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TRY THE NORTH POLE.

If Slade and Mitchell really want to Fight, there is only one place where they can have it out.



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### SLADE AND MITCHELL.

If the Palladium of our liberties is to be rudely torn from over us—or under us, or around us; (where do folks wear a Palladium, anyhow?) if the free right of one citizen to smash another citizen in the nose is to be interfered with; if two pugilists, imported at vast expense from opposite corners of the world, are not to be suffered to knock each other out, then we may fairly assume that our civilization is a failure and the era of Macaulay's New Zealander is coming apace. And when Macaulay's interesting aborigine does put in an appearance, let us hope that he may meet with better luck than the New Zealander of Jim Mace. Poor Slade came, saw and was knocked out by Sullivan, after which event he probably refrained from seeing anything till he opened his eyes with local applications—raw oysters, beef steak and such. And now, just as he is beginning to peep again and has descried in the horizon of pugilism a little man—one Mitchell—whom he might possibly get even on, the authorities interfere and forbid the “mill.” Slade had better adopt the suggestion of our artist and fix the meeting at the North Pole, for it is perfectly evident that America is not big enough for him to fight in. Sullivan is especially favored. The authorities never interfere with him—but then Slade does not want to fight Sullivan—not this fall.

A GOOD pair of slippers—a woman's heel and a peach skin.

### MR. TILDEN'S ORCHESTRA.

In the long ago Biblical days one of the old patriarchs, who made a specialty of Biblical writing, remarked: “We have piped unto you and ye have not danced.” It is by no means certain that the worthy who made use of this expression had ever heard of the Sage of Gramercy Park—indeed, the age in which he (the ancient Biblical writer) lived and thought and wrote is so far distant as to make it a matter of doubt whether Mr. Tilden was even his contemporary. On the other hand, it is far from probable that Mr. Tilden has ever heard of the old writer quoted above, for his studies have been devoted to themes possessing more of contemporaneous human interest than does the Bible. Yet both men show a striking similarity of idea—an identity of sentiment, as it were, which cannot fail to arouse the attention of the lovers of the antique. Mr. Tilden has done a great deal of industrious piping, but there has been a singular unanimity of apathy among the dancing (and voting) population. The fact is, if Mr. Tilden have any ambition to be a leader of men or of orchestras, he had better teach his band some new tunes, and drop those which were in vogue in 1876—eight years is an age in music and in politics.

### OHIO AGAIN.

WHEN Ohio received the name of the “pivotal State,” things were not so badly mixed there as they are at present. Nobody knows now exactly how the cat is going to jump, and it is by no means certain that anyone will know—till after the cat has jumped. Ex-Speaker Randall has lately been indulging in a pow-wow with Judge Hoadly, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio. Those who are in the confidence of Mr. Randall say that he is watching the Ohio contest very closely, and that he keenly deprecates both the condition of Mr. Hoadly's health, which takes him so far from the scene of action, and the bitter factional strifes that have arisen in Hamilton and Cuyahoga counties. It is known that he regrets the necessity for Judge Hoadly's absence from headquarters, and fears that it may be misconstrued and made to work to the disadvantage of the Democratic party. It is believed that Mr. Randall has advised the return of Judge Hoadly at the earliest moment that his health will permit, and there is no doubt but the suggestion will be promptly complied with.

The Ohio canvass was very fully discussed between Messrs. Randall and Hoadly, but no conclusion was reached except that they could not agree upon several important points. Mr. Randall is very anxious that Ohio shall not lose a Senator, and he fails to see how it is possible for the Democrats to lose Hamilton and Cuyahoga counties and carry the Legislature; while, on the other hand, it is known that Judge Hoadly at-

taches little importance to the split in Cincinnati, and declares that there is no break in the Democratic ranks in Cleveland.

One thing is certain—Ohio is getting ready a surprise for some one, and it is probable that the Democrats will be more surprised than anyone else.

### STREET NOISES.

WHEN the JUDGE, from time to time, takes it upon himself to inveigh against the hundred-and-one annoyances wherewith one section of our population torments its fellows, and generalizes these annoyances as “City Nuisances,” he rarely finds space to say all that should be said on so prolific a subject. We have, in times gone by, said a few words on the church bell-ringing abomination; also on the obstruction of sidewalks. It seems as if the fullness of time had at length arrived to fire a bolt against those mistakenly tuneful persons who make night hideous with their howling, along many of the principal thoroughfares. Properly speaking, this is a question which should come directly under the cognizance of the police, and should be treated by the station house at night and the police magistrate in the morning. Since, however, the police are as a rule content to let the howlers severely alone, it becomes the province of the press to point out the fact that quite a number of young men are accustomed to raise their voices unduly in our streets in the wee sma' hours, and that the repose of the more regular section of the community suffers thereby. If some remedy is not suggested, we shall proceed to support our position by argument.

THERE is an old record in a South Carolina Baptist Church, which contains a note of the expulsion of a woman for “doing too much talking in the neighborhood.” They evidently did not have any sewing societies in those days, or the church would have had no members.

“PA, what is a fool?”

“A fool, my son, is a man who tickles the hind leg of a mule.”

“Does he ever find it out, pa?”

“No, my son; he never has time.”

THE QUEEN's speech is a highly optimistic document. The royal lady expressed herself very well pleased at the way everything is going on. Well, why shouldn't she be? We would be satisfied if we had her income.

SOME people can't get along without much work, but the butter-makers certainly belong to one of the classes which churn a living.

WHEN a poor widow finds a load of wood left gratuitously at her door, she can conclude that she has struck a tender chord somewhere.

A bald eagle has been captured in Rhode Island. He was probably on his way to New York to take in the ballet in “Excelsior.”

A RED HEAD—the caption of a newspaper.



**H**E The Ticket Speculator.

STANDS within the vestibule;  
He shouts as one who sells a pool;  
He treats the public as a fool.

The public's conduct justifies  
The view he takes of it as wise,  
For what he sells the public buys.

He reads his patrons at a glance,  
And sells them, as he gets a chance,  
Seats at a good per cent. advance.

Little he recks of art or such;  
He measures all things by this touch—  
He makes so little or so much.

With blatant shout or winning smile,  
He bars your entrance still; the while  
He offers "Best seats in the aisle."

'Twas gin, perchance, he last did take;  
Perchance 'twas onions with his steak—  
His odorous breath no odds doth make,

Right in your face, without surcease,  
He flings the price of your release—  
Orchestra seats, so much apiece.

Oh, ticket-speculating man!  
I'll dynamite you when I can—  
The play-house curse, the public ban!

"SAY, boss," said an excited darkey to an editor, "I hab lost my gal Sal—she's dun gone an' run off wid anuddah coon, an' I I wants yer to advertise her."

"Sorry I can't accommodate you, sir, but our editorial menu never furnishes any *Sal-ads*."

EPICUREAN motto—Never too late to eat.

**A Misleading Symptom.**

A NOTORIOUS quack, who had nevertheless acquired a certain local celebrity in the healing art, found his practice increasing to such an extent that he was obliged to take an assistant. He did not, however, attempt to impose upon his junior as he did upon the public, very candidly admitting that his reputation rested on a series of fortunate guesses and lucky accidents. "I always," he remarked, "use my eyes carefully when I am called into a case, and I generally see something or another to help my diagnosis. You come with me and pay a few visits. You will very soon get the hang of the thing." So they sallied forth, the young man all observation and attention, and bent on becoming as great a doctor as his patron.

The first house they called at they found the master in bed. Quack Senior, the moment he set eyes on the plaintiff, said: "There, now; how men of your time of life can be imprudent enough to indulge in a surfeit of watermelon, I can't see. How many melons did you eat this morning? The best part of three, I'll be bound." The old man, wondering at the acuteness of his medical adviser, admitted that he was right in every particular. The doctor prescribed some simple remedy, and took his fee and his leave.

No sooner were they outside than the embryo quack, buring to acquire such an important professional secret, commenced: "How in thunder did you know that the man had been eating watermelon? You never looked at his tongue, or—"

"Tongue be hanged," said the elder; "I

looked in the woodshed as I came in and saw the rinds of three watermelons. You must use your eyes, my boy."

The lesson sank deep into the young man's mind, and he endeavored to profit by it on the very first occasion that he made an independent visit.

"No wonder you are feeling badly," said he to his patient, "when you have been eating horse—that's enough to sicken a Jersey-man."

"Horse!" said the sufferer faintly, yet wonderingly.

"Yes, horse," said Æsculapius Junior. "Now tell me how much have you eaten."

"Horse," repeated the patient indignantly, "I never did such a thing. I wouldn't —" Here he got madder as the idea was more fully borne in upon him. "Get out of here, you infernal quack," and with the assistance of a couple of the patient's stalwart sons, the pretender to medical science was bounced.

"And yet," he said, when he explained his adventure to his mentor, who had lost a patient by his assistant's injudicious diagnosis; "and yet I saw a saddle in the woodshed as plainly as you saw the watermelon rinds."

Quack Senior is now advertising for another assistant, and Quack Junior is driving an ice wagon.

ONE who "throws stones" at a better man than himself is liable to run out of ammunition.

EVEN in dull times the cooper does a staving business.

**The March of Science—from the Poetic Standpoint.**

BY T. O'D. O'CALLAHAN.

OUT upon this "march of science," with its wheels of Juggernaut,

Crushing out the soul's reliance with kind Nature's tender thought—  
Severing that fond alliance which in solitude was wrought!

Hill and glen and dale and meadow rest no more in solitude,

For in sunshine and in shadow iron footsteps now intrude;

Nor remains an El Dorado in recesses of the wood.

Birds of song within the forest silent sit the whole day long,

While old Echo findeth no rest, hills or woods or vales among;

But the Poet is the sorest and the saddest of the throng.

As the dove, of old tradition, flying outward from the Ark,

Found no green spot on its mission 'mid the watery desert dark,

So the poet, to-day, in vision findeth Nature dead and stark.

Bridges span brook, creek and river, cutting solitude in twain;

Sylvan sunbeams, frightened, quiver, shadow-guarded all in vain—

E'en the hoary mountains shiver, from the summit to the plain.

Silence peaceful shelter seeketh vainly, vainly thro' the night;

Still, as backward she retreateth, like fair maiden in affright,

Science his advance repeateth in his rude and iron might.

Iron horses, snorting, prancing through the valley and the plain,

Fright the timid moonbeams dancing on the green-sward of the lane—

In their mad career advancing, like fierce demon-steeds, amain.

Hills that erst were Nature throning, now are tunneled through and through,

And their ancient trees are groaning—oak and pine and ash and yew;

List! the grey old rocks are moaning, while the wind is wailing, too!

Like a mighty boa constrictor, iron bands coil round the earth—

Or, to speak in language stricter, huge octopus, monstrous birth;

Sceptred Science is the victor, banning vanquished Nature's mirth.

Mother Earth! cease, cease thy weeping for the dead and buried past;

Fateful shadows o'er thee creeping, dark eclipse upon thee cast;

Time is madly onward sweeping, for this age may prove his last.

Out upon this "march of science," steel-bedight and iron-clad!

Man may style it self-reliance. Who is man? *Sans* soul, a clod—

And his "march" is rank defiance of the laws of nature's God.

THOUGH France seems to be getting into numerous complications and wars with other countries, she is so strong that she will have to get into a pretty bad way ere she fails to hold her Rhone.

COMPEDLED to shell out—Oysters.



A STAVE—FROM A BARREL ORGAN.

#### When Plancus Was Consul.

MY bright intellectual light has long been hidden under the bushel of political defeat. During Buchanan's administration I held an enviable social position.

My only daughter Nymphia was the poet laureate of the Capitol. She might have been mistress of the White House, had the late J. B. been of a more poetically appreciating and inquiring turn of mind. Poor man! he settled down in a fit of despondency, not realizing what he lost by not taking advantage of the opportunities so frequently and graciously offered.

History now records the fact so impressed on the minds of the anxious mothers of that period, that as a bachelor President he went in disgrace out of office; he was a failure.

When he heard that the hand of Nymphia was sought in marriage by an Italian prince, he only sighed, "It might have been," and died.

On hearing of his demise, Nymphia's poetic soul was filled with the sacred fire of heaven-born music. On the impulse of the moment she seized her pen. A mournful melody, ever since popular as a funeral ode, was the result.

Plagiarizers, by shortening the metre and clipping the notes, have changed it to an appropriate wedding march, so it answers for either occasion.

When the administration changed we also went out of office, Nymphia to seek her betrothed in the sunny land we read of; Syllabub to make up the missing link in the regiment—under marching orders—to which he had been drafted, and I to follow, at a safe distance, the fortunes of war.

With the first gun my light went out in darkness and Syllabub went off—a stowaway on a blockade runner then in Charleston harbor. I was dead to the world, dead to myself. If I was not buried it was because I had no relative near to perform the delicate office of planting my poor remains in the rich soil of the cotton growing state.

Years have passed since the events above

narrated. Presidents have been made and demolished while I remained in blissful ignorance of what was taking place on this mundane sphere. But, alas! my long and quiet rest has been broken. I stepped forth from the chrysalis a living, breathing, conscious being—in fact, a woman, and I cried: "To what mighty power do I owe my resuscitation?"

"To us," answered the materialists, who, backed up by spiritualists and mediums, advanced with their cabinets, paste pots and masks. "We have patched you up for another term, and we require your affidavit. Swear that we did the job neatly and well," and they placed a book before me. It was Oahspe.

As I was about to place my hand upon it, a voice, as from the mighty deep, cried: "Hold! To the cyclones, the earthquakes and the great convulsions of nature you owe your awakening; then swear not falsely."

"Not so," said a voice behind me. "The stirring political events of the coming campaign have aroused you, as they will others, from the chaotic state in which they have fallen, and they will come forth strong in the cause of truth and justice, and give not only their voice but their votes to those candidates who may be trusted to right the wrongs under which this country has so long suffered."

I turned and beheld the hero of Tewksbury—the veritable Governor himself.

He shook me warmly by the hand and congratulated me on my return to consciousness.

While we were talking, Nymphia appeared. Age seemed to have improved her. She was dressed in an ancient Greek costume, no ways unbecoming to her style of beauty. I saw the Governor casting sheep's eyes at her and thought to stop the flirtation in its infancy by asking for her husband, the prince.

But the Governor looked lovingly at her—as she answered my inquiry in her poetical way:

"O, where is my husband, the prince, you ask me? The title sounds good, but, dear mother, you see

He was not to be found in beloved Italy.  
His talk about castles and courts was taffy;  
If he be a prince he's a rascal to boot,  
For all that I got was the prints of his foot."

And then stepping down from the muse's heights to common-place existence, she continued: "I have returned to you a changed woman. My journey to the sunny land has not been fruitless. I live in the ideal. I will establish a school of æsthetic art here in this very city. Every woman shall become idealized, beatified. Don't you approve, Governor?"

"Will it be likely to change the present political aspect of the country?" he asked, with that still happy cast of the eye.

"Change it?" cried Nymphia. "No; only for the better. I will work for your advancement in my own æsthetic way. Every young lady will be a pupil of Kensington, that wonder in high art; common-stitching and plain sewing shall henceforth be dropped from the catalogue of female duties."

Nymphia paused for breath and I took up the thread of her discourse, for I saw the Governor was already fired with enthusiasm. "Yes, dear child; even your pa's pants shall be repaired with the Kensington stitch. It will not only effectually hide the rents, but set 'em off admirably."

"With a bunch of daisies to ornament the cuffs and a large peony on the back of his coat, he will be an admirable walking advertisement for the institution," said Nymphia.

"Admirable! admirable! A capital idea," chimed in the Governor. "In a suit like that a crowd will follow him on the street; why he might stop and make a political speech in my favor on every corner—carry all before him—for he would capture every vote."

"What Syllabub's political views are, I do not know," said I. "He may have changed with every election. I only know he always tried to cast his vote for the winning party, but missed every time."

As I ceased speaking, the object of my solicitude was heard in the distant attic, and the Governor retired.

Syllabub is not the worst man in the universe, but he has his peculiarities. Though he rises early and retires late, he has never caught the worm we read of—says he objects on principle, as it would be taking business away from the sparrows.

The only thing he ever caught of consequence was a severe cold, which hangs on him still, and sets the whole neighborhood in an uproar. In fact we have had to move him to the fourth floor, where he has already lost a set of teeth—crown, filling and all—a ten dollar wig, the buttons off his soldier coat, besides great damage to his pants, by sneezing out of the attic window.

I have notified him to retire, that Nymphia may put in the Kensington repairs without delay, for the Governor will be here anon to perfect plans for the coming political campaign, and it is particularly necessary that the whole Syllabub family should not only be present but work in union.

MARIE ESCHENBACH says: "Man is the master of the house, but woman alone should rule at home." Marie seemed to coincide with the prevailing principle, but she did not appear to be posted on the existing state of affairs.

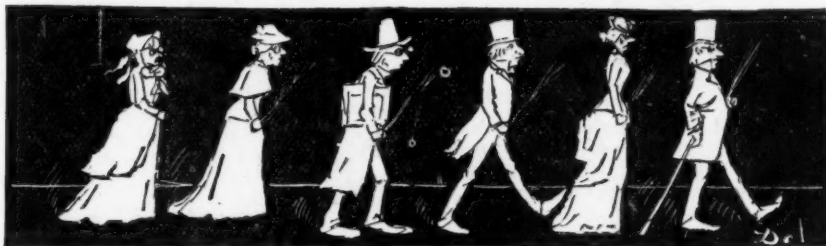
It is a wonder there is any truthfulness in the world when mankind begins life by lying in the cradle.

BACK TO SCHOOL.



AH, days of tender infancy!  
How clearly I remember  
How certainly the school-house doors  
Would open each September;  
And how, with equal certainty,  
The idling of vacation  
Would bear its fated fruit in "term"  
Of frequent fluctuation.

PERHAPS the teachers also miss  
The vanished days of idlesse—  
Each eve sigh for a moonlit sail.  
Find each day walkless, rideless.  
Poor kids, poor teachers! these long days  
May tempt them all to shirking—  
But summer has to end some time  
And send us back to working.



An Essay on Music.

NOT AT ALL BY DR. STAINER.

I HAVE heard, or I've read, or else somebody wrote  
Each person resembles a musical note.  
Though ignorant of music, I'm doing my best  
This statement to put to a practical test;  
I'm studying music by grammar and line—  
You'll hear the result in a very short time. [vers;  
These semibreves, minims, and crotchets and qua-  
I feel for the children, poor hapless young shavers!  
With their poor little brains and ears in a muzzle  
While trying to master so complete a puzzle—  
These intricate arrangements of treble and bass  
I am sure would distract me were I in their place.  
There are flat notes and sharp ones, and high ones  
and low,

"Accidentals" of purpose, one's nothing, I know;  
But I think I've discovered *my* note must be that  
Which the musical people describe as "A Flat."  
But notes on my brain would soon make me a raver,  
A wretchedly low and unstrung semiquaver;  
And my knowledge is coming so fast to an end,  
I must send all my notes to a musical friend,  
Whose sweet melodies drive from my poor weary  
soul

Every crochet and quaver, and give me the whole  
In one musical strain, like a swift-running rill,  
Which flows, rises and falls, at her own happy will,  
And I lose the distinctions of bar and of line—  
But I know this, the key note, and mine, ever mine,  
The music is in her, the air and the time,  
And it falls on my ear like a sweet, tender rhyme;  
And loving the gift that her bright nature gave her,  
I at once forgot every crochet and quaver.

"Och, if yez wur only boardin' at our  
hotel, Biddy, ye'd hav' the foin aitin'—oice  
crame at ivery male," said one lady's maid to  
another.

"Och, an' is it only oice crame yez hav'  
Faix, thin we hav' billyfares beyant on our  
tables all the whites; an' shure it's shtuff'd  
wid aiten' 'em I am."

"WILL yez be afther takin' yer pertaters  
lyin' aisy (Lyonnaise)?" asked an Irish wait-  
er of a guest of the same nationality, at a  
Rockaway hotel table.

"Yis," replied the latter, indignantly;  
"shure it bain't shtirrin' about I'd be aiten  
'em, ye spalpeen!"

WHAT is most productive of mal-aria? A  
squeaky-voiced soprano.

At Twilight.

THE evening's gentle breath steals softly  
o'er the river's face, and wreathes its sober  
mien in rippling smiles. With frisky grace  
it whispers to the trees; and when the leaves  
hear its voice they dance in merry concert,  
while the tuneful birds rejoice with chirping  
music. The lazy boats against the ebbing  
tide seem scarce to move; a listlessness pre-  
vails on every side, as if from out the sky a  
benison of peace had fell, and firmly bound  
the twilight scene within its languid spell.  
Hushed is all noise; dead is all life. But  
ho! Upon the sands a maid comes forth, her  
hair loose bound, a crab net in her hands.  
Her big straw hat aslant her head, her dress  
above her knees, she walks alone, and heed-  
ing not the evening's wanton breeze, she  
wades the shallow depths along; anon her  
net she flaunts, and scares the predatory  
crabs from out their hidden haunts. Great  
Joe! What's that? A scream! Another.  
See! She moves; she starts! Her hat flies off;  
down goes the net; toward the shore she  
darts! What dire distress? What monster?  
It is not that? Ah! no. A hungry crab  
has hooked its claws upon her tender toe.

L. R. M.

It is rumored that Wendell Phillips is  
writing a war song in commemoration of the  
Federal triumph in the last rebellion. As  
he has done nothing but grunt and growl at  
our institutions and their methods of gov-  
ernment ever since he was old enough to  
grunt and growl, the country will have to  
accept his Phillip-pæn present with as much  
grace as possible.

SINCE the time of Noah, man's attach-  
ment to the winged creation has not under-  
gone any change, save in the matter of  
genus. Whereas Noah found his greatest  
comfort in a dove, most of his descendants  
nowadays find their greatest comfort in a  
lark.

WHAT special shell do tourists bring home  
from the sea-shore? Satchel.

"GOOD night, but not good-b'y," as the  
father said after strapping his heir to bed.

MANY a pious mariner don't anchorite.

A Farewell to Death.

NOT as when of old we parted,  
With a sweet though sadsome pain,  
When we knew the tears that started,  
Each for each, should dry again;  
Not as when the blue sky only  
Held apart our waiting souls—  
Ah! a sea more dark and lonely—  
Death's dark wave—between us rolls.

Not in garments have they decked thee  
To pursue an earthly track,  
From whose course we might expect thee  
To our fond hearts coming back;  
Ah! there speaks no home returning  
In thy folded robes of snow;  
Quenched must be the watchlight's burning  
In the death-mist dark and low.

Never, through the mist of ages,  
Shall my fond words come to thee,  
Nor thy heart, on sun-lit pages,  
Send a greeting home to me.  
Oh! to breathe one word of sorrow  
To thy spirit far away!  
Oh! to see thy face to-morrow,  
Even as it looks to-day!

Farewell, now!—there's no caressing  
In this heavy gloom and fear;  
Fond embrace and farewell blessing  
Sink in doubt and darkness here.  
God be with thee! lost and dearest,  
While I struggle here behind;  
E'en to me thou'rt still the nearest  
In my midnight dark and blind.

HENRY MORFORD.

Fashion Notes.

"WHITE is very much worn just now."  
We have observed the same fashion in our  
shirts.

"Shot silks and satins will rage in the  
fall." So will shot hats and shot guns.

"Waistcoats for women have been re-  
vived." We have a "faint" objection to this.

"In low-cut shoes and slippers, a dark  
red is the prevailing color." It has sup-  
planted "crushed corn."

"The latest lace-pins are in design of the  
Brooklyn Bridge." Another "Brooklyn  
Bridge Horror."

"Belts are worn narrow." The circum-  
ference depends on the narrowness of the  
wearer's mind." CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



We arrived at Lenox night before last. I was pretty well fagged out when we reached the station, but aunt Penelope's carriage and horses were there awaiting me, and we soon whirled up to the house, where every preparation had been made for our comfort. As a matter of course the baby was the lion of the occasion, but I came in for a goodly share of attention. Aunt said she had no idea I was so pale and delicate, and after asking mamma for the hundredth time how she could ever let a child like me get married, she added that the fresh mountain air would do me a world of good, and that she should not let me go home until the roses came back to my cheeks.

Our rooms are just too lovely for anything, and I feel as if I could stay here forever. The whole house is exquisitely fitted up, has beautiful open grates, and there are cheerful wood fires in many of the rooms. The view from our windows is gorgeous, and overlooks the grounds, which are as fine as any in Berkshire county, and that is saying a good deal. There are flowers and fountains, and several beautiful statues—and thereby hangs a tale.

As I have before remarked, Aunt Pen has no daughters, but she has two grown-up sons, and they are just about as fond of poker, billiards and wine as is the distinguished partner of all my joys and sorrows. The first night we arrived they started off with Heraclitus for the billiard-room, but they were not up late, and I was quite contented. Somehow or other I am timid about sleeping here alone at night. The grounds are so large, and the shrubbery so dense that I am always afraid that burglars are lurking about the premises ready to pounce in upon us at any moment, and I always insist on Heraclitus keeping a loaded pistol within reach, though goodness knows I wouldn't touch it for a million dollars.

The next night they had a poker party, and it must have been at least two o'clock in the morning before they broke up. In the meantime I had worked myself into a state of nervous excitement that was bordering on distraction, and when Heraclitus finally came to bed, I was ready to go off into hysterics. Usually he is all sympathy on such occasions, but this time he was too sleepy or too full of wine to pay much attention, and almost as soon as his head touched the pillow he was sound asleep and breathing heavily. According to my usual custom I proceeded to examine his pockets, to find out what was his share of the evening's spoils. Either they played for small amounts, or else he didn't make much; for though there was a roll of bills in his pocket, they were not large ones. I abstracted what I considered my share, and was about putting them in a safe place, when I happened to look out of the window, and

there I saw a sight that made my blood turn cold. There was a moon, but the night was very cloudy, so the light outside was just about bright enough to make the darkness visible. Nevertheless I could plainly distinguish a figure close by the large fountain. I didn't wait to see anything more, but in my fright I dropped the bills on the carpet, and sprang into bed with such alacrity that it partly aroused my "silent partner." I clutched him frantically, and whispered in smothered tones that there was a man outside in the grounds. Just then we heard a rustling of the leaves, and Heraclitus, without more ado, grasped his pistol and cautiously approached the window. He made me get out of bed again and show him where the figure was. Then he took aim, but I saw his hand was not steady, and I said, Oh you're too tipsy to shoot—don't do it! But before I had fairly time to put my fingers in my ears, bang went the pistol, followed by a crash outside that certainly did not resemble the "dull thud" of the fall of a human being. I grabbed the baby from her crib and jumped back into bed with her, covering up my head. But I could hear doors opening and shutting, cries of "What is it?" and a general hurrying and skurrying to and fro. Heraclitus hastily put on a part of his clothes and left the room, and presently I could distinguish the voices of all the male members of the family as they were exploring the garden below. All of a sudden there was a "sound of revelry by night," and such an explosion of laughter as I never heard before, and soon the boys and Heraclitus appeared in my room, where they found mother and aunt Penelope, who had come in to see if I was frightened quite to death. All were laughing fit to kill themselves, except Heraclitus, and when they said he had shot off the head of the lovely marble statue of Di-

ana that stood near the fountain, I didn't wonder that he failed to see the joke. Aunt Pen behaved beautifully, and when Heraclitus, as usual, began to blame me, and say it was all my fault, she said "No matter whose fault it is, I'd rather lose all the statues in the grounds than to have little Penelope, here, frightened or worried into another fit of sickness."

After the house had quieted down I took occasion to inform my liege lord that I expected he would blame me if he could. It was like a man, when he was so tight he couldn't tell a marble statue from a tramp, to say it was his wife's fault. When Adam tried to sneak out of his trouble by saying it was Eve's fault his eating the apple, he set all married men an example they had diligently followed ever since. Then I remembered the bills I'd dropped, and I had to crawl around on my hands and knees to find them. Heraclitus wanted to know what I was doing, but before I had time to frame a suitable answer he was again breathing heavily, and when I crept into bed, for the fourth time that night, he was sleeping as peacefully as if his unseemly conduct had done no harm. The next morning he was quite jocular over what he called the "accident." The shock and fright had done me no good, but he does not seem to consider that he may have killed two birds with one stone; that when the bullet from his pistol ruined aunt Pen's lovely statue, it also came near shattering the constitution of his devoted wife,

PENELOPE PENNYFEATHER.

THERE is a shoemaker in Charlestown, Mass., named Gum. Now we know where all the gum shoes come from.

BREECHES of trust—Loaned pantaloons.



A BAR.

"WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY."



A DOUBLE BAR.  
"THE CORN IS WAVING, ANNIE."

### Alonzo Busbee: His Life and Impressions.

BY WILLIAM GILL.

CHAP. VI.

WHEN Sheeny Sam made the arrangements for visiting the mansion on Washington Heights, he labored under the impression that the only occupants of the house were an aged couple who resided in the basement and took charge of the premises in the absence of the Bullenbear family at Newport.

Alas for Sheeny Sam! And still more alas for the gentlemen who accompanied him on his midnight excursion! He was, to use a classic phrase of the day, "away off" in his calculations. Up to four o'clock that afternoon none but the two aged servitors occupied the dwelling, but a slight panic on the "Street" had brought Josiah O. Bullenbear, accompanied by his son Augustus, post haste from Newport, where the family had been summering, and, at the moment we drove up to the vicinity of the mansion, Josiah and his son were on the point of retiring to bed, after a long and exhaustive talk, which embodied the plan of operations to be pursued in the morning against those vile creatures who were endeavoring to divert the stream of gold from the Bullenbear pockets into their own. Ordinarily equable in temper—when nothing occurred to put it out—Josiah was roused by a keen sense of the selfishness which sought to make him its victim.

The Bullenbear selfishness was a grand and noble quality. The selfishness of the rest of mankind was a base and sordid passion.

How many of us, oh gentle reader, are Bullenbears?

Leaving the wagon in the care of Sheeny, Bill, Hoodlum Jack and myself cautiously

made our way to the back of the house and stopped in front of the basement door. We listened but could not hear a sound.

"Up with you, young 'un," said Bill, and with the assistance of Jack I clambered on to Bill's broad shoulders, and following the instructions given me as we wended our way from the wagon, tried the fastening of the transom above the door. *It yielded to my touch.*

"In with you and open the door." I squeezed my small frame through the opening and dropped lightly on the floor of the hallway. I had no sooner done so than, by the light of the gas jet which flickered above my head, I beheld— And right here this chapter should conclude. Here I could leave my readers, racked, tortured, frenzied with anxiety about the outcome of the sentence broken short off in its career of incident. What a wide field of speculation for curiosity to wander in for a week—seven days cudgelling of brains in order to evolve from its numerous cells a satisfactory ending to the words "I beheld!" Beheld what? Perchance the family ghost on its way to the cold-victual department of the establishment. Perhaps the faithful old servitor, who, roused from sleep by some presentiment of harm about to visit the peace of his master's family, or the disturbing effects of a late supper of fried pork chops and green apples—was making one more round of the house to see that all the fastenings of the house were secure, and was to meet his death at the hands of desperate men while in the discharge of his duty. Perhaps the boy-burglar beheld his poor, beaten, yet pious mother, who had risen from her cot in Ward 3 of the New York Hospital and walked, in her bed drapery and bare feet, eight miles in a pitiless July snowstorm, to prevent her darling boy committing a crime. How, in a comatose state (the effect of a cracked skull), she could have known of her darling boy's mis-

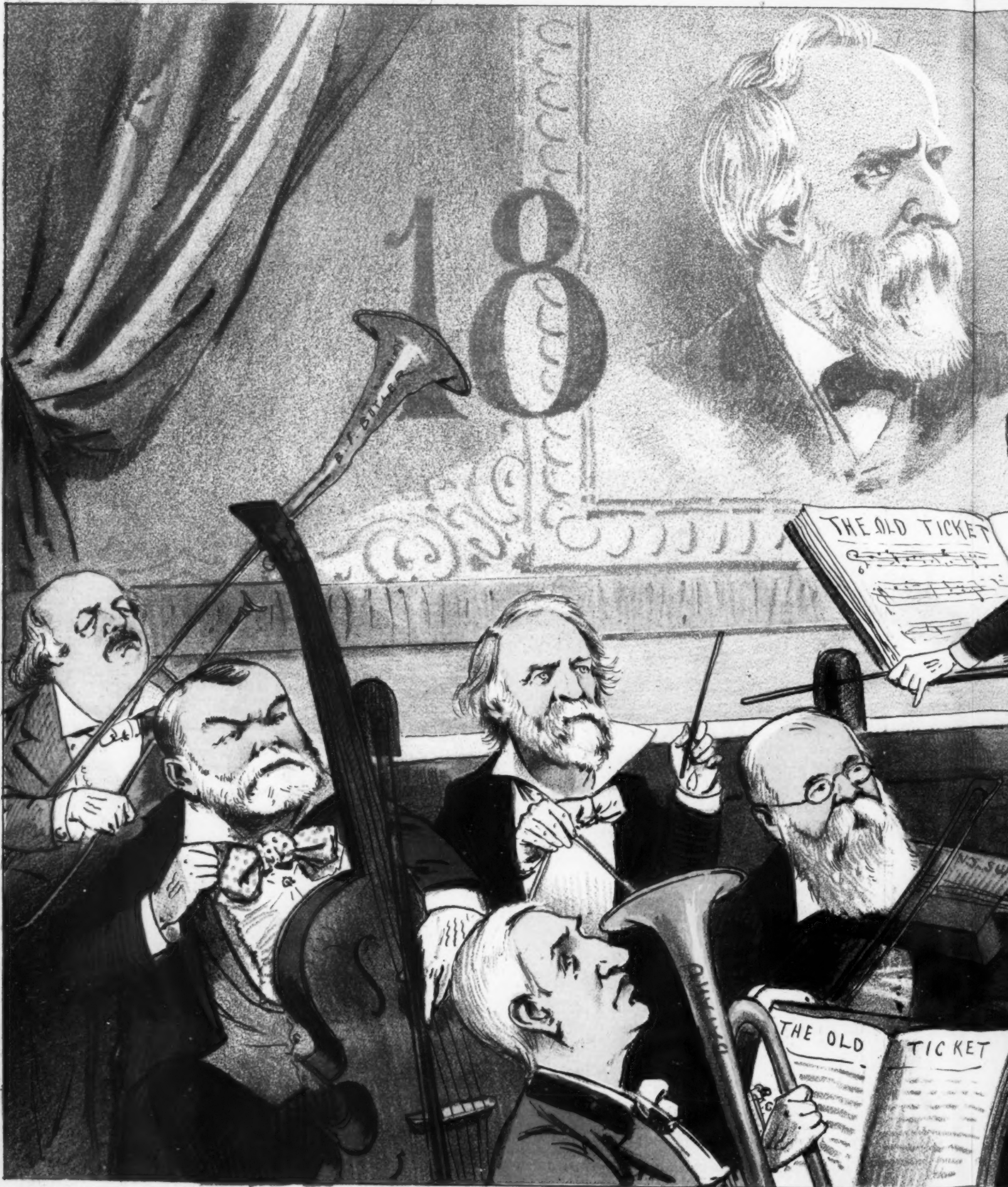
sion that particular night, and found her way to the house, and got into the house, would, in the hands of any ordinary ten-cent novelist, have been easily explained. No whole-souled—no, nor half-soled—novelist is going to let probability stand in the way of dramatic situation; he'd devilish soon lose his situation if he did. Perhaps what the intruder beheld was an advertisement on the wall that the "Evening Telegram" was "Before all the world." Or one from the "Sun," signifying its willingness to daily print the fiat of C. A. D., "The Republican party must go!" Or the sworn affidavit of Josephus Pullitzer, that Jay Gould was not interested in the management of the "World"—he only held a mortgage on it. Or a hand writing on the wall—a sort of modern Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharism from George Edgar Montgomery—proclaiming in letters of fire, "I am the great ki-yi; when I speak let no other dog bark; art is not art unless I say it is art. I am the great original literary dude of the 'Times' and don't you forget it!" Or a "Herald" war map, pointing out with geographical accuracy the seat of war in Tonquin, or the seat of cholera in Egypt, or the seat of a pair of Nicol's \$1.50 pants. Or the benign features of Lydia Pinkham, the noble yet untitled woman who devoted her life to the glorious task of rescuing mankind from the pitfalls of disease and providing bucolic journals with enough advertising matter to insure their editors at least one square meal a week. Oh, come to the point—*revenous a nous moutons.* (How's that? Don't that come in naturally, eh?) Keep not your readers on the tenter hooks of uncertainty. (By the way, while I think of it, what are "tenter hooks?" I have read of them in poetical inkslings, and thought it wouldn't be a bad idea to drop them into the composition of this history; but I have no more notion of what they mean than a Tammany alderman has of the fact that, according to Darwin, his far-back progenitor was a ringtailed baboon with a blue nose). I'd give a dollar and a half—and that's a lot of money for a man who has to take his ulster out of pop this week, or lose it, and the "melancholy days" coming on to us with rapid strides—if I could defer the explanation of what I beheld until the next installment. For, I can tell you, it is a task of no light weight to work up to a dramatic episode, and when a fellow has accomplished it, he hates like thunder to slur it over in the middle of the chapter, when he knows that by allowing it to hang over he can make himself an object of intense interest to the thousands of scullery maids and Rapid Transit telegraph boys, who hang upon his every word, and strangle themselves, as it were, with his utterances. It is a great thing to be gifted with the power of precipitating the essence of one's brain into the sympathies of one's fellow men and women; to cause the tear to flood the eye of the peanut fiend and the bosom of the lady cashier to swell with pity or with terror, as the fluctuating fortunes of the hero and heroine call for one sentiment or the other.

Well, *revenous a nous*—stop! I made use of that before, and of all taught ologies, tautology is the most reprehensible. Good boy! send it to "Texas Settings."

"What's that? Got enough copy?" By Jingo, I've managed. Hooray!

By the light of the gas jet which flickered above my head, I beheld—

[To be continued in our next—unless the author, in the meantime, gets the jim-jams.]



OUT OF HAR  
"WE CANNOT PLAY THAT





HARMONY.  
"THAT OLD SONG NOW."



BARBER—*I hope, sir, the shave has been satisfactory. Did my razor take hold well?*  
 OLD STUBBLEFACE—*Take hold well, you butcher! Why, it wouldn't let go!*

#### Washington Gossip.

FROM OUR OWN LIAR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPT. 6th.

THE publication of the names of the gentlemen who decline to receive the nomination for President, in your last issue, has been the means of bringing your correspondent a number of letters from other individuals who are also actuated by a patriotic desire to refuse the high honor. General Wm. Mahone wishes it to be distinctly understood that under *no* circumstances will he accept a nomination; if it is thrust upon him, he will be compelled to firmly but respectfully—accept. General Rozencrans, in declining, would like your correspondent to say that his declination arises out of no desire to frivolously thwart the will of the American nation, but to oblige his wife's mother, with whom the air of Washington does not agree. Billy Florence writes your correspondent to say that the omission of his name in the list sent you must be the fault of his managing man, who neglected to cancel the date. He adds, with characteristic modesty, that, although he is satisfied he would make a better President by a d. s. than half the professional politicians in the country, he is compelled to decline, as he is too busy adding a new play to his repertoire to be bothered with any side issues. That's a positive fact; you can take the Governor's word for it. One Benjamin F. Butler writes to say that he was so astonished, so totally

unprepared to hear that he had for one moment been thought of as a possible candidate, that you might have knocked him down with the effluvia from the Tewksbury Almshouse. *He* a candidate? Well, he should smile, he should snigger, he should murmur, he should palpitate to remark—certainly not; by no manner of means, dear brothers. If such an idea get abroad he is afraid that the public will be tempted to believe that he merely raised his reform breeze in Massachusetts for the purpose of being wafted on it into the presidential chair. Being unversed in the science of politics, he supposes that were he nominated he would be obliged to accept, but he trusts no one believes he is anxious to be compelled to do so. Your correspondent has also received letters indignantly denying the presence of the presidential bee in the bonnet from the Mayor of Kalamazoo, Pat Gilmore, Dooney Harris, Brooks & Dickson, Sitting Bull, P. T. Barnum, Capt. John Hussey, Eli Perkins and Hon. Wm. F. Cody. It is rumored that the Missouri delegation will be instructed to present the name of its vindicated hero, Frank James.

Your correspondent was honored with a card of invitation to attend a meeting of the "Washington Colored School of Philosophy and Aesthetic Elocutionary Brotherhood." The object of the society is to provide the neglected colored man with words of four syllables and mystic meaning at original cost. On the evening of your cor-

respondent's visit, the chair was occupied by Professor Dormouse Shanks, P. P. H., LL. D., K. K., and A. S. S. The following papers were read: "The Howness of the This," by Mrs. Dr. Plutarch Griggs; "The Thusness of the That," by Skedunk Talleyrand, Esq., the celebrated electrician of Squash Bayou, La.; "The Hereness of the Now," by Blueblood Concord Quincy, the champion aesthete of Salem, Mass.; "The Whereeness of the Was," by Miss Purity Crusoe, of Thompson street, Central Africa; "The Wasness of the Is-to-be," by Littlemore Ruskin Piepink, the original colored dude, and the "The Tooness of the Much," by the chairman. The closing address, made by Past Master Aesthete, Dodo Quacker, was a splendid piece of patch-work-covered oratory, and deserves the honor of being chrystalized in your columns. It ran thus wise: "The evolutionary theories of incandescent thoroughness, rotating in endless gyrations through the supernal vistas of the here-to-fore, embodying, as they do, the un-fleshly, and too utterly utterableness of pre-Raphaelite coruscations of penultimate absolutism, form, by their abstract glittering of aesthetic generalities, a bean-pole of hopeful expectancy, by and through which the intense soul can warble hallelujahs in praise of the was-to-what in its methodical struggle with the pernicious doctrinal heresies of the newness-of-the-old; and the turgid and all too-inexpressibly rhapsodical correlative-ness of individual idiosyncrasy, must descend into the loathy, wirly whirlpool of unidentified never-was, and there writhe in slimy unconsciousness of the bright, ever-beaming glory of the used-to-be." Satisfied that there is a bright future—if the principles of the association are faithfully and intelligently promulgated—for our colored brother—in the penitentiary, your correspondent returned home and killed a very valuable black-and-tan terrier by incautiously allowing him to smell the clothes your correspondent had worn at the meeting.

The following communication from the Utah Commission, just received at the Interior Department, will explain itself:

"Hon. H. M. Teller, Secretary. Sir: I am happy to inform you that the working of the 'Edmunds Act' has been most satisfactory to the Mormons. It was passed, as you are doubtless aware, for the purpose of disfranchising polygamists. In such dread did the Mormons stand of violating its provisions that not a *single* polygamist attempted to vote. Each voter, as he came to deposit his ballot, was asked: "Are you a polygamist?" and not one out of the many thousands who voted answered in the affirmative, a clear proof that the polygamists respected the law of the Federal Government too well to attempt to break it, or the penalties attached to violation had frightened them into monogomy. I have reason to believe that polygamy, as an institution, has had its day in Utah, and that the people of that section are waking up to the fact that it is a sinful and expensive system. That is the opinion expressed by several prominent Mormons with whom I have conversed; they, at one time, kept all the way from two to ten wives openly, here in Salt Lake City; the richer men having separate establishments for each, and society recognized them all as the legal helpmates of the one man. But now, realizing the enormity of the crime they were committing, they retain their first wife only—in the city. Very respectfully, your obedient servant, Alexander Ramsay. By order of the Commission."



MESSRS. BROOKS & DICKSON, after spending a large part of the summer and considerable money hunting up foreign productions for their various enterprises in this country, have unmasked their batteries at the Standard and fired their first gun. Notwithstanding the elaborate preparations made for weeks beforehand, they have not hit the mark, and it will take even more champagne than flowed the night of the dress rehearsal to wash anything as English as "The Merry Duchess" down the throats of an American audience.

To understand the local allusions with which the play abounds, one must be thoroughly familiar with the slang of London sporting circles, and New York, not being Newport, there are a few people in the city who are not given over to aping English sports, wearing London clothes, or talking with a cockney drawl. In fact, we venture to affirm that a large number of our theatre goers have never visited an English race course, and, as regards the so called hero worship of certain English jockeys, they know little and care less.

If the points in "Iolanthe" were too local to be duly appreciated here, no wonder the puns and alleged jokes in "The Merry Duchess" fall flat.

When Gilbert ceases to please us, we have at least Sullivan to fall back upon, and his music is always effective and enjoyable, but in this jockey opera Mr. Clay's melodies are as dreary and uninteresting as is Mr. Sim's libretto. The chorus of "tigers" is about the only thing in the whole piece that has "caught on," and even this is so suggestive of a similar chorus in "Virginia" (an opera that proved a dismal failure at the Bijou last winter) that it is no novelty. In fact, Mr. Clay's music, without being tuneful, is largely made up of reminiscences.

The very title of the piece is misleading, for Dolaro, with all her dash and vim, fails to make the Duchess a merry one. Dixey, as Brabazon Sykes, does fairly well. He is a clever comedian without much voice. Miss Lester seems to be bright and vivacious, but her high notes are paralyzing. She may be pretty, as some of the papers have stated, but THE JUDGE has not been able to determine with any degree of accuracy what her original features are really like. When an actress' dress is suggestive of too close proximity to the flour barrel, one naturally suspects that the making up process has been carried a little too far. Most of the scenery is quite pretty, the costumes attractive, and the stage management apparently good, but "the play—the play's the thing." If this is a specimen of what Messrs. Brooks & Dickson have to offer us, Heaven help them. It is doubtful if "The Merry Duchess" will hold the boards till the opening of the regular season, which has been announced for October 15th. A new drama, called "The Soldier's Wife," is to be produced on that occasion, but, as we are to have more of Sim's work thrust upon us in this play, the

prospect doesn't look encouraging. *Nous verrons.*

The French Opera Troupe, with Aimee and Angele, are warbling at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Angele is as robust and handsome as ever, but Aimee—well, we always admired Aimee, but candor compels us to state she is not the Aimee of days gone by. Her voice is broken, and her fire and dash are only seen at intervals.

Disaster, even to the downfall of bridges, seems to attend Mr. Edgar. His performances at the Fourteenth Street Theatre last week were remarkably commonplace, and why an actor of his caliber should undertake "Othello" is past our comprehension. "Othello," at best, is not absolutely necessary to our happiness. Salvini and Rossi seemed to think we couldn't live without it; but we could, and, moreover, we can assure Mr. Edgar that his efforts hereafter in this direction will be cheerfully dispensed with.

"Excelsior" is as successful as ever at Niblo's; Barrett is doing a good business at the Star; Wyndham is festive at the Union Square, and Clara Morris is at the new Third Avenue Theatre.

Sara Jewett has come down from Shakespeare to Pinero, and is to play in a piece written by the latter called "The Rector." Too bad she can't play Juliet, but then she has the fifteen hundred dollars she was smart enough to draw before the Edgar Company went to pieces, besides her Delmonico breakfast, to comfort her.

**Beatty's Organs for Holiday, Birthday or Wedding Presents.**

NOTHING can be more appropriate for a holiday, birthday or wedding present than one of Mayor Beatty's fine organs. He offers one of his latest styles, the Mozart, at greatly reduced prices, and prepays all freight, if ordered within five days from date of this newspaper. Read his advertisement and order without delay, thus securing the instrument at the lowest possible prices.

It is authoritatively said, all statements to the contrary notwithstanding, that Longfellow got his inspiration for "The Skeleton in Armor" while viewing the ladies in bathing at Newport.

WHAT is the difference between a man who leaves the house in a fit of passion and the girl of the period? One bangs a door and the other adores a bang.

**Our Minister's Daughter.**

WITH sentiment I've never paltered,  
My amours have been faint and few;  
My piety has never faltered—  
I'm orthodox—church-member, too;  
But now I am so strangely altered,  
Indeed I know not what to do.

There is a tumult in my bosom,  
As in the sky when tempests blow;  
My thoughts, I can no longer choose 'em,  
Nor guide their fitful ebb and flow;  
Thrice offered beers, I did refuse 'em—  
Oh, I must be in love, I know!

My nightly "nightcap"—I've foregone it;  
Water, instead of mountain dew;  
A sickly, sentimental sonnet  
Is now the best my pen can do.  
Our parson's daughter's new white bonnet  
Each Sunday draws me to my pew.

I sit and hear the father's preaching,  
Yet watch the daughter all the while;  
I join the choir's infernal screeching  
In hope to win her to a smile—  
And e'en upon my knees beseeching,  
I ogle her by stealth and guile.

Satan has dug for me a new pit—  
He could not catch me in the old—  
I go to church and worship Cupid,  
And leave it, feeling I've been sold;  
And that man's sermons are so stupid!  
I fear I'm straying from the fold.

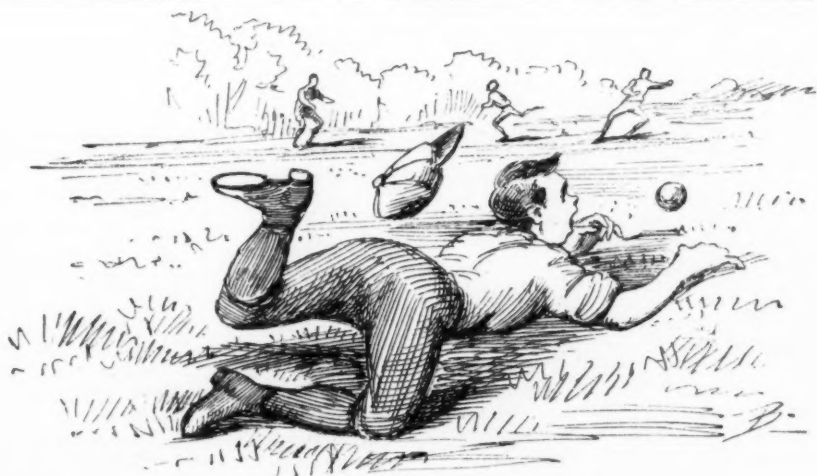
I throw down arms and cry for quarter;  
I raise, myself, my challenge glove;  
I humbly own that I have sought her,  
And take my sufferings to prove [ter—  
That she's my queen—our preacher's daughter—  
And I am hopelessly in love. G. H. J.

THE kind of fur your wife will wear this winter largely depends on how fur you can go in the price. This is a poor joke, but at any rate there is one man who will see the point of it—the well known fur dealer, C. C. Shayne, of 103 Prince street, whose advertisement appears in another column.

OUR best buglers belong to the Toot-on race, of course.

THE labor movement and base ball are characterized by the same thing—strikes.

TWO ways to avoid a fit—visit the tailor and steer clear of a mad dog.



A BASE BALLER—"THE MUFFIN MAN."

# BEATTY'S STOP ORGANS ONLY \$57.00

A Magnificent Holiday, Birthday, or Wedding Present.

Fully Warranted  
**SIX**  
**(6) Years.**

If you are in need of a Cabinet Organ for your Parlor, Lodge, Church, or Sabbath School, order the "MOZART" or if you are unable to buy an instrument at present, please write me, stating your reasons why. Let me hear from you anyway, whether you buy or not. Please call your friends' attention to this advertisement. In this way you can aid me in making sales. Every Twenty-seven Stop Organ sold sells others, because they are the best, and bring forth, at command of the performer, greatest amount, combinations, and variety of music equal to a Church Pipe Organ, costing from \$1,800 to \$2,000. BEATTY'S PATENT STOP ACTION, which is fully secured at the United States Patent Office. Grand effects are obtainable from a mere whisper to a grand burst of harmony. The instrument must be heard to be appreciated. Read the following brief description, and, if possible, send your order without delay.

**27 STOPS AS FOLLOWS:**

1. Double Octave Coupler.—Doubles the power of the Organ. Couples all octaves.
2. Powerful Bass Sub-Bass.—New and original. The thundering tones produced are without a parallel by Organ building.
3. Vox Celeste.—The sweet, pure, exhilarating tones produced are beyond description.
4. Piccolo.—Variety of notes which makes the Piccolo the most difficult and expensive to build in the world.
5. French Horn.—A stop which imitates a full orchestra and brass band.
6. Saxophone.—The beautiful effect of this stop is Beatty's favorite. It is very excellent and adds greatly to this wonderful Organ.
7. Diapason.—Draws a full set of tuneful Golden Reeds.
8. Dulciana.—A full set of reeds used in ordinary organs is drawn by this stop.
9. Vox Humana.—Tremulant, which, by the aid of a FAX WHEEL, imitates the human voice.
10. Vox Jubilante.—This stop, when used in conjunction with other stops, produces most delightful music. It—Zolian, 12—Clarinet, 13—Cello, 14—Violin, 15—Clarabella, 16—Grand Forte, 17—Melodia, 18—Bourdon, 19—Viol di Gamba, 20—Viola Dolce, 21—Grand Expression, 22—Harp Zolian, 23—Zelo, 24—Arpeggiate Expression Indicator, 25—Orchestral Forte, 26—Grand Organ, 27—Expression. The last seventeen (17) Stops are operated in direct conjunction with above ten (10) bringing forth, at command of the performer, most charming music, with beautiful orchestral effect, from a mere whisper, as it were, to a grand burst of harmony. Height, 72 inches; Depth, 24 inches; Length, 48 inches.

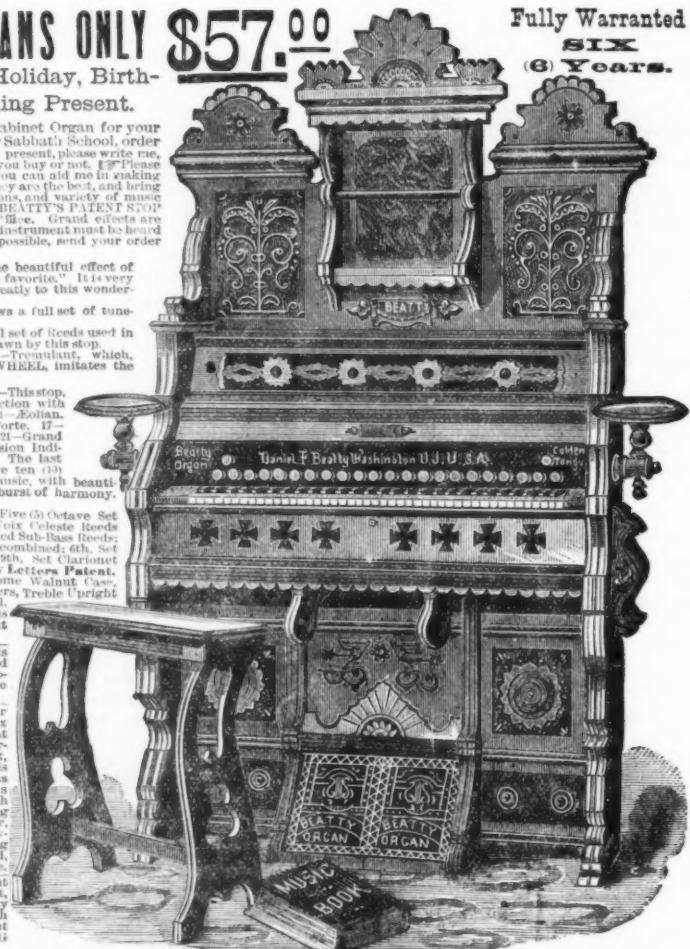
**A SPECIAL OFFER.** I am determined to have this beautiful instrument introduced without a moment's delay. Hence the following special offer, providing order is given and remittance made within the limited time as specified in advertisement.

Hereby agree under his own signature to box and deliver upon cars at Washington, New Jersey, with Bench, Book, and Music, one of his "MOZART" Organs upon receipt of this notice, together with only \$57.00, providing order is given within thirteen days from date of this newspaper, or, if you order within five days, a further deduction of \$2 will be allowed, and ALL FREIGHTS WILL BE FREIGHT, the regular price being \$115 without the Bench, Book, and Music. Money promptly refunded, with interest at ten percent, if not just as represented after 1 year's use.

Be very particular to give Name, Post Office, County, State, Freight Station, and on what Railroad. Be sure to remit by Bank Draft, P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, or by Bank Check. You may accept by telegraph on last day and remit by mail on that day, which will secure this special offer. I desire this magnificent instrument introduced without delay, hence this special price, PROVIDING ORDER IS GIVEN IMMEDIATELY. VISITORS WELCOME.

Address or Call upon the Manufacturer,

**DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.**



## At the Depot.

"ARE you sure our trunks are all right?"  
"Yes, my dear, I just saw them."  
"Did you think to lock the front door?"  
"Yes."  
"And you have telegraphed to Uncle Josh to meet us at the station with his wagon?"  
"Yes, and indicated that we would stay at his farm until cold weather."  
"That was right; but how about the newspaper notices?"  
"Here they are, all ready to mail as soon as I can get stamps—'Mr. and Mrs. Deadbeat and their interesting family will summer at Saratoga.'—*Reading Times*.

"OH, Grannie, Grannie!" exclaimed a Brooklyn boy, glancing up from the paper which he was reading, "Java has been visited by a shower of fire." "Dear me!" returned the old lady, not exactly catching the full import of the communication, "dear me, you don't tell me so! Well, I thought the coffee this morning tasted a little burnt."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

THE Boston girl is compelled to suffer many criticisms from the illiterate western journalist on account of her superior culture. One of them recently wrote that the young lady is "so awfully cultured that she won't call it the 'sweet by-and-by.'" She calls it the 'sugared subsequently.'"—*Unidentified Exchange*.

"PLUTARCH'S lives—Plutarch's lives," muttered Midas, pausing before his book

shelves and spelling out a title, "Plutarch's lives—who, how many lives on earth had the man?" "Looney!" exclaimed Mrs. Midas in a fine burst of contempt, "don't you know nothing? It's a book about cats!"—*New York Life*.

"DID you see that big meteoric display last night?" asked Gus De Smith of Gilhooly. "When did it come off?" "About nine o'clock. Did you see it?" "No, of course I didn't. I live out in the suburbs of Austin, and never get a chance to see anything that is going on after dark in the business portion of the city."—*Texas Siftings*.

A LOS ANGELES rancher has raised a pumpkin so large that his two children use a half each for a cradle. This may seem very wonderful in the rural districts, but in this city three or four full-grown policemen have been found asleep on a single beat.—*San Francisco Post*.

"YES," said the druggist, "I'm very sorry I gave Mr. Snaggs the wrong dose by mistake and he died. He's the second good customer I've robbed myself of in that way this year."—*Boston Post*.

THE young poet who is ambitious to rush into print should remember that, although his genius may be understood, his verses will never have a good run unless their feet are perfect.—*Somerville Journal*.

A BABY will cry no harder if a pin is stuck into him than he will if the cat won't let him pull her tail. It is cheaper, therefore, to pin him.—*Chicago Telegram*.

## To Cleanse Brass.

CATCH your book agent, hold him under the pump, and sponge him with with a bar of sand soap. To destroy weeds—introduce your widow to a bachelor, and let nature take its course.—*Marathon Independent*.

SKUMCA, chief of the Umatilla tribe in Oregon, mistook Jamaica ginger for a new kind of beverage that both cheers and inebriates, and drank twenty bottles of the stuff. A few minutes later a more surprised Indian was never seen. He thought a volcanic eruption from Java had struck him where he lives, and before dying he urged all his braves to look not upon the Jamaica ginger when it burneth like a prairie on fire.—*Norristown Herald*.

"BEGORRA!" said an inebriated Hibernian, the other day, as he saw a Chinaman's head sticking out of a coal hole in the pavement, "phat do thim haythin divils care for a tratie, at all, at all, when they've dug a tunnel clane through, so they have?"—*San Francisco Post*.

THE difference between a bakery and a printing office lies in the fact that in the former the pie is formed, while in the latter occasionally the form is pied.—*Somerville Journal*.

IT is now certain that the wreck found on Mount Ararat is the remains of Noah's ark. They know it by the grease mark in the bunk where Ham was stowed.—*Phila. Herald*.

## The Little Hair Trunk.

'Neath the rafters of the roof  
Where the cobwebs grim  
In the breezes softly float  
'Mong the garret air dim,  
The little old trunk  
With its hairy-covered coat,  
Stands in the corner all alone.  
What memories are hid  
Beneath its hairy lid;  
What joys then will come  
As I tenderly gaze  
On the little trunk standing  
Where the sunbeam plays  
About its hairy coat,  
Like some gentle halo  
Of bygone days.  
Then I open awide  
The casket so dear,  
And lift out the treasures  
Of an olden year.  
A marble or two,  
A little torn hat,  
Are brought forth to view,  
And a wooden tip-cat.  
Simple little things, ah, well I know;  
But boyhood's pleasures  
Of the long time ago.  
A battered pair of shoes,  
A boy's ball and bat,  
A bow and arrow and a book.  
'Twill drive away blues  
To search in the trunk,  
For treasures that are sunk  
In that simple garret nook.

Ah, joys they will come,  
And vanish soon away;  
A man's heart grows youthful  
In the passage of a day.

—Norristown Herald.

## Newspaper Advertising.

## ITS USES AND ABUSES.

A Card from C. C. Shayne, Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince-Street, West of Broadway.

The most successful houses in America are liberal advertisers. If a merchant has a good thing it pays to advertise it, but to insure permanent success the article advertised must be all that it is represented to be in print; if found otherwise, it is sure sooner or later to injure the house that misrepresents, for the public will not be imposed upon long. The late

A. T. STEWART

built up a name and fortune by adhering to strict business principles. He never deceived the public. He advertised facts. The public had confidence in his integrity, and, when he made an announcement, flocked to his store year after year, knowing that they would not be deceived. His great success was the reward of honest dealings. It is to be regretted that many of the merchants of today do not adhere to the honest rule of advertising facts. Their idea is to insert any kind of an advertisement that will draw a crowd.

## ABOUT SEALSKINS.

The fur season is hardly open, the standard fashions for the coming season are not as yet introduced, and will not be until the 10th of September, and yet some parties are making a great noise and advertising furs at great reductions in prices.

The advertisements read something like this:—\$200 Sealskin Sacques reduced to \$125; \$250 sacques, reduced to \$150; \$400 Sealskin Dolmans reduced to \$275, etc. How absurd this is? Is it not about time to hold up on this? The public are getting tired of it. It seems to me that merchants who insert such advertisements must take the public for a set of fools. There is a time, however, in the spring, when rather than carry over, furs are marked down, and sometimes sold at a loss; but never when the season opens. No merchant can do business without profit, and the public is always willing to pay an honest merchant a fair living profit.

It is very strange how those merchants who advertise to sell a \$200 Sealskin Sacque for \$125 can

continue to support large establishments, high rents, heavy advertising bills, liberal salaries, and P. M.'s for sales, buy from manufacturers, who make a profit one day and mark them down the next day.

## FACTS.

The truth is just this, genuine ENGLISH-DRESSED ALASKA SEALSKINS are getting scarcer every year, and the price in both Europe and America is steadily advancing. As a substitute a new grade of Sealskins were introduced last winter. They are caught by the thousands on the coast of China and shipped to London, where they are dressed and dyed and sold to American importers at about one-third the price of genuine Alaska skins. They are dressed and dyed so handsomely that when made up into garments it takes an excellent judge of Furs to tell the difference. Ladies will know the difference after they have worn the garments two or three months—they will wear off on the edges, turn red and look shabby, and no article of dress looks so badly as a shabby Sealskin garment. I could manufacture handsome-looking Sacques (so far as outward appearance goes), and sell at a profit, for \$75, whereas a good honest Alaska Sealskin Sacque costs \$175. Now it would be very easy to make up these goods and advertise them—great reductions in prices from \$200 to \$125, and sell hundreds of them; but if I did so, I could not do business long. I would lose my trade. If a merchant sells good, reliable goods he can hold his trade year after year, but if he sells poor goods, which never give satisfaction, no matter how low the price, he will lose his trade. I am receiving Sacques for alteration and repair, made from genuine Alaska skins, which I sold seven and eight years ago—the ladies who purchased had full value for their money—but ladies who purchased garments made from Coper Island or China skins, no matter how handsomely dressed and dyed or how elegantly finished or how seemingly cheap, will regret it, for they will not wear or give satisfaction.

Sealskin garments are more fashionable than ever; and the demand is daily increasing, and there is no article of dress which gives as good satisfaction as a reliable Sealskin Sacque or Dolman. To buy a thing right, buy where it is made. If a lady wishes a garment which costs so much money as a sealskin, the proper place to go is to a reliable manufacturer. I don't claim to be the only manufacturer of reliable Furs. There are other houses that manufacture as good goods as I do, but no house manufactures any better, and no one can afford to sell reliable Fur garments at lower prices. When a lady buys a Sealskin Sacque for \$200, she gets \$200 worth. She don't get a \$300 garment for \$200, but she gets just what she pays for and no guess about it. I have been in the fur trade nearly twenty years, pay close attention to business, and pay cash for my sealskins; do business at 103 Prince-st., where rent is cheap, less than half the price of stores in the retail districts. I handle seals largely, manufacture and sell at wholesale and retail, have all the advantages which long experience gives, and still I cannot sell a reliable Sealskin Sacque, 38 inches long, for less than \$175; 40 long, \$200; 42 long \$225, and 44 long, \$250. If I manufactured or sold sacques from China sealskins, I could sell at less than half the prices named. I intend to do business in New York as long as I live, and every garment sold from my establishment must be one to recommend a customer instead of driving them away. My stock of SEALSKIN SACQUES, DOLMANS, PALETOTS, ULSTERS, FUR-LINED WRAPS and all the leading FASHIONABLE FURS will be ready for inspection and sale MONDAY, September 10. Ladies are invited to call and will receive valuable information and polite attention whether they purchase or not. Respectfully,

C. C. SHAYNE,

FUR MANUFACTURER,  
103 PRINCE-ST.

TENNYSON hesitates about building a memorial poem on the death of the Queen's companion, John Brown. It can't be because of a lack of words to rhyme with Brown. There's "crown," a most excellent and appropriate one for a starter. Now if his name had been John Smith, Mr. Tennyson would have been a perplexed poet—not having the Walt-Whitmanic faculty to make "Smith" rhyme with the "King of Terrors."—Norristown Herald.

"Yes," he said, "I prefer to have black sand given me instead of pepper by my grocer. It doesn't hurt my eyes so much when my wife gets mad."—Boston Post.

## The New York Picnic.

"You must wake and call me early—call me early, mother dear,  
For our association starts its picnic from the pier.  
We've a couple of lads to dance, mother, and a dozen or so to spar,  
And I am to run the bar, mother, I am to run the bar!

"The boys are perfect gents, mother, though they're fond of getting high,  
So just wrap up the cartridges and pistols with the pie.  
If any Sunday-schools, mother, should picnic thereabout,  
We're able to knock 'em out, mother—we're able to knock 'em out.

"Of course there will be rows, mother; if there wasn't it would be queer,  
When I serve them all with mugs of froth where they've called aloud for beer;  
But what can you expect, mother, when a couple of hundred meet  
Who would rather fight than eat, mother—who would rather fight than eat?

"If I shouldn't come home at all, mother, through being a bit too game,  
Just work the hospital list, mother, until you find my name;  
Or else at the station-house, mother, though the 'cops' would hardly dare,  
Yet you'll possibly find me there, mother, you'll possibly find me there!"—Ex.

A NOTED base-ball player has been sent to the penitentiary in New York for attempting to murder his wife. Some of his old comrades have very little sympathy for him. If he had attempted to murder the umpire, the defeated nine would have presented him with a handsome testimonial. If it wasn't for the unfair decisions of the umpire, both clubs would win.—Ex.

THE unkindest cut of all: Mr. Tralala (to barber, after enjoying a hair-cut and his first shave and receiving his "check")—"I think you've made a mistake. Isn't a shave twenty cents?" Barber (deprecatingly)—"Really, I couldn't think of charging for that, sir."—Ex.

NOTHING more disgusts a party of Newport fox-hunters than to have an old cow get ahead of them, and go racing and snorting along with her tail in the air and terror in her soul. It looks as though they were chasing the cow, and that's not an English custom.—Ex.

ADELE.—Yes, your poem, "He Loves me Very Dearly," is a remarkable production; but if you want those pleasant relations to continue, don't let him see it. As for the copy sent hither, it will be carefully placed in a little basket, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.—Ex.

THE late Count de Chambord was "by the grace of God King of France and Navarre," but by the ungratefulness of man he was no better than any one else.—Lowell Citizen.

WOMEN are more economical than men. You never catch a man saving the combings from his hair to make a switch with.—Yonkers Gazette.

THE Union Pacific trains are making a little faster time for fear the goats will come along and eat the paper wheels.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Accounting for Many Things.

"Yes, sir," remarked the tramp, emptying his glass and looking around with a smile. "I have no doubt the President took trout out of a stream and flung them into a geyser to cook them. It sounds like a big story, and the description of the fact might have been written by the poet Rogers of the last administration, who, I understand, accompanies the Presidential party, but I am remarking, gentlemen, that bigger things in the same line have been done right in that neck o' the woods."

"Under your personal observation?" inquired the gentleman in glasses.

"Under the same," answered the bald-headed man, taking the reply out of the tramp's mouth. "I've done the same thing myself, right where he is now, only I held the fish tail foremost toward a blizzard to scale 'em first."

"That's business," assented the tramp, with a smile of encouragement. "The way we used to do was to scale 'em with a blizzard as you did, and then hold 'em between the Indians and us for a moment to let an arrow cut 'em and clean 'em."

"A very good idea," conceded the bald-headed man. "We used to do that with prairie chickens, but we never tried it on fish. Our way was to turn the fish outside in and boil 'em in a geyser, and then turn 'em back again. It didn't spoil the outside appearance of the fish."

"We tried that until we found that the fish was better done inside than out," remarked the tramp. "And then we gave it up. Our favorite way was to boil 'em without cleaning and then to let a hailstone run through 'em. They came out as sweet as a nut."

"I don't think much of the hailstone racket," observed the bald-headed man with some contempt. "I tried it once with a hundred pound salmon, and when the stone got through there wasn't enough salmon left to make a killy fish."

"Did you ever try a streak o' lightning for cleaning fish?" asked the tramp.

"Only once," replied the bald-headed man. "And the fish got stale before we could get the clap of thunder out of it. Our greatest dodge was to hang the fish up on a stage route and let the road agents go through it. That used to clean it pretty well."

"Speaking of geysers," continued the tramp, with a pleasant smile, "I started them geysers in the Yellowstone Park."

"May I ask how?" inquired the man in glasses.

"Them geysers are nothing but holes in the ice I dug one winter catching eels. I caught over a million eels that season, and I pulled them up so fast that the water followed and kept running like a syphon ever since."

"But how do you account for the water being so hot?" asked the man in glasses.

"Friction!" exclaimed the tramp. "I pulled them eels up so lively that the friction of my line set the water on fire, and one time I was nearly scalded to death with the stream. I say, you see that man going out that door?" and he pointed to the departing bald-headed man. "That man aims to be a bigger liar than the man who is following the President around, but he can't fetch it. He hasn't the talent. Look here; I'm going out with the next Presidential party, and if you want my influence to get in with the gang all you've got to do is to set 'em up now while I'm in the humor for

a snifter, or else you will stay at home and hear that bald-headed spinner get off his lame lies while I am coining reputation that may lead me to a cabinet office under the next administration. You hear me?"

And the man in glasses was not proof against the threat. He has read and heard enough to believe that anything is possible in a Presidential party.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

WHEN a young man becomes impatient, waiting half an hour for his girl, who left the room with the remark that she would "be ready in two minutes," he should not manifest his uneasiness, but let his mind revert to the stock of patience exhibited by the physician who counted the holes or cells in the human lungs and discovered that the whole number was 174,000,000.—*Norristown Herald*.

Poor's wife remarked to him, as they started out the other night to take supper with the Browns, that she expected Mrs. B. would have a stunning coiffure. "Well, I'm sure I hope so," grumbled Poots. "I haven't had anything good to eat since the last time we were at mother's.—*Lowell Courier*.

"I've got another," said the Prince of Wales to the Marquis of Lorne; "why is a proposition like a glass of beer?"

"Give it up," said the Marquis.

"Because you can't decline it," replied his Royal Highness.

"Let's have something," remarked Lorne. And they had something.—*Oil City Derrick*.

BILLY JONES, of Thompson's corps, Entered through the barroom corps, Drank till he could drink no morps, Fell down on the barroom flops, Fell and made his head quite sorps, Fell till he could fall no lorps, Says he will do so no morps, But will join the temperance corps.

—*Oil City Derrick*.

A YOUNG miss of sixteen asks what is the proper thing for her to do when she is serenaded by a party of gentlemen at a late hour. We are glad to be able to answer this question. Steal softly down stairs and untie the dog.—*Rochester Post-Express*.

He slipped quietly in at the door, but catching sight of an inquiring face over the stair-rail, said: "Sorry so late, my dear, couldn't get a car before." "So the cars were full, too," said the lady; and further remarks were unnecessary.—*Georgia Major*.

You will notice that almost every boarding house is broken all over with mottoes worked in perforated paper. The one most appreciated by the luckless wight doomed to live in this way, however, is that which declares, "There is no place like home."—*Lowell Citizen*.

"How shall we stop the great evil of lying?" asks a religious weekly. Don't know, give it up. It's a habit you ought never to have fallen into.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

A CASE is on record where a barber and his victim were both happy. The barber talked on without interruption, and the latter was deaf.—*Toledo American*.

THE Fenian's motto — "Whatever thy hand findeth to do it with dynamite."—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

WALLS have ears. Of course they have. You remember how quickly the walls of Jerico tumbled to the racket.—*Boston Trans*.

## A Bit Frustrated.

AN Arkansaw editor, upon retiring from the control of an influential journal, said: "We do not leave this community with any regret. We are glad to go. We have not received due patronage from this town, consequently we are glad to throw up the journalistic sponge. It is the custom for editors to say that they part with their contemporaries with regret. We do not. We are devilish glad to quit. We have been branded as a thief, and it has been proved that we are a thief, consequently we have no regrets at parting. Those who owe us are expected to settle at their earliest convenience. Those whom we owe must wait."—*Traveler*.

A LONG sketch in an exchange is entitled "Betrayed by a Hair." This frequently happens. Unless the hair of the girl he had out buggy riding is the same hue as that worn by his wife he should carefully examine his coat before returning home.—*Norristown Herald*.

WHEN the widow buries her first husband she becomes pensive, but after she gets the second she is usually expensive.—*Yonkers Gaz*.



"I owe my Restoration to Health and Beauty to the CUTICURA REMEDIES."

Testimonial of a Boston lady.

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

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.

Sold everywhere. Price—Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, \$1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. Boston, Mass.

SHERMAN, NOBLE & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

BLACK GOODS

OF ALL KINDS.

Black Silks at the very Lowest Prices.

Sherman, Noble & Co.,

No. 38 W. 23d St.

Take Notice.

FOR 50c. (in stamps) 20 Elegant Scrap Pictures, no two alike. F. WHITING, 50 Nassau st., N. Y.

CANDY

Address,

Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best candies in the world, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once. C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 78 Madison St. Chicago

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.

**WITH FIVE DOLLARS**

YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE  
**Imperial Austrian Vienna City GOVERNMENT BOND.**

Which Bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemed in drawings FOUR TIMES ANNUALLY. Until each and every Bond is drawn with a larger or smaller premium. Every Bond MUST draw a prize, as THERE ARE NO BLANKS.

THE THREE HIGHEST PRIZES AMOUNT TO  
**200,000 FLORINS,  
50,000 FLORINS,  
30,000 FLORINS,**

And Bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a premium of not less than 130 FLORINS. The next drawing takes place on the 1st of October, 1883.

And every Bond bought of us on or before the 1st of October is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. Out-of-town orders, sent in Registered Letters, and enclosing \$5, will secure one of these Bonds for the next drawing. For orders, circulars, or any other information, address

**INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,**  
207 Broadway, cor. Fulton st., N. Y. City.  
ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the United States.  
N. B.—In writing, please say that you saw this in THE JUDGE.

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FIRST CLASS

Grand Square & Upright  
PIANOS.

Warerooms: 15 E. 14th St. & 129 E. 126th St.  
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PERFECTION  
**MAGIC LANTERNS**

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STEREOPTICON EXHIBITIONS

TO ORDER—TERMS MODERATE,  
On Lawns, in Parlors, Churches, Fairs, etc.  
**Electric Stereopticon Advertising Co.,**  
185 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.  
**JAKOBI & HART, Proprietors.**

Buy the Best.

THE only practical Fountain Pen ever invented is the LANCASTER GOVERNMENT, combining the advantages of each person's handwriting. Cleanliness—no leakage. Always ready. Will last for years. Fitted with Gold Pen.

THE LANCASTER FOUNTAIN PEN CO.,  
839 Broadway, New York.

All kinds of Fountain and Stylographic Pens retailed, repaired and exchanged. The A. T. Cross Business Pencil only 25 cents by mail.

**AGENTS CAN NOW GRASP A FORTUNE.**  
Outfit worth \$10 free. Address  
E. G. HIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay st., N. Y.

**RUPTURE**

RELIEVED and CURED without the injury Trusses inflict, 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.



**Columbia Bicycle**  
Is what every Boy wants, and what every Man ought to have.  
Send 3-cent stamp for new, elegantly illustrated 35-page Catalogue and Price List.  
**THE POPE MANUFACTURING CO.,**  
626 Washington St., Boston, Mass.  
New York Riding School, 34th st., near 3d av.

**A CARD.**

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.

**J. BACHMAN & SON,**  
DIAMONDS AND FINE JEWELRY,  
3 Malden Lane, N. Y.

Read's 3-minute Headache and Neuralgia Cure never Fails.  
Sent by mail on receipt of 30 cts.  
W. H. READ, Baltimore and Light Sts., Baltimore, Md.

In Swimming-Time.

Clouds above, as white as wool,  
Drifting over skies as blue  
As the eyes of beautiful  
Children when they smile at you;  
Groups of maple, elm and beech,  
With the sunshine sifting through  
Branches mingling each with each,  
Dim with shade and bright with dew;  
Stripling tree and poplars hoar,  
Hickory and sycamore,  
And the drowsy dogwood bowed  
Where the ripples laugh about,  
And the crooning creek is stirred  
To a gayety that now  
Mates the warbling of the bird  
Teetering on the hazel bough;  
Grasses long and fine and fair  
As your schoolboy sweetheart's hair,  
Backward reached, and twirled and twined  
By the fingers of the wind;  
Vines and mosses, interlinked  
Down dark aisles and deep ravines,  
Where the stream runs, willow-brinked,  
Round a bend where some one leans  
Faint and vague and indistinct  
As the like reflected thing  
In the current shimmering.  
Childish voices farther on  
Where the truant stream has gone,  
Vex the echoes of the wood  
Till no word is understood,  
Save that one is well aware  
Happiness is hiding there.  
There, in leafy coverets, nude  
Little bodies poise and leap,  
Spattering the solitude  
And the silence everywhere—  
Mimic monsters of the deep!  
Wallowing in sandy shoals—  
Plunging headlong out of sight;  
And, with spurtings of delight,  
Clutching hands and slippery soles,  
Climbing up the treacherous steep  
Over which the spring-board spurns  
Each again as he returns.  
Ah! the glorious carnival!  
Purple lips and chattering teeth—  
Eyes that burn—but in, beneath,  
Every care beyond recall,  
Every task forgotten quite—  
And again, in dreams at night,  
Dropping, drifting through it all.

—Century.

"You are charged with carrying whisky away from an illicit distillery," said the United States judge to Uncle Silas. "What have you to say to that charge?" "I isn't guilty, sah. I didn't carry it away." "You had some, then?" "Yes, sah, I had some." "What did you do with it?" "Well, sah, all dat I had wuz inside ob me, an' I had so much dat I couldn't carry it away, so I jess stayed dar."—Arkansaw Traveler.

The new attendant of the watering-place bookstore stood behind the counter with his head a little on one side and a white handkerchief around his neck, when a dainty summer sojourner tripped in, and fixing her blue eyes upon him, asked, "Have you got a 'Newport Aquarelle?'" To which, with a thankful smile, he replied: "No, marm; I don't think it's nothin' but a common bile."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

A MERCHANT may make a reduction in the price of his material without making any material reduction in his price.—Roch. Post-Ex.

The components of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup are daily prescribed by the ablest physicians, whose success is due to the specific influence of these components. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup skillfully prepared for immediate use, is for sale by all druggists.

USE  
**MRS. COBB'S**  
**PIXY.**—The only Cure for Biting of Finger Nails.  
**COSMETIC CHERRI-LIP,** for Tinting Lips and Cheeks.  
**BRAN-U NAIL POWDER.**—Most Brilliant Finger-Nail Polish in the World.  
**PAN-ZA CREAM** Softens and Whitens the Hands and Face. Cures Hang-nails.  
**ZAN-TIC** Bleaches Finger Nails, Removes Ink and Fruit-Stains.  
**MANICURE EK-O SOAP.**—The Finest Complexion Soap made.  
**VEL-VEEN FACE POWDER.**—Warranted absolutely harmless.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.  
Manufactured only by Mrs. MARY E. COBB,  
AMERICA'S FIRST MANICURE.  
Principal Wholesale Depot, 69 West 23d street, N. Y.  
FINGER NAILS BEAUTIFIED BY 6 THOROUGH MANICURES.  
MRS. PREY, Sole Agent for the above Goods.  
ORDERS BY MAIL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

**D. B. CANOLL,**  
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**Grain and Provisions,**  
76 Broadway and 9 New Street, N. Y.

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