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HIT 'EM AGAIN.



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TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

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THE MAN IN THE TICKER.

When the present King of Wall street, by lineal succession to Vanderbilt, dec'd, said "I never speculate," he told a frank and literal truth. He leaves others to speculate on what is to him certainty. He is willing they should take all the chances and have all the fun and excitement, modestly contending himself with raking in the pot. This magnificent croupier gathers them in as calmly and certainly as the old sexton does in the song.

And people wonder at "the depression in Wall Street." Writers who fancy themselves financial editors gravely discuss from years end to years end Wall Street as a "thermometer of business," and assure us that we "can't hope for any general revival of prosperity until Wall Street resumes activity." The thing they look for is the prosperity of Wall Street, not of the country. And the prosperity possible out of the existing order of gambling is not prosperity of either Wall Street or the country, but of the Man in the Ticker. He is "what ails Wall Street."

It is no longer the outside public that furnishes "the lambs;" those sharp, wise "money kings" are the unsophisticated victims of the Man in the Ticker. It is the old story of the shearer shorn. All the preternatural financial ability of Wall Street has not prevented its for years being the vic-

tim of a transparent confidence game. It is out of the Wall street operators that two or three men have made their ten or fifteen millions a year each.

Our confidence in human sagacity is weakened as much as the elder *Weller's* pride in his hopeful *Sammy* was cast down when the latter was taken in and done for by the weeping *Alfred Jingle*. "I never thought, *Sammy*," groaned the shrewd *Tony*, "as the name of *Veller* and gammon would be brought together."

BEER BETTER THAN BIERS.

In these prosaic days the man is not apt to go where glory waits him. He'd rather go where business waits him. He cares more to spill beer than to shed gore. The Kaiser's power is autocratic, but not sufficient to prevent his subjects in multitudes fleeing to the flag of the republic. It is a paternal government—so paternal that the beloved child of it gets out of Faderland as fast as he can.

Oliver Wendell Holmes describes the Puritan as one who

Hated punch and prelacy, and so it was, perhaps,
He fled to Leyden where he found conventicles—
and Schnapps.

So with unquenchable thirst for freedom and beer, the numerous German turns his back on the splendors of the great empire and the glory of its arms, and seeks America, where he shall shortly evolve into corner groceryman, policeman, beer-seller, or what not—all the time being a good citizen and as loud a patriot as any native.

IS IT REFORM?

After about forty years' trying to suppress a chronic rebellion in Utah, Uncle Sam. seems to have found one effective measure for the suppression of polygamy. It might be a matter of wonder that this "twin relic" could so long outbrave the nation, but the situation was complicated by embarrassing facts. In the first place polygamy has such good bible sanction that to suppress it was, as Mr. Beecher recently pointed out, to smash the plenary inspiration of the Old Testament. It seemed as if the country must dispense with both polygamy and the Pentateuch.

Their dogma was so far backed by national practice that really it is supposed our legislators had not the courage to condemn polygamy.

Whether the fact that the country is at last dealing earnest and effective blows at the "twin" may prove that the Pentateuch is grown *passé* and monogamy becoming the rule among our public men, or it may not mean so much. And if it do, we leave to Brother Beecher and Mr. Comstock to settle whether the suppression of polygamy, implying all this, is an unmixed reform.

RULINGS.

IT ISN'T MUCH of a dog that can't make a man go mad by biting him.

THE ONLY LEADING LADY that society recognizes is the one who conducts a pug with a string.

THE DEMOCRATS IN CONGRESS seem more concerned about the presidential succession than about presidential success.

STATESMANSHIP BY INSTALLMENTS, is the new enterprise struck by the administration and its departments, with their serial messages.

A MAN NAMED POUND, in England, is proven to have acted the title role to two different wives for fifteen years, living with each half the time, turn and turn. Each woman had only half a pound of a husband.

IT IS SAID THAT the Pope limits his personal expenses to \$2.50 a day, though his income is a million a year. He is probably saving up for his visit to this country, its best hotels, watering places and sleeping car emoluments.

THE TOTAL NUMBER of soldiers enlisted on both sides during the late unpleasantness was 2,859,132, and we judge by the pension disbursements that every one of them was killed or wounded and left a large number of wives and children.

THERE BEING IN THE PRESENT congress two hundred and eighty-five lawyers, we may look to see an increased number of acts passed that nullify themselves by their illegal, illogical, ungrammatical construction.

IT IS HIGH TIME to change the hymn, "Where now are the Hebrew Children?" making the conundrum, "Where are not the Hebrew Children?" One man might answer, "in heaven;" another, "in jail," according to his prejudices or his experience in buying clothing.

A JURYMAN ROSE in the box in Brooklyn and told the judge that the case had gone far enough. He probably thought it time to exchange the jury box for the dice-box. His honor told him that he was no judge. Counsel hadn't had a chance to earn their money yet. The juryman sat down on his own case.

IT MAY BE POSSIBLE that Uncle Sam. will throw off his swallow-tail coat, slap his hat on the ground and strike out to compel some effete court to put Mr. and Mrs. Keiley on its visiting list, to accommodate Mr. Bayard and his peculiar notions of diplomacy. Possibly, but we don't believe Uncle Sam's numerous family are very hot to have him do it.

OFF THE BENCH.

WOMEN'S WARDROBES sometimes furnish the bu'st measure of their husbands' fortunes.

A NEW COLOR is called "frightened mouse," and it's not so loud as you might expect.

ABOUT THREE THOUSAND stars can be seen with the naked eye. By the aid of glasses enough, millions can be seen.

A STORM-HOUSE is a work of supererogation before a dwelling where the officer in command holds rank only by brevet.

TO SOME HEADS OF FAMILIES with large gift-bearing powers, like the Greeks, there have been several Black Fridays lately.

THE DETECTIVES ought to be good at watching a tomb, but they are not always "soon" enough to find even a dead man.

A Detective story—"We've caught the culprit."—[THE JUDGE. Fiction, of course.—[Boston Courier. Not straight-out romance; there's no hero.

"WHAT IS THE STANDING of Mr. B., in your town?" enquired a commercial agent of a western post master. "Standing? Nothing. He has lain down."

CANON FARRAR came to this country for a rest and took away \$25,000. And now Americans, until the next foreign lecturer comes, will take a rest without the \$25,000.

IF YOU ASK A Providence, R. I., man what share he will take in the base-ball speculation next season he must answer *nein*, though Providence really has no nine, now.

A MAN IS WRITING Latin verse for a Western paper and explaining the drift of it in foot notes written in English so bad that it makes the Latin intelligible by contrast.

THE EDITOR OF PRETZEL'S *Weekly*, Chicago, is making himself solid for the future by publishing flattering portraits and biographies of the poor-house keepers, sheriffs and court officers of Cook County.

THAT ORGAN OF THE EXTERIOR, *Outing*, tells "how to enjoy a walk." We enjoy it most with an interesting young lady, a good seat in the gallery, the night the contestants finish and the excitement is highest.

WHISTLER IS COMING to this country to lecture. He is the artist who has knocked out so many sluggers in Australia and embossed their proboscides with symphonies in red, and their eyes with nocturnes in blue.

Briefs Submitted.

All that is left of Athens is a spot of Greece.

Prudence loved wisely but not too well. Her reward is alimony.

A difference of fifty per cent.—in life *zwei* lager; in death one bier.

This is the season for undaunted youth to bore 'mid snow and ice.

The drum is a rather poor affair—it always "gets beat hollow."

Legend for a lard can:—"Tis Greece, but living grease no more."

"I dreamed that Greece might still be free," and now there's a corner in lard.

Truth crushed to earth will rise again. If she doesn't, she lies; and so does the poet.

Lovely woman is doubtless man's inferior in strength, but she beats him in point of sighs.

Go to the ant, my son; consider her ways. It may save you the trouble of going to your uncle.

Notwithstanding the severe winter we are enjoying, the frozen truth seems about as scarce as usual.

The English politicians are taking a lesson from their American brethren. They are trying to catch the Irish vote.

"Journalist's clubs are increasing in popularity." Among the poetic contributors they are about as unpopular as ever.

A lady correspondent wants a receipt for making "burnt custard." A simple receipt for burnt custard is—Bridget.

"The year '86 will undoubtedly see a great change in the government of Ireland," and Parnell's '86 are the boys that will bring it about.

John Frost has lost his position in a Phil-

adelphia revenue office. But Jack Frost is not the man to whimper when he is turned out in the cold.

That the rain descends alike on the just and unjust is probably owing to the fact that a good many of the latter are still outside of the penitentiary.

When one of Dante's fellow citizens starts as a lodging-house keeper or hotel "proprietor," he takes for his motto: "Who enters here leaves soap behind."

Beau Garret, they say, has above two-hundred coats; and hats beyond number. This garret seems to be better furnished even than some swell parlors.

"Vanderbilt's tomb is to be watched during the winter by four detectives." This is probably the surest way not to discover the present whereabouts of Mr. Vanderbilt.

Young Agricola wants to know whether it would be wrong to raise a crop of old rye. Nothing wrong in raising old rye so long as you are careful not to raise it to the level of your lips.

A German savant threatens us with still another treatise on Sun myths. We believe that Mr. C. A. D. knows more about Sun myths than a whole beer-house full of German savants.

"Hain't he all right on a pull?" "Yes; but he kicks like thunder." "Well, as de wise man remark on a certin' occasion; 'hit's a condom poor mule dat won't work two ways.'"

Tennyson's latest utterance is:

"Over the mountain walls
The young angels pass."

It used to be over the garden wall; but doubtless the young angel's legs are gaining in strength and purpose.



CHECKMATED.

POLICEMAN—"You have been standing here for an hour. Move on!"
ABSENT-MINDED CHESS-PLAYER—"Beg pardon, sir; it's your move."

ON THE ROAD.

Cusby and I were loafing about the corridor when Brown came down from the sample room. His customer was with him.

"Pompous looking old duffer," Gus commented as Josh towed his man in one direction. "It must be old Plant that he was telling us about at breakfast."

"Come this way, boys," Josh said beckoning. "I want to introduce you."

"Cusby—Plant—Lang. Lang—Plant—Cusby. Cus—Langby—Plant. Gentlemen, know each other. Mr. Plant, boys, is one of the largest undertakers in Cincinnati. What will you all drink?"

"The leading undertaker, gentlemen," Mr. Plant corrected before ordering "Sour Mash." "I do the largest business in my line in this town, yes, and the largest in the State of Ohio."

"Ah, then I presume it is safe to believe that the amount of the bill you have just given Brown is proportioned to the size of your business, Mr. Plant," said Cusby quietly, nudging Josh. "Now, I happen to know that Brown sold Pip & Co., of Columbus, a bill of \$3,000; Jugby & Cobid, of Cleveland, \$2,500, and Punchduffer, Mc-Sol & Crotonpump, of Toledo, an even \$4,000. Of course, your order much exceeded those of these smaller concerns." Then turning to Josh he said: "I'll take a small bottle of the Widow, old man."

"You're earning it, my boy," Josh answered in a whisper and then, aloud: "\$3,000 is about the figure, I think, Mr. Plant?"

"No, as small as that, was it, Brown? Well, double the bill, my dear sir. I didn't intend to make so small a matter of it, I assure you. In a business like mine it doesn't pay to monkey with small quantities. I'm glad you spoke of the matter, Mr. Cusby. I don't mean to put a house like mine on a level with small concerns, I tell you." And Mr. Plant puffed out his chest magnificently, and clapped his thumbs in the armpits of his vest.

"I do nothing in a small way," he went on, turning to me while Josh proceeded to correct his order, and Gus to devote himself to the wine he had earned. "The houses Mr. Cusby has named are small, you know, their sales are small, their capital is small, and their operations must therefore necessarily be small. See?"

"Of course," I assented.

"Now, I believe in doing business in a liberal way. Mr. Lang. It pays. Small methods are never productive of great and lasting results. My wonderful business success is largely due to my liberal practices, sir. Another reason for my triumphs in commerce is that my establishment is operated on a plan, a perfect system. Every man in my employ does his particular work and nothing else. My establishment is like a large and powerful clock in which every employe is a cog, spring or pin. This system I have established myself and the operation is maintained perfectly.

"Isn't it difficult to control properly a large number of men?" I asked.

"It certainly would be for most employers, Mr. Lang, but not for me. I possess a subjugating class of mind, sir, an aggressive intellect which overcomes the opposition of weaker heads and all I have hitherto encountered are weaker. All are, sir. Absolutely all. Why, I assure you," he rambled on, "in my own family I am actually feared. Not that I am harsh, you understand—not harsh, but positive. Now, there's my wife.

I have at times deeply deplored the fact that my glance is of a kind to cause her to quail when it rests upon her. That my slightest frown should make her shake in her boots or slippers, as the case may be, is truly sad."

"Very unfortunate, I am sure, Mr. Plant."

"And still Mrs. Plant is devoted to me, Mr. Lang. To show you what sort of a control I exercise I will state, to go back a little, that before I married the lady she was a Miss Patty Prettytoes, of Puddlepond, New Jersey, and—"

"What's that?" interrupted Cusby. "Patty Prettytoes? Why, Mr. Plant, I knew your wife ten years ago. I knew her intimately. Why, my dear sir, she was my exclusive Fall and Winter style girl in the year '75."

"I want to know?" gasped the undertaker.

"Yes, sir. I used to consider that young lady as being in all respects exactly what the doctor ordered. Give me your address, I beg. I must call on her this very evening.



You shall go with me, boys," he concluded, turning to us.

"But, really, Mr. Cusby," the undertaker protested in some embarrassment, "I think my wife has an engagement this evening, you know."

"Well, then we'll call this afternoon, my friend."

"But she won't be at all well this afternoon. She never is on Tuesdays. Is always confined to her bed that day. Then, too, as I remember, we have a tea fight from 1 to 6. Yes, and in addition she is going shopping with my mother-in-law. Besides, I understand her dressmaker is to be at the house, and she will not be able to leave her room. You must clearly see that it is impossible for her to receive you.

"If she has all that on hand, Patty is certainly quite busy. But, I'll chance finding her this evening, Mr. Plant. I'll look up your address in the directory, you know, and if you don't mind, I'll send her a card."

It was evident that Brown's customer was most anxious to prevent the call, but Gus wouldn't back down, and in the end the old

man gave his address and abruptly left us. He was evidently depressed. His pompous manner was gone, and his visage was marked with lines of great dejection.

"I say, Gus, what have you been doing with my customer? Why, when you so ardently claimed his wife's acquaintance. I could see his backbone resolve itself into pea green gas and float off. Do you really know Mrs. Plant, or is the whole thing a stiff and of a piece with those big bills you enumerated?"

"No, Josh, it's really true. I honor the lady, and if she is the kind of girl she used to be, your undertaker is not only a rank prevaricator but a choice ass. Patty quail under that chump's glance! Why, boys, I tell you the woman has red hair—fiery red hair. You fellows will see some fun if you linger with me to-night. Is it a go?"

That evening we rang Mrs. Plant's bell at about eight o'clock and were ushered into a brilliantly lighted drawing room almost at the door of which we were met by one of the smallest women I had ever seen outside of a dime museum, while in the back ground lin-

gered gloomily our acquaintance of the morning, his portly figure appearing gigantic in contrast with that of his petite wife.

"How do you do, my dear Augustus?" exclaimed the lady, grasping Cusby's hands and getting up her lips to be kissed.

"But, my dear Mrs. Plant—" protested the man of the house.

"Shut up, Plant," snapped out the submissive spouse, and then, turning to Brown and me, "you mustn't be shocked, gentlemen, Mr. Cusby is a very old friend—a very, very dear friend, and I am desperately fond of him."

"But, my dear Mrs. Plant"—interrupted her lord and master again.

"Shut up, Plant. Go at once and stand in that corner, and don't dare to open your mouth again this evening."

Josh and I were no end surprised to see the portly undertaker move off and submissively station himself in the corner indicated. We exchanged glances with Cusby, who to cover an embarrassing gap hastened to present us to his old flame.

The lady made us kindly welcome.

"Mr. Cusby's friends must be mine, gen-

tlemen. My pleasantest memories are connected with Augustus. I have known him ever so long, but I haven't seen him since I married that—" she pointed to the man with the master mind.

"But, my dear Mrs. Plant—" came in feeble protest from the object in the corner.

"Shut up, Plant. You are bound to be disobedient, I see. Get under that table directly, and don't you presume to utter another word to-night. And, see here, Plant, if you so much as put out your head," she continued fiercely, as the man with the commanding eye crawled on his hands and knees under the article of furniture indicated—"if you so much as put out your head, I'll thump it for you. Do you understand?"

"And now," she went on, turning to Cusby, "tell me where you have been all these years. Are you married? No? I'm so glad. I should hate awfully to have you marry."

"But, my dear Mrs. Plant—" came from under the table.

A heavy book correctly aimed by the well disciplined wife had the effect of promptly checking the protest of the stern husband, and a whimper was all that came after the missile struck.

And so it went on. A paper cutter, a book, or some other object was shied at the man of mind by his intimidated spouse whenever a murmur was heard and every shot told too—clearly proving that Mrs. Plant was in good practice. As the flattering things said to Cusby were many, so also were the objections of the undertaker quite numerous, and the number of missiles equalled the latter to a dot.

Finally we arose to leave.

Mrs. Plant kindly invited Josh and me to call again and often. We two then bowed our way into the hall. Towards Cusby the lady was so demonstrative that the man under the table could not refrain from poking out his head and again was heard the familiar:

"But my dear Mrs. Plant—"

Mrs. Plant's hands were well occupied with Cusby at the moment so she simply turned her head and said sharply:

"Shut up, Plant. Put in your head, sir. Don't peek."

It was then the glorious nature of God's noblest creature asserted itself and the following grand response came from the lips of the outraged husband:

"Mrs. Plant, I insist, as long as I have the spirit of a man within me, *I will at least peek.*" L. L. LANG.

Change Needed.

"How's Bradley this morning?" asked a Darrowsville man of his neighbor, as they met at the cheese factory.

"'Bout the same."

"Well, ain't it time there was some change?"

"Well, yes—of doctors, I guess."

High Time.

An agricultural paper swings out this month with an article entitled, "The Enormity of the Milk Trade." It was getting to be high time for the agricultural press to break its "conspiracy of silence," and unite with the rest of us in showing up the milkman.



HE DID NOT SEE THE POINT.

SHE—"You awkward brute! You have dropped your bread and butter on the floor."
HE—"That's all right, my dear. Nobody will get it; I have my foot on it."

POETIC POINTS.

(PAPER) SERVICE AT SEA.

The mariner on his dreary cruise,
Can have no lack of the morning news,
'Tis certainly funny how this is done,
But we know that each day he takes the Sun!

ETERNAL.

Suns may set, and tides may flow,
States may sink from want of sticking,
Men may come, and men may go,
But a mule is always alive and kicking.

P-ADDITION.

"Figures can't lie!" The man was mad
"Who made that ancient saw, forsooth
When lovely women stoop to pad,
Their figures never tell the truth!"

HALF-SEAS OVER.

That your sailor loves the festive glass,
Is something that's very pat;
In fact, most folks regard him as
A peripatetic vat;
But no matter how his thirst he shakes,
With gin, or the juice of corn,
The stiffest snifter he ever takes
Is when he doubles the horn!

REST FOR THE WICK-ED.

Now, when the war 'tween gas
And the electric spark wages,
Of course, a candle is
A relic of the dark ages!

God's acher the graveyard is, in truth;
But man's acher is an invalid tooth.

THOS. W. TRESIDDER.

Too Thin.

"I hope for his own sake he will never be obliged to eat his own words," suggested an East side man who was wending his way homeward from a cock-and-bull lecture.
"Why?" inquired his companion.
"He'd starve to death," was the answer.

A Cash-Girl's Fortune.

"Isn't it too bad, the news from New York about cousin Augustus!"

"What news?"

"Why, he has written my brother that he has married a cash girl. Only think, with his family, means and prospects to marry a shop-waiter girl!"

"Oh, I guess it isn't so bad as you fear. This 'cash girl' is worth a cool hundred thousand in her own right."

"Oh, that kind of a cash girl!"

Struck Out.

"My dear," said Robbins's wife, who was rather matter-o'-fact; "why do you turn everything into a joke or pun?"

"Because, my dove, it must come out. Dangerous to suppress it."

THE DOVE (with concern)—"No, what harm would it do?"

"It would strike in and congest."

"Oh, then I'm glad you can jest so it will not congest. Oh, there! is n't that a joke? I've done it! I've done it!"

She is now doing as well as could be expected—he not as well.

Took a Q.

TEACHER—"Can any one tell what is peculiar about this little thing on the board?"

"It's a letter. It's a q."

"Yes, and what is there peculiar about a q."

PRECOCIOUS BOY—"T has to be chalked."

TEACHER—"No; who can tell what the letter q is noted for, different from any other letter? (A pause.) You don't know? Well, I'll tell you, and you must all remember. The letter 'q' children is always followed by the letter 'u,' as in 'quick,' 'queer.' You can't find any place where it is not. Try, if you can."

BOY (waving hand and gyrating fingers with vigor)—"I can. I know one."

T.—"Charley may tell us, then. He may put it on the board—so we can all see."

Charley, undaunted, writes P. D. Q.



Gentle exercise before breakfast 's very invigorating.

P. S.—Paste this in your wife's bonnet.



Artists, journalists and persons of like sedentary habits should exercise great caution as to the richness of their diet.

HEALTH HINTS.



F. M. HOWART.

Persons musically inclined should never indulge in the shower-bath, as too sudden a shock of water is apt to impair their tenderness toward the adoration of the muses.



Poets should never bring poems to this office, as the atmosphere therein is generally very detrimental to that branch of the human family.



Members of the dramatic fraternity will find pedestrianism very beneficial both in their professional and domestic duties.

He Got There.

One of the Western M. C's, they say, has royal blood in his veins. He made a trip to Europe last summer; fell in with the Prince of Wales, and bled his Royal Highness at a game of poker.

Too Rapid.

President Garret, who witnessed the departure of the Railroad King, was greatly shocked at its suddenness. He says he'll be consolidated before he takes any stock in that kind of rapid transit.

Book-Keeping.

"A literary man will lose nothing by being a good accountant." Certainly not. If he understands book-keeping he can soon form a fine library by borrowing with a liberal hand.

Don't be a Hack.

"He is a mere hack," says a severe critic, "who writes only for bread and butter." Don't be a bread-and-butter hack, young poet. Be one of the choice spirits who write for posterity and beer.

A Reviewer.

D. Politician—"What do you think of Cleveland's message?"

D. Editor—"Perfectly splendid. Has the true ring in every word. Wish I had time to read it."

A Give-Away.

As the bridal procession was moving up the aisle he whispered and said, "look out, Charlep, her old man made an assignment, and she knows it." The man who spoke thus was the man that gave away the bride.

THE MAN WHO SAYS "CHESTNUTS."

"Tis not a "social silhouette,"

As this, its title, might imply,
But 'tis a wail of fiendish spite
I would write;

About the plague we're now beset,
The boor and bore whose fiendish cry
Is, "chestnut."

For one can't perpetrate a joke,
However harmless, meek and mild,
Or tell his story to the end
To his friend,
Without the critic's sure to croak
His byword, which will drive me wild,
"Oh, chestnuts!"

The proverb, very trite, about
Those in glass houses throwing stones,
This fellow doubtless never heard;
For this word,
Which he'll on all occasions shout,
Is by this time, I think you'll own,
A chestnut.

A. WESTWORTH.

A Montana Blizzard.—Or Some Western Wind.

On my way through Montana the other day I paused to study the effects of the blizzard, and to see how it worked. A ranchman said they had not had one for two days, but that if I would wait he thought a small one might come along that afternoon, as one was about due. I had been led to understand that they had a blizzard lying around somewhere there all the time, but I would wait, and on a near elevation I began to set up my instruments to gauge the wind and the weather. The ranchmen winked around and said I had better pursue my observations on the soft side of that rocky bluff over there at the foot of the range, where my hair wouldn't blow in my eyes so and interfere with my sight when I looked at the dials; and when I lightly pushed the points of the instrument poles into the ground I was laughed at, and told I had better drive them all down till the tops were a little below the

earth, and they would not be so liable to interfere with the blizzard and stop it as it gently warbled along. But I knew how those Montana folks always talk, and set up my fixings.

It was cloudy, windless and coldless, hardly any more air than we wanted for breathing purposes or to talk with. I looked to be disappointed, but was told that sometimes the wind would come along thin first, then gradually thicken up to the consistency of cracker dough, and from that to the moving solidity of a stone wall a mile high, with enough cold mixed in it to give it a suitable complexion and make it palatable; when, if I was going in that direction to visit friends or the coroner, it would be of some service in helping me along in case I was in a hurry. They also said that there used to be a high range of mountains running east and west over there, but since the blizzard had been adopted into the territory and chose that route, the country was fast becoming level.

I got my books and pencil ready to take

notes, and about an hour later there was a slight puff of wind from the north-east which I noted down, and when I looked up my friends had started for the ranch, saying back that they had some feeding to do.

Notes. 1:14 p. m. Breeze more breezy, 20 miles an hour. Pressure on the wind instruments 40 pounds to square inch. Tested the flute and find I can play all the popular airs, with variations, without using my mouth.

1:20 p. m. Wind windier and getting healthier. 50 pounds to square inch. Flute getting louder. Marked change in my temper and temperature. Velocity 40 miles.

1:30 p. m. Atmosphere much denser and on the move, mixed with fat and lean streaks of cold. Mercury at zero. Barometer rising, flask in breast-pocket getting lower. High pressure, and speed 60 miles.

1:45 p. m. Miles getting shorter. Music all blown out of flute. No spirits in the thermometer—nor flask; blow nothing but hailstones out of my nose. Cold getting a worse chill on it, so am I.

1:55. Can't tell the velocity, but judge by way all my wind-testers are going off on the wind, about 150 miles an hour.

At 2. p. m. My pencil was blown out of my hand, and I was blown off my feet and was fearful my feet would be blown off of me. The clouds were all blown out of the sky for forty miles up. Anchored to a stump to take optical observations of the blizzard in the great interest of science.

The wind was entirely loose and picked up more velocity and ferocity on the route, and when I saw that the nap was beginning to fly off my overcoat I was really alarmed, though I felt safer behind that stump than I would have felt in the ranche, at least till I began to see some other stumps on the hill begin to loosen up and let go. The landscape as far as I could see looked like the sea, and I have no doubt it was. If I thoughtlessly opened my mouth toward the wind to yell for somebody to come and hold me down, the wind made a fog-horn of my mouth, and it was hard work to get it shut again, it was so full of wind. Hay-stacks, which probably had been sold to be delivered down the valley, went there; then the lighter animals from the settlement started by, first the cats, then dogs, sheep, calves, cattle and horses—the air was so full of meat that I thought meaterology was quite good. Occasionally a cow-boy went whirling past, probably in pursuit of the live stock. If I had only had a skiff how nicely I could have ridden down the wind! The funniest thing of it was the storm ceased suddenly as if it had been sawed off, but it had blown all the air out the country, and left nothing but solid cold behind. It was cold enough almost to satisfy those fellows at the signal office in Washington. I was rescued, but it seemed to me that my brains had all been blown out through my ears. All the ranch buildings were gone, but the people came up out of their cellars and said it hadn't been as bad as usual, as it sometimes blew the cellars out of the ground and carried them off.

When Brown sat in that chair there and coolly told his big-winded story, we thought his head was not entirely clear of wind yet.

A. W. BELLAW.

Another Revision of the Rules.

All the girls of the period purpose to revise the rules of the house, so as to oust the old man from the committee on appropriations.

Quips and Quizzes.

By J. J. O'Connell.

HE WAS VERY PRACTICAL.

She (emphatically)—“How kind of nature to bestow upon the blind the faculty of distinguishing colors by the sense of touch.”

He (philosophically)—“Yes; but its not altogether confined to the sightless. In this hard world a fellow needn't be blind to feel blue.”

HE SAW THE JOKE.

Young Blood (to ex-pugilist)—“I hear you've turned pirate.”

Ex-Pugilist (with a lamb like smile)—“What are you givin' me, young'un?”

Young Blood (shifting the responsibility)—“The kid says you're now a freebooter.”

Ex-Pugilist (with a loud guffaw)—“Haha! that's pretty good. He means I'm a bouncer in a New York dive, don't you see?”

A DIFFERENCE WITH A DISTINCTION.

Young Man (just married)—“If you'll come with me this evening I'll introduce you to my pretty wife's sister.”

Friend (carelessly)—“Some other time, old boy.”

Six months later they met again, and the friend remarked:

“I'm ready for that introduction now.”

“Introduction? Ah, yes; I remember it now. I offered to present you to my wife's pretty sister.”

HIS LITTLE JOKE.

Husband (to wife)—“There's Bracon, for instance; he does everything by fits and starts.”

Wife (who had been lecturing on the rolling stone that gathers no moss)—“Then he's like you, dear.”

Husband (smiling)—“Oh, no; he's an epileptic.”

HE FELT FOR THEM.

Cora (thinking of the matinee)—“I hope,

love, it won't rain on Monday, for it will make so many hearts sad.”

Merrit (touched by her thoughtfulness)—“Ah, yes; the poor washerwoman.”

IT WAS RATHER HIGH.

Crusty Old Gentleman (to express clerk)—“I want to send this package to Texas.”

Clerk (after hunting through a long column of names)—“This will cost you just four dollars and sixty cents.”

Old Gentleman (knowingly, as he walked out)—“I'll take d— good care that it don't.”

GETTING A GOOD SHOW.

Young Poet (desperately)—“I've entered a poem in competition for that big prize.”

Friend (skeptically)—“Wish you luck; but I'm afraid you'll never get it, my boy.”

Poet (confidently)—“I don't know about that. I copied the best I could find.”

HIS IDEA OF A GENTLEMAN.

“Hullo, Jack! where have you been the last day or so?”

“Out in the country. You see, a friend of mine, who is a member of a fashionable club, invited me to take a run down to see the new club house.”

“How did you enjoy it?”

“Not so much as I expected. My friend couldn't get down while I was there; so, of course, the members were all strangers to me, and I felt somewhat embarrassed, particularly as they all moved in a much higher society than I did.”

“Codfish aristocracy, I suppose? Some tin peddlars and the like?”

“I don't know about that; but they were such well-bred gentlemen that they ignored me altogether.”

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

He (with a touch of caddish pride)—“Though I am poor, I am square and upright, Miss Bawler.”

She (musically inclined)—“Are you not mistaken, Mr. Higgins? How can you be both square and upright at the same time?”



OVER-STOCKED.

“Mister Sheeny, don't yer want ter buy some bones?”
 “Fadder Abraham! I vos haf already more bones in my schop dan vot I can dakes care of.”



A LIVE EXILE IS BETTER THAN

JUDGE.



THAN A DEAD SOLDIER.



The many admirers of Miss Fay Templeton, the charming soubrette songstress at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, paid their homage, and a more substantial tribute, in unusually large numbers on New Year's eve., the occasion of the one-hundredth performance of "Evangeline." A good play and good players will redeem the reputation of any house. "Evangeline" has wrought this rescue of the Fourteenth Street Theatre, and "Romeo and Juliet," under Mr. Hill's management, has done a like service for the Union Square Theatre.

The Dixey ball and the Dixey statuette souvenir which commemorate Thursday, Jan. 7, as an eventful day in the career of our most eccentrically successful comedian, Henry E. Dixey, not only celebrate the five-hundredth performance of "Adonis," but also the anniversary of its general recognition and approval by New York. For this burlesque was not at first received with favor, nor was its success really assured until it had run about one hundred nights—a critical age which brings the death struggle of many a worthy play, the epitaph of which is "Died of old age." But Adonis? Has it drank of the fountain of perpetual youth?

Some changes for the better marked the fiftieth performance of "Amorita" at the Casino last Thursday. "The Gypsy Baron," a successful opera comique by Johann Strauss, will follow "Amorita." It is promised that this will be one of the most beautiful and unique productions ever seen at the Casino. This is properly the place for that class of productions. The Casino, besides being unique in design, is also one of the really beautiful edifices that New York can boast of.

There is the same general criticism of Miss Mather's *Leah* as there was of her *Juliet* in the early representation, viz: that her words were too long-drawn-out, monotonous, tiresome. We heard less about this affectedness after the first few weeks because the public became used to it; but in *Leah* we find the old flaw in a new setting. The truth is, Miss Mather's reading of the lines is not too much drawn out—but is drawn out in the wrong places. She prolongs sounds always favoring the vowels and slighting the consonant. Thus the words are unbalanced and the dramatic power of the consonants is

sacrificed to the sentiment quality of tone. She makes due pauses always at the end of phrases or sentences, never on words. Thus the effect of both word and pause is often lost. Miss Mather does not take too much time for her delivery, but she makes a bad and inartistic distribution of it.

Mr. E. A. Sothern, who has contributed so much to the success of "One of Our Girls," is vocally a born comedian. His voice is full of surprises that always provoke a laugh, for comedy is only pleasant incongruity of ideas, acts, tones, manners, dress, etc. We not infrequently find an actor striving to do the funny, who has not an upward inflection, a quaint accent, droll mannerism or peculiar tone in the whole range of his voice. A melodramatic, normal or passionate voice kills the humor of comedy lines and fails to raise an honest smile on the hearers. The smiles which Mr. Sothern's idiosyncrasies call forth always broaden into a laugh.

By the way, in this now much-talked-of popular play, which is laid in Paris, and supposed to be enacted by French aristocrats—with two exceptions—Mr. Louis James is the only actor who suggests that high-shouldered nationality in tone or manner, unless it be Miss Dauvray, who is always decidedly Frenchy even when she is playing an alleged American character.

There is a marked difference between the Madison Square's attraction, "Saints and Sinners," as it was and as it is. The leading actors at first seemed strange to their characters, and wore them with the uncertain grace of new shoes. The audience were at a loss whether to applaud or dissent, so they took neutral ground and remained passively non-committal. But a well-made shoe always graces a shapely foot when they once become related to each other. So with a good play and competent actors. There is no longer a doubt on the part of the actors in "Saints and Sinners" as to what they should do, or on the part of the audience as to how they do it. The one deserves approval and the other accords it.

The one poetical feature about the Lyceum Theatre's present production, "One of Our Girls," is its—color. A rare combination is found in artistic color-blending of tapestry, upholstery, moulding and costumes in the scene presenting the drawing-room of the *Chateau Fonblanque*. We here see two rich, warm hues of brown, emphasized by gilt moulding, and this combination, subdued by the more delicate shades of the upholstery. Beautiful as this is, its beauty is enhanced when *Mme. Fonblanque* enters wearing a graceful, flowing robe of buff and cream. This color picture should share the praise which is so profusely bestowed upon Mr. Howard's play, Miss Dauvray's acting and Mr. Rickaby's management.

Better Diffusion Demanded.

New Orleans papers in the sugar interest are demanding earnestly that "the next diffusion experiment be made a success." So say all investors in Louisiana's leading industry. Let the next effort to diffuse her lottery prizes equally be more successful.

OF AGE.

Well, how do you like him? Come, old man, Better the bargain elsewhere, if you can, He's young, and as spry as a goat.

"I think," said the farmer, while looking askance At the horse, and then at the owner a glance,— "He is old enough to vote."

J. H. WELLINGTON.

Bottles of Pompeii.

The history of the bottle is cotemporaneous with man. Noah had his private flask, and boot-legs were used in earlier times as wine preservers. Glass bottles were made by the Romans in the year 79 A.D., and many specimens of this description of the vessel have been unearthed from the great ash-hopper known as Pompeii. The majority of them are short, fat and ventricose, but armless: evidently the progenitors from which the little brown clay species known as the jug has been evolved. With a longer neck and a trifle more pot-like obesity they might easily pass for decanters; but the Romans knew no more about Amontillado than they did about rock-and-rye. So they must have been ancestral jugs. But how the Pompeian, when the clock in the steeple struck only two or three in the morning, managed to carry that jug without the friendly grip of a handle is one of those insolvable mysteries. The excavationists on the spot are dumb: their plenteous theories are all expended upon exact estimates of the distance from the Forum to the exact location of Finnerty's Four Corners; and how the chisels were tempered which fashioned the bits of workmanship found in the children's play-houses. If hard pressed for a solution of the problem—namely, how the bibulous and belated Pompeian really carried his jug—they would most probably assert that there was no clock in the steeple at all.

A bottle found in great profusion decides indisputably that the offspring of the Roman in the earliest stages of the Christian Era were as much addicted to teething as they are to-day: it lacks—the bottle does—only Mrs. Soothing's name blown in its side and a printed wrapper of instructions to show its probable ante A.D. contents. But there is, of course, absolutely nothing to convict it out the striking resemblance. Eighteen hundred years have evaporated the last corpuscle, even, of its contents, and left of even a haunting odor not the faintest element. If that ever thirsty old man with the hand-mover did not drain the bottles—who then did? Certainly the Pompeians themselves. When we think of Vesuvius—that Pompeian banshee in which still a spark of life lingers—writhing and muttering in her internal agonies; frothing a molten lava; bliting with her fevered sighs the smiling vallies beneath; and burying her base—for calorific purposes—under forty feet of red-hot cinders! no stretch of imagination is extravagant. The inhabitants, stricken with the madness of terror, drained in their delirium to the dregs the last paragon drop. B. ZIM.

The Basis of Art.

"Is Pounce really anything of a painter?" asked Mrs. Mix of her husband. "Well, he thinks he is," was the reply. "On what ground, pray?" "Why, he thinks he can display his genius best on a cool, gray ground."

THE DARLING OF THE FLOCK.

He was a meek young minister,
He lived up to the cloth;
And as he wished to curb the flesh,
He fed on bread and broth;
And as for beer, knew not enough
To blow away the froth.

But yet, with all his godliuess,
He did not seem to thrive;
The ladies did not take to him,
Nor go to him to shrive;
While the bad boy winked his wicked eye,
And said: "Is he alive?"

Though humble, yet he soon began
To haggle with his fate,
For he felt he was as good as some
The world considered great;
And he wondered why the ladies frowned
On a nice young celibate.

And all the while were going up
Churches both great and small;
But in spite of all his eloquence
He never got a call;
For the congregations sent elsewhere
For pastors, one and all.

Thus wagged the world, till one wet night
A wild ring at the bell
Awoke the sad young minister,
Who hurried from his cell.
A woman was sick unto death,
And had some sins to tell.

Then straightway went he through the storm—
He had no funds to ride;
And he was dripping to the skin
Before he got inside;
But the glow of a big blazing hearth
Soon cheered the heavenly guide.

The penitent, propped up in bed,
Was comely and fair to see,
And, the trappings of the chamber proved,
A dame of high degree,
So he meekly made a pious bow,
And went down on his knee.

It was not long before his clothes
Steamed in the heated air;
Seeing which, the lady for his health
Expressed a kindly fear;
So he blushing removed his coat
And hung it on a chair.

And then he tried with many a prayer
Her terrors to disarm;

But, going off in a fainting fit,
She caused him new alarm;
So, to raise her up, around her waist
He put his shirt-sleeved arm.

Ere he had time to call for help
The door was opened wide,
And an angry man with blood in his eye
Dashed in with terrible stride;
And he never let up on the minister
Until he was kicked outside.

Next day the story was in print,
And far and wide it spread;
And the minister boiled o'er with rage
At all the lies he read;
For the papers said a jealous man
Found him in his wife's bed.

But then a wonder came to pass—
The minister was made!
For the leading people in the town
Came flocking to his aid;
And they said that for the future he
Need never be afraid.

And men who never deigned to nod
Or speak to him before,
As though stricken by a sense of wrong,
Came thronging to his door;
While the women and their daughters sent
Of flowers quite a store.

Then every individual church
That had sneered a month ago,
Sent a female delegation
To console him in his woe;
And they offered any salary
If he would only go.

And the managers of public halls,
Throughout the entire state,
Were content to give him liberal terms
If he would make a date;
While a pious maiden lady died,
And left him her estate.

As the Bible says the laborer
Is worthy of his hire,
Of course he chose the richest church,
Though he hopes to rise much higher;
And now he every Sunday talks
Of a fall of brimstone fire.

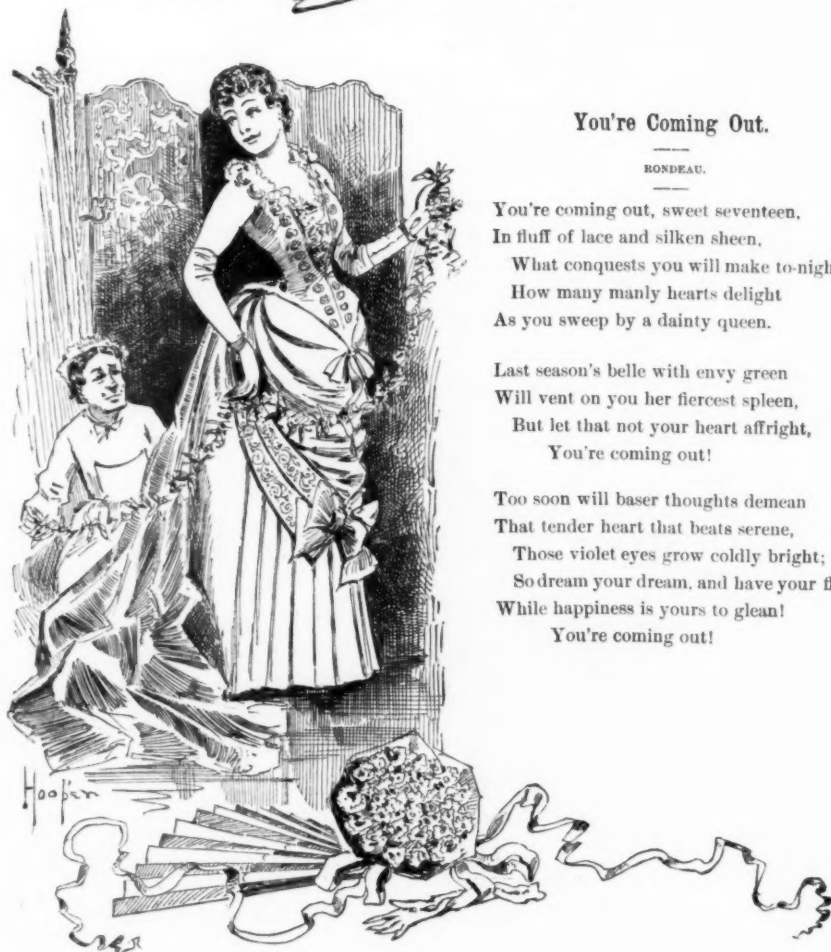
JAMES J. O'CONNELL.

He Cornered Him.

Little Johnny (to Merrit)—"Won't you take me fishing with you some day?"
Merrit (surprised)—"Why, I never go fishing."
Little Johnny (as though he had got him cold)—"Oh, yes, you do. Cora told me the other day that you were always fishing for compliments."

Such Stuff as Dreams are Made of.

"What were you talking about all night in your sleep?" asked Mrs. Shufflebottom of her husband the other morning.
"I found food for reflection last night," was the answer.
"Where; at the lecture?"
"No, down stairs after I got home."
"Say, have you been at those mince pies again, you old —?"
"No, my dear; I only took a slice of your 'new process' bread and a winter radish."



You're Coming Out.

RONDEAU.

You're coming out, sweet seventeen,
In fluff of lace and silken sheen,
What conquests you will make to-night!
How many manly hearts delight
As you sweep by a dainty queen.

Last season's belle with envy green
Will vent on you her fiercest spleen,
But let that not your heart affright,
You're coming out!

Too soon will baser thoughts demean
That tender heart that beats serene,
Those violet eyes grow coldly bright;
So dream your dream, and have your flight,
While happiness is yours to glean!
You're coming out!

A MINSTREL'S ALMS.

It fell on a day in leafy June,
When ladies tender been,
Blithe Harry with his flute a-tune
Went lightly down the glen.

A hundred maids, there were no more,
A minstrel may not lie,
At window, gylden-gate, and door
Repressed a rising sigh.

A cripple blocked his way to beg
A copper he might see:
"Lag not behind, be that thy task,
Thou shalt not lack a fee."

They saw Squire Acres swollen sit
His daughter and wife beside,
"Now, Cripple, try thy nimble wit,
Well may it thee betide."

Then he: "Give alms to charity,
Two-fold will Heaven repay."
"Tempt not my soul with usury,
Thou limping loon, away."

Then Harry: "Squire, your heart you wrong,
The proof will soon appear."
He pressed his lips to his fairy flute,
And blew a whistle clear.

"I'll play a tune, and we'll agree,
If shut remain your eyes,
Myself will pay the Cripple's fee,
If not, I name the prize."

The first note merry Harry plays,
The daughter's glances drop.
"What thief my foolish heart waylays?
Oh, gentle minstrel, stop."

She listened, trembled, blushed and sighed,
Then bent her timid knee,
"Oh, minstrel, spare my maiden pride,
And pay your court to me."

The Squire's eyes open wide. "My wife,
My horse, my land be thine;
But Isabel, my more than life,
My darling child resign."

Loud Harry laughed, the Cripple took
A large and shining fee;
From tender hands the minstrel broke,
A leaped walls two or three.

WILLIAM WASHBURN.

Rapid Transit.

"All the world's a stage," says Shakespeare. Yes, a belt line stage, making the round trip once a year. None of the passengers seem to want a "back seat," but as the vehicle has a pole at each end and works both ways, the back seat man frequently finds himself unexpectedly ahead.

If you want uniform comfort throughout the trip, take a middle seat and be satisfied with it. This stage carries the males, and every man should be provided with a fair, as those who are not are often clubbed. Considerable enjoyment is found along the way, but coming to the destination is generally a grave matter.

A PENNSYLVANIA TEACHER punishes refractory pupils by making them stand on the floor with corn cobs in their mouths. It is also a common practice in that district, we are told, to give refractory colts, etc., corn in the ear. Bergh is wanted out there

For the Petit Jury.

Seriously, is the dog-star a Skye-terrier?

Yes, James, fishermen shoot halibut sometimes, but they are often taken with the bay-net.

They had cheap hacks in Washington's time. George took one himself—at the Cherry Tree.

Striped stockings cannot be darned well. —Jenny June. No; they cannot even look darned well.

Whenever the reservation doctor cups a patient, the Indians look upon him as a saucerer.

The old Jews knew all about hydrogen and oxygen. You remember the formula: "HO, every one that thirsteth."

It is foolish of Mayor Grace to sue the *World* for libel. It would cost less to go to Dr. Pasteur for treatment.

Cleveland will not remove many Republican office-holders, they say,—not more than sixty or seventy thousand.

The Arkansas lady who sends us a poem is gently informed that "pretty" is not a perfect rhyme for "silhouette!"

Base ball was well known in the Garden of Eden. Else why are we are told, that things happened there in the big-inning?"

Cleveland says he is "alone a good deal." So the ladies think. If he had been a four-and-a-half loan he would have been taken long ago.

One of the Chinese cavalry regiments is commanded by a woman "as beautiful as

she is brave." But the paper doesn't say how brave she is.

There was an old diver of Dover
Who murmured "Moreover! Moreover!"
But when 'twas a blunder
He shouted "more under!"
This lively old diver of Dover.

Machinery may be expected to lose by friction. It doesn't know any better. But how do you account for all of these tired young men carrying canes with such enthusiasm, and wasting their strength all the while?

We call Mr. Field's attention to the fact that there ought to be a monument to Julius Caesar. There is danger that these great men will be forgotten if their tombs are not ornamented, and Julius has not even a gravestone.

Briefs Submitted.

R. MORGAN.

"Whats that ere axe for?" inquired a ruralist, pointing to the axe hanging in the steamboat cabin.

"Oh, that's hung there merely in case of an ax-ident," replied the porter.

One of Sam Jones' metaphors makes the mayor of Atlanta the father of a family while the aldermen are the uncles and aunts. If the aldermen are much like their New York compeers he might have finished the figure by saying that every lover of clean government is a cussin'.

Another point of resemblance between the busy editor and the industrious burglar is their common dislike of long sentences.



THE LATEST DODGE.

TRAMP—"See here, boss, what will you give me if I don't hang myself here? You know anything like that would depreciate property!"

THE SAD FATE OF A POLICEMAN.

An officer stood at the crossing one day,
 Who with answering questions was tired,
 When a beautiful maiden, passing that way,
 The road to the "de-po" inquired.

The weary policeman directed her straight;
 To the street through which she should go,
 When an elderly lady, who seemed to be late
 For the train, wished to find the "de-poe."

Then a man with his arms full of crockeryware—
 Cups, saucers, a pitcher and tea-pot—
 Came up, and inquired, with an anxious air,
 The most direct route to the "depot."

The officer gave the directions to these,
 Though he was annoyed, it was clear;
 Then a rustic approached him and said, "If you
 please,
 Is far to the 'day-po' from here?"

A man in pursuit of a runaway pair
 Came up, with the speed of a hippo-
 Griff winging its flight through the ambient air,
 Inquiring the way to the "dep-po".

The officer silently pointed the way:
 His mind was in sad tribulation,
 For then came an Englishman, asking "I say,
 Can you tell me the way to the station?"

* * * * *

The officer's seen at the crossing no more,
 For something's gone wrong in his brain,
 And his family has placed him, his mind to restore,
 In a home for the harmless insane.

To visit him often his old comrades go,
 And he seems to find some consolation
 In asking them, "say, is it de-po, de-poe,
 Dip-po, day-po, depot, or station?"

[Boston Courier.]

OYEZ! OYEZ!

There was a man of knowledge deep commanding
 sweep, who knew a heap, a man who studied
 day and night and hardly spared the time to
 sleep.

This man so staid he knew a maid, demure, afraid
 and half dismayed, shy as the nymph of an-
 cient myths sequestered in some some sylvan
 shade.

This maid so rare, with golden hair, and modest
 air, so debonair, she charmed this man of
 learned lore and caught him in her witching
 snare.

This man of thought and learned lore, his hair he
 tore, and o'er and o'er, he loudly swore that he
 would cherish her for aye and he would love
 her ever more.

Now they are wed, in his library nooks among his
 books his knees he crooks, and sees his wife so
 seldom now that he's forgotten how she
 looks.

The wife to whom the man before so loudly swore
 he would adore forevermore, lives with her
 mother and declares her husband is a regular
 bore.—[Syracuse Union.]

Vanderbilt left us nothing but a faculty
 for enjoying his wealth such as he never
 dreamed of.—[Buffalo World.]

The supply of nails in the country is not
 enough for consumption. This leaves all
 other diseases without a nail to hang to.
 [N. O. Picayune.]

The man who sits longest in a Senate is
 always called the Nestor. It is not neces-
 sary for him to lay or hatch anything use-
 ful.—[N. O. Picayune.]

A Western paper heads an article "A
 New Formula for Consumption." It seems

unnecessary. If anybody out West is fool-
 ish enough to want the consumption he has
 only to go up in New Hampshire and enjoy
 the glorious old climate of New England for
 half-a dozen years.—[Somerville Journal.]

The man who straddled the blind and
 then made a row when he got left was ap-
 propriately borne home on a shutter.

[Somerville Journal.]

On Tuesday, Tom Sullivan, of Rockville,
 Ind., fell while drunk, and dislocated his
 shoulder. Two doctors were summoned,
 and he died in seven minutes. In cases of
 this kind it is better to call in seven doctors
 and have the suffering ended in two min-
 utes.—[Newman Independent.]

George Fall, a Buffalo boy, attempted sui-
 cide Friday because ordered by his parents
 to take a bath. It is hard, very hard, to
 prophesy nowadays, but it is safe once in a
 while. George will grow up to vote the
 Democratic ticket as surely as the tides flow
 or the stars keep in their courses.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Dio Lewis says that wearing large, thick,
 heavy boots and blue hand-knit stockings
 will improve a woman's complexion. There
 can be no doubt that they would keep the
 sun from her face; but, gracious! how she
 would look.—[Boston Times.]

King Theebaw has been captured and the
 war in Burmah has ended; and Prince Alex-
 ander has conquered Peace with Servia,
 which ends the war in the Balkan peninsula;
 but the fight in one of our church choirs
 still continues with unabated fury.

[Newman Independent.]

They were talking about fashionable va-
 lises, the other night, in Hickox's. Snitz
 said the alligator skins were all the go this
 season.

"That may be," replied young Buzzletop,
 "but before the winter is over we may be
 glad to get banana grips."

"What's a bandana grip?" asked the
 crowd.

"A bundle done up in a handkerchief,"
 replied Buzzletop.

And the effect was so saddening that the
 crowd adjourned without giving the bar-
 tender "the finger."—[Buffalo World.]

"You claim to be a Prohibitionist," said
 George Lomax, the other day, to a red-
 nosed patriot who had dropped into the
 bottling factory.

"I am, sir," replied the patriot.

"You may be mistaken, sir," said George.
 "Look in the glass, and say so to your
 face."

"Ah, sir," replied the man, "the redness
 of my nose is caused wholly by wearing tight
 boots."

"That is right," said George, "lay it to
 the boots. I have corns, and I guess I will
 attribute it to wearing ear muffs."

[Pretzel's Weekly.]

"Every time I drink a glass of beer I
 think of a dog," said Johnnie Mahler the
 other day, as he leaned over the bar and gave
 a wicked wink to George Gale.

"Why?" said a friend on the outside, as
 he raised a glass of the foaming liquid to
 his lips.

"It reminds me of a very mad dog," re-
 plied John.

"Why should it?" asked the man, as he
 gulped down the beer and a large quantity of
 astonishment at the same time.

"Because," said John, "it froths at the
 mouth."—[Pretzel's Weekly.]

CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY MOMENTS.

Two men occupied seats in the front bil-
 liard parlor last Sunday evening. One of
 them, a little old, bald-headed man, ever
 and anon cast a look of parental love on a
 red-headed, ten-year-old youngster who was
 eternally getting in the way of backward
 cue strokes.

Said the bald-head to the other man:

"Yes, boys of to-day ain't what they used
 to be by a long jump."

"Naw, indeed," replied the other, a man
 with grey whiskers.

"Ain't got as much sand in them some-
 how: scared to play a joke that's likely to
 get them a lickin'," continued he of the
 absent hair.

"Yes, that's so," commented gray-beard.
 "Lord, when we were boys, many's the
 pranks we played together. Remember the
 night we 'swung' old Brackley's gate and
 carried it out to the reservoir and floated
 around on it until it came apart and nearly
 drowned us?"

"You bet! ha-ha-ha! Well, if you wern't
 the comicalist looking little cuss I ever saw.
 There you were, floundering around in 18
 feet of water, bellowing for some one to
 come and pull you out, and—ha-ha-ha-a-a!"
 and the bald man laughed right out loud.

"Well, you wern't the one to do it; too
 sacred of getting drowned. I had to laugh,
 though, when we pulled you out and un-
 dressed you, and found out that your un-
 der-shirts and drawers were made out of flour
 sacks—ha-ha-ha! remember?"

"Naw! I do remember, though, that you
 went home and gave us all away to old man
 Brackley and your father gave you the red-
 hottest old licking you ever got."

"Your ma would have given you a darn
 sight hotter, only you came over to my house
 and begged me to let you sleep in our stable
 until your ma got over her mad a little."

"Never asked you a favor in my life, ex-
 cept to keep away from my house."

"You didn't, hey? How about borrowing
 my long-tailed coat to hide the hole in the
 seat of your pants where you sat down on a
 pitch-pine trunk in the woods, and then
 went home and told your pa that I gave you
 the coat, and you never returned it to me?"

"Must have forgotten it, then, but if you
 want, I'll take you out and buy you a new
 coat now."

"Oh! never mind, John—pshaw!—I
 didn't mean to lose my temper about a few
 youthful pranks, and I'm sorry I mentioned
 them."

"I feel awful mean, too, Harris—wish we
 hadn't brought the subject up. But boys
 are not now as lively and tricky as we were,
 are they?"

"Naw, indeed. But let's liquidate," and
 they walked up to the bar unconscious of the
 chalk letters "Old Crank" on the backs of
 both their coats. Oh! no; boys are not as
 tricky nowadays as formerly.—[Ex.]

Though Vanderbilt was worth his mil-
 lions and owned the finest house in America,
 a Garrett held him when he died.

[Merchant Traveler.]

BIOGRAPHY OF SPARTACUS.

Spartacus, whose given name seems to
 have been torn off in its passage down
 through the corridors of time, was born in
 Thrace and educated as a shepherd. While
 smearing the noses of the young lambs with
 tar one spring, in order to prevent the
 snuffles among them, he thought he would

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become a robber. It occurred to him that this calling was the only one he knew of open to the young man without means.

He had hardly got started, however, in the "hold up" industry, when he was captured by the Romans, sold at cost and trained as a gladiator at a school in Capua. Here he succeeded in stirring up a conspiracy and uniting two hundred or more of the grammar department of the school in a general ruction as it was then termed.

The scheme was discovered and only seventy of the number escaped, headed by Spartacus. These snatched cleavers from the butcher shops, pickets from the Roman fences and various other weapons, and with them fought their way to the foot hills where they met a wagon train loaded with arms and supplies. They secured the necessary arms to go into a general war business and established themselves in the crater of Mount Vesuvius.

Spartacus was a man of wonderful carriages and great physical strength. It had always been his theory that a man might as well die of old age as to feed himself to a Roman menagerie. He maintained that he would rather die in a general free fight, where he had a chance, than to be hauled around over the arena by one leg behind a Numidian lion.

So he took his little band and fought his way to Vesuvius. There they had a pleasant time camping out nights and robbing the Romans daytimes. The excitement of sleeping in a crater added a wonderful charm to their lives. While others slept cold in Capua, Spartacus cuddled up to the crater and kept comfortable.

For a long time the little party had it all their own way. They snuffed the air of freedom and lived on Roman spring chicken on the half-shell, and it beat the arena business all hollow.

At last, however, an army of 3,000 men was sent against them, and Spartacus awoke one morning to find himself locked up in his crater. For a time the outlook was not cheering. Spartacus thought of telegraphing the war department for reinforcements, but finally decided not to do so.

Finally with ladders made of wild vines, the little garrison slipped out through what had seemed an impassible fissure in the crater, got in the rear of the army and demolished it completely. That's the kind of a man Spartacus was. Fighting was his forte.

Spartacus was also a good public speaker. One of his addresses to the gladiators has been handed down to posterity through the medium of the Fifth Reader, a work that should be in every household. In his speech he states that he was not always thus. But since he is thus, he believes that he has not been successfully out-thused by anybody.

He speaks of his early life in the citron groves of Syrsilla, and how quiet and reserved he had been, never daring to say "gosh" within a mile of the house; but finally how the Romans landed on his coast and killed off his family. Then he desired

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to be a fighter. He had killed more lions than any other man in Italy. He kept a big crew of Romans busy winter and summer, catching fresh lions for him to stick. He had killed a large number of men also. At one matinee for ladies and children he had killed a prominent man from the North, and had done it so fluently that he was encored three times. The stage manager then came forward and asked that the audience would please refrain from another encore as he had run out of men, but if the ladies and children would kindly attend on the following Saturday he hoped to be prepared with a good programme. In fact he had just heard from his agent who wrote him that they had purchased two big lions and also had a robust gladiator up a tree. He hoped that they could get into town in a day or two with both attractions.

Spartacus finally stood as the head of an army of 100,000 men, all starting out from the little band of seventy that cut loose from Capua with borrowed cleavers and ax-handles. This war lasted but two years during which time Spartacus made Rome howl. But at last his army was betrayed and disorganized. With nothing but death or capture for him, he rode out between two contending armies, shot his war horses in order to save expenses, and on foot rushed into the thickest of the fight. This was positively his last appearance. He killed a large number of people, but at last he yielded to the great pressure that was brought to bear on him and died.

Probably no man not actually engaged in the practice of medicine ever killed so many men as Spartacus. He did not kill them because he disliked them personally, but because he thought it advisable to do so. Had he lived till the present time he would have done well as a lecturer. "Ten Years in the Arena, With Illustrations," would draw first-rate at this time among a certain class of people. The large number of people still living in this country who will lay aside their work and go twenty miles to attend a funeral, no matter whose funeral it is, would no doubt enjoy a bull fight or the calm and refining joy that hovers over the arena. Those who have paid \$175,000 to see Col. John L. Sullivan disfigure a friend, would, no doubt, have made it \$350,000 if the victim could have been killed and dragged around over the ring by the leg.

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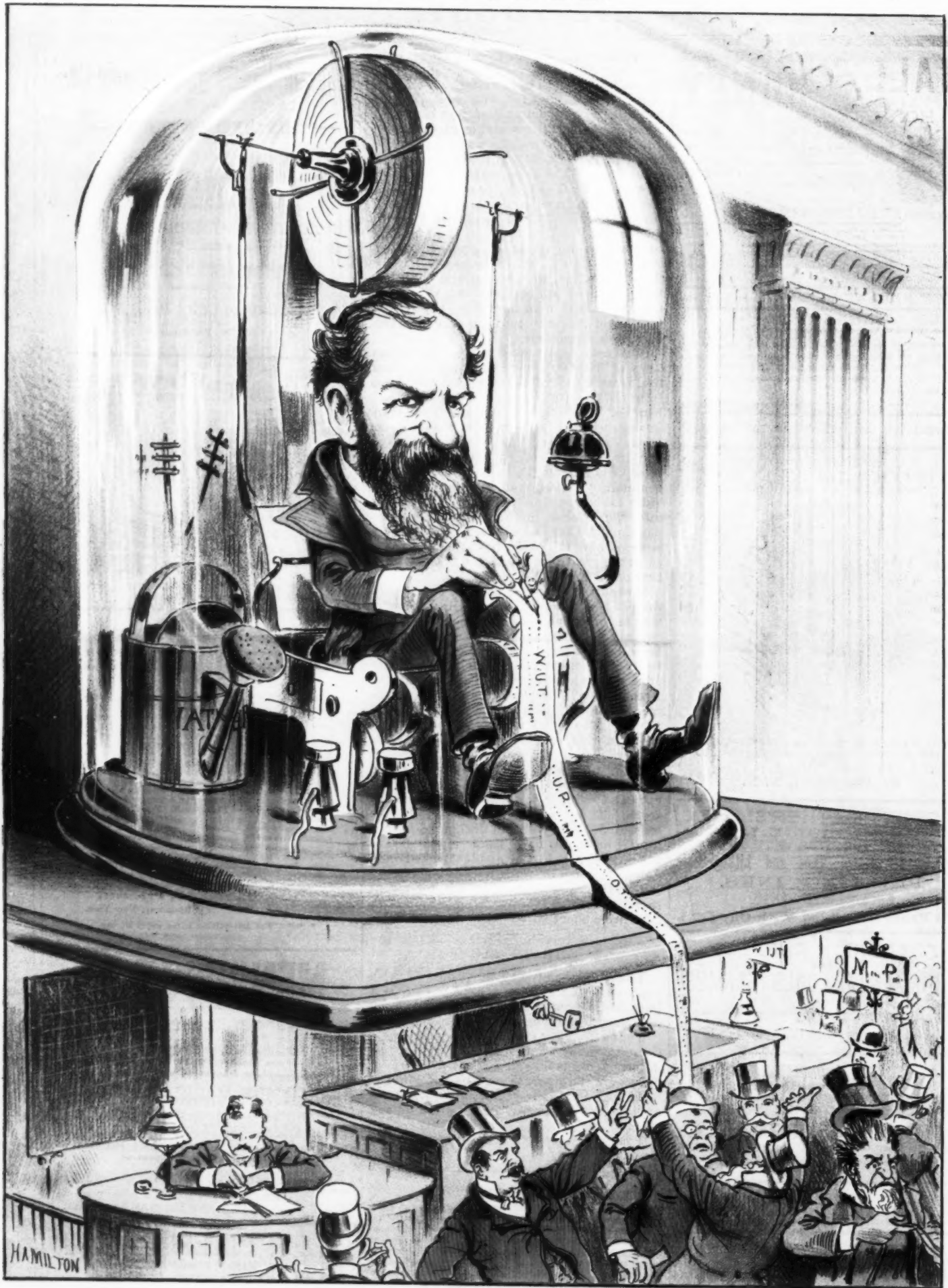
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