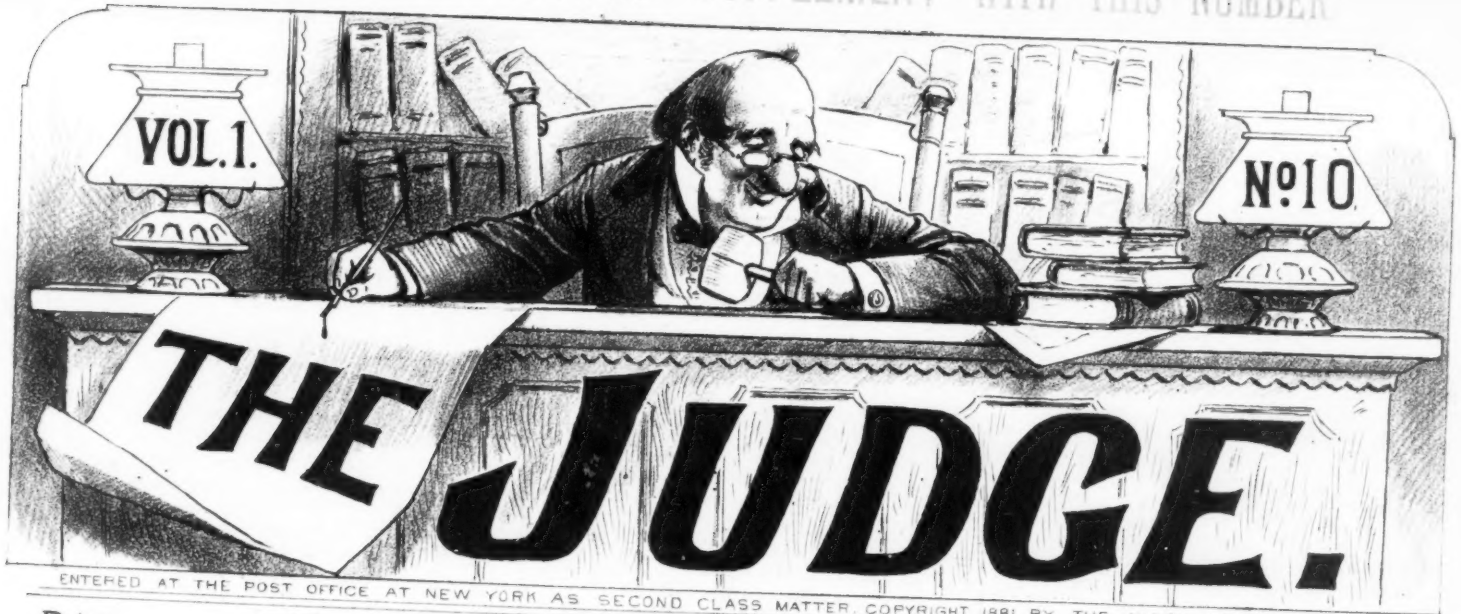


AN EIGHT PAGE CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT WITH THIS NUMBER



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THE STAR ROUTERS' CHRISTMAS PRESENT.



**THE JUDGE PUBLISHING CO.,**  
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**Another Side of the Picture.**

THE JUDGE does not care to play the part of an iconoclast, especially where there is an old-time picture or statue to be knocked over. But this time-honored Christmas picture of the poor man and his shivering family gazing in upon the warm scene of Christmas beauty and feasting is a contrast that has existed long enough, and deserves to have some of its angularities knocked off.

Look at the picture we present this week. It is indeed the other side of the old familiar picture, and who shall say that it is not just as true to life and living realities as the old one was?

See the honest, hearty mechanic and his family, full as ticks of turkey and plum pudding, warm and well clothed—perfect pictures of health and happiness. See them gazing into the abode of the rich man—the home of dyspeptics. The rich man's table is loaded with good things, but he cannot, dare not, eat them, neither can his family. The doctor is an important and indispensable personage in that household, whereas he may never be called into that poor man's family.

Poor man indeed! Which is the poor man? The man who works, and loves, and smacks his firm lips over his food, and laughs and bustles his way through the world, enjoying everything, or the rich man without a heart, without a stomach, and over whose weazen face a smile never ripples, and whose lungs never expand with the free air of heaven. Which one had you rather be, reader?

Whose children look the best; which the happiest? Whose wife is the best companion; which one gives the best children to the world?

It is not an overdrawn picture, it is a true one, and being so, who will say that the poor man, with his health and spirits, is not the happier man of the two?

WE understand that John Kelly received for his Christmas present a new war club, highly ornamented. We suppose he will keep that in a glass case to show his friends; the old one appears to be in good order yet, and will probably be kept for its customary rough work, although he might polish up its bloody knobs a bit in commemoration of "Peace on earth, and good-will to man."

**SONG OF THE STOCKINGS.**

I.

MOUNT PEGASUS mount, to the ridges of cloud-land,  
Astride of thy back I look down on this proud land!  
Ha! Speed thee, swift racer, broad-winged rosinante,  
O'er river and plain, past palace and shanty!

Now we clip through the air,  
With keen satisfaction  
And we peep,  
As we sweep  
Over village and town,  
At each local attraction.

Swing high, swing low,  
As faster we go!  
How I rock in the saddle!  
Yet, twixt me and you,  
"The world is mine oyster."  
Ha! the saddle-rocks stew!

Having traversed the spaces,  
And viewed divers places,

Let's honor THE JUDGE and his Christmas grimaces.

II.

He has summoned a corps of artists and writers,  
Bold wielders of crayon and stanza inditers;  
Imps paragraphic,  
Poets seraphic—

All contribute the stuff in which newsdealers traffic,  
And on Number 10,  
He's engaged sundry men,

Adroit with the pencil and free with the pen.

It's a holiday issue—  
And reader, I wish you  
To look it clean through, though the paper's not tissue.

Especially squint at WALES' double cartoon—  
See what Santa Claus gives each public gossoon.

III.

Here's SAMMY, the sly,  
With his stocking heaped high—  
He may get what's in it (in the sweet by-and-by.)

And blithe JIMMY BLAINE  
Is pleased, in the Maine,  
With a pretty toy White House. (His hopes never wane.)

Ah, PETER the great  
COOPER, doth Fate  
Place the wreathed laurel upon thy old pate?

Now DANA, our Sun,  
Egad, this is fun!  
Gets a portrait of HAYES. Ha! ha! It's well done!

And RUTHERFORD B.,  
Why, bless me, just see  
If he hasn't a photo of CHARLEY A. D.

TALMAGE, the preacher,  
An antical screw her,  
Is here nigh his prototype, HENRY WARD BEECHER.

And what gets the former?  
This lank rostrum-stormer  
Will doubtless consign our artist to warmer  
Abodes than he's dwelt in,  
And wish he may swelt in

The presence of PLUTO and his radiant hell tin.

Our clerical donkey  
Finds a gymnastic monkey—  
How proper the gift? I declare it's quite hunky.  
And BEECHER himself,  
So intent on pelf,

Should carefully lay his find on the shelf.  
A succinct report  
Of that trial may sort

Of rife HENRY WARD, and cause him to snort.

But what cares KRISS KRINGLE  
If B.'s ears do tingle  
Like a bad boy's when cracked with a bit of split shingle.

IV.

Now let us change the measure,  
And at our rhythmic pleasure,  
Take a grab  
And a nab  
At others Fame may dab.

Here's ERROR SCHURZ from Germany—  
Ah, nobody else could determine me

To sling a rhyme so foreign to rule,  
Except this imported newspaper mule.  
What he doesn't know, journalistic,  
Ne'er is seen in screeds sophistic;  
And when "Crank" CARL gives up the ghost  
They'll mark his grave with a white-washed Post.

We bet ULYSSES  
Does not miss his  
Chance to get a Christmas box.  
See JACK LOGAN  
Lifts his brogan  
And kicks until the door unlocks.  
GENERAL GRANT  
Says: "I shan't  
Ask no more, dear Santa Claus.  
If half pay  
You will say"  
Shall be passed with special laws."

V.

It's BERGH, BERGH, BERGH,  
On Broadway and cross streets,  
And BERGH, BERGH, BERGH,  
The inhuman driver meets.  
He's after the pigeon shots,  
He's down on all cruel sport,  
Only he takes a funny way  
To get cases into court.

VI.

GEORGE WILLIAM CHILDS is a little man  
That keeps his *Ledger* straight,  
He lives in the Quaker City, when  
The summer heat doth abate.  
But when July pours down its fire  
Upon his balden crown,  
He packs his traps and takes the train  
For his cottage out of town.

"What shall I give this good little soul?"  
Says Santa Claus. "Let's see—  
He shall have a statue of himself  
For he believes in himself, and he  
Is proud of his creed. Well, be it so.  
He pays for his right to think—  
He draws big checks, but never a breath  
That's tainted with spirituous drink."

VII.

Now I hasten to the end,  
Blessed end,  
Of my themes and my rhymes that curiously blend.  
How they show, show, show,  
The people we all know  
In society and trade!  
While our artist's facile grace  
Depicts each noted face  
And the record each hath made.  
Keeping GOULD, GOULD, GOULD,  
Fore thousands he has fooled.  
His starving employes ne'er sing in Mammon's praise.  
But long for the end, end, end,  
End, end, end—  
And keep longing and praying for the end.

"Dinna ye ken" BEN BUTLER,  
Sly as an army post-sutler?  
In eighteen-eighty-two  
He will run again for Governor.  
What will Massachusetts do  
If BEN'er gets to shovin' her?

Ah, nearly forgot was WILL VANDERBILT,  
With his hotels of brown-stone, bronze and gilt;  
Despite his many queerish pranks,  
His stocking holds a vote of thanks.

VIII.

Last of all, as we nimbly skip 'cross the FIELD,  
We meet CYRUS, monopolist true.  
Merry Christmas, my boy, this hand will soon wield  
A rod that's in pickle for you.

At "ARTHUR'S round table," repeated in history,  
Devoid of Saxon tradition and mystery,  
A nation in friendliness meets.  
Give CHESTER a grip, and tighten his hands,  
To rightly control this luckiest of lands,  
ENRIQUE, in finis, entreats.

## COURTSHIP IN ANCIENT ROME.

ONE summer eve Leonidas  
Took down his old guitar,  
And wandered forth beneath the moon  
To his own Polar Star.

Her papa was a Centurion  
In Rome's eternal city,  
And in her praise Leonidas  
Had written a loving ditty.

And now beneath her casement wide  
He stood, and clawed, and sang;  
And with his wondrous melody  
Rome's startled echoes rang!

Till midnight flew and the hour-glass  
Three times had been reversed,  
Leonidas pawed that guitar  
And his love lines rehearsed.

Then suddenly from a window forth  
There popped a night-capped phiz,  
And a handful of base Roman coin  
Through the night air did whiz.

"Four sesterces are there, you beggar!  
Don't stop to growl your thanks;  
Take them and travel, or I'll pitch you  
Adown the Tiber's banks!"

Her parent had mistaken him  
For one who twangs the lyre  
For coin, makes music merchandise,  
And sells celestial fire.\*

His pride was crushed, in after eves  
He woke love's strains no more,  
Nor wandered forth beneath the moon  
To the Centurion's door.

—BREVIER.

\*A sort of a high-toned organ grinder, as it were.

## OUR POPULAR FARCES.

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

REPORTED BY "ED."

Scene.—At the Supper Table.

## CHARACTERS.

MR. CATCHON, MRS. CATCHON, HARRY CATCHON, SUSIE CATCHON, SADIE CATCHON.

*Mr. Catchon.*—Christmas Eve, and, thank Heavens, all of our presents are bought and the telegraph messenger is outside, waiting to take them to their respective receivers. Wife, what did you get for Uncle Jonas?

*Mrs. Catchon.*—A hair-brush.

*Mr. Catchon.*—But Uncle Jonas is as bald as a billiard ball!

*Mrs. Catchon.*—I know it, but a hair-brush was the cheapest article I could get. It is a real nice hair-brush, too, real ivory back, so the saleslady said, and I wonder how they could sell it for twenty-three cents. Besides, you know, Uncle Jonas will value the spirit which prompted the gift, more than the gift itself.

*Mr. Catchon.*—That is so, and we will be sure to receive a substantial return. Last year we sent Uncle Jonas a bottle of perfumery, and we got back a hundred-dollar bond. That hair-brush ought to fetch you a sealskin sacque, at least. What have you sent Aunt Elma?

*Mrs. Catchon.*—Our old set of croquet. I had the balls and mallets and stakes all repainted, and she will never know but what it is brand-new. Of course, Aunt Elma being a cripple who never goes out of her house,

the gift will be very useful, and she will appreciate it very much. And we will be sure to get back a parlor-organ, for when I was at Aunt Elma's last week I bewailed our lack of a parlor-organ, and hinted how awfully awful glad we would be to receive one, and I guess she took the hint.

*Mr. Catchon.*—Very good, wifey, I am really proud of your good sense. Did you see that velocipede I sent to your father?

*Mrs. Catchon.*—A velocipede to father? Why, Alfred, are you crazy?

*Mr. Catchon.*—Decidedly not.

*Mrs. Catchon.*—But how can papa ride a velocipede when he has only got one leg?

*Mr. Catchon.*—Nobody expects him to ride it, my dear. I received the velocipede as part payment of a chattel mortgage, and I had no other use for it, for the front wheel and the steering gear were broken, and I could not have gained a dollar for it at public sale. I know the present will soothe him some and act as a powerful argument for his renewal of that five-hundred-dollar note of mine which he holds, due in February.

*Mrs. Catchon.*—Very true, dear. What did you buy for Cousin Amelia?

*Mr. Catchon.*—A bag of marbles.

*Mrs. Catchon.*—A bag of marbles for her! She's sixty if she's a day! Do you suppose she wants to spend the autumn of her life playing marbles? That is a crazy present, Alfred.

*Mr. Catchon (winking).*—Not much, love. You don't conceive my little racket.

*Mrs. Catchon.*—What is it?

*Mr. Catchon.*—I will send it to her with our son Harry's best regards. I will say in a private note that Harry was bound and possessed to give his dear Cousin Amelia a present, and in his youthful innocence he saved up all of his marbles and would have me send them to her as a testimonial of his affection. Of course she will be touched at such an offering of childish love, and if she don't buy Harry an overcoat I will be very much mistaken, for she well knows he needs one.

*Mrs. Catchon.*—Have you got a gift for grandfather?

*Mr. Catchon.*—Certainly.

*Mrs. Catchon.*—What?

*Mr. Catchon.*—"Homer's Illiad," in the original Greek.

*Mrs. Catchon.*—Grandfather can't read Greek.

*Mr. Catchon.*—That may all be, but it will flatter him to think that I think he can. He will display that book most prominently on the parlor center-table, see if he don't, and we won't miss it when he makes his will. You know grandfather's highest ambition is to be considered a scholar.

*Mrs. Catchon.*—True. Guess what I have got for Mrs. Jones?

*Mr. Catchon.*—What did you want to buy anything at all for her?

*Mrs. Catchon.*—Because, you know, she hasn't any children, and lately she has taken a great fancy to me. She said this afternoon, "I do wish, dear, I had a daughter like you; I guess I will have to adopt you." She said it smilingly, to be sure, but yet there was a far-off look in her eyes as if she was men-

tally calculating upon so doing. Stranger things than that have occurred, and I know very well that I will receive a handsome equivalent for the set of bronzes I am about to give her New Year's.

*Mr. Catchon.*—Ah, by the way, wife, did Susie send that woolen rabbit to old Mr. Jenkinson, around the corner?

*Mrs. Catchon.*—Yes, she took it herself this afternoon.

*Mr. Catchon.*—Was he pleased?

*Mrs. Catchon.*—Very much so. He patted Susie upon the head, gave her five cents, and said that he wouldn't forget her. He is very fond of Susie, you know; he calls her his little sunshine.

*Mr. Catchon.*—I know it. He is very rich, and he hasn't kith or kin, not a soul to leave his property to. It would be very romantic, wouldn't it, if he should make Susie his heir-ess?

*Mrs. Catchon.*—I hope he will; and what was I just going to say? Oh, I know now, I sent Sadie to your old maiden aunt, the one she is named after, with a present of a pair of white pigeons. Somebody gave them to Harry, but I wouldn't let him keep them, for they are a regular nuisance. So I took them away from him and made use of them as I said. And it was a good idea, for what do you suppose the dear old lady did?

*Mr. Catchon.*—What?

*Mrs. Catchon.*—Sent Sadie down just before supper the prettiest little pearl locket you ever saw. She is a dear old darling, she is. For Sadie is too young, of course, to wear such a costly article of jewelry, and it will look real nice upon my gold neck-chain.

*Mr. Catchon.*—How kind. That settles all of our Christmas presents, does it not, love?

*Mrs. Catchon.*—All, except your brother Joe.

*Mr. Catchon (indignantly).*—Do you expect I will give him anything? Well, I guess differently. He's got a sick wife and half a dozen brats, and is just as poor as a church-mouse. I ain't a-going to squander my money upon him and get no return. I should smile not.

[CURTAIN.]

"DID you get anything for Christmas, Bob?" asked one young fellow of another.

"Yes; got accepted," was the growled reply.

"Accepted! How?"

"Well, it only shows how risky it is to fool with fire-arms, for some kinds are always loaded. I was sort of fooling with my second-best girl; only rehearsing, mind you, a little scene that I intended to enact with my best girl in a few days; proposed, you know, in the regular way, just to try the effect, don't you understand, but, by Jove, what did the little fool do but throw herself into my arms hysterically and—yes, she'd have me, just as her father entered the room. That's what I got for my Christmas."

Served him right.

"CHRISTMAS comes but once a year—  
E'en at that 'tis dreadful dear."



THE DOCTOR'S REPORT.

### One Night With a Crank.

WHEN Lorenzo Plummer came into my room soon after midnight, and offered to share my bed with me till morning, I stained my pillow with hot tears. I knew from past experience that he would harrow me up to my neck with his jagged toe-nails, for the moment he strikes a clean sheet, in his happiness, he writhes like a scalded crab. I furtively watched him undress through half closed lids. The operation was marvelously simple. Biting his solitary suspender in twain, a general break-up of his garments took place, and in a dropsical red flannel shirt he stood revealed. My heart saddened when I saw him unroll the illustrated newspapers which served him as fancy socks. Dreamily walking to the bureau, he abstracted one of my night-shirts, and poking himself through its aperture, he looked in the glistening garment fit for the skies. He walked to the looking-glass, and viewing himself, stood transfixed for a moment, then uttering a wild yell, flung out his left leg and kicked over the water-pitcher.

I arose from bed, and laying my hand on his shoulder, said:

"Lorenzo, be calm, and let us both pray that rosy-fingered dawn will soon appear in the horizon."

With a sigh he threw himself crossways on the bed that I had left, and, flinging the pillow toward me, moaned:

"Take it, Alphonse, it's all I can give you now."

I took it gratefully, and nestled down in a corner of the room.

I sank into slumber, and was just dreaming that a New York policeman had fired seven pistol shots after me while I was running for a car, when I awoke with a start. Heavens! what did I see? Lorenzo out of bed and strapping my razor on the bottom of a slipper. The next instant he had the razor at his throat. He had passed it across his windpipe before I could spring up and reach his arm, and he fell to the floor with a shock that made the house quiver through and through. I seized the basin with one hand to catch the blood, and the bed-sheet with the other, to stanch its flow. Raising him gently, I saw that he still breathed, and, wonderful—no blood, no injury. Then I remembered that only the day before I had opened a bushful of oysters for my landlady, in part liquidation of a board bill, and that I had used the razor.

"Lorenzo, arise," I said, sternly.

He opened his eyes and looked at me reproachfully as if I had countermanded the order for his funeral, and swindled the mourners out of their drinks on the way home from the cemetery.

"You'll take charge of my body, old boy," he feebly murmured.

"I'll do nothing of the kind," I answered. "I ain't a morgue, open for the accommodation of every corpse that chooses to impose itself upon me."

"Then farewell!" he moaned.

"Farewell, and don't drink any more."

I fell asleep again, and this time I was

awakened by a pistol shot. As I opened my eyes Lorenzo was sinking into a corner with his hands pressed against his forehead, while he was forcing a death-rattle in his throat. My revolver lay on the floor near him. I had charged it only with blank cartridges, for I was to perform in private theatricals the next evening, where my business was to slaughter in their tracks every one who came between me and the daughter of a brewer of unadulterated beer, whom I loved. I covered Lorenzo with a sheet, and left him to die in peace, whilst I resumed my slumbers.

I must have been quiescent in sleep fully an hour, when I was again awakened by a noise that sounded as if some one was trying to kick in the door. I gazed wildly around until my eyes rested upon Lorenzo hanging by his solitary suspender from the top of the closet door, and kicking as if a million of fleas were draining his life blood. I seized the razor to cut the suspender, and—paused and wondered if it wouldn't be money in my pocket to let him hang there while I stole out and drank beer for the rest of the night. While I was mentally debating the issue, the suspender broke, and Lorenzo landed on his feet. Slow to anger as I usually am, a feeling of indignation began to heat my bosom.

"See here, Lorenzo," I exclaimed, "was it with the intention of making my room a dead house that you came here to-night? Do you think I keep undertakers, and hearses, and camp-stools, and clergymen, and flowers always on hand for the accommodation of deceased friends? Or maybe you think I'd like to embalm you and start a dime museum?"

"But I ain't got no father," he sobbed.

"So much the better for the father," I replied; "he won't have to pay for advertising your demise; he won't have to weep and kiss the corpse on the brow, and then sink overcome on the sofa, and calculate how much it will take to plant you; he won't have to go to the expense of putting a black band around his hat, and fire in hot Tom and Jerrys to quench his grief. That's just the position you want to place me in, but I won't have it, if I have to call up the bull-dog. If you want to die so bad I'll lend you my tooth-brush, and you can go to the stone-yard around the corner and swallow that and the trick is done."

"You have no pity," he moaned.

"I have ten cents," I proudly answered, "and I'll lend it to you if you'll only steal around to that stone-yard."

"Where did you say I could get a cocktail?" he asked, hesitatingly.

"Oh, almost anywhere."

He left with my night-shirt still clinging to his emaciated form.

I returned to bed, and in the gray dawn awoke with a clear conscience and no socks.

ALPHONSE.

A PHILANTHROPIC gentleman, riding on the front platform of a street car, one bitter cold night, observed a thinly-clad young man who was evidently suffering. Moved by compassion he addressed him, offering him some assistance. To his great astonishment he received this response: "No, thank y-you, I'm a-all r-right; I'm o-one of t-those h-h-hardy fellows."

"ERRATICS."

THIS is the week of sweet meets under the mistletoe.

IT wasn't Santa Claus that presented Guiteau with the gift of gab.

MANY a sailor has boxed the compass who never struck a blow in self-defense.

DISAPPOINTMENT is prompter to the tragedies of life.

"You have me fowl!" as the struggling fish said to the sea-hawk.

WHEN an editor kills "copy" he doesn't claim that it's a divine inspiration.

How long is the impious exhibition in Judge Cox's court to continue?

ON DECK.

ONCE again doth Christmas tide  
Ebb and flow in channels wide;  
Channels wide as earth's domain,  
Deep as human thirst for gain.  
Ebbing, flowing—  
See it going

Down the years of olden story,  
Back through centuries of glory!  
Yet THE JUDGE  
Doesn't budge

From his perch of observation,  
Where he squints at all creation  
And hits the follies of each nation.

WHATEVER may be said of the Sublime Porte, you can bet a pint of ordinary claret that nothing can knock the stuffing out of turkey quicker than a deftly-handled table-spoon.

IN the annual game of present-making, diamonds are trumps.

BEHOLD the Printer! He has a "stick." What does he say to the barkeeper? He asks him to put the stick into a lemonade. Will it strengthen the lemonade? Nay, innocent prattler, but it will weaken the printer.

A NEW book is called "The Great Mistake," probably written by a chap who has recently started a newspaper.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*. More likely by the man who bought one which another chap had started.

BOSTON'S boys and girls still play in "Common."

"MONEY makes the mare go," but it hasn't the slightest effect on a balky horse.

"TRY not the pass," the old man said. "No use, dad," replied young Pertspeech, "the theater has been closed for repairs."

CARDINAL WOOLSEY must have been a good whist player. He bore his "honors" thick upon him.



THE GRANDMOTHER OF THE OLDEN TIME.



THE GRANDMOTHER OF THE PRESENT DAY.

A WOMAN will trot five miles  
To show off her Gainsborough beaver,  
But on an errand of love  
Or charity, rarely will leave her  
Snug boudoir,  
Without growling.

WOODEN NUTMEGS.

Too much muscular development of the mouth is to be deplored. No young man can talk himself into permanent popularity.

THE man who spells Christmas with an X is open to the suspicion that he can only make "his mark" in the world.

YOU can't get an intoxicating beverage in Kansas without a physician's certificate, and it is mighty strange how dry an ingrowing toe-nail will make a man in Kansas.

CLORINDA MCGIRLYGILT, of Gilleyville, stepped to the front-door of the paternal homestead and snuffed the frosty air. "The sun is rising in the East, and all nature seems about to be revived. But ah, me, my heart is dead, frost-bitten, grown unromantic. Why, oh, why, cannot I lift my soul from the burdens of this weary, weary world and soar like an angel on pinions of fluff?"

"Because, my dear," remarked her younger sister, "no pair of wings ever made could lift those number sixes high enough to clear the garden fence."

'Twas a sad mistake so early in the morning. That household was not the resting-place of peace that day.

CHILDREN develop the tender sentiment at quite an early age. Six-year-old was returning a borrowed pudding-basin to the next neighbor's, and the little girl came to the door to receive it. With all the gallantry of the old-school, he bowed profoundly and politely remarked, "There's a kiss in the bottom of that pan for you."

THE best isn't always the cheapest. Even a five-cent cigar is sometimes unprofitable. When you have too many callers in a day, for instance.

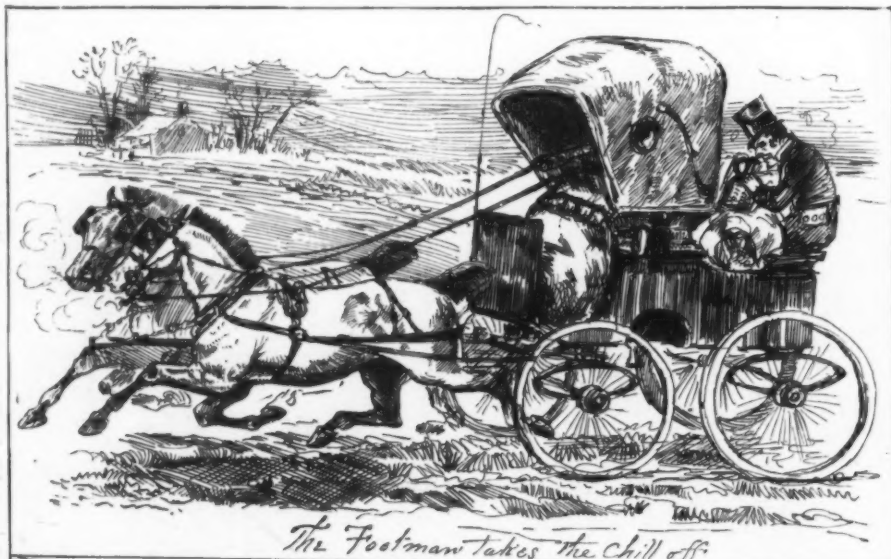
THE prettiest, the nicest, and altogether the best Christmas gift for a young man is—well fill your stocking in the usual way, Bella, and hang yourself upon his arm. It is expensive (to him) of course, but it lasts a lifetime.

A KANSAS baby has four legs—the little quadruped. It is, on the whole, lucky for him that "tangle-foot" is prohibited in that State.

ISN'T he a ragged, miserable-looking lout? About fourteen, grown beyond his age, of unpleasant countenance, of unsavory odor, of grossest manners. He is the seed thought of a villain, sure occupant of a prison cell. Not so fast. You might as well take off your hat to him now as to wait twenty years. Then he'll be a political boss, and you'll be obliged to be civil to him or lose an appointment for your son.

JOB SHUTTLE.

CHRISTMAS angels don't usually last much more than a week.



*The Footman takes the Chill off.*



*The North*

*Footman and Chill both off.*

WARMING UP A COLD RIDE. -Returning from town with Christmas goodies.

### A Christmas Ghost Story.

It may not be generally known that the near approach of Christmas suggested a spontaneous meeting of the poor of New York at the Cooper Union for the purpose of giving public expression of their thanks for the many favors received from the rich during the past year, but such a meeting was held, and THE JUDGE was there for a full report.

The hall was filled with good specimens of our humbler classes, who, but for the munificence of our wealthy citizens would, undoubtedly, be in the slough of poverty and despond, and it makes us feel prouder of our kind to know that all these kindnesses are not only appreciated as they should be, but that the recipients of the favors should assemble in mass meeting to acknowledge them and testify before the world to the goodness of the more fortunate.

Peter Stanchion called the meeting to order. Peter is a hard-working coal-heaver, blessed with a wife and nine children. The meager wages which he receives does not half support them, and were it not for the many endearing acts of charity from the wealthy men of New York, who make it a business to see that hon-

est poverty and large families do not suffer, he would be on half rations most of the time.

This happy state of affairs he acknowledged in a homely but honest speech, and had some of our wealthy benevolent citizens been present and heard him, they certainly would have felt amply repaid for all they had done.

Loud applause greeted Mr. Stanchion, and the meeting resolved to tie to him as a presiding officer.

Michael Rafferty was the next speaker. He was poorly clad, looked pinched and hungry, but that was probably because he had no great pride and was dyspeptic, as so many of our poor people are.

"Mr. Chairman, I am glad to have a chance," he began, "ter tell all av yeas av ther many kindnesses that I have received at ther hands av ther rich men av New York. I worruk for Mr. Vanderbilt [cheers], an' may his shady niver grow less! I got run over last summer, an' had me leg broke, an' from that day ter ther toime I got me job back again I had ther best attention that a charity hospital could afford, an' for fear me wife an' childer moight get strayed away in me absence, they were sent ter ther work house an' fed on turkey an' spring lamb. [Applause]. Me

friends, I fale that it's a pleasure ter be poor in a city loike this, an' I for one wish ter testify me thankfulness."

When the cheering had subsided, Mr. Murphy arose to his feet.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "you all of you know that, although poor myself, I do all in my power for poor children of the city, and my object in speaking on this occasion is to testify to the many acts of charity on the part of our rich men, such as Mr. Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, Cyrus W. Field, Judge Hilton, Russell Sage, Elbridge T. Gerry, and the hundreds of others who have been more signally favored by fortune than we have. What would the poor of New York have done for their excursions during the past season, the seaside sanitariums, their bright holidays given them to spend in the country, had it not been for these noble men? [Loud Applause.] How they have lightened our burdens during the past year, and now as Christmas approaches, how happy they have made sufferers in hospitals with their timely gifts; how happy they have made our children with their bundles and boxes of useful and ornamental Christmas presents, and how their sweet young voices join with ours in thanking these good rich men for all they have done." [Applause.]

Thomas Smith was the next speaker. He is employed upon the elevated road, and is one of the many whom that corporation favors by paying them one hundred and seventy-five cents for working only sixteen hours of the twenty-four. Being a well-known representative of his class, he was received with rousing cheers, and then went on for half an hour to extol the kindness and humanity not only of the elevated but the surface roads, whose managers are almost as generous and thoughtful of the interests of their employees as their more stilted brothers are.

Then a poor woman with a babe in her arms got up and manifested a desire to express herself. The shawl she wore looked as though it would be much more comfortable in dog days than at Christmas time, but she probably did not wish to dress any better than the other ladies present, and so excite unfavorable comment, being evidently a very sensible woman. She said: "My husband got killed working for the Manhattan Gas Company ast summer, and I desire to say that the officers have been very good to me ever since. They have kept me and my little ones in food, rent, and clothes, and I do their washing—for seventy-five cents a dozen." [Cheers.]

Barney Burns, an old laborer, bowed and bent by years of toil, struggled slowly into an upright position.

"Mr. Chairman: I trust the generosity of our noble city fathers will not be overlooked or forgotten. I was once well off in this world's goods, but met with misfortune, and eventually had to fall back upon the city for support. It has taken care of me ever since, giving me seventy-five cents per day for sweeping the streets." [Loud applause.]

Mr. Diggs said he wished to testify to the kind generosity of Jay Gould. He said he didn't know how many tons of coal and barrels

of flour he had sent to the poor, because Mr. Gould was a man who never let people know of his charities; therefore, we can only guess at them and be thankful. Besides this, he is every day making life more secure in tenement houses by running a net-work of telegraph wires, so that there isn't half the risk there used to be in falling from the windows. [Cheers.]

Various persons related individual experiences and benefits they had received at the hands of the wealthy men and women of New York during the year just drawing to a close, after which the chairman read the following preamble and resolutions:

*Whereas* the poor of New York have been largely benefited by the wealthy and enterprising men during the year now at its Christmas-tide, and we being gathered together, feel it to be our duty to publish to the world the doings of these noble people in our behalf to the end that we may help beat down the unjust stories which have so often been set afloat regarding the meanness of these same men. Therefore

*Resolved*, That our thanks are due to the Astors, Vanderbilts, Goulds, Sages, Stewarts, and others who have been such true friends to us during the past year, and we earnestly trust their good deeds may be like bread cast upon the waters, that it may return to them again after many days, all buttered and made into sandwiches.

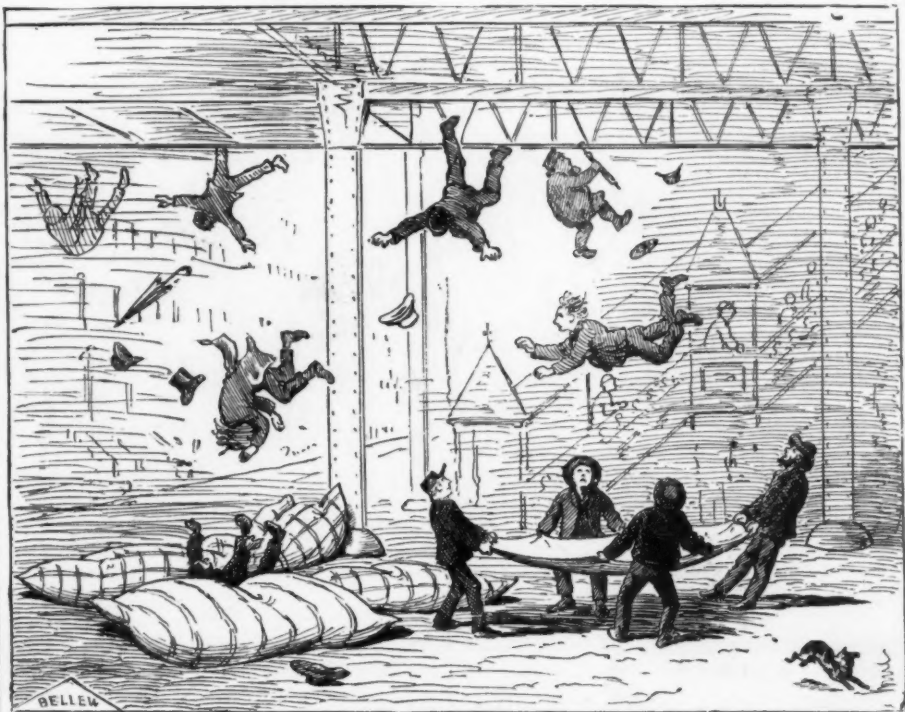
*Resolved*, That this meeting, to give more emphasis to its kindly feeling towards these men, proceed to take up a collection to meet the expense of preparing a suitable medal for each of those noble men and women.

These resolutions were adopted by one loud shout of the whole crowd, after which each man resolved himself into a committee of one to pass around his hat. They were all passed out of the door and around the corners in about two minutes. The collection was not large, of course, but, as leather is cheap, these benefactors will probably receive medals of that material for their New Year's presents.

Yes, this is, indeed, a Christmas ghost story.

#### Jefferson D.

THE man of all peevish Southerners, who ought most to imitate the poor little urchin that once on a time seriously forgot himself, is, like old Verges, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, always talking. And his prattle has become cheap by repetition, and has few buyers even in its former market. Since his tempestuous return from Europe, it was thought this individual would simmer down and revel in quietness, but the rough billows of the Atlantic have caused the old sore to fester, and t'other day at Georgia's big fair it broke out all over his mouth. He made a long harangue, in his usual impolitic style, and among other things, which had better been whistled, he said: "My special pride in this wonderful exposition is because it shows the prosperity of our section." THE JUDGE, like all patriotic citizens who long ago learned how to properly speak the United States language, does not know any "section" of its territory. Hence the italics. It is high time that politicians, whether ex-Confederates or a younger brood of fire-eaters, purged their vocabularies of such inexpressive stock words. Nowadays they are meaningless, and Jefferson



We suggest that feather beds be placed in the neighborhood of all the elevated railroad stations, and that gangs of well-trained men may be continually on hand with stout blankets to catch the falling passengers and employees.

Davis would do well to note the rapid decline of the gospel of hate. The exhibition at Atlanta has been a success because it was the pride of the whole American people, a nation of vim and push and invention. It was the outcome of local energy, backed by the skill, capital and presence of the very men whom the leader of the Lost Cause would thus publicly seek to insult. But the Mississippi negro-lash and gunpowder oratory no longer goes down in "our section" or any other, in or out of this country.

#### Mrs. Partington at the Soldiers' Fair.

MRS. PARTINGTON sat at the refectory table, her face radiant with satisfaction, her bonnet hanging by its strings from the back of her chair, and her benevolent spectacles contemplating the surroundings.

"What will you be helped to?" whispered a gentle voice in her ear.

"I thank you, dear, for your polite attention," she replied, looking benignly upon the charming attendant; "I will take, if you please, a cup of oblong tea, with milk and sugar—not too sweet—and if you will be sure it is not made of the eleemosynary water, that the doctor wrote about, I shall be much obliged."

"How are you enjoying the fair?" asked Dr. Spooner, as he dropped into a vacant chair alongside of her, somewhat to her surprise.

"I dare say," said she, as she scanned the list of delicacies lying before her, "that I shall enjoy it with my tea. When one is decomposed by walking there is nothing like a cup of tea to restore the equal-abraham, and here is enough to saturate the appetite and give strength to the exasperated limbs. This is different, doctor, from the poor sol-

diers' fare, with only hard tactics and the long roll to sustain them, to say nothing of the avalanches; and how they could stand it, it is hard to see."

"I meant by my inquiry," said he, "to learn how you were enjoying the fair—the 'bazaar'—designed to secure a home for disabled veterans."

"Ah!" she replied, with a fervor that seemed to add to the exhalation from the decoction now set before her; "it is a grand display of patriotism and donation for those who helped us in our hour of need, when cotton-cloth was sixty cents a yard and sugar thirty-three; and it has my warm corporation."

She went out with the doctor, and made him interest himself in many schemes for swelling the fund.—*The Sword and the Pen.*

THERE is a railroad running through this State simply to carry people from other States. Of course New Yorkers are allowed to ride on its trains, but they are taught that the road is not run for their accommodation. The other morning, as an express train was nearing one of the stations, a man rushed suddenly up to the track, flourishing a red handkerchief in the air. The train was brought to a sudden stop; and the excited conductor angrily approached the hardened offender against railroad law.

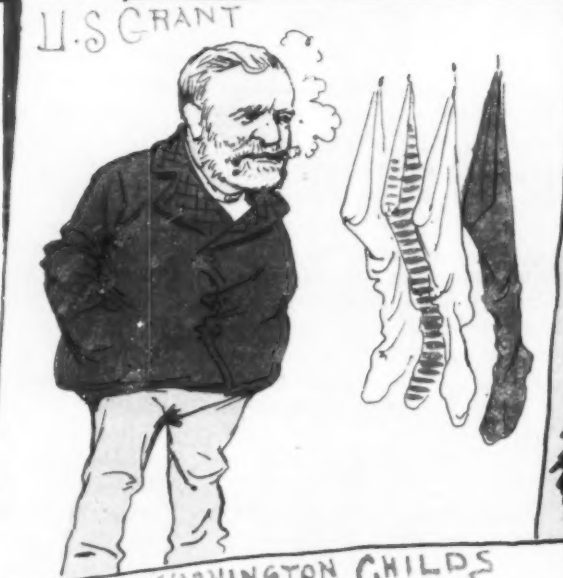
"What do you mean by waving that red handkerchief?" he demanded.

"What! Is it red?" was the reply. "Why, do you know I was not aware of that?"

"But what did you want to stop the train for?"

"My dear sir, I did not stop the train, the engineer did. I was only waving to a friend of mine up there. I thought this was our train, and I was afraid he would get left."

Tableau.





JUDGE.



J.A. Wales

D IN THEIR STOCKINGS.



THE above is a correct picture of De Jones as he emerged from a recent church fair.

He had only been inside about about half an hour, and now look at him!

And he went in perfectly confident and happy, with his pockets full of money, but more to see the ladies, especially the beautiful drummers who pounce upon their victims as hawks swoop down upon sparrows.

Especially do they delight in finding such fellows as De Jones; a vain fellow, a masher, who has only to look to conquer, for if such roosters have any cash, they are the right game to be easily plucked.

De Jones didn't care a snap for anything there was for sale in the fair; his affair was to catch fairs of another kind, and he got caught himself as such game usually does.

He didn't care a fig about paying off the church debt, the object of the Grand Fair, but he involuntarily did so all the same to the extent of his available cash, for two or three of these sirens got hold of him and talked him into taking chances in raffles for everything from an eight-day stove to a base-burning clock.

Not only that, they coaxed him into buying all sorts of articles and then presenting them to the church to be used with the next sucker, until in less than an hour he became less an object of interest with them, because they had all of his money.

Poor De Jones can't realize it yet. He thinks he must have been drugged and had his pockets picked.

Well, we guess he is about right, and he is not the first young noodle who has been drugged with female taffy and had his pockets picked while under the influence of it.

Surely and truly, fairs are great purgatives for the pocket-book, but after all they are no worse than banco games.

#### Upper Tenderlines.

THE following is a sample of the kind of letters which have been sent from time immemorial, by people of the pseudo aristocracy, to the society journals for publication. Are they ever used? Mrs. Boneless Codfish Jones, in writing the letter, takes advantage of a visit from a prominent, or at least titled lady of so-

ciety, to advertise, free of cost to herself her own social virtues, which, otherwise, would not be noticed. The paper that Mrs. Boneless Codfish Jones, *nee* Susan Smith, uses, cost at least five cents a sheet, and the hand-colored red-and-gilt monogram cost much more. The envelope is heavy and costly, and is as delicate in hue as the paper. It is secured by delicately colored sealing wax, impressed with a crest—the same that adorns the upper edge of the envelope. It is the crest of the Jones family, supposed to have descended from the time of William the Conqueror, but which was really devised by a Fifth avenue artist. The original crest of Jones was a black slipper on a groundwork of torn pantaloons, and that of the Smith family was an old gold freckle on a red elbow. But the new crest is a gilt dove, with a red sword in its little paw, and underneath, in pinkeye letters, is the legend:

*"I love you too much to cut your head off."*

The writing is fine, long, graceful, and in the Italian style. But it is not by Mrs. Boneless Codfish Jones. It is by the cultured governess of little Miss Divinity Darling Jones. But Mrs. Jones dictates what the governess shall write.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE JUDGE:

As your paper is glad to receive genuine news about the leading people of society, please insert the following notice of a prominent lady:

"Mrs. Boneless Codfish Jones, that magnificent member of the elite, who last summer astonished society at Saratoga by the strange beauty of her person, the unusual gracefulness of her lovely walk, the charming modesty, yet ravishing elegance, of her gems, and the acknowledged superiority of her toilets in cost and superb style and richness, has received word from her dear friend, Lady Bangup, of Bangup Manor, Mugamachuddy, Sussex, Essex, London, S. T.—1860X, one of the wealthiest of the young aristocracy of that country, England, that her ladyship will lunch on Christmas Day with Mrs. Boneless Codfish Jones, at her superior elegant city mansion, so charmingly furnished by the intellectual and refined tastes of Mrs. Boneless Codfish Jones. Mrs. Boneless Codfish Jones will do all that she can, we have no doubt, to make the visit of Lady Bangup to this country as pleasant as if she were enjoying her Merry, Merry Christmas in her own elegant and castled England. We congratulate Lady Bangup on having so charming and elegant a hostess as Mrs. Boneless Codfish Jones. Among those who we learn at the clubs are to meet Lady Bangup at the matchless mansion of Mrs. Boneless Codfish Jones, are lady members of the leading old blue-blooded families, including Mrs. Delisle Smith-Brown (*nee* Maria Delia Smith), Miss Baretta Jonquil Blue (formerly Bridget Jane Balleghoo), Mrs. Colonel Estacy Muttonhead, and Mrs. Artesian Shallow, the noted authoress of 'Vermifuge; or, Another Baby Gone.' So that Lady Bangup may be congratulated on having so elegant and refined a hostess as Mrs. Boneless Codfish Jones."

Insert the above, and

Believe me,

Sir,

Very truly,

Mrs. B. C. JONES,

41144 English Sparrow Place.

THE Chinese claim to have been the inventors of washing and nearly everything else of importance, but the old Egyptians had the pull on the 25th of December. They used to make a hurrah over its advent several thousand years ago. Even our obelisk shows that. But never mind. Christmas is good for trade, even if it is an old institution. Its adoption shows great forethought on the part of the Christian fathers.

#### Ursa Major Revised.

THE original astronomers studied the stars without hope of reward from benevolent patent medicine men of their day. No proprietor of bitters or pills stood ready to drop a check for two hundred dollars every time they discovered a comet that nobody else could find. It is not surprising, then, to note that the results of their unrewarded toil were somewhat crude, that the arbitrary outlines of the constellations, as laid down by them, were more the result of a hasty imagination than of cool, calm, competitive study for a prize. It is true that this work has been accepted, and all the patent medicine almanacs are benefited by it to this day, but it is time that some of it was revised. The constellation "Ursa Major," or the Great Bear, is faulty in its astronomical construction, in its waste of opportunities, and in its nonconformity to the present æsthetic age. The gentlemanly ancient, as he sat beneath the north curtain of his tent in the desert, and gazed at the star-begemmed dome of the sky, never dreamed that the tail of the Dipper was not an appropriate handle for the Bear; that the body politic of the Dipper was simply useless as a part of the anatomy of old Bruin.

Indeed, had he ever stopped to examine a bear closely (very likely he was in a hurry when a bear met him), he never would have built one with a tail sticking out as indicated by the stars in the handle of the Dipper. We are wagering a bunch of second-hand tooth-picks and a Roman antique plaque, that the bear with his tail sticking out in that manner is not now, nor ever was, living. Nature never intended the bear for a new milch cow, and consequently did not provide a whisking apparatus to brush off flies, and "swat" the rustic youth in the face. The bear's tail is a very insignificant attachment at the tame end of the animal, short, stumpy and limp. The handle of the dipper is in no sense analogous to the tail of a bear. The remainder of the Dipper, incorporated as it is with the sirloin-steak and brisket of the bear, is useless. It is naught but an ornament of stars tacked on the bear, very much like brass nails on a hair trunk. Now this is all wrong. The dipper should be detached from the bear and put where it would do the most good. What could be more æsthetic, more soul-satisfying, than to create another constellation? A beautiful female figure (Patience?), with the polar star in the forehead, could be arbitrarily outlined in the northern sky; standing at ease, in pensive attitude, and with outstretched hand holding the dipper directly beneath the "milky way," that the lacteal fluid of the heavens, the distilled dew of the nebulae, might fall therein.

Thus, would an astronomical and anatomical absurdity be removed from the phenomena of the evening, a large and convenient dipper made apparently useful, and the taste of the æsthetic among us be gratified. Exit "Ursa Major," enter "Patience?"

JOE SHUTTLE.

A RECENT publication is entitled "Homes and Haunts of our Elder Poets." The homes of our younger poets are all right, but their haunts would not bear publication.

## Our Original Norristown Budget.

Books in Press.

"Next Week With Politicians," a companion to "Yesterday With Authors."

"The Watery Mountain," by the author of "A Bloody Chasm."

"Omnibus Brown," a sequel to "Phaeton Rogers."

"The Sinking Duke," by the author of "The Floating Prince."

"Two-handed Haters," a sequel to "Four-footed Lovers."

"The Kidney of The Blue Valleys," a companion to "The Heart of the White Mountains."

"An Apple from a Thistle," by the author of "A Grape from a Thorn."

"The Meteor of a Year," a companion to "The Comet of a Season."

"Nonsense About Men," in seven large volumes, by the author of "Common Sense About Women," in one small volume.

"An Altered Liver," a sequel to "A Changed Heart."

"A Ghost in the Garret," by the author of "A Skeleton in the House."

"That Homely Saint," a sequel to "That Beautiful Wretch."

A NEWS item informs us that at a beer-drinking match between two Scheutzenfesters, the other day, one drank seventy-two glasses of the amber liquid in an hour, and "the other got outside of only sixty-three glasses." Only sixty-three glasses! Evidently he didn't feel very well, or perhaps he inadvertently imbibed a couple of quarts of cider before beginning the match. A man can't drink much beer if he fills up first with cider or ale, we've been told. Anyhow, this match will shake the theory, if not entirely explode it, that Germans are great beer drinkers.

CZAR ALEXANDER III. discovered among his father's funeral expenses the bills for two hundred and eighty bottles of champagne consumed during the lying in state of the late Emperor. Some mourners require a great quantity of the "ardent" in which to drown their sorrow. It would have been cheaper for Alexander three-times to have invited the funeral procession into a beer saloon on the way from the cemetery, and set 'em up at his own expense.

AN enterprising daily, on December 2d, made the important announcement that "If St. Francis Xavier had lived until to-day he would have been 329 years old." Perhaps it is a blessing that he did not live. He would now not only be a burden to his children, but to himself also; and the probabilities are that he would have been sent to the "Old Men's Home" more than three years ago.

SOME one suggests that the "Agricultural Report for 1880" be dramatized and put on the stage. It might be an improvement on many of the plays produced during the past year or two, but it is hoped the suggestion will not be carried out. There are already too many wild and exciting sensational dramas

on the stage, inculcating a pernicious lesson into the minds of our youth, and causing theatrical companies to jump board bills and walk from one town to another. Better sell the Agricultural Reports for two cents a pound, as usual.

A NORTHERNER traveling in the South writes: "The chivalry of this part of the late Confederacy have lost much of their pomp," etc. We should say so. When Lincoln issued his emancipation proclamation the chivalry lost all their Pomp—and Dinah, too.

NEW YORK tenement houses should be called "acrobats"—they are such good tumblers. And, by the way, if the street loungers, who prop up lamp posts and awning posts, which are in no danger of falling, were to transfer their gratuitous propping to tenement houses, which are liable to fall at any moment, their services would be more highly appreciated.

"THERE are no dime novels in China." Hence the pig-tailed youth of that far-off land is never seized with an insane and irresistible desire to go West and kill enough Indians for a mess.

DR. BELLOWS says: "The newspaper—the universal literature of our people—is itself becoming a library of knowledge and art." It has already become such. If the doctor will study the advertising columns of our daily papers he will be impelled to admit that nowhere else outside of a medical university can so much knowledge of a certain kind be found; and as for art, let him gaze upon the chromo of the man clad all over in one spot in a comfortable liver pad, and St. George harpooning the Stomach Bitters dragon, and St. Somebody-else with a bottle of poison in one hand, hesitating whether it were better to quaff or not to quaff, and the magician inhaling something from an odd-looking meerschaum and discharging smoke from his nostrils, and portraits of Lydia Pinkham, besides scores of other instructive and paralyzing pictures. Oh, when it comes to "knowledge and art," Mr. Bellows—especially art—the altitude of the newspaper is very altitudinous.

A FINANCIAL paper tells its readers "how to find six per cent." But six per cent. is not enough. What we would prefer to know is how to find about six thousand dollars in a lump.

A MAN, found weeping at a street corner in Newark, N. J., the other day, was asked by a kind-looking individual if he had lost forty thousand dollars by Cashier Baldwin's defalcation. "N-no," he sobbed, drawing his pocket-handkerchief across his eyes, "I've only been reading a London comic weekly, and it's so touching!"

THE "Fireside Social Circle" is the name of a society just organized in Powelton. Its object is to "bring young people of both sexes together in the long winter evenings," etc. The most enjoyable part of the evening's entertainment consists in the young men escorting the girls home, drawing up to the "fire

side," and then "circle" the feminine waists with the arm, in a very "social" manner, and so forth. The exercises of the "Fireside Social Circle" are more instructive, elevating, and soul-satisfying than the meetings of the Concord School of Philosophy.

IT is said that *Harper's Magazine* has enough accepted contributions on hand to last two years. Then it is hardly worth while for us to submit our article on "The Progressiveness of Progressive Progression." Not this year.

AN Indiana clergyman refused to wed a young lady to whom he was engaged when he discovered that she crimped her hair. This should teach young ladies who are in search of husbands of the ministerial brand to buy their hair already crimped.

QUEEN VICTORIA pays her servant styled the "Master of the Horse" \$12,500 a year. If he has many biting and kicking horses to "master," the salary is not any too much; though, if she wishes to economize, we guarantee that she can hire a Yankee to do the work for one thousand dollars a year, his board and washing included.

WHEN an "old and experienced" newspaper man resumes the editorial chair, after a respite of twenty years, his work may be detected as if by magic. He commences at the place he left off, nearly a quarter of a century before, and the reader involuntarily glances at the date of the paper to assure himself that he has not got hold of a sheet printed half a generation ago. The "old and experienced" newspaper man has not kept up with the spirit of the times, and his writings—particularly his witticisms—exude the flavor of antiquity.

"SECRETARY HUNT wants to prohibit swearing in the navy." The secretary's commendable desire implies that the navy is at present addicted to this vice. It doesn't seem credible. Perhaps if they would stop "swearing" men in the navy, there would be fewer swearing men in the navy.

BEFORE Congress adjourns, it should enact a law making it legal to kill the editor who spells Christmas "Xmas." But instead of adopting such a wise piece of legislation, the chances are that the members will fool away their time and the people's money by appropriating \$150,000 to improve Mud Creek at Jonesburg.

A YOUNG lady in this town is trying to persuade her father to substitute wood for coal for heating purposes, and to burn only maple wood, "because it is so much healthier," she explains. The fact is, the daughter read in a scientific journal that when maple wood is burning it snaps and splutters dreadfully, and she thinks that with such fuel the old folks in the next room couldn't hear the kissing and so forth being consummated when Charley calls around in the evening to see her. It is too true; the young girl of the period is as full of duplicity as her clothes are of pins.

## A Legend of Arabia.

THE Caliph Hassan, Ruler of the Faithful, was a peculiar potentate. He was very apt to become irascible upon the slightest pretense, and when he did get irascible somebody's head was apt to go off. In fact, it was well known that any cemetery company which the Caliph patronized was sure to be successful.

The Caliph was especially wroth toward the barbers of Bagdad.

Regularly each week did he go to a new one, and regularly each week did that barber die, until at last there grew to be a great scarcity of barbers in Bagdad, and those who still kept in the business, just as soon as they beheld the Caliph approaching, would put up their shutters and hang out a small-pox flag.

At last one day the Caliph, who had hunted all over Bagdad and failed to find a barber where he could be shaved, arrived back at his palace in a great heat of passion.

"Mo Rearity, dog of the dust!" he bawled to his Grand Vizier, "hiest thou hither."

Mo Rearity hied.

"What wantest thou of thy faithful servant?" he asked.

"Robber of graves," spake the Caliph, "I wish to be shaved; I need a barber."

"Are there not enough barbers in Bagdad, most elevated of all the elevated?"

"No; I have killed most all of the caitiffs, and the rest flee at my approach."

"Why, O prince of the earth?"

"Because they bored me to death with their solicitations. They said I needed whisker revivers, hair restorers, eyelash pigment, cheek rouge; that my head was full of dandruff, and required a shampoo. They asked me to buy cups and brushes, razors and combs. And one vile eater of mud said I needed a hot bath. Think of it! Me, the Caliph, needing a hot bath! By the beard of the Prophet, I have not bathed for forty years! Mo Rearity, listen."

"Your servant is all ears, O light of the world."

"Wouldst thou like to die?"

"Nay."

"Then procure a barber for me who will not vex me with his base importunities. If you do not you die."

Mo Rearity made an obeisance.

"Boss of all bosses, I will do as you speak," he said, as he went away.

Now upon the street called Chatham there resided a brother-in-law of Mo Rearity, one Pat Sweeney.

And Pat Sweeney was a barber in an humble way.

In his store hung mottoes such as: "A shave for five cents;" "Use of towel, a shekel extra;" "Shampoo, ten farthings," etc. To him went Mo Rearity.

A short conversation took place between the two, in which the voice of the Grand Vizier and the word "divvy" were most to be heard. At its close Mo Rearity returned to the palace.

"Guider of the sun," he said, "I have found a barber who will suit you."

"Are you sure, drinker of swill?"

"I am."

"'Tis lucky you are; for, if the barber offends me, off goes your head, and you will have to bury yourself at your own expense. Let us away."

They went at once to Pat Sweeney's.

Pat Sweeney bowed lowly as the Caliph seated himself in the chair.

"What does the grandest of the world require from me?" asked he.

"A shave."

Pat Sweeney stood back as if thunder-struck.

"You would not shave off such superb whiskers!" he exclaimed. "Heaven forbid! The bones of my father groan at such sacrilege."

"Shave!" roared the Caliph; "shave, or I will have thy nose shaved off!"

"Allah's will be done," said Pat Sweeney, and he shaved.

He did the job with dexterous hand.

"Never, O Caliph," said he, as he finished up the operation by squirting perfumery in Hassan's eyes, "would I have my hair cut. Never did I see such splendid locks. 'Twould be a crime to cut off one glorious tress."

"Pup of the gutter," said Caliph Hassan, "I will have my hair cut. Use the clipper—cut it short. No son of a razor-strop dictates what I will do."

"Thy servant bends to your order," Pat Sweeney said, meekly, as he reached for the clipper.

When the Caliph's hair was laid upon the floor, he said:

"Most people, Commander of the Faithful, need a shampoo. You do not. Your head is as clean as the teeth of a peri. Never did I behold a skull so free from dirt or scruff. I—"

"Ass!—mule!—ape!" cried the Caliph; "shampoo me right away. No one dares tell me whether my head is clean. Lizard, thou liest! my head is dirty; it is full of sand and dust; it reeks with filth. Shampoo me!"

The Caliph was shampooed.

"What are those bottles upon your shelf, dog?" he asked, after his head had been rubbed dry.

"They are hair-restorers, lip-salves, whis-

ker-revivers, and cheek rouge. But you do not need them. Aye, no."

"I do need them," he said. "Give me every bottle upon the shelf. I will have what I want. No child of lather-cup can dictate to me. Ring for a messenger-boy. Do the bottles up in a bundle and send them to my address."

"Have I pleased you, sire?" asked Pat Sweeney, as he proceeded to obey.

"Pleased me? aye. Here is a certified check for fifty piasters; and henceforth you are my barber. Shut up your shop and move to my palace."

The Caliph left.

But his faithful Grand Vizier lingered behind, and the sound of coin jingling into his hand from that of Pat Sweeney was heard.

Years passed, and Pat Sweeney grew rich in the Caliph's service; for the Caliph swore never was such a barber made.

And Mo Rearity, as he received a "divvy" from Pat Sweeney every Saturday night, gently murmured:

"Allah il Allah! God is good to the Irish. There is nothing like understanding a man." —Exchange.

## WHIFFS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

W. C. JOHNSON.—The poem is not suitable for our paper.

TOM.—"Is treating right?" Yes, but never retreat in the face of the enemy.

TOM BAKER.—You have butchered a good old poem. Why didn't you send it to us entire?"

F. W. POTTER.—We have used a few of your squibs; the remainder are at your disposition.

J. A. MACON.—We, of course, cannot tell without seeing your articles, but they should not be long at all events.

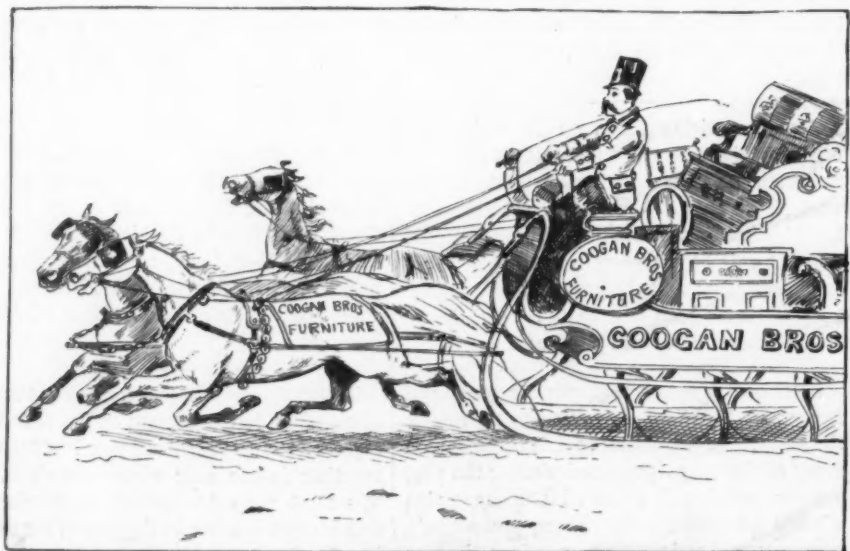
"OLD OFFENDER."—You will see what we have used. Improve your handwriting and use ruled paper, please.

B. W. CROFT.—A very good first attempt for a boy, but the subject is old and has been used in many ways before. Try again.

FRANK V.—THE JUDGE wishes you and all his other friends a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. May you live long and prosper."

DOUBLEYOU.—We'll trouble you for no more of those questionable and unhappy jokes, and as for a punster, we have one already who can scatter a crowd as speedily as a contribution box will.

W. G. C.—"What is a poem worth to you?" Well, that depends very much upon whether it is good for anything or not. However, if it is only long enough, and is written on thick, heavy paper, it would certainly be worth something.



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THE  
SENATE,  
ALL GOOD CITIZENS

And their Wives

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The Proof of the Pudding is in the Eating, and the Pall Mall Electric Association of London feels sure that all who read this offer will admit that it is a new departure in business practice, and one which should be encouraged. If all advertisers would follow this method, the public would not be gorged with humbug remedies, and an honest article would quickly overcome doubt and suspicion.

During the next 30 days any Drug or Fancy Store will let you have Dr. Scott's Beautiful Electric Hair or Flesh Brush ON TRIAL, and if they fail to cure Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Pains, Sleeplessness, etc., IN A FEW MINUTES, or quickly cure Baldness, Falling Hair and Dandruff, take them right back to the store and the price will be refunded. Being nicely boxed and handsomely carved, they make an elegant Holiday Gift. No more appropriate, useful, and acceptable Present can be found, and they are good, not only for the afflicted, but the well should use them. They PREVENT as well as cure. They are made of Pure Bristles, NOT WIRES. Should be used daily, just like any Hair Brush. There is no shock or feeling attending their use, and they last for years. That Headache, that Neuralgia or Rheumatic Pain will be cured in FIVE TO SEVEN MINUTES. Please stop injurious pills and drugs for one week, and try these celebrated Brushes. You will never regret it. ASK YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN, and remember you run no risk in buying.

They will positively promote a quick growth of hair on bald heads, where the glands and follicles are not totally destroyed.

Apply now, early, as the large demand in England limits the supply sent to the American market this season. Sent post-paid on the same terms, by the Pall Mall Electric Association, 842 Broadway, New York, on receipt of \$3, and 10 cents for registration.


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BENNETT BUILDING. **NEW YORK.**

THE last youth who attempted to rob a Western railway train had his top and marbles taken away from him and his kite broken into a hundred pieces. In fact, these train robbers must be treated with the utmost severity.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

THE reason women don't like the telephone better is because the man at the other end can get in a last word and hang up the instrument before she can reply. *Syracuse Sunday Times.*

THE Philadelphia News thinks that punched coin would be acceptable to foreign missionary societies. If they need money they can melt them up, if they don't the pieces will make lovely necklaces for the heathen.

"Why are you so late, my love?" she asked, as he came staggering home at three a. m. "S-S-S-mith," was all he could utter. "What Smith?" she echoed. "Did I-I-I say Smith?" he queried. "I'm-meant B-B-Brown." "What Brown?" she said in agony. "No-no, n-n-no, not Brown," he continued, "J-J-Jenkins!" "This is too much," she shrieked. "That's w-w-what I t-told 'em," he said, as he sat down in an invisible chair.—*Philadelphia Item.*

MRS. EX-PRESIDENT HAYES is about to make a trip to Europe. She will take one servant and Hayes with her.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

WOMEN are not cruel by nature. We never heard of one thoughtless enough to step on a mouse.—*Illinois State Register.*

A ROMANTIC young girl and a tenor singer are harmless when apart, but they make a terrible combination, remarks an exchange, and we feel compelled to rise to explain that it is the same way with a tin can and a brindle pup.—*Oil City Derrick.*

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Pharmaceutical Chemists,  
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It is said that if you have presence of mind enough to face a raging bull and look straight into his eyes he is powerless to do you harm. We tried this experiment once and found it worked admirably. The fierce animal tore the ground with his feet and bellowed with all his might; but something seemed to hold him back like magic and he did us no injury. Perhaps we ought to add, in order to be correct historically, that the bull was on the other side of the fence. We never try an experiment of that kind without taking the proper precautions beforehand.—*Herald "Chat by the Way."*

"Oh, I'm real glad to see you, Cicely dear. I'm puzzled to know what to give Charles for a Christmas present." "Has he proposed yet?" "Why, no. What's that to do with a Christmas present?" "Oh, nothing. Only I'm having a plaster cast of my hand made for George. Perhaps he will take a hint, you know."—*New Haven Register.*

He said he was from Hartford, and the stranger replied: "Ah! Well, I'm insured, so it's no use talking to me. But what company do you represent."—*Boston Transcript.*

A COUPLE of gamins were chinning in the area the other day. "Does yer ole man work on the dock, now?" "N-a-a-w. He don't work on the dock now. He's no navy, he ain't. He's a musician." "Is he the man what swallys the clarinet in the band?" "N-a-a-w, he don't swallys the clarinet in the band. He stands on the sidewalk and keeps time with his fut."—*Tom Weaver.*

WHEN you cut off an exchange and it keeps coming right along, month after month and year after year, isn't it a sign—doesn't it show—well, isn't it an indication that the editor of that sheet never opened your paper, anyhow, when it did come, and doesn't know that you have stopped sending it?—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

"ONE of the shrewdest men in the world," says the London Times of Gambetta. "A great and influential paper," murmurs Gambetta, in his sleep.—*New York News.*

OSCAR WILDE has abandoned the lily for the fern, so that he will stand some chance of being pressed by the young ladies.—*Lowell Citizen.*

It was in New York that a burlesque troupe was playing at a museum, and the manager strolling about the building at evening when the lights in the curiosity shop were dim, said to an Egyptian mummy 3000 years old, "Why the blazes ain't you on the stage? The ballet is in progress. What do I pay you for?"—*Boston Post.*

A PLUMBER went forth to plumb  
To a kingly palace by the way,  
And when his half day's work was done  
Presented his bill without delay.  
The king brought forth his bags of gold,  
His diamonds and his jeweled crown,  
The plumber credit gave for them—  
And took a mortgage on the throne.  
—*Indianapolis Herald.*

THE FEATHER WEIGHT UMBRELLA is the most useful Holiday Present you can give a friend. Neatest, lightest and strongest Umbrella made. The prices are reasonable, and range \$5, \$6, and \$7 50 each, with neat-fitting silk cases. MILLER'S, 23d St. and 6th Ave., and Broadway and 25th St.

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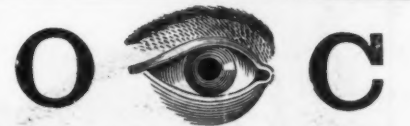
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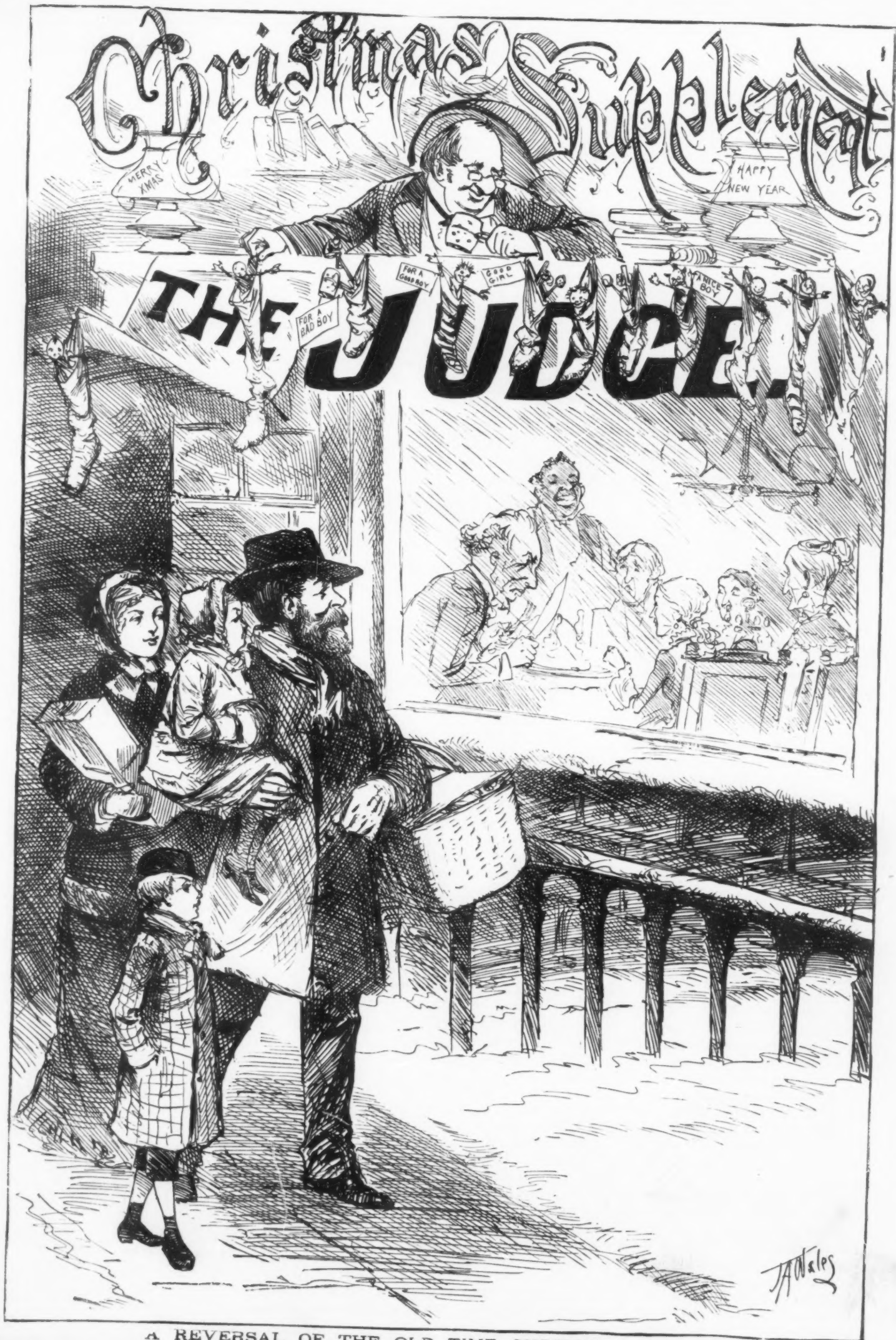
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THE JUDGE.



THE INTERRUPTED RIDE.





A REVERSAL OF THE OLD TIME CHRISTMAS PICTURE.



BEFORE AND AFTER CHRISTMAS.

WAITER.—If there is anything that don't quite suit you, I will change it for you, with pleasure, sir.

WAITER.—(Throwing down a plate)—Now, then, what's yours? Hurry up.

### A Little Girl's Christmas Story.

BY "BRICKTOP."

"Now I will tell you a story of Christmas," said a bright little ten-year-old to her more youthful companions. "There was once a king, and he had a beautiful daughter, old as I am, and he wanted her to marry a handsome prince. Now, she was a good girl, and didn't want to do anything of the kind. She had her eye on a nice-looking groom that rubbed down her father's horses. His name was Michael, but he wasn't Irish. He could fight though, just as well as an Irishman. Well, it was coming Christmas, and the king invited the prince to his palace to have a good time and to see his daughter. Her name was Imogene, and her mother dressed her all up in handsome stockings; a real short dress; lots of gold and silver, and all kinds of splendid stones, and she looked just too lovely for anything. She had her hair banded; had white kid boots and Sarah Bernhardt gloves. Oh, she was just too nice to live! No, she didn't die; you just wait until I tell you all about it. Now, there was a bad man at the king's palace who was also in love with the princess, and he swore a big oath on his sword that he would have her. He was what they call a villain. Every story has to have a villain. So he found out that Imogene was in love with her father's horse-rubber. No, not a rubber horse-cover. You just keep still. So he made a—a—what do you call it?—a—he put up a job, and pretended to be a great friend of Michael's, and got him to tell him all about how he loved the princess and how she loved him. And then he told him that

he would contrive to get her to elope with him and get married on the sly. This made Michael feel awfully good, for he didn't care if the king did kill him so long as he got his daughter for a wife.

"Well, this wicked man, he told him to go to the house of a priest and wait for him, and that he would bring Imogene to him after dark, on Christmas eve, and that the priest would marry them; and Michael was so glad that he danced, and he went to the priest's house to wait. Now, this bad man, he got another little girl, that belonged to the king's gardener, and dressed her up just like Imogene, and took her to the priest's house; and this girl, she wanted awfully to marry Michael, so, when this bad man told her how she could catch him she was just as glad as could be, and said how she would keep mum. So the priest, he married them, and they started right off on a wedding tour, both on one of the king's horses.

"Then the bad man, he went back to the king's palace, where they were all having a nice time Christmas eve, and when he saw how beautiful Imogene looked, he swore again, on his sword, that she should be his wife. But bimeby the music struck up, and he saw the prince whirl her out for a polka, and then he got mad because she looked up into his face, sort of killing, you know, for she was a masher. Then he said: 'Ha, ha! I have another rival; I will kill him with my sword!' and he stabbed him right through the belly. Yes, and he died right there.

"They seized the bad man, to hang him; but he told the king that he was his friend, and that the prince was his enemy, and had come

to kill him, so that he could get his throne and all of his other nice things; and the king was almost a good mind to believe it, for this bad man was a duke, and he thought dukes never lied. But just then there was some more music, kinder wild like, and the real prince, surrounded by all his attendants, came forth. How could he? I'll tell you, if you won't be so impatient. There was a good man at the king's palace. All stories have good men in them. Well, this good man, he went to the prince and told him all about what this bad man had done, and that he was going to kill him. So the prince, all unbeknown to the king, made a man of wire and stuffing to look just like him, and let it dance with the princess Imogene, so that the bad man didn't kill anybody, after all. And then the king, he took the bad man, and gave him to his lions to eat up, and they did; and then the fun went on all the same as before; and the prince, he married her. Is that all? No, of course not. They got married, and—well—oh, pshaw! what do you young ones know of such things? They were awfully happy, of course, and Imogene didn't play with rag dolls any more. That's all."

### A Herald "Personal."

WILL YOUNG LADY WHO NOTICED GENTLEMAN ON Newark train yesterday afternoon communicate with "May I Speak," Herald office.

If this "young lady" will, she will, we suppose, like the rest of her willful sex; but it would be a much wiser thing on her part to let her big brother do the communicating business through the medium, say, of a pair of number twelve cowhide boots, extra soled for the occasion. In which event, "May I speak" might be induced to change both his mood and tense—from the subjunctive-future-active to the indicative-present-passive. An example of this sort would undoubtedly improve M. I. S.'s morals, if not his grammar, and would be generally beneficial all around.

### Out on a Fowl,

JOAQUIN MILLER, author of "Songs of a Shyster," or, rather "Shasta," as he spells it (for it is whispered in Gath, and currently reported at Askelon, that Joaquin's orthographic spells are somewhat inferior to his poetic), thus Whitmanizes himself and his belongings:

"I am sad; a strange bird blown  
By the four winds to mine own."

There isn't the slightest doubt about Joaquin's being "a bird"—any of his old California acquaintances can vouch for that fact; but why so sad about it? Take heart, man, and remember, metrically speaking:

'Tis no matter how far by the winds we're blown,  
The devil will always take care of his own!"

"POETS in this case 60 cents" is the sign in a Boston bookstore. Soap-grease teams are beginning to accumulate in front of the store.

THE JUDGE saw a young man coming home from the club the other morning with a lighted cigar in his pocket and a latch key in his mouth.

## AT THE ROLLER RINK.

MR. TIMID ought to have known better; but he didn't. The trouble all arose from the excellent skating powers of Mr. McGlibber, who was a perfect gymnast on wheels, and could perform more variations on the long roll than any young gentleman in the city. This gave Mr. McGlibber a temporary advantage over Timid in the matter of securing the company of Miss Cleverly for at least five evenings of the week. This is why Timid determined to meet McGlibber on his own ground and vanquish him, and explains the appearance of a shanky young man on rollers for the first time, with an expression of defiance on his countenance and an entire absence of grace in his presence.

"Just the simplest thing in the world, Mr. Timid," remarked the instructor. "Get a little confidence and then throw yourself."

"Suppose now," said Timid, "that I should throw myself before I get the confidence you speak of?" and a sickly smile came over his face as he felt a certain uneasiness about his knees and observed that his toes turned in, and that he had lost the military knack of turning them out.

"Oh, of course, you may fall once or twice, but you mustn't mind that. Just watch me for a moment, and do as I do."

Mr. Timid here observed that the instructor gently slid his right foot forward, and he followed suit. Something immediately fell. Mr. Timid's right foot was exactly opposite his left. "Nobody but a long-legged idiot ever falls that way," muttered Timid as he gathered himself together. "One more fall like that and I should split my legs clear to my breast bone," and scorning the instructor's lead he branched out for himself. "How gracefully easy that McGlibber is on those confounded things," and that gentleman leaning back gently whizzed past Mr. Timid on one foot and deigned a pitying bow of recognition. Mr. Timid's mad was up. He'd skate three times around that rink if he broke every bone in his body and was carried home in a hospital wagon. Business now began.

"Wh-r-r-r, wh-r-r-r, wh-r-r-r," went the rollers, and wh-a-ck, slam went Mr. Timid against the safety rail right beneath where Miss Cleverly was sitting.

"Beg pardon," said he.

"Oh, not at all, I assure you," was the sweet reply. "You're doing nicely."

And so he was, if hard work is any criterion. He kicked himself all about on one foot, he leaned back to get his balance and nearly scraped the gaslights off with his heels, he stooped forward to see that his skates were all right and he found himself feeling for the soft places in the floor. Once he tried tipping his hat to a lady friend, and he tipped his stalwart frame to the verge of uncertainty and went headlong with a crash, bringing down the prettiest skating couple in the rink with him. But he persevered. He stamped and jumped and threw his arms wildly in the air, but kept moving, and before he left the rink he had measured his length, his breadth, his depth and his thickness on nearly every part of the floor, and



A CHRISTMAS EVE SURPRISE.

"Fo' gracious sakes 'llee, Melissa Victoria, what's that?"  
"Hide yer head, honey; hide yer head. Guess it's Santy Claus, hisself!"

had proved that as an amateur acrobat he had discovered forty-nine new positions in which a human body could be twisted. He went three times around the rink, in sections, but when he bade good-night to Miss Cleverly he was reduced to pulp. He vows that he never mounts the rollers again until the rink floor is padded.—*New Haven Register.*

## CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. D. M. JORDAN.

SOMETIMES, when the day is fading into the gray twilight and the stillness of the house appalls me, I sit and think how it was only a few years ago. What plans came with Christmas then, so different from now. Then there were childish tastes to gratify, gay picture books and toys, and a beautiful doll for the one girl of the flock. Now the boys who bounded down-stairs before daylight have grown to the stature of men, with the cares and responsibilities of riper years upon them, and the girl dresses a real baby of her own. Ah, joyful as Christmas times are, they bring floods of tears as we feel the longing to gather them all once more under the old roof.

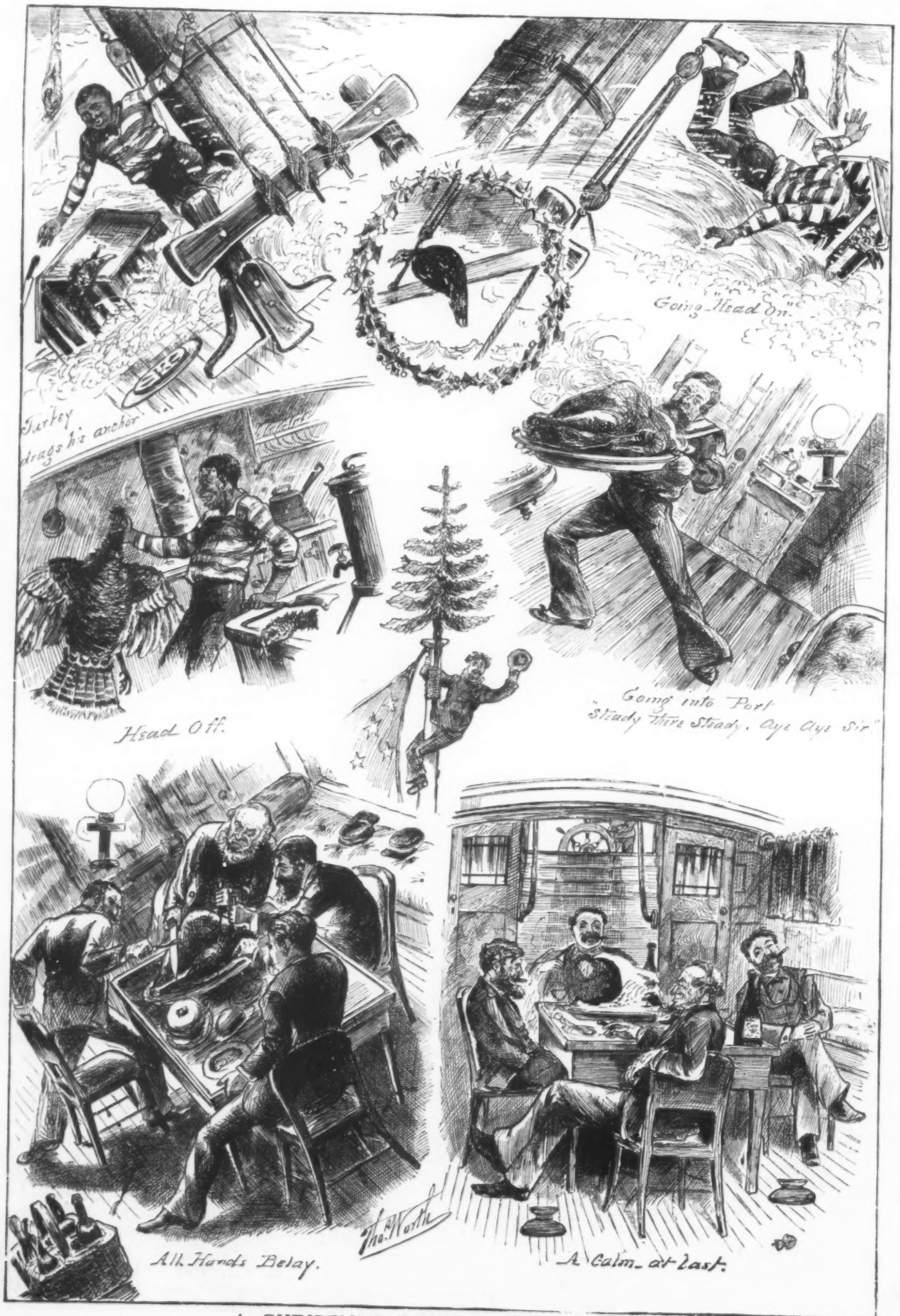
How curiously my thoughts have drifted into somber ways, when I meant to say something very different. But there are those into whose homes and lives the same changes have crept, and for these I will write this once. I meant to write about the all-absorbing subject of Christmas presents. There are fifty thousand people or more walking the streets of almost any city, thinking about Christmas presents. It is a pity that Christmas does not come a month earlier, for then presents could be largely made up of winter clothing and useful articles of wear; whereas, at this time of year, most persons are supplied with such necessaries. It would be so nice

to let a new overcoat for Johnny answer for a Christmas gift, and a cloak for Mary supply the place of the bracelets or ear-rings. There is many a girl grieving to-day because her Alphonso has supplied himself with a sealskin cap, when she had made up her mind to cover her dear head with that kind of shelter herself. Now she will give him a seal ring with her initials inside, and it will be too large for his little finger and not quite large enough for the third. Thus are we made unhappy. But there is one thing about this gift-making that is a most happy and gracious one, and that is that pleasure comes with the inexpensive as well as the costly gifts, and shines in upon the five cent toys and gaudy handkerchiefs of the hovel as well as the diamond necklaces and grand pianos of the palace.

Go along the dingy and the poverty-stricken streets of the city on Christmas day, and you shall find the shouts of the children munching their balls of pop-corn louder and merrier even than those of their more delicate brothers and sisters on the avenues. Christmas is welcome and joyous to all to whom it brings some unusual pleasure, some exceptional duty, and that is an unfortunate family indeed where nothing shall come to brighten life on this universal holiday.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

WE see the shifting life of man,  
And all his changing ways,  
In looking back to piping Pan  
And old pastoral days,  
When satyrs in the sylvan glen  
Danced underneath the oak;  
The shepherd's pipe made music then,  
But now it scatters smoke!

THE degree of comfort to be found in our railroad cars may be estimated by the fact that passengers are seen carrying their overcoats on their arms as far as the train, when they proceed to don them.



Going Head On.

Turkey drags his anchor.

Going into Port  
"Steady there Steady, Aye Aye Sir"

Head Off.

All Hands Belay.

The North

A Calm at last.

A CHRISTMAS TURKEY OUT AT SEA.



A CHRISTMAS MATINEE ON THE BOWERY WAITING FOR THE DOORS TO OPEN.

## A Type o' Hypo.

I AM a hypochondriac.  
I've pains in head and legs and back,  
I fear the draught from every crack;  
In fact, I'm wholly off the track.  
My doctor's bills are large, alack!  
And there's no help in all the pack,  
From New Orleans to Fond-du-Lac.  
At health resorts I've had my whack,  
And lived on druggists' bric-a-brac.  
I'm nervous as a jumping-jack,  
My nerves are always on the rack.  
I totter like a worn-out hack.  
My wife keeps up a constant clack,  
And wishes she had married Mac,  
And not a hypochondriac.

## Christmas Among the City Statesmen.

DOES the average New York statesman ever think of Christmas? Does he for weeks before the day, when all civilized beings should rejoice, trip lightly by the toy stores and candy shops, and the places where delightful gifts are displayed for sale, casting shy glances at them as he passes? Does he tuck himself away in his little bed on Christmas Eve, and go to sleep to dream of what Santa Claus may bring him? Does he awake before the cocks begin to crow, and trip from the room to gaze in admiration upon a handsomely festooned tree whose branches bear wax candles and bon bons and toys, arranged by loving hands, and placed in a warm and cheerful room? Or does he fill himself with benzine on the night before Christmas, and cursing Kelly or Thompson or Arthur, tumble into bed with his boots on, and arouse himself in the morning only to say, "Oh, what a head I've got on me?" These are questions that have staggered the minds of people outside of the political world since Noah took command of the ark, and THE JUDGE has determined that they shall remain unanswered no longer. While it may be true that in an exciting political campaign the average statesman is ready to deny the respectability of his parents if by so doing he might further his chances of success, yet there is at least one day when he relaxes his hold upon the wickedness of his profession, and recalling perhaps the little stocking of his childhood days, welcomes glorious old Santa Claus, the king of Christmas Day. THE JUDGE has examined the stockings, and has found them all filled, but whether the gifts will please the statesmen is almost as uncertain as betting upon the verdict of a jury.

First looking into President Arthur's stocking, THE JUDGE found it filled with the good wishes and kindly assurances of a people who lamented the death of his illustrious predecessor. It was brimming over with admiration for his superb management during his brief occupancy of the executive chair of the nation.

John Kelly's eyes snapped as though he was about to say again, as he did when the clouds were darkest for him, "But John Kelly still lives, and Tammany will yet be victorious," when he beheld his stocking filled

with a majority of the Democratic members of the Legislature from the county of New York.

Hubert O. Thompson's stocking was stuffed with millions for a new viaduct and for his water meter scheme, and his heart was gladdened by the shouts of deep-dyed statesmen who blocked the street in front of his elegant home and shouted, "Tweed has come again. Long live Thompson!"

Henry D. Purroy's stockings were too small to hold the clubs which were sent to him to be used in cracking the skulls of statesmen who may disagree with him as the man in the Nyack convention did.

Poor Tom Costigan, round and fat, but sad, discovered his stockings filled with letters from the Democratic reformers of his district asking him whether he had yet found the ballots which they should have had from him in his Assembly district on election day.

Police Justice Maurice J. Powers' stocking bursted with a chapter in the life of a Marine Court clerk.

Randolph B. Martine received a mirror to be fastened to his shirt band, so that he may unceasingly admire his manly beauty.

Police Justice Andrew J. White's stocking flowed over with some of the choicest specimens of the products of his own sweet Barren Island.

Police Justice Henry Murray placed his hand on his heart as he saw his stockings filled with the smiles of the beauties at the church fairs attended by him for forty years.

"Tommy" Shields, the alderman, snatched from his long stockings a French dictionary and a biography of ex-Alderman Bryan Reilly and ex-Marshal Charles Reilly.

"Nick" Muller, ex-Congressman, and the real friend of the poor of the lower district, rubbed his fat hands as tears filled his eyes, and poured from his stockings the "Heaven bless yous" sent by members of many wretched families.

"Pat" Keenan, President of the Board of Aldermen, had a dozen pairs of stockings filled with the blessings of car conductors and drivers who owe their positions to his influence.

"Jimmy" Oliver's Christmas-box was packed with the knives with which pretended friends used to stab him in the back on election day when he was a candidate for Civil Justice.

Justice John Callahan received a portrait of ex-Judge Denis Quinn, who viewed with "alar-rum the increase of the Germin iliment in this country of ours."

John Fox, the ex-Senator, was presented with a copy of Tweed's opinion of his ingratitude towards the latter when the Ring was smashed.

Senator Thomas F. Grady, the "golden-tongued," found his stocking filled with the congratulations of friends who praised him for his steadfastness to Tammany in defeat as well as victory.

Colonel Michael C. Murphy, one of the noblest Romans of them all, looked into his stocking and beheld the plaudits of his poor constituents who said that he might well be proud that he is one of the few men who returned from a Legislature a poor man, when he might

have come back a millionaire had he sold out their interests.

Edward Cahill, than whom no more quiet and yet more successful politician has been produced in New York, found pleasure in turning from his stockings the thanks of men whose positions of power were mainly obtained through his kindly offices.

Ex-Senator Ecclesine found that the goats had eaten his stockings. He lives in what is known as the Goat district.

Ex-Senators Hogan and Seebacher, the Elevated Railway representatives in the last State Senate, did not examine their stockings for fear of finding them filled with the curses of the poor. Hogan and Seebacher defeated the bill to reduce the fare on the elevated roads to five cents.

Judge "Tim" Campbell picked from his stocking his appointment as an Associate Justice of the Court of Appeals, and also a letter from Seebacher, setting forth that he (Seebacher) hoped his "right arm may be paralyzed if ever I go back on Shudge Gampbell." But this letter was written a year ago. He did go back on Campbell, and it is too true that Seebacher's arm is paralyzed.

Justice Alfred Stickler, the youngest Judge in New York, found his stockings filled with requests for positions in his court, and immediately fled to Bermuda.

John J. O'Brien, Clerk of the Bureau of Elections, said that he was sorry he did not know earlier in the evening how many votes Astor wanted when he ran for Congress against Flower, and without looking at his stocking hurried out after Assemblyman Brodsky, in order to see that that interesting young man didn't move hand or foot until permitted to do so by him.

"Colonel" John R. Fellows, who was a commissary in the Confederate army, and who prates of honesty in the Democratic party, found in his stocking several pieces of paper bearing his signature, and the words "not good" stamped in red letters upon them.

James O'Brien, "Jimmy," the ex-Congressman, received a handsomely bound volume entitled: "The Wanderings of James O'Brien and Jerome Buck among the Crowned Heads of Europe."

"Jim" Mooney, the Chief of the Ollagawallas, received a roast turkey and a bottle of champagne from Gabe Case, and shouting "Down with it," took a nip from the old black bottle on the shelf.

Colonel John Tracy, Chief Clerk of the Jefferson Market Police Court, found his stocking filled with the thanks of newspaper reporters, who found him, as Mayor Cooper's secretary, a trump card every time.

"Barney" Biglin, "Jakey" Patterson, "Hughey" Kerrigan, of Cobweb Hall; Colonel George Bliss, Robert Van Wyck, Justice Sol. Smith, Commissioner "Jake" Hess, Congressman John Hardy, Alderman "Joe" Strack, "Paddy" Burns, Big Tom Brennan, Ed. Moore, Denis Burns, the member for Sligo, and the rest of the army that flocks around the Astor House by day, and ex-Alderman Haughton's, Phil Milligan's, and the Fifth Avenue Hotel by night, were all supplied with gifts more or less inviting.