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THE JUDGE



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THE HOOTED MONARCH.

ALL Europe is convulsed by a silly ebullition of hissing and hooting directed against King Alfonzo of Spain by a Parisian mob. To be sure it takes very little to convulse Europe now-a-days. Bismarck sneezes, and the world trembles; a Paris gamin hisses, and Christendom stands aghast. On the whole we cannot greatly blame the Parisian mob for their conduct, however much we may deprecate it as an exhibition of bad taste. There is a hearty race antipathy between the French and Germans; it is only natural that there should be. The pride of France was humbled to the dust by the arms of Germany some thirteen years ago, and France has not forgotten it. That country has never ceased to think of it, to brood over it, to hope the day would come when the disgrace would be wiped out, and the armies of France would bivouac at Berlin as the armies of Germany bivouaced at Paris. Fair provinces have been wrested from France, who has never ceased to regard Alsace and Lorraine as her own. Under all the circumstances it is not to be wondered at that France feels a certain hostility towards Germany, and that the man whom Germany delights to honor is not the man whom a Parisian mob will heap blessings upon. And it is on his way home from Germany, where he has been feted, caressed, and appointed honorary colonel of an Uhlan regiment—a regiment especially obnoxious to France—that King Alfonzo visits

Paris. Under the circumstances it is scarcely to be wondered at that the mob hissed him. It was not an insult from France to Spain—it was an ebullition of popular disfavor on the part of a mob, and directed against a German officer who chanced also to be a Spanish sovereign. Diplomats may recognize Prince Bismarck's hand in all that has occurred, and no doubt the wily Chancellor is anything but displeased at the turn affairs have taken. It is even possible that Alfonzo's colonelcy was conferred on him in direct anticipation of the result that has actually occurred. Be that as it may, the effect of the *emeute* has been to increase King Alfonzo's popularity in his own country a thousand fold, and to place the French Government in a very false position. No wonder Bismarck is delighted.

THE HERALD'S NEW DEPARTURE.

It is certainly hard work to "buck against" the New York *Herald*, and the newsdealers are finding this out to their cost. Into the merits of the difficulty *THE JUDGE* has no desire to enter. It is a case altogether outside his jurisdiction. But it seems to him that the *Herald* has a perfect right to do as it is doing; though the newsdealers claim that the course it has adopted involves a great hardship to them. Certainly the publishers of a paper have a right to fix the price of it; and if this price does not leave a living margin of profit to the middlemen—which is the complaint of the newsdealers—the remedy is in their own hands, and they can let it severely alone. But the *Herald* is a publication which it is impossible to ignore, and extremely difficult to let alone—and it has already established its own system of news-stands, where not only the *Herald*, but all the other papers can be procured at the publishers' price. This must cut deeply into the profits of the old dealers, but where two bodies come into collision, the weakest must go to the wall, and the *Herald* is clearly within its rights in all that it has done. Meanwhile a number of poor men and women have been set up in business as newsdealers by *Herald* money; and they, at least, are not likely to complain. Truly, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good.

WATER IS CHEAP.

Now that the courts have sustained Mr. Jay Gould in his stock watering operation there is no knowing where our specimen financier will stop. Water is proverbially cheap (though when the city comes to pay taxes on the new aqueduct the proverb may lose its local application), and water of the kind Mr. Gould affects is plenty and easily obtained. A few million gallons, or certificates, more or less, need make no difference to him, and it is decidedly a money-making operation. If Mr. Gould had not been a financier he probably would have been a dairyman, for outside of Wall street or a big

dairy-farm there is no place in the world where his peculiar talent for water would shine to advantage. Lovers of the primitive fluid, who are afraid that the supply may give out under the copious libations poured by the worthy Jay Gould under sanction of the courts, may re-assure themselves by the reflection that he will probably leave enough of the element to float his yacht.

NEW-ENGLAND BIGOTRY.

AMERICA has produced in its day a very plenteous crop of exceeding good men—men so good, so pious, so godly that they would rather see an erring brother burn at the stake than continue in the error of his ways; men in whom religion degenerates into bigotry, and the fear of God finds no other outlet than in fanaticism. A hundred years ago, or more, such men were in their glory; they could kill, burn or torture those who disagreed with them. A hundred years hence, or less, such men will probably be in lunatic asylums, where they properly belong, if they belong anywhere. Just at present such men are simply ridiculous, and are mostly confined to New England. The latest ebullition of this fanatical spirit comes from Cambridge, Mass., where certain godly men are much exercised over the introduction of an opera in a course of lectures at Union Hall. In justice to the good sense of the laity, we may mention that all the "kickers" appear to be clergymen, and mostly Congregationalists and Methodists at that. Of course, to confront a New-England Methodist preacher with an opera is to bring him face to face with Satan himself, and he will kick and squeal lustily. It makes no difference to him that he never heard an opera in his life—does not know what it is like, and has never had any opportunity for judging of its nature or tendencies. Just say "opera" to him, and it is enough. No red rag was ever half as efficacious in irritating a bull or a turkey-gobbler—perhaps the latter simile would be the more accurate in discussing New-England preachers. If the same musical work were brought to the reverend gentleman under the title of an oratorio, he would receive it with open arms—but an opera! *Abathe Sathanos!* So the Rev. George R. Leavitt, of the Pilgrim Church, intimated in his sermon that all who saw the opera would be "cast into that all-consuming pit in which all who do not believe will be burned to a crisp, there not being sufficient left as food for worms." Attendance at opera, then, may be recognized, on Mr. Leavitt's authority, as a cheap and effectual method of cremation—though what special means of information on the subject this Boston Boanerges possesses he neglects to state. Another Reverend—Mr. W. T. Chase—threatened never to recognize socially a parishioner who went to the opera—an affliction, we should be inclined to imagine, that his parishioners will endeavor to bear with Christian fortitude.

Mr. Chase must have no small opinion of his own social qualifications if he imagines that he can make himself more attractive than an opera; and Mr. Leavitt is to be consoled with upon the fact that he did not live a few hundred years ago, when he need not have waited for his parishioners' deaths to order them to be "burned to a crisp."

Marriage a la Mode.

"Oh, wilt thou take this form so spare,
This powdered face and this frizzled hair,
To be thy wedded wife;
And keep her free from labor vile,
Lest she her dainty fingers soil—
And dress her up in gayest style
As long as thou hast life?"
"I will."

"And wilt thou take these stocks and bonds,
This brown-stone front, these diamonds,
To be thy husband dear?
And wilt thou in his carriage ride,
And o'er his lordly home preside,
Or be divorced while yet a bride,
Or ere a single year?"
"I will."

"Then I pronounce you man and wife;
And with what I've together joined,
The next best man may run away
Whenever he a chance can find."

Only a Tramp.

PASSED the Deacon with words of scorn
And glance at the maiden ill, forlorn,
Who, faint from fast since yesternorn,
Sank by the way in the dew and damp—
And echoed the epithet, "Only a tramp."

That night, in the decorated Square—
In a church with steeple high in air—
The Deacon led with hymn and prayer,
For a crowd had gathered there to hear
A famed D.D., of the loftiest stamp,
Preach of the virgin with oil in her lamp—
But not a prayer or thought of the tramp.

That night, as a pair of wondrous eyes
Closed upon earthly agonies,
Far away, in the star-gem'd skies,
Saw the gates of Paradise
Open—and angels lit her lamp;
And her soul went up from the dew and damp
To Him who suffered for her—a tramp.

FRANK WARE.

"Such is Fame."

"TO BE shot through the lungs and have your name spelled wrong in the gazette?" Oh no! That may answer for war time, but in these piping times of peace we have something much better. For example: A few days ago a lady passing through Boston on her way home from one of the New England watering places, stopped for lunch at the Parker House, with her little girl and nurse. Somebody attracted the nurse's attention, and she stared with all her eyes at an individual who had just entered the room. "What is the matter? Whom are you looking at?" inquired her mistress. "Oh, madam," said the girl; "do look. There's a gentleman out of THE JUDGE. The lady turned and beheld—General Butler!"

THE falls that most men get now-a-days are caused by banana peel. In ancient times it was the apple peel. We judge so from Adam's experience.



THE CONNECTICUT MURDER SCARE.

DEACON RIGGELSTY—*Cynthia, I would have you for my wife.*
CYNTHIA (very deaf and imaginative)—*Eh?*
DEACON—*I would have you for my wife.*
CYNTHIA (horrified)—*Have my life! Oh, Lawks! the man is mad!* (Shrieks for help, and Deacon Riggelsty is shown out by her brother.)

They Blew Away.

A GENTLEMAN whose business requires him to make two or three trips every year to Europe has been much pestered by his acquaintances, who on each occasion have some commission or another for him to fill. Mr. Smith, as we will call the gentleman, is the soul of good-nature, and he always cheerfully does his best to oblige his friends in this regard; though everyone knows how tedious and thankless this filling of a number of commissions is. However, one lady of his acquaintance added insult to injury—or injury to insult, which?—by giving the commissions without the *quid pro quo*, in the shape of the money for the articles she wished to procure. "They could settle afterward," she said; but, somehow, settling day never came, and Mr. Smith came to the conclusion that she was rubbing it in too thick. The amount was small, to be sure, but that only made the matter more vexatious. He concluded that he would rebel; good nature has its limits and he thought the imposition of being saddled with a lot of troublesome purchases bad enough, without being required to pay for them out of his own pocket. So he resolved to rebel and did it in this wise:

Mrs. Brown, as we will call the lady, requested him on the occasion of his last trip to Europe, to procure a dozen of cambrie handkerchiefs. As usual, no money accompanied the commission, which accommodating Mr. Smith duly booked, among a host of others. He sailed, transacted his European business, and in due time returned. On their first meeting, Mrs. Brown, all smiles, inquired:

"I hope you got my handkerchiefs, Mr. Smith, it is really too bad to put you to so much trouble, but as you are so good-natured, I knew—" here, receiving no motion of assent from Smith, she paused a moment, and added anxiously: "You *did* get them, did you not?"

"Oh, yes, I got them," answered Smith, "but such an unfortunate accident! I'll tell you how it was. You see, I have a number of commissions for ever so many people, and just before we got into port I thought I would see if I had everything straight. So I got my list and all the articles I had purchased, and the money I had received to purchase them with, and I set to work to check off my accounts. I laid each article down on the deck and put the money I had received to pay for it on it, so that I should have everything under my eye at a glance, and would you believe it, Mrs. Brown, a gust of wind came—"

"And blew them all overboard?" interrupted the lady.

"Just so; or, rather, it didn't blow them all over; for those that I had laid the money on were of course kept steady by its weight, and I didn't lose them. I am sorry to say, though, that as I had no money to put on your handkerchiefs they blew away, and are somewhere to the east of Sandy Hook now."

Mrs. Brown has troubled Mr. Smith with no further commissions.

THE good die young, but the bad don't—they live to be killed.

A LYING age—when a thirty-two-year-old lady says she is only "sweet sixteen."



Lay of the Æsthetic Maiden.

n! I mean to be æsthetic,
 And magnetic,
 And poetic,
 And to pause, and gaze, and strut, and
 sigh and melt.
 I'll languish and look silly,
 And I'll wear a virgin lily,
 Or a yellow daffodilly,
 At my belt.

For this strange æsthetic craze
 Shall fill all my nights and days,
 For a lily love my little heart shall
 flutter;
 My teapot and my fan
 Shall be products of Japan—
 Oh, I'm going to be utter, utter, utter!

'Tis so easy to be lazy,
 And go crazy
 For a daisy,
 And make every second word a "quite"
 or "too;"
 To worship painted glasses,
 And to rave about Parnassus—
 Which is all æsthetic lasses
 Seem to do;
 For this strange æsthetic craze
 Shall fill all my nights and days—
 For a lily love my little heart shall
 flutter;
 And my teapot and my fan
 Shall be products of Japan—
 Oh, I tell you I'll be utter, utter, utter.



Washington Gossip.

BY OUR OWN LIAI.

WASHINGTON, D. C., OCT. 11.

THE National Colored Convention, which held its sessions here during the past week—(no mention of which, strange to say, has your correspondent seen in any of the prominent daily papers of the country)—was remarkable for numbers, respectability, good clothes, words of four syllables and perfume. The delegates were compelled to leave their umbrellas, canes and razors in charge of the janitor before entering the hall; and that, there is not a doubt, did much toward producing the harmony which, throughout, prevailed. Montgomery Sinclair Sprint, of Bad Lunch Route, Tennessee, was elected President (in the absence of Fred Douglass, who was conducting a rival Convention in Louisville, Ky). Vice Presidents—Oliver Wendell Bulger, of Mad Geiser, Va.; Tolliver Fitzpatrick Williams, of Ungsville; Gen. Osman Bey Johnson, of Bungborough, N. C.; D'Orsay Lushington, of Slush Gap, S. C.; Professor Tug Wilson Larkins, of Cowpath, Miss.; Alcibiades J. Bridegroom, of Beesting Hollow, Mo.; Lucius Cæsar Tumpenny, of Dingbat Bayou, La.; Herbert Spencer Jung, of Badmans Plains, Tex.; Swinton Ingersoll Smith, of Harlem, N. Y.; Gladstone Meyerbeer Frew, of Roothog, Ala.; Tennyson H. Miggs, of Sawpit Cross Roads, W. Va.; G. Vanderbilt Crusoe, of Daisy Town, Ark., and Von Moltke Blue-spur, of Fever Point, Fla.

The proceedings were opened with the colored man's Psalm of Life—"Ham fat 'an sweet pertaters." The President delivered the following address: "Delungates ob dis yere Colored Convention, I insensibly feel de proud honor ob de eminence to which you

hab elewated me, and I shall do my uttermost endeavors to promote de peace, propriety, and pursuit of happiness of dis yar dissemblage. Genelmen, we meet heah as free men to dissert our rights and see dat de wrongs which yeahs ob oppressin has heaped upon us am undressed. Fo' generations de brack man has had to do all de hoein', while de white man took de craps. Fo' twenty yeahs de colored pusson has done de wotin', while de white man has took all de offices. We feel dat dat state ob tings, if much longer pursued, am likely to become monotonous, and it am wid a view ob alterin' dat style ob political economy dat we am dissembled heah dis yah ebenin'. Let our remarks be chackterized by modesty, fairness, candor, placidity and euphoniousness; an' while we depreciate any attempts at dynamite orates, let us show de white population dat de sons an' daughters—an' oder relations—ob ole Ham am not to be deposed wid impurity!"

To report the entire proceedings of the Convention would take up more space than you can afford, so your correspondent will content himself with sending you the following address to the American people, which was endorsed by every delegate the last night of the session:

"We, de Bosses ob de Colored Convention here dissembled, respectively present de folerlin' as embracin' de views ob de sunburned portion ob de great American community: Partly, whereas, to-wit, while we am grateful for de 'mancipation watermelons an chickens wid which de white men hab generously provided us, dar am yet a few more things requisite to make us a clean, healthy, temperate, honest and happy race. Dese am dis as follows:

1st. De Vice-Presidency ob dese yar Uni-

ted States, or, in lieu dereof, at least a post-mastership for every two ob be colored population.

2nd. De right to enjoy, equally wid de white race, de advantages offered by de free schools, grammar schools, colleges, Senates, Legislatures, municipal offices, army and navy, and jails ob de country. We ask dat no invidious distinctions be made between black and white base-ball players; and we furdur ask dat Congress do pass a law making it fellon de sea fo' any white pugilist to refuse to knock-out one of our race in any stipulated number of rounds.

3d. We favor de 'doption by de Government ob a Postal Telegraph, an' an item in de Appropriation Bill ob a sum sufficient to buy ebery colored man ob sane mind, and twenty-one years ob age, one (1) warranted fire-proof mule ob garnished pedigree.

4th. Dat de legal upot price fo' our votes shall be five dollars (\$5.00) and a Key-West cigar each, an' as much more as we can git the candydade to pay.

5th. Dat Congress be requested to pass a law making it penal solicitude fo' life (or as many yeahs mo' as de court may judge experiment) for any newspaper to make game ob de colored man ob de scaffold, dat has a first-class ticket on de Gospel train to Jesus.

Sixth an' lastly, fo de present. We respectively ask fo' equal rights at de ballot-box; equal rights in de offices; equal rights in de courts an' de churches; and equal rights to hab a chance to get away wid as much money in positions of trust an' integrity as our Christian white brothers.

We frow dese few remarks in the face ob de great American nation, trusting dat de same hands which stripped us ob de hideous chains of slavery, and conferred upon us de indestructible blessing ob a Freedman's Bureau, will now gib us a chance to kalsomine our humble homes, an' send our eldest sons to college to learn to beat Courtney's record an' play baseball at de expense ob de public.

The Dude.

WHAT sports an eyeglass and a chain,
 A diamond shirt-stud and a cane,
 And strives to "mash" with might and main?
 The dude.

What wears its trousers, Oh! so tight,
 Of fashion to be in the height,
 And just succeeds in being a fright?
 The dude.

What at the pretty girls doth wink,
 Is not a monkey quite, I think—
 But p'raps may be the "missing link?"
 The dude.

THE returned members of the Greely Relief Party are unanimous in stating that the party would have experienced no difficulty whatever in getting to the North Pole had it not been for the great amount of ice they met with. With whom does the responsibility for this evident act of negligence rest? Before the Government sends out another relief party it should certainly take measures to have the ice removed. Here is a piece of mal-administration the Democrats can handle without gloves in the next Presidential campaign. There can be no doubt about it—the Republican party must go.

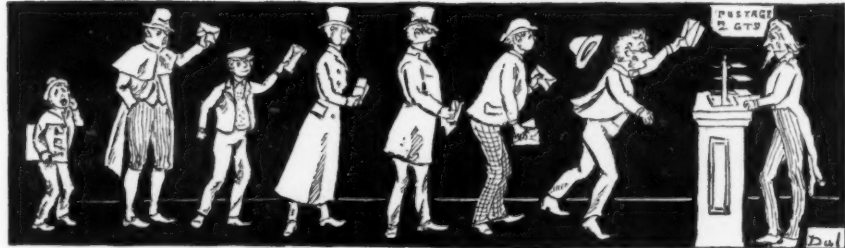
A SUCCESSION of theatrical novels, by four well-known female writers, is promised by a London publishing house. An eruption of "dramas" may be looked for soon after.

THE TWO-CENT STAMP.



"I'll send you a letter, my love, my own,
With a two-cent stamp on the cover—
For postage has so inexpensive grown
That a girl can write to her lover."
Thus mused the maid as a two-cent stamp
She purchased (her fond heart swelling),
And she dropped the note in the box on the lamp
That adjoins her humble dwelling.

"I'll send you a circular, millionaire,
With a two-cent stamp on the cover;
'Twill be sealed like a letter, and you won't dare
To toss it carelessly over."
Thus mused the merchant, and smiled demure
For the millionaire he would read it;
And the circular mailed, he felt pretty sure
Was exactly the thing he needed.



Alonzo Busbee: His Life and Impressions.

BY WILLIAM GILL.

CHAP. IX.

"The sea! The sea! The open sea!
The fresh, the fair, the ever free!"

—Bill Chandler.

THE "Skowhegan" was rated A1 at Lloyd's (the fish-dealer of Fulton Market); was copper-fastened on the fore-peak, drew a foot-and-a-half of water (when it was wanted) in a wooden bucket; sailed as well with a head wind as with a tail one, provided the mules were staunch and the tow-line didn't give way; had a capacity for one hundred tons of freight, and carried a crew of two, including the mule-drivers. Captain Hogan was a fine old specimen of the hardy salt, but few of whom are to be seen in these days of quarter-deck kid-glove etiquette and educated skipperism. Captain Hogan could neither read nor write, but never a better canal seaman or truer-hearted man sat behind the stove-pipe and threw chunks of coal at spooning lads and lasses on the banks of the canal. He could take the altitude of a bottle with most unerring accuracy; and the deft manner in which he would whack the tow-mule with a hickory stick with nails in it, proved him to be a master of navigation. He had sailed the "Skowhegan" for twenty years, and never lost a chance to get a drink of whisky for nothing. He never left the shelter of his cabin during a storm, and when the wind would howl and whistle through the clothes-lines which extended fore and aft the length of the vessel, and the mule plunged heavily, and fogs and smells from the bone factories settled thickly on the surface of the water, and hoarse cries of distress and wild appeals for help would be heard from the grog-shanties on a lee shore—the captain would be as unmoved as the Sphinx amid all the uproar, and never once let his pipe go out or neglected to take his tod at regular intervals. Death and policemen had no terrors for the soul of Patsy Hogan. We had fine weather and light baffling winds until we sighted the port of Newark; but on leaving there the wind shifted to the N. N. E. by W. a little southerly; the mule grew restive, and bit a piece out of the leg of its driver; the thermometer went up to 98 degrees; whisky

in the captain's bottle dropped to zero, and the swarm of mosquitoes which settled on the rigging betokened the speedy approach of a storm. Nothing daunted, the captain ordered all hands (mine) to take in the clothes off the line, gave the mule's tail an extra twist, took a reef in the stove-pipe, nailed a piece of tin over the broken pane of glass in the cabin window, and made all snug for the coming battle of the elements. As this was my first cruise, I may be pardoned if I confess that I was a trifle scared; and when I beheld the dark masses of clouds piling up on the western horizon, and heard the mournful croaking of the bullfrogs in the swamp on our right, I trembled so that I could hardly peel the onion which was to form part of a savory mess I was then preparing for the captain's supper. The air was dull and heavy; not a breath of wind agitated the glassy surface of the canal; and so intense was the silence that the steady "puff-puff" of a locomotive fully five miles away on the D. L. & W. R. R. could be heard distinctly.

All the lights were out in the houses that we passed by, and darkness and silence had full possession of the world. After this state of things had lasted about as long as it would take for a man to go four blocks, put half-a-dozen beers into his hold and return, some drops of rain fell, and then the clouds opened and belched forth fire. The storm was upon us!

Oh, the horror of those hours! during which the lightning flashed around us, enveloping our cargo of bricks in a sheet of flame, and the thunder crashed and boomed, and the rain poured in torrents over our deck, and threatened to burst into the cabin and drown the cat. Then add to all this the frightful pitching of our gallant boat as the driver lost control of the mule's tail, and that animal kicked wildly in the darkness; the sensation of being shot into the air with frightful velocity, and then falling with such headlong, sickening, swift descent as to make you hold your breath, with the belief that the hull would split open and the bricks come flying about your ears—while the whole fabric rang with the howling of the ki-yis on the left bank, and the roaring of the tormented (canal) seas beneath—while every now and then there would be a deadly pause in the boat's plunging, as the mule stopped to kick a mosquito off its right ear. No skill, no experience was of any avail at a

time like this. The boat lay-to under a bare clothes-line, the helm lashed, the able-bodied seaman (myself) in the throes of a deadly sickness, and the captain boozy. Oh, it was a terrible time! and the sound of a fiddle, that came from a bar-room on the starboard side, only seemed to mock us in our misery. "If the line will only hold!" I heard the captain mutter, "we may yet be saved." Yes, it was so—we were in the position of a condemned felon undergoing the last penalty of the law—our lives hung upon a rope! I was paralyzed with fear, and instinct alone made me cling to the starboard bulwarks, while the seas, which continually swept over our deck, lifted me off my feet, and came very near dashing my head against several low bridges under which we swept. Suddenly there came a wild lurch forward, a corresponding backward spring, and the proud "Skowhegan" was on her beam ends, drifting about at the mercy of the four feet of water which surged under us. The rope had parted, and the mule had fled!

Then there came an upheaval, then a dive, and the "Skowhegan" sank in the dark, grim, petroleum-tinged waters of the treacherous canal. I sank, sank, sank until I felt my mouth rapidly filling with the mud on the bottom. In those few seconds all my past life rose up before my mental vision—again I saw my peaceful home on the East side; the steam from mother's wash-tub; the beer pail; little Tommy; angel Sally; Bill the cracksman; Hoodlum Jack; Sheeny Sam; the chromos on Josiah O. Bullenbear's walls; the mansion on Shantytown heights; the goats; Bridget Malone; our Walpurgis nights in the Buckingham; the delirious gaieties of Hoboken, and—I knew no more!

[To be continued in our next, unless the author goes to see The Rajah.]

A TINKER having sued a tailor for mending his stove-pipe, the judge addressed the former's wife, an important witness in the case, thus: "Your husband, madam, is the plaintiff in this suit, is he not?"

"No, sur," she replied indignantly, "he's the tinker!"

GEORGE CLARK is reported busy pushing his improved sleeping-car company. Would it not be well, George, to let the engine do the pushing? Saves muscle, you know.



HERACLITUS has discarded his crutches and is once more able to perambulate in his accustomed manner. I, for one, am heartily glad he can go to his office again; but, as I remarked to him yesterday, there's always some sweet mingled with the bitter, and troubles never come singly. This was in reference to his hands, which he had just burned trying to put out a fire kindled by his own carelessness.

He growled out that he didn't see where the sweet came in, but as I always get quotations wrong, I didn't think it necessary to explain that as usual I'd got the cart before the horse. Then he made or tried to make a witty remark by saying that he didn't know that his carelessness was inflammable, and said he had supposed it was a match that did the business.

I told him he could say what he pleased, —that the fire was either the result of his heedlessness or else it was premeditated.

If he deliberately set to work to burn up my lovely curtains, all I could say was he had successfully accomplished his nefarious design.

You see, a few days before I had purchased a quantity of madras for draping the windows of my sleeping room, and the bed was covered with a spread of the same material. A pretty bow adorned the bolster and the pillows were put out of sight during the day.

Of course Heraclitus didn't like this at all. It wasn't to be expected that he would. He said the arrangement was fiendish; that it was one degree worse than pillow-shams, and that the idea must have originated in the brain of some idiotic female who had very little else to think of. I paid no attention to what he said except to tell him that his sneers and supercilious remarks had no effect upon me and, that he couldn't ruffle my temper. Then he said it was a wonder I didn't ruffle it myself, it was about the only thing in the house that I hadn't attempted to ruffle or furbelow.

Well, as I started to remark, he found fault with the curtains because they made the room dark, and one afternoon while lying on the lounge reading, he threw one of them over the gas fixture in order to let in more light. When dinner was announced he walked down stairs, leaving things all over the room at sixes and sevens.

After dinner he went back upstairs for something and proceeded to light the gas. He forgot all about the curtains, and in putting the match to the gas burner it came in contact with the flimsy drapery, and in less time than it takes me to tell it, the whole window was in a blaze. He called for help, and when I arrived on the scene he was trying to tear down what looked like a burning

mass of lace and ribbons. He pulled most too vigorously, and when it all came, some of the debris went so far out into the room that it set fire to the bed spread, and then the scene became lively I can tell you.

Of course the water wouldn't run in the bath-room at that particular minute. The Croton is like a policeman, you can never get it if you want it. I rushed to the speaking tube and called down to the kitchen for water, but Heraclitus had suddenly discovered that the bath-tub was half full of soap-suds, and he began throwing pitchers full of this all over the room—I screamed to him that it was dirty, but he paid no attention to me, and by the time he had deluged everything and the fire was out, two engines came tearing up the street, together with the insurance patrol. Heraclitus was so mad because they insisted upon coming into the house that I didn't tell him I had rung the district telegraph alarm when I first saw the blaze. We soon got rid of them, however, and then who should appear on the scene but Dinah the cook, who had come leisurely upstairs with a goblet of ice water in her hand. Our house is an English basement, and the kitchen is so far down stairs that she had not heard the commotion at all, and when I shrieked through the tube for water, she supposed I wanted some to drink. The expression of her face when she reached my door and saw the charred and blackened re-

mains of what was once a handsome room, was a scene for an artist on THE JUDGE. I couldn't help laughing, mad and disgusted as I was, she looked so ridiculous, standing there perfectly speechless, with her eyes as big as saucers, and holding the ice water in her hand.

Nothing as yet has been done in the way of repairs. We have since slept in another room, for Heraclitus says we musn't touch anything in the "burnt district" till the man from the insurance office has estimated damages. I asked him how much money he expected to receive from the company, and he said about a half or quarter as much as it would cost to replace the things that are ruined. For articles slightly damaged, he says, we'll get nothing at all.

If he interviews the man when he comes I dare say his prophecies will prove true, for he could never haggle or drive a bargain, but if I have the management of the affair, I'll lay a wager that I get the full value for everything that was at all injured. Heraclitus says that if I'm anxious I can transact the business, but if I think I'm going to get the best of an insurance man I'll find that for once in my life I've fallen short in my calculations. I don't wish to brag, but time will tell, and I'm just aching to get my hands (so to speak) on the individual in question. If my dear husband only knew how much money I got out of an old clothes



A BARGAIN.

"I say, boss, they is a-tellin' me ye're collectin' odd things and relics. Now here's a hat my uncle wore, and he committed suicide into it—so did me only brother. Now ef you'd like to add it to yer collec-shun, you may have it for a square meal and an old hat of a later fashion. Is it a go?"

woman last summer when I disposed of some of his cast-off garments, he would not be so incredulous as to my sharp bargaining, but I don't dare tell him that I know a second-hand creature when I see one. He'd be furious if he knew I'd had one in the house, and I'm half distracted because I can't find his last-winter's overcoat. I begin to fear that in a moment of excitement I sold it with the other things. I know he has ordered a new one, but if he should happen to miss the old one there'd be music in the air.

Never mind! I've no time now to think about anything but the insurance business. I'm expecting the man every minute, and if I don't get enough money out of him to buy a whole set of furniture, carpet and curtains as well, I'll hide my diminished head.

As for Heraclitus, he certainly has no one to blame but himself for his blistered hands, whatever he may think about his feet, and he is so ashamed of his folly in setting fire to the room, and has called himself an "infernal idiot" so many times that I haven't had the heart to reproach him. In fact I don't care if the old furniture did burn up. To be sure I feel sorry about the curtains, but like a sphinx or a phoenix, or whatever it is, I'll rise from the ashes, go forth and purchase newer and handsomer articles (as soon as I get the money) and, in the end, come out as usual, proud and triumphant.

PENELOPE PENNYFEATHER.

Mrs. Squizzles' Journal.

ABOUT the meanest thing a man can do is to run off to some watering place during the heat of the summer, and leave his poor wife at hum. Well, Jabez Squizzle did that very thing—he skip'd for Newport. I made up my mind he'd git a shakin' up from Providence, if he didn't from me, for such conduct, and I wasn't surprised to git a letter from an unknown individual, about a week after he'd left, sayin' he was in a dyin' condition, and I must cum.

I looked sharp at the boy who brought the letter, and sez I, "how long does it take to go to Newport?"

"Dunno, mum," sez he.

"Don't you know how long you was a-kumin'?" sez I.

"I didn't kum—I was here already," sez he.

"How did this letter git here, then?" sez I.

"O, that cum by the telegraf wire," sez he.

"How long was it a-kumin'?" sez I.

"Just fifteen minutes," sez he.

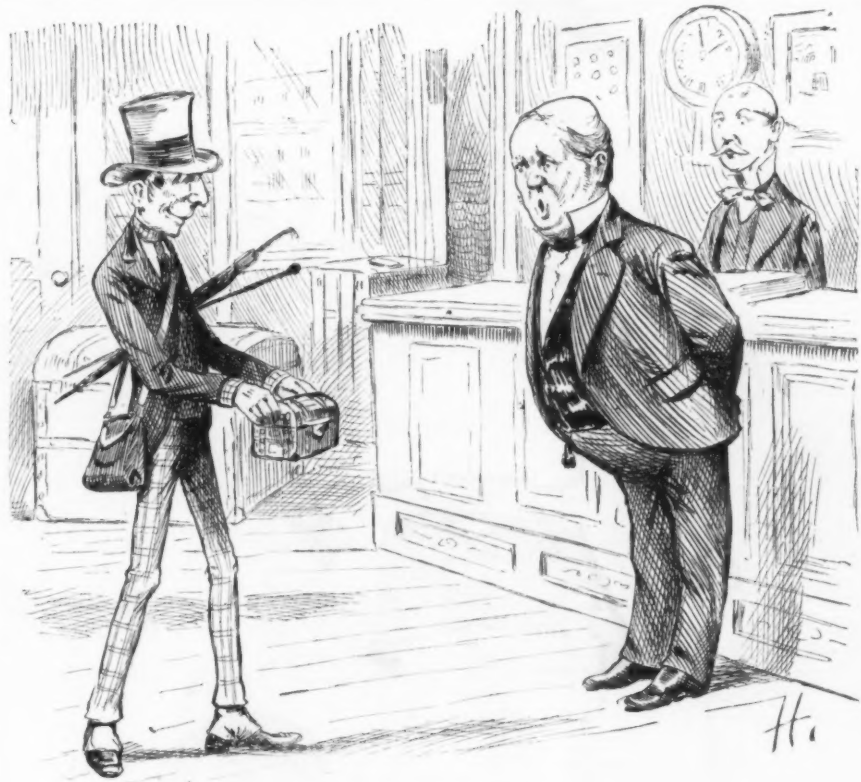
"Then," sez I, "you jest straddle that telegraf wire and ride back and tell Jabez Squizzle he's tried the 'dyin' dodge' one too many times on me, already."

The boy objected to that mode of conveyance, so I cleared the sassy fellow out.

Not ten minutes after, there came another letter in a brown envelope just like the first, and I was ordered to come immegitly.

Sally Mari, who had been readin' the papers, sed, "As thar was such grand duins at Newport, and so many furrin' chaps around, p'raps we'd better go, tho' she didn't take much stock in the story of her pa's condish-un."

No more did I. Three times in my married life I've bought bumperzine and krape for Squizzle, and three times he's disappointed my sad expectations, so I told Sally Mari if she'd try and keep up her fortytude, I'd keep up mine, and we wouldn't either of us go off in a wail till we got there; then if there was anything to wail for we'd have a saved-up force. She put on her Duches de Allin-



LANDLORD'S PROTECTION.

PROPRIETOR—*Great Scott and little Mike! What's that?*

MR. NEVER-TAKE-IN-AGAIN—*My trunk. You kept one for me once. I came prepared for vicissitudes this time. Good-bye!*

corn hat, and I tide on my new blue bunnit, which I bought, in spite of Jabez, with my last yer's turkey tails and geese feathers—and we set off in flyin' kolors for Newport.

When we arrived, where do you think we found that man Squizzles?

Dead? Not mutch! but he mite as well have been, and half a dozen others with him.

As we passed the Cursino there seemed to be grate confusion—things were a-tumblin' out of the windows—and, hearin' a voice that sounded like Squizzles, we stept inside.

There he was, sure enuff, rite in the midst of a loaferish lookin' set of fellows, all eatin' and drinkin' and shyin' bottles and dishes at each other's heds. Things were flyin' lively from one side to the other, and befre I could dodge it a shampain glass struck me on the side of the hed, completely delugin' my new blue bunnit; and a rabbit, hot from the fryin'-pan, landed square on top of Sally Mari's Allincorn hat. She screamed, and some of the fellers, mistakin' her voice for the ear-whistle, shouted "all aborde!"

By that time I'd got purty mad, and makin' a grab for Squizzle, who stood in front of a big punch-bowl a-ladlin' out egg-nog, I gave him one shake and a twist, which sent the egg-nog a-flyin' in one direction and him in another.

He was ruther out o' breath when I cum up to him a second time. "What in the world are you a-duin' here?" sez he, for he had recognized my grip.

"Jest at present I'm a-tryin' to shake some of the drunk out of you," sez I. "I reckon that's what you telegrafed me for—and a purty spree I find you in, with a set of fellows that look like jale birds and konvicts."

"Why this, my dere, is a little entertainment got up by us Amerycans to show our

respect for our furrin titled visitors. I was asked to take a hand in, and I did it," sez he.

"Of course you did," sez I; "there was never anything mean a-go'in' on that you didn't want a hand in."

"Don't speak so loud," sez he; "this is only a little touch of high life."

"Then I'll take something lower," sez I. "There's that krittter that fired the shampain glass at my head, the blaggard—"

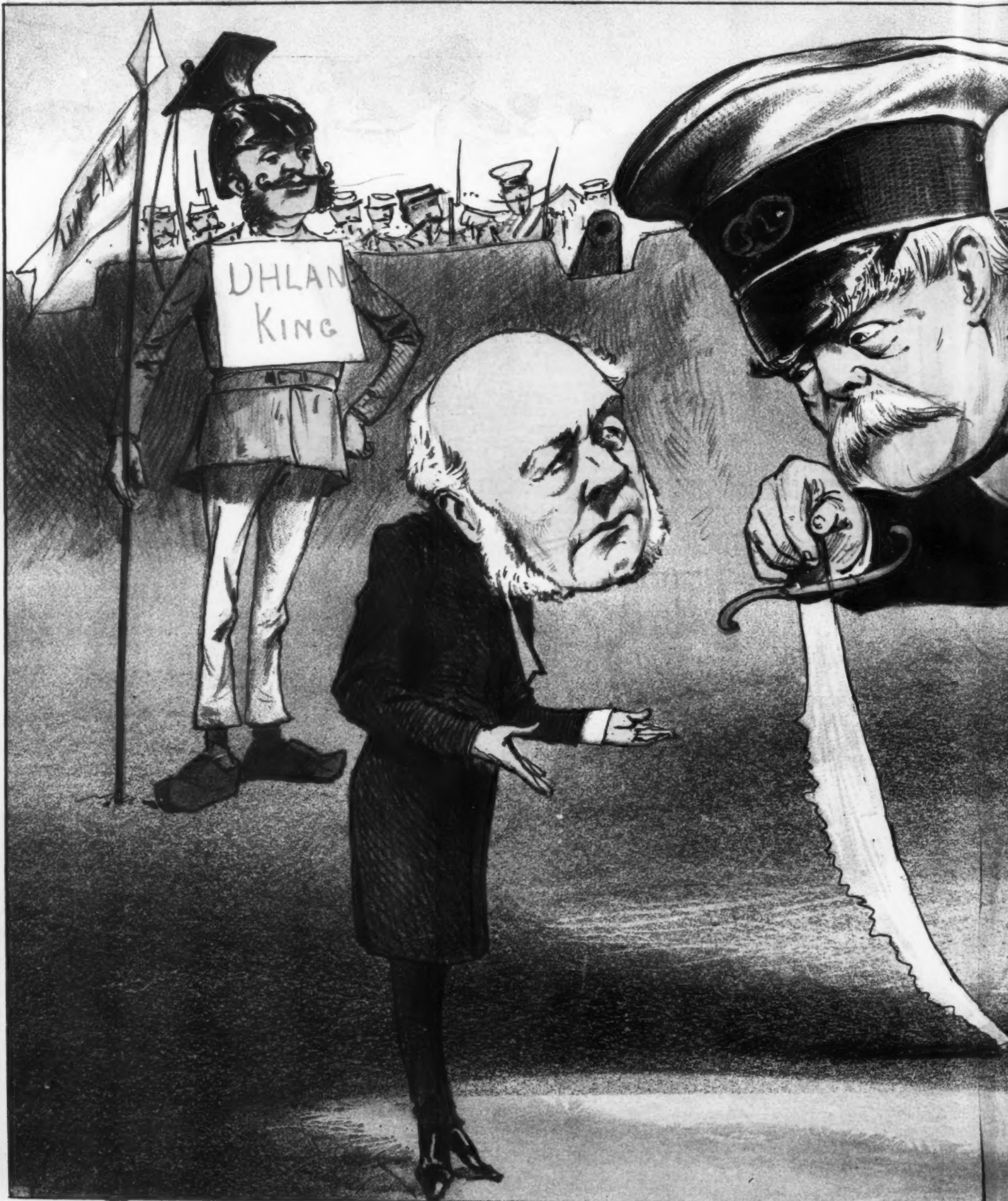
"Hush," sed Jabez, "That's Lord Primrose; you ought to feel hily komplimented at such delicate attention. He's a distinguished individual at hum in the old country, I am told."

"He'll be an extinguished individual if he continues his pleasant pastime of firing shampain glasses at wimmin's heds—and you can tell him so," sez I. "But now I want an explanation about that telegram."

"I don't remember much about that," sez Squizzle, scratchin' his hed. "The fact is I became suddenly insensible last night, and this morning the butler didn't seem to have the faculty to arouse me. I suppose I may have had sense enough to murmur 'Send for Sabrina,' and then relapsed into a dead faint. I knew if anyone could bring me out of one of these spells, you could."

The upshot of the whole is, that Squizzles remains insensible yet, and will, as long as there's any lickter to be had. He's got in with an orful set of ruffs, and his karracter will be entirely ruined if he remains much longer. And I and Sally Mari will have to stay and take care of him.

"THE interests of the few must give way to the interests of the many," says the *Herald*, in its address to the newsdealers on reducing its price. So the big fish eat up the little ones. Ah, me!



INSULTED A

BISMARCK—Vosh dot an Insult? Vot
GREVY—Mais non, M'sieur. Von leetle p'asa

JUDGE



TEI ALFON SO.

sult? Vot der blitzer you mean, anyhow?
etle p'asantrie, voila tout. I make my apologize.



NEVER SATISFIED.

HUSBAND—*What the deuce is the matter with you?*

WIFE—*Heavens! I have found a man under the bed!*

HUSBAND—*Well, you have only found what you have been looking for these last ten years.*

Sketches in Natural History.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "BAD BOY ABROAD."

PART II—CINCINNATI EDITORS.

"PAPA," said Fanny, as she applied the evening kiss to the Professor's lips, "What sort of things are Sin-sin-natty editors?"

"Cincinnati editors, my dear," said the Professor, assuming a don't-I-wish-they'd-go-to-Heaven-when-they-die look on his benevolent countenance, "Cincinnati editors are rather a bottomless subject. But what put them into your head? I wasn't aware that they were known outside of the 'American Paris.'"

"Well, papa, I heard a man at the post-office say that two Sin-sin-natty editors were having a nip-and-tuck fight, and if the chambers of commiseration didn't soon step in, the village would get too small for them both. Have these species ever been classified, papa?"

"Yes, my dear, one has been identified as belonging to the family of Murathalstead or Holdhimoffgentlementilgetachancetocrawl-upbehindhimsomedarknightandwipeupthesanctumfloorwithhispapercollarmispah. The other is a good specimen of the genus John-nymclean, and comes under the family division of Thebaldheadedoldneopoleamiesonofaremingtonrifelfihedontletuponthatgameprettysoonllknockseventeendifferentkindsofbluglassdaylightsoutofhimselah."

"How can we distinguish this species, papa?"

"The external signs are very pronounced.

The most important one is a superabundance of fatty degeneration on each side of the feeding orifice, called check; and composed principally of atoms of a mineral called brass. On dissecting one of this species, we find that the biliary duct contains a double allowance of gall, which probably accounts for their extreme pugnacity."

"Do they fight each other, papa?"

"Like bull-dogs, my dear. All you have to do is to shake a white thing, called an Enquirer, at Murat, and then they go it till their keepers call them off. They unfortunately never inflict any mortal wounds, as the weapon they use is a small wooden cylinder, enclosing a shaft, which is designated a pencil."

"Does this species ever grow old, papa?"

"Yes, my dear, very quickly. Their enemies always keep them supplied with a regular allowance of little pasteboard checks, called 'comps,' which admit them to the front seats in all spectacular dramas. This has a tendency to age them rapidly; but they manage to keep their locks together by the profuse use of hair vigors, which are often given them in lieu of what are called 'dead-head ads.'"

"Do Sin-sin-natty editors drink, papa?"

"Hush, my dear; it's bed time—and if you make me talk any more I might say something that would hurt the prospects of the second amendment to the Ohio Constitution."

THE memory of an editor who always did right (write) is beyond reproach.

Two Pictures Drawn from Life.

WALKING, one day, down the street, I saw
A millionaire's carriage, a big landau;
And I saw the carriage and horses stop
In front of the door of a monster shop;
And I saw the millionaire's little boy
Get out with his nurse to look for a toy.
He walked round the shop with a languid air,
And little for toys did he seem to care.
"No, don't show that rubbish," he said; "of course
I don't care for having another horse.
Well, these are the stupidest lot of toys;
There's nothing here but velocipede boys,
And stables, and animals, engines, and games—
I am tired of hearing their very names.
Well, yes; you may give me that ten-dollar stall;
There is nothing new in the town at all."
So I heard him grumble until I saw
Him driving off in his big landau.

Another small urchin was in the street
In tattered garments and naked feet;
I saw him watching with sparkling eyes
And great admiration and great surprise
The millionaire's carriage, its horses and all.
I entered the shop and I bought a ball:
I carried my purchase out to the door—
It cost me a nickel, and nothing more—
'Twas a very little and worthless toy,
But it did for a gift to the ragged boy.
It was good his pride and pleasure to see—
"Eh, now! Did you buy it there new for me?"
I thought: My lad, your pleasures are few,
But some rich men's sons might envy you. M.K.J.

Borrowmore Blower's Letter to The Judge.

ANY poor young man who wishes to settle down to a quiet and peaceful life, should, by all means, marry a woman with money.

It is a most delightful position "to have and to hold."

I never understood till I became a blissful benedict of the above type, why so many indigent males were forever dangling after heiresses.

I know, yet shall not be able to enumerate in this short letter, all the advantages that accrue from such an alliance; but a few incidents in my own experience cannot fail to convert the wandering mind of the timid bachelor to my views.

The society of the woman you have married should be all you require—no intermission should be desired. Conversation should never grow dull or insipid. It never has in my case.

The wife of my bosom—in the evenings spent in her company—has never failed to propound a knotty question which required the utmost sagacity to answer satisfactorily. For instance, she commenced thus:

"My dear, did you see Angelica Aymes last night?"

Angelica was an old flame of mine—pretty and sweet; but for the reason above mentioned she might have been Mrs. Blower; but where the die is cast there is no use casting reflections. I had a question to answer, and looking at Mrs. Blower with wide-open, innocent eyes, repeated—"did I see Angelica Aymes, dearest Anastasia; how in the name of the wonderful could I see Angelica? She wasn't here, was she?"

"Borrowmore, you haven't answered my question."

The 'dear' was left out this time, you will notice.

"Anastasia, why do you ask such a foolish question, when you know I went with all the alacrity of a knight-errant on your

mission; tearing myself away from your sweet society—aye, and that, too, to find and bring with me the very person of all others I detest." I replied, severely.

"But you didn't seem to find him," she remarked, dryly.

"But was that my fault?" I asked, in an ingenuous tone. "I went from one place to another the whole long dreary evening. Surely such devotion to your wishes deserves at least some recognition."

"Was it a dreary evening?" she asked.

"Can you doubt it, my dear?"

"But don't you think you were really too hard on the horses?" she asked.

"I, madam, was flying to fulfill your behest! Why should I think of horses?" I said with spirit.

"Only this, if they get another such pull there will be no horses left to think of. The veterinary surgeon was here to-day prescribing for them, and it was while out there I made a little discovery."

O, Jerusalem! Had Angelica dropped anything in the carriage? Had I lost my pocketbook in which that last little sweet-scented note was hidden? I quickly slapped my hand on my pocket: the pocket-book was there, so the naughty missive was safe.

I detest mystery, and cried, with some impatience, "Out with your little discovery, Mrs. Columbus."

"I have not discovered the world—only the ways of the world," she said, producing a glove with the name 'Angelica Aymes' plainly written on the inside. She held it before me for an instant. I was nonplussed.

She apparently enjoyed my confusion. I am a lawyer by profession, and have extricated my clients from many an unpleasant dilemma; could I do as much for myself?

My suggestive imagination helped me—I saw a loop-hole—I took advantage of it.

"Dear Anastasia, I have won the bet!" I shouted, and I laughed loudly. "Yes, you are actually jealous—ha, ha!"

"Borrow more, explain yourself," she cried, stamping her foot in anger.

"The truth is, Bodkin and I made a bet yesterday—he vowed you could not be made jealous without cause, I vowed you could. I accordingly wrote the name on the inside of that glove expecting you to find it when you took your accustomed drive in the carriage."

An incredulous "oh!" was all she uttered.

I congratulated myself on getting so nicely out of what might have proved an unpleasant affair.

A few nights after, whom should we meet at the theatre but Angelica, leaning on the arm of Bodkin.

Anastasia extended her hand; Angelica was about to grasp it, but started back when she discovered the glove—the very one she had lost on our drive to the park—on Anastasia's hand. It was a glove not to be mistaken—a delicate, rose-tinted, embroidered affair made in Paris.

Looks spoke volumes.

"So you have taken to betting again," said Anastasia, addressing Bodkin. I tried to catch his eye, to make some sign, but in vain my efforts.

"Not I, madam; I swore off over a year ago; but who has been calumniating me?" asked Bodkin.

"Perhaps I have dreamed it," said Anastasia, with a little laugh.

Weeks have passed and all is calm, yet I feel as if I was living over a volcano. As to the glove, it is pinned to the pink bonnet. "A memento of a faithful husband's love and truth,"—I believe these are the words



"BARON" DERRIC VON SLAUS (the great imported German caricaturist)—You buy some sketch?

CLERK—Just step into the Art department and inquire.

BARON—Vell, how ish dot Art department in?

(The Art department was "in," and the Baron was fired bodily.)

inscribed on the wrist. I have read them often enough to have them "dead letter perfect," for I sit facing that glove every meal. That foolish fashion of marking one's name on gloves and handkerchiefs ought to be abolished. It might have caused me no end of trouble by putting an end to my annuity.

Life of Helena Modjeska:

By J. T. ALTEMUS—Published by J. S. Ogilvie & Co.

THIS interesting and well-written sketch of one of the greatest of living actresses, is printed in good clean type, and is gotten up in a style calculated to please the popular fancy. Modjeska is such a favorite that a volume of this kind will not only prove of value to collectors of theatrical books, but will be read with interest by her numerous admirers outside the profession.

Mr. Altemus wields a facile pen, and his anecdotes and reminiscences of the lady's career are told in a graphic and fascinating style. Besides containing the principal facts of Modjeska's public life, the book is well stocked with selections from the newspaper reviews of her acting, written by Labouchere, Sala, Clement Scott, William Winter, Geo. H. Jessop, Olive Logan, and others.

A good picture of the fair Polish lady, as "Viola," adorns the title page, and another of her as "Juliet," is inside the cover.

Among other items we are informed that she has added "Imogen" to her repertory, and we trust we shall see her in this character when she next appears in New York.

Mr. Altemus promises us biographies similar to this of the noted men and women of the stage; and if they are all as readable and interesting as is the one of Modjeska, they certainly ought to be well received.

SEASONABLE—The "fall" in newspapers.

Reveries.

THE flower that nestled in the braid
Of her soft, sunny hair!
I caught its fragrance, saw it fade—
A blue gem, hidden there.

And now that little withered flower
Is lying on my heart—
Her treasured gift in that sad hour
That cleft our lives apart.

O, seeds of grief, how thickly sown
Along the path I tread!
With sorrowing heart I walk alone—
One living 'mong the dead. FRANK WARE.

"Oh, what rapture!" said Augustus,
As he swung upon a gate
With a maiden fair beside him,
'Til the hour was very late.
'Oh! what rap'd yer?' asked a fellow
Who o'erheard him howl in pain;
'I don't know," replied Augustus,
'But I suppose the old man's cane."

"Many a mickle makes a muckle,"
Is an adage true and trite;
And that many a mug'll make a Mick ill,
Is well known by every wight.

BILL HAWKINS' aunt Mariah said that
"Bill is a good boy, 'case I heard him cry
in his sleep and say, 'My God! I've lost my
auntie.'"

WHY should Englishmen make expert undertakers? Because they handle beers so well.

FRANK FORD will spend the winter in Paris, says an exchange. Can you 'ford it, Frank?



LAST week was a gala one for the theatres. Most of them are now in full blast, and many of them are redolent with fresh paint and new upholstery. Daly's opened on Tuesday night with Dollars and Sense, and all the old stage favorites of this establishment received a hearty welcome as they stepped before the footlights. There are fourteen people in the cast, including Fisher, Drew, Leclercq, Lewis, Yorke Stephens, Ada Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, May Fielding and Virginia Dreher. Lewis, as Eliphalet Lamb, a giddy old gentleman who spends his time trying to escape from the petticoat government of Mrs. Lamb, has a part that suits him exactly, although it is very much like that of Mr. Joskyn Tubbs, in Pink Dominoes. Mrs. Gilbert, as Mrs. Lamb, was (as she always is) excellent. The play, as presented the first night, was very uneven. The first act dragged; but the second act is full of ludicrous situations, and is brilliant and sparkling enough to carry the piece.

The only thing new at Wallack's, on the first night, was the leader of the orchestra and a small boy who arose at the end of the first act and treated the astonished audience to a popular song. This remarkable performance was entirely unexpected, and the small boy's efforts were not enthusiastically applauded. Masks and Faces will continue to be acted in a highly exemplary and correct manner (as becomes this thoroughly proper theatre) till the new piece, called Moths, is ready for production. It is expected that Osmond Tearle (who, by-the-way, has been playing with Minnie Conway in The Happy Pair) will have the principal part.

The Florences are at The Grand Opera House, as lively, jolly, and amusing as usual. In fact or in "Facts" (joke) they are a little more entertaining than ever before. Messrs. Jessop and Gill have fitted them out with a comedy that bids fair to become as popular as The Mighty Dollar. As Pinto Perkins, G. A. L. (the Great American Liar), Florence keeps his audience in roars of laughter as he relates the most stupendous yarns that ever were invented. His make-up, as an old-fashioned, shrewd American, is simply immense, and Mrs. Florence, as a romantic, credulous and rather gushing authoress, has a chance to display her remarkable talents and four gorgeous Parisian costumes at the same time. The play has proved as great a success here as it did in Philadelphia, and will probably become the *piece de resistance* of these popular artists for some time to come.

Fedora, at the Fourteenth St. Theatre, with Fanny Davenport in the title role, is doing a good business. Harry St. Maur's play was a failure; but it's an ill wind that blows nobody good—and The Romanoff helped to advertise Fedora—of which the newspapers had already said quite enough. Mr. Mantell seems to have made a hit in this play, and Fanny is herself again, but less robust than when we last saw her.

Sardou is certainly a popular author, for

while Fedora was drawing tears from her listeners at the Fourteenth St. Theatre, Aimee was making her auditors laugh in his Divorcons at The Fifth Avenue. This artiste never appeared to better advantage than as Cyprienne, and Mezier is as much at home in comedy as in opera bouffe.

Mme. Angot and the fair cantatrices have all passed away (for a season), and now Money is to be seen and received at this theatre.

The merry Wyndham Company has also departed, and Joseph Jefferson has possession of the Union Square stage.

That brilliant tragedy of Francesca da Rimini may still be witnessed at The Star; but its days, too, are numbered; and soon we shall have Irving and Ellen Terry to show us how they do things at the Lyceum Theatre, London.

Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin are at their own theatre, and Harrigan and Hart are excelling all previous efforts in The Mulligan Guard's Picnic. Braham has written some new music for this piece, which has caught the popular fancy, and all goes well at The Theatre Comique (rightly named).

A most interesting entertainment is Prof. Bartholomew's "Equine Paradox" at the Cosmopolitan. His horses are a wonder, and, as the advertisements say, "can do anything but talk." The children, as well as the grown people, are amused at their astonishing performances, and the price of admission brings it within the reach of all.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"J. R. W."—Your verses are suited—to some other paper.

"INSTITIA."—It would not be just to our readers to give them the dose you send us. THE JUDGE is not the proper medium for literary quacks.

"WIT AND HUMOR."—We can see neither one nor the other in your sublime (?) attempts at both. Your MS has been consigned, with becoming ceremony, to our Dead Letter Department—the waste basket.

"IWDICAL."—We have empanelled a jury, consisting of ourselves as foreman, and eleven more, including the "printer's devil" to decide as to the manner of death of your epicurean lucubration. The verdict has been—"Died from natural causes." We have accordingly buried your bantling, to await the resurrection day.

"J. D."—We do not hate you well enough to justify our giving your attempt at humorous versification to the reading world. Study carefully, if you can, Tom Hood, John G. Saxe; and other masters of metrical humor, and try again—in 189—.

"STELLAR."—Don't commit yourself to any decided opinions on the coming comet until it comes. Leave all guess-work to the regularly constituted astronomers, who are the best known adepts of that kind of business. They are at it now.

"LEX."—We would earnestly advise you to leave law to the lawyers. The graveyard of such a multitude of human hopes is hardly a fit subject for humor. You tell us that you are but a frail leaf on the legal tree. Adieu till next spring or summer.

"RHYMEFUL."—Your attempt at making the sublime ridiculous has excited the righteous and red indignation of our "devil," who swears ("like our troops in Flanders") that if it is inserted, he will strike for higher wages. In deference to his demand we have laid it away "where the woodbine twineth." We cannot afford to fall out with our "devil" while our blanket-sheet morning contemporaries are cutting down prices. "The d—l is to pay" all around here just now.

NIGHTS Errant—Those spent at the club.

The Night of the Sentence.

To DIE to-morrow! Martial law, they say;
The earth ne'er seemed to offer me such plenty
As now, when I am leaving it for aye—
Oh, life seems very sweet at two-and-twenty.

They have quick laws to govern here in camp,
And none too lenient; War's a stern viceregent;
And I must die because I lit a lamp—
'Twas against orders—I was disobedient.

Well, at my age 'tis hard to look on death;
Danger I'll face—God knows I've done so often—
To know that I am drawing my last breath,
Standing, in perfect health, beside my coffin;

To gaze upon the barrel of each gun;
To watch for, try to count, perhaps, the flashes,
While rises in the east the same glad sun
That in the west must set upon my ashes.

I'm not afraid—I do not think I am—
I'll face my death, at least—they shall not blind me;
And yet I wonder if I shall be calm— [me.
Leaving life, love, and hope and friends behind

To-morrow I am nothing; and thereafter
Each day will dry a tear if any sorrow.
To me 'twill be the same—their grief or laughter—
Just twenty-two, and to be shot to-morrow. O. H. J.

That Train of Thought.

"I'VE had such a splendid train of thought!"
Cried Tom, in a mental craze,
As Melinda's beautiful hand he caught—
"My soul is in a blaze."

"That your mind is illumed, I could not doubt,"
Said the maid with a look demure;
"For the freight of the train you speak about
Was very light, I'm sure." O. JONES.

A daily paper reports that "Lord Cole-ridge has had a chance to compare the dainty feet of the Chicago girl with the tiny pedal extremities of the St. Louis maiden." Did the noble lord improve the opportunity?

Sam Slyeur did, and the weight of it astonished him. Sam never was a poet, but he has turned out something akin (achin) to it.

'Tis well to admire a neat little foot encased in the prettiest, daintiest boot. But take my advice, do not get too near to it.

DR. SHINE, the surgeon of the L roads, is declared not only insane, but incurable. His notoriety in the Harold case, his aggressive demeanor, and alleged assault upon one of his patients, have kept him lately before the public. But his light will no longer shine in the old haunts—he has gone to Bloomingdale.

JOSEPH WINESTONE, of Troy, while attempting to stop a fight between his fellow-workmen, was shot in the mouth. He has since become speechless. Jones, in commenting upon the unfortunate occurrence, said he "had almost rather it had been his wife."

"HA! what are you doing there?" cried out one of Gotham's "finest," to a haggard-looking party, prowling about a graveyard near the city.

"Peace, good officer; peace. I am only a Sun reporter hunting up a political ghost story," groaned the trembling pencil-manipulator.

Is a lady's Newmarket coat designed to comfortably shoulder a meat-basket?

I Wonder.

He kissed me—and I knew it was wrong
For he was neither kith nor kin;
Need one do penance very long
For such a tiny little sin?

He pressed my hand—that was not right;
Why will men have such wicked ways?
It was not for a moment quite,
But in it there were days and days.

There's mischief in the moon, I know;
I'm positive I saw her wink
When I requested him to go;
I meant it, too—I think.

But after all, I'm not to blame;
He took the kiss; I do think men
Are born without a sense of shame!
I wonder when he'll come again?
—American Queen.

A Nevada Lad who is Thought to be the Worst in all America.

CARSON has developed a bad boy, who is worse if anything than Peck's bad boy, who is counted on as the worst boy of his age in the whole United States. His name is Johnny McGinnis and he lives on King street. It appears that a few days ago Mrs. McGinnis started to give her seven-year-old daughter a bath. When she disroded her by the tub she was horrified at discovering that she was covered all over with crocodiles, fish, rare animals and Egyptian ibexes, painted on in lasting colors. She said that her brother Johnny had painted her to get her a chance to go away with the circus. The neighbors were called in, and their low opinion of him was unbounded. The elder McGinnis sailed out after the venturesome lad and found him in Johnson's barn, where he was decorating a young lad whom he had inveigled away from his parents. When the elder McGinnis had ceased parleying with the younger McGinnis the trunk strap which he brought into the barn had seen its best days. The young man made the following explanation of the affair:

"Ye see, dad's been pretty hard up since stocks went down, and so I fixed Mary up for a spec. My idea was to tattoo a few boys and girls and have 'em travel with the tattooed women as children with birthmarks, eh? Do you catch on? One tattooed woman is a big thing, but a whole family of 'em would be immense. I was calkerlatin' to make some money for the old man, but he's so infernal bullheaded that he don't catch on quick to new enterprises. He wore out a whole trunk-strap on me. I'll bet \$2 that they don't rub them figures off Mary for six months. I used the best blue ink the old man had. I'd like to catch him asleep; blame me if I wouldn't paint a whole drove 'er Government mules runnin' down his back."—Carson Appeal.

A CHILD born in Cleveland had one body, but it wore two distinct heads, four arms and four legs. It died, probably deciding that it was useless to live, as there's no use in being a genuine two-headed baby when every dime-museum can fix up a sham one that will pass.—Boston Post.

NEVER take the seat kindly proffered to you by a young man on a railroad car. A gentleman did so on a Rockaway train the other day, and was killed by an accident, while the polite young man in another car was uninjured. This is a large premium on civility.—Milton News.

Powerful Tripe.

"CURIOUS thing, how Bismarck should take such a grudge against the American hog, isn't it?" asked the tramp, sidling up to the lunch counter and helping himself to the tripe. "Do you understand his motive?"

"He don't understand the animal," growled the barkeeper.

"I wish he would come in here now and taste some of this tripe," smiled the tramp. "That would give him some idea of what the American hog is."

"If he should see you trying it he would get a pretty fair notion," grunted the barkeeper. "Come off, will you?"

"I think this house sets the nicest lunch in town," replied the temporarily-abashed tramp, edging away from the table. "Since you got to squirting the hose over it every morning to freshen it up I think it lays over any lunch in this section."

"Have some more tripe?" smiled the mollified barkeeper.

"What I like about this tripe," continued the tramp with his mouth full, "what I like most about it is the gamey taste. You get that from the age, I reckon."

"I don't know," retorted the barkeeper, eyeing him suspiciously.

"You couldn't get it from any other source," said the tramp. "There's nothing else strong enough to back it. Why don't you paint a little of it red and run it in for herring? Your customers would get all the taste of the tripe and the effect of the fish. Make 'em dry, and you'll be rich in a few weeks."

"Cheaper to get herring in the first place," suggested the barkeeper.

"But you'd never find any herring as strong as this tripe," argued the tramp. "I suppose a few strips of this tripe, sewed together, would be strong enough to lift an iron safe to the fourth story, wouldn't it?"

"No, it wouldn't," snarled the barkeeper.

"Well, say three stories," conceded the tramp. "I'll make it three for the sake of the argument. Now tripe like that—"

But the barkeeper began to smell some sarcasm in the atmosphere, and the tramp discovered to his amazement that the tripe wasn't strong enough to hold him to the saloon until the barkeeper got around from behind the counter.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Full Length, or Bust?

SHE was from the country, seeing the sights, and wanted her "pictier took," so she called on the photograph man.

"Well, madam," said the polite engineer of the camera, "what can we do for you?"

"You take likenesses here, don't you?"

"Yes, madam."

"Well, I want some struck off."

The engineer got everything ready, and, telling his victim to take her place, he moved his box around, sighted her once or twice, and, popping up his head suddenly, said:

"Full length, or bust?"

"What's that?" asked the startled victim.

"Full length, or bust, I said."

"Hold on a minute. Drat your machine.

Don't pull the trigger yet. I never had no likenesses took, and I want a stand-up pictier, but if you're got to take it that way, or bust, I'll reckon I'll set down. I'm in town to see the sights, anyhow, and if you're goin' to split, I s'pose I might as well rake in the whole show. Now go ahead with your rat killin'."—Merchant Traveler.

An Insult to the Profession.

A PROMINENT physician was heard using very uncomplimentary language about a certain butcher.

"Why is it," asked a friend of the doctor, "that you abuse that butcher so much? You are everlastingly saying mean things about him."

"I've got good reason to talk about him. Last winter I owned a fat pig. I sent for the butcher to kill and dress it. He did so, but what do you think he told me when I wanted to know what the bill was?"

"I have no idea."

"Well, sir, the butcher patted me on the back and said, 'Never mind about the bill, doctor. We professional men must help each other out.' I was so mad at the fellow I could have—"

"Prescribed for him," added the doctor's friend.—Texas Siftings.

FRANK JAMES, who was recently acquitted of murder in Missouri, is said to be coming East armed with a brace of revolvers and a dagger in each boot-leg. If we have said anything derogatory to Mr. James's character, it was uttered in the heat of debate, and should be overlooked, now that the campaign is closed. It is not a crime to commit murder and highway robbery in Missouri, because an intelligent jury has said so.—Norristown Herald.

"Is your husband in business for himself?" asked Mrs. Yeast of her neighbor, Mrs. Crimsonbeak the other morning. "Not entirely," replied Mrs. Crimsonbeak, looking inquiringly at Mrs. Yeast; "I get a new dress occasionally, and it was only last night he sent me home a beautiful new bonnet." Mrs. Yeast is now very careful how she interrogates her neighbor.—Yonkers Statesman.

THE Rochester Post-Express thinks it would be a good idea for the New York Democracy to can their harmony and sell it for blasting powder.

WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for man to forsake the horse of his fathers, and to accept a steed of stronger frame, then man is wise, and his more robust health does strengthen him and his posterity. To the thoughtful being, when about to choose a steed of modern excellence, there is but one which stands alone in single perfectionment—and that an expert, of Columbia brand, a "wheel" which is a marvelous aggregation of the things which make the wheelman satisfied.

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

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RELIEVED AND CURED without the Injury Trusses Inflexible, by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method. Office, 251 Broadway, New York. His book, with photographic likenesses of bad cases, before and after cure, mailed for 10 cents.

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To all suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, N. Y.

Brother Gardner's Advice.

"WILL Moses Webster Finback please step dis way?" asked the President, as the meeting opened.

Brother Finback, who has been a very quiet but deeply interested member for the past two years, advanced to the desk, and Brother Gardner continued:

"Moses, I farn that you are on the pint ob removin' to Ohio?"

"Yes, sah."

"You will take your certificate 'long wid you, an' you will keep your membership wid us jist the same; an' any time you kin raise money 'nuff to take a freight train an' cum up an' see us you will find a hostile welcome."

"Yes, sah, Ize much obleeged, sah," replied Moses as he wiped a tear from his eye.

"An' now I want to say a few furdur words to you," resumed the President after a solemn pause. "You am gwine to cut loose an' sail in de company of strangers, an' dar' am a few things you would do well to remember.

"Remember, dat a lawyer will work harder to el'ar a murderer dan he will to convict a thief.

"Remember, dat a naybur who offers you de loan of his hoe am fishin' around to secure de loan of your wheelbarrer.

"Remember, dat you can't judge ob de home happiness of a man an' wife by seein' 'em at a Sunday-skule picnic.

"Remember, dat while the average man will return you de k'reet change in a business transackshun, he'll water his milk an' mix beans wid his coffee.

"Remember, dat all de negatives ob de best photographs are retouched, an de freckles an' wrinkles worked out.

"Remember, dat society am made up out ob good clothes, hungry stomachs, deception, heartaches an' mixed grammer.

"Remember, dat people will nebbber stop to larn de truf ob any rumor or scandal affectin' your character, but it takes y'ars to satisfy 'em dat your great grandfadder isn't a pirate an' your great grandmudder de leadin' gal in a fifteen-cent ballet. You kin now sot down an' close your eyes an' reflect an' digest, an' de rest of us proceed to carry on de usual programme ob de meetin'."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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Fishing at the Flats.

THEY have every data about fish at St. Clair Flats. The boatmen have got it figured down so fine that nothing is left for the imagination to work on. I asked one of them how many fish he imagined passed up the Government canal per hour, and he promptly replied:

"I don't imagine anything about it—I know. The number is exactly 3,200 per hour. Twenty-four times that give you the correct figures for a day, and if you can multiply that by 365 days you have the number for a year."

"But won't those figures vary?"

"No, sir, not a vary. If you think they do, prove it."

"What is the average catch *per capita* of people who come up here to fish?"

"Seven three-pound bass and three four-pound pickerel."

"That is, if they hire one of your boats and go out?"

"Certainly. Under other circumstances they never catch a fish."

"Do you believe that fish ever sleep?"

"No, sir—not if there is any biting to be done. If you should stand on the wharf here and fish, I presume the fish would go to sleep all around you."

"If I should go out and catch a hundred pounds of bass and pickerel could I dispose of fifty or sixty pounds anywhere up here?"

"Yes, sir. We always pay ten cents per pound for all over fifty pounds' weight. I would give you a draft on New York."

"How large a fish did you ever see caught up here?"

"He weighed exactly thirty-four pounds. That is, I don't mean the sturgeon hauled in here every day or two. We don't count them. This was a pickerel."

"Do those who go out to fish ever catch any small ones?"

"Never. The limit is two pounds."

"I suppose people sometimes go out and do not catch a bite?"

"Never heard of such a case, sir."

"Is there any such a thing as good or bad luck in fishing?"

"No, sir. It is always good luck."

"If I should bring my own lines and bait and boat, would I catch any fish?"

"No, sir. You could count on being upset and drowned."

"Do fish bite out of curiosity or from hunger?"

"From a sense of duty, sir. They desire to see our investment here grow and build up."

"You were speaking of sturgeon. If a sturgeon is hooked, would he make a run for it and tow the boat?"

"He will."

"Would I be certain of a tow if I went out with you?"

"Certainly. We couldn't do business here if we could not guarantee such a trifling matter as that."

When we returned at dark, and I charged him with the fact that I hadn't even had a nibble, he coolly replied:

"Certainly not; I supposed you went out simply to see the country, and therefore didn't go near any of the fishing grounds. The wind was also in the wrong direction. It was also too late in the day. Fishing! Why, if you want to catch fish come up here to-morrow!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

NOTHING pleases an Englishman like an Englishman.—*Milton News.*



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Apply by the little finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will cure. Unequaled for colds in the head. Agreeable to use. Send for circular for information and reliable testimonials. Will deliver by mail, 50 cts. a package. Stamps.
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The Student After Vacation.

"DULL, dull the toil.
To blink and squint
O'er twisted print,
And boil
The vile, pestiferous oil.

"A month ago—
A lane—a hedge—
Of brush and sedge—
And lo!
A flower of hectic glow.

"I see it yet arrayed—
The crystal bright
Of love and light—
A maid—
Then tete-a-tete in shade.

"The flooding bliss returns:
I cannot cage
The blasted page."
(Adjourns
To soiled and dog-eared Burns).
—Wilkesbarre Union Leader.

To a Beautiful Stranger.

A GLANCE, a smile—I see it yet!
A moment ere the train was starting;
How strange to tell! We scarcely met,
And yet I felt a pang at parting.

And you (alas! that all the while
'Tis I alone who am confessing!)
What thought was lurking in your smile
Is quite beyond my simple guessing.

I only know those beaming rays
Awoke in me a strange emotion,
Which, basking in their warmer blaze,
Perhaps might kindle to devotion.

Ah! many a heart as staunch as this,
By smiling lips allured from duty,
Has sunk in passion's dark abyss—
"Wrecked on the coral reefs of beauty!"

And so 'tis well the train's swift flight,
That bore away my charming stranger,
Took her—God bless her!—out of sight,
And me as quickly out of danger!
—John G. Saxe.

WHEN the London *Lancet* says "no growing child should be kept at one task more than three quarters of an hour," it is very evident, and we don't mind a small-sized wager on it in spite of the pricking of our conscience, that the London *Lancet* was never the father of a growing child.—*Phil. News.*

If you wish to make a man perfectly miserable send him an important message by telephone. Tell him to be sure to meet you at a hotel at a certain hour, say. But when he asks who you are, don't understand him and don't give him your name. He'll fret off a pound of flesh an hour trying to make out who it is telephoned him.—*Boston Post.*

You remember Johnny Lepine, who made ten thousand dollars before breakfast, simply by marking up his goods! Somehow we can't help thinking of the eccentric old man whenever we read of the wonderful gains in valuation many of our towns and cities are constantly making.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Yes," said Tawmus, "I don't object to taking silver dollars. It's such a comfort to feel that you have money."—*Boston Post.*

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EVENING AT 8—OVER AT 10:30.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2; over at 4:15.
Seats secured two weeks ahead.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with HEEL and TOE COMPLETE IN TWENTY minutes. It will also knit a great variety of Fancy-Work, for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the TWOMBLY KNITTING MACHINE COMPANY, 163 Tremont street, Boston.

THE JUDGE



A SUGGESTION TO J. G. B.--How to Utilize the Tramps.

THE JUDGE