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Price

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 1, 1883.

10 Cents.



FRANKLIN SQUARE LITH. CO. NEW YORK.

WHO IS TO BE SPEAKER?  
Carlisle, Cox and Randall, in chorus, "I AM!"



## THE JUDGE.

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

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

### TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)

IN ADVANCE.

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

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

EUROPEAN AGENTS:

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

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### THANKSGIVING.

We celebrate Thanksgiving. Why should we not? As a Nation we have a great deal to be thankful for, and we are prepared to give thanks in the orthodox way, and pick our turkey bones with an appetite. After all, the due and proper celebration of Thanksgiving day depends more upon the quantity and quality of the turkeys than upon anything else. But we have a great deal to be thankful for. We have Chester A. Arthur, for instance; and we have a navy—both little things in themselves, but sufficient to excuse a greater paean of praise than Thanksgiving day, or any other day raises for either. And we have our quota of murders and robbers and broken banks and shorn lambs from Wall Street and dirty streets and a vast assortment of other things for which men and nations should be thankful, and we are thankful. THE JUDGE sometimes wonders if the turkeys are thankful, too. After all, why should they not be—especially if they are worthy of the philosophic age in which they live, and can see life as Cato and Socrates and that bar-tender who took too much laudanum the other day, saw it.

But with all that, Thanksgiving is a pretty custom and a welcome festival. It is a day of family reunion. Go to the Grand Central depot or any of the outlets from New York City on a Thanksgiving Day, and see the loaded trains that are carrying the busy

toilers of the town out to eat their Thanksgiving dinner with their country cousins. They are all in high spirits—the busy toilers, not the trains—and one and all are bent on having a jolly good time. They are crowded on the trains, but they don't mind that; though at such times the much abused public sometimes take occasion to return Vanderbilt's benediction in kind. They are conscious that they will be very unlikely to get so good a dinner as they are leaving at home; and they are quite convinced that the dining-room of the little farm house will be so full of guests that each man must eat his dinner with his elbow in his neighbor's plate. What of it? That neighbor will be a dear sister, or cousin or aunt who is to be met with at no other time. Then it is pleasant to see, as we sometimes may, four generations united around one board; that is a sight for a Thanksgiving, and sanctifies and beautifies the whole day. Therefore THE JUDGE wishes his readers a very happy and merry Thanksgiving, and leaves the turkeys to regard the day in their own way and from their own standpoint.

### A TRIANGULAR FIGHT.

CAPTAIN MARRYATT, who was certainly a novelist of ideas, describes a difficulty or dispute in which three persons were involved, and an appeal to the code duello became necessary. The dispute was simple enough, and in those days the duel was even simpler. The only complication in this case was the fact that there were three parties to the duel—in fact, the quarrel was triangular. But Captain Marryatt introduced a mathematical genius in the person of one of the seconds, who adjusted the difficulty admirably. He described an equilateral triangle, according to the principles enunciated in the first proposition of the first book of Euclid, and, placing the duelists one at each angle, he gave the word to blaze away. It is to be regretted that we have apparently no mathematical genius at the present moment to arrange the details of the triangular fight between Carlisle, Cox and Randall on such simple and satisfactory principles. Perhaps, as the duello is not so fashionable as it used to be, the matter might be adjusted with regard to the rules of the prize ring. In any case it must be fought out on some basis, for the Speaker's chair, ample as it is, cannot conveniently accommodate three people. Perhaps the contest might be arranged as a race, and run off in heats; but that course is open to objections which do not apply to the triangular duel. There would be no possible chance of any of the participants being killed—unless, indeed, the race took the form of a steeple-chase, which would scarcely be dignified. Well, it has got to be fought out somehow, and THE JUDGE is willing to see fair play, and shout lustily “may the best man win!”

### EVACUATION DAY.

If George Washington, of blessed memory, could take a stroll to-day through the city he liberated a hundred years ago, he would find many changes to pause and ponder over. He would find stately buildings where he left waving trees; he would find paved streets netted with telegraph wires and lighted by electricity, where he left cow paths; he would find more or less honest city officials where he left farmers; and, above all, he would find the English just where they were before he drove them out—namely, in possession of New York. To be sure, they would be English of a different type; perhaps he might regard them as belonging to a type even more objectionable. Instead of King George's uniforms he would find coachman coats and eel-skin trousers; he would find that the dragon has been supplanted by the dude; but he would find the city in possession of the British just the same. He would find English actors and actresses at our theatres, and would probably be importuned to buy their pictures. He would find English novels of the “Ouida” stamp in demand at our libraries. He would notice English “turn outs” in the park; and the pretty girls would look wonderingly at him from under English bonnets. On the whole, if he esteemed his mission in life, as many people hold he did, to be to rid the country of the British, George Washington would be apt to regard his existence as having been a failure.

We have no particular objection to the English as a people, and we find much in their characters to admire and imitate. We find the dude. We imitate him, but we are not sure we admire him. His frontal development too closely resembles that of a hatchet, to be altogether admirable. Still, to the brains of our people, he is easy of imitation. Then the dictum of our managers appears to be that we shall see nothing at our theatres which has not been hallowed and sanctified by a London production. People who must have a theatre to go to, grumble and submit; but that they submit under protest is shown by the unequivocal success of every recent American play possessed of any merit whatsoever, and the failure of so large a percentage of the imported plays and actors. How long this state of things is to continue none can tell; but perhaps the next time we celebrate an Evacuation Day, we will have something of our own to take the place of what we have driven out. Otherwise the celebration will be only an encore of a gigantic farce.

“How-de-doo, dis mawnin', Brudder Borum? I hearn dat de Mare had yer up fer lying and steeling, yisterday. Now, tell de truff, is yer gibben to dem dar habits?”

“Yes, Brudder Gardener; I lie and steel hofe; I lie on de bed, and steals outen bad company.”

The "L."

THERE ONCE WAS a man who in life began  
In a somewhat humble way;  
But in ways that are dark he was amply schooled,  
And soon over railway lines he ruled,  
And he wasn't a man who was easily fooled,  
And his patronymic, I ween, was Gould,  
While his previous name was Jay.

Now this artful man, he devised a plan,  
And the same to a friend revealed;  
"A railway," said he, "I propose to lay  
Through New York city—d'ye tumble, eh?  
I think it's a pretty good thing," said Jay  
To Cyrus W. Field.

"But how can we buy the ground?" said Cy;  
"The money how can we raise?  
It's easy enough to lay our hand  
On tracts and tracts of the Western land,  
But New York city would hardly stand  
Such very irregular ways."

"Why no," said Jay: "but I've found a way;  
Elevated our road shall be—  
Right through the streets, but ever so high;  
So never a foot of the ground we'll buy."  
"Oh, that's a different thing," said Cy,  
As he playfully winked his dexter eye—  
"You're a pretty smart man, J. G."

So they went to the Corporation for  
Authority signed and sealed;  
And the City allowed them, right away,  
Their road through the principal streets to lay—  
For capitalists must have their way—  
And never a cent did it make them pay.  
"I told you how it would be," said Jay  
To Cyrus W. Field.

They didn't devise the enterprise  
For personal gain or profit;  
For millionaires and railroad kings  
So frequently do unselfish things  
For the pleasure a noble action brings—  
Though you wouldn't suspect them of it.

So now o'erhead, like a phantom dread,  
It broods over New York city;  
And some people call it quite immense—  
Some talk of its great convenience;  
But nobody, possessed of sense,  
Has ventured to call it pretty.

For over the street, some thirty feet,  
It spreads its gruesome pall,  
And its hideous outlines darkly loom,  
And make the avenue like a tomb,  
Imparting a general sense of gloom  
Wherever its shadows fall.

And its pillars are right in the driver's light  
As he nimbly speeds along;  
And hence collisions and "jams" ensue,  
And struggles to force a passage through—  
And personalities, not a few,  
From the hackman's lavish tongue.

No words can tell how I loathe the "L,"  
As if it were aspirated—  
For the employees, as a rule, are rude;  
And the use of tobacco is quite tabooed,  
(Unless it is put in the mouth and chewed),  
On board of the Elevated.

And every time you must pay a dime—  
They'd charge you more if they could—  
The conductors hurry the folks about;  
They hustle you in and shove you out;  
And as to the station, if you've a doubt,  
You can't distinguish the names they shout,  
And they don't intend you should.

"And how does it pay?" I asked of Jay;



ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

Kind-hearted Old Man to Tramp—*My friend, beneath that rough exterior methinks I detect traces of better days. I am sure you have not always been a tramp.*

TRAMP—*No, Cully; right you are. I once peddled limonade in a circus—but the acid crop failed, and ruined me—made me the poor, unhappy old man that I am (tears). Say, boss, give me a dime, won't yer, to get a drink?*

"And does it a profit yield?"  
"Well, I should snigger!" the Gould replied—  
By which remark (I am notified)  
A strong affirmative is implied—  
And he laughed as he nudged the adjacent side  
Of Cyrus W. Field. NED NETTAP.

Nerve Composers.

SCENE—A railroad car. Elderly gentleman smoking. Two ladies and one young man not smoking.

YOUNG GENT.—Excuse me sir, but these ladies find your cigar very unpleasant.

OLD GENT.—Sorry for 'em; very nervous traveling. Have to keep smoking—only remedy.

YOUNG GENT rises and performs a very furious war dance. Knew the step, you see. Old gent remonstrates. Young gent sorry, but finds the motion necessary to compose his nerves when traveling.

Old gent flings his cigar out of left window. Young gent resumes his seat at the right. Perfect harmony, undisturbed till next station.

Scene closes.

Two old colored women were baptized in the James river. One submitted quietly, while the other came up out of the water all excitement, shouting, "I saw Gabr'l! I saw Gabr'l, right in de bottom ob de ribber! Bress my heart for dat vishun ob glory."

"Hush your mouf, Dilsey," said the less excitable one; "dat was nuffin but a big ter-rapin. I done seed dat, myself."

A man of the time—The watchmaker.

Alonzo Busbee: His Life and Impressions.

BY WILLIAM GILL.

CHAP. XV.

"THERE the passions, cramped no longer, shall have scope and breathing space.

I will take some savage woman—she shall rear my dusky race—

And change my luck." —Shed Shook.

RANALAUAVORA, Queen of Madagascar, was a woman, and weighed three hundred pounds. I shall never forget my first meeting with her. It was on the occasion of her reception of the foreign representatives, in the palace at Tamatave.

Although fat, Rana was comely:

As a woman she was beautiful; as a queen she was perfection.

When a man wants a queen—wants her real bad, I mean—it's astonishing how lovely she becomes, especially if he's got three others in his hand to draw to. Three other queens, of Rana's majestic proportions, and Rana herself would make about as large a load as even a Kentucky mule would pine to draw. Mules should always hold pat hands, they are so averse to drawing.

Ranalauavora was fat, but it was solid—no calves-foot jelly oscillation about her three hundred pounds of flesh. It was "full measure and all wool!" She made a beautiful silhouette as she sat on a piece of matting with her back to the beautifully whitewashed wall of the palace chamber, her ebony proportions sharply outlined on the snowy background.

"Her brow was like a smoke-house,

Her neck was like the swan [Black Swan]—

And her face, it was the darkest

That e'er the sun shone on."

COMMENCEMENT OF THE CAREER OF A U. S. PRIVATE.



HE ENLISTS.

At the moment of my introduction to Her Royal Highness, she was eating a watermelon and throwing the seeds at a pet hyaena chained in a corner of the royal apartment. If it be true that beauty when unadorned is adorned the most, then certainly Rana's loveliness stood a capital show of being appreciated at its true worth. I guess the noble lady found the weather a little too warm for ermined robes and stately brocaded trains—at all events, she didn't have them on. In fact, her principal raiment was cocoanut oil and fig-leaves—more oil than leaves.

I could see, from the glances Rana threw in my direction, that I had mashed the Queen. Then Ambition took a reserved seat in my brain, and began to get in his fine work right away. Why shouldn't I step into the shoes of the late lamented What's-his-name, Rana's departed spouse? "Step into the shoes" is merely a figure of speech, for the late lamented Thingum-myjig didn't wear any. Well, step into his footprints—walk in his toemarks, so to speak. The son of the humble ferryman is a millionaire; the mouse-trap inventor is king of the street; so why shouldn't I, whose antecedents were of a similar plebeian calibre, bloom out into Monarch of Madagascar?

Everything is possible to the man of gall! Gentle reader! cut that aphorism out, and

paste it in your hat for future reference—you'll find it useful.

I closeted myself in the darkest chamber of my mansion of Desires, and cried, "Ha! ha! She must and shall be mine!"

With me, action follows the thought so quickly that you must not be surprised to hear that in less than two days I was *en rapport* with the tenderest emotions of Ranalau-avora's guileless heart.

But I had an enemy—a dark, stealthy, unscrupulous, treacherous enemy, who would not shrink at petty larceny even, to attain his ends and glut his insatiable revenge. My enemy was Kamarama, Prime Minister of Madagascar, and High Muck-a-muck of the Hovas. He, too, had the Queen in his eye, or as much of her as he could get there.

I perceived it was to be a duel to the death. Kamarama or I had to *vamosé* the ranch in quick order.

He had the Madagascar army on his side; I had only my cheek to fall back on. But a true American's spar-stangled-banner cheek is a match for a Madagascan War Department any day! Such was my impression—how soon, alas! to be— But hold! I anticipate.

I progressed rapidly in the widowed Queen's affections. We exchanged presents; she gave me gold bracelets, diamondized rings,

a monkey and a camel-leopard, and I gave her—tuff. We were both satisfied. Kamarama began to view my advances with alarm. He originated a conspiracy, which had for its object the wiping out of Alonzo Busbee. One night, while the moon was on a visit to the antipodes of Madagascar, and the firmament had laced her broad bosom with stars, put a diadem of planets on her regal head, fastened her shawl with an asteroid, and pinned a comet on her flowing train, I was proceeding home from a *tele a tele* with Queen Rana, during which it was decided that she should announce her intention of making me king-consort on the day following, when I found myself surrounded, in a lonely part of the road, by four ruffians, each armed with a "seybos," a short curved sword, something like a sickle. They made at me, with the evident intention of adding one more to the great majority; but the villains had tackled the wrong man. Seizing the weapon of the foremost assailant, with a rapid wrench I got it from his grasp, and severed his head from his body with a dextrous sweep of the deadly instrument. While doing this with my strong left hand I drew my pistol with my right, and, cool and calm as if I were merely assisting at a pigeon-slaughter, I took deliberate aim and brought down the rest of my assailants, one after the other—but no sooner had the last bullet found its billet than I suddenly received a stunning blow upon the head, and all was darkness.

[To be continued—unless the author pays \$3 at the box-office for the privilege of seeing Irving and Terry, and afterwards discovers he could have got as good a seat for \$1 from a scalper.]

#### Washington Gossip.

BY OUR OWN LIAR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., NOV. 22.

PARTICULARS of a banquet tendered General Sherman by members of the Grand Army in this city, last Tuesday week, not having appeared in any of the daily journals, your correspondent deems it his duty, even at this late hour, to lay before your readers the details of the affair; and put to shame those editors whose duty it was, in view of the important position so long held by the gallant general, to record any incident connected with his lamented retirement into private life.

The illustrious guest was introduced to the company by Colonel Flip Bangle, commander of Washington Post No 1, G. A. R. in a few well-chosen remarks, which were received with much enthusiasm. On rising to respond, the General was greeted with a perfect storm of applause, which died away, only to be repeated again and again, until the welkin fairly rang. (Your correspondent is not quite sure that he knows what a "welkin" is, but he is prepared to take his *affadavit*, nevertheless, that it rang.)

"Fellow soldiers!" began Sherman. "From my earliest days I have been a soldier. [Cheers.] Even when a baby I was in arms. [Cheers and laughter.] And I am proud of it. [Cheers.] When I think that if I hadn't been a soldier, I might have been something else, it takes my breath away. [Cheers.] As I said before, I am a soldier—[Cheers.] and a d—d good soldier, too! [Cheers. Voices 'You bet!'] 'That's whats the matter with Hannah!' 'Go it, von Moltke,' etc.] I don't suppose there is a greater general living to-day, than I am! [Cheers.] At least, I don't think so! In

CONTINUATION OF THE CAREER OF A U. S. SOLDIER.



DETAILED FOR FIELD DUTY.

my many years of service I have planned and fought in fifty-seven battles, and kissed 1,473 pretty girls. [Cheers.] That's a record any man may be proud of! [Cheers.] My wife is not as proud of it as I am. [Laughter.] But she didn't come of as proud a family. I served the Union. [Cheers.] As my friend Jack McCullough remarks, in Coriolanus, 'Alone I did it.' [Cheers.] I may here say that I consider Jack the greatest actor living. [Cheers.] After all—[Cheers.]—I hope the army will get on all right without me, but I doubt it. [Cheers.] Phil is a good boy, but he ain't got any brains—no one has. [Cheers.] No one living has. [Cheers.] No one ever will have. [Cheers.] I am the grandest figure in the history of this nation. [Cheers.] And don't you forget it. [Voices, 'We went, we went!'] After all, I guess my brother John is about as great a man as you have in the country. [Cheers.] John ain't as handsome as I am. [Cries of 'No! No! Not by a jugfull!' etc.] But he's a daisy. [Cheers.] There's one thing I want you all to understand, right here. I will not, on any consideration, be President. (Cheers; a voice 'You sha'n't!') Well, I could if I wanted to. (Cheers.) But I don't. (Enthusiastic cheering.) Take brother John, he does want to. (Faint cheers.) Now, a few words about myself. (Tremendous cheering.) I don't think any one can accuse me of egotism. ('No! no! no!') Modesty has been my great drawback in life. ('It has! it has!') If I were not so infernally modest I might ask you to indorse me as the hero of the war, the saviour of this country.

(Cheers.) But as it is, I will only say that if it hadn't been for me, these United States would have gone to h—l across lots. (Up- roarious and continued cheering.) I made Grant—you know that! ('We do, we do!') I made Meade, and Thomas, and Sheridan; and the whole damned lot of them. (Cheers.) I don't say it to praise myself, but because it's a fact. (Cheers.) Stick to facts, boys; it's the best and wisest policy in the long run. (Cheers.) And now, if you will pardon me, I would like to say something to you about myself. (Enthusiastic and prolonged cheer- ing.) You have done yourselves the honor, this evening, of tendering me this reception. You have done a wise thing and a just thing; for I can't think of—on the spur of this mo- ment—any one more worthy the compli- ment. (Cheers.) It's a feather in your caps to have me here with you. (Cheers.) But what's the good of telling—you know it as well as I do. (Cheers.) Now I want to say something about the war and my services therein. (Tumultuous cheering.) I need hardly tell you, comrades, that but for me the war would have lingered on many years longer than it did. (Cheers.) And if I had had supreme command—to which I may be pardoned for adding, my great military skill entitled me—(Cheers)—it wouldn't have lasted as long. (Cheers.) The fact is, there were too many generals. (Cheers.) One would have been quite enough, provided that one was Sherman. (Cheers.) But enough on that score. Luckily, I have written a book on the rebellion, and while that has readers, the great deeds performed by my- self for the Union will not be forgotten.

THE END OF HIS CAREER.



HE IS SCALPED.

(Cheers.) And now a few last words about myself. (Terrific cheering.) I know I have done my duty like a little man, and in looking back over my long and honorable career, I can see but one dark spot on my record—and that is my lamentable want of self-esteem. (Cheers.) But that, I am confident, will be lost in the bright lights of my incomparable genius and valor which will forever stream from the glorious pages of my history!" Choked with emotion, the aged General vainly strove to hide his feelings in a glass, which happened, fortunately, to be by his side.

Colonel Mike Sheridan has just completed a history of Philip Sheridan's acceptance of the office of General of the Army. It was a terrible task, and although he struggled through it—with the aid of a Webster's Un- abridged, an English Grammar and hints from General Logan, to the end, his friends hold out small hopes of his recovery.

It is reported that Chester A. Arthur has an eye on his own succession to the Presi- dent's chair. Nothing of the kind—he has both eyes fixed there.

A new club—a very aristocratic one—was started here a month or two ago, called the "Grandfathers." An indispensable quali- fication for membership is the possession of the relatives from whom the club takes its name. Red men, who are only the sons of their fathers, are rigorously excluded; only the "grandson of his grandfather" can obtain admittance into the charmed circle. It need scarcely be said that the list of mem- bers is not overpoweringly gigantic in its proportions.

A well-known society gentleman, whose wealth rolls up into the millions, escaped blackballing only by the skin of his teeth; but just as the fatal fiat was about to go forth, one of the committee arose and said that he knew the petitioner had a grand- father, for he, (the speaker) when a boy, attended his hanging. The applicant was admitted. In a community where only a very favored few of the would-be-aristocrats can go farther back than an immediate an- cestor—some of them not even that—a grandfather who has been hanged is better than no grandfather at all.

A LITTLE girl sat on the door-steps look- ing at the new moon, when she remarked:

"Sister, you told me that no one ever saw God. You hadn't ought to tell such stories, for yonder is His thumb nail in the clouds, right now."

How about Tammany, now ?



WHEN the monthly bill from the livery stable was handed in, a few days ago, Heraclitus made a wry face and groaned in spirit. It was a pretty big one, and thinking it would be a good time to put forth a feeler regarding my new coupe, I casually remarked that it cost about as much to hire a horse as to own one.

My dear husband made no reply to what I said, but commenced to dive into his various pockets in search of something he apparently couldn't find.

"What are you looking for, my dear?" said I.

"I'm looking for a letter I received a few days ago from Tom Hawkins," was his answer.

His audacity in daring to allude to this epistle in my presence fairly took away my breath; for Tom Hawkins' letter was the precious document I had been cherishing, and figuratively holding over his head ever since his disgraceful performance the night of the dinner party.

I say "precious document" most advisedly, for in my hands I imagined it to be as good as a promissory note for the price of a coupe, horse, opera wrap and any other *et ceteras* I might choose to mention.

Tom Hawkins is a fast young man whom I heartily despise; and this is what he wrote on the highly ornamented sheet of note paper that I extracted from the pocket of my liege lord, while he was overcome with Burgundy and coal dust.

"DEAR HERAC. Dolly has been anything but well, and I don't think it would be quite fair



WEATHER PROVERBS.  
"Cats with their tails up, as though electrified, indicate wind."

for you to see her just at present; however, if you insist, I suppose it can be arranged. But I would wait awhile, and she will be herself in a day or two. Of course, as you say, Mrs. Pennyfeather need know nothing about the matter. Just name any day that will suit you, and I will drive you out. You had better allow yourself plenty of time; for, unless matrimony has greatly changed your taste, you will be in no hurry to tear yourself away from Dolly. Yours, etc. Tom."

To be sure my blood boiled with indignation at the base perfidy of my husband, when I thought of the contents of the missive, and I would have liked to choke the shameless hussy, Dolly, if I could only have laid my hands on her; but I had heretofore managed to smother my feelings and preserve my composure, intending to pour upon Heraclitus the vials, or rather hogsheads, of my wrath, when suitable time arrived for me to show my hand and play my trump card.

His air of puzzled innocence, when he told what he was looking for, was well assumed, and would probably have taken the wind from any woman's sails but mine.

As it was, I couldn't help admiring his bare-faced impudence, although I was consuming with rage. I remembered his characteristic trait in any encounter was always to take the bull by the horns; and this was doubtless the cause of his alluding so boldly to the letter. I just made up my mind, to use a vulgar expression, that he'd have a good time trying to bulldoze me and then, endeavoring to keep my voice steady, I said, "That letter of Tom Hawkins' is at present in my possession."

"The devil it is!" replied Heraclitus, "then you'd better hand it over at once."

I saw he was in a temper, but he wasn't half as angry as I expected he would be; and he began as usual to harp on the same old string, about women meddling with what didn't concern them. Then he muttered something about one's biting one's own nose off, which I didn't quite understand, and I told him he'd better speak louder if he wished me to hear him. That I knew of no one whose nose had been bitten; but there was at least one female whose nasal organ deserved a good deal worse treatment, and I should very much like to be the one to administer unto her.

His face again assumed that puzzled look that is so aggravating, and he said, "what her?"

"Oh; you know very well what her I mean, and you needn't try to play innocent to me," I replied.

"As true as I live, Penelope," he continued, "I don't know to whom or to what you allude."

"Don't perjure yourself," said I. "I am not quite such a fool as you take me to be. You and Tom Hawkins are a pretty pair; and it is to be hoped that the precious Dolly whom "Mrs. Pennyfeather need never know anything about," has recovered her health sufficiently to receive the visit you are apparently dying to pay her."

Then I threw the crumpled note I had been holding in my fist at him and burst into tears.

Instead of writhing or squirming under the accumulated weight of evidence hurled at him, he actually gave a prolonged whistle, and exclaimed, "Did I ever!" and went off into a most hilarious fit of laughter.

"Oh," I exclaimed, "you glory in your shame, do you?" and again I fell to weeping.

He at this laughed louder than before, and said, "Fine acting, Penelope, but hadn't you better ring down the curtain?"

By this time there was such a lump in my



WEATHER PROVERBS.  
Wasps, in great numbers and busy, indicate fair and warm weather."

throat that I was all but speechless. Knowing from past experience, that a fit of hysterics was imminent, I managed to gasp out that his brutality was unbearable, and rushing up-stairs, I threw myself on the bed and soon became unconscious. When I came to, Marie was with me, but Heraclitus had escaped. When he returned, which he did after several hours, he tried to be most agreeable, and never once alluded to the late discussion.

I met all his advances with chilling hauteur, and I have been as cool as an icicle to him ever since. It is too bad; he evidently doesn't intend to purchase peace and good will at any price, as I expected he would do, and I don't believe he would care if I told the whole story to everybody I know. One thing is certain; I don't intend to be cheated out of a new evening cloak. I have been to Arnold's and ordered an exquisite affair of white satin



WEATHER PROVERBS.  
"When the ass begins to bray. Be sure we shall have rain that day."



and plush brocade, with gold threads running through it; it is to be lined with rose-colored plush, and is to have white ostrich tips all around the edge, above a row of elegant white fringe. I must have revenge in some form or other, and it may as well take the shape of an opera wrap as anything else. He owes me an apology, and an explanation; if he can't make these he can pay for the cloak; and if I can't have a horse of my own I'll at least have good clothes.

Day after to-morrow will be the anniversary of our wedding. I had prepared a pleasant surprise for him, and had invited his mother and sister Lucinda to come and make us a visit. He was not to know of their arrival till he came home to dinner, and we were to have a little feast in honor of the day. Kathleen was to be kept up, and altogether I had prepared a jolly little banquet.

Of course, now it is too late to stop the visitors from coming, but how can I ever be amiable, or even affable, with thoughts of that horrid Dolly rankling in my breast. Doubtless he would be glad to give up wife, mother, sister and child, to spend the day with her, the vixen.

I scarcely speak to him, save when the servants are present; but I must say he bears up well, and doesn't seem to mind my chilling looks and words. He tries to be so pleasant that I should have half a mind to forgive him, were it not for a furtive smile I have now and then discovered lurking about the corners of his mouth and eyes, and which is doubtless to be attributed to reminiscences of Dolly.

I declare, my nerves are so unstrung that I must take a dose of valerian and lie down. It is opera night; the new wrap will be home, and ordinarily I should be anxious to appear in it. Of course it will be becoming, and

awfully swell. I wonder what Heraclitus will think of it.

Oh, were it not for that female viper, I should take pleasure in hearing him compliment me on my good looks, and I would be so charming and coaxing that he wouldn't scold about the bill. As it is, I can't be happy, and I only hope I shan't look as miserable as I feel.

Oh, Heraclitus, Heraclitus! I would give up the opera, the cloak and everything else to know that no such person as Dolly ever existed, and that your only love was your unhappy and wretched little wife,

PENELOPE PENNYFEATHER.

#### A Rhapsody.

Ho, comrades, ho!  
Come with me to the realm of beauty,  
Where everything engenders joy,  
And love is the only duty.  
No such thing as a moral law—  
Never a wife, to fret and paw.  
Every man who goeth there  
Casts aside all trouble and care.

Ho, comrades, come!  
Come with me, and let's away;  
I'm impatient, and can't delay—  
Away, away!  
Away to the realm of beauty.  
Merry damsels, gay and bright,  
Tell their love from morn till night;  
Sweetest kisses, fond embraces—  
Every nerve a fount of joy.  
Love is the wine (fair maids the cases.)  
That you sip from sweetest faces.  
Everything's pleasant, no striving to please;  
Nothing there but love and ease. L. B.

A mutual admiration society—A young lady and her mirror.

#### A Very Old Story well Exhumed.

GENERAL S. and Major L. were candidates for Congress in the Old North State. They were stumping their district, and kept together during the campaign. In those mountains which reach out towards Tennessee there lived an old lady who had eight sons and four sons-in-law. These politicians were anxious to obtain the votes of the family, and it so happened that they met at the old lady's house to stop over night. Early next morning, Major L., thinking to ingratiate himself into her good graces, rose very quietly and took the water-buckets to go to the spring. Imagine his dismay, when, coming up the steep hill with a bucket of water in each hand, he saw General S. in the cow-pen holding a calf by a rope while the old lady was milking, and telling him she never did "like folks what was stuck up." The General got the votes, and was elected by ten majority.

COLONEL SMALLTALK liked to tell a good story, and he caught one Miss Bidly O'Brien, to listen.

I don't think I ever heard the tale myself, but it began with "My darlint," and ended with "Acushla," and it was all told with the Colonel's best assumption of the celebrated Irish accent.

Miss Bidly, lost in admiration, exclaimed, "Och, Colonel, honey—How is it you brogue like that. Me sither and I, sure, thrive at it continually, and niver a bit of it we can do."

AN enterprising daily says "Lord Castleton is charmed and carried away by our system of politics." We thought the cars and steamers did the transportation business for our noble visitors.



ONE HUNDRED YEARS AFTER WASHINGTON—"Is this New York? An



JUDGE



AFTER THE EVACUATION. "York? And are these Americans?"



NOT EXACTLY THE ARTICLE NEEDED.

## At the Opera.

[IMITATION is the sincerest form of flattery—though it is not to be inferred that Owen Meredith's "Aux Italiens" stands in need of flattery.

Every seat in the house was filled,  
"Sonnambula" and a gala night—  
Without, the frost-laden breezes chilled;  
Within, all warm and bright.

The parterre was one gigantic flower,  
Lavish and lush as a Northern spring,  
Culled for the heroine of the hour—  
For the favorite was to sing.

And I sat close to the stage—alone;  
My place was good—I had had my choice;  
So I sat and drank in every tone  
Of the sweet soprano voice.

There was loud applause and frequent applause,  
And I applauded; my heart was light,  
And I little thought a musical pause  
Would alter my fate that night—

But I turned and looked, as the music ceased,  
Across the crowds and the beauty rife,  
And, throned in her box, like a queen at a feast,  
I met the eyes of my wife—

And I felt at that moment I loved her still.  
She was pensive, but very fair to see,  
And I could not credit the whispers of ill  
That had sundered her and me.

Was it too late to undo the past—  
To lay forever the ghost Remorse?  
Had not the Judges pronounced too fast  
The ominous word "divorce?"

She was fair and petted and very young;  
And wrong must ever come from the heart.  
Her heart was mine, and the world was wrong  
When it said it was best we part.

I turned again as the music swelled—  
The stage was dim with mysterious light,  
And the feeble candle Amina held  
Was the brightest spot in sight—

And the light in my heart was burning low,  
And much of my life seemed dim and blank;  
The house scarce breathed a moment or so  
As she stepped on the trembling plank.

'Twas a gruesome chasm to pass, I ween,  
In her robe de nuit and dishevelled locks—  
But nothing to that which stretched between  
Me and that distant box.

I turned and looked as I framed the thought—  
Who says an impulse is never wise?—  
For, looking out of that box, I caught  
My wife's soft violet eyes.

I cannot tell what her glances said—  
I cannot tell what my own replied;  
But that moment spun a gossamer thread  
Whereon I crossed to her side.

The fair Sonnambula on her plank  
Has doubtless crossed—but I cannot see,  
For the wild applause spreads from rank to rank,  
And it all seems meant for me.

For have I not crossed on a frailer plank,  
The gossamer bridge of a mutual glance?  
And now my life is no longer blank,  
And the future is all romance.

I have crossed and reached her—my own, my wife,  
And the air still peals with the loud "Brava!"  
But the favorite opera of my life  
Is La Sonnambula.

G. H. JESSOP.

## A Leaf from Mrs. Squizzle's Journal.

SALLY MARI and I are yet in this dusty city, and likely to be, for some time to cum, for we haven't the wherewith to get out of it.

Squizzle went home mad because we didn't go with him; so I kan't effect a sent from him, tho "he might" sell a few bareills of pertaters and apills, and send me the pro-seeds. It's embarusing, to say the leste, to be here without monny; and if I don't get a lift from some of the millionares to whom I've applide for help, I shall open a select boring house, and let Sally Mari run the konsarne, while I deliver a course of leckters on the extravaganses of the age, or some other appropriate subject.

Sally Mari was so sot on going to the Meterpollytan Opera on opening nite, that I pawned my gold watch and best silk umbrella to get the tick wherewith to do it. I kan only say it was a grate disappointment to us both.

Sembrick may be a brick as far as her voise goes; at all events, she is a "skreecher;" then there was Troubleyou, who sartainly was a trouble to me—he nearly bust the drums to my eres. And Crashman—or somebody else, took all the cash at the door; it left my pockets empty as a licker jug after Squizzle has had a spree.

You may bet we were both glad when this upore ended, and we were let into the strete agin.

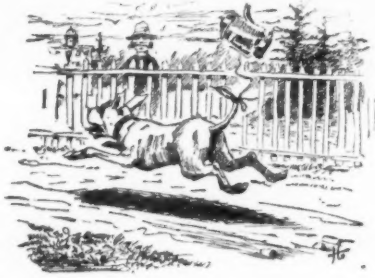
I looked in the papurs the next morning, to see how the perlicemen managed to git the skreechin krittlers out of the house without damuging the new building; but imagine my surprise, when everywhere I red the most flatterin accounts of the perfomans. Some of the lyn papers went so far as to call it grand. Sally Mari says it was a grand hellybellow, and I reckon she's about rite. They mumble and mix their words worse than a hethen Chinee. Neither of us kould understand a word, the hull long evening; and I told one of the pushers that showde us our setes, that I was goin to git up and request 'em to speke plainer, but he wouldn't allow it. I told him "I was ackustomed to speke in meting up in Bobbletown, and I guessed I could do the same in New York City; it was a free counthry as yet?" But he kept his hand on my shoulder to keep me from risin, till the krittlers got tired of howlin and the sho was over.

I shall rite an article for the papers, and if they don't use it here in New York, they will in Bobbletown; for they are a litterary kcommunity, not fur from Boston, and they kno what is what.

Havin nuthin else to do, I had Sally Mari's pony brote round, and she started for a ride in Central Park. She looked jest lovely in her krushed strawberry habit, if I do say it. The moment she struck the bridle path she was the senter of attraction. All went well till the kar whistle skreeched—then the pony gave a side pjuenge and a stiff-legged jump, and up went Sally Mari like a balloon; when she came down she was set flat into sum shrubery; her riding habit was torn into fragments, and her senses shuck completely out of her. When she kum tu, sez she, "I gess that elevated rode'll have to pay sum-thing fur the whistle that skeerd my pony." Sez I, "Do you think your bones are broken?"

Says she, "I don't kno about that; I'm goin in fur heavy damiges. You go fur a docter, and I'll sit jist as that pony throde me."

"Kant you walk!" sez I.



WEATHER PROVERBS.

"When a dog howls as someone leaves the house, it indicates rain."

"Do you spoze I'm such a fool as to try?" sez she. "As soon as the docter kums I'll be lifted into a karridge and taken to a hotel, for no dout it'll be six months before I git on my feet agin—if you git a docter who anderstands his bisness."

She was sot this time in good earnest, so I didn't say enny more, but sent a purliceman for a docter. He didn't hev to wate long. I reckon they keep one on the spot, for axidents, I here, are terribly common.

The minit he took hold of Sally Mari to move her she skreeched equal to them oppery singers, and it was half an our before they got her into the kerridge.

"Where will you go?" asked the driver. "To the best hotel in the city," sez I.

"I reckon the Fifth Avenue will be the handiest," sez Sally Mari, in a faint voice. So we were driven there with all speede; but we found they were choke full and runnin over; there warnt so much as a konor kup-buurd to be had for love nor money; so we had to go round to our old bording place agin.

The docter kame with us, and after seein Sally Mari safely in bed, he left.

I told him I should expect him to drop in three times a day, as long as he considered her kase dangerous; and he said he should do so from principal, if nuthin else.

After he left, I went out and konsulted a lawyer, and he's going to make a strong kase of it—if the Elevated R. R. Co. refuse to pay damages—and kommense sute rite away. Before I retired I rote to Squizzle about the axident Sally Mari had, and I told him when he red of her dangerous kondition in the newspaper, he needn't lay awake nites, over it, but just stay where he was and tend to things, and I'd garintee that she'd git well sooner or later. It would all depend on the stand the Elevated Co. took in the matter.



WEATHER PROVERBS.

"When chickens come down from their roosts at night, rain will follow."

Popping the Question.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD, OLD STORY.

THEY stood beside the garden gate,  
Beneath the elm tree's spreading shade;  
It was the solemn hour of eve,  
The witching time for lovers made.

The evening's soft and balmy breath  
Came laden with the scent of flowers;  
The feathered songsters faintly chirped  
Their farewell notes from leafy bowers.

Chaste Dian's sweet, effulgent orb,  
Just glimmered o'er the distant hill;  
The evening star shone bright above;  
The sounds of busy life were still.

How dear the hour to lover's hearts,  
The time for them of all most blest;  
When whispered words and melting sighs,  
Betray the secrets of the breast.

He watched the radiant orbs of night,  
As one by one they gemmed the sky;  
He gazed upon her comely form,  
Her lovely neck and lustrous eye.

She nestled closely to his side;  
No word she spoke, but only pressed,  
With gentle mien and trustful look,  
Her graceful head against his breast.

A fragile creature thus she seemed,  
Though shaped in beauty's perfect mould;  
No wonder that his darling wish,  
His heart's desire, should soon be told.

He gazed upon the glossy hair,  
Which well adorned that shapely head;  
He looked upon her dainty feet,  
And then these little words he said.

"Could she be his?" and as he spoke,  
He gently stroked that glossy hair;  
"Oh! yes;" the farmer said, "I'll take  
Two hundred dollars for the mare."

T. H. F.

The Song of an M. C.

OH dear, how the newspapers scold,  
And us poor M. C's how they blame;  
Every session we're sure to be told,  
We do nothing but talk; 'tis a shame;  
Instead of sticking to work,  
They complain that, whatever befall,  
Aught save making long speeches we shirk,  
And do next to nothing at all.  
If some member a measure brings in,  
Which a boon to the public would prove,  
We make a vast clatter and din,  
But to pass it how slowly we move.  
If a ticklish affair of the state,  
For prompt legislation should call,  
We get up a party debate,  
And we do next to nothing at all.  
You'd think our conscience would stay  
Us from wasting the nation's time;  
And that when we've nothing to say,  
We should hold idle gabble a crime.  
But all conscience overboard we throw,  
And let duty go to the wall,  
To keep our tongues e'er on the go—  
And we do next to nothing at all.

B. T. F.

THE Princess of Wales rejoices in a bonnet of terra-cotta velvet, capote shape, having on the left side three kittens' heads.

Another novelty is a felt hat with a tiny little gray mouse running up the crown, with the cat concealed in a bow of velvet, its head only visible.



WEATHER PROVERBS.

"Early blossoms indicate a bad fruit year."

The Diva's Welcome.

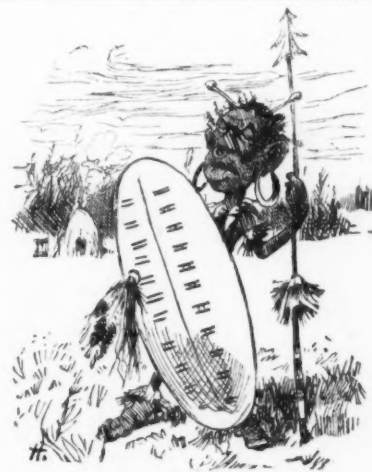
NOT a sound was heard, not a musical note,  
No vessel steamed out to meet her.  
Not a cannon discharged a welcoming shot,  
No colonel was there to greet her.

"What does it mean?" the fair one cries,  
As into the harbor they're steaming;  
"All snug in bed!" a voice replies;  
"Lies the colonel fondly dreaming."

That the Diva was angry, there is'nt a doubt;  
Nicolini, so gentle, was flurried;  
With eyes flashing darkly, and lips in a pout,  
Away to the Windsor they hurried.

MCDONALD says he has done all in his power to make his son a worthy citizen of the U. S. He has taken him six times to the Emerald Isle; clothed him in the best of broadcloth, given him plenty of money to spend, and yet, at twenty, he is not happy.

His last little freak of humor—threatening his parent's lives with a loaded pistol—they didn't enjoy. *Pater familias* rushed to police head-quarters in search of an officer. He will be a father-in-law hereafter to his unruly son, he says.



WEATHER PROVERBS.

This is the gentleman who sent the following contribution for Hazen's "Weather Proverbs":  
"Ya to k'ia kia kwarp; lo na, thli to ni a hi ha."  
When the sun is in his house, rain will soon fall."

## THE JUDGE.



WHEN THE JUDGE dropped in at the Fourteenth Street Theatre a few evenings ago, to see how Miss Fanny Davenport Price Fedora, and Mr. Loris Ipanoff Mantell were progressing, he was somewhat amused at reading on the programme the following notice:

"The sustained action upon the nervous system adequate to an honest portrayal of M. Sardous heroine, Fedora, renders it impossible that more than seven performances in the week can be given. Therefore, the Wednesday matinee at this theatre will be dispensed with during Miss Davenport's engagement."

Well, we should think so! To be choked half to death, and to have one's head vigorously whacked against the surrounding furniture in the most realistic and approved style during the slugging match with Mantell in the last act, to say nothing of being used as a floor wiper once every night and twice on Saturday, ought to satisfy the most exacting female.

No wonder the once magnificent Fanny is fast assuming the attenuated proportions of her distinguished rival, Sarah; and the shriek she emitted in the first act (which candor compels us to state, is more expressive of rage at having to pay Sardou ten thousand dollars, than of grief over a deceased husband), must be hard on the larynx.

Notwithstanding all this, the Davenport engagement has been extended, and if Fanny holds out, we shall not see the last of Fedora till Christmas time.

In the meantime, those who have seen Fedora, and still thirst for blood, should go up to the New Park Theatre and see "The Stranglers of Paris." If this play fails to satisfy them, their case must indeed be hopeless.

Mr. Coghlan no longer treads the boards at the Fifth Avenue, and Mr. Richard Mansfield has been released from his engagement with the Madison Square Company.

Herr Catenhusen's comic opera "Lieutenant Helene," presumably related to "La Belle Helene," has not proved to be a great success and has consequently been summarily withdrawn. It would perhaps have been more popular if the tenor were not cross-eyed and the heroine were less robust; but then one never can tell. The Fifth Avenue seems to be unfortunate anyhow, and Mr. Stetson continues to lose money.

Mr. Irving and Miss Terry are still at the Star, and favor the public with a frequent change of bill. They would have larger houses if the management would lower the price of seats. Three dollars is a good deal to pay for plain English, when you can get Italian and German mixed, with an orchestra accompaniment for five.

Belmont's Bride has departed from Twenty-Third Street, but we don't know what has become of Belmont himself.

Maggie Mitchell is at McKee Rankin's, and Janaushek is over at the Gr'd Opera House.

The Cricket no longer sings on the Hearth at the Union Square; but "Excelsior" may still be witnessed at Niblo's. "Moths" has proved so successful at Wallack's, that the production of another play has been postponed; but it is said that Daly will, ere long, bring out Pinero's "Girls and Boys," and "Dollars and Sense" will, in consequence, be withdrawn.

Mme. Patti has had a cold. In fact, the ridiculous performance of the stage magpie, the night of her first performance in "La Gazza Ladra" seems to have had a depressing effect on her constitution. Then the audiences down at the Academy are not what they used to be; and altogether it isn't pleasant to be the last to leave a sinking ship. The long lines of carriages on Seventh avenue and several of the cross streets on Opera nights, give evidences of the size and character of the audiences at the Metropolitan, and Nilsson and Sembrich warble as if they were always in a peaceful and happy frame of mind.

Harrigan, Hart and Mrs. Yeamens are also quite contented down at the Theatre Comique. Cordelia has reached the height of her aspirations, and all goes well.

Over in Brooklyn they had comic opera given by the Boston Bijou Theatre Company; and the prima donna, who bears the paralyzing name of Miss Von Jamanschousky, made her debut as Virginia in the opera of that name. Others in the cast are old favorites, and were well received.

By the way, when is our own Bijou Theatre to be completed? Several people are very much interested in its being finished; among others Judge Gedney, who is anxious to have his play put on the boards.

## Full Dress.

A fashion item says: "Black silk stockings will be generally worn by gentlemen for full dress."

There! that settles us! We have been an ardent votary of fashion, blindly obeying her behests, and appareling ourselves according to her dictum, (Ah, we can do it when we choose), but this ends it. When she says that a man shall perambulate the streets and attend the Italian opera, clothed with nothing but a pair of black silk stockings, a high hat and a little humility thrown on as a button-hole bouquet, we are compelled to desert the ranks and become a looker on in Venice.

Of course, there are advantages clinging to this sort of a suit, and we duly appreciate them. It would be exceedingly comfortable in summer weather, but in winter we fear there would be a few discomforts. There would be no off-buttons to fuss about; and in some particular cases where a man is hurried to get there, he would be more apt to meet the engagement than if he had a lot of clothes to fool with; but, on the other hand, when he wanted a chew of tobacco or to look at the time, he would have to back up against a wall or a lamp-post and lift his foot up to get at the plug, or watch, in his stocking pocket. He would have to be very careful how and where he sat down; enough accidents happen as it is with the present style. It would effectually break up picnics, and a school teacher would have to keep his desk loaded with arnica and other soothing drugs. It would relegate to private life the ambitious cow-boy revolver and the retiring prohibition pistol.

There would be a little sameness in the color of his goods, and the style won't suit

all parties, either. A splendidly formed John-L.-Sullivan-sort of a fellow could wear it with great effect, and get all the girls mashed on him; but it would be very trying and discouraging to a living-skeleton-sort of a man to be called Billy Mahone, and perceive medical students taking notice of his works, and pointing out to each other how his diaphragm auscultated with the lumbago of his verticular.

It would probably operate more against the hotel clerk and bar-tender than any other class. The diamond cluster-pin and shirt studs would have to go on the programme somewhere, and we believe it would take some little time and patience to drill holes into the breast-bone for their accommodation. The only individual to whom this style would be a blessing, but not in disguise, is the tramp; but even to him there would be bitterness in the cup if the farmer insisted on wearing heavy boots. There would be no way of padding himself with the softening rock.

Yes, fashion has gone too far, and we must sadly, yet firmly, give her the farewell. We have pinched our feet, and made our legs resemble the stricken deer's—done all that she has ever commanded until now. We regret that we must do so, but our duty is plain; and so, while her faithful followers don the full-dress black-silk stocking, and sweep arrogantly by, we will fold our ulster around us, like the Arab, and steal silently away among the back numbers.

THE Grand Duchess Valdimer, of Russia, has, says *Fashion*, a dark-green velvet capote with a *panache* of coral feathers, the folds of the velvet crown secured by two miniature pugs in carved wood.



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**Saving the Train.**

THE usual crowd of autumn liars were gathered together in the store, occupying all the grocery seats—the only gross receipts that the proprietor took no pride in—when a little, bleary-eyed, weazen-faced individual sneaked in by the back door and slunk into a dark corner.

"That's him," said the ungrammatical bummer, with a green patch over his left eye.

"Who is it?" asked several at once.

"Why, the chap who saved the train from being wrecked," was the reply.

"Come, tell us about it," they demanded, as the small man crouched in the darkness, as if unwilling that his heroic deed should be brought out under the glare of the blazing kerosene lamp.

After much persuasion, reinforced by a stiff horn of applejack, he began:

"It was just such a night as this—bright and clear—and I was going home down the track, when, right before me, across the rails, lay a great beam. There it was. Pale and ghastly as a lifeless body, and light as it appeared, I had not the power to move it. A sudden rumble and roar told me that the night express was thundering down and soon would reach the fatal spot. Nearer and nearer it approached, till, just as the cow-catcher was about lifting me, I sprang aside, placed myself between the obstruction and the track, and the train flew on unharmed."

The silence was so intense for a moment that one might have heard a dew drop. Presently some one said:

"What did you do with the beam?"

"I didn't touch it," he replied, "but it touched me."

"Well," persisted the questioner, "if you couldn't lift it, and didn't touch it, how in thunder did the train get over it?"

"Why, don't you see?" said the sad-faced man, as he arose from his seat and sidled toward the door, "the obstruction was a moonbeam, and I jumped so that the shadow of my body took its place, and—"

Bang! flew a ham against the door, and if it had struck the body of the retreating hero there would have been a much bigger grease-spot frescoed on the panel.—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine.*

**How to Reform.**

THERE were just half a dozen of them, and they were drinking lemonade at the bar of the Queen's Hotel, and discussing the disgraceful condition of the streets and the unsatisfactory state of civic affairs generally.

"Yes, gentleman," said No. one, "what this city wants is a capable and honest board of aldermen; and it wants it bad. What are yer going to have?"

And then No. one, and all the other numbers up to five, replenished their lemonade and wiped off their chins.

"I tell you just what it is," said No. two, bringing his fist down on the bar counter with a whack, "we've just got to clean out the present aldermen and put in good men; that's what we must do, and the sooner the better. It's my turn now, what'll you take?"

And then numbers one and two, three, four, five and six hugged the counter a second time and had more lemonade.

"This city's just going to the devil," said No. three. "What with their (hic) Bird's Hill pits, and their sewers (hic) and their—what'll yer take byes? lets drink municipal reform (hic)."

And then all the six hugged up a third time and had more lemonade.

"Hurroo for municipal reform and honest government," hiccupped number four. "Let's turn present council (hic) right 'bout and run 'selves; hurro, whaz yer going to have?"

Every one of the half-dozen took lemonade, and began talking at once; each one nominating the other for next year's council.

"Shity wants 'form, wurss way (hic)," says number five, "Down with 'travagance, (hic) lets have 'nother (hic) drink."

The fifth drink was taken, and there would have been a sixth, only number six, whose turn it was to set 'em up, was so helplessly drunk that he had to be taken into an out-house, where he was left to cool off and get sober. The other five had another drink at the expense of the house, and then they nominated number six as candidate for one of the wards; pledged him their support in another drink which was charged on the slate, and were then turned out by the bartender. And that is just about the amount of real practical interest which is being taken by the citizens just now in this misgoverned, enlightened city of Winnipeg.—*Winnipeg Siftings.*

**THE MARVELLOUS SINGING DOLL.**

This charming novelty is advertised in this issue by Massachusetts Organ Co., 57 Washington St., Boston, Mass., and certainly nothing will appeal more quickly to the children than a Doll that will sing a song. The price is very reasonable, the Doll is a beautiful affair, and the ingenious singing attachment will delight the young and amuse the old. The little girl who finds a Weber Doll "in her stocking" at Christmas time will be the envy of all.

*Dear Sir: The beautiful Singing Doll came safely, and far exceeded my expectation of what a Singing Doll could be. Our little folk were charmed with its beauty, but when it sang, their delight was unbounded. It will be to them a thing of beauty and a constant joy.*

Sincerely yours, Rev. J. B. ABBOTT.  
Medford, Mass., Aug. 13, 1883.

**UNION SQUARE THEATRE.**

SHOOK & COLLIER, Managers.

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LAST WEEK

of

MR. JOSEPH

JEFFERSON

in

CRICKET ON THE HEARTH

and

LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS.

**FREE! Cards and Chromos.**

WE will send free by mail a sample set of our large German, French and American Chromo Cards, on tinted and gold grounds, with a price list of over 20 different designs, on receipt of a stamp for postage. We will also send free by mail as samples, ten of our beautiful Chromos, on receipt of ten cents to pay for packing and postage—also enclose a confidential price list of our large Oil Chromos. Agents wanted. Address F. GLEASON & CO., 46 Summer st., Boston, Mass.

**Print Your Own Cards Labels, Envelopes, &c., with our \$3 PRINTING PRESS.** Larger sizes, for Circulars, &c., \$8 to \$75. For pleasure, money making, young or old. Everything easy. Printed instructions. Send two stamps for Catalogue of Presses, Type, Cards, &c., to the Factory. **KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.**

**Columbia Bicycle**  
Is what every Boy wants, and what every Man ought to have.  
Send 3-cent stamp for new, elegantly illustrated 36-page Catalogue and Price List.  
**THE POPE MANUFACTURING CO.,**  
526 Washington St., Boston, Mass.  
New York Riding School, 14th st., near 3d av.

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COMMISSION  
**Grain and Provisions,**  
76 Broadway and 9 New Street, N. Y.

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YOUNG BROTHERS, Toledo, Ohio.  
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W. T. ANDERSON & CO., " "  
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**CARPETS.**  
REMOVAL.

At close of present season we will remove to our new and commodious building,

797 and 799 Third Avenue,

Corner 49th Street, (now in course of construction). To avoid moving our present immense stock, we shall offer it at prices that will command certain and immediate sale. Stock is unusually large, and selected by experienced buyers from both Foreign and Domestic Markets, and embraces all the new patterns and shades in

**Axminster,**  
**Moquette,**  
**Velvets,**  
**Smyrnas,**  
**Brussels,**  
**Tapestries,**  
**Ingrains,**  
**Damasks,**  
WITH BORDERS TO MATCH.

ORIENTAL CARPETS and RUGS. Also Kensington Art Squares, in all sizes. Mattings & Floor Cloths of all descriptions.

**WINDOW SHADES A SPECIALTY.**

We must sell this stock or move it at a great expense—therefore prices will be made to insure sale to all who appreciate excellent goods way below market prices.

Purchases made by the readers of this paper delivered free of charge.

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Near Cooper Institute. 3d and 4th Avenue cars pass the door.

A Positive Cure is MY DAUGHTER and myself, great sufferers from Catarrh, have been cured by Ely's Cream Balm. My sense of smell restored, and health greatly improved.  
C. M. STANLEY,  
Dealer in boots and shoes, Ithaca, N. Y.

**ELY'S CREAM BALM,**  
FOR  
**CATARRH**  
OF THE  
NOSE, THROAT, EYES, EARS, AND HEAD.  
PRICE 50 CENTS PER BOX.  
SOLELY PREPARED BY  
**ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y.**

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

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Best Quality. Latest Improvements.  
Advertising Stereopticons, new and second-hand, A SPECIALTY, with Full Instructions.  
Their compact form and accurate work particularly adapt them for Public Exhibitions.  
With a FEW DOLLARS' outlay a comfortable living may be earned. 25 VIEWS in stock, and made to order.  
Send for Catalogue. **JAKOBI & HART,**  
185 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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

**A Jury of Six.**

"I hate to live in a new country," said Jones, "where there is no law." "Yer bet yer," chimed in Thompson. "Law is the only thing that keeps us out of everlasting chaos." "Yes, indeed," said a legal gentleman present. "It is the bulwark of the poor man's liberty, the shield which the strong arm of justice throws over the weak, the solace and balsam of the unfortunate and wronged, the—"

"Oh, stop 'er," remarked the man with one eye. "I won't have it that way. Law is a boss invention for rascals of all grades. Give me a country where there is no law, and I can take care of myself every time. Now, for instance, when I lived in Ohio I got a dose of law that I will never forget. I was in partnership with a man named Butler, and one morning we found our cashier missing with \$3,000. He had dragged the safe and put out. Well, I started after him and caught him in Chicago, where he was splurging around on the money. I got him arrested, and there was an examination. Well, all the facts were brought out, and the defense moved that the case be dismissed, as the prosecution did not make out a case in the name of the firm, and that if there was a firm the copartnership had not been shown by any evidence before the court. To my astonishment, the court said the plea was O. K., and dismissed the case. Before I could realize what was up, the thief had walked off. Well, I followed him to St. Louis, and there I tackled him again. I sent for my partner, and we made a complete case, going for him in the name of the Commonwealth and Smith, Butler & Co. Well, the lawyer for the defense claimed that the money being taken from a private drawer in the safe was my money exclusively, and that my partner had nothing to do with it; that the case should be prosecuted by me individually, and not by the firm. The old 'bloke' who sat on the bench wiped his spectacles, grunted round a while, and dismissed the case. Away goes the man again. Then I got another hitch on him and tried to convict him of theft, but the court held that he should be charged with embezzlement. Some years after, I tackled him again, and they let him go. Statutes of limitation, you see. Well, I concluded to give it up, and I did."

"But about four years afterward I was down in Colorado, and a man pointed to another and said: 'That fellow has just made a hundred thousand in a mining swindle.' I looked, and it was my old cashier. I followed him to the hotel and nailed him in his room with the money. 'Now,' I says, 'Billy, do you recognize your old boss?' and of course he did. Says I: 'Bill, I want that three thousand you stole from me, with the interest, and all legal and traveling expenses.'

"Ah, you do?" says he; "didn't the courts decide that—"

"Curse the courts," says I, putting a six-shooter, a foot long, under his nose. "This is the sort of legal document that I'm travelin' on now. This is the complaint, warrant, indictment, Judge, jury, verdict and sentence, all combined; and the firm of Colt & Co., New Haven, are my attorneys in the case. When they speak they talk straight to the point of your mug, you bloody larceny thief. This jury of six, of which I am foreman, is liable to be discharged at any moment. No technicality or statutes of limitations here; and a stay of

proceedings won't last over four seconds. I want \$10,000 to square my bill, or I'll blow your blasted brains out." Well, he passed over the money right away, and said he hoped there'd be no hard feeling. Now, there's some Colorado law for you, and it's

the kind for me! Eh, boys?" And the crowd, with one accord, concurred in the cheapness and efficacy of the plan by which a man could carry his court on his hip, instead of appealing to the blind goddess in Chicago and St. Louis.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

**HOW TO BECOME  
A  
MEMBER.**

Write for Circular and Application Blank, and when received, fill out your application, inclose \$4, and forward it to the Secretary at New York, on receipt of which a policy will be promptly mailed to you.

THE UNITED STATES  
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demnity, at corresponding rates.

CHARLES E. PEET of Rogers, Peet & Co., Pres't.  
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**THE MARVELLOUS WEBBER SINGING DOLL.**



**A MECHANICAL WONDER.**—Last year we first introduced this charming novelty to the children of America, and it is safe to assert that no toy ever devised attained such immediate popularity. Fully aware of its merit we had thousands of dolls ready for the holiday trade, notwithstanding which the supply was exhausted early in December, and hundreds of children who came to our store were disappointed. We have been accumulating stock for the past nine months, and shall endeavor this year to fill all orders the day of receipt. **The Doll has been improved in every way since last year.** Instead of the stiff German body, as in all imported dolls, our Doll has an **AMERICAN MADE BODY** with limber joints, so that it will sit easily and gracefully in any position. The arm is of **Figurat Kid** with separate fingers. These are positively the finest bodies ever put in a Doll. They are of graceful and natural shape, and much better and more extensively made than the best imported bodies which they will outwear many times. **The Waxen Heads** with long hair are of the best French and German make, made especially for this Doll, and they are as beautiful as life, long hair, beautiful eyes, and delicately tinted cheeks. We consider them the finest Doll Heads ever imported into this country, and that without the **Wonderful Singing Attachment** the Doll ALONE IS WORTH THE ENTIRE PRICE. THE SINGING ATTACHMENT is concealed within the body. It is one of the most ingenious inventions of the age. Its shape and location are shown in the right-hand cutaway. It is a **Perfect Musical Instrument**, finely made, not liable to get out of order, and so arranged that slight pressure causes the Doll to sing one of the following airs: "Home, Sweet Home," "Greenwillow," "I Want to be an Angel," "There is a Happy Land," "Sweet Bye and Bye," "Bonnie Doon," "How can I Leave Thee," "A, B, C Song," "America," "Thou, Thou reignst" (German), "Frohe Botchaft" (German), "Till and Linda," "Buy a Broom," "Fankas Doodle," "Coming Thru the Rye," "God Bless the Prince of Wales," "Grandfather's Clock," "Child's Song," "Last Rose of Summer," "Joyful Message" (German), "Old Folks at Home," "Pop Goes the Weasel," "So many Stars" (German), "Sleep my child" (German), "When I a Little Bird," "Cradle's Empty," "God Save the Queen." Walking and talking

Dolls have long been made, but they are expensive, soon out of order, and do not afford the little ones half the pleasure and entertainment that our **Wonderful Singing Doll** does, which is the greatest **Novelty in CHILDREN'S TOYS EVER PRODUCED**, and is the most beautiful and appropriate present that can be made to a child. We can furnish three sizes, No. 1, 22 inches high, price, \$3.75. No. 2, 24 inches high, larger head, price, \$3.25. No. 3, 28 inches high, our best Doll, price, \$4.00. **These Prices include Shipping.** All three sizes are equally perfect and complete, but the larger the Doll the larger the singing attachment, and better head. Sent to any address on receipt of price. **Fine Embroidered Chemise, 25c. extra.** The Trade Supplied. Address all orders to **THE MASSACHUSETTS BEEGAN CO., No. 57 Washington St., Boston, Mass., U. S. A.** **or FINE COSTUMES** for these dolls with underclothing lace trimmed, **fairly made, \$3.00 to \$5.00 extra.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

### Looking Up Testimony.

"WELL, what kind of a breakfast did you have?" inquired a slightly shabby-looking individual, taking a seat in front of the hotel and addressing a commercial traveler.

"Worst lay out I ever struck on my whole route. Horrible spread to dish up to a hungry man."

"The steaks would have half-sole'd a pair of kid boots."

"You bet; why the coffee was so transparent I could see samples of the cook's hair curled up in the bottom of the cup."

"And we couldn't tell the difference between the butter and the sweet oil."

"No, and the bread was the worst case of sour mash I ever saw in my life."

"And the baked potatoes were just warmed through, and as solid as a dornick."

"Yes; and they tried to palm off three different dishes of yesterday's cold soup for a new species of hash."

"And the roast looked like a piece of charcoal."

"Bet your life; and the batter cakes were nothing less than raw dough."

"And the waiters were saucy and indifferent."

"Yes, one of 'em picked up a chair and offered to hit me with it if I called for any more iced tea. I'd like to see the landlord of this ranch. I'd just like to see him as a curiosity. He must be the ornjest cuss in fourteen States."

"Well, I've been thinking some of rejuvenating this establishment for quite awhile; and, being the landlord, I'm taking a quiet stroll in and out among the guests, getting their views. I always like to strike a live, radical kicker like yourself, because then I get in all the important testimony for the prosecution, and know just where to begin with my reconstruction. Just stop here on your way back, and you'll find different arrangements."—*Texas Siftings.*

### He Saw it.

AN Alabamian who had projected a railroad, worked up subscriptions for the line and organized a company, with himself as president, was one day accosted by a hard-looking case, who asked for the loan of a dollar.

"I don't know you," curtly replied the official.

"I'll explain," said the man. "I'm a bear in the stock market."

"You?"

"Yes, sir. The stock of your road now sells at 38."

"It does."

"If you should be laid up for a month with a broken head or a stab, the stock would tumble to 20."

"Y-e-s—I see—y-e-s," mused the president, as he scrutinized the stranger, and saw that he was ragged, hungry and desperate.

"This is no locality for bears, but a mighty good one for bulls; you'd better go on to New Orleans."

"You see?" asked the man.

"Oh, certainly," and the five dollar bill laid on the table was proof of it.—*Wall Street News.*

A notice of a certain lecturer states that "he always carries his audience with him." We thought, when we heard him, he'd have to, if he wanted to have any.—*Boston Post.*

NO MAN knows what a ministering angel his wife is until he comes home one day, suffering with a dreadful cold, and she happens to have a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in the house.

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YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE

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100 Florins Government Bond,

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1st of December, 1883.

And every Bond bought of us on or before the 1st of December, is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that day.

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OF ALL KINDS.

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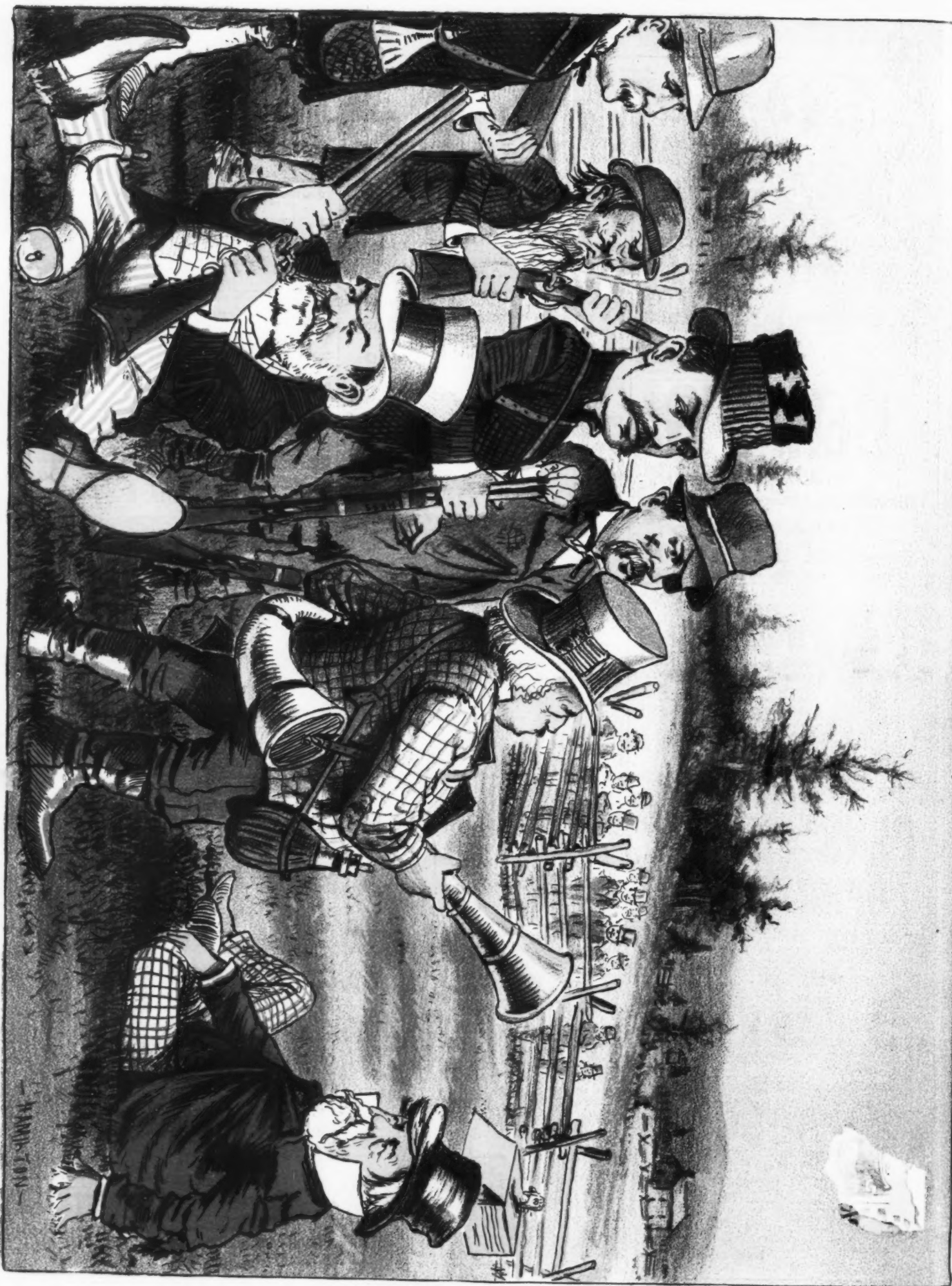
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 Pan-a Cream.—Cures hang nails. Softens and whitens the hands.  
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