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Uncle Sam and Miss Columbia Open the Vacation Season.



## THE JUDGE.

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### SUMMER.

SUMMER came in upon us, last week, with a hop, skip and a jump. The jumping was principally done by the thermometer, and the skipping by overheated city folks, who rushed off to the seaside and the mountains. This is not a phenomenon; or, if it be, it is a phenomenon of periodical recurrence. Uncle Sam is a hard worker, and he needs a holiday—and takes one. The peculiarity of his climate renders it imperative that he should have this holiday during the summer, and so, as sure as the thermometer touches ninety, and the meridian month is reached, so surely do the seaside resorts teem with visitors. We have plenty of "little shady harbors, cool and quiet arbors," and they are all filling up rapidly. In a very brief period New York will be, so far as fashion is concerned, a deserted city.

### OHIO.

THE Republican party is certainly having a hard row to hoe this year, and the conduct of the constituent parts of Republicanism is not making the work any easier. Stalwarts and Half-breeds at loggerheads; Democratic successes all over the country; the best men of the party either slighted or disgusted—all this does not presage very favorably for the results of coming elections. Ohio has been the latest State to wheel into line with a determined attempt to strangle the Republican party within her boundaries. The Republicans of that State have nominated a gentleman named Foraker as their choice for next Governor. That must be eminently gratifying intelligence to the Democrats, but Republicanism all over the country stands aghast at the announcement. Just now, when every nerve should be strained by the party, when their fate is trembling in the balance, when their very strongest men should

be put forward to tempt the popular vote, they nominate—Foraker. Mr. Foraker may be a very worthy gentleman. We know nothing against him—for the same reason, probably, that we know nothing in his favor—he is an unknown man.

Since his nomination we have learned that he is a lawyer and a Methodist, and has been a soldier. Many other details will come out in time. And this is the man who is put forward at a crisis like the present as the Republican choice for Governor in a great and important State. Ohio has done it this time.

### ON HIS TRAVELS.

HAVING shuffled off the coil of Wall St., Mr. Jay Gould is ready to embark on his yacht and inhale the ocean breeze on the bounding ocean. Before he gets back he may find that ocean bounds too much upon occasion; he may pine for home; he may find that the rise and fall of the billows pall upon a soul so long attuned to the rise and fall of stocks; he may find ozone a poor substitute for four per cent., and he may come to the conclusion that the water wherewith he has been wont to dilute stocks is preferable to the brine of Old Neptune. But we do not think so. He will more probably have "a real good time," and he has earned it. It is a pitiful sight to see a man adding millions to millions and never seizing a moment to enjoy the wealth he has won. What use is money if you do not use it—use it, not alone to make more, but to minister to your own comfort and enjoyment. There was a great deal of solid philosophy, after all, in the remark of the Irishman, "Have a good time while you are alive, for you're a long time dead."

THE question of extradition, in so far as it affects Tynan and his associates, seems to have died a natural death. If this be so, our government is to be congratulated, for it is relieved from a very unpleasant dilemma. Here was a case in which it would have been impossible to please everybody—everybody, of course, not being read to include Messrs. Tynan & Co., who could only be pleased in one way. To deliver these men—in the event of their guilt being clearly proved—to the British Government, would have been to stir up an active hostility among a numerous and not unimportant class of the community. To refuse to extradite them would have been to throw the ægis of the American flag over one of the most cowardly, brutal and unprovoked deeds of murder that have disgraced modern history. If the British government is content with visiting exemplary justice on the assassins within her own dominions, and does not raise the extradition question at all, it will be so much the better for all concerned. Of course THE JUDGE, in the foregoing remarks, does not intend to pass any opinion as to the guilt or innocence of Mr. Tynan or Mr. Sheridan. In the event of their innocence being established, all question of ex-

tradition would of course drop to the ground; but if tried here, at the instance of the British Government, and found guilty, our Executive would be brought face to face with a very embarrassing position.

### THE RIVER AND HARBOR BILL.

SOME days ago the *Herald* published a number of letters from Congressmen in various parts of the country setting forth their views and predictions regarding the choice of a Speaker for the forty-eighth Congress. That these letters were written some six months ago detracts nothing from the value of the inferences to be drawn from them. At first reading, tariff reform seems to be the question most vitally at issue among the writers, but read between the lines we discover that another very important question will be the pivotal one in the forty-eighth Congress. In the first place, the majority of these letters are from Southern delegates. In the second place, from the limited canvass which the *Herald* supplies, we find that John G. Carlisle of Kentucky, is the all but universal choice, and the River and Harbor Bill will be the most vital question discussed by the next Congress.

How the Republicans, who originated this bill, and then shrank from the storm of opposition it provoked, will bear to have the wind taken out of their sails on this very measure by the Democracy, remains to be seen. That this will be their position, however, is now unquestionable. The South at present takes more interest in the question of internal improvement than in any other. The Southern States are suffering and have been suffering from their unmanageable rivers—from the floods here, and from the silting and destruction of the channels there. Take the port of Savannah, for example. The lapse of the appropriation for one year has resulted in the increase of the bar to such an extent that steamers have often to wait six hours for water sufficient to cross it. Another year, if no appropriation is made to pay for the necessary dredging, nothing but mud-scows and flat-bottomed barges can enter the river at all. And this is the case all over the South in a greater or less degree. The whole country, south of Mason and Dixon's line, is clamoring for internal improvement, and the question will come before Congress in a manner that it cannot ignore.

With regard to the hue and cry raised against the River and Harbor Appropriation Bill, it was like a great deal of popular clamor, led on and voiced by a few, joined in unthinkingly by the many—often unjust and generally meaningless. The *Times* and *Tribune* acted as whippers-in for the pack of hounds that bayed at its heels. But was the bill a vicious one? We think not. It dealt with vast schemes of public improvement, by which the country at large would

benefit, and for which the country at large ought to pay. New York's harbor was improved; Hell Gate rocks were blown up at vast expense, and the *Times* and *Tribune* did not grumble. Savannah has proportionately just as much right to have the obstacles to her navigation removed. To be sure, her commerce is not so great; but that is no reason why such commerce as she has should be suffered to languish and die. Nor is the expense in her case as large as was that of New York. Because a four-year-old child cannot do as much work or eat as much food as a full-grown man, that is no reason why the child should be neglected altogether at dinner time.

The Republicans will have the satisfaction—or otherwise—of seeing the Democrats make a determined stand on the platform which they (the Republicans) have erected—the River and Harbor Bill.

#### HALF-BREED INSINCERITY.

WITH all the outward semblance of a striving after harmony, it is very much to be doubted whether the Half-breeds desire it, after all. If they do, they go a very peculiar way about securing it, and the suspicion that they would welcome a defeat at the hands of the Democracy rather than a victory gained by the alliance of the Stalwarts, gains ground every day. There is certainly little of honest effort evinced by the proposal of Mr. White-law Reid that cards should be sent to the residences of certain gentlemen, and the filling out of these cards should be accepted as sufficient for enrolment at primaries. This is justifying the Half-breed's title to the name of "swallow-tail and kid-glove brigade" with a vengeance. The working politicians, Mr. Biglow and others, denounce this high and mighty way of treating politics, in no measured terms. They say that if these high-toned gentlemen think themselves too good to mix in the work of the primaries, they had better leave politics alone altogether, and we confess we agree with them. If anything is worth doing, it is worth doing thoroughly; if politics are to be purified, they must be purified at the fountain head—at the primaries. If the Half-breed party have any latent power of purification—which circumstances have led us to gravely doubt—they had better exert that power directly and personally, not by card, and by the influence of names which, perhaps, are not such names to conjure by, after all, as the bearers fancy. But the truth is we will find sincerity and earnest, hard work nowhere among the Half-Breeds. They have made up their mind to a Democratic triumph, and would rather rejoice at such a result than otherwise. The Republican party has long been second, in their minds, to questions of personal ambition and aggrandizement, and they are prepared to sacrifice it unhesitatingly now for the gratification of personal spleen. Harmony has become a mere name, and a name without any power to influence the selfish proceedings of the average Half-breed politician.



HE DON'T MIX IT.

ALDERMAN—*Sure, the payple wants the aqueduct; they ought to have plenty of wather. But—none of it in mine.*

#### A STREET-CAR NUISANCE.

THERE is one great and growing objection to travel on our surface roads. The cars are often rendered impassable by the prevalence of large baskets and bundles, the appearance whereof is frequently suspicious and not at all appetizing. This may be difficult to remedy, but should not be impossible. Presumably some means must exist for transferring these bundles and baskets, but it seems to us some better way might be found than crushing them into the narrow space of the already overcrowded street cars. There is a standing order of the Board of Health against carrying soiled linen inside these cars. Very frequently this order is violated, but it seems to be nobody's business to complain. In any case, the front platform should be the place for such bulky packages, if they must have rapid transit, which, we confess, does not seem at all necessary. It is far from pleasant for an expensively dressed lady, or gentleman either, for that matter, to be brought into contact with a greasy market basket or a bundle of foul linen—indeed the latter is neither pleasant nor salubrious for anyone. Just now, at the commencement of summer, when the Board of Health is springing into its season of annual activity, THE JUDGE would call its attention to this nuisance. If a rule exists, there ought to be some way of enforcing it.

Now that a few of the Phoenix Park "Invincibles" have been hanged by the process of law, like any other murderers, it is beginning to dawn upon the survivors that perhaps they are not quite so invincible as they thought they were.

#### THE OLD DROP-CURTAIN.

YES, I can see the paint is cracked and peeling,  
The canvas shows at the discolored border;  
That dingy streak that spreads from stage to ceiling,  
Is dismal evidence, a mute recorder  
How the old drop is worn—has had its day;  
You're right—'tis time that it was put away.  
We'll have a new one; some more modern topic;  
We will not have another classic myth.  
I wish my vision could be telescopic,  
To view our second drop's successes with.  
I long to see its fresh, fair breadth unrolled—  
But will it know such triumphs as the old?  
You recollect that night?—our first production  
Of Hamlet. What a house to play to, Jack!  
When the close plaudits gave us the instruction  
(So welcome, eh?) to draw the curtain back.  
Dear curtain! Its Greek cars and Ilian towers  
Were fairly pelted, then, with modern flowers.  
That was a splendid season; heavy tragic  
Could fill the building, then, from pit to dome.  
The raising of that curtain had a magic,  
It seemed, to draw the populace from home.  
Now they want spectacle and panorama—  
This curtain does not sort with modern drama.  
Though it has served us even there—when, later,  
The quaint old towers of the Ilian town  
Have met the tear-dimmed eyes of the spectator  
When Camille's death-scene rang the curtain down.  
What then? The moral of our "Led Astray"  
Was known too well in Troy, the poets say.  
Behind that canvas circled in their orbit  
The brightest stars that graced our later day—  
The tragic, comic, the intense, the morbid,  
Who make the heart's anatomy a play.  
But they have faded; with them fades their curtain;  
Achilles' shield grows shadowy and uncertain.  
Put it away, Jack! We will have a new one—  
A *fete champetre* or pic-nic on the Rhine.  
The Rhine! That's good; you can throw in a ruin,  
Fit emblem of this faded friend of mine—  
And paint it brightly; some called this one cold—  
But will it see such triumphs as the old?

G. H. JESSOP.



POPULARITY OF THE BRIDGE.

PASSENGER—*Say! when is this ferry-boat gain' to start? I've been here at least fifteen minutes.*

FERRY HAND—*Well, we wait till we get some more passengers; we can't go over with only one.*

## CHRONICLES OF GOTHAM.

## CHAPTER III.

1. AND it came to pass during the reign of Edzoon as the high priest of Gotham, one of the takers of tribute from the people did gather to himself shekels, verily shekels that in no way belonged to him, and he did this thing to a great amount.

2. Then the chief of the tribe called Ta-manny, whose name was Khelley, and a mighty man and strong, uprose, and, to the wonder of the tribe, did pay into the treasury ten and eight thousand pieces of money in the likeness of the God, Almighty Dahlah.

3. For this man Khelley was of the tribe of Phaddies, and of the tribe of Ta-manny likewise; for was he not the chief one in the tent of the tribe? and the name of his chiefdom was Theboss.

4. Now when the tribe heard Theboss did this thing, they were amazed, saying among themselves, If he does this, shall we not be called upon to return the money which we have gathered for our own glory? which, if we have to do, then indeed shall there be wailing in the tribe;

5. For we have, with much trouble of mind and trickery, from different people and things, for many years past gathered tribute, and have we not ruled in the camp of the Gothamites? yea, over the tribe of Lawgivers and the tribe of Dimmikrats, and made ourselves feared by all?

6. Even the chief ruler of the kingdom of Unculpsalm, whose name is Chezter, and the high priests of the camp, and their following; also over the centurions and the

guards of the city—are they not in our power?

7. Why, then, is this thing done by our chief whose name is Khelley, called Theboss? Will we not lose our power, and our pickings, and our stealings, and all the things called Phatjobs?

8. But Theboss was firm, and said to the tribe, Did not I bind myself with heavy bindings to keep this man and the tribute moneys safe, so that all the steal should be in our hands?

9. Oh, ye men of little faith, hearken to my prophecy: That in the time to come a bigger job will fall into our hands, and we will gather in more shekels. Possess your hearts with patience, and all will be well with you.

10. Is it not best for me to pay these ten and eight thousand pieces of money, that by so doing we may still have power over the dwellers in the camp?

11. When the men of the tribe heard these words they were comforted, and said each to the other, Theboss does all things well.

12. Now at this time was a camp of people who lived nearer to the rising sun, whose chief ruler was named Bootlar, who belonged to the tribe of Benjamin; and he was a mighty man, and strange to look upon. In the past time he had been a leader in the camps of the warriors.

13. And he had gathered shekels, and spoons, and cotton, till he waxed rich; so then he set up a loom and wove cloths of divers colors, and he called himself mighty.

14. He also did belong to the tribe of Jawers, who are called Polititions, and he used to be in one place and sometimes in another

place, but whichever place he was in, there, even in that place, was the war of words mighty.

15. Now when this man of the tribe of Benjamin was made chief ruler in the camp of Borstown, which is in the land of the Yankees, did he say, I will make myself mighty and feared by reason of trouble I shall make in this camp.

16. So he looked round the camp, and poked his power into all the borders and skirts of the camp; and he found many things that had been covered from the eyes of the dwellers therein.

17. And if any of his following did make a decree, then would he use his weapon called Veto, yea, the same weapon that the chief ruler of the camp of the Gothamites, whose name is Kleveland, did use—and the noise of the Veto weapons was loud throughout the land.

18. Now this chief ruler, Bootlar, and the chief ruler Kleveland, did say, We will stir up these things so that the people looking on will say, These be good men and just men;

19. So that when the time comes for choosing a new chief ruler over the land of Unculpsalm, one of us shall be exalted.

20. But the men of the tribe of Ta-manny said to Kleveland, Do as we say, and we will make the Benjaminite lose the fight in the time to come.

21. Now the people are waiting, yet they neither gain nor lose by the wait. B. T. P.

## A TRILOGY.

NECESSARILY AFTER WAGNER.

HANS VON BULOW had a wife,

With Wagner she eloped—

But Wagner, wearying of life,

To heavenly mansions sloped.

So Mrs. Wagner Hans von B.

Finds hers if now at liberty—

But Bulow is no longer free,

He wed some new divinity.

But Mrs. B., the Number Two,

Will do as all good wives should do—

She wants no husband on her Hans,

So he can straight put up the bans,

And wed his first affinity.

The moral of all this is plain—

Since Mrs. Wagner weds again

(With no one to oppose her)

The spouse she left; the world observes,

“She doubtless suffered from her nerves,

And needed a composer.”

If your colleges would make it a rule not to receive male students, but that girls should be embraced in their classes, it looks as though there would be a more satisfactory attendance.

OHIO, it is officially estimated, has coal mines that will last four hundred years more. Grate State, Ohio; she needn't be afraid of being left out in the coal'd.

A NEGRO, aged ninety-eight, performs among the others in the Minstrel Festival at the Grand Opera House. The theatre is large and thoroughly ventilated.

A WHEEL within a wheel.—When the small boy, just learning, runs into the full-grown bicycle.

“CAN a man serve two masters?” Certainly, sailors on schooners can.

A POSTAL card is a little letter for one sent.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

FROM MR. JOB RECENT TO HIS LOVING MOTHER.

NEW YORK, JUNE, 1883.

MY DEAR MAMMA—I am thankful to be able to write you that I have arrived at Aunt Smith's in safety. I had several disagreeable experiences after leaving the train, the remembrance of which makes me really unhappy and homesick.

When I went on the boat which conveys passengers from the Erie depot to Chambers street. I found the cabin crowded, the seats being filled mostly by ladies. On the way over, a baby held by a lusty Irish girl, whom (believe me, my dear mamma), I had never seen before, held out its arms to me



and yelled "Papa! papa!" The ladies smiled, and some very rude young man made such disgusting and really immoral remarks, and laughed so loudly, that I was glad to escape from the cabin as fast as my trembling limbs would carry me.

I had met, on the train, a lively and well-informed young gentleman, who told me he was a "drummer," though he didn't have his drum with him at the time. He kindly gave me a lot of valuable "points" (he called them); among other things he informed me that the omnibuses were maintained by the city, and were run for the benefit of the public without charge to the passengers—at least I so understood him. I succeeded in getting into one of these vehicles after some dangerous climbing, and seated myself comfortably. After going a few blocks a gong rang loudly, and presently it rang again. Then the driver, who sits above, put his head close to a hole in the roof, and called out loudly, "I want one more fare!" Everybody looked at me in a manner that made me very nervous, particularly a real vulgar man who chewed tobacco, and who had amused himself by trying to spit on my boots ever since I had got in. A minute after, the stage stopped, and the driver called out in a shockingly rough voice, "This stage won't go no furdur 'til I git that fare!" Then the tobacco-chewing man said, in a very ungentlemanly way, "Pass up yer nickle, you chap. Do you want to keep us here all day?" I replied, very mildly, that I had been told by a very nice young man that the stage was free. "Ah, come off, Cully," said he, laughing coarsely, "the dude was a-stuffin' yer." I didn't understand any more of this than that I had to pay a fare, and so handed the vulgar man fifty cents. He put something in a box, I don't know how much; at all events, he handed me back no change, and the stage went on. I was fearfully embarrassed, the more so as everyone, as often as they looked at me, laughed in my face in a most impolite manner, and they looked at me very often, too. So, after we had gone a little distance, as I could stand it no longer, I got out, and

walked the rest of the way. I fear you will



think me very wicked, dear mamma, but I must confess that I told the vulgar man I would like to strike him real hard. I said this after I had got out, though, and as the stage was rolling away.

I went directly to the number in West 23d street that you had given me, and told the hired girl who answered the bell that I wanted to see Mrs. Smith. She said Mrs. Smith was out, but that she would call Miss Smith. Presently a beautiful young lady, in a silk gown, came into the parlor, and I stepped up and kissed her. Sarah Smith is my own cousin, dear mamma, and I thought I ought. Will you believe it? she was terribly angry.



She slapped my face and pulled my hair, calling me all manner of names, so that I was glad to escape with my life. I afterwards found that Aunt Mary and the real cousin Sarah Smith live at the same number in East 23d street. There are several families of the name of Smith in New York.

I will write you again in a day or so.

Your loving son, JOB RECENT.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL STORIES.

WITH PATENT SELF-SUGGESTING MORALS.

NO. IX.

ONCE upon a time, a great many years ago, before either New York or Brooklyn had been built or dreamed of, two colonies of ants lived not very far from one another. There was, in fact, nothing to separate the two colonies except a tiny little rivulet which flowed between them. That is, it would have seemed a tiny little rivulet to you or me; but to the ants it was a great and mighty river, and no small inconvenience did it cause them—for the two colonies had very close relations with each other, and were in constant communication; or, rather, they would have been had it not been for this vexatious rivulet. So, after enduring for many years the pangs of separation, and communicating as best they could through the medium of floating leaves, twigs, etc., the ants determined to construct a bridge, which would afford permanent means of communication between the two banks. The idea was first hit upon by an enterprising ant of an engineering turn of mind, and was received with acclaim by

both colonies. So to work they went. Twigs were gathered, grasses were plaited, sand was worked into mortar; for a whole lifetime (as ants compute the span of existence), the work was vigorously prosecuted, and it was crowned with success. The bridge was built, and a permanent way of communication was opened between the two colonies.

Such a day as the day the bridge was opened had never dawned on antdom. Every individual rejoiced separately and collectively; they waved their antennae high above their heads; they ran to and fro on the new bridge; strangers embraced each other, and all went merry as a marriage bell. But a day or two after this most auspicious opening, a sad accident occurred. Too many ants had accumulated on the bridge at one time, and the result was that in the crush and confusion several were pushed off into the rivulet and swept away by the current.

This created a panic. Every ant wondered that it had never occurred to any of them before, how easily an accident might take place. The bridge, which had been the subject of such congratulation and adulation, fell into disrepute. It was too narrow; evidently so, or such a disaster would have been impossible. Both colonies wondered why no one had noticed earlier that it was too narrow, but now that it had been brought so forcibly before them, every ant saw it. Numberless schemes for remedying the evil were suggested, but they were all impracticable, and for a very obvious reason: the foundation of the bridge (the fundamental portion on which all the rest depended) had been ingeniously constructed out of the branch of a tree; and now it was found that this branch was too narrow to afford a foothold for the numbers who desired to avail themselves of the new bridge. It was too late for regrets; the fault was one that could not be remedied, and the ants were obliged to lay plans for a new bridge, which might or might not take a lifetime in construction, with the firm resolve to build more wisely in the future. One wise old ant characterized all the suggestions made (after the accident) for increasing the safety of the bridge, tersely thus: Locking the stable door after the horse has been stolen.

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That is not a bad moral for an ant to suggest. We cannot improve upon it, and for a tag to this tale we must appeal to the united wisdom of the people of New York and Brooklyn, and to the many capital advisers who, through the public press, have been engaged in shutting the stable door after the steed has departed, ever since the recent lamentable catastrophe on the East-River Bridge.

A SILHOUETTE.

MIDDLE of June,	Words so sweet.
Elegant moon,	Kiss and toy,
Youth will soon	Girl and boy—
Maiden spoon;	Lots of joy
She'll impugn	Hearts employ.
His peculiar	Evening goes—
lary tune.	Father stern
He will treat	Next day knows
Ice cream sweet;	What he doth earn.
She will eat,	Nary use;
Forget heat,	Grants no boon—
Softly bleat	Shakes him loose.
Indiscreet	This is June!

PRESIDENT ARTHUR is not a Quaker, and yet he keeps Hatton in the Post-Office Department.



THIS has been a most unfortunate week, and it seems as if nearly everything had gone wrong. I was cleaning my diamond earrings with ammonia and water the other day, when one of them slipped from my fingers, and as I'd neglected to put the plug in the wash-basin, and the water was running full force from the faucet, I supposed that of course it had gone down the waste pipe. I immediately turned off the water, and awaited the return of my liege lord. After scolding about the carelessness of "the only woman he ever loved" (that's what he used to call me), and making disagreeable remarks about the entire female sex, he sent for the plumber, and it seemed to me they tore up half the house looking for the jewel. They finally gave it up for the night. The plumber turned off the water down stairs, said we couldn't use any of the Croton up stairs for fear of forcing the ear-drop further down the pipes, and then left, saying he'd come back in the morning.

Heraclitus had to go without his shower-bath before breakfast, and that made him cross; but the diamond was an old-mine stone, quite large, perfect, and consequently too valuable to risk losing. Well, after breakfast, the plumber returned, and after fussing half the day, I discovered the lost ear-drop, caught in the chain that holds the plug, and there it had been suspended all the time. Heraclitus had been continually saying, "he never heard of anything so absurd as attempting to wash valuable jewels in a basin without first putting in the stopper, and he didn't for the life of him see how anybody who had arrived at years of discretion could be so thoughtless"; so, when I'd found it, I just told him I wasn't so careless as he'd tried to make out I was; and that, for all his smartness, ear-rings could be washed in a basin without going down the waste-pipe, even if the plug was left out. He looked at me with what I suppose he considered withering scorn, sniffed contemptuously, and said, "Notwithstanding my extreme carefulness, there'd be a pretty plumber's bill to pay!"

The next day I got into a Sixth-avenue car to go down town, and gave the conductor a two-dollar bill. He couldn't change it just at that minute, and went back to the platform. I forgot all about it, and left the car at 23d street without the money; but before I'd gone half a block I thought of it again. I wasn't going to be cheated in that way, so I just retraced my steps and took the elevated down. The conductor of the horse-car looked like an Italian tramp, so I knew I could recognize him, and I remembered that his car was a City-Hall car. At Park Place I left the elevated, and walked up to Broadway, awaiting the arrival of the scamp. He was a long time coming, but my patience

was at length rewarded, and as the horses were being transferred from one end of the car to the other, I stepped upon the platform and demanded my change. "What change?" said he, but he looked perfectly bewildered at seeing me pop up so unexpectedly—I suppose he was wondering how I got there. "I gave you two dollars when I got on at 36th street," said I, "and you never returned me the change. I'll take it now, if you please." He rather reluctantly returned me my dollar and ninety-five cents, and I returned by the elevated up town. Dear mother thought it was awfully smart in me to intercept him so neatly; but Heraclitus, who always throws cold water on everything, said he didn't see where the "smartness" came in. "It would have been more praiseworthy to have collected the proper change in the first place, than to spend two hours' time and twenty cents on the elevated, running after it." I told him he needn't say anything; that I was out shopping for his sister or it would never have happened, and if he felt very bad about the extra twenty cents, I'd charge it to her. This would have squelched him, only it was the first he'd heard of Lucinda's commission, and of course he wanted to know what I was buying for her. It seems she belongs to a female Bible class, taught by the minister of the parish, and she and the other members wanted to make him a present of a nice book as a testimonial of their esteem, etc., and sent to me to get one for them. Lucinda, in her letter, said "Heraclitus would know of something suitable," but I didn't see any sense in saying anything to him about it. I'd heard him praising some of the beautiful passages in Swinburne's "Laus Veneris" a few days before, and I found a superb copy of it at one of the bookstores, bought it, and sent it on. Heraclitus, when I explained it to him, roared and yelled, and said it was the best joke yet—but he wrote to Lucinda to return it, and he would select something more appropriate. It was too late, however—the book had been presented with due ceremony after prayer-meeting one evening, and when Heraclitus got her reply he again became hilarious, and I began to cry. Then he called me a dear little goose, and told me I wouldn't look pretty if I cried; but I didn't like to be made fun of, and I'm sure I didn't see anything to laugh at. The title sounds Latin enough, and ministers always like Latin; besides, it was beautifully bound for the price. However, I've written to Lucinda that whenever she wants any more shopping done she can write to Donnell & Co., purchasing agents, of No. 7, West 14th st. They'll get anything she wants, from house-furnishing goods to farming tools, books for ministers or shoes for babes. I wash my hands of the whole business, and Mr. Heraclitus can hereafter laugh at somebody else. He's ordered a case of Theophile Roederer's champagne, though he knows I don't approve of keeping liquor in the house, but he says he's going to keep it to treat Lucinda's minister with when he comes to New York; that after Swinburne's poems he can't refuse to drink a toast to the astute little lady that selected them for him—all of which he seems to consider very funny.

He evidently doesn't think it necessary to do anything about going in the country, but treats the subject with the utmost indifference, and when I hinted at the new piano the other day, he sarcastically asked me if I didn't want a guitar and a violin? I didn't reply to him, but after I get the piano I intend to look in at Jimenez', on 14th st., and if, by using their system, I can soon learn to

play on the zither, I shall have one. It shows off a handsome hand and arm to great advantage, and I am sure would be just the thing for

PENELOPE PENNYFEATHER.

### TWO PARTINGS.

WE parted once before—you wept  
When I rose up to go, you did;  
You prayed for me before you slept,  
You little love, you know you did!

But now no grief is on that brow,  
Which then, you said, "throbb'd so," you did;  
You loved me better then than now—  
You cruel thing, you know you did!

Do you remember what the sea,  
I took you out to show you, did?  
You made a pretty simile,  
You false of tongue, you know you did!

You sighed that "Life was like its crests  
When summer breezes blow," you did,  
"To catch love's light before it rests—"  
You cold, cold heart!—you know you did.

What have I done? You smile no more  
On me, as months ago you did;  
You deem my homage now a bore—  
You liked it then, you know you did.

You said, "With you 'twould seem so fair  
Adown life's path to go"—you did;  
You thought I was Old Ingot's heir,  
You utter flirt! you know you did.

SILAS ALBERTSON, of Roslyn, has lost thirty-nine cows by fire. This beats a barbecue:

From this sad affair we may learn  
How readily beef it may burn.  
Had the beasts been turned out  
Ere the fire, without doubt  
They'd not have been done to a turn.

WISDOM is the only headlight which illumines the way ahead; experience is the danger signal which hangs on the rear of the train.



### A TEMPERANCE LESSON.

HARRY—Say, Pa, can you tell me why Murphy's liquor store is like a counterfeit dollar?  
FATHER—No; I give it up.  
HARRY—Cos you can't pass it.

"TRY SUTHIN'?" "DON'T MIND."



THEY stand around the polished bar,  
Whence Charley drink dispenses—  
Alas! their coin and credit are  
Mentioned in bygone tenses,  
Engagements done; the summer come,  
The hamfatter becomes a bum,  
And smokes his weed and drinks his rum  
At other folks' expenses.

But mark! An angel heaves in sight!  
The invitation passes;  
With half-hid gestures of delight,  
As flies flock to molasses,  
The waiting crowd deserts the seat—  
"Gin fiz!" "A cocktail, not too sweet!"  
How welcome the midsummer treat,  
As Charley twirls the glasses.



THE TRIBUNE'S CRAZY ÆSTHETE.

THE *Tribune's* aesthete has seen Miss Rose Coghlan play Ophelia, and has got down his dictionary and opened his Swinburnian horn book and given us another glimpse of English run mad. One would think that Miss Coghlan's figure is of too robust an order to find favor in the eyes of a writer whose feelings would appear to be sublimated to such a degree of unintelligibility as are those of our friend of the *Tribune*; but it is not so. He turns his vocabulary loose on her with a gusto which must needs refresh, even if it puzzles the average reader. He finds "the image of beauty and madness presented by this actress truly superb," a sentiment which we can cordially apply to his own language as far as the madness goes. He finds a fault, however, which Miss Coghlan, if she can cipher out what it is from his criticism, will doubtless take pains to correct. He considers "the ordered disorder of the white-robed and garlanded lunatic somewhat over elaborate, not quite concealing a studied purpose," and much more to the same effect. To make up for this, however, he allows that "the work displayed the mentality and luxuriant womanhood of the actress," much, we should suppose, as his own work betrays the efflorescent idiocy and luxuriant absence of thought of the critic. But, on the whole, the criticism is a masterpiece. With the exception of a few *ifs*, *ands* and *buts*, and other unæsthetic but indispensable monosyllables, the whole article contains no word of less than three syllables and a vastly larger number running into the fours and fives; nor is there a single sentence within parsing range of a well-educated schoolboy or within the comprehension of anyone whose mental condition is not akin to Ophelia's own. His concluding words regarding Miss Coghlan may well be applied to his own effort. They "imparted a remarkable sensation and left an image of blighted grace and ravaged reason"—so we will let the whole production go at that.

JOHNNIE SPIFKENS dreamed that he was an angel or thereabouts the other night, owing to cucumbers. "Well, dear," said his mother, "I told you little boys shouldn't eat cucumbers." "That's so," said Johnnie, with his hand tightly pressed on the region of his epigastrium, "but you never told me that cucumbers eat little boys."

OLD SAWS RESET.

"In a multitude of counsellors there is" generally a deuce of a row.  
"Absence makes the heart grow fonder" of some other fellow.  
"One swallow does not make a" breakfast.  
"Misfortunes never come singly." They couldn't. It would be singular if they could. One misfortune might, but Lindley Murray forbids the plural number from acting that way.  
"Tis better to have loved and lost than" to have married and then have the girl sour on you.  
"Set a thief to catch a thief," and they divide the boodle.  
"As the twig is bent the" boy's inclined.  
"Abuse is no argument against" a hard hitter.  
"A bird in the hand is worth" all you can get for it.  
"Eggs to-day are better than chickens to-morrow" if you are sure of the chickens.  
"Equity follows the law," but it is generally a long way behind.  
"Every man is the architect of his own fortune" providing he don't get it left to him or stumble on to a sinecure. H. J. S.

THE imposing list of bequests—running well up in the millions—which make up the will of the late Amasa Stone, make us pause and ponder. A man with all this wealth to commit suicide! Well, perhaps money is not the only thing in the world, after all.

MISS LOUISA PRICE, of Philadelphia, the other day married in Vienna the Baron Gabriel Bornemiza de Hazy Kaszon, first lieutenant in the Prince of Hurni and Taxis third regiment, which goes to show that every man—though he have a name as long as the East-River Bridge—has his price.

A CORNER in eggs was recently reported as existing in Milledgeville, Ga. How the mischief could there be a corner in eggs? Maybe there was not enough to go around, and the hens came squarely up to the scratch.

SHIPS are very polite. Even the stern propeller generally has a graceful bow.

CHARITY is the cream from the "milk of human kindness."

INFELICITY.

"WHY, Jones, old fellow, you seem altered. Don't things work well in double-hariness?"  
"Oh yes, Smith; only my wife is sulky sometimes."  
"Well, that comes of being saddled with a wife. But I hope there is no serious breach in the family."  
"No, but I've found the check-rein ever since my bridal day, and I don't like it a bit."  
"I thought I saw traces of trouble."  
"Yes, a little. What galls me is the waggin' tongue."  
"Yes, I see. I'm sorry for you. It's my opinion that a man is best, sir, single. Tata!"

AN Associated-Press telegraph operator out West got married the other day, and a week after forgot to take home a new bonnet he had promised his wife. Next morning the country was startled by a despatch announcing a "terrible cyclone which crossed over the State, desolating the country for miles around."

"GOING out of town this summer?" somebody asked a young dry-goods clerk the other day. "Summer nothing," was the curt reply. "I can get all the mosquitoes and stale fish I want right where I board in Harlem."

A FASHION note says that "in cotton gloves the long, clinging Jersey will be much worn this summer." There is no doubt of this if they use them enough; but we don't see why the wearers don't get new ones in that emergency.

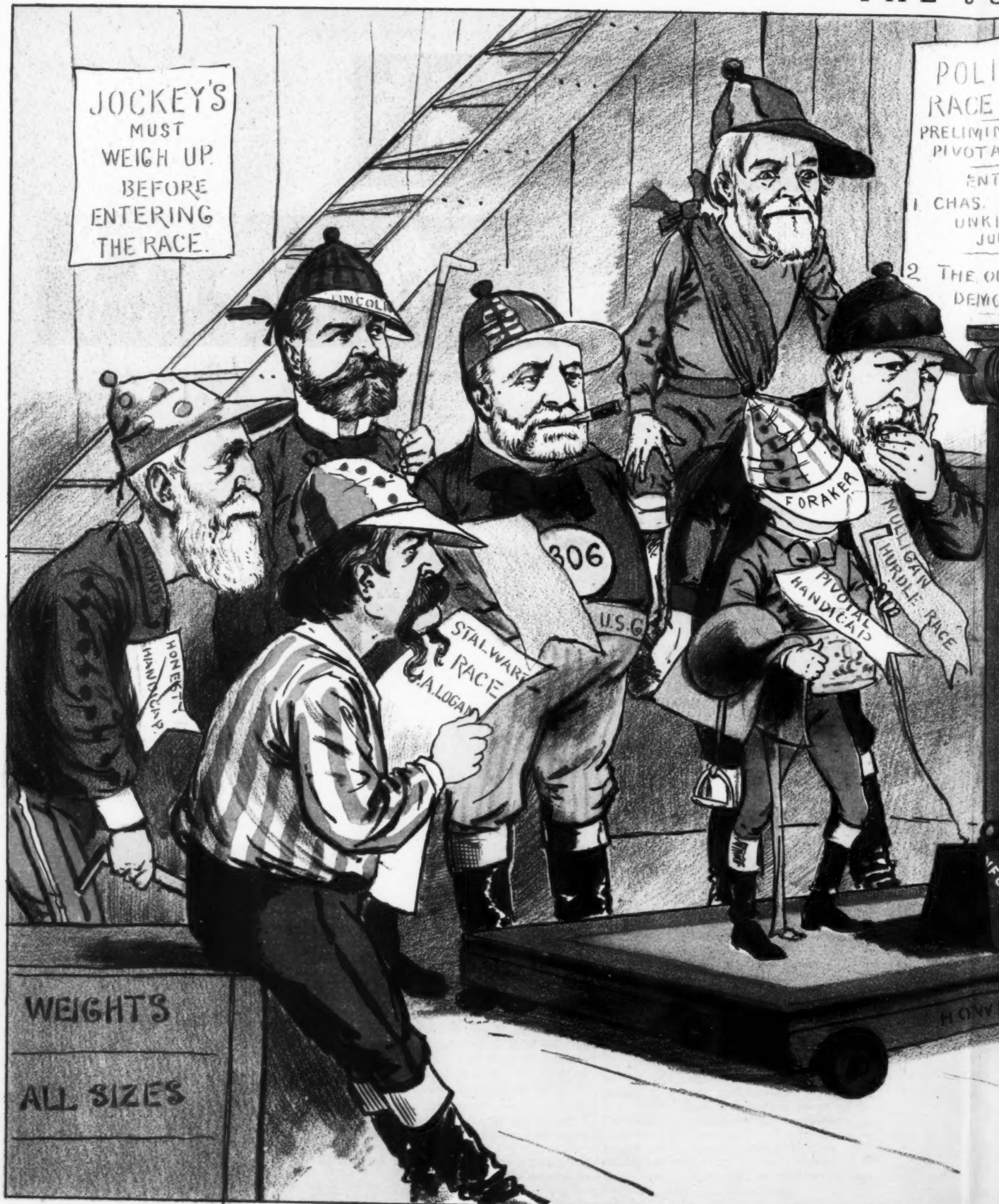
OVID said, "That you may be loved, be amiable." If he had lived in the present age, instead of "amiable" he would have said "be rich."

"TRUST men, and they will be true to you," sagely remarks Emerson. It don't look as though Ralph Waldo ever lent much, or he would have sung a different song.

It is to be hoped that our government will get the best of the Apaches "by hook or by Crook."

If an aged man now falls from the stern of a boat could he be called "an old off-ender?"

ALWAYS behind-time—yesterday.



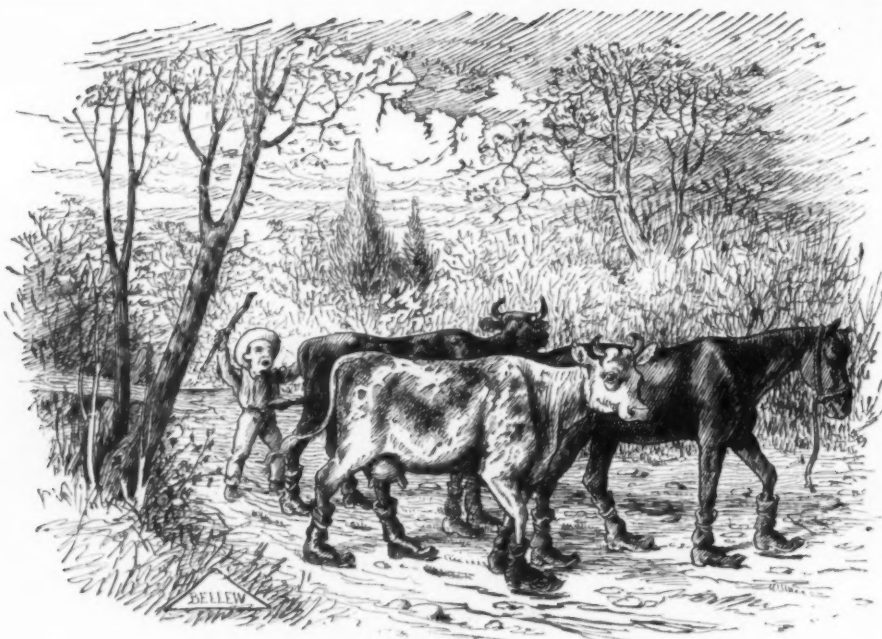
INDICATIONS  
Weighing the Jockey for the



JUDGE.



CONDITIONS FOR 1884.  
for the great Ohio Pivotal Race.



The Ingenious Boy driving the Cattle home.

### THE INGENUOUS BOY.

BY F. BELLEW.

IN a certain part of these United States, away out West, (the exact locality I do not care to indicate, as I do not wish to give the ingenious boy away, as the slang phrase is), there lived in a small farm-house a widow woman and her boy. The woman was aged forty-five "come next March," and the boy was aged ten last April. The husband of the woman and father of the boy had died about a year before, leaving his wife a very small farm, two horses, three cows, one pig, ten chickens, and the boy, to support her.

With a little help from the neighbors, and now and then a hired man, she managed to scrub along, being helped a good deal by the boy, who hired himself out, with the two horses, to haul timber and other things for the surrounding farmers.

The house which they occupied was situated in a rather lonely spot some distance from the main road, and was reached by a narrow lane or farm road. Down this lane it was the boy's custom to drive the cows, and sometimes the horses, every morning to pasture, and then drive them home again at night.

Now through this part of the country there often used to travel many tramps and other bad characters, who had a habit of stealing and driving off any stray horses or cattle they could lay their felonious hands on. The widow, however, escaped any depredations for some time; but one morning, when they got up, they found their red cow and their bay horse were gone. This was a sad loss to these poor people, and the widow sat down on a chair and wept, while the boy stood by a chair and blubbered. He was a fine, bright-nosed, freckled-faced, tousel-haired boy, with a good head, and eyes that shone with intelligence. Presently, when he had boo-hoed himself out, with a sniff and a snort which sounded like the last gulp and gurgle of water running out of a sink, he said to his mother:

"Mother, guess them fellers won't take no more of our stock—guess I kin fix 'em."

"Oh Joe, I'm afeered you cant, for they

seem to rob pretty much wherever they've a mind to—the big as well as the little; but whar them as has got a plenty don't miss a hoss or a cow here and there, it'll just be the ruination of we-uns."

"Guess I kin fix 'em," was Joe's only rejoinder as he walked out of the room.

That evening, as the widow was standing at the door of her cottage, waiting for the return of her son, with a nice hot supper of biscuits and fried bacon on the stove, she was a good deal astonished to see walking toward her, all in a row, one after the other, the familiar forms of Sally, her horse, and the two cows, walking slowly and clumsily up the lane, each with a human male boot on each of their four feet, whilst Joe trudged along behind.

"For pity's sakes alive, Joe," cried the mother, "what is the meanin' of all this?"

Then Joe straightened himself up like a rooster about to crow, and spoke:

"See here, mother, I have thunk this hull thing out, and I've cum to this conclusion. These here tramps when they cum along the road they look out for the tracks. If they see the footprints of cattle and hosses, they follers them and finds out where they rests at night, and then at night they gobbles 'em. If they sees the footprints of a good many men a-goin' to a place, they darsen't go to that place, but gives it a wide berth. Now I got a hull lot of old boots of father's, that I know'd was in the garret, and rigged 'em onter the critters' feet, so's where they walk they each make the footprints like two men, so when a tramp comes along by the end of our lane and looks in the mud, he sees a hull mess of men's footmarks. 'Two, four, six, eight, ten, twelve, fourteen,' counts he; 'seven men gone up that lane,' says he; 'guess I'll not go up thar,' says he, and he don't."

"You are an ingenious by," exclaimed the mother in rapture, "but I'm feared the scheme won't work."

But it did work, and work admirably, for from that day to this they have never lost a single thing from their farm, and they have four cows and a calf now, besides a colt belonging to Sally.

So you see the advantage of being an ingenious boy, when ingenuity is well directed.

### THE IDIOT ABROAD.

"Care Caneem."

WHERE'ER I go, some man I meet  
Who hath a cursed cane along,  
The which he useth, not discreet,  
To help a leg that might go wrong,  
But twisteth like a prestidigitator,  
And cracketh my poll quite down to its equator.

He standeth at the counter dun  
To buy, mayhap, some gin-crack thing;  
Across his shoulder, like a gun,  
The devilish cane he erst did fling;  
When, whirling—as a vane in windy weather—  
Both I and eye are knock-ed out together.

I find him always in some queue  
The ticket-window maketh coil;  
The damn-ed cane is out of view—  
But, as he seeks his pocket's spoil,  
Too late 'tis noted, *sub axilla dextra*,  
Too late to save a nose, before not extra!

He is a cursed fiend or fool,  
Held in an atavistic gripe,  
Who witnesseth for Darwin's school  
Recurrence to his prototype;  
I wish he might be stuck upon a steeple,  
And shot with canes by all good, honest people.

GREEN W. WEAVER.

HE came in the other day and prepared to squat himself on a newly-varnished table. We mildly suggested that the table had just received a coat of the beautifying and re-juvenating liquid, but he waved us away, remarking, "Oh, it's all right, old man; I don't care at all; I've got an old pair of picnic pants on!"

A FASHION note for ladies says: "Jersey waists are much worn." If this be so, girls in Jersey ought to be iron-clad or else stop their foolishness. First thing we know some of them will break off.

"WHERE do you live when you're at home, sonny?" "At home," was the little boy's reply, and the elder let the conversation languish.

AN Iowa farmer has sent for a Sioux Indian damsel for a wife. When he gets her he'll Sioux for peace, and probably, later on, for a divorce.

BIERCE calls the revived *Overland Monthly* of San Francisco, the *Warmedoverland Monthly*.

PARADOXIAL as it may seem, the men who ascend Mont Blanc for pleasure, always work for higher.

It is strange, yet true, that no matter how much you batter at a knot, when you batter it out you always leave the knot hole.

A BONE-SETTER named his first-born, Banana.

"ALL mankind" has embraced the women since the-creation.

Two things that have to be kept short to be in style—a lawn and a convict's hair.

SOME men are like pictures—they appear to the best advantage when hung.

THERE generally is something manly about a pretty young girl; an arm, for instance.

AT OUR BOARDING HOUSE.

MISS SIMPER coughed two or three times, but failed to attract anyone's attention. Miss Staleybutt and young Slasher were conversing in one corner of the room—an animated conversation, though carried on in a whisper; interspersed with little gurgles of giggles from the lady and at rarer intervals a hoarse haw haw from the gentleman. Old Jugerson was as usual immersed in his evening paper in one corner, and no one seemed disposed to pay any attention to Miss Simper.

"Ahem!" went the little lady again, much lower than before.

"You ought to take something for that cough, ma'am," said young Slasher, looking up.

"Yes, take a tumble," growled Jugerson.

"A tumbler of what," said Miss Simper, eagerly seizing this very small opening for the thin edge of a conversation. "I have heard a tumbler of hot rum and water the last thing before going to bed is excellent."

"So it is!" said old Jugerson eagerly, "go right up and try it."

"Rum! oh, what a horrid idea," said Miss Staleybutt.

"And you should eat a great deal, shouldn't you? Stuff a cold and starve a fever," said Miss Simper, who dealt largely in aphorisms.

"You shouldn't talk much," said Jugerson; "it is bad for the throat."

"I'm sure I don't talk much," said Miss Simper. "And what is there to do here of an evening?"

"Read or think," said Jugerson.

"Play cards," suggested Slasher.

"Oh, with pleasure. Will you play, Mr. Slasher?" said Miss Simper.

"Well, I'd be very pleased to, but, but—I can't just now. I'm engaged, you see."

"Oh, are you? I guessed as much some time ago, but I wasn't quite sure. Allow me to congratulate you, too, Miss Staleybutt," said Miss Simper effusively.

"I didn't mean that," said Slasher.

"No, but perhaps she did," chuckled Jugerson.

"Mr. Slasher," said Miss Staleybutt, "I must request you to remove your chair to some other part of the room. I won't be talked about."

"Oh dear," said Miss Simper; "I hope I haven't said anything that's any harm."

"O, if you would never say anything at all you might be sure of never doing any harm," said Jugerson; "that's the only sure way for a woman to keep out of mischief."

"Oh, dear; I'm always doing something wrong," said Miss Simper. "Always, madam," said Jugerson.

By this time young Slasher had got into a distant corner of the room and was glaring at her from its obscurity. Miss Staleybutt, with a very red face, was stitching industriously at some nondescript piece of work in her original seat. Miss Simper began to feel uncomfortable.

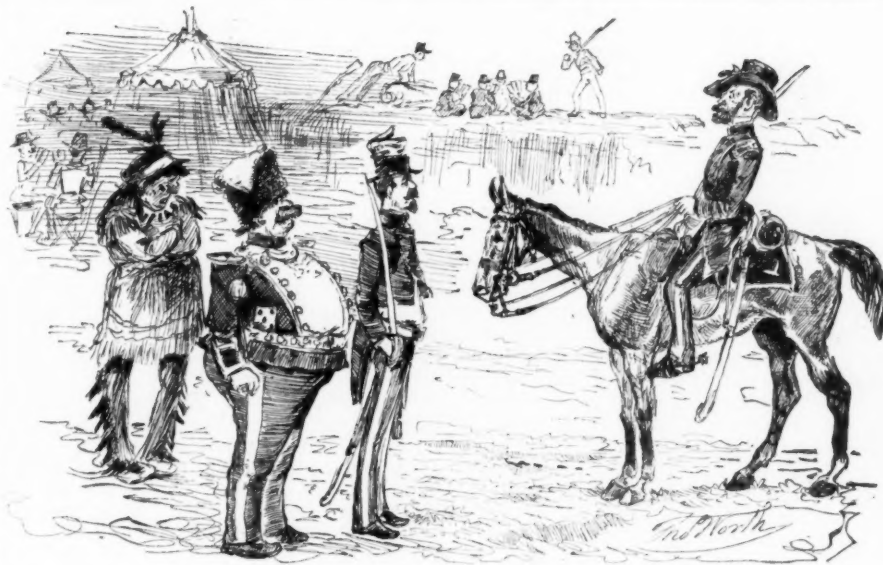
"Ahem," she said.

"I believe that cough to be nothing but affectation," said Miss Staleybutt.

"Of course it is," said Jugerson, "and hot rum and water is an excellent thing for affectation. Go up stairs and try it."

"It is not affectation, Miss Staleybutt, but it is nervousness," said Miss Simper.

"Hot rum and water is first rate for nervousness," said Jugerson. "Go up stairs and fry it."



POKER IN THE ARMY—ON THE FRONTIER.

COLONEL TO LIEUTENANT—*What do you mean by appearing on duty in that dress?—Where's your uniform coat and hat, sir?*

LIEUT.—*Lost 'em at a game of poker, sir; the Major won 'em.*

COL. TO BIG-DRUMMER—*Where was your drum, at this morning's parade.*

DRUMMER—*I haf losted him—bet him at poker, last night.*

INDIAN SCOUT—*Me big Injun; me lost gun, knives and jug whisky at poker. Me sorry about whisky.*

"Say, if you want to play cards, really," said Slasher, relenting, "I will play you a little penny-ante."

"A little penny aunty?" said Miss Simper. "Who's she?"

"Oh, here's ignorance," said Slasher.

"If Mr. Jugerson will have a game of bezique—" began Miss Simper, timidly.

"I wonder you're not afraid some busy body will set you down as engaged to Mr. Jugerson," said Miss Staleybutt spitefully.

"It'll take all the busy bodies in New York—and that's saying a big word—and a considerable delegation from the other States to set me down as engaged to anyone. I'd have you to know, madam," said Jugerson morosely.

"But about the bezique?" hazarded Miss Simper again.

"I know nothing about it, ma'am," said Jugerson; adding, *sotto voce*, "and I care less."

"I believe I'll retire," said Miss Simper, rising.

"The best thing you can do, ma'am," said Jugerson, rising eagerly and opening the door. "The very best thing you can do with such a nervous affected cold as you've got on your lungs."

Miss Simper passed out with a soft "good-night."

Mr. Jugerson went back to his newspaper. Mr. Slasher resumed his place by Miss Staleybutt's side.

"What a cat," said he.

"What a tongue," said she.

And the parlor and its occupants remained normal till the gas was turned out at eleven punctually.

HUGHES won the recent walking match in Baltimore with a score of 553 miles:

Now will the maker advertise the shoes.

That bore to victory triumphant Hughes.

"VIRTUE is it's own reward" and that is about the only pay it ever gets on this planet.

A MATTER OF MONEY.

HERE, it is dollars and cents

That chink with a music so thrilling;

In France 'tis an income in *rentes*,

In England a pound or a shilling.

The Spaniard still handles doubloons.

The Turk sells himself for piastres;

Once, Broadway, on fine afternoons,

Could be done very well with shin-plasters.

The thaler the German will please;

The African worships the cowry—

While the bark of some species of trees

Is reckoned good coin by the Maori.

In Brazil they count incomes by reis—

Some thousands to make up a dollar—

In Austria, debts that one pays

Must be paid in the florin or thaler.

But give me the ten-dollar bill,

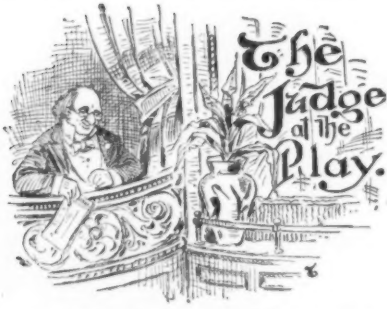
With its elegant "X" on the face of it,

And I will go bail that I will

Get my share of good times in the place of it.

JUNE is said to be the month of weddings. Why this is thus, let scientists determine. THE JUDGE has a theory, which he advances modestly, even diffidently. Brides look far ahead to the recurring years, in each of which they will celebrate a wedding anniversary. They do not wish that anniversary to occur in winter, lest kind friends who intend bestowing appropriate gifts to mark the auspicious occasion, should lump said gifts with the Christmas presents, whereby the lady would be a *douceur* out. Query, suggested by foregoing: Do widows have two wedding anniversaries, and two sets of presents?

"You're getting to be quite an artist, Jim," said an acquaintance as he observed the hanger-on of Alderman O'Haggerty's saloon putting a coat of white paint on the back yard fence. "What's that you're painting now." "This?" said the doer of odd jobs, pausing to dip his brush into the pail again. "Oh, I see painting a snow scene for an Irish lord."



WHILE New York is surfeited with light opera and trash of all kinds, Boston is regaling herself on the good things that we enjoyed last winter. She has had the Union Square Company in "A Parisian Romance," "The Banker's Daughter," and last but not least, "The Rantzaus."

This last the "Hub-ites" seem to have appreciated better than did the inhabitants of the metropolis. Strange that this drama, the best that Palmer produced last season, should have proved a financial failure here. Evidently Eckman-Chatrion will not do for New York. It requires a society emotional drama, with Sara Jewett whining through the principal part to please the habitués of the Square and bring the box-office receipts up to the required standard. Next winter we are to have the fair Sara in a round of Shakesperian characters and—Heaven help the helpless! That she has made the bard a study, is apparent; for has she not publicly stated that there are no dudes in Shakespeare? It must have required a vast amount of erudition to become cognizant of this important fact.

But to return to the Hub. Besides all the Union Square business, they have had Daly's company in "7-20-8" and the Standard Company, including Ryley and Marie Conron, in Leococ's "Heart and Hand." Ada Rehan seems to have made a favorable impression, but Ryley is accused of burlesquing his part. While all this "hub-bub" has been going on we have been treated to "Pop," "a minstrel show" of vast and terrible proportions, "The Thunderbolt" and "A Bustle Among the Petticoats." This last we are assured by the author will be appreciated when he is dead. He also says that the actors gaped it so on the first night that when he went in front he couldn't understand his own language. Poor Salmi! He was no worse off than the rest of the audience in that particular. He has unbosomed himself to a reporter and states that he would like to bring out "The Merchant of Venice" in a style that has never been done in New York, but failing in this he will probably enter the newspaper profession. He approved of Shakespeare, and thinks him a genius although "a very reckless writer," and THE JUDGE admits that in this respect Salmi emulates his rival. As Strakosch has leased the Passion Temple, we shall probably be deprived of the pleasure of witnessing his "thirty-seven other plays," and as we are to have Irving, McCullough, Modjeska, Janauschek, George Edgar and perhaps Booth in the fall, we can get along without his "Merchant of Venice."

Roland Reed is doing very well at Haverly's in his performance of "Cheek." The play is tolerable, at least it is not intolerable, and bids fair to have a successful run. Reed is humorous and amusing, and the most that people desire with the thermometer in the nineties is to enjoy a good laugh and keep cool. "The Thunderbolt," at the

Square, was a little more than was expected. The "Poet Laureate" of Canada would do better to confine himself to his poetry, than to attempt writing plays, if this is a fair sample of his skill in that direction. The performance the first night did not fall far short of the ridiculous, particularly the last act. As THE JUDGE has before remarked, it is astonishing what the Gothamites are willing to endure while the summer season lasts.

After numerous vicissitudes, Mr. Pitt brought his company back to the city, and they played a short engagement at the Standard last week. The audiences were as large as could be expected, considering the weather.

"The Princess of Trebizonde" is no longer at the Casino, but McCall's company in the "Queen's Lace Handkerchief," have again taken possession of the theatre. The famous *mouchoir* stands wear remarkably well for so fragile an article. What will become of the dudes now that Lillian Russell has fled to Europe, THE JUDGE is not rash enough to predict.

The club of Thespians known as "The Lambs," had their annual "wash" over a week ago, at Greenwood Lake. They had a jolly time, with Billy Florence as presiding genius and shepherd of the occasion. By the way, he has just accepted for himself and wife, a new play by Jessop and Gill, which will probably be produced in Philadelphia towards the close of September.

SOME idiot has written to the papers suggesting that to prevent the recurrence of accidents on the Brooklyn Bridge, "the Bridge should be widened." This is not so surprising as that some papers should have been found to print the quaint suggestion.

WHY is a very tight trouser leg like the letter "D"? Because it requires two of them to make up a dude.

## CORRESPONDENTS.

28 CORRESPONDENTS WILL PLEASE TAKE NOTICE THAT THEY SEND MSS. TO THIS OFFICE AT THEIR OWN RISK. WHERE STAMPS ARE ENCLOSED WE WILL RETURN REJECTED MATTER AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, BUT WE DISTINCTLY REPUDIATE ALL RESPONSIBILITY FOR SUCH IN EVERY CASE. WHERE A PRICE IS NOT AFFIXED BY THE WRITER, CONTRIBUTIONS WILL BE REGARDED AS GRATUITOUS, AND NO SUBSEQUENT CLAIM FOR REMUNERATION WILL BE ENTERTAINED.

F. T.—No, thank you

F. B. L.—Of no possible use to us.

D., Irving Place.—We will use "Hamlet."

H. B. L.—We may use some of them. If we do, you will hear from us.

J. F. F.—Declined. Send stamps for return of MS. if you desire to regain it.

FANNY.—Now you are in the proper line. Go ahead and prosper. We would say, don't go too far ahead though, only we don't think there is much danger of that.

THERESE.—The joke is old—too old and decrepid to be trusted alone, and the verses in which you imbed it are far too weak to support anything. They have sunk placidly to rest in our waste-paper basket.

J. L. M'C.—Your letter received, but we must decline to re-open the discussion. If the facts be as you say, the whole thing was very unfortunate for you—and none the less annoying to us. If we desire further contributions from you, we shall let you know.

FERGUS.—You are entirely too susceptible. You should be packed in sawdust, like eggs, or in cotton wool like fragile jewelry, if you cannot stand a little joke like that. The world is full of angles, and you are certain to bump against some of them as you go through life.

B. B.—No, thank you. We receive, daily, large consignments of literature which we prefer to yours, although you have written "for the best English comic papers." We are afraid those papers must have ruined your style. Your comedy is too deep for the masses. Try the line of literature in which a place has been left vacant by the late lamented Carlyle.

THE *Spectator* (London) is quite upset over the fact that only fifty men or thereabouts have died in England during the last few years who were worth over a million. It is rather a beggarly showing, and that's a fact. We've got a good mind to go right over there at once and pass in our checks, just to bring up the average, you know.



A RACE FOR THE FILLY STAKES.

WON BY A HEAD.

OLD GENTLEMAN—A WIDOWER—Why, bless my soul! my own son proposing to her—and I was going to do the very same thing!

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"A poetess is responsible for the statement that 'The children's world is full of sweet surprises.' Quite true; and there are surprises not so sweet. Let us take, for example, the discovery by a boy's mother that his stockings have got sand inside of them, after he has told her that he didn't go in swimming that afternoon. We have been in that boy's place, and can testify, if called upon, that he was sadly surprised to get the licking, the explanation coming afterward."—*Lowell Citizen*.

"BROWN and his wife appear to be a very happy couple," said Fenderson, who had been watching the Browns as they sat on a sofa on the other side of the room. "Hem," grunted Fogg, "it's all very well, now that they are in public; if you should see them alone once, perhaps you wouldn't think them so happy." "Oh, but I've seen them when alone, and, if anything, they seem happier than when they are together."—*Bost. Trans.*

A LEGISLATOR, who has a large family at home, and who has to be very saving, entered an Austin-avenue restaurant about dinner time, and asked for a business consultation, which was granted. "How much do you charge for dinner?" "Fifty cents." "How much for breakfast?" "Twenty-five cents." "Then bring me a breakfast for dinner?"—*Texas Siftings*.

MEMBERS of the new club.—"Professor, I have called to ask you to give us a motto for our new club. We want something suggestive in Latin." Professor—"Something suggestive and in Latin? Well, yes; I know of a very good one—just the thing—'Delirium tremens!'"—*Louisville Courier Jour.*

A KENTUCKY girl always carries her money in her stocking when she goes shopping, taking along a lady friend to divert the attention of the salesman while she hauls out her money. Her friend must be fascinating beyond belief.—*Exchange*.

A YOUNG lover in Iowa paid \$40 for a locomotive to run him thirty-five miles to see his girl, and when he got there the family bulldog ran him two miles and didn't charge him a cent. Corporations have no souls.—*Exchange*.

**PULPIT SLIPS OF THE TONGUE.**

THE Rev. Mr. — was one of the most bashful men, and was constantly getting into trouble through his nervous mistakes. At one time he rose in his pulpit to give out the hymn, "This world is all a fleeting show," and, clearing his throat, he struck a high pitch of voice and began solemnly: "This world is all a floating shoe." Everybody smiled but the deacons, and the minister was covered with confusion as he began again: "This world is all a shouting flow."

This made matters worse, and the unhappy man cleared his throat with tremendous force and began again: "This world is all a floating—"

Then he laid the hymn book down, and, wiping his clammy brow, said: "Brethren, for some reason I cannot read the hymn as it should be read. We will omit it, and the choir will please sing a voluntary."—*Youth's Companion*.

"SUBSCRIBER" asks "Is it proper, on being introduced to an editor, to invite him to drink, and would it be a breach of etiquette on his part to decline the invitation?" As regards your first proposition it would be eminently proper, and a law should be enacted making it compulsory. Your latter question is rather a curious one. No, it would not be a breach of etiquette; it would be a miracle.—*Rochester Post-Express*.

ACT tresses—wigs.—*Marathon Independent*.  
A tight place—the saloon.—*Waterloo Obs.*  
The buyways are often the highways.—*Whitehall Times*.

A journalist's club—the lead pencil.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

A summer trip—over the croquet wicket.—*Marathon Independent*.

A sand-witch—a pretty girl in bathing costume.—*Burlington Free Press*.

THE marshes gleam with marigold,  
The bloodroot whitens the dell,  
The cranesbill buds in the sunny wold  
And blue is the bright May-bell;  
The wren doth warble its measures pert  
From a tassled birchen screen,  
And a boy with a segment of flannel shirt  
Doth bog for the bull-frog green.  
—*Rome Sentinel*.

A SPORTING paper says that a certain base ball player was "fined twenty-five dollars for missing a fly." Persons who have watched the antics of a bald-headed man as he strikes aimlessly at a fly will wonder how long the richest man's purse would hold out if he were obliged to pay twenty-five dollars for a miss.—*Peck's Sun*.

TYNAN—he that is "No. 1"—apologized to a Brooklyn reporter for using the slang expression "bogus." The man who would apologize to a Brooklyn reporter deserves to be watched, and, if he is caught doing it again, extradition should speedily follow.—*Lowell Citizen*.

"IS THAT about the right length, sir?" asked the skilful barber as he finished cutting his customer's hair. "I like the sides and back," was the response, "but I wish you would make it a little longer on top."—*Boston Post*.

"REACH me down that Webster, Pat," said one of the lately elected judges to his clerk. "One of them thaiving newspapers has been libelling me and, be jabers, I won't stand it. The thaiving blackguards call me a forensic light."—*San Fran. News Letter*.

"KJAERLIGHEDAN" is the Norwegian for love. The Norwegians evidently realize what a mighty serious thing it is.—*Bost. Post*.

ACCORDING to a scientific journal, the effect of the fall of a body as large as the earth upon the sun would probably be hardly anything more than to restore the sun to the condition it was a century ago. It is very comforting to know this; but it is hoped that if any skeptical person undertakes to try the experiment, he will not drop the earth into the sun in the absence of a body of the same size.—*Norristown Herald*.

KATE KANE, who threw a glass of water into the face of Judge Mallory, in a courtroom in Milwaukee, has been again arrested for contempt by the Judge, she having called out, on the occasion of her first arrest, that he "accepted bribes." This is a more serious offence than the water assault. The first cleansed his face, while the latter blackens his character.—*Norristown Herald*.

Now that they have gone to making steamboats of paper, isn't there a possibility that the steamboat builders will get hold of so much that the shoemakers will be obliged to use all leather in their boots and shoes. Let us pause before we bring a fresh calamity upon this country.—*Detroit Free Press*.

CRIME brings its own punishment. The Philadelphia News man gave the impression that the Lowell Press riflemen were bad shots, and now that he has been elected a member of the association, his back yard just swarms with cats.—*Boston Post*.

THE "principal cause" of the disaster on the Brooklyn bridge already amounts to about fourteen, and no two are alike. It is probable that if the bridge had not been built, the accident would not have occurred.—*Norristown Herald*.

AN article in an exchange is entitled "Opening Oysters with Prayer." We don't believe it, though some prayers are long enough to make an oyster gape.—*Norristown Herald*.

Inductive reasoning: Mr. Wm. Noodle—"Yes, Miss Frost, I always wear gloves at night; they make one's hands so soft." Miss Frost—"Ah! and do you also sleep with your hat on?"—*Punch*.

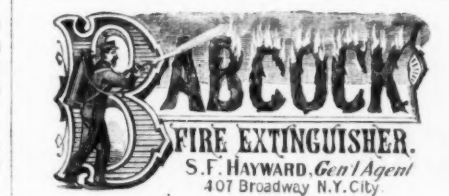
JAY GOULD is said to be one of those who do not know the taste of liquor. This readily shows why he was refused a membership in the yacht club recently.—*Norr. Herald*.

**Castoria.**  
Stomachs will sour and milk will curdle  
In spite of doctors and the cradle;  
Thus it was that our pet Victoria  
Made home howl until sweet Castoria  
Cured her pains;—Then for peaceful slumber,  
All said our prayers and slept like thunder.

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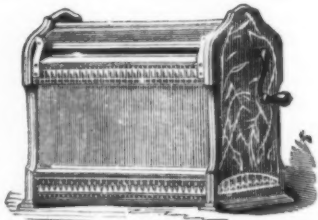


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## THE SOAPED SWIMMER.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

A little boy went out to swim,  
And took a cake of soap with him,  
And slimed each supple little limb,And then into the water dove.

And when he on the bank arose  
One long, last downward look he gave,  
And then into the water dove.

And trying to regain the top,  
In vain, alas, he tried to flop—  
He went so fast he couldn't stop!

His limbs were soaped from heel to hip—  
He couldn't get a half-way grip—  
For every time he tried he'd slip.

The water no resistance gave,  
And so, beneath the murky wave,  
He found a wet, untimely grave.

With thrilling, thundering, thumping thud  
He struck the misty, moisty mud—  
The turtles fattened on his blood.

We dedicate this little hymn  
To little boys of supple limb  
Who soap themselves before they swim.

—Dewey Tribune.

Grit, of Williamsport, overheard the following dialogue between a dudine and her father: Her father, a lumberman, was paying off some of his men who came down on the "drive," when she remarked: "Pa, how picturesque those men look! It reminds me so much of the Italian Opewa, with their wed shirts and terwa-cotta hose on. Oh! just look at that gwoup. There is such a wough gwandeur about them that is perfectly indescribable! That lawge man almost looks like a nobleman in disguise." How long this sort of thing would have been kept up we do not know, for at this juncture the old gentleman turned around and exclaimed: "For Heaven's sake, Mary Ann, go home and darn my stockings. Do you imagine that I'm a female seminary, with a lot of fools inside?" There was a faint sigh, and as she whisked out of the door, she exclaimed: "Barbawous! Barbawous! He can't appreciate the beautiful!"—and we went out into the cold, cruel world in search of a free lunch.

With never a word she passed me by,  
With never a look or sign  
She silently went her way, and I  
As silently went on mine.

No one could have dreamed who saw her face  
As we so coldly met,  
That her heart was touched by the faintest trace  
Of memory or regret.

Nor do I think that one apart,  
Who watched my tranquil brow, [heart  
Would have guessed that the memory stirred my  
Of a faithless, broken vow.

And they needn't have guessed or wondered, you see,

For this was the reason why—  
I didn't know her, and she didn't know me,  
And so—she passed me by. —American Queen.

"WHAT are we going to do with our dead?" asks an excited cremationist. Be calm, man. We can get along well enough with our dead. They won't trouble us. They are good and quiet enough. It's the live men that worry us. What are we going to do with some of the live men? And we will tell you, confidentially, there is one we are going to push down a four-story elevator well if he comes up with the same old bill just once more to-day. Then take what is left of him and go on with the discussion of your question.—Burlington Hawkeye.

A MAN in Richmond, Va., owns a confederate half dollar for which he claims to have refused \$1,000. Perhaps the half dollar is in silver and the \$1,000 in confederate notes.—Phila. News.



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**HE WAS A SINGER.**

THE clocks had just struck midnight when the residents of two or three squares on Antoine Street heard a wild voice singing:

"Will I be missed when I am gone?  
Will tears be shed for me?  
When I go hence will grave suspense  
Be felt on land and sea?"

One singer raised his window and advised the singer to take in his voice before a club hit it. Another snapped a revolver at him. A third said he would come down and make him sing a different tune, and those who didn't get out of bed were too mad to go to sleep for the next hour. And the singer leaned against a hydrant and continued:

"My love, she lives in Savannah,  
And she wipes her nose on a bandana,  
And she calls me her Joe,  
Because, don't you know,  
I call her my ducky dear Hannah."

This was too much. Three different citizens issued from their doors to pulverize the midnight intruder, but just then a policeman awoke from his beautiful dreams and turned the corner and said:

"Stop that or down you go!"  
"Is singing against the law?"  
"It is."

"I don't believe it! I will now give you a gem from my repertoire:

"O' many a time I feel so sad,  
And I—  
"Shut up!" "I won't!"  
"Then come along!"

There was a struggle, and the snow was kicked over the fences in clouds, but the policeman triumphed and the singer was led away and locked up. He was a forlorn sight as he appeared before his honor, having his coat split up the back and the snow having scarcely melted out of his hair yet.

"Is this Thomas Saunders?" asked the court.

"Yes, sir; this is all that is left of the gentleman of that name."

"And you disturbed the peace?"

"Well, sir, I felt moody and low-spirited and I arose from my bed and walked and sang. Longfellow used to do the same thing."

"Yes, but midnight is no time to go 'round screaming at the top of your voice."

"Screaming? Sir, I sing instead of scream. Let me give you a few notes in my best tenor."

"Don't do it! The case is bad enough already."

"But I will sing!"

"If you do I'll send you up!"

"I'll sing if you send me up for life! Everybody keep still now while I get the pitch! Here I go:

"Oh! where are the days of my childhood?  
Oh where are the friends of my youth?  
Oh! where are the paths in the wildwood?  
Oh! where—"

Bijah pressed down on him at this moment, and the song was bitten short off.

"I'll make it thirty days," observed the court.

"Let me sing another verse and you can make it sixty," replied the prisoner.

"No, sir."

"Well, I'll sing all the way up to the workhouse, and all the time I'm there, and when I get out I'll come around to your house some night about midnight and sing for a full hour."

"If you do I'll set seven dogs on you and run you into the river. Call the next case."—  
*Detroit Free Press.*

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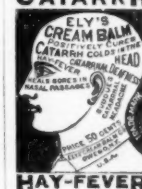
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FOR **CATARRH**



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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. Unsuspected for colds in the head. Agreeable to use. Send for circular for information and reliable testimonials. Will deliver by mail 50c. a package—stamps. ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y.

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**GLENN'S**  
**SULPHUR SOAP.**

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 23, 1883.

C. N. CRITTENTON, Esq.

DEAR SIR—I was a hunter in Idaho and Utah, in 1869, and from exposure and thirst I was compelled to drink alkali water, having nothing else for over 30 hours. I drank too much, and it saturated my system, bringing out on my face and forehead large red blotches near the nose, which remained for over ten years.

I tried everything I could find, and had the best physicians in Chicago doctor me for over two years. Finally I tried Glenn's Sulphur Soap, which cleansed, but produced such a redness all over that I threw it away; but one day I thought I would try it again, and it is a mercy that I did, for six cakes took the blotches all away, and I shall always feel like thanking Mr. Glenn, and highly recommending his Soap to the public. I have at all times told everybody of its marvelous cure to me, and if you want me to recommend it to anybody, I will do so. I remain, yours sincerely,

FRANK G. WELLS,

Room 11, 40 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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THE JUDGE



*Dearest Jay (ck)  
The Girls I left behind me.*

*Oh! George!*



*"Shiver my Timbers! but this is watering Stock and no mistake!"*



*Enjoying a Corner.*

*Unloading*

Jay Gould's Nickel-Plated Trip around the World.