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THE CASTAWAYS.

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STABBED IN THE BACK.

TREACHERY and dissensions in its own ranks have dealt a blow to the Republican party which it will be slow to recover from. A wrong that armed treason twenty-four years ago failed to accomplish, has been at length consummated by a treacherous blow, foully dealt, from within the party ranks. The vipers that have stung Republicanism have been warmed to life on her own bosom. The knife that has been treacherously plunged into Mr. Blaine's back was forged in a Republican smithy, whetted on a Republican hone, and driven home by arms whose strength was nursed under Republican institutions. By the aid of this treachery Grover Cleveland has secured a narrow plurality in four northern states, and thereby is enabled to bring enough electoral votes to the South to elevate that region once more to the power which it so long held, and so shamefully abused. The closeness and incertitude of the conflict show conclusively that Republicanism has plenty of vitality left, and the party will be all the purer and all the more united now that its renegade element has shown itself in its true colors and become enrolled under the banners of the Solid South. Be it so. We at least know whom to trust in future. Regarding the respective merits of the candidates THE JUDGE has nothing to add to the opinion he has expressed all through this unusually animated campaign. He can but deplore the fact that the American people has chosen, by ever so close a majority, a person of Cleveland's antecedents to occupy the chair once filled by Washington, by Lincoln, and by the great leaders of the great party which saved the Union.

WHERE CLEVELAND'S VICTORY WAS WON.

THE Democratic ticket carried the South solid. That is to say, the white population of the South—former rebels and sons of rebels—voted for it. The negroes were either forced to vote with their former masters, or not allowed to vote at all. When neither of these plans could be put into operation, the negro vote was simply ignored in sufficient quantity to give the state to the Democracy. As the South is entitled to electoral representation on a basis of its voting population, without regard to color or party, this system not only disfranchises the negro, but gives to the southern white man about twice the power in the electoral college that the northern man can exert. That is why the South has 153 electoral votes—on the fond supposition that all voters will be allowed a voice in the choice of electors. It is safe and within the truth to say that fifty out of the one hundred and fifty-three southern electoral votes were stolen by the Democrats through the system of negro intimidation.

Now take the North. Cleveland receives the sixty-six electoral votes of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Indiana. In not one of these states did he have a majority of the votes cast, but simply a meagre plurality over Blaine, aggregating in all four of them less than thirteen thousand. On the other hand Blaine has a net plurality over Cleveland in the northern states of 374,691.

Compare the following table, for which we are indebted to the Cleveland Leader:

PLURALITIES FOR BLAINE.			
California	10,319	Nevada	1,386
Colorado	3,869	New Hampshire	4,000
Illinois	25,300	Ohio	31,802
Iowa	18,742	Oregon	2,020
Kansas	63,346	Pennsylvania	80,553
Maine	20,000	Rhode Island	5,620
Massachusetts	24,195	Vermont	22,740
Michigan	4,007	Wisconsin	12,000
Minnesota	37,400		
Nebraska	20,000	Total	387,299

PLURALITIES FOR CLEVELAND.			
Connecticut	1,320	Indiana	5,700
New Jersey	4,511		
New York	1,077	Total	12,608
Net Republican plurality			374,691

Hence it is apparent that, in the fairly counted states, Blaine obtained an overwhelming majority. Cleveland's victory was won in the South, the home of the Ku Klux, the shot-gun, and the tissue ballot. He has been elected by the states that tried to secede five and twenty years ago, and have been dragging the franchise through the mire ever since. The bead rolls of the northern states show whom the loyalty of the country chose for President.

REBUKED.

LET us stop a moment amid all this clash of conflicting parties;—amid the cheers of exultant Democrats and the misgivings of disappointed Republicans, and consider what moral this impending change of government really carries with it. On the fourth of next March the nation will inaugurate a

Democratic president at Washington—a president who, in spite of factions, deals and treachery in the North, owes his election mainly to the one hundred and fifty-three votes of the southern states, solidly cast for him. On the thirtieth of May next ensuing, the nation will celebrate Decoration Day—a day set apart for reverent and grateful acknowledgement of the services of those heroes who laid down their lives that the country might live. Is there not something anomalous in celebrating two such ceremonies in a single year?

Grover Cleveland and Thomas A. Hendricks take their seats as President and Vice President of these United States by virtue of the votes of those very people whose treason threatened the integrity of the Union, and whose rebellion filled those graves that within a few months the nation will decorate. Grover Cleveland was one of those who sent a hired substitute to fight his country's battles; yet his record as Sheriff has shown that he is not averse to do any work he takes an interest in, with his own hands. Thomas A. Hendricks was a regular southern sympathizer—one of the men that used to be called "copperheads" in the North. Leaving Cleveland out of the question, is not the election of such a man as Hendricks to the Vice-Presidency a stinging rebuke to the memory of the Union soldiers who perished—to the face of the Union soldiers who survive?

The war is over, and thank God it is over; but a nation's memory of gratitude for favors received should not be measured by a pitiful span of five and twenty years. An insignificant plurality in a few northern states has placed the South in power again. We may strive to forget the war as we may, but they remember it down there. To this day, Republican leanings are enough to detar anyone from official trust and honor in the South. To this day the South is eaten up with party feeling, sectional feeling, and race feeling. There is no change of feeling down there. They glory in the opportunity that Hendricks and Cleveland have gained, to bid the veterans of the early sixties stand aside and yield the palm to the old "chivs" of Mississippi and Alabama. THE JUDGE is sorry for the veterans and sorry for the loyal men of the North, who fought and bled in a noble cause, aye, and conquered, but lived to learn that they had conquered in vain, and that they must step aside into the gutter that a Cleveland and, oh shame!, a Hendricks may pass them by. Gentlemen of the Republican party who voted for Hendricks, you are welcome to your feelings. THE JUDGE does not envy you.

THE CASTAWAYS.

AMONG all the many anomalies developed by the late canvass and election, there is nothing more anomalous than the bolting Republicans—the Independents as they have loved to style themselves. Well, they are

independent now with a vengeance—inde-
pendent with the independence of Alexan-
der Selkirk, who was "monarch of all he
surveyed," by the supreme right of solitude.

Just reflect on the position of these men.
They have been trained and brought up in a
Republican school, and they have chosen, in
a moment of pique, to render all their train-
ing and experience nugatory. They aban-
doned the party in whose ranks they had
fought and conquered, and cast their lot
with their immemorial opponents. They
slunk in among the sutlers and camp-fol-
lowers of the great Democratic army, and
now, in the hour of triumph, the Demo-
cratic army is little disposed to regard them.
For the Democratic leaders will argue thus:
"In spoils and patronage we have some
booty, but barely enough to go around, even
if we confine the distribution to our choicest
cohorts. These bolting Republicans only
joined our ranks to satisfy a private and per-
sonal grudge. Well, we have aided them to
their revenge and their revenge has aided us;
but shall we further reward them, to the
detriment of those who have fought with us
shoulder to shoulder for so many years tow-
ards the achievement of this glorious result
just reached? Perish the thought. The
Republicans are left—let the bolters be left
with them. We are sorry for the latter, but
we cannot help them, and they should have
thought of all this sooner."

Thus the Democrats, with an appetite
born of long fasting, and a keen eye for the
loaves and fishes, born of hearty appetite.
And so the Independents are left—how
badly left we will realize better a year from
now than we can to-day.

Take the *Times*, for instance—a paper
which very few people take now-a-days—but
still it will serve for an example. The *Times*
bolted, not only from the Republican party,
but from its subscribers, its circulation, its
very bread and butter. The election excite-
ment helped it to a factitious rally, though
at no time did its edition come within forty
per cent of the *Tribune's*. Now the bubble
is pricked. Republicans are disgusted with
the *Times*, Democrats do not want it; it
sees its old rival, the *Tribune*, easily filling
the entire field which it once shared, and a
once influential paper becomes pitiful in its
self-inflicted degradation—a moribund cock
in the journalistic pit.

That is a fair instance of the position of
these castaway Republicans. Deserted by
both parties, trusted by neither, with
nothing but their own little mutual-admira-
tion-society circle to console them for the
contempt of the nation, they will live to
learn that the defeat of James G. Blaine
was indeed a Pyrrhic victory for the Repub-
lican deserters.

"JOHNNY, why don't your mother sew
up the rent in your trousers?"
"Coz she's up ter church, er sewin' for
ther 'eathens."



THE HOME STRETCH.

The Cashier.

An Idyl which Tennyson would have substituted for his
"Brook," if he had ever lived in New Jersey.

I COME from haunts of solid 'men,
Where stocks are brisk and busy;
I make a five—I make a ten,
With speed would turn you dizzy.

I pass within those massive doors,
The public's money's guardians,
And certify men's checks by scores
When brokers call for margins;

Until a panic lays us low;
We fail in much disorder;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go o'er the border.

With many a dodge my books I fix
To hide the way I'm acting,
And entries true and false I mix
In manner most distracting.

I swindle, swindle high and low,
I am the boss defrauder,
For men may come and men may go,
But I skip o'er the border.

I wind about, and in and out,
And take all I can collar;
With here and there a treasury note,
And here and there a dollar,

And here and there a mining share
That tells of golden gravel,
Nipped cleverly from bull or bear
Goes with me when I travel.

I draw them all along, and sail
To join my co-defaulters;
For men may prosper or may fail—
The bank clerk never alters.

G. H. JESSOP.

MONEY is the root of all evil. Is that
why your radical reformer is always crying
out: "We must go to the root of the evil."

How to Keep a Piano.

SOME pianos cost as much as a fast horse,
and deserve the same kind treatment. After
it has had a pretty hard time of it all day
and all evening, up till twelve o'clock, with
the windows open to give it air, and your
neighbors a chance to hear how it works,
and you think you have run it enough, and
it is exhausted and over-heated, and likely to
take cold and develop a distemper, you
should throw a blanket over it right away
and go to bed yourself.

Keep the top open when you play, or the
music will be apt to choke up and explode
the piano.

Every six months rake out the old hair
pins, combs, buttons, gum drops, curl
papers, and other *bric-a-brac* that have been
sucked in.

If, from playing disjointed tunes, the case
has become disjointed, fill the inside with
water and let it soak, otherwise the music
will leak out all over it.

When singing, do not yell too loud into
the piano. We have known several pianos,
and strong ones, too, to be unfixably injured
in this way. Don't strain it so.

The more you let a piano stand idle with-
out exercise, the more skittish it becomes,
and is likely to balk and run off the track.
Please remember this.

If you use gutta-percha thimbles for the
ends of your fingers they will not wear
through so quick, and if the ivory on the
keys wears through you can replace them by
putting old tooth-brush handles in their
place.

Always try to have the tone of your piano
average pretty well with the tone of the fam-
ily if it is toney.

It might be that the piano sometimes
skips stitches. You can remedy this by
tightening the tension on the threads of
song, readjusting the bobbin, and soaping
the fly wheel.



THE GREAT INDIAN ANTI-FAT REMEDY.
Satisfaction guaranteed, or flesh refunded.

Do not drive your piano on any gallop all night, but allow it a few hours rest; so that it can go freshly through another twenty hours of the next day without flagging.

Be careful how you try to play German and Italian tunes on an English piano that knows nothing about German or Italian. We have seen pianos give out and suffer death by the operation. A piano can't bear everything.

If your piano shows signs of disorganization and weakness, you should give it something to tone up its system. You also might take the insides out and hang them on a strong nail on the shed for a week, and let them air and recuperate in the sunshine. The longer you leave them hang out the better.

In playing the Anvil Chorus, do not bang the keys with a sledge hammer weighing over eight pounds and a half, or you might have to send it to the blacksmith himself; and if you find it has not the right pitch, you must pour more pitch into it, red-hot.

In playing dirges always muffle the piano wires by laying a folded cloth on them; you can muffle it still more by stuffing a pillow in, and thus, of course, make softer music.

Never allow a young man to lean on the piano while you sing and play.

It has enough to bear, and then the singer gets forgetful.

If a wire breaks, have a longer and stronger one put in its place, it will last longer; and do not try to run the octaves up too high for fear they get stuck and you can't get them down, nor too far down into the mud.

Do not strike your operatic corn or bunion on the treadles, as it is likely to spoil the harmony. Keep the piano stool tuned, and if you find your piano is getting racked to death, think of us.

A SILENT partner is one who makes no noise and leaves nothing.

BINGS suggests that the fountain pen was so named because it never runs.

"WELL, you're sold," said one picture to another in the art gallery. "I'll be hanged if I am," it returned.

Monographs.

POT-POURRI.

PRAYERS and repentance are all the rage,
(The pumpkin-pie has lost its bloom.)
We've eaten the fat duck stuffed with sage,
(Can anything indigestion assuage?)
And our thoughts are buried in gloom;
While the sight of a turkey frightens us more
Than a ravenous rival hunting for gore.

It's over at last, the national feast;
(Lucky it comes but once a year!)
We've slaughtered and eaten the fatted beast,
(How near we came to needing a priest!)
Our Thanksgiving should be sincere;
We've had a most narrow escape this time
From leaving this earth for another clime.

Gilt edged—counterfeit gold pieces.

A tie in the house—when a wedding takes place.

Large ears are said to denote generosity.
The mule is well heeled in this respect.

Walt Whitman threatens to lecture in England. Here is exemplified one of the pernicious effects of free trade in a country.

Olive Logan is writing a novel "just for fun." We are anxiously waiting to hear what firm will publish it for the same reason.

Poisonous mushrooms are, as usual, getting in their unreconstructed work this fall. The man who "didn't know they were poisonous" is being buried in the accustomed large numbers.

We are informed by a fashion paper that buttons are becoming aesthetic. For some time past we have thought buttons were more ornamental than useful, and that's the reason we have worn shingle nails on our trousers.

A Newark girl has a pet dog that drinks applejack. He makes things howl when he gets drunk, which leads the office-boy to remark that dogs, like men, should cur-bad habits in their in-sip-ency.

Forty-three traveling clocks were given the Marquis of Stafford on the occasion of his recent marriage to Lady Erskine. If the happy couple can settle upon the exact time of the departure and arrival of trains by consultation of these forty-three time-pieces, they will put to blush the man who all his life has been trying simply to make the clock in the sitting room and that in the parlor strike at one and the same time.

Snigglewig is a hypocrite.

Finleather is a blunt old dog.

Each hates the other.

Snigglewig and Finleather met on the street the other day.

"Delighted to see you, delighted," gurgled Snigglewig with great *empressement*.

"Well, I suppose I could return the compliment if I'd as little regard for the truth as you have," growled Finleather. And he passed on.

So did Snigglewig.

Old Lady (very much excited)—"Save him somebody! There's a man fallen in the water! He will drown!"

Bystander (very cool)—"Don't alarm yourself, madam. I know the man. He won't drown."

Old Lady—"Can he swim?"

Bystander—"No; but he can't sink."

Old Lady—"Gracious! Why?"

Bystander—"Because he comes from Cork."

Old Lady faints. Bystander grins. Man rescued by boat.

An Infantile Accident.

"Great heavens, send for the doctor at once!" he cried to the servant.

"Is it the baby, sir?"

"Yes; hurry girl."

"What's the matter, sir?"

"He's just cut his tooth, and I'm afraid he'll bleed to death."

An Impossible Feat.

"I KNOW I should make an ass of myself, if I played that part," he said when they proposed to get up an amateur performance.

"Impossible, my dear sir," returned the director.

"Why do you think so?"

"Asses are not made; they are born."

A Sure Sign of Fatigue.

"JONES must have been in a beastly state of intoxication last night."

"Why do you say that?"

"I heard him when he came home. He stood out in the yard, talking, for a long time. Finally he raised his voice, and said, 'Run, old fellow, the plumbers are after you!' that aroused me, and I went to the window and saw—"

"What?"

"Jones talking to the fountain."

Resorting to Falsehood.

"THAT was a miserable subterfuge to escape the penalty of the law, wasn't it?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you knew that Bangovski had been arrested last week in Alexander, N. Y., didn't you?"

"Yes, I had heard of it. But what of that, did he get off free?"

"Yes; told the judge he was a Russian, and demanded protection in the name of the Czar."

A Study of Dudes.

WHAT is a real dude?

Dude is a very much abused word. It is a word that has a real meaning and stands for a real thing. But nine tenths of the time it is applied, it is not used correctly. Some seem to have an idea that most anyone may be a dude if he tries, but this is not the case. There is a great deal more in a dude than clothes. The real dude is something natural. He is a sort of a freak of nature. The way he dresses is only one of his peculiarities. Those who are most often called dudes only dress like dudes. The real live dude is not near so plenty as might be imagined. A good sized town generally has no more than three or four of these curiosities. It is only now and then that you see a real dude while walking along the crowded streets of a city, but when you do see one, you know he is one at a glance, if you know what a dude is or have ever seen one before. There is something about him that can't be mistaken. He has the form and bodily appearance of a man, and though his clothes may be a little noticeable as being in the extreme of style, it is his face that gives him away more than anything else. There is something about it so remarkably vacant and expressionless. Something almost child-like; or rather more like an idiot. He is usually a frail, delicate-looking creature. One wonders as he sees him how he manages to live through the heat of summer and the frosts of winter. Yet he survives the hardships of life much better than his appearance would indicate. This is probably because he takes such good care of himself. He never takes part in the sports of other young men. They are altogether too violent and rude for him, and then they are nothing but dull, tiresome amusements anyway. Dancing is as far as he ever goes in the way of exerting himself, and then he always clings close to his girl.

Perhaps another reason why the dude, so frail and delicate, lasts so well, is his remarkable freedom from all mental disturbances; you will notice he always takes things very cool and always appears perfectly composed. This, however, is not the composure and self-possession that comes from strength of mind. It is the natural result of a lack of mind. The poor thing has so little brains that he is incapable of being impressed by those things which affect ordinary mortals. His mind is never agitated or troubled because he has none. Hence the dude sleeps well, and is often less affected by the hard things of life than many who possess greater physical endurance.

Although the dude thinks only of the girls—as far as he is capable of thinking—and seldom associates with anyone else, there are few girls who think anything of him, unless it happens to be one just like himself, differing only in sex. The reason he is tolerated at all by the girls is because he comes handy. He is very attentive, and is always on hand when wanted. The girls know he is a fool, and despise him all the time they are enjoying his favors and services.

The dude walks along the street in an abstracted, self-important manner. He seems to take little notice of anyone or anything going on about him. He appears to think he is to be looked at, not to look. Although every sensible person thinks he looks more like an idiot than anything else, he is, apparently, exceedingly well satisfied with himself, and thinks himself an object of admiration wherever he goes.



THE MAN.



THE SIGN.



THE DOG.



THE RESULT.

A Mid-day Murder; or The Secret of the Sanctum.

By "JEF. JOSLYN."



A SHADOW fell athwart the sanctum doorway of the Podunk *Pistareen* office, and a theatrical "hand-over-your-head-before-I-blow-the-top-of-your-purse-off" voice inquired:

"Aha! is this the Managing Editor, I see before me?"

The individual thus addressed looked up at his abrupt questioner, and affirmatively replied.

"It are!—it am! take a seat, and tell me what I can do for you."

"Nothing at all, my dear sir. The whole matter hinges upon the incaluable benefit I can be to the *Pistareen*, thou 'ditorial Mogul," remarked the seedy and hungry looking caller, as he squared himself in a comfortable arm-chair in front of ye newspaper man's desk.

"*Spiel* then! state your 'biz,' and cut it short!" was the injunction.

"Well, most brainy Genie of the Press, this is my scheme,—POETICAL ADVERTISEMENTS! For instance: The undertaker wants an 'ad' that will catch the public eye. You charge him double rates, and sandwich in between the locals, my 'Copyrighted Advertising Verse' for this profession in large Cap type, as follows:—changing the name to suit, of course:



Oh, Jones, he keeps a first-class stock
Of coffins—plain and fine;
He guarantees the neatest fits
In rosewood, a-h, or pine.

Just drop around to Jones's place,
And view his caskets o'er;—
Then make your choice, before you 'flunk'
And start for Jordan's shore!

See? the originality of the idea of leaving one's measure for his 'wooden overcoat' before 'passing in his checks', will take with the *Pistareen* readers, and the undertaker's advance orders will cause him to engage a whole page of advertising space and thereby swell your coffers with golden drachmas and roubles! Now, my Rajah of Editors, I have an endless variety of patented rhyming notices similar to the above—adapted to all branches of business—which I will sell to you for a mere song, considering their intrinsic worth, and if you have one-half the sagacity and enterprise that those intelligent features of yours would seem to indicate, you will close a bargain with me for the *Pistareen's* exclusive right to use them, ke-wicker than lightning! I have chirped my carol, and now await your high cockalorum's pleasure."

The Managing Editor nervously toyed with a two-pound iron paper-weight with one hand, and took a firm grip on the shears with the other, and inquired of his loquacious visitor and alleged poet:

"How much do you want for the sole privileges connected with your scheme?—say a royalty of a free subscription of the paper, as long as we make use thereof?"

"What? *No sir-ee!* I'll take a controlling interest in the shares of the *Pistareen*,—the position of Political Editor at a salary of two hundred dollars per month, with the expenses of an European trip paid for me every year,—for my advertising specialties, and not a cent less!"



The heavy paper-weight came down on his luckless cranium at the same instant as the sharp shear-points sank deep in his vitals, and, as the grim Managing Editor stooped down and feloniously extracted the bundle of "Copyrighted Advertising Verses" from his victim's inside pocket, he laughed in fiendish glee; then, spurning the dead poet with his aristocratic foot, he ordered:

"What ho, without! (enter the office 'devil,' and one jour. printer). Cart this carrion away and donate it to the dissecting-room of some Medical College! (*sotto voce*) Aha! I will now enrich the *Pistareen* with this great idea, without being obliged to 'divy' with its author!"



NO. 1. HA! HA! HA! A CHAIN WITHOUT A DOG.

The Reason Why.

No! I never was a fellow
To spoon, you know;
I never want to mash the girls—
I tell them so;
I do not care to wink at them,
To smile or sigh,
To kiss them, or to press their hands.
Do you know why?
I'm nothing of a dude neither,
I must confess;
I do not care for dyed hair,
Don't care for dress;
I never sport a masher hat
Or sky-blue tie,
Or plaids that I could walk out through;
Do you know why?
I don't suppose I'm handsome,
But still I pass;
When I look every morn'
Into my glass,
I see a bottle nose
And one blind eye;
Yet the ladies all adore me—
Do you know why?
They work me tasty slippers
That I can't wear,
They send me presents—photographs
And locks of hair;
They beg me to drop in and call
When I pass by,
And keep their sweetest smiles for me—
Do you know why?
'Tis not for my attractive self
These beauties care,
They like me just because I am
A millionaire;
There's nothing half so beautiful,
The sweet girls cry,
As a man with heaps of money—
So that's just why.

EVEN the temperance lawyers have bar bills.

Journal of Young Sawbone's Bride.

DEC. 1ST—Thank Heaven that that dreadful, horrid woman that rented one of our rooms, has departed. Why, I never heard of anybody as impertinent as she was, and she wanted everything she could think of. She made a fuss because there wasn't Cannel coal for her grate, ordered six towels a day, and then said they were not fine enough. Well, they cost twelve dollars a dozen. She spilled shoe blacking on three of them and stole the rest; at least they disappeared when she did.

I just couldn't stand her at all, and Mary declared she'd leave if the woman didn't. So I went and told Edward I'd rather live in a tenement house myself than to have such a creature around. When I told him this he looked glum, and said she might as well go he supposed. It didn't make much difference anyway for he didn't see how we were going to pay the rent and meet our other expenses, whatever way we fixed it. Just then Mama came in all smiling and happy—and when I saw her, and thought how easily she and Papa got along, and how happy I used to be at home, I just threw myself into her arms and burst out crying.

"Whatever is the matter," she exclaimed. "Are you not happy?"

Then, as Edward turned on his heel and left, looking daggers at me, I told her everything. Yes, everything, including the brown paper parcel and the baby.

That night at dinner Edward was as cross as two sticks. While we were eating, a note came from Papa and, on opening it, I found a check for \$300.

Edward looked somewhat relieved when I handed it over to him and he coolly put it in his pocket. I am quite sure it ought to have my name on the back of it before it can be cashed. He didn't even say thank you to me. My head aches awfully too, for after Mama left, that terrible lodger came down and said unless she could have an eider down blanket on her bed, she would leave. I calmly told her I guessed she'd have to go

M. E. J.



NO. 2. OH! OH! OH! A DOG WITHOUT A CHAIN.

then, for I only had one and that I used on my own bed, whereupon she commenced to talk so loud that Mary appeared on the scene and threatened to call the police. I ran in my room, locked the door, and clasping Nery in my arms, I staid there till she and her trunk were outside the front door. Of course, she didn't pay for the time she was in the room, so I don't think keeping lodgers can be very profitable after all.

Oh dear, Edward's gone out again, and he doesn't take the slightest interest in my headache.

He doesn't seem to have any calls either. His sign is in the window and I should think somebody *might* get sick and want him.

Dec. 4th—Edward's had a call. The bell rang at midnight last night, and he was called out to a house on the block to see a child that had the croup.

I asked him all about it, and he said he started to cut a hole in the child's throat to let the air out, or in, I've forgotten which, but the parents objected, and while they were discussing the matter and waiting for the family doctor, the baby died. Edward seemed to feel worse about not getting a chance to cut into the child's throat than he did about its death, and when I said as much to him, he got vexed and said "much I knew about science!"

I told him that science or no science, I didn't blame anybody for not wanting to have holes cut in their throat. Then he sniffed contemptuously and after that it was daylight, but we both went to sleep again.

I am glad he's had even one call though. It looks more encouraging.

By the way, I did have to put my name on the back of the check. Edward used most of the money to pay the rent. We're going to make another attempt to get some respectable lodgers, and I guess next time Edward will look up their references.

He says no women need apply. I think he's right. I don't want any more petticoats in the house.

OLD men are like doctors—they doze.

A POOR woman, the wife of an organist, died of brain fever brought on by her husband perpetually playing on a very fine organ, the pipes of which ran up at the head of her bed. The physician, without hesitation pronounced the disease to be an organic one.

"Jef Joslyn's" Jollities.

"An oar true tale—the boat-race description.

Can Bill Barnum furnish enough "mules" for all the Bourbon cele-bray-tions?

Rattle, rattle, rattle,
Goes the dice-box gay;
Gambling o'er the turkeys
For Thanksgiving Day.

A wax-end—the last of the candle.

The would-be political *Benny-factor*—
Butler the irrepressible.

Sculptors in need of a posing model,
should negotiate with Sam'l of *Posen*.

SCENE in a pork-packer's office. Seedy Individual—"Say boss! Can you give me a job?"

Proprietor—"That depends on your qualifications."

S. I.—"Well, I've had two years experience at 'packing'; but owing to the late change in our city administration, my occupation's gone."

P.—"Why, how is that?"

S. I.—"I was one of the most successful *jury-packers* you ever saw—but this Court Reform movement knocked me out!"

He was engaged and shown to the packing department of that hog emporium immediately.

Now each joyous Democrat,
A new hat—hat—hat
Of the finest silk upon his head doth wear;
Which he luckily did get,
On a bet—bet—bet
That G. C. would occupy the White House chair.

Drunken Fellow (in Broadway stage)—
"What'sh zhat!—Ghilsy House? H—l! I wanted to get out'zh Fifth Avenue! Just'sh my ——— luck!"

Irascible Gent (opposite) — "Look here, my man, no swearing; there are ladies in this 'bus."

D. F.—"Go to'sh d—l, and mind'sh yer own bis'ness!"

I. G. (collaring offender, and kicking him out of stage)—"There! ——— your soul! No ——— man can use profane language in the presence of the fair sex, when I'm about—by ———!!!"

Sinks back in seat exhausted.

The Song of the Coat.

DECEMBER's days are drawing nigh,
With icy blasts,
And chilling blasts,
With driving sleet and drifting snows.
The leafless trees stand grim and bare,
O, very bare,
Yes, awf'ly bare;
And nature falls to calm repose.

The joyful sleighbells' merry ring—
The riding ring
Not welkin ring—
Will soon be heard from east to west;
And thoughts of winter gayeties
Will crowd the brain;
And sweet refrain
Will penetrate each youthful breast.

Now here and there, throughout the land
Is heard the cry—
The awful cry—

That echo sends to parts remote;
It is a wail that now goes forth,
A simple wail—
But frightful wail—

"Who'll trust me for an overcoat?"

Our New Hotel.

THIS new hotel is now open—except on cold days.

If you don't feel at home here you'll be sent there immediately.

Landlord will receive information from guests how to keep a hotel on payment of a small sum in coin.

Everybody will be put in the best room in the house, even if they growl about it.

Guests complaining of cold rooms will be fired in a red hot manner.

Old boots and coats not currency for board bills, nor check of whatever denomination.

Iron-plated rooms for guests who snore.
No guest allowed to sleep in two rooms at once.

Bill of fare reversed every day.
No square meals unless they are squared for; house on granite cash basis.

When board bills begin to run the boarder will be made to begin to run too.

We keep our hogs in the back yard.
Guests occupying two chairs and eating off two plates with two knives and forks charged double.

Meals at all hours, but no hours at all meals, understand. Meals with or without victuals. If you don't see what you ask want for it. Hot or cold coffee a specialty.

Guests without money need have no delicacy in stating it at once.

Suits of single rooms on each floor.
Money, for safety, must be left with the clerk—at least the amount of your bill.

Doors so fixed that if you have lost your key you can get inside anyway, easily.

Millionaires treated as good as anybody else, and no extra charge for country relations.

House heated by steam—from kitchen.
No tipping the servants—or the coffee cups.

Distinguished guests *must* register their names.

No toothpicks kept in the office. Umbrellas to sell.

Dry baths in every room.

Rooms per day, first floor one dollar; second floor two dollars; third floor three dollars; and so on up—the higher you get the higher we get.

Please step up and sign.

A. W. BELLAW.

THE JUDGE





STABBED IN THE BACK.



"How young she appears for one so old," is an exclamation heard on all sides of the theatre of late, and it is an undisputed fact that the most prominent actresses and songstresses at present before the public are—to put it mildly—decidedly past the hey-day of youth.

It usually takes an actress as long to reach the zenith of her fame as it does for a man to attain the proud and lofty position of Captain on a Cunard steamer, but here all resemblance between the two ceases. Cunard Commanders occasionally resign or become incapacitated by old age—but not so the actress. Let her once reach the zenith, and there she will stick and hang, and nothing short of an interposition of Divine Providence will cause her to drop off.

Look at Ristori, over sixty years of age and still playing. She has grown weak in voice and it would be hard work to understand her, even if she spoke the English language fluently, which she does not. She travels with an expensive retinue of relatives, servants, and retainers, and pockets forty per cent of the gross receipts. We are told her manager is losing money, a fact we can readily believe.

Then there is Lotta. Not as old as Ristori of course, but still a little too old to be successful in New York—however well she may do in Philadelphia and other towns.

Mrs. Florence, too, is not as young as she once was, but she holds her own so well that she escapes criticisms.

But the women that have apparently partaken the most freely of the Elixir of Youth are Patti and Aimee.

Look at the little diva tripping over the Academy stage, hear her melodious voice as she ripples about among the cadenzas and roulades, and believe, if you can, that she is over forty years old, and that she has been carolling and trilling before the footlights for the past twenty-five years.

She is to all appearances good for another quarter of a century.

As for the little French woman—THE JUDGE will reserve his remarks till she appears here in her new play. Suffice it to say, that, when she appeared in Brooklyn a few weeks ago, she looked not one whit older than she did when she sang—well—several years ago—in the "Grande Duchesse" at a down-town theatre.

At The Fifth Avenue Theatre, the Hanlons are doing a fine business. The Florences were announced to appear here Dec. 1st, but it is said that John Stetson paid them seven hundred dollars to cancel their date and let the Hanlons have another couple of weeks in New York.

John Stevens, who has kept pretty quiet since he attempted to play *Richelieu* over on Third Avenue, has again taken an inning at the New Park. This time he gave the few and weird people that usually make up an audience at this place, a treat with his own play "Passion's Slave."—Usual success.

Harrison and Gourlay have skipped by the light of the moon—over to the Grand Opera House, and Fanny Davenport is still doing "Fedora" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

There were lots of matinees last week. Beside the usual ones on Wednesdays and Saturdays, there were extra performances at all the theatres on Thanksgiving day, and Thanksgiving day is no misnomer as far as managers are concerned. It is a well known fact in the profession, that for large audiences, and big box office receipts, this is "the day of all the days the best."

On Wednesday there was an extra benefit performance at the Madison Square to allow Miss Harriet Jay to show us how she plays "Lady Clancarty."

She has shown us, and we are very much obliged to the lady. Her brother-in-law, Mr. Buchanan, came over here and has shown us how to write plays. We are very much obliged to him too. So is Lester Wallack, who has tenderly consigned "Constance" to an early grave, and now comes forth in all his majesty of charms at his own theatre as Harry Jasper in "A Bachelor of Arts." Mr. Buchanan promises us another treat, however, in a play that he has written for the Madison Square. If it can compare with "Constance" and "Storm Beaten" we shall be blessed indeed.

Mr. Daly has lately discovered that Mr. Pinero's plays don't seem to please the patrons of Daly's Theatre, and has accordingly taken off "Lords and Commons," and has given us a comedy adapted from the German, and called "Love on Crutches."

Most of the plays that have been produced at this theatre for some time, have been either works of Mr. Pinero's or adaptations from the German.

Along with the vast majority of theatre-goers, we prefer the German.

Up at the Metropolitan Opera House, they are actually making money.

So far all the operas produced have drawn crowded houses, and there is a rush for seats at The Academy whenever Patti sings.

Harrigan and Hart have celebrated their one hundredth performance of "Investigation," and Mr. Harrigan's new play will probably be brought out about New Year's.

It is expected that The Standard Theatre will be completed about the tenth of this month.

Mr. Montgomery, of Sypher and Co., has charge, we believe, of the interior decorations. The curtain is an exquisite piece of tapestry painting, and is done by a young foreign artist.

"A Trip to Africa" is the piece selected for the opening night.

Barrett and His Actor.

LAURENCE BARRETT once had an Irishman in his company who thought he knew more about acting than the star himself. Matters finally grew so serious that Barrett was compelled to discharge the man, at the same time telling him that he ought to take lessons in acting before ever appearing on the stage again.

At this the Hibernian grew indignant, and blurted out:

"Well, Mistor Barret, you don't think Oim a good acthur, hey?"

"No, I do not, decidedly."

"Well, Mistor Barrett," exclaimed the fellow, "Oi may not be a good acthur, but Oi'd have you understand that you are not such a rattling good acthur yourself."

ONLY—

—a common dooryard
Back of a common flat;
Only a Kitchen doorstep,
And an old J. Thos. cat
Lazily in the sunshine
Dozing on the mat.



Only an open window
Directly overhead;
Only a fiendish boarder,
His face with grips o'er spread.
(All of which implies a big surprise
For that sleeping quadruped.)



Only a pitcher of water
Dumped with precision square-
ly down upon that J.T.C.
So calmly sleeping there—
And a frenzied chunk of cat-meat
plumps 6 ft. up in the air.



"MONEY is close," says an exchange. Is it? Our experience shows that it is a good ways off.—*Boston Post.*

SLEEPLESS people, says Health and Home, should court the sun. We need hardly remark that courting the daughter has a tendency to increase sleeplessness, especially in the case of the old man.—*Boston Globe.*

The Book of the Tribes of Columbia.

CHAPTER IX.

Arthur, the Chesterite, is succeeded at last; the future of the Tribes.

1. The eleventh month of the year had come upon the Tribes of Columbia; the same which was to bespeak unto the nation the name of its king.

2. And there was excitement in the land; from the sixth month had Columbia been raving mad.

3. So that it had come to pass that there was a boom in weapons of war, for men would clap down their shekels for the purchase of modern arms, unlike unto those with which David extricated blazes from the Philistines.

4. With these they perambulated forth upon the streets.

5. And men ambushed them, and lay in wait in the bush, behind the tree, and in the corner saloon, and stunned them with the query: "Who thinkest thou will be elected?"

6. And the waylaid Columbians uplifted their weapons, and smote their questioners with a large and business-like smite; and slaughtered them in great numbers.

7. Arthur, the Chesterite, the king of the land, said unto them: "Now hath the time come for me to vamose the ranch; I would not live always."

8. And the people answered and said, "Yea, verily, that is the ticket; thou art petered out, and had better mosey. We desire a new king."

9. Arthur said, "Whom shall it be?"

10. And Butler, the unrighteous Turk, uplifted his voice and said, "I am the gentle innocent in question."

11. Daniel and Hubert, the Siamese twins answered and said unto him with one voice, "Nay, Benjamin, thy voice is opprobrious to our ears. Thou art old. Thou hast served thy party well, but we are stronger than thou; therefore, let Grover supersede thee. Infants from Buffalo are at a premium, but Turks are discounted."

12. The Bible hath said, take a little wine for thy stomach's sake, but a saint named John, kicked, saying: "It is not meet that such should be so. Make me king, and I will fire whiskey into the depths of Hades."

13. And a woman, one Belva, said, "Lo, I am from Olympus; I am the goddess of wisdom, the relative of Apollo Belva-dear. Give the gods a show."

14. They made much clamor among them; but there was one who stood afar off, smiling as he gazed upon these poor mortals; for he himself was out of the kingdom. And lo, it was Blaine, the great chronicler of the kingdom, the diplomat and the man of great honor.

15. But the people left the squabbling throng, and went unto Blaine, saying, "When Arthur scrambles, take thou his place."

16. However while the people spake thus, Arthur had already stepped down from the throne; and the twins, gazing about them, perceived large numbers of Pharisees, cranks, and Morey-letter scribes; and said "While these asses parley with Blaine, let us seize the throne."

17. But Butler, and Belva, and the good Saint John blocked the way.

18. Howbeit the saint drank deeply from a glass filled with the water of Mephistopheles, and said, "The temperance game is worked dry; hurray for Grover."

A DERNIER RESORT.



SHE (indignantly)—"If you can't support me, what did you marry me for?"
HE (calmly)—"To be supported, of course."

18. And the children of Belva thrust Butler out of the way, and stamped upon Belva, and Grover was crowned king.

20. When the chronicler of these things saw Grover in the seat, he went unto the prophet Samuel, the uncle of the nation, and said "O Samuel, thou seest into the future; tell me how shall Columbia fare."

21. Uncle Samuel said unto me, "I see the tribes of Columbia forsaken, torn, dismembered, and fighting among themselves. No woman goeth within a mile of the White House, the oppressors of the people rule, the Ku Klux Klan ravages north and south, secession has come again. The negroes and the men of foreign lands have fled from the country, Columbia is desolate; her people mourn."

22. And the chronicler faded out of the door, and pondered muchly on what the seer had told him. And it saddened him exceedingly; insomuch that he laid down his pen, and said he would write no more of the tribes until better things came to pass.

Liked to Meet Him.

"LET'S cross the street and meet that fellow again," said a man to his companion with whom he was walking.

"Why didn't you speak just now if you have business with him?"

"I have no business with him."

"Then why do you wish to meet him again?"

"Well, you see I used to owe him, and in consequence, would avoid meeting him. Recently I paid him up and now I like to meet him. It's like Mark Twain's story of the boy who found a dime. He kept throwing it out in front of him to find it again. Come on, I want to meet him. I wish I had nothing to do but to meet him all day."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Johnnie's Compositions.

II.

"THE HOSS."

THE hoss is a collection of bones covered with ror hide, and 4 hoofs stuck onto the corners.

It is furnished with a natural paint-brush called a tail, and some hair tied onto its nek called the "mane."

When the animal is very "mane" it's called "balky." (Jim calls that "a bad one.")

The ancients thought the hoss was a kind of cow with the horns dug out, and I think so to.

The most important part of a hoss (to him), is his stumick, but the most prominent to other folks is his ribs.

You can see a hosses ribs when the rest of him is entirely invisible.

When brother Jim told me this, he said "that's a pointer for you." I'll give it to the school, nothing mean about me.

Horsehair grows onto hosses, and men put on harnesses to keep it from growing to long.

Yesterday, when I found I'd got to write a kompozition on a hoss, I xamined one and could see where the traces wore the fur all off the annulz sides.

They can run faster (hosses, I mean,) as a rabbit can, but not so quick as a lokomotive. Jim says "Mord S," (who ever that is), is the soonest hoss in the earth, and runs 20 miles a minute;—don't believe he'd run many minutes headed away from the barn, 'bout noon-time!

My father's got a hoss that runs as fast as a row-boat. He leases it out to funerals and Jim says "It's eminently fitted by nature for the job." It's so steady,—leans up against the hitching post and don't speak for hours. Farther wouldn't part with it for \$75.00 I know he wouldn't cos he's tried to.



A LOST APPETITE.

BRIDGET—"I don't know what's become of me appetite!"
BOY—"Guess you have eat it up."

The clothes hoss ain't a very enterprising variety of the annul.

Its always standin' 'round the stove and gettin in the way, but Jim says its got grit and beats the world for "hanging on."

Out west the wild hosses (which is more dangerous as buflers when attacked), grows in large bunches or herds and rome the prairie's. I don't know what they rome it with.

In winter they get frost-bitten 'cos they don't wear shoes and when attacked, collect into a circle and fire off their feet at the enemy. These (the feet I mean), the cow-boys use in makin' soupe, and such deliakays.

This is all I know about a hoss, so to finish this kompozition, I shall have to rite a nuther one. Think I'll make it essay and call it

A FAIRY STORY.

Wunst onto a time, a earth-worm came up outer the ground and began to look around.

Seein' no enmy near, it put two of its fingers into its mouth and made a funny soundin' whistle.

At the sound of the whistle a lot of little earth-worms also crawled out, and then the assembly had a meetin' to decide what kind of a xpedishon they should go onto. Finally the biggest worm, after leasurely picking a sow-bug outer his back teeth, struck a attitude which had been quietly sittin' on a current bush close by, and declared that the crowd oughter go chestnuttin'. And xpresst great indignashon that the small boys should ketch on to all the nice nuts.

So the other earth-wormz big and little swung their hats and shouted, "chestnutz," and the eternal hills took up the refranes and ekode 'em back, (the refranes I mean,

not the chesnuts.). Thats a quotashon I got outer of a medical almanack, and I think its pritty good.

Havin' decided the paint at issue, (father's ben usin' this word lots lately), the company crawled off singin' college songs, throwin' mud at everything, and using abusin' language jist like a perlitical procession does.

There waz about a million of 'em in line, and when they got to the woodz they all took to the trees and "appropriated," as a bank cashier would say, the lushus chestnuts.

Now if any of the little boyz or girls will step up to the platform, I'll show 'm some of the fruit I bort down to "Mike's" stand and they can see the earth-wormz ezy without the use of a thermometer.

Guess Jim thinks this a healthy ole Fairy Story. I ast him if it wouldn't do, and he said, "I'm afraid you've inserted a too largenes of fact."

I spoz that means something about the earth-wormz; next time I'll leave 'em out and say "lightnin'-bugs,"—some folks never is satisfied.

A Defective Memory.

THEY lived on a farm, and he was sent to town to buy some whiskey and groceries. He returned home late that night without any bundles.

"What made you so late?" she inquired.

"Busy," he replied.

"Did you buy any groceries?" she asked, as she looked around for the parcels.

"No, my dear," he replied, "I for (hic) got the groceries."—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine.*

A Gentle Hint.

A PROSY minister in a country church, when he had reached his "twelfthly," became thirsty, and not finding any water on the shelf under the pulpit, called to a deacon:

"Brother Brown, there's no water here."

"Do you want some?" inquired the deacon.

"Yes, I'm mighty dry."

A glass was brought, and the preacher proceeded to gulp it down.

"Mr. Goodlove," whispered the deacon, waiting for the glass.

"Well, what is it?" asked the preacher, stopping his libation.

"Don't you think you'd better offer a little to your sermon?"

The discourse was knocked out in the next round.—*Merchant Traveler.*

She Saved Him.

"Darling," she whispered as she stood beside his chair and rubbed the bald spot on his head in the gentlest manner, "why this gloom to-night?"

"Effie," he replied in a broken voice, "are you prepared to hear bad news?"

"Yes—no! What can it be?"

"I am short on pork, and the next ten days will probably witness my financial ruin."

"Oh, no! I can save you—yes, I can save you!"

"How?"

"I'll at once issue cards and invitations for our wooden wedding, which is only seven days away. We'll invite at least six hundred of our friends, each one of whom will be bound to send a present. Next day you can sell the whole business to some corner grocer, and secure enough cash to carry you through. Hold on for eight days, Richard, and we'll be long on pork and short on rolling-pins and potato-mashers."—*Wall St. News.*

Not Shot Down.

"AH, Colonel," said Major Higginson, "I am glad to meet you, even though I have rather bad news. But you know one is quite as willing to part with bad news as with good. You know your former partner, Sim Bottleford, left Arkansas some time ago and went to Colorado."

"Yes, I correspond with him," replied the Colonel. "Devilish fine fellow, let me say, and even if he was my partner, he is a perfect gentleman—I mean that I know he is a perfect gentleman, having had every opportunity of discovering the fact."

"Very true, assented the Major; "but, as I say, I have heard bad news. Sim is dead."

"What, dead! Impossible. I received a letter from him day before yesterday."

"Not impossible, Colonel, for you know the climate and business arrangements of of Colorado are sometimes sudden."

"My Lord!" said the Colonel, deeply affected, "what is this country coming to?"

Just to think, that fine specimen of manhood killed like a dog—shot down like a wolf."

"Oh, no, Colonel, he was not shot down. He killed himself drinking whiskey."

"Is th. t so?" his face brightening.

"Now you are becoming more comprehensive. Killed himself drinking, eh? I thought he had more sense than to get shot. Well, I am glad that his death was not disgraceful. It is a serious matter to be shot down, sir; a very serious matter. Let's step in here and get a little something."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

After Her Heart.

"You don't want to marry that fellow," said a cautious mama to her daughter.
 "Yes, I do."
 "No, you don't. You don't really love him, my dear."
 "Well, perhaps not; but it's my first chance, and I may never get another."
 "Never mind if you don't. Wait until you find a man after your own heart."
 "That's just what's the matter mama; Charlie has been after my heart for eighteen months, and I guess I'd better let him have it."—*Boston Times.*

He Was a Mind-Reader.

YOUNG LAWYER (to witness in court)—"What is your occupation, Mr. Brown?"
 Mr. Brown—"I am a professional mind-reader."
 Young lawyer—"A mind-reader? Explain what you mean by that term."
 Mr. Brown—"I can read a man's mind—his thoughts—like a printed page."
 Young lawyer—"Ah! indeed! Let's see if you can tell what I am thinking of. Please read my mind, if you can, Mr. Brown."
 Mr. Brown—"Thank you. I never read a legal blank. I am a mind-reader."—*Paris Beacon.*

Election Returns.

"I SAY, when are you going to pay that bet?"
 "What bet?"
 "You bet a box of cigars that Ohio would go for the Democrats, didn't you?"
 "Yes, now I come to think of it, I did, and I've won, too."
 "How have you won?"
 "Well, if piling up thirty thousand majority for the Republicans is not going for the Democrats, I'd like to know what it is?"—*Texas Siftings.*

No Chance for Life.

OUR regiment," said a veteran, "went into the battle of Stone River eight hundred strong, and came out of it with only three hundred and twenty men. I tell you a man didn't have much of a chance for his life in that battle."
 "And our regiment," said another veteran, who had a wooden leg, "went into the army with one thousand men and came out with only seventy-five. What do you think of that?"
 "Why, dang it, man, you were not in a single engagement during the entire war! I know your history. You did not lose that leg in battle."
 "Who said I did?"
 "You were trying to give out that impression."
 "No, I didn't."
 "Then how did you lose so many men?"
 "Why we had two surgeons in our regiment."
 "Yes, but how did you lose your leg?"
 "Why, I hired a surgeon to cut a corn on my toe, and he sawed off my leg with a buck-saw. All the other boys did the same thing, and that's the way we lost the regiment. I tell you a man didn't have much of a chance for his life until one doctor took his own medicine and the other died of lockjaw in an attempt to pare his toe nails."—*Paris Beacon.*

Too Late.

HE took her hand in his and poured into her ear the soft, sweet story, told over and over again since the world was young. She smiled into his trusting face and cuddled a little cuddle under his downy chin.
 "I love you so," he gurgled.
 "Do you?" she murmured. "Then I will remain so."
 "Do you love me?" he inquired.
 "Don't ask me conundrums," she replied.
 "But I love you darling," he went on, "and I have given you my whole heart. I have kept none of it back. It is all yours, all yours."
 "Mine to do just what I please with?" she asked, in the sweet simplicity of girl-womanhood.
 "Yes, darling."
 "Then I shall give it to Mary Martin. She wants it, I know, and I haven't got any use for yours and Bob Brown's too, and Bob gave me his last night. You are too late. He had discovered that he was."—*Merchant Traveler.*

What He Wanted.

OLD man Mix was a confirmed drinker and his wife knew it, but as is usual with woman, still adored him, and was fixing up all sorts of palatable little dishes for him. One day at dinner she remarked:
 "My dear, just taste this; will you?"
 "What is it?" he asked.
 "Try it and see. It will make your mouth water just to get a smell of it."
 "Will it? Well, take it away then. I don't want my mouth to water under any circumstances. Water is too thin. If you can give me something to make my mouth liquor or beer, trot it out and do it as quick and as often as you want to, but no water, if you please."—*Merchant Traveler.*

A Bad One.

"WHY am ole Aunt Ann like neighbor Parson's dog?" asked little black Pete, as he tumbled into his old father's presence.
 "Can't tole yer, honey," replied the delighted father, as he stroked the knotted links on the child's head. "Why am it sonny?"
 "Parson's pup is black and tan, haint it?"
 "Yaas, in course it be?" replied the old man.
 "Well, haint she black Aunt Ann too!" and the youngster turned two handsprings and lighted on the front sidewalk.—*Whitehall Times.*

Tried to Obey Orders.

AT a recent primary election in Atlanta one of the candidates rallied his old soldier friends with the cry:
 "Go in, boys, and vote as you shot!"
 As one of the boys tried to vote the manager called to him:
 "Here, you have got two ballots here!"
 "Well, ain't that all right?"
 "No, it ain't."
 "Didn't the Captain tell me to vote as I shot?"
 "Yes, but what has that got to do with your trying to shove in two ballots?"
 "Why, I uster shoot er double bar'l gun, yer dang fool!"
 But he only got a single shot in the ballot-box.—*The Cracker.*

Awaiting His Second Coming.

NOT long ago a man named Chrise travelled through the western portion of Iowa buying grain. He contracted for any quantity of wheat and corn at extravagantly high prices, and created the idea that he was crazy. But he deposited money in the banks here and there with a free hand and left the impression that he was abundantly able to be eccentric if he wished. Having deposited freely he made his credit and used his reputation, thus gained, by drawing out one or two thousand dollars in excess of his deposits at each of the several banks. This fact was discovered by one of the banks during the absence of its president in Des Moines. The president was here for a several day's stay, but was induced to go home rather suddenly by receiving a dispatch as follows:
 "We are anxiously awaiting the second coming of Chrise."—*Des Moines Mail.*

Living High.

"I HAVE been living pretty high for several days," said the millionaire's daughter to her friend who made her a visit.
 "Why," returned the latter, "I heard your father had kept you locked up in the garret a week, for fear you intended to elope with the coachman?"
 "Well," replied the millionaire's daughter, "isn't the garret pretty high?"
 The friend didn't answer. She had fainted.—*Norristown Herald.*

Going Into the Paint Trade.

"ERASTUS, what will you do? This is the third time you've failed in business. For goodness sake, find something now that you can make money in."
 "That's just what I've done. I'm going into the paint trade, and I shall keep only vermilion, for you know that is the shade that is so popular in all the towns now."—*Boston Times.*

WHEN the old gentleman deeded all his property to one son, the other referred to it as one of the old man's misdeeds.—*Hatchet.*

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when our new method without use of knife, is guaranteed to permanently cure the worst cases of rupture. Send two letter stamps for references and pamphlet. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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REV. BURCHARD was the "power behind the throne."—*Hartford Post.*

THERE was a leak in the gaspipe at the Ascension church last Sunday, and Brown saw the pews in the edifice that day were not all wooden ones.—*Hatchet.*

ST. JOHN—"I say, Belva, what does 'G. O. P.' stand for?"
Belva—"It stands for Git Out, Peter, of course. Don't you know your own initials?"—*Cincinnati Merchant Traveler.*

THE most disgusted man in the country is the rural editor who delayed the publication of his weekly paper two days in order to announce the result of the presidential election.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Her age is telling on her," remarked Quarle to Sanderson as an old-time schoolmate passed.

"Yes, but she will never tell on her age." retorted Sanderson.—*Brooklyn Times.*

A NORTHAMPTON county debating society has decided that single life is preferable to the married state. The fate of the married members who voted in the affirmative and then went home is still wrapped in mystery.—*Philadelphia Call.*

REPARTEE. First man of letters (who has just made a joke)—"Now don't go and put that as your own into the Penny Dreadful for which you write." Second ditto—"And which is always rejecting your contributions!"—*London Punch.*

BEHEADING the corpses of the French soldiers is about the only way the Chinese are able to head off the French. It is hoped in the interests of civilization that the French will not take their cues from the Chinese.—*Siftings.*

WHEN a Chinaman wants to dye his hair he drinks the dye. When a democrat wants to "paint the town red" he imbibes the paint.—*Hartford Post.*

AMONG the Esquimaux you can buy a sealskin sack for two iron hoops and a ten-penny nail; but then it takes a sealskin sack to buy a ten-penny nail and two iron hoops.—*Boston Globe.*

BELVA ANN: "Marie, are my crimps all right? I must hasten to congratulate Grover. He and I are old friends, and besides he is a bachelor a-n-d—oh how my heart beats!"—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

TOO CAUTIOUS. He—"I am going to take away a bottle of salt water as a memento of this watering place." She—"But don't fill it too full, or it will spoil over on us when the tide comes in."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

LARRY JEROME, seeing the sign, "Every requisite for a funeral," in a London undertaker's window, entered and demanded a "corpse." He said that was the first requisite of a funeral.—*Providence News.*

"You must be saving and laying up for a rainy day," said Mrs. Bushman, as Virgie was trying to open her bank and get some pennies to buy candy with.

"Yes, you told me that once before, and I saved up a peach waiting for a rainy day and it got rotted before it rained."—*Brooklyn Times.*

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New Proverb for husbands: Look after your wife; never mind yourself, she'll look after you.—*Philadelphia News*.

The new smelling bottles are larger than ever, and meanly suspicious people are beginning to wonder what liquid is carried in them.—*Philadelphia Call*.

BELVA LOCKWOOD comes out of the campaign \$134.73 ahead. We doubt if any one of the other candidates has done as well.—*Hartford Post*.

THE Prince of Wales is only forty three. But if you count his age on the little darky's plan, by the fun he's had, he's 'most three hundred.—*Boston Globe*.

"MARRIED ABOVE HER" is the title of a new novel. It frequently happens, however, that the daughter of a first floor family weds the fifth-floor lodger.—*Philadelphia Call*.

AN instrument warranted to beat the ear torturing "kazoo" has been invented. It is called the "hew gag," and is ten degrees worse than the "tom tom."—*Hartford Post*.

A PHILADELPHIA paper says all republicans in office now are honest men. We cannot help but think, though, that they will be non est men after March next.—*Brooklyn Times*.

"GOD made the country and man made the town." Bostonians think the Hub was made first and the country was afterwards unfortunately tacked onto it.—*Somerville Journal*.

CHAIRMAN JOHN C. NEW thought he knew which way Indiana was going. After the election he discovered that he knew nothing about it. That was something new for New.—*Hatchet*.

THERE is \$40,000,000 of unclaimed money now in the vaults of the United States treasury. Some editor evidently dropped it out of his pocket and never missed it.—*Boston Post*.

My dear sir, you cannot always reason correctly from analogy. Because, for example, red-skinned apples make the best jelly, it does not follow that a red-faced man makes the best husband.—*Boston Transcript*.

It was in a restaurant. A big man and a little man stood side by side. "Gimme the salt, please," said the little man. "I'm not the waiter," said the big man in a surly tone. "Excuse me," was the retort; "it was a mistake anyone would have made."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

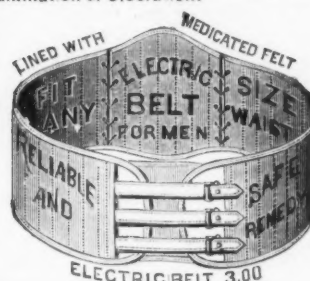
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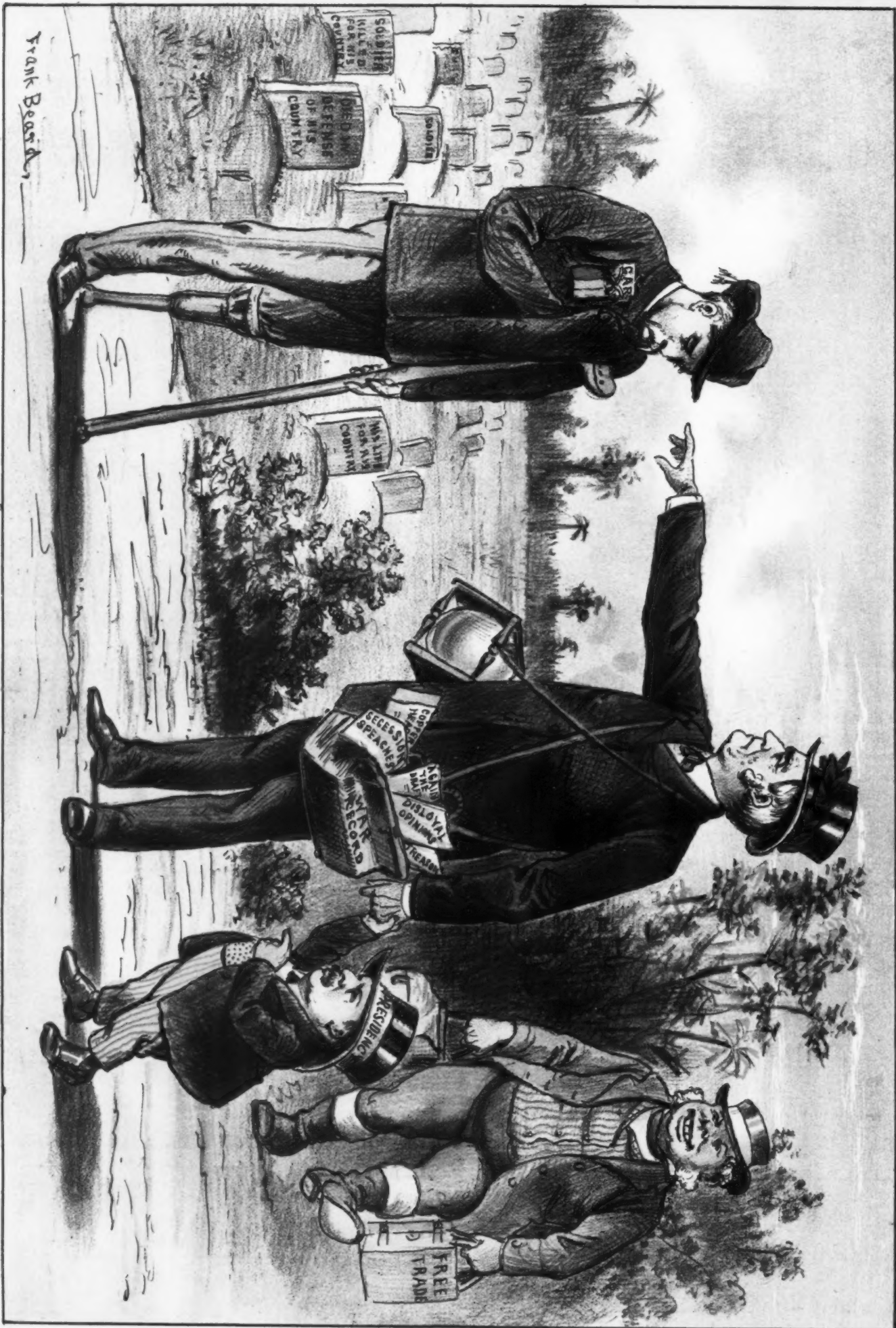
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