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"JAY GOULD IS GOING TO RETIRE PERMANENTLY FROM WALL ST."—[DAILY PAPER.  
 YES; WHEN HE HAS FINISHED THIS JOB, AND NOT BEFORE.—[THE JUDGE.



## THE JUDGE.

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### WILL STAY IN ON A SURE HAND.

Sporting men think the meanest "beat" is the man who will never bet, save on a sure thing. He is simply a confidence operator.

The share that the great managers of trunk lines and corporations have in Wall street operations is that of the man who always bets on a sure thing. They know the condition of the stocks that they bet on; in fact, they *make* the conditions, and can put values up or down as they can move the hands of the indicator.

So Mr. Gould was strictly correct when he said, "I never speculate." He lets the public and the stock-gamblers do that. He sits back and makes his millions by fleecing all.

To such men as Gould and the late unlamented Vanderbilts all men in Wall street are lambs to be shorn. Hence, the millions taken out of the street every year by the men who "never speculate." Hence the depression of Wall street.

To suppose that Mr. Gould will abandon this sure thing, is to credit him with himself being a verdant lamb. Which would be discourteous to Mr. Gould.

### APPROPRIATE GIFTS.

The best value of a gift is in its appropriateness. Some people would give a man of convivial habits a demijohn of whiskey, and an inveterate smoker a keg of smoking

tobacco—the very things that ought to be taken from them. Some people don't know any better than to send a minister a bible, a paragraphist a copy of "Joe Miller" and a bag of the fruit of *Castanea Vesca*, an editor a spelling book or grammar, a congressman "Schenk on Poker." The true idea would be to send the bible to the paragraphist, the chestnuts to the minister, the spelling-book to the congressman, etc.

People get heartily sick of shop all the year, and on Christmas they want a change. Always send the thing that is out of their line.

If THE JUDGE editor might venture to delicately hint the thing that most exactly fulfills these conditions in his case, it is—boodle.

### PEACE ON EARTH—WHEN?

It is a long time since, according to sacred history, messengers appeared from the Almighty Ruler of the Universe to proclaim the beginning of peace on earth. Since that proclamation there has hardly been a day unmarked by war on earth. More singular still, the bloodiest and most useless of those wars have been in the name of that gospel of peace, or with the blessings of its accredited ministers.

But that fulfillment of the new dispensation which self-seeking religious organizations have retarded, perhaps the intellectual development of mankind may bring to pass. It is growing palpably more difficult, generation after generation, to set nations to fighting. Their ears have to be rubbed a good deal, and eke their flanks much jabbed, to work them up to a set-to. It is one of the best Christmas tokens this year that the nations of Europe stand around the two small boys of the Balkans trying to compose their quarrel. And truth to say, of the two boys one seems afraid and the other dar's'n't.

Is it the spelling book more than the bible that has educated the world to arbitrate rather than fight? Perhaps, rather, that the world is getting rich, and cautious about war-expenses. It is the longest purse, instead of the heaviest battalions, that wins; and while national honor can be healed by gold more cheaply than it can be soothed by war, we shall have peace.

Money seems to be the new Angel of Peace and Good Will to men.

SAMUEL JONES TILDEN says, in his famous argument for sea-coast defences, "to leave our vast interests defenceless in order to reduce the cost of whiskey to its consumers would be a solecism." Another Samuel Jones has argued that men make the state; and we argue that if the men of this country are fortified with whiskey, the country is fortified. "Hence we view," that the cheap whiskey defence is not a solecism, but a syllogism.

### RULINGS.

PROPERLY SPEAKING, some fashionable preachers preach to a good many empty pews when the seats are all occupied.

THE GREAT NATIONAL eight-months' struggle to prevent legislation and increase appropriations has begun in Washington.

BREER INGERSOLL SAYS that the Republican party needs a new con-science. As conscience goes with knowledge, is not this equivalent to saying that the party needs new brains? If so—whose?

VANDERBILT'S WILL was not published by any New York paper until after it had been unsealed and read. Is the Metropolitan press losing its grip? Where was the miraculously-previous *Herald*?

CANADA'S PROPOSED CARTEL for an exchange of American bank presidents for Canadian post-masters, both expatriated, is not fair. All the post-masters in Canada, turned criminal, wouldn't even up for one of our ex-cashiers.

A NEW MARSHALL of the District of Columbia has been appointed vice F. Douglas, removed for violent partisanship of Cleveland. Fred. ought to experience another change of heart and quit attending Cleveland's meeting-house to worship.

"CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME," is construed by many people to refer only to almsgiving and to require its exercise on themselves, personally and exclusively. But it may mean, that charity of toleration and kindness. That charity, if it do not begin in one's family, will not begin at all, usually.

THE CONFRATERNAL GLOATINGS of the *World* and *Star* over each other's libel suits remind us of a man and wife who caught each other in a beer garden with questionable company. "Aha!" both exclaimed simultaneously, "I've caught you at it, at last!"

CONGRESSMAN ABE HEWITT recommends that the whole question of silver coinage be left to the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury. Oh! Why not at once proceed to the entire swine by farming out the government of the United States to a syndicate of New York bankers? They seem to run a good deal of it, already.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, by blue-pencilling his message in the proof-slips savagely, managed to cut it down to the longest one issued in years. He threatens, however, to save the excised parts and send them in later. A president's message in installments is a good idea. "The continuation of this thrilling story will be found," etc.





THE GERMAN POLICEMAN'S PHILOSOPHY AS TAKEN DOWN IN A REPORTER'S NOTE-BOOK.

"I hope Congress will look owd vot it does apowd dot silver gwestion. It seems to me der pesd vay to settle dot is to leaf it alone. But maybe I am becular abowd dot. It seems to me der beople vich complain uf der too-muchness uf silver must peen crazy. I tond see any possibility how I can complain uf dot.

"I haf daken notice vhen a man pretends he knows every-

dings you will find he only knows choost a leedle—and even dot he seems to haf got all upside down.

"I see by der bapers dot Chay Gould has left Vall street. If dot is drue it is von uf der first dings dot enterprising chendleman has ever daken holt of und afterwards left. It is a bity he did not dake it along mit him. I am not in favor uf such bractices, chenerally, but der coundry could have sbared Vall sdreet.

"I would let a barber dalk to me so long vot he likes, but I would lick him uf he contradicted me. A barber has no right to sharge a man den cents for obinions vich he ton'd vont—or feeften mit pay rum. Since our enderprising and public-sbirited frents und broders, der Eyedalians, haf reduced der tax on having hair egextracted mitout bain down to fife cents, every man vonts his own obinions mixed up in his own cup und mit his own prush laid on.

"No; I ain't so mussy as you dink. Dot's always peen der vay mit me—I sound vorse as I really am. I came bretty near daking a modest bart in a fight mit a man in a peer saloon a veek back uf last Duesday, alretty. I vos in citizen's glothes und hat mit me my leedle poy. A man vos making a noise und I dolt him so, gwite bolitely. 'Shut up! you loaver!' I sayt. Py Chimaneddy! he vonts to make my nose mit his fist ogwainted, und spoke of viping mit my remains up der floor uf der shop.

"'Chimany hooky!' I sayt, 'Look owd or you will surely sboil your rebudation. You are vorser as a brize fighder.'

"'How ish dot?' he vonts to know.

"'Pegause,' I sayt, 'you really do vont to fight, und dot's somedings vot a brize fighder never vonts to do.'

"'I knew vonce a boliceman, und a veller came up to him vhen he vos daking a day off, shtanding der front site uf his house, alretty.

"'Oho! Here you are, eh?' dot man sayt to der boliceman. 'So you vont to lick me, eh? Vell, why ton'd you lick me uf you vont to?'

"'Dot boliceman ran righd avay der insite uf his house, shtuck his head der second sdory vindow owd und sgreamed:

"'Aind you 'shamed to dake a mean advantage uf me, catching me in citizen's glothes. Vait till I got my uniform on und I will vonce again dalk to you der vay you deserve.' "

"Don't shpeak to me apowd Reilly's boy; der very subchect uf dot boy makes me sick uf my shtummick. Dot feller uses chokes der same vay some men use whisky und topacco—he makes a habit uf 'em. Von ding I haf noticed—if a young feller dakes up der vork uf making beoples laugh, as a shteady profession, somedimes it vill pe at him vot dem vill laugh. Vot does der poy do? Shtands mit a growt uf loavers der corner grocery in front, to keeb up der rebudation uf der corner."

## OFF THE BENCH.

OUR FOREIGN POLICY—the Havana lottery.

INGENUITY HUMAN pays. No man can bring in a Bill Nigh as towering as his is.

THOSE WELL-KNOWN night-watchers, the *Cimex Lectularius*, are the real American Bedouins.

A MEDICAL PAPER undertakes to tell "why Jews live so long." It is, likely, because they can make money at it.

ADVICE IS LIKE MEDICINE, to be taken sparingly, and then only when you are too far gone to guide your own walk.

PARISIANS HAVE BEGUN to eat monkeys. Probably in the form of a sausage. The monkey is the missing link, no longer.

A CORNER IN NATURAL gas is announced in Pennsylvania. Now let the same be worked in Washington and we may be happy yet.

USUALLY WHEN A firm fails it becomes a firmer. This is not intended as an intimation that the partners have chiseled any one.

SCIENTISTS HAVE NO reverence. They are now gauging the warmth of the moon, in utter disrespect of poetry's "cold, cold moon."

"THE WAGES OF SIN" is a piece in which the cast act the most startling realism when they get their salaries. They draw best then, too.

NEXT WEEK will close the race of 1885 with a short heat, unless the weather prophets lie worse than usual, which does not seem possible.

J. H. HAULENBACK, publisher of *Godey's Ladies Book*, has made an assignment. His subscribers have been haulen-back their patronage, evidently.

SOME CLERGYMEN OBJECT to round dancing except at the fireside. They want to make it exclusively a home circle within one—a wheel within a wheel, as it were.

OUR PHILADELPHIA E. C., the *Call*, seems to be having a little boom all by itself. Everybody buys it, probably because he believes that to own a caul brings good luck.

A REVIVAL OF RELIGION among bartenders is reported. We shall believe it when we discover that they put twenty instead of fifty per cent. of water in the whiskey they sell.

## The Origin of the Dollar Mark (\$).

Where Uncle Sam found the sign by which he conquers has been much disputed by historians, statesmen, scientists, jurists, archaeologists, plagiarists, numismatists and apologists who write the "answers to correspondents" in country and agricultural papers. As in the case of the eminent savants aforesaid, nobody has asked THE JUDGE to explain the origin of the \$; and as he has no dollar of his own to account for he will try to account for his uncle's.

The explanations that have been given are all hypothetical, apochryphal and egotistical. One man says it represents the cactus serpent twined around the two pillars on the old Mexican coin. Another that it is the result of the attempt of the initials: "U. S.," trying to hide behind each other when Lord Howe invaded this country, and that is how the "S" got twisted around the "U" so it could never be untangled.

The true story of the origin of the dollar mark is now for the first time given to the public. No other paper has it. A bad scoop.

When the Pilgrim Fathers came over in search of free institutions, one of the boons they secured was whiskey such as they do not have in these days. A man could get full at night on it, we have heard a venerated grand parent often declare, and not feel it; "get up the next morning after town meeting or general training with a head clear as a bell." But in time, like cold water, it would "fetch 'em all." One of the most pious of the Puritans ran a distillery, and because he could get all he wanted without paying for it or having it chalked up, he got to liking the stuff. It ended in the jim jams.



One day he saw as plainly as you ever saw it, gentle reader, a long snake come out of one of his boots in single file and ascend his legs in a big "S," bracing from side to side as a man straddles his way up the sides of a well. But unlike you, gentle reader, once was enough for this Puritan. He swore off and atuck.

The way he managed to stay was by con-

stantly reminding himself of that snake zig-zagging up his legs. Whenever he charged a lot of whiskey to the minister or a Deacon or a selectman on his books, he'd suppress his own appetite for a nip with a picture of his legs crossed by that snake, (\$). Then he'd shudder and swear off again. So his books were covered all over with that awful example, next to the amounts charged. For instance:

Rev. Jonathan Nebat Siggins,  
To 1 Gal. Wh., hf. price,.....[snake, or \$] 1 25  
Snatched-from-the-Burning Bartholomew,  
To 1 Bbl. wh.....[big snake] 2 25  
Walk-in-the-Ways-of-the-Lord Wheeler,  
To 1 pint wh.....[snake] 2 75  
Peletiah Jahazael Shekinah Smith,  
To 11 Drinks wh. at 2 d.....[\$\$\$\$] 2 62

(This last charge had evidently made the pious Puritan extraordinarily thirsty.)

He got rich very fast and mysteriously and was a meaner man than when he had the snake in his boot. When he died they looked for the secret of his wealth in his books. The \$ was the only explanation that they found, and the superstitious Puritans adopted that as a sort of a money charm; in their ignorance they did not adopt the abstinence policy for which the cabalistic sign stood. It has been handed down in the same ignorant way, and people now keep right on using it and fooling around the snakes at the same time. The only trace of its efficacy left, as a charm, is that whiskey-selling, as of old, most frequently multiplies the \$.

This is the only true history, but if any respectable millionaire or gin-mill proprietor, any Vassar or Sterling, does not like it, we can furnish other accounts on approval. In writing history the historian can please his readers if he has any ingenuity. With novelists it is different. They have to conserve probability. C. E. B.

## Excuses.

MRS. JONES—"Oh, how de do, Lucy? Why didn't your ma come over to my quilting the other day?"

LUCY—"I don't know, but I heard her tell pa that you wasn't hospital enough."

## Lost the Combination.

Little Edith was sent to the store to buy a spool of thread. She came back without it.

"Why, Edith!" said her mamma, "why didn't you get the thread?"

"'Cause I forgot what age you wanted."

## "Ca-a-a-sh!"

Two old ladies sat in a New York store. First Old Lady—"Say, 'Liza Ann, what do they keep a hollerin' to for?"

Second Old Lady—"Why don't you use your ears? They're a hollerin' for the cashier, of course."

## Off His Reckoning.

An old gentleman got on a bobtail car, the other day, and after sitting some time he nudged a smart young man who sat next him and said, pointing to the indicator—"Neighbor, I'm a little near-sighted, would you please tell me the time?"

## CAROL OF THE CASHIER.

Now, if you wish to rise  
In life to take a prize,  
Just listen to the words I have to say:  
Get into some good bank,  
And very soon you'll rank  
Among the great sensations of the day.  
To do this you must be  
A man of courtesy,  
And very, very seldom take a dram;  
But wear a patent smile  
That's innocent of guile,  
For that's the kind of a cashier that I am!

You must sport a costly suit,  
A diamond pin to boot,  
And move within the best society;  
And if in chunch you might  
Become a shining light,  
So much the better for your game, you see!  
Be always on the lay,  
And keep on in this way,  
For people will not think that you're a sham;  
And never, night and day,  
Forget to watch and prey,  
For that's the kind of a cashier that I am!

You must keep your books so true,  
That nobody but you  
Can tell exactly how finances lie;  
So when the trustees come,  
You can figure up a sum  
Of profits, that will make their hearts beat high.  
And never let your hold  
Relax from stolen gold,  
But grab on all the hoodle that you can;  
Then wildly speculate,  
And rehypothecate,  
For that's the kind of a cashier that I am!

And when at last you spy  
The time a-drawing nigh  
When everybody will be onto you;  
Just gather in the swag,  
And pack your carpet bag,  
And do the same as all defaulters do.  
Regard with merry glee  
The victims' misery,  
And for their suffering never care a d—  
But bid your friends ta-ta  
And skip to Canada,  
For that's the kind of a cashier that I am!

THOS. W. THRESIDDER.

## A Head-Center.

Mrs. Bucolic—"Mr. Commercial, do you know Mr. Eugenius Smith, who is making such a stir in our little society this winter?"

Mr. Commercial (significantly)—"I think I have heard of him."

Mrs. B.—"He's very exclusive. They say that at the watering places he is the center of admiration of the first circle."

Mr. C.—"That is literally true. He runs the best merry-go-round on Coney Island."

## Self-Denial.

Brother Skinflint, having heard a rousing sermon on the virtue of self-denial and another rousing sermon on the pleasure which must necessarily fill the heart of him who contributes liberally to the maintenance of the church, has been so seriously roused by these sermons that he, as often as the blessed sabbath comes around, regularly denies himself the pleasure of putting the long-accustomed nickel into the contribution box; but makes it a simple penny instead.



"APPOPRIATE CHRISTMAS GIFTS."



Not an Elder.

"Mariar, what book was you readin', so late last night?"  
 "It was a novel by Dumas, the Elder."  
 "Elder!" I don't b'lieve it. What church was he elder on, I sh'd like to know, and writ novels?"

Beats Santa-Claus and Crispin.

"Did you hang up your stockings?"  
 "No, I beat that!"  
 "What?"  
 "I hung up a pair of new shoes with a new shoe-maker."  
 "Oh, that does beat hanging up stockings. Beats the shoe-maker, too."

Larceny on Leaving.

"Pugh! you don't call Deacon Simmons an honest man, do you?"  
 "Yes, siree! I would trust him with all my money in the dark—if I had any."  
 "You haven't heard of his taking that thing from Mrs. Sowers' hall after the social, then?"  
 "No, and I don't believe it, anyway. What did he take?"  
 "His leave."  
 At once there 'rose so wild a yell, etc.

Merry Christmas, All.

We desire to make each of our funny contemporaries a Christmas present of a complimentary notice celebrating in just and glowing terms the pre-eminent rank of each in the court of American humor. We feel our own, and the dictionary's inadequacy to this task. Indeed, the theme in each case calls for abilities not less marked than those of the respective beneficiaries. Accordingly, we authorize each of our f. and e. c.'s to write and print sixteen (16) lines of the best nickle-plated commendation of itself and charge—or credit—the same to their common admirer, THE JUDGE. No thanks. Go and enjoy the day's festivities.

Economy of Brain Work.

"Pa, I'm not going to learn any more geography lessons."  
 "Why? Have you been excused from geography lessons?"  
 "No, but—"  
 "I presume your teacher has got tired of such a stupid pupil."  
 "Teacher nothin'. I'm the feller that's got tired. I read in a paper that the geography of over half the globe would be changed by future explorations, and I am going to wait. I want to get it straight before I put in so much hard work."

Annual Review of the Petroleum Game.

The games played by the Petroleum Producers the past year show that they continue to be better in the field than at making runs. The Middle Field has been the worst player on the market of late; and has prevented the side in from winning. The worst left field was unquestionably Scofield, who got left in the celebrated Blackmar game. Put and calls have been altogether too numerous among players. A good many men have had to take their first base position on calls, men having been compelled to lay down there to avoid being put out. Some who have come to grief have made a bad show of base bawl. There has been altogether too much wild fielding; and unless a short stop can be put to such games it is doubtful whether future seasons will pay any one but the managers of the Standard Game. The game is now in that anomalous situation in which the man who makes the most runs shows the poorest score. The worst play has been made, however, by that producer who, in watching to find her way up kiting, has found himself to be a bad catcher. We doubt if the men got home safely after a strike as often as they might have done—an opinion that is shared by their spouses. There has not been much whitewashing; it is worth considering if there isn't need of more, in the exchanges, especially.

## Silas Moody's Ghost.

There ain't no excuse for us, but jus' this—we were real young an' awful mad. We hadn't been married only about a year, an' Jonas was the greatest hand to hector you ever see. That night he had been goin' on about women till I couldn't stand it no longer:—how scart they were o' nothin'; how they'd squeal at a mouse and faint at a pistol, and what a sight of it was all put on. So I fired up:

"Jonas Hangberry," says I, "a man can bluster and show off he's brave enough, but when it comes to down-right still courage, a woman's first every time, 'n'

I-hain't-afraid tone. "'Tain't nothin', Sally; go on Sally!"

Jes' then I crept along an' wiggled the broom.

"No, Sally—why—I declare the critter moves!"

"Oh, Peter, I b'lieve its Sam-u-el's ghost," she went on.

"Oh, no—no—no! Let's sing a sacred hymn an' it can't touch us," an' they crept along, he a-singin':

"By co-ol Sa-lo-om's sha-dee rill!"

Laugh! I cal'ate we did laugh some.

Pretty soon I heard more voices, an' quite a lot o' young folks come along. Then some one screamed:

"Guess we might as well go home."

"Maybe we'd better," says I, an' we up an' jes across the wall stood—sumthin'! It was too dark to see anything but a thin, peaked face, a kind o' scraggly beard, an'—horns! It looked like the old Nick (but don't say I said that.) We halloed right out and run—mercy, how we run! But all on a suddin it come over me what we had been there for, an' I made up my mind in a flash I'd git that shawl, enyway. I turned round by sheer grit—an' if there wasn't our old goat, peaceful as a kitten, trottin' after me.

I grabbed up my shawl an' broom-stick an' went home. There stood Jonas at the door, lookin' out wild-like.

"Woman's a coward, is she?" says I. "Squeals at a mouse an' faints at a pistol, does she?" says I. "But she don't run away from a poor old goat an' leave her defenceless husband, does she?" says I.

I ain't a goin' to tell you what he said. 'Twouldn't hardly be right for me to; but if you don't want to rile up Jonas, don't you ever say nothin' 'bout Silas Moody's ghost. Promise me! D. O. T.



you know it!"

"I don't!" says he. "What would you do if you see a ghost?" says he.

"Walk up to it," says I, "and sass it. Any woman would."

"Prove it!" says he.

'N then, somehow, between us, we got the idea of dressin' up of a broom in my grey, double shawl, an' settin' with it behind the stone wall jes' by that clump o' trees as you go into Jackson's woods; an' I declared a woman would go up to it to see what 'twas, 'n' he declared 'twould be a man. Jonas was that excited he run out an' got the big barn broom nor never locked the barn door. I got my shawl, an' we wild young things went down to the corner 'n' sot up the image 'n' hid behind the trees a little piece away. It was summer time an' kinder thundery.

Bimeby I heard a voice.

"Hark, Jonas!" says I, "here they come!"

"Who be they?" says he.

"Don't know. Wait a minute!"

Suddenly I heard a high, quavery voice—

"Lawky, Peter—what's that!"

"It's Deacon Townsend an' his wife!" says Jonas, and we like to a-died gigglin'.

"What d'ye see, Sally?" says he.

"Sunthin' over thar by the Wall—Oh, Peter!"

"Wall, I swan—that's curious!" says he.

"I dasen't go on!" says she, an' Jonas give me a nudge.

"Oh, yes you do, Sally," he says in a

"Oh, Tim Smith, look a-ther!"

"Wall, that's queer!" says he.

"Oh, I'm scared to death!" squealed Net French. Nell was a soft gal; I'll bet you anything she feil up against Tim an' put her arms 'round his neck.

"Let go o' me!" says he.

"Oh, hain't you scart?"

"Not much!"

"Go up to it, Tim," says Tom Downs.

"Well, I das to," says Tim.

"You dassn't!" says Tom.

"Go up, yourself!" says Tim.

Then the wind blew out o' the shawl an' every fool of 'em ran off like they were possessed.

'Bout two minutes after that a couple o' men come along.

"Hain't than sunthin' odd over there by them trees?" says one.

"I've been a-lookin' at that," says the other.

"Best to go up an' see what 'tis!" says one.

"Wall, I cal'ate its best to leave them sort o' things alone," says the other. "You know old Silas Moody was murdered hereabouts forty odd years ago."

"So he was. Let's get along."

They went off quick, I tell ye. Wall, 'twas awful dark an' lonesome there. Somehow I couldn't git that horrible murder off my mind. I began to have the creeps like. Jis then Jonas says, says he, and his voice was kinder queer:

## Letting 'em Down Easy.

A western e. c. seems to have got the taffy business reduced to a system, and is spreading more than Ruskinian sweetness and light over the country thereabouts. If it refuses a correspondent anything, it does so with a grace that captivates like the sweet "no" of a blushing beauty that means "yes;" and if it declines a spring poem it lends a bloom to the writer's hope more vernal than the scenes he has imagined but never contemplated. Description will not do justice to this e. c.'s art, so we illustrate with a few sweet and shining examples:

"Our distinguished fellow-citizen, Jacob Schnitzer, Esq., whom to know is to love, has honored us with a request to lay bare the iniquities of Mormondom. A request coming from such a source can never pass unheeded, but the pressure on our columns just now precludes our giving the question such attention as the source of the request demands."

"We have received an "Obituary Poem" on the late Vice-President, Thomas A. Hendricks, from the gifted pen of the poet lawyer, Charles J. Beattie, written with his usual force and beauty of style and diction. Some men would like to die in order to be immortalized in such verse, and it is doubtful if the annals of elegiac efforts can boast its superior. We would be glad to reproduce this poem in *The Saccharine Weekly*, but have not the space to spare."

"Mr. Charles Augustus Simmons, who is universally recognized as one of the rising young men of this nation, and who is now in Washington in furtherance of the unanimous demand of the West that his talents be recognized by this Administration according to its merits, has favored us with a full report of the present condition of the affairs of the different departments of government and his own plans for a thorough reform thereof. Never had we dreamed, until we received this able and exhaustive document, of the extent and degree of the defects and corruption of our government. Any of our citizens who desire to peruse this astounding document can have the privilege by calling at our office between the hours of 10 and 12, for a few days. C. E. B.



Smilax.

A Harlem variety dealer exhibits a highly colored painting by Robert Emmett with a ticket inscribed, "This splendid portrait of the martyred hero of Ireland for sale, cheap." Alas, poor Emmett! he did not know how he would be executed after death, nor to what mart he would be brought. But it doesn't matter much to him now.

People who sigh over the cost of living in America should remember that if they go to downtrodden Russia they will find even the rain dear. This fact was ascertained by one of those sledgerdeman fellows who play on words.

"Have you seen Par, Nell?" inquired a Chicago boy of his big sister.

"Why, no! Did he come over, after all, instead of sending the four delegates? I am so glad, for I want to hear him tell about the poor, suffering people in Ire"—but the boy thought she had gone crazy, and fled the room.

"To what base uses may we not return," as the salt hay remarked, when the small boy dragged it forth, for its second season on the diamond.

"Were you born before Adam?" asked a little girl of old D'Argent, who was waiting in the parlor while his young fiancee was getting ready for the opera.

"Why, no, my dear, what makes you ask that?" responded D'Argent benignantly.

"Well, I heard sister Fanny telling Charlie Manners that she hated to have to marry for money alone, and Charlie said, "Yes; it's hard to be tied to a fossil older than creation."

INHERITANCE.

Tom, doomed through life his nakedness to hide  
In clothes his elder brother cast aside,  
Cried out, "Alas!" when told that he was dead,  
"For fate decrees I must his widow wed!"

GEO. BIRDSEY.

OFF THE BENCH.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVE'S rule has been changed already. Cleveiland rules now, except on the silver question; there the House has something to say.

THEATRES MUST NOT admit liquors to be sold in the same building, excise-commissioners say. If a man wants to enjoy the dram-ah—between the acts, he must go elsewhere for inspiration.

"EYE-DEALS" IS WHAT the Bloomington *Eye* calls its paragraphs. It deals many trumps, but we must say that occasionally one looks like the deuce. It may be all in *our* eye, however.

WHO EVER HEARD of a bootblack's funeral? If death loves a shining mark so much, why doesn't he go for the boot-blacks occasionally? And what's the matter of Twain's brilliancy as a shining Mark?

WHAT SORT OF A new-fangled game is that they have been playing in Burmah, where the Burmese with a king and four

queens of the same suite were beaten by Gen. Prendergast with only one queen?

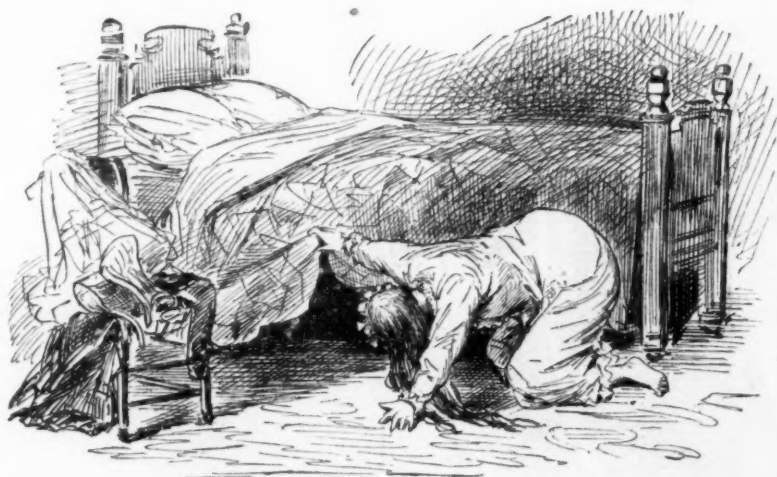
"A CORNER IN SMILES" is being successfully worked by the Pittsburgh *Despatch*. When the Prohibitionists buy the paper to get their spiritual strength renewed in that corner, the laugh comes in. Also when THE JUDGE is liberally quoted from in the "Corner," as it frequently is.

JAY GOULD'S SUCCESS in speculation is probably attributable to his having in his young and pure days solemnly vowed never to invest in a church lottery. That's a game where no man can beat the dealer or break the house, hence the wisdom of Jay's vow.

LAST WEEK AN OLD LADY, Mrs. Rooney, living in Belleville, N. J., was taken with an abnormal fit of laughter, and before she could be untickled, she went into a swoon and died. She had lived a remarkably abstemious life, too, having never partaken of liquor, tobacco, or comic papers. The case puzzles the doctors and paragraphers.

AN ARCHEOLOGIST has found a papyrus manuscript of an agricultural novel entitled, "Three Achers Enough." It is supposed to have been written by Job when he found he couldn't have his wish gratified, "Oh, that mine enemy would write a book." He made a good Job of it, and we predict that "Three Achers" will have a long run.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS.



NIGHT.

After her fairy form is put  
In dimity from head to foot,  
And all her prayers are said,  
She drops the light, lets up the blinds,  
And looks for what she never finds—  
A man beneath the bed!



MORNING.

She leaves her couch with hurried pace,  
A look of doubt upon her face,  
As to her glass she goes,  
You ask what can distress her so,  
And make her color come and go?—  
A pimple on her nose!

O.C.



CHRISTMAS, 1885.  
THE STANDARD-BEARER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.





THE JUDGE.



"Miss Anderson" has left us, but "Our Mary," statuzied, can be seen at the Eden Musee—as cold, as beautiful as ever, and much cheaper.

A messenger wrapped in the snowy robe of New Year whispers to us that "Leah" is journeying toward our wicked city; that when she arrives she will be fed, clothed, and otherwise cared for at the Union Square Theatre.

The managerial guild would doubtless like to learn the secret by which the Messrs. Aronson make a hit with everything they put on at the Casino. It was considered a mistake when they supplanted the still popular "Nanon" with "Amorita," but the record which the latter is making, proves the wisdom of the change.

The end of Shakesperian revivals is not yet. Mr. Augustin Daly proposes to try his master-hand on "Merry Wives of Windsor." Mr. Charles Fisher will show how much of Hackett's mantle he has succeeded to. Be the likeness of the great *Falstaff* close or remote, there is no question that the matchless *ensemble* of Daly's company will make this piece as attractive as any of the other Shakesperian productions of this season, which is saying much.

Something new in the way of celebrating a run will be Dixey's Grand Ball on the occasion of the five-hundredth performance of "Adonis," with an accompanying statuette of himself. To preserve the art unities this statue should be an automatic *Adonis* capable of dancing a break-down when wound up and called to life; and if possible it ought to be able, like Tennyson's brook, to go on forever, intimating the staying qualities of the play.

Miss Dauvray is unquestionably one of our girls. She has the daring which characterizes the girls of no land other than our own. Who but an American girl has the moral courage to appear in a court reception in a calico dress? Miss Dauvray did not do this—at least, we do not know that she did—but she now proposes to do something fully as audacious and novel. Notwithstanding it is the age of elaborate and costly souvenirs, this enterprising little actress who dazzles us with her display of diamonds, declares that she shall, on Saturday evening, Dec. 26th, give her New York admirers, as a token of gratitude for their liberal patronage, one cent each. This will be the occasion of her fiftieth representation of dashing, heroic, tantalizing *Kate Shipley*.

Mr. Bronson Howard, in "One of Our Girls," now being played at the Lyceum Theatre, has returned with interest the malicious slaps that we have received from French writers and dramatists. Sardou's "Uncle Sam," and other plays in which American customs and manners are caricatured, have furnished much amusement to the Parisian public, but now the tune is changed. It was very funny so long as the American ox was being gored, but when Mr. Howard sticks needles into the French bovine by depicting French customs in his comedy, a pretty "how-de-do" is raised by the Parisian press, and all Paris howls in agony. The play has also created quite a sensation here, it being the subject of conversation in the clubs and in society. At first there was a feeling of irritation at the idea that *Miss Kate Shipley*, the American girl, played by Miss Helen Dauvray, was a type of our best society. Reflection, however, showed that this was not the case. The author has drawn a type of a class to be found in every grade of American society, and a very lovable creature she is, as *Captain Gregory* of Her Majesty's 10th Lancers, realized when he met her in Paris. In "One of Our Girls," Mr. Howard contrasts the

French method of disposing of girls in marriage with that of ours, and he not only presents convincing illustrations in favor of our custom, but has admirably constructed a play that is full of interest and amusement—unquestionably his best work. The characters are true to life and in marked contrast, so that the moving pictures, all tending to laughter, are artistically graded and most effective.

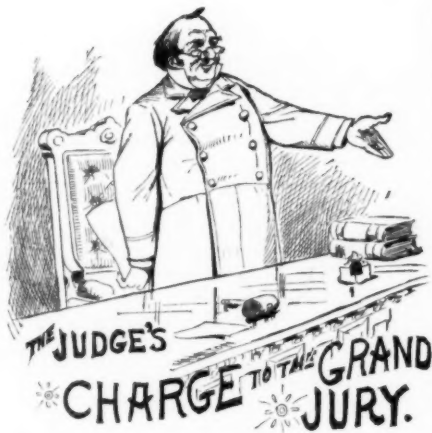
Miss Dauvray, as *Kate Shipley*, is charming. Anything more natural and winsome than her lining of the part cannot well be conceived. She is fun-loving, mischievous, roguish, girlish and womanly by turns, and in every phaze just such as one meets in every day life. Miss Dauvray has learned how to act—a triumph of art. By her quiet humor, graceful manner and insidious methods both heart and intelligence are made captive.

The perfection of the cast and the beauty of the sets are topics of frequent conversation. "One of Our Girls" would undoubtedly be a strong card in London. The pointed and laughable hits at *Johnny Crapaud* would be quite as much appreciated by our English cousins as they are here.—[Communicated.]



One of Our Girls makes Prisoner one of H. M. Tenth Lancers.





Ladies and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury of Public Opinion:

The death of the richest man in your judicial district is a timely occasion for a finding by Your Jury upon the accumulation and use of excessive wealth. Whether Your Jury shall or shall not at this time go into the question of the *right* of an individual by any means in his power to pile up enormous wealth; whether you shall consider the right and wisdom of limiting such pecuniary aggrandizement by the state; it seems to this Court that Your Jury should not omit to make inquest into the means by which it is possible for one man to die seized of two hundred million dollars; and also the use that has been made of such inconceivable power.

Your Jury should approach this inquest with all due respect for the dead and his blameless domestic life, and free from any prejudice or bias such as is apt to insinuate itself into the public mind against the unduly wealthy. It is not upon the individual, but upon the system of which he was an alarming representative, that you should find. The man has gone to account to a Higher Tribunal for his stewardship; the system remains for Your Public Opinion to deal with.

Your Jury will not fail to contrast such a state of business with the paltry evils of entail and primogeniture against which our forefathers interposed the insuperable bar of the constitution. A system of business, finance and laws under which one man can in seven years get a hundred million dollars is evidently a much greater evil than the perpetuity of great estates in family succession. It is the power of an *individual* protected by a system, not of *property* perpetuated by law, that our forefathers failed to imagine and provide against.

The will of the deceased and the schedule of his property, together with the authentic history of his life, will be before Your Jury as evidence in the matter of the mode of accumulation. These will inform you that deceased inherited, about seven years ago, a fortune estimated in round numbers at \$75,000,000; and that he left property to the amount of nearly \$200,000,000—showing an increase of \$120,000,000 in seven years. It will farther appear that the deceased was during that time engaged in no productive industry whatever, saving in so far as the transportation in which he was interested may be held to have added to the value of the products transported; and even against this contribution to the wealth of the country

must be charged the repressing and sometimes destructive effects upon industry of excessive or unequal tariffs exacted by his roads. Putting these figures together, Your Jury may be able to determine substantially if deceased ever in any way produced one dollar of the \$200,000,000 that stood in his name.

Your Jury may keep in mind the law of economy that there are only three ways in which any man can possibly get money or property, *viz*:

1. By gift from others.
2. By earning it.
2. By stealing it.

It will appear that deceased acquired less than half his fortune by gift from his father; a very small portion, if any, by earnings, and some small portion by legalized interest on bonds. The remainder, the bulk of his fortune, will therefore be shown to have been acquired by other means than the first two named. To quote from the argument of the learned counsel of the *New York Sun*:

"It came out of Wall street. How many dollars of that immeasurable volume of riches were made in the channels of legitimate commerce, in manufactures, in the fruition of toil, the accretion of improved realty, or in any strictly normal fashion whatever? It is the most extraordinary consideration connected with it that it was mostly acquired by that form of modern industry which consists simply in getting the better of somebody—the art that controls speculation and is never subject to its vicissitudes. To buy a thing at less than its value and to sell it at what it is not worth defines the principle that is involved."

Your Jury should not be blinded by phrases; you are to ask under which of the three heads above given the practices here described properly come?

You will further find that deceased held in his hands the power to fix the tolls of a large per centage of the traffic of the continent—a power to impose in a day upon the country a tax of millions without warning or chance of appeal, other than that by railroad competition afforded. This remedy of competition, Your Jury will find, was in most cases nullified by the deceased by using money to buy off rivals, or by pooling combinations. He thus held and frequently exercised over a republic a power of indiscriminate taxation that no Czar dare wield over his subjects.

Your Jury will see that the power (1) to put values of investments up and down at will, adding to or taking from the possessions of others; and (2) to add to or take from the value of the labor or products of a nation at will, sufficiently explains the phenomenon of fifteen millions a year income. Given those autocratic powers of self-help, any man of even less than the limited abilities, equal grip and no higher moral qualities than the deceased possessed could pile up equal millions. Indeed, the wonder in the case is in the moderation of the man who was given unchecked power to help himself from the possessions of others. His fortune could have been limited only by time and his abilities to care for the world's wealth. Death has cut short the experiment of testing human capacity for greed.

It is for Your Jury to consider if such experiments upon the property of others should be limited *only* by human passions and, Death.

As to the *use* made of his great patrimony and acquisitions by deceased, Your Jury may well find. If there is to be no limit by

statute or otherwise to individual wealth, the canons of Public Opinion must undertake to restrain private greed. To this end, Your Jury should instil into all men the law that a great fortune, like a high office in government, is a public trust. Considered as such a trust, how did deceased administer his power and wealth? Did his administration of the works he was interested in savor of the liberality of unlimited means? Did the army of employes of his lines fare better, or worse, than those of other lines less prosperous under men less wealthy? How far did he make his power a public blessing, how far did he use it as a public curse?

On these points you should consider his numerous and seemingly-liberal benefactions in the light of his ability to give. Statistics before you will show that deceased gave away to public benefits in his life something over a million dollars. This represents about one-half of one per cent. of his money—the equivalent of a gift of about two dollars bestowed by the average employe of his lines once a year. Counting his bequests, the deceased gave to public or charitable purposes a little over one per cent. of his wealth; if including secret benefactions—for he was an unostentatious man—he had given away two per cent. of his income and wealth—what then? Liberality is measured by ability and motive; all that a man gives out of his income while it is below a bare living is munificence, compared with the most that any rich man has *ever* given from superfluous wealth. Your Jury will thus have the true basis of finding upon the fidelity with which deceased administered his great public trust.

If Your Jury should wish to consider cases of wealthy men who *have* used fortune as a public trust, this Court would cite your attention to the late Peter Cooper, and others of whom this country is fortunately not without illustrious examples.

COLEMAN E. BISHOP.

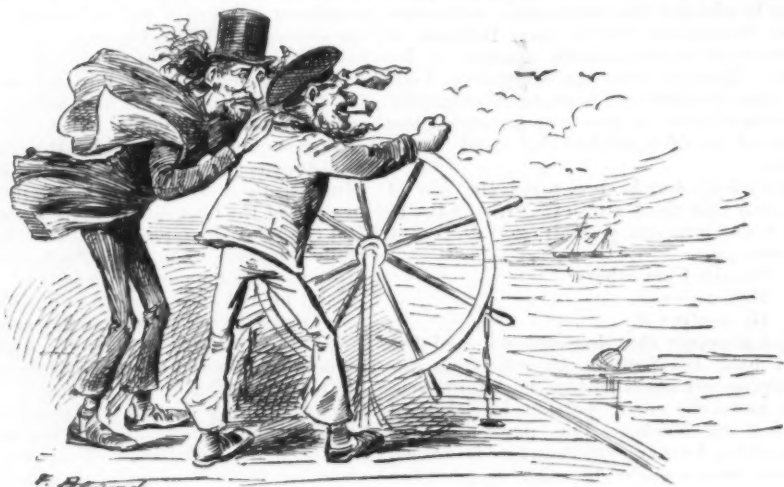


TEMPERANCE TRACKS.

#### A Revival in Wall Street, at Last.

The noon-time religious meetings in Trinity Church were largely attended and a deep interest in spiritual matters by the brokers and breakers was shown. This is the most startling evidence of the sickness of Wall street. We recall, but will not repeat, the couplet about the well-known patron-saint of Wall street being desirous of turning monk when sick, etc.

The country will commend this call on the future. It is a much better "revival in Wall street" than the one that the brokers have been looking for. May it make "a" difference in their preying!



## A TAIL OF THE SEA.

The poet stood by the pilot's side,  
And out on the ocean looked he.  
"O, sailor," he cried, "Gaze over the tide  
At the bark anchored there on the lee!

"What is it that waves so white in the wind  
From her rigging?—O, tar, can you guess?  
I'm really afraid 'tis a signal for aid—  
Yes, surely, a sign of distress!"

The pilot laughed loud, and he spat at the breeze,  
Which returned to the poet's eye:  
"O, loon of the land, can ye not understand—  
That's a shirt which is hung out to dry!"

THOS. W. TRESIDDER.

## Briefs Submitted.

It will always pay for a builder to suspect the designs of an architect.

Beautiful Snow invariably reaches the editor's sanctum in the form of slush.

"The Devil's Auction" was a failure in Baltimore." Fact is, the old man had unloaded his choicest wares at New York and Philadelphia.

There must be a peculiarly exhilarating quality in the atmosphere of Washington. Even the poorest jokes of the funny M. C.'s are capital jokes.

"The report comes from Washington that the Government holds \$75,000,000 in silver that can't be floated." If it won't float, put it where it belongs—in the sinking fund.

An American citizen is, of course, pleased to see religious observances kept up at the White House: but family worship had better be omitted. It is apt to lead to nepotism.

Steadman decides that "Poe and Hawthorne were the last of our romancers." This is most unkindly cut at Joe Mulhatton and the author of "Florida as a Paradise for Invalids."

A London doctor says that cold water, in a case of syncope is an excellent thing. A syncope case for cold water may be a stylish thing, but the old oaken bucket is good enough for us.

Indifferent Party (reading paper)—"I see they still have Ward mounting stoves at Sing Sing." Phila. Mem. P. R. A.—"Dear me! I hope the stoves aren't red hot. Think of the poor soles of his feet."

"Last week there were ten suicides in Berlin." There seems to be a lack, in Berlin, of shaky tenement houses, rusty boilers,

combustible hotels, and other labor-saving contrivances.

"The Emperor of Austria has sent one hundred thousand cigarettes to the Servian wounded." His Majesty might find ways less deadly and less shabby of showing his false friendship for the Servians.

A rural correspondent asks "how to make a successful hot-bed." Two feather-beds arranged over a hot-air register will make a sufficiently hot bed. But you are too late. August is the month for hot beds.

## THE SHOEMAKER'S LOSS.

DEAR TOM:

Our little Susie's gone!  
She was our little awl,  
The darling of my mother's heart  
Just six years old this Fall.

That she would live for many year  
We never had a doubt,  
It never crossed our minds, you know,  
That Susie could peg out.

Our Susy suddenly took sick  
With cramps and bilious fever,  
We thought each hour would be her last,  
For nothing could relieve her.

While we were watching her, one night,  
(Directly after supper)  
Our little Susie left this world  
And went into the upper.

The little garden in the yard's  
Neglected and forsaken;  
(My mother's hand sewed all the seed)  
And now our Susy's taken.

And never more she'll shoe the hens  
Or chase the little rabbit;  
The all gaiter will not swim,  
As was his usual habit.

She had a noble sole—our Sue—  
And we can only feel  
Ours is a loss that neither time  
Nor change can ever heal.

And now our little, darling Sue  
With angel choirs is singing!  
(She had a good soprano voice—  
So loud, so clear, so ringing.)

Roses and smilax lined the box  
We carried Susy off in,  
And "Gates Ajar," "At Rest," and "Home"  
Were placed upon her coffin.

I send you Susy's photograph,  
A lock of hair to boot—  
I'll never own another dog!  
Your Cousin,

DAVID ROOT.

## COLD STUFFING.



LITTLE GUSSIE GREEDY HANGS HIS STOCKING OUTSIDE THE CHIMNEY SO HE CAN BE SURE TO GET IT FILLED, BUT IS NOT ENTIRELY SATISFIED WITH HIS SUCCESS.



OYEZ! OYEZ!

THE FATHER COMMENTS ON THE BABY.

Mother:

"Ain't it a pretty little thing,  
Its eyes so bright and clear?  
What dimpled cheeks! what tiny toes!  
How do you like it, dear?"

Father:

"My love, I think this little babe  
All other babes excels;  
It has my nose, it has your mouth,  
And—mercy how it yells!"

[Boston Courier.

The wicked paragrapher never feels his total depravity so much as when he sees his items going around credited to an honest religious weekly.—[Pittsburg Chronicle.

A correspondent wants to know what is the best drawing point about that slangy preacher Sam Jones. We really think that he draws the hardest on the point of salary. [Bloomington Eye.

"A goose that crows like a rooster is one of the novelties at Cumberland, Md." It may be a rooster, after all. The late election showed that more than one Democratic rooster of this state made a goose of himself by crowing.—[Norristown Herald.

A North Carolina man paid \$2,700 for a dog. He got out of it very cheaply. People in Wall street have paid a great deal more than that for a pointer and then have found the dog gone—hardest luck they ever struck.—[Indianapolis Herald.

Edith—"Oh, Maude, have you heard the news? Minnie Westermann's turned Catholic, and she's going to take the veil." Maude (with languid spite)—"Really, you don't say so! Well, I don't know any girl to whom it would be more becoming." [Somerville Journal.

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**MEN ONLY**  
Mention this paper.

DeGuy—"Don't say anything against Mudge. He is a friend of mine, he is, indeed." Bolgertop—"Then he ought to be a friend in need." DeGuy—"I should say he was. I never meet him but he strikes me for a dollar."—[Philadelphia Call.

Let us then be up and doing  
With a heart for any fate,  
Drinking, smoking, swearing, chewing,  
And make nuisances of ourselves generally,  
until the voice of conscience whispers in our ears that we had better stop and cogitate.—[Hatchet.

It was a Harvard Sophomore who said the other day, when told that a girl had once taken the highest classical honors of the college; "Oh, well, you know the girls have nothing to do but study. We fellows really have so much else to attend to that we don't don't get much time for books!" [Boston Record.

White Man—"What's the trouble there?" First Negro—"Sambo kicked me in de mouf." Second Negro—"It war all a mistake, sah. Sambo wuz layin' on de floah wife his mouf wide open, sah; I wuz sartin dat hit wuz my boot, sah, an' I neber know de difrence till I kotch him by the yeahs, sah, an' den I knowed my rubbah boots nebbah had sich mon'sus yeahs as dem, sah."—[Newman Independent.

A rich old farmer whose daughter is in a Chicago school was up to see her recently, and in conversation with a friend, he said that he wasn't afraid that his daughter would run away with a coachman, but it made him nervous to hear her talking about those handsome cab drivers. The friend explained what Hansom was, and the father was less alarmed.—[Merchant Traveller.

Josh Billing's humor did not attract attention until he adopted bad spelling. Rev. Mr. Talmage's sermons did not draw large congregations till he practiced gymnastics in the pulpit, and Rev. Mr. Downes did not become popular and have his sermons printed in the newspapers until he—until he "fell from grace," and was expelled from the church. And yet there are men who continue to permit their lights to glimmer under a bushel measure.—[Nor. Herald.

A London paper says that the King of Spain, when he went among his cholera-stricken subjects, ran a risk ten times greater than that which prevented President Cleveland from being at the funeral of Vice-President Hendricks. That is so; but the King's death would not have blasted the hopes of one-hundred thousand office-seekers, who had been "out in the cold" a quarter of a century. London papers don't seem to understand the true inwardness of American politics.—[Nor. Herald.

"Yes, sir," said Jones to Smith, "as men grow in age and experience they advance in knowlege." "I don't think so," replied Smith. "Don't think so? That's rather singular. The opinion I hold on the subject is the universal opinion." "It may be, but I have my own opinion, nevertheless, and it is that the younger we are the more we know. When I was a youth I knew twice as much as my father. Now I am aged and I don't know half as much as my son." [Boston Courier.

A new parlor diversion among the wealth and fashion of New York consists in throw-

ing cards into a hat. A silk tile is set on the floor. The player takes a pack of fifty-two cards, stands eight feet distant and endeavors to cast them, one by one, into the receptacle. The person who makes the lowest score has to do all the picking up during the next round of trials. It is said that a man who never went to school in his life, and doesn't know a noun from a parallelogram, can play this elevating game quite as well as the college graduate whose head is bursting with knowledge; but it doesn't seem possible.—[Norristown Herald

THE MODERN SHAKESPERE.

"Look thee, Henrico, thro' the lattice yon! The winter's down doth blonde the garbless earth!"

"It doth, Andromeda, tho' tongues plebeian would scarcely mention it in phrase like that."

"How stealthily the airy crystals wing their devious way thro' brennal atmosphere, almost they seem like liliaceous spray from some wind-kissed Hesperian parterre."

"Intensely almost, thou Swinburnian one!"

"And where, in fallow grooves, the swirling myths of alabaster mass their argent forms, doth it not crystallize the bard's conceit that seraphims do sometimes pillow earth with soft upholstery of slumberland?"

"Ergo, it doth, or else 'twould seem to doth."

"And as the winged fays on eddying un-

IMPORTANT TO  
CONSUMERS OF SOAP!

NEW YORK, NOV. 20, 1885.

CHAS. S. HIGGINS, Esq.

Dear Sir:

I have analysed samples of your Toilet Soap designated as "La Belle," also samples of Colgate's "Cashmere Bouquet," and of "Lubin's Toilet Soap," with the following results:

I find your soap to be free from all impurities, whereas

**COLGATE'S CASHMERE BOUQUET**

contains 0.297 per cent of Silicate of Magnesia, or Tale and,

**LUBIN'S** contains 0.0372 per cent of Silicate of Magnesia, with traces of Iron.

The late Prof. Justus Liebig said that "the degree of civilization of a people may be judged by the amount of soap used by it." I will add that the purity of the article employed by humanity for toilet purposes indicates their intelligence.

You have demonstrated that a perfectly pure soap may be made.

It is to be regretted that names world renowned in the making of toilet soap should employ adulterants. Bodies foreign to a pure soap, however small in quantity, though lucrative to the makers of the soap, are not beneficial to the consumers.

Ladies should not and do not desire to irritate the delicate surface of the skin, or fill its minute pores, and thus obstruct their healthy action, which would result from the constant use of an adulterated soap.

I therefore cordially commend to them and to the community in general the employment of

Your Pure "LA BELLE" Toilet Soap

over every adulterated article,

Yours, respectfully,

R. OGDEN DOREMUS, M.D., LL. D.,

Professor Chemistry and Toxicology in Bellevue Hospital Medical College, and Professor Chemistry and Physics in College City of New York.

## LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

## LUNDBORG'S RHENISH COLOGNE.

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furl their plumelets o'er the trem'lous glebe,  
can'st thou not almost fancy thee some tune,  
as feathery filaments do tink' their tips?"

"Almost I can'st not, Euterpian elf."

"An' thou didst wake thy soul thou surely would'st! Nor could'st thou fail to see in spotless waifs that garland heath and hedge the symbols chaste of that seraphic state when stainless all will be creation's confraternity."

"Come off, Andromeda! Unhook thy chin from these entanglements of rhapsody. I know this snow so frail thou railest of, and that through lattice doth enchantment have. But I'm to wallow thro' its mesh at night, and heave it, mark thee, from the garden path, and weave some fitting language for the same when later on it sops the danksome rain and paves the mellow earth with clammy gelatine. And look thee, gyerl, there's naught in this to move Henrico's soul to effervesce, that is, with what the gods would call a healthy pus."—[Yonkers Gazette.

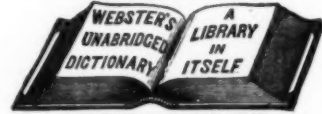
### HE TOOK WHISKEY.

A nobby and snobby Milord of British extraction traveled from Big Horn with us and Abe Idelman on the stage coach early this week. Milord was excessively exclusive. He wouldn't be sociable, and spoke to no one except the two "John Henry" servants he had with him and was altogether as unpleasant as his snobbishness could make him. At a dinner station there were a lot of jolly cowboys on a lark, and one of them, "treating" everybody, asked the Englishman to drink.

Of course Milord haughtily refused. The

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Gentlemen's Silver Stem Winders from \$10 up.  
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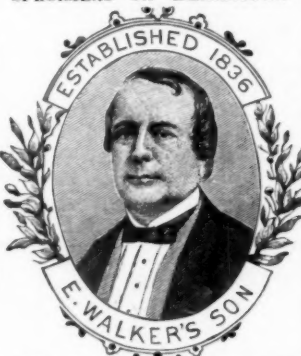
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cowboy displayed a dangerous-looking six-shooter, and very impressively insisted on his drinking. "But I can't you know; I don't drink, you know," was Milord's reply. Mr. Cowboy brought the muzzle in dangerous proximity to the knot in which Milord's brains were supposed to lie hidden somewhere, and then he said he'd drink—he'd take soda water, you know.

"Soda water nuthin'," said Mr. Cowboy. "You'll take straight whiskey."

"But aw, this American whiskey, I can't swallow it, you know."

"Well," said the cowboy, "I'll make a hole in your head, so that we can pour it in," and he began to draw on Milord, and Milord said: "Ah, that'll do, I'll drink it."

Then the cowboy invited Milord's servants to drink, which horrified him. "They don't drink, you know," he said. "Well, we'll see whether they do or not," said Mr. Cowboy. "The chances are you don't give 'em a hoppportunity. Come up here, you fellows, and guzzle," and the two John Henrys, with a little show of reluctance, but really glad to get a drink, came up, and the cowboy passed a tumblerful of torchlight procession whiskey for Milord, and the servants poured for themselves.

Then the cowboy made the John Henrys clink glasses with Milord, and all drank, and there was great fun. Milord tried after that to be jolly, and the stimulant assisted him decidedly. But in the coach he fell back into his exclusiveness, and retained it throughout, and has probably got it yet.

[Big Horn Sentinel.]

### DUST FROM THE BULL-RING

Marriage wonderfully improves some women's beauty. Many a woman was never able to boast a pair of lovely black eyes until after she had been married a year or two.

It is said that blue stockings are poisonous. However, we imagine there is little danger of anybody eating them—that is, if boarding-house keepers are not criminally careless about what ingredients find their way into the breakfast hash.

"That's rather a pretty idea, that old sailor sitting on his upturned boat and eating his frugal meal. What are you going to call it, Mr. Brush?" asked a Nob Hill young lady as she was looking at a nearly finished painting in an Ellis street studio.

"Yes, I flatter myself that the picture is a unique idea. I shall name it 'The Skipper's Meal,'" replied the artist.

"Say," spoke up the lady's young brother, "I can tell you how to paint a skipper's meal easier nor that one."

"Could you? How?"  
"Just paint a piece of cheese. That's all."—[California Maverick.]

### A JOKE ON AN EDITOR.

"Do you read all those newspapers?" asked a gentleman of the editor of the *Call*, who was returning from the Post Office with his arms full of exchanges.

"Certainly I do," replied the editor.

"Why do you ask?"

"Because you remind me of my cow."

"Remind you of your cow!" repeated the editor in amazement. "Why so?"

"Because," said the gentleman, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "it requires a thundering pile of fodder to make her give down a mighty little poor milk!"

[Maverick.]

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