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Price

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 6, 1883.

10 Cents.



FRANKLIN SQUARE LITH. CO. NEW YORK.

OUR TRUANT PRESIDENT.

UNCLE SAM—"Here, Sir Chet! you have played long enough; come home and do your chores."

THE JUDGE



THE JUDGE.

324, 326 and 328 Pearl St., (Franklin Square.)
NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)

IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers, \$5.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers, 2.50
One copy, for 13 weeks, 1.25

Address, POSTAGE FREE.
THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
324, 326 and 328 Pearl St., New York.

EUROPEAN AGENTS:

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 11 Boulevard St., (Fleet St.)
LONDON, ENGLAND.

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FISHING AGAIN.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR must be one of the most enthusiastic of fishermen. Only just returned from a trip to the Yellowstone, he flies to Newport, gets his rod in order, and proceeds to cast another fly. To Chester Arthur the finny tribe are of considerably more importance than are the fifty millions of his fellow countrymen, more or less, whose votes placed him in the position he occupies to-day. Captain Marryat, in one of his inimitable sea stories, relates how a certain officer, in command of one of the boats sent on a "cutting-out" expedition, amused himself while waiting for the signal for action, by fishing. When the signal was given, and all the other boats rowed fiercely to the attack, this enthusiast in the gentle craft checked the ardor of his men—"wait a bit," he said, "I've got a bite." Was this gentleman one of President Arthur's ancestors? It would almost seem so. Perhaps when the campaign strikes the country like a tornado, and men of all classes of political opinion are working like pack-horses to bring about the result each individual desires, President Arthur will request his immediate following to "Wait a bit; I've got a bite."

NEWSPAPER COMPETITION.

THIS is an age of progress and enterprise; competition is the soul of trade, and business rivalry makes cheap prices. All of which

more or less original and sapient remarks are suggested by the fact that the New York *Times* has reduced its price to two cents, and the New York *Tribune* to three. Verily, this is an epoch of marvels. The reduction in the price of the *Times* we can understand, and, coming on the eve of a political campaign, we may say (without intending any pun) that it is timely; but the *Tribune*! shade of Horace Greeley! look down and see your pet bantling retailing for three cents! The wisdom of the tall tower cheaper than a pint of peanuts! Well, well; as we remarked before, this is an age of progress and enterprise!

But whither will this ecstasy of progress lead us? Where will the competition cease? We know that in the case of competing railroads and steamboats, rivalry has reached such a point that travelers have been carried for nothing—have actually been offered inducements to travel. Why may not a competition of this kind be looked for among our newspapers? How gratifying to readers to see the *Times* given away of a morning (it often is "given away" nowadays, but in another sense) with a handsome chromo—while the *Tribune* stimulates its circulation by the gift of a pound of tea to each weekly (or weakly) purchaser. It will be sufficient for the *Herald* to offer an unusually elaborate war-map, while the *Sun* can present a carefully traced chart of the route the Republican party will take—when they go. There is evidently a great day at hand for the readers of the daily papers, and for the buttermen, and for the Chinese laundries, when wrapping paper will be cheaper than air, and when telegraphic news from all parts of the world can be had for nothing.

And there is our periodical literature! There are *Harper's* and the *Century* and a dozen other publications, to cut rates among each other and furnish the rising generation with literary pabulum for next to nothing. It beats the schools hollow, and will beat the papers, too, if they persist in it. Meanwhile, we must recognize in the course of the *Times* and *Tribune* one sign more of the approaching millenium.

BUTLER'S COMPLACENCY.

GOVERNOR BUTLER by this time has come to the conclusion that he is a "bigger man than old Grant." To tell the truth, the worthy B. F. B. has never had a very lowly opinion of himself, and now that he sees himself pitted against Congressman Robinson, he swells and struts more complacently than ever. It really does look as if circumstances were playing into the political hands of the present Governor of Massachusetts. To what purpose was he snubbed by Harvard, if the opposition begins, ends and centres in a Robinson? Really, Mr. Butler must feel as if he had burned a great deal of superfluous ammunition over the Tewksbury business if this is all that his antagonists can

find to oppose him. But while Governor Butler is mentally measuring his pigmy antagonist, and preparing to swallow him at a mouthful, we would recommend for his perusal that very racy little work of Dean Swift's, entitled, "Gulliver among the Lilliputs."

MISDIRECTED ENTERPRISE.

THE New York *Herald* has acquired an enviable reputation for enterprise by the publication of sundry and divers war-maps, views of circum-polar stations, and more or less perforated rifle-targets; however, as these various works of art might readily be confounded with one another by the casual observer, and as the *Herald* artist finds it difficult to make sufficient distinction between Wrangell's Land and a hole in a target, we were last week treated to something fresh in the way of pictorial enterprise. We were presented with the *fac-simile* of the Korean treaty and address to President Arthur, which, THE JUDGE is fain to admit, resemble nothing that swims or floats or flies—except, perhaps, a Chinese wash-bill. They are, certainly, no whit more intelligible to the readers of the *Herald*, and not half as interesting—that is to say, if the reader be asked to pay the wash-bill! If this be enterprise, give us plain, every-day journalism, which gives us the news and plenty of it, and leaves the Asiatic languages to those whom they may interest. There is a good deal of news, or, failing news, English reading—in the world, which would have pleased the subscribers to the *Herald* far better than the specimen from a Mongolian laundry which occupied so much space on its principal page last week.

THE END OF CHIVALRY.

REALLY the old, chivalrous spirit seems dying out in America. We are losing our admiration of dash and daring. Mitchell and Slade are not allowed to fight, and we have yet to hear of a single bonfire being lighted in honor of Mr. James, the well known Missouri outlaw. This lapse seems inexcusable. Did not Mr. James perform every possible, and many apparently impossible acts to justify our regarding him as our champion highwayman? Did he not rob railway trains with as much celerity and dexterity as Claude Du Val was accustomed to display in robbing stage coaches, thereby showing himself well abreast with the march of civilization, and did he not elude capture as skillfully and by much the same means as did Dick Turpin himself? and now he has been acquitted and we have heard of no overt demonstrations of rejoicing. This is unaccountable—inexplicable. Here is a man, who has probably more murders on his hands or on his responsibility than any man living to-day (with the possible exception of a few singularly fortunate Indian agents and rum-sellers), here he has been acquitted

by a jury of his peers, and the country is not ablaze with bonfires. Acquitted by a jury of his peers, did we say? We take it back, for where are we to look for the peers of such a man?—but acquitted by a Missouri jury! Surely Young America has abandoned dime novels and taken to tracts if such an event fails to stir the life of the nation to its lowest depths. And yet we have the first bonfire to hear from. *O tempora, O mores!*

Merci Bien.

THE JUDGE improves with each edition. It is a good publication and we like his pretty cartoons and excellent literary matter, even if it does occasionally fail to credit the *Times* with articles copied from its columns. —*Whitehall Times.*

If it is so, it is unintentional we assure you.

A Rude Man.

HE came into the office unannounced (a Nubian in scarlet silk usually ushers our visitors or touches the spring that sets in motion the bouncer), and sidling up to the desk, observed: "I've seen better days—"

"So have I," we broke in, as his gin-laden breath reached us, "it's raining as if Ararat would again be a good mooring-place, rubber's the only wear, and the mud—to be clear to you—is four fingers deep, as black as that left eye of yours, and as sticky as rum-and-molasses. Yes, I've seen much better days. I remember one day, 'twas in leafy June—look here, my lushy friend, do you propose to ruin this Axminster with the drippings off that two-by-four umbrella? Put it in that *repousse* spittoon over there."

He eyed us inquiringly for a moment and put it there. Turning again, "I do not think you quite follow me; it is due only to mis—"

"Sad, very sad. Women are at the bottom of all trouble. May I ask how you fell. Were you a Professor in Vassar or did you have a milk-route? Did you give music lessons on Murray Hill or were you some swell's coachman at Newport? Did you play Romeo among amateurs or were you a brakeman on the L? Maybe you tried to escape down a rope-ladder with your grip in one hand and your other hiding the descent of your landlady's daughter? No man can try that and not fall. Or did you take your best girl from her home in Harlem to Niblo's, treat her to supper, miss the last car and have her 250 pound brother call on you to learn how you were going to 'square things'? In any of those ways you might have come to appreciate 'God's best gift to man'—so-called."

He looked very doubtful and faltered, "My go-ood s-sir, the wheel of fortune—"

"Gambling, eh? And at roulette. O, inebriate, thy name is Sucker. I know the game; I've played it. Twenty-seven numbers for you, a nought, a double-nought and an eagle-bird for the bank. It's generally the eagle-bird, 'by chance.' Why throw away your money? Why didn't you go into Wall street? What was to prevent you taking in Uncle Rufe's picnic and investing in those north-west lands where there are nothing but weather and Indians—no climate or civilization to speak of? What was in the way of your making a trip to the Sheeps-head Bay course? You might easily have



MICHAEL FLAHERTY, the newly-landed make-himself-generally-useful-about-the-house boy has received orders over night to get out the hose the first thing on the following morning and wash off the sidewalk, and the faithful fellow obeys the order to the letter.

picked the winners, outsiders, with the odds all the way from 20 to 100 to 1 against them, and, having pocketed your cash, you might have taken the Long Island Railroad for New York, carefully choosing the front seat in the first parlor car. The odds against your reaching home safely are not quoted; the chalk gave out. Don't you know that the Alaskan State Lottery draws on the 23d of every month? If you had put a little mon. into that you would have aided a charitable object, for one-half the profit goes to furnishing the young Alaskans with pajamas."

As I paused, he cried: "Since you won't hear the cause of my distress, I'll come to the point. To be brief, will you let me have 62 1-2 cents?"

"To be brief, I will not. Abdallah-ben-Said, tuni-muka-hi."

The Nubian touched the spring. The muzzle-velocity of the multicharge gun was as nothing to the rapidity of that man's exit.

He pulled himself together off the pavement, and as he walked away he muttered:

"The rudest man I ever saw, always interrupting, but, by Jingo, Keely's got his motor working." E. P. C.

To Bashful Maude.

My little maid, thou art too cold
And prudish in thy bearing.
Unless Dan Cupid grows more bold,
Depend on't, he will lose his hold—
E'en of a kiss despairing! E. P. C.

THE spirit the times in-still—whiskey.

A POPULAR watering-place—a horse-trough.

A SIMPLE lay—an egg.

YACHT to go to the races for fun.

Only a Super.

MR. SAMUEL COLVILLE, manager of the Fourteenth Street Theatre, has been interviewed by a dramatic paper anent the recent fall of a stage bridge during one of Mr. Edgar's rehearsals, by which certain people were hurt. Mr. Colville expressed himself as "greatly annoyed" that so much should have been made of the affair by the newspapers. No one was hurt to speak of, he said; the ladies and gentlemen of the company were little the worse for the adventure, and, in point of fact, only a few supers had been at all seriously injured. A great deal too much had been made of the affair, in Mr. Colville's opinion.

Only a super at fifty cents;
He has no feelings at all events;
Who is to care if he should be hurt?
Who takes the part of such back slum dirt?
If a "property's" damaged the manager
blows—

But the ribs of a super—who cares for those?

A thing that is hired—and cheaply, I ween,
To fill up the back of some stirring scene,
To don, as it may be, a senator's gown,
Or shout in the mob of a Roman town—
To be sworn at and scolded and cavilled at—
Who cares what becomes of a thing like that?

He may have a wife? Yes, of course, he may,
Against that I haven't a word to say; [break,
And if bridges will tumble and bones will
The wife may starve; 'twas her own mistake;
Folks should know what penury they invite
If they marry on fifty cents a night.

Not one of the ladies or gentlemen hurt,
And the rest is a trifle, I still assert;
A supe is a matter so soon replaced
That sorrow for him would be merely waste.
I'm glad I have only that to deplore—
A supe or two injured and nothing more.



Just at this moment he's walking about,
Talking dumb show, with a girl on his arm.
Dozens like him wander in and pass out,
Forming the picture that makes the scene's charm;
And his sole thought, as he stands in the set,
"Is my poor girl at home lingering yet?"

She cannot live—she is past doctor's skill;
Well, as he knows it, he smiles and toils on,
Thinking, at times, with a heart-breaking thrill,

Washington Gossip.

FROM OUR OWN LIAR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPT. 27th.

HEARING it hinted that your correspondent's residing in Washington is doubted, and that his communications are composed in a New York uptown flat (one room to the flat) and that his weekly lucubrations are written on discarded paper cuffs, the selvage edges of the "Criminal's Own Journal," "The Christian Intelligencer," and Harry Miner's programmes, thereby leading the public to believe that you don't pay your correspondent salary enough to enable him to buy writing paper without infringing upon his beer-money, your correspondent begs to refer these "doubting Thomases" to the enclosed board bill from Mrs. Stimpkins, 1876 Fourth street, this city. (You will notice that the aforesaid bill is not receipted, possibly a nod is as good as a wink to a JUDGE). (Yes, and possibly an "ukase" from this office removing you from your position, and bestowing it upon some one who interviews public officials more and bar-rooms less, is what you'll get if you run up any more bills on the strength of your connection with this paper—you hear me cackle).—ED. JUDGE.

In the contract made by the Secretary of the Navy Chandler, on behalf of this Gov-

FACT AND FANCY.

ALACE of fancy or attic of fact—
Which will my Imogene visit to-night?
Is it her whim to see somebody act?
Or witness a play by reality's light?
I am indifferent, I have no choice—
Fancy or Fact, dearest, which has your voice?

Fancy shows pictures more lurid, perhaps,
Shadowed by passion, by vice and by crime;
Fact counts its misery by the quick taps
Of a hid heart beating agony's time.
Fact lies in darkness and fancy in light—
Which will my Imogene visit to-night?

You can see trials and troubles and care,
Set off by lustre and gilding and dress;
Or you can watch them all hideously bare,
Framed in the pall of their own wretchedness.
Fact often kills—Fancy crowneth the Right?
Which will my Imogene visit to-night?

Fact—do you choose it? Well, Fact let it be;
It is the basis of all of our plays;
But the five acts of the dramas you see
Really run throughout numberless days;
You scarce can realize what you have read:
"Five years' elapse, and the victim is dead."

Here in this garret a wife lying ill—
Only a line from Reality's page;
You've seen the husband, you may see him
still.

Strut any night on the theatre stage.
You've scarce observed him, forgotten him
quite—

Guest at a ball at a dollar a night!

Rent-day to-morrow; the last dollar gone.

A single set and a pitiful act—
Curtain descends on the attic of Fact.

You do not like it! I thought not, my child—
We'll see no more of this terrible play.
Better the flimsiest Fancy run wild
Than the dread drama of life's every-day.
Weep at the well-acted woes if you list—
Tears are soon dried for what does not exist.

G. H. JESSOP.

ernment, with John Cockroach the eminent ship builder, a most wise provision has been inserted; it is to the effect that the builder guarantees that all vessels he constructs for the United States government, shall cost—at least—one tenth of what he charges his customer; that they shall outride the fiercest storm that is likely to visit the Potomac River, and if any of them should turn bottom upward, when wearing ship—accidents will happen, you know—John Cockroach promises to explain the matter in such a satisfactory, and scientific manner to the Secretary of the Navy, that the latter will at once order the immediate construction of six more vessels of the same pattern.

Your correspondent has it on the best authority that Congress will be asked to appropriate a sum for the erection of a building in Washington in which to hold an Industrial Exhibition that shall take the starch, so to speak, out of every Exhibition that has hitherto been held whether in London, Vienna, Paris, Berlin, Philadelphia, Boston or Louisville. The idea is to make it strictly a national affair; no foreign goods will be exhibited except those worn on the backs, heads and feet of visitors. It has been suggested that in showing exhibits, each State and Territory shall be guided by the following list. By doing so, a greater variety will be obtained than would be the

case were each State allowed to do its own selecting. Appended, the names of States, and exhibits peculiar to each:

Alabama—Cotton, and a snake story.
Arkansas—Cotton. The fiddle upon which the "Arkansaw Traveller" was first played. The cost of tar and feathers the first player received, and ex-Senator Dorsey.

Connecticut—Tobacco. Piety. Mutton-headed coroners' juries. Wooden nutmegs, and a Yale-College baseball bat.

California—"The finest climate in the world." Some Railroad honesty. Big pears. Smutty newspapers. A Hoodlum and 14 millionaires.

Colorado—A piece of Pike's Peak. A private graveyard. "A good mining investment." A Faro "lav-out," and one of ex-Lieutenant-Governor Tabor's frilled night shirts.

Delaware—A crate of peaches, and the genealogical tree of the Bayards.

Florida—Cotton. Swamps. Alligators. Key West cigars (made in Avenue A.) Oranges, and a case of Yellow Jack.

Georgia—A colored lady. A white woman. A dish of 'possum and sweet potatoes, and the original Georgia Minstrels.

Indiana—The "next President." The Tall Sycamore of the Walash and 24 divorces to the square mile.

Illinois—A Chicago man who was rich before the fire. The author of "Jerked to Jesus" and a Whisky Ring.

Iowa—A section of Barb-wire fencing and a badly-wrecked Prohibitory Amendment.

Kentucky—Henry Watterson. A ton of blue grass, and "Our Mary."

Kansas—A thin farmer and a fat grass-hopper.

Louisiana—A Joke from the "Picayune." A Mardi Gras Festival and a Lottery Ticket.

Missouri—The honored citizen, Frank James. A St. Louis girl's foot and a steamboat blow-up.

Mississippi—"The dotlets on the I"—one must use when spelling the name of the State. Malaria, and the Railroad refreshment-room biscuit which was placed by a traveller on the rail and upset a locomotive and 18 freight cars.

Michigan—A wild goose. A representative Michigander, and the Lime Kiln Club.
Minnesota—A Barrel of Flour and a Blizzard.

Maine—The respect paid the Liquor Law, and Fish yarn.

Massachusetts—Butler's record. Culture. John L. Sullivan. Bottle of Bedford Rum, and a "Skin game" Tewkesbury.

Maryland—A naval cadet in a glass case, and the remains of the U. S. Navy in a coffin.

New York—One of the Finest. Some specimens of Democratic Harmony. An American Actor, (very rare). A chorus of Brooklyn Bridge. A "Herald's War-map." A fire in the dry-goods District, and a Bunco steerer.

New Jersey—(A foreign State: no exhibits permitted).

New Hampshire—A few Hills and Bill Chandler.

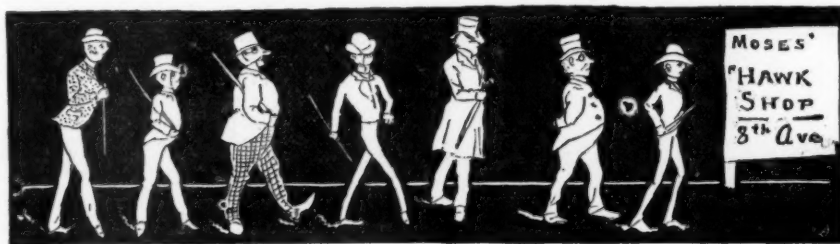
Nebraska—A Tornado and a Cowboy.
Nevada—A boquet of sage brush and a "busted" mining community.

North Carolina—The remarks made by the Governor to His Excellency of South Carolina.

Ohio—Hogs and Politicians.

Oregon—A few rainy days.

ST. BENJAMIN'S DAY.



WITH the waning of September,
We remember, we remember,
How last April all our overcoats
In lavender were laid;
And in long and sad processions
We regain our "loaned" possessions—
For the autumn is the heyday
Of the gay pawn-broking trade.

THE nickels we've been hoarding
From penurious summer boarding,
We count and recount carefully
With many a throb of pain—
Too thankful if the summing
Can defy the winter coming,
And send us from our Uncle's doors
With "Benjamins" again.



Pennsylvania—An oil monopoly. A Philadelphia lawyer. A white marble doorstep, and a starved coal miner.

Rhode Island—A Newport surf and a clam-bake.

South Carolina—The answer given by the Governor to the remark made by His Excellency of North Carolina.

Tennessee—A mule. Bad whisky and twenty-seven poor show towns.

Texas—A cattle king. A bowie knife. A revolver, and an interesting case of Jim jams.

Virginia—One of the F. F. V's. The mother of a President; and the only (thank heaven) Mahone!

Vermont—Chester A. Arthur.

Wisconsin—A keg of Milwaukee and a Dutchman to drink it.

West Virginia—A Railroad man. John Brown's body and a great Future.

From each of the Territories, a claim to be admitted into the Union.

Mrs. Squizzle at Home.

EXTRACT FROM JOURNAL.

I'm gittin tuckered out with that man Squizzle; in fact I've arrived at that stait where fourbearants ceasis to be a vertue.

My threts don't take hold on him as they used to, but how kould I expect it. Disease don't even tackle to him; tho he is in the same dweling it lets him terribly alone and fastens its fangs onto Sally Mari and I. Yes, the very ole lord has bin in our midst and marked us for his own. Chicken-pox is nuthin to kompare to it. I didn't kare so very mutch for myself, for Squizzle will live to the age of Methusaler—the Squizzlezes all do—and I shall never be in the market again, but poor dear, I did feel bad to see her so dented up and discolored. The doctor only laft when I told him I was afraid Sally Mari's komplexion was ruined. "Nuthin of the kind, my dere madam," sez he. "You jest git a punkin from the field that the frost has softened and put it on her fase, and you'll find that in the kourse of two or three weeks she'll kum out as fare as a lily."

I got the punkin, split it, and, after makin holes for the eyes and nose, put half on Sally Mari's face and t'other half on mine. I thought if it would make her fare as a lily

there was no reason why it shouldent make me fare too.

Jabez came posting in just as we got the punkin on our fases. "What pon airth are you two doin—makin jack-o-lanterns of yourselves?" he asked.

I didn't answer him, for the punkin was over my mouth and I kouldn't; so I just banged the dore in his fase without answerin him. He knew what that ment, and retired to the pertater patch back of the house and went to work agin.

I hante got over his meanness in lettin Jerusha Jawbitt git the best of me. Ide sot my heart on that blue bonit and he new it. It was a real geniwine imputation from Madam Duha, Paris. You could rede it in guilt letters on the inside of the crown lining, so there was no humbug about it. It was a beautiful fit. I ordered it sent home. Alas, I was over to brother Blab's private orfice in the midst of a diskussion regarding the morril atmosphere of the town, when word came that I was wanted home. The blue bonit had arrived.

There was a time when Squizzle wouldn't have dared put his eyes inside my band-box, but he's in a deplorable state of insurrection now. He had opened that band-box, hawled out that bonit, made remarks about it, sent it back with the bill unpaid, accompanied with considerable sass. He even went so far as to say h'd fixed things so I wouldn't dare enter the milliner's shop again, but never was mortil man more mistaken. Sally Mari met me with teres in her eyes, and in the langwidge of the poet told me what her pa had dun. It read thus: He stamped and took an oath or two. Here's my opinion on it: That man deserves a gibet who won't buy his wife a bonit.

"Sally Mari," says I, "I must raze the money myself to pay for it, for that bonit I must have." "Mother," she sez, "you'r rite."

Squizzle didn't sleep much that nite, you bet. He thought I'd got bonit on the brain. I gave him a piece of my mind four hours long by the klock. "Hadn't you better stop long enough to git breth," says he; "you mite choke, you kno."

"Presious little you'd kare if I did," sez I. "I'll mortgage the turkey tails and gese feathers that's goin to be picked for Thanksgiving, and I'll pay for that bonit with the proceeds, and you kant help yourself. I'll

tell you another thing I'm a goin to do; I'm a-goin to the Fair of the American Institution. I've got two squashes that beat the universe and a turkey gobbler that ways thirty-five pounds, and they are goin with me. Sally Mari is goin too with her patch-work quilt. You needn't think you can sneak off by yourself this time. If President Arthur is there she's goin to ask him to rite his name in the centre of her quilt. The life of singleness that he ledes weighs on him. Twant nuthin else that upset his stumick out at the Fishing Banks I reckon, poor fellow."

A LADY in Toronto recently started to laugh at some amusing incident, and after keeping it up for some time she attempted to stop and couldn't. If she had only possessed presence of mind enough to have gone and got a copy of *Punch* it would have been effective, but she didn't, and had to call in a doctor.

DR. WILLIS announces the fact that "mothers-in-law are not laughed at in Persia." Same here. He must be a bold, bad man, without any hair, who would laugh at his mother-in-law.

THE members of Congress will not be blamed by the people for giving them cheaper postage, so they can congratulate themselves on the saving of one cent-sure.

WHEN a poet prepares a long-winded poem, does he measure it by the gas-metre. That would be a good way to get in the "words that burn."

It must be encouraging to the shoemaker to know that, though often defeated in his aspirations, he is sure to succeed at the last.

It is said that "a drop of nicotine on the end of a dude's tongue will kill a puppy." We don't believe it.

THOUGH a crazy fish was probably never heard of, large numbers are undoubtedly found to be in seine.

WHY are young lovers like a legislative "smelling" committee? Because their business is to in-vest-i-gate.



WELL, the christening is over, the baby is no longer called Toodledums, and, as Heraclitus says, we still live, though I thought one or the other of us would die of old age before a suitable name for the dear child could be decided upon. When the subject came up for general conversation one morning at breakfast everybody had a suggestion to make, and before the discussion was ended I discovered that there were more and uglier names in the English language than I had ever before dreamed of.

Of course Heraclitus wanted to overwhelm the child with some old Pennyfeather family cognomen. I was prepared for this, and so, when he mentioned his mother's name, Maria Eliza, as being a sensible one, I neither groaned nor fainted, as might have been expected. No; I knew his disposition too well for that. If there's anything he hates, it's using French words when English will do as well. I quietly remarked, "Maria Eliza? not bad; it could be so easily changed to Marie Elise."

This squelched him for a time, but he came to the front when I said I thought Elaine was very pretty. "Elaine," said he, with a contemptuous sniff. "I'd as soon call her Maiden Lane as E-laine." I suppose he thought this was funny, and he went on to say how beautifully Elaine Pennyfeather would sound. I told him it wasn't my fault that he had aucha plebeian surname. I didn't give it to him; on the contrary, he kindly bestowed it on me when I married him. Then, I added, if he expected to give the blessed child a name that would sound well with Pennyfeather tackled to it, he might as well give it up at once. Then everybody had something to say, and she might, and probably would, have had as many appellations as any of the crowned heads in Europe, if Aunt Penelope had not come to the rescue. She commenced by asking us if we had all forgotten about her and mama's mother, who was a very beautiful woman, and distinguished in society for her elegant manners. Her name was Kathleen Rutherford. For some reason or other none of her children or grandchildren have been called the same, and aunt Pen said she should like to have the name perpetuated. Before Heraclitus or anybody could object, she added, if the baby should be christened Kathleen she would give her the brooch, bracelet and ring that had once belonged to her great-grandmother. Then she sent up stairs for her jewel case, and taking out the jewels showed them to Heraclitus, who had never seen them before. They are perfectly exquisite, very valuable, and goodness knows how old. They have always been in the family, and went to aunt Pen, who was the oldest girl, when grandma died. There is

only one stone missing in the lot, and that is an emerald from the leaf of the shamrock in the brooch, but Heraclitus says he can have it replaced at Bachman & Son's, in Maiden Lane.

Everything at the christening went off all right. The baby behaved beautifully and looked like an angel. Her dress was made from a lovely robe that mama bought for her in Paris when she was a wee infant. It was a marvel of fine needlework and costly lace, and looked lovely over the white surah she wore underneath. My own dress was very handsome, and mother and aunt Penelope had on imported costumes. Heraclitus, after we were all dressed, said the whole performance was more like an exhibition of wearing apparel than a religious ceremony; but I told him he needn't say anything; he was just as proud of the baby as anybody, and he'd evidently taken a good deal of pains with his own get up.

The dinner, after the service, was an elegant affair, and did credit to all concerned. Everybody called the baby "Kathleen Mavourneen," and she has had so many presents that I don't know how we shall get them all home.

It is very gay here now. "Pressing business" has called my dear husband to the city, but I shall remain a while longer. When he mentioned the "pressing business," I asked him who was the *press-ee*. He didn't answer, but looked as cross as two sticks. Then I inquired how Mrs. Dove was. He said he'd neither seen her nor heard of her since she left Long Branch. All very well. I dare say he's found some one to take her place, and I presume he goes to Niblo's or the French opera every night.

Never mind, I can console myself with private theatricals, tableaux, balls and teas here. I am already a great deal better than I was when I came, and I shall be strong enough to do a lot of shopping when I get home. I have really nothing suitable for autumn wear except my lovely tailor-made suit that was finished just before I left New York. It is very swell and fits to a T,

though, as might have been expected, Heraclitus doesn't like it. He didn't like the bill for it, either. He said the suit was too English and too masculine for my style. I told him I guessed the bill would be American enough for him, and it was. He's trying now to have me stop wearing French heels on my shoes, and said the doctor said when I was ill they were very bad for me. I asked him what upon earth French heels had to do with pleurisy, and he only shrugged his shoulders.

I don't believe the doctor ever said anything so silly. If he did, I'll give him a piece of my mind when I get home. As for Heraclitus, if he says another word on the subject, I'll have a pair of shoes made with soles so broad and heels so flat that he'll never recognize the foot in them as belonging to
 PENELOPE PENNYFEATHER.

WHY are many of THE JUDGE's cartoons like the heir to the British throne? Because they are the prints of Wales.

WHY is a postalpouch like a fellow getting the mitten? Because it's a mail sack.

A LOCOMOTIVE reminds one of the old man's boot, because it makes the sparks fly.

OUT of spirits—an empty decanter. Often down in the mouth—beer.

THE tied that leads to fortune—marrying an heiress.

A TENDER spot—the receiving-teller's desk at a bank.

THE man who departs from the right is sure to get left.

A COAT of mail must have been hardware.

A SOUND investment—buying a drum.

IT takes old Neptune to do the heavy swell.



HER FIRST PATIENT.
 SICK MAN—What! a female physician? I want a doctor, to make me well—not a woman, to make love to me.
 FEMALE PHYSICIAN (bashfully)—I promise to do neither.

A Plea for Fashion.

You may mock her, and scorn her, and say you'll not submit
 To Fashion's rule tyrannical, and that you'll not permit
 Your wives and daughters and young men to follow
 in their train
 Who bend the knee to Fashion, and have "style
 upon the brain."
 Tut, tut, now, Mr. Fogy—you know it will not do;
 Would you wear the hat upon your head you wore
 ten years ago?
 Or would you wear the satin vest you thought so
 very fine
 When Angelina, long since dead, once pledged her
 troth to thine?
 Nor would you have your present wife, who dresses
 with such taste,
 Decked in her grandma's velvet gown, that has so
 little waist;
 And would you have your boys and girls, the pride
 of their papa,
 Look like the old-time picture—a horror to mama?
 Now don't you think 'twould be a shame to see your
 lovely Grace
 With an enormous dunstable shading her pretty
 face?
 With ugly mits drawn o'er her hands, so tiny, soft
 and white?
 Dost like the picture? Ah, you shake your head:
 "Not quite!"
 Must we still cling to grandma's cloak, that has so
 many capes,
 And destroy our pretty figures, and refuse to show
 shapes,
 For grandma's sake and her old days, that now are
 dead and gone?
 I tell you, Mr. Fogy, you're no wiser than your
 Tom.
 I tell you, Mr. Fogy, though reforms of dress a-
 bound,
 'Tis no longer Love, but Fashion, that spins the
 world around.
 Don't you think the girls look pretty with their
 bright coquettish bows,
 Their dainty frills and laces and jaunty furebelows?
 You may mock her, you may scorn her; but I tell
 you to your face,
 You, like all the others, are fastened in her trace;
 From plaids, or stripes, or motley cloths you seek
 your suit each season,
 And always bid your tailor to "make it in the
 fashion."
 Pshaw! No one with common sense would care to
 be the tool
 Of others' jeers, and, by his dress, be called "ec-
 centric fool."
 E'en the seasons come and go, like them does Fashion
 change,
 And if we don't respect her laws, we're called both
 odd and strange.
 No, no! Now Mr. Fogy, be a man of common sense;
 What suits the present season won't suit some sea-
 son hence.
 Upon society's banner you read, when 'tis unfurled,
 "To be out of the fashion is to be out of the world!"

MARY F. WELCH.

A CERTAIN good Methodist "deakin"
 Who at camp-meeting was speakin',
 Opened his mouth so wide,
 That a June-bug there did hide,
 And both bug and deacon had well nigh
 died.

HANLON is a fine representative of Ameri-
 ca's scull-hard race.



VERBUM SAP.

If the Churches must advertise themselves, why not do something quiet and respect-
 able, like the above, and not disturb the whole neighborhood with the row and clangor of
 their bells?

The Peanut Merchant's Vengeance.

A WILD, WEIRD TALE OF EIGHTH AVENUE.

It was a gusty autumn night. Thick masses of cloud hurried across the sky, obscuring the moon at intervals, and the moaning wind swept through the streets, making the street lamps flicker. It also caused male pedestrians to clutch ever and anon at their head coverings, while females clung to their skirts and regretted that they had not donned their bestest hosiery. It was a night for some dark and fearful deed, and so the peanut merchant, who presided over his wares on the street corner, by the light of a flaring lamp partially screened by a tattered canvass awning, seemed to regard it.

He stood by his peanut stand, a dark, moody man, and the shadows cast by the flickering lamps, as they alternated in gloom and gleam upon his brow, were the brightest of aught that rested there.

He had been bitterly wronged—this child of a civilization long anterior to our own—and was meditating upon his vengeance. All the fierce passions of his stormy southern nature, all the implacable hate of his forgotten Italy lowered in his glance as he glared around him. He had been bitterly wronged, and his was not the nature to accept injury or injustice tamely.

That very morning the shoe-black who presided over the destinies of a neighboring chair—a shining light in a community whose members are always shining—had made an extensive purchase from the Italian's emporium, and had successfully passed off upon

the guileless child of Italy a lead nickel in payment.

Suddenly his face lighted up—a whistle suggestive of one of Harrigan & Hart's tunes, resounds along the sidewalk. The vile deceiver—the boot-black, is approaching.

Oh, if some of our great actors could have washed—no, watched, the swarthy face of the Italian at that moment, and have seen how the malignant look died out and was succeeded by one of almost infantile sweetness, they might have taken a valuable lesson in mimetic art.

"Gooda boy—have a nutta," murmured the merchant in the sweet patois of Southern Italy. The shoe-black paused before the peanut stand. The hour of vengeance was almost striking.

At first the boy was suspicious. Nuts were rarely proffered for nutting—no, for nothing, on that part of Eighth avenue. His reply was dictated by his native caution:

"Wot are yer givin' us?"

"A nutta—good nutta."

His love of nuts overcame his prudence. He accepted the tempting morsel. He had no nut-crackers, but what of that, his teeth were sound. The nut was conveyed to his mouth—cr-cr-crackle. It broke. An evil smile also broke over the face of the merchant.

"Thip—thip—thip—s—s—pohew!" went the boy, as he fled up the avenue, spitting like a fire-cracker.

"Gooda cayenne pepper," remarked the merchant, as he turned again to his wares. His vengeance was complete.



REDUCTIO AD AL
The Result of the Reduction in Price



AD ABSURDUM.
 in Price of the Leading Dailies.



A SHAKE—ON A PROMISSORY NOTE.

Alonzo Busbee: His Life and Impressions.

BY WILLIAM GILL.

CHAP. VII.

"Now let us thank the eternal power; convinced
That Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction,—
That oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
Serves but to brighten all our future days!"

—Roscoe Conkling.

By the flickering of the gas jet above my head I beheld—my own shadow upon the wall. I was too young to have much conscience, and my "broughtens up" were not of a nature to foster "slings and arrows" in my callous breast, so the start I gave when I beheld the distorted and gigantic image of myself was, I am now sorry to say, caused more by a fear of being clubbed by "one of the finest" than any prickings of the inward monitor. Recovering from my momentary fright, I cautiously undid the fastenings of the door and admitted Bill and Jack.

"This way," said the former, to whom Sheeny Sam had given the plan of the house, and opening a door on the right of the passage we found ourselves at the foot of a flight of steps; these we ascended and came into the main hallway of the mansion. From that we passed into the reception, or drawing-room, gorgeously furnished, and exhibiting on its walls an Academy of Design array of oil-paintings, water-colors and chromos. The flooring of the room was completely covered with a gros-grain carpet, cut on the bias, the prevailing tint a beautiful "crushed liver-pad;" the upholstery was of the Queen Mary, or Elizabeth, or Anne pattern, and some admirable hand-painted cuspidors adorned the centre-table. An epergne of Celtic manufacture, and filled with paper flowers, graced the massive, old-fashioned hard-wood chimney mantel, and some German saloon-colored fly-catchers imparted a novel and decidedly pleasing effect to the ceiling, which was kalsomined in the highest

style of art. The window curtains, of black velvet, ornamented with silver lace, contrasted well with the bright navy-blue of the walls, and a *prie dieu* at the end of the apartment lent a Fourth of July effulgence to the *tout ensemble*. Of the pictures, some were by the old masters, some by the new masters, and one by the master of a public-school. The chromos were furnished at \$1.50 a foot by the well known firm of Swibier & Co., Dey street, city, and, judging by the lavish use of colors, the manufacturers could have made very little on them. One, whose subject was the various kinds of tobacco made by Lorillard & Co., and illustrating, with extraordinary fidelity to nature, the different colored tin-tags which ornamented each plug, was a pictorial gem, and could not have been lithographed—by the dozen—for less than seventy-five cents. Of the works of the old masters, possibly the Leonardi di Samuels' "Madonna and Child," copied from the original photograph, took the cake; its fly-blown and general seedy appearance proclaimed its antiquity, and spoke in tones, not to be mistaken, of the many weary years it had reposed in a second-hand furniture store, waiting for a sucker to purchase it. The *chiara scuro* of a "Venetian Gentleman," by Pietro Scudi, was most pronounced, and the picture would have been perfect but for the false fore-shortening of the third knuckle of the left hand. The frame, alone, of this work of art couldn't have been bought for less than twelve shillings, wholesale. Of the productions of the young masters, the picture of a little boy filling the works of his father's \$150 gold repeater with soap-suds, entitled, "Try Stiggin's German Laundry Soap," by Washington Suds, Esq., of 16 Mott street, was the most worthy of commendation, but an exquisite little bit of *still* life, a scold of the early Puritan days, with a muzzle on—not the Puritan days, but the scold—by Eastlake Dauber, Jr., Esq., deserves consideration.

Remaining in the apartment just long

enough to take the foregoing observations and several portable objects of value which lay about, we emerged again into the hallway and wended our way (that's the correct phrase, is it not?) wended our way up the broad staircase which led to the sleeping apartments. By the way, if rooms in which people repose are called "sleeping apartments," why shouldn't those in which people *don't* repose be known as "waking apartments?" I pause for a reply. * * * The pause being over, and no reply forthcoming, I will replace the thread of my narrative in the needle of description, and come to the dreadful—but I anticipate.

A good author never anticipates.

No, sirree.

With malice prepense, and diabolical ingenuity, he strives rather to shroud the hasty-to-come in the verbal impenetrability of the was and the now; and seizing the helpless reader by the hair of his head he cruelly drags him through the quagmires and brambles, and up and over the rocky defiles of many sterile chapters before he permits him to feast his mental eyes on the carefully prepared *mise-en-scene* of the long looked for *denouement*. (Heavens, how I am slathering my French around—and the publisher don't allow me a cent extra for it.)

If the courteous reader will take the trouble to retrace his footsteps over my last three chapters he will find that I have, all through them, been artfully preparing him to expect that something terrible is going to happen to Bill, and that I have also been artfully evading the responsibility of dealing the fatal blow. Why?

Because great authors never anticipate.

I'll bet my life against a coroner's jury stupidity that no one has the faintest idea, the most painfully diaphonous conception, of what *is* going to happen to Bill.

And I'll bet all that I'm likely to earn by writing novels against a base-ball umpire's honesty—the odds are great, I know, but I'll give them—that, at the present writing, I don't know myself.

* * * * *

Twelve hours are supposed to have elapsed since writing the above, and now I *do* know. "This," said Bill, halting in front of a door, "is the boss's room," (meaning Josiah O. Bullenbear's). "Here's where the swag is; the Sheeny is well posted, and in twenty minutes we'll have all we want."

Yes, too-confiding Bill, and more.

Bill took the knob of the door in his hand—there was a flash; a scream; a dull report; a yell; an agonizing cry; a crash; a heavy thud, as of a pile-driver falling; a whistle; a whirr; a tearing, as of timbers being rent apart; a holler; a splash; a gurgle; an upheaval; a kick; several oaths; a flashing of lights; and all was darkness and utter oblivion to me.

[To be continued in our next—unless the author goes on a relief expedition to the North Pole.]—Ed.

"IN certain cases I believe in assisted emigration," remarked pater familias to Imogene as he kicked Alfred down the front steps.

SOAP was known to the Jews many years before the Christian era. This may appear strange to some people at the present day.

EVEN at the performance of the most humorous plays, a theatre-audience can generally be found in tiers.

A SHARP argument—a bowie knife.

Life in the Sanctum.

If the man who sits in the editor's chair
Is jolly, and gay, and festive,
Pray why have his eyes that unearthly stare,
And why does he seem so restive?

From ten in the morning till half-past four
Not a page of writing is done there;
Tho' placarded "PRIVATE" on the door,
Not a moment is he alone there.

First a journalist calls to ask him why
His article he refuses;
Then a broker drops in while passing by
To hear what the latest news is.

Then with gesture wild and threat'ning frown
Comes the angry office-holder,
And swears he'll pay for that last cartoon
By hitting him straight from the shoulder.

Then next, with face clean-shaven and long,
Comes the anxious politician,
With a note of facts, both telling and strong,
'Bout the country's rotten condition,

Which the happy editor's asked to scan
And print in his next edition—
Endorsing, of course, "the coming man,"
His principles and position.

Then friends drop in, the exchanges read,
Appropriate chairs and table;
The news discuss—while the place is made,
With their noise, a modern Babel.

Then poets swarm as the clock strikes one—
No matter who says they can't come—
And with manuscript rolls, "little things of their
own,"
They invade the editor's sanctum.

"All these to read?" in despondent tone
He mutters, "I shall not be able."
They howl in grand chorus; he falls in a swoon
Right under his own little table.

DIOBORA.

Chronicles of Gotham.

CHAPTER XVII.

1. Now, there were men in the tribe of Politicians, who had, in the time past, been mighty in the land.

2. And they had held phat jobs, and made much money, but they, by reason of changes, were left out of the tents of the rulers.

3. Divers and certain men, who were called in the camp Assemblymen, did call, one to the other, and did say:

4. Let us go the land of bitter water, to the place called Saratoga, and therein can we have a good time; and make people believe we are doing much work,

5. We will send out proclamations to the people, saying: Let this man, and that man, be your chosen chief for the time to come.

6. Now, while these men were doing this thing, certain other, who did not think as these few did,

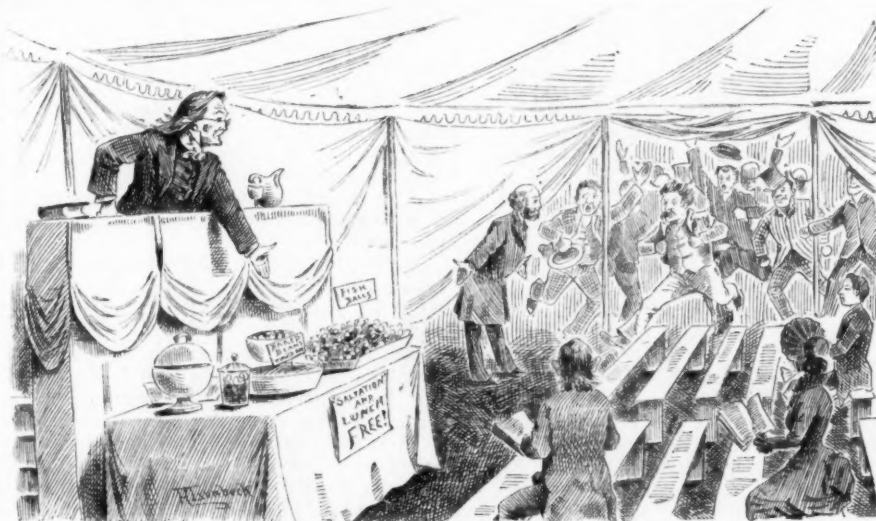
7. Even these men who had left the camp, and were feeding and drinking, but doing little work:

8. So they said: Let us say, take not these men, but take those whom we say, and whose names are strange.

9. For have we not in the past given good men, even mighty ones, to rule over you?

10. Now, when the dwellers in the camp heard these sayings, they were in doubt.

11. The men of the tribes of Dimmikrats, and of the tribes of Republikans, did hear the men of Irving Hall, and the men of Tammany Hall, and the split party, were to do these things.



RESPECTFULLY SUGGESTED.

How our Methodist friends might make their meetings popular with Sunday excursionists.

12. They looked around and said: Let us join our hands; let us take one man from each party, and so make a new one:

13. And, to be just, we will let each one be chosen by lot.

14. For the dwellers in Gotham, though they be many, and are powerful, yet they cannot do their liking.

15. For the men from the big lakes, and from the little lakes, and the ones from the little camps, and from the woods;

16. Yea, even from the land where the hay groweth, and the calf belloweth, they are the ones who make the laws.

17. But the Gothamites have to keep these laws, even if they like them not.

18. And the men agreed amongst themselves to do this thing, and so they sent word throughout the land.

19. And they did say: *We are united.* Now, when the men of Gotham did learn these things, they turned to the Boss for help.

20. But the Boss speaketh no word, and so they received no help, and the men of hayseed were glad.

21. While these things were being done, the dwellers in the camp were puzzled; they had made large and valuable presents to the men of the different tribes:

22. But they, as yet, could neither manage what they owned, or what they wanted.

23. Even the water was in no way bettered; the men of the ring did meet, and eat, and burn tobacco, but did no work.

24. The highways were broken, but not mended; the byways were filthy, and not clean; for were they not bossed by men of the ring?

25. And the men and women of the camp, did they not give large payment of shekels yearly for the doing of these things?

26. Verily, I say unto ye, these things must be changed. B. T. P.

Depends on the Goods.

"Oh, dear," sighed Vereker, as he laid down the paper, "how I wish I had been born in India."

"Why?" said Mrs. Vereker.

"Because I should have been a Hindoo, and, in the nature of things, you would have been a Hindoo, too."

"Oh, you're sorry you didn't marry a Hindoo, are you?" snapped the lady. "Very well, so am I; and you may go off to India,

or Halifax, for aught I care, and find you one. Hindoo, indeed!" and she sniffed indignantly.

"I didn't mean that, my dear," said Mr. Vereker, submissively. "I want no wife but you. I wish you had happened to be a Hindoo lady, that's all."

"So that I might go and burn myself on your funeral pyre when you died? Not much, and don't you fool yourself. I've burned myself for you during my life, cooking your dinners and lighting your fires, but not after you die—no, sircce. I've a plan worth two of that," and Mrs. Vereker pursed up her lips and looked successors and second husbands at him.

"I didn't mean that either, dear," said poor Mr. V. meekly.

"Well, can't you tell me what you do mean?—that is, if you know yourself, which I very much doubt."

Without a word of retort, patient Mr. Vereker took up the paper he had just laid down and read from it as follows:

"A single piece of linen or silk cloth, from five to six yards in length and a yard and a half wide, forms the whole dress of the women in India." Here Mr. Vereker lowered the paper and looked at his wife.

"That's just like your stinginess, Mr. Vereker," said she, as soon as she got breath enough to answer him. "You'd like to see me going round in a pocket handkerchief, I suppose, so you'd have more money for poker and things—but I wouldn't dress in one piece of goods like that for any man—unless," she added reflectively, "the material were camel's hair."

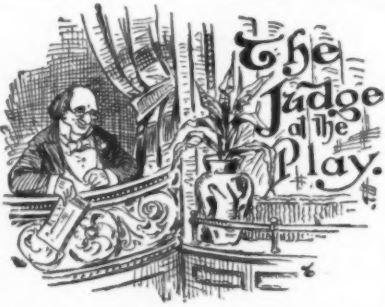
"THE hammock is said to be the greatest aid to matrimony ever invented."—*Buffalo Courier.*

That was not the opinion of Mrs. Commodore Trunnion. *Vide* "Perigrine Pickle."

"I AM perfectly shocked," exclaimed the telegraphess, during the last storm, as a blue-edged thunderbolt waltzed off the key, and tripped playfully up her sleeve.

THE last piece of timber of the Bourbon dynasty in France, is gone. It was but a poor figure-head anyway, only a Cham-bord.

NEVER gets left—the right hand.



LECOQ's new opera, "La Princesse des Canaries," has delighted large audiences at the Fifth Avenue Theatre for the past two weeks. Just now "La Mascotte" holds the boards, and after that we are to have "Bocaccio," in which Mlle. Nixan will make her first bow in New York. This lady is said to be very pretty and very charming; let us hope she can sing. An opera bouffe prima donna with a voice would be a welcome novelty. Up to the present time Angele has been the only female of the troupe whose singing has been at all pleasant to listen to. Aimee, as far as her physical charms are concerned, is apparently as youthful as ever—but the trouble she has had with her throat has evidently ruined her voice. Last year she abandoned opera bouffe and made a hit in "Divorçons," and the probabilities are that sooner or later she will confine herself to comedies requiring little or no singing.

"La Princesse des Canaries" is a sparkling little opera with several very taking numbers. The plot is rather, obscure and there is a good deal left to the imagination (rather a desirable thing in French opera). Aimee and Angele as the two "Blondes Misses d' Albion," are irresistible, and, by their make-up, give us an amusing example of the French woman's idea of an English woman. Duplan and Mezieres, the two rival generals saluting each other as "ce bon General Pataquiz," and "ce cher General Bombardos," are simply immense; and Angele and Nigri carry off their share of the honors. Taken all in all, French comic opera has proved to be extremely popular this season.

Grau is happy, and so is Stetson, happier perhaps than he will be when the regular season opens and he has to pay Mr. Coghlan his seven or eight hundred dollars a night and then divvy with him on the profits. Under such circumstances, after paying Miss Gerard, Miss Booth, James O'Neill and others too numerous to mention, we should think the profits would be unnecessarily small; but then Stetson can afford to lose, if anybody can.

Daly's is closed, to open again October 2nd, with "all the favorite artists," in an entirely new comedy from a German source, adapted (of course) by Augustin Daly.

Wallack has been ill, but is recuperating. It is doubtful which of his English importations will be selected for the regular fall opening, but his star (theatre) continues in the ascendant and Francesca da Rimini goes through his murdering business every night. It is now considered the correct thing for all well regulated families to witness Barrett's performances in this play, and theatre parties are made up in Philadelphia to come on and do honor to Mr. Boker, the dramatic genius of the Quaker city.

The alleged "Merry Duchess" continues to be heard at the Standard, and Joseph Murphy has followed Clara Morris at Mr.

and Mrs. McKee Rankin's Third Avenue Theatre.

"Yakie" has been removed from the 23d Street Theatre and Charlotte Thompson has made her first appearance here. Once more we have Anson Pond's "Atonement" at the 14th Street theatre. How many more times this play is to be presented here we have no means of computing, but it is appalling to think that as the years roll on we are liable to have more and more of such stuff thrust upon us.

Richard Mansfield, of Parisian Romance notoriety, is the latest acquisition to the ranks of the Madison Square Theatrical Combination.

What part he will assume in the pious atmosphere that surrounds the precincts of this theatre, we know not. One such performance as that of his Baron Chevreuil would shock the Madison Square habitues out of all their delicate sensibilities.

His versatility of talent is, however, said to be absolutely astonishing, and he may do ample justice to some goody-goody-part that will doubtless in time be written to fit him.

Harrigan and Hart have changed their bill and the San Francisco Minstrels announce a burlesque of Excelsior.

Niblo's is as crowded as ever, and "Vim" at Tony Pastor's revolves with unabated success.

ANSWERS TO CONTRIBUTORS.

MARY JANE.—It ill becomes us to turn a deaf ear to the request of our fair correspondent, but we cannot afford to devote our limited space to a poetic address to "dear Charlie" which might have the desired effect if spoken to "Charlie" himself *in propria persona*.

"A. B. C."—Your contribution demonstrates the fact that you have not passed the Alpha of rudimentary training. When you have crossed the rubicon, which the geometers style the *Pons Asinorum*, and are fairly on the advance toward Omega, let us hear from you again. We have not much time to waste on mere tyros, albeit we desire to "teach the young idea how to shoot."

"WILLIAM TELL."—At your present rate of progress, judging from the specimen before us, you will not, for some considerable time to come, find the range (Creedmorean parlance) of the apple of knowledge on the cranium of "blessed" ignorance. "Where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise." Take your choice—wisdom or bliss. We would earnestly advise you to abide in your native element, and let literature alone.

"POETICUS."—Why, dear friend, Jove pardon you, our capacious waste basket is full to overflowing with such rhymed nonsense as that you sent us. We may, however, consent to insert it at regular advertising rates—"only that and nothing more." Let us hear from you again—on that point.

"N. B."—"Not for Joe"—Call again, please—our waste basket yawns for more MS.

WESTERN editors are now reading up ancient history, in the belief that Tilden will be renominated, and that his biography may be called for.

WHEN a fellow with any brains imitates the extreme of fashion, he must feel very sub-dude.

THE shoe-lasters in St. Louis have struck. They should have good staying qualities if there be anything in a name.

WATTERSON's "Paalm of Life"—Sam Tilden.

A SELF-MADE MAN.



HE came to New York one year ago, penniless and friendless.



AND behold him now a royal dude on \$6 per week.

THE decisions of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States are opinions of great Waite.

MIGHT has ruled the world from the earliest ages. Cain killed his brother because he was Abel.

THE obituary editor always gets the great men dead to rights.

The Boiled Shirt.

WE would like to know what sort of an idiot the man was who conceived the idea of the boiled shirt. We would like to speak to him calmly and coolly and point out to him where he was wrong. The flannel shirt is sensible, useful, warm and comfortable, but the boiled shirt is a whited sepulchre, and a starched expensive ornament, of no use whatever. It is a vanity, and taken in connection with the modern collar, a vexation.

To begin with, the boiled shirt has no shape or style about it; there was some tone about the ruffled shirt of our ancestors, but the shirt of the present day looks like a pillow slip with a drawing string at one end of it, and the bottom cut out of the other end. Then there is an absurd tab at the lower end of the breast with a buttonhole in. We have often wondered what that meant. We don't know whether it was intended as an appropriate place for the owner to inscribe his name, so that if anything should happen to him suddenly the coroner could tear it off and identify the man, or whether it was merely ornamental. We judge it as merely ornamental, however, in consequence of the button-hole, as the most careful research has failed to find a button to fill it. Then, look what a world of contingencies have arisen because of the creation of the modern boiled shirt. In our grandfather's days the collars and cuffs were tacked on, and the sleeves were made of a length approximating to the length of the arms of the wearer. Now we have to buy separate collars and cuffs, and sleeve-buttons, and gum elastic bands to hold our sleeves up (as they are generally about six inches too long), and we have Chinese laundrymen to pay, and altogether it looks like working for a dead horse to own boiled shirts. We do not want it to be understood that we desire the civilized world to retrograde and practice barbaric customs, but our society days are over; we care not what the world may say, and we believe it would be a relief to several million gentlemen in this country if the boiled shirt was barred (some of the flannel shirts are already barred), and the plain go-as-you-please unbleached muslin shirt of our forefathers, with collars and cuffs attached, adopted.—*Gilhooley's Etchings*.

"WAITER, what is this mark on the side of my pie?" "Ho, yes; why, certainly, sir. That mark, sir? That is the print of my thumb, sir. Just had my thumb in chocolate served the other gent, sir. Meant to have called your attention to it before, sir. Cut it out for you, sir?"—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

DON'T faint away in an editorial room. The fellow who tried it got sprinkled from the mucilage bottle. He felt so stuck up that he had to be sent home in a Herdic.—*Boston Post*.

A PAPER steamboat is soon to be launched in the Ohio river. They'd better not make it of blotting paper if they want any river left.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

THERE really seems to be danger of Massachusetts becoming Pierce-proud; but, under the circumstances, she may be easily forgiven.—*Boston Transcript*.

MISS KATE FIELD believes in hot water as a cure for dyspepsia. Well, yes. You let a man get into hot water and he'll forget all about dyspepsia.—*Boston Post*.

It is certain that a river cannot run dry.—*N. O. Picayune*.

No Ticket for Him.

"Look here!" roared a tall chap, attired in a broad-brimmed hat and an innocent air, as he approached the ticket window of the Brighton Beach Railroad yesterday afternoon. "Look here, you, I want a first-class ticket on the top shelf car to the other end of this line, and don't you forget it! See this?" and he developed a horse pistol and stuck the muzzle through the window.

"I see it," replied the agent calmly. "I'm looking right at it. Now what can I do for you?"

"Didn't you hear me bark a few minutes ago?" demanded the tall man. "Didn't you hear me compliment you with an order for the best you've got in your workshop there? Have I got to put a bullet in there to make you comprehend that I'm waiting for the upper row of preserves? Must I take the blood of another station agent on my hands before I manage to get what I want? Throw me out the most embroidered ticket there is on the line of this road, or I'll commence to make vacancies."

The agent carefully closed the window, stepped out at the side door, picked up the tall man, set him down again on his head, whirled him around three or four times and then kicked him under the gate and out into the middle of the street, where a policeman gobbled him and hustled him off.

"Am I awake?" asked the tramp, rubbing the dust of the conflict out of his eyes. "Never mind about that, am I alive?"

"What did you want to bother the man for?" demanded the policeman, hauling him around by the collar.

"I didn't want to bother him. I only meant to scare him. I had no money to go to the Island; so I played the Western man on him, just as I have seen it written up in the funny papers. I say, either these papers are the darndest liars on the continent or else I missed the combination on the gag!"

And they locked him up to think over which might be the case.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"Don't like the bed?" said the hotel clerk, astonished at the presumption of the complaining guest; "why some of the best people, some of the hightonedest folks in the United States have slept in it!" "Yes, that's just the trouble," responded the guest; "I found last night there were altogether too many big bugs in it for the comfort of common people like me."—*Boston Blanket-Sheet*.

CHORUS of excited boys—"Then the lightning struck you?" Skipper indifferently—"Oh, yes; I was leanin' agin the mainmast when it struck it." Excited boys—"Didn't it kill you?" Skipper, more indifferently, "Wal, no; it all ran down my back." Excited boys—"And what did you do then?" Skipper, most indifferently—"I had to haul off my boots and pour the lightning out on the deck."—*Life*.

DIO LEWIS says: "Americans should go to bed at nine and get up at five." Now what nonsense is that! How can a man get up four hours before he lies down?—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

THE editor of a Northwestern paper feels grieved because on receiving an invitation to an agricultural fair, the paragraph as to entries for a hurdle race for mules was marked in blue pencil.—*Boston Advertiser*.

"GREEK? do I understand Greek?" said a jolly German. "Vell, ven I vas a leedle poy I always svim in dot greek inshtadt of dot riffer."—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*



"ONLY A PANSY BLOSSOM."

"AH, Victorine, my poor girl, how you have changed!" "It is because I have just come from the dentist's, madame; he has pulled out two of my teeth." "Two?" "Yes, madame; a good one and then a bad one; he made a mistake the first time." "How horrible!" "But it doesn't matter. He was very reasonable; he only made me pay for one."—*Paris paper*.

A COIN used among the Malays represents a value equal to about the millionth part of the American dollar. If this country had such a coin there would be a newspaper for sale at that price, and it would be dear at that price, too.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

A NEW YORK firm has in press "The History of the Discovery of America in the Year 1525." From this it would appear that Mr. Columbus, who discovered this country in 1492, lost it again. America was smaller then, and it may have dropped through a hole in his pocket.—*Norristown Herald*.

"DID you ever think what you would do if you had the Duke of Westminster's income?" Village pastor: "No; but I have sometimes wondered what the duke would do if he had mine."—*London Baptist*.

BOSTON has 304 electric lights, and yet lots of prominent citizens still continue to remove their hats to the old-fashioned lamp-posts at 3 a. m.—*Burlington Free Press*.



If there is anything that makes men feel murderous, it is the spectacle of a fat dude.

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Grand Square & Upright
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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.

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All those who from indiscretions, excesses or other causes are weak, unnerfed, low spirited, physically drained, and unable to perform life's duties properly, can be certainly and permanently cured, without stomach medicines. Endorsed by doctors, ministers and the press. The Medical Weekly says: "The old plan of treating Nervous Debility, Physical Decay, &c., is wholly superseded by THE MARSTON BOLS." Five hopeless cases restored of certain restoration to full and perfect manhood. Simple, effective, cleanly, pleasant. Send for treatise. Consultation with physician free.
MARSTON REMEDY CO., 46 W. 14th St., New York.

A Year Ago.

YOUR letters before me are lying,
Not crisp or unsoiled, it is true;
And somehow I cannot help sighing
When I have but glanced o'er a few.

These tattered beseechings remind me
Of days that are far out of sight;
Their passionate pleadings still bind me
To days that were full of delight.

"So tired of travel and roving,"
This folly I fondly believed;
Another ends, "Faithful and loving,"
And this, "You shall not be deceived."

Once more the soft wind is blowing
Far over the wide-stretching plain,
Once more the bright river is flowing,
In memory once more I reign.

You call me "reformer" in jesting,
And beg me remodel your life,
Much wisdom I gained by the testing;
I lost you—becoming your wife.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Bald Sea Story.

"We had captured a one-hundred barrel whale, and after the head was split open I was detailed to dip out the oil. It's just like going into a big bath tub, and a man stands almost up to his armpits in oil. I was wading about in the monster's head, when I was suddenly startled by seeing the surface of the oil burst into a blaze, caused, as I afterwards learned, by one of the crew accidentally dropping a box of burning matches. The only thing to do was to dive under the burning oil, and I did it, with my sheath-knife in my teeth. I turned my head after I got underneath, and made a desperate offer to dig my way out with a knife. I managed to dig a hole large enough to thrust my head through, and then, by a mighty effort, escaped to the sea. It was a pretty tight squeeze, I can tell you, and my body was so warm that it made the water hiss all around me. The captain of the vessel thought that I had been burned to death, and when I swam to the side of the vessel, he was so frightened that he told me that there was only one thing that prevented him from turning gray in a single night."

"What was that?" asked the listener.

"He was bald-headed," said the nautical "Cop."

"I HAVE got two invitations for to-morrow," said Clara. "Charley wants me to go with him, and Fred also sent me an invitation. I hate Fred, and the place he is going to I don't like a bit." "Then you will go with Charley?" suggested her friend. "No; I shall go with Fred. The tickets to his excursion are a dollar apiece, while the tickets to Charley's are only seventy-five cents."—Boston Transcript.

So many people are dying in all parts of the country just now at the advanced age of 100 years that a man under 85 feels kind of bashful about going into a barber shop.—Burlington Hawkeye.

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



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

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

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

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

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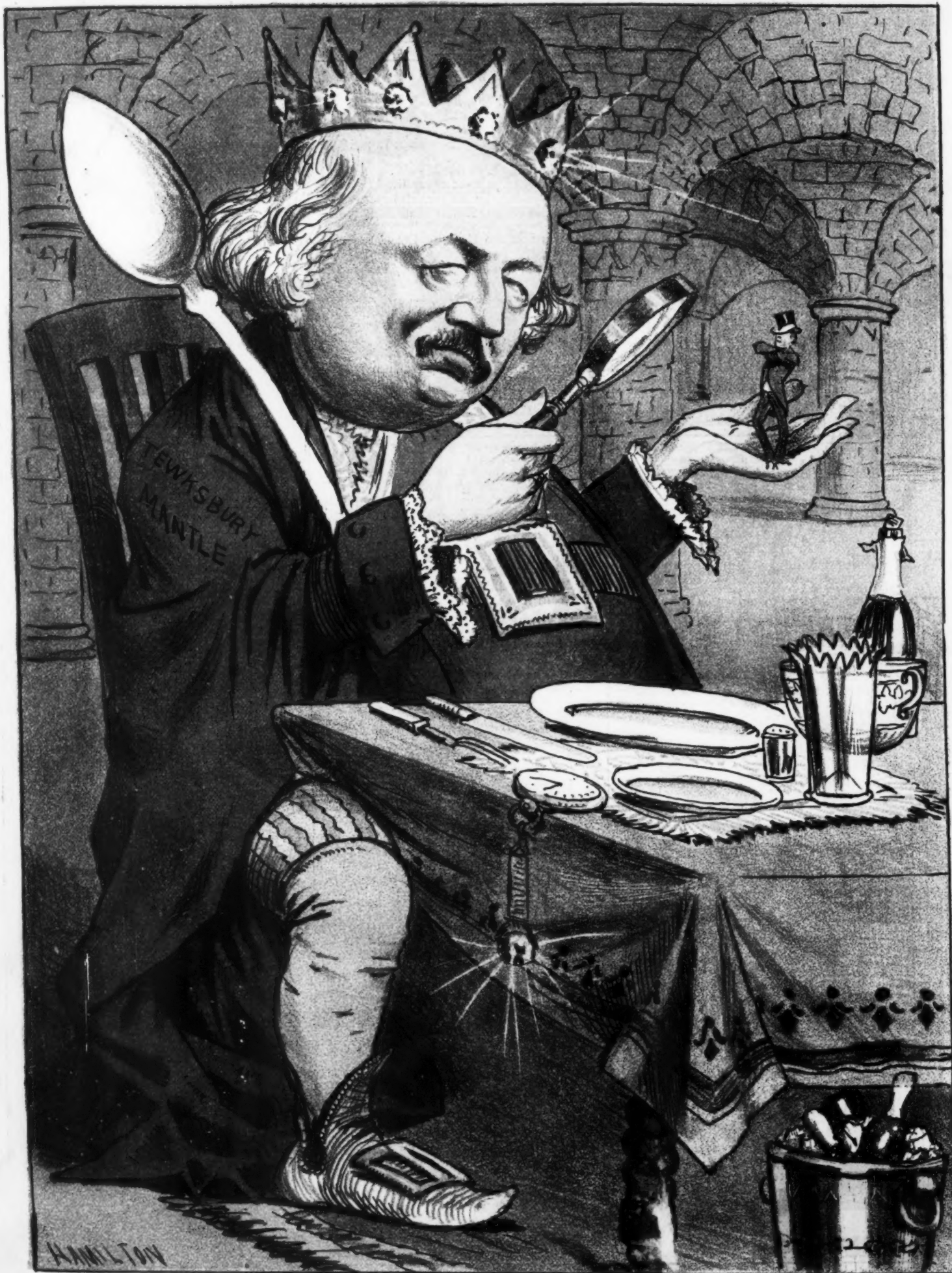
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