decline your proposition." "That's an honest man," mused the advertiser. "Some men would have—hello, he didn't return the five dollars."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

AS Austin journalist put in an appearance at the inaugural ball. There was a mixed mob there, it is true, but the journalist's coat was so shabby that one of the committee whispered in his ear: "Haven't you got another coat at home?" "Yes, I have another one." "Why didn't you put it on?" "Because it ain't near as good as this one."—*Texas Siftings.*

KING THEEBAW's baby is rocked to sleep in a mango-wood cradle, cased inside and out with plates of gold, set with rubies, emeralds, sapphires and diamonds, worth nearly a million dollars, but it takes just as much paregoric to put it to sleep as if it was rocked in a section of a flour barrel.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE Chinese New Year began on Tuesday night and was celebrated by "John" in grand style, in New York. One feature of the occasion was the "paying of debts and the returning of borrowed money." There's no use attempting to disguise the fact—the heathen can't be taught to adopt the Christian customs of this country.—*Norristown Herald.*

A WILD-EYED man rushed into the office of the city water department this morning and complained that owing to some defect in the pipes he had been unable to get any water for two days. He threatened to sue the city for damages unless the matter was remedied at once. When it was learned that he was a milk dealer, and the possible amount of money he might recover considered, consternation was visible on every face.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

AN exchange says: "An offer of marriage to a Michigan girl brought on a fatal attack of heart disease." More likely the girl accepted him so quickly as to take away his breath, and then grabbed him around the neck so hard that he couldn't catch it again. But perhaps it was the girl who was struck with the heart trouble; the statement is badly put. We don't see what people want to get married for, anyway.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

Two thousand dollars is the price paid by a Congress-
man to keep his wife away from Washington during the winter.—*Lowell Daily Citizen.*

A CIGAR-MAKER in Evansville, Ind., named Fred Gebhardt wants it distinctly understood that he is not the Gebhardt who is mashed on Mrs. Langtry. And by the time the Prince of Wales gets over to this country, along in March, Gebhardt the masher will be trying to palm himself off as Gebhardt the cigar-twister.—*Chicago Check.*

A REPORTER of a city paper came into the office and told the city editor they were trying a new fire-escape on a building down town. "Well, what are you doing here?" said the city editor. "Go there and get the names of the killed and wounded at once." The fire-escape will soon rival kerosene as a source of fatal accidents and items for the papers.—*Peck's Sun.*

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Head Colds, Watery Discharges from the Nose and Eyes, Ringing Noises in the Head, Nervous Headache and Fever instantly relieved.

Choking mucus dislodged, membrane cleansed and healed, breath sweetened, smell, taste and hearing restored and ravages checked.

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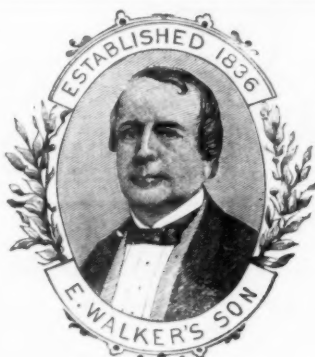
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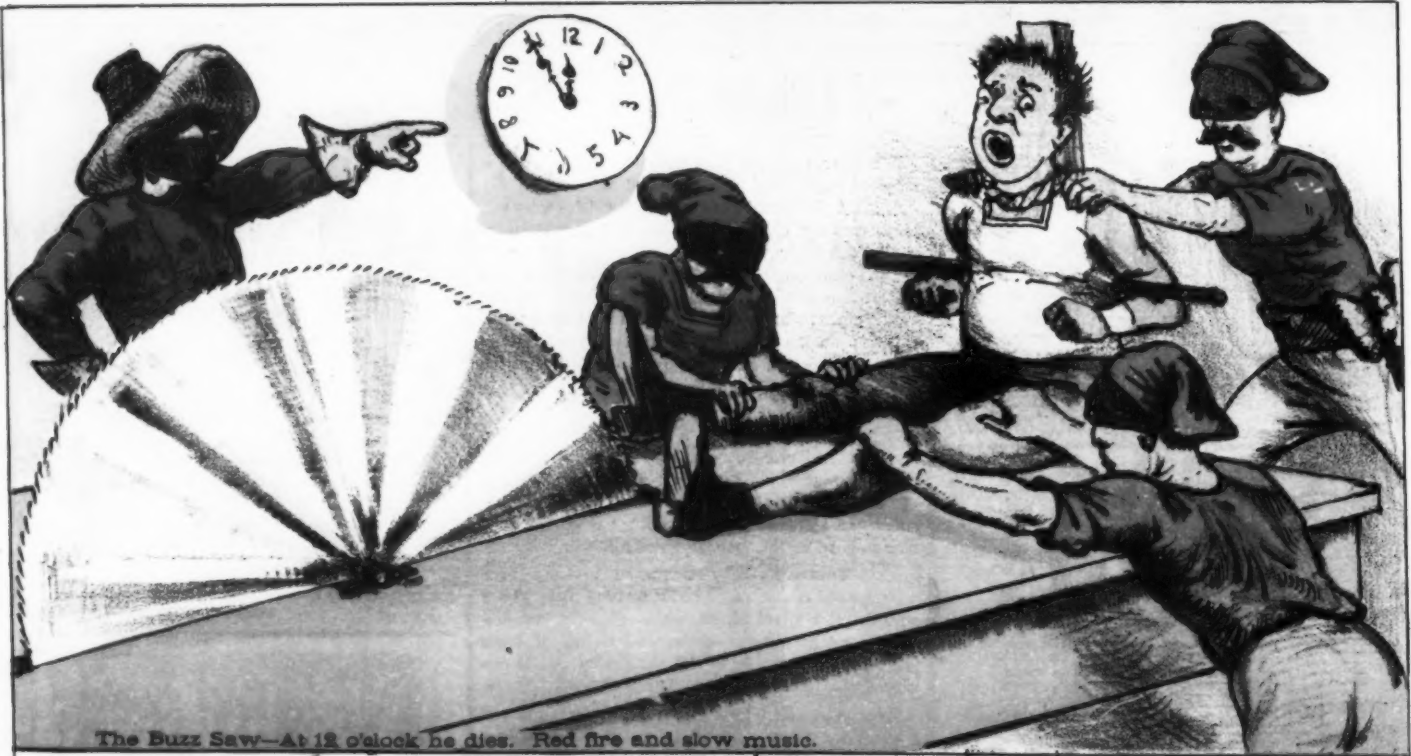
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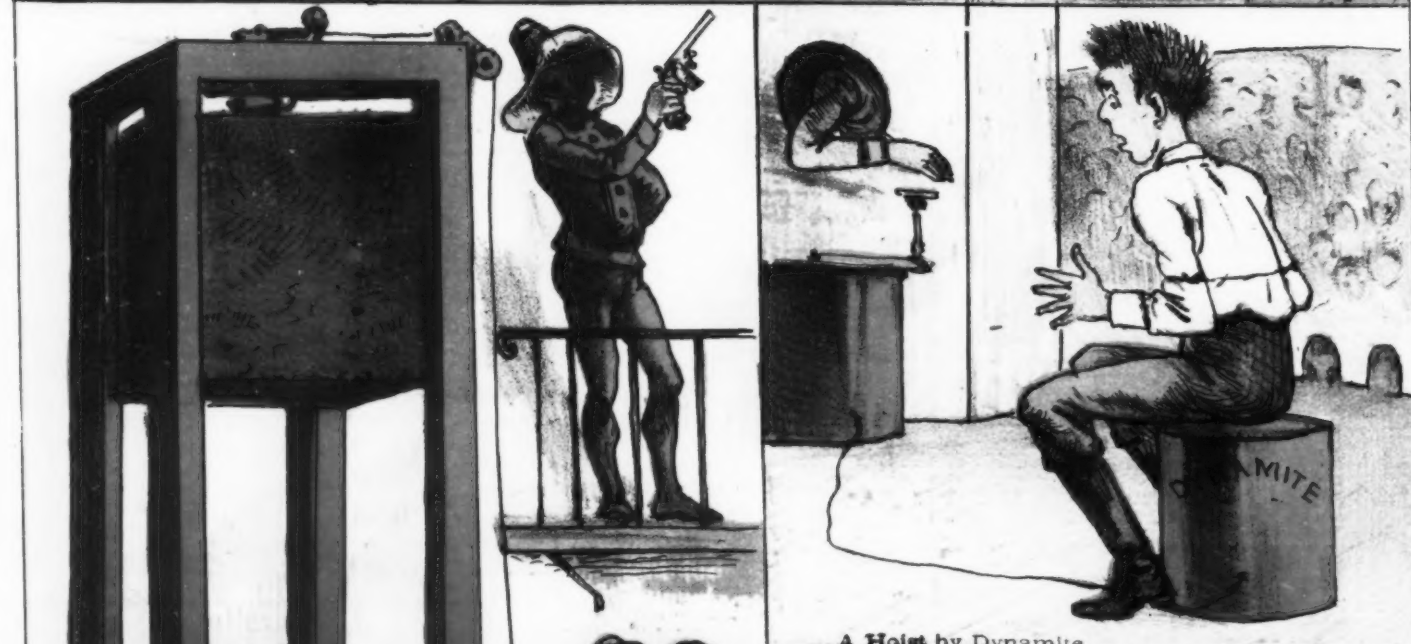
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