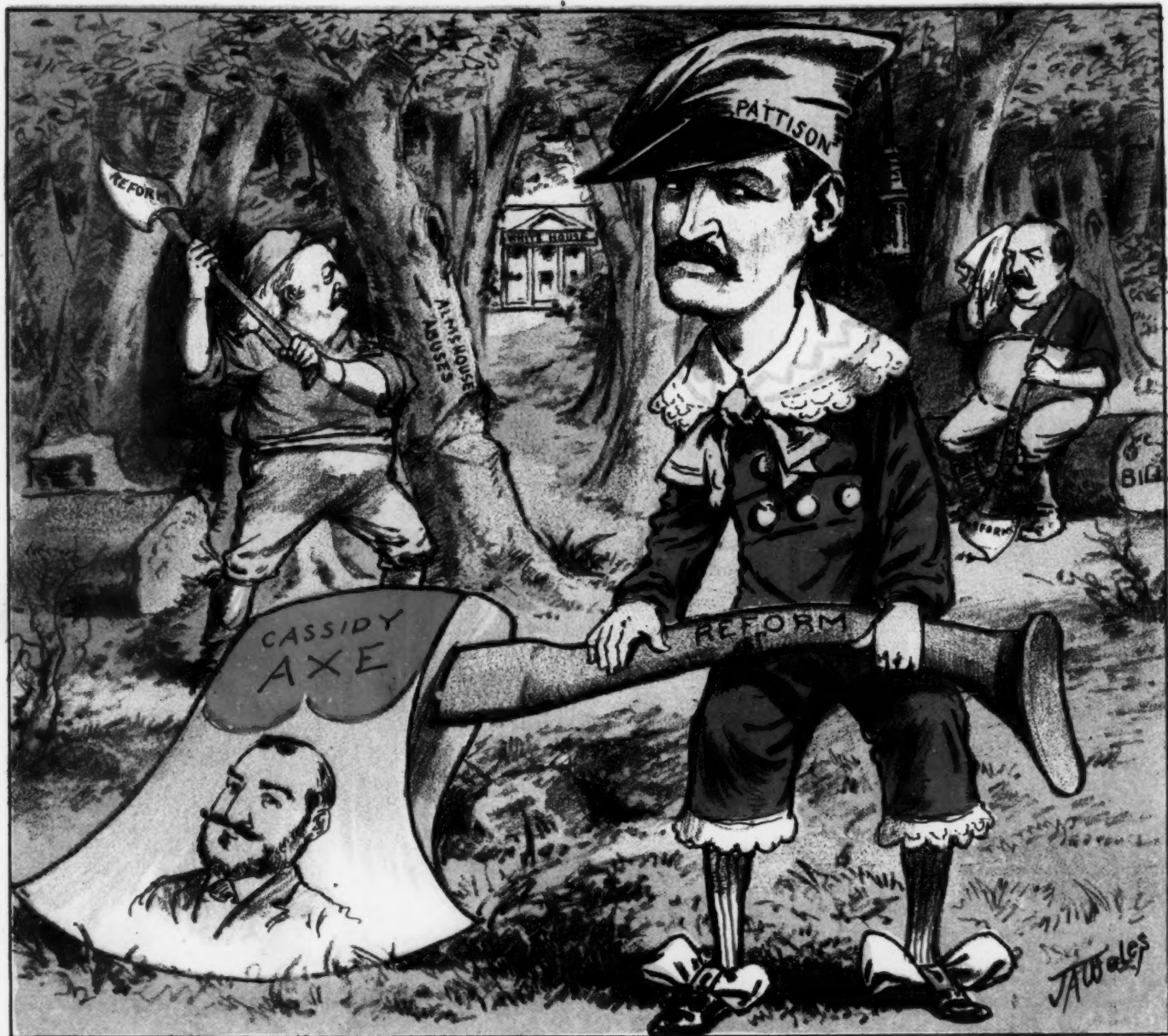


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THE TIDAL-WAVE GOVERNORS.
PATTISON'S AXE TOO HEAVY FOR EFFECTIVE WORK.



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Peter Cooper.

BORN, February 12th, 1791.
 DIED, April 4th, 1863.

As falls the time-proud, towering oak, when riven
 By the fierce bolt from lurid lighted heaven,
 So, 'mid the radiance of good deeds well done,
 Sinks to his rest Manhattan's noblest son.
 Noblest in this, that he, the honored sage,
 Was true to manhood, in a groveling age.

His life was earnest, placid, honest, pure;
 His fame, in city, state and nation, sure.
 He saw the toiler robbed of a just part
 Of Learning's bounty and the wealth of Art:
 That which he had he freely gave to found
 A school of Science, free to all around.

With zealous care, and open, generous hand,
 He reared the edifice which long shall stand
 His stateliest monument; a wise decree,
 The beacon of a broad philanthropy,
 Of all the love, within weak human ken,
 Naught can exceed the love of fellow men. H. C. L.

"GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE."

THE death of the venerable Peter Cooper was an event which drew from the common people the warmest expressions of approval of a grand career, and that his memory will be forever honored by them is as certain as the rising and setting of the sun. No man in such comfortable circumstances was so truly loved and honored by the poor. His name will ever be associated with good deeds. The great institution erected by him will stand as a glorious monument. The men of millions who survive him now have an opportunity of knowing how easily they may make inroads into the hearts of the people, and, dying, leave behind them names that will be blessed forever more.

THE PRESIDENT IN FLORIDA.

OUR special artist with the Presidential party in Florida has furnished some highly interesting sketches for this number of THE JUDGE, and they will tell their own stories. The President is evidently hugely enjoying himself, and we are glad of it. He will, we trust, return refreshed to the affairs of state, and proceed in a calm and dignified manner to dispense with the services of incompetent officeholders in Washington, New York and elsewhere.

A TIDAL-WAVE GOVERNOR.

WHILE Governors Butler and Cleveland are hard at work with reform axes, chopping away evils that have long existed in their respective States, the young Governor of Pennsylvania seems to be unable to wield the Cassidy axe which he made haste to secure at the beginning of his administration.

THE NEWSGATHERER.

AN editorial in the New York *Sun* sets forth this fact:

"The reporters of to-day have lived down the reputation bequeathed to them by the witty but improvident Bohemians of twenty years ago. Nowadays a man must be sober, bright and energetic to join the ranks of the busy newsgatherers of New York."

It is better late than never for a great newspaper like the *Sun* to pay this well-deserved tribute to the newspaper reporters of the present day. The impression has too long been prevalent in some portions of the community that reporters are vagabonds who fear neither God nor man; that they are dissolute in their habits, and undeserving of welcome in polite society. Such an impression does injustice to a class of industrious, painstaking, gentlemanly, and, in the main, honest men.

There was a time, and the *Sun* draws the line at twenty years ago, when the newsgatherers frequented a notorious resort and guzzled beer. Those who sat around the tables in that place are still remembered for their genius in satisfying the literary appetites of thousands of newspaper readers. To-day such men could not hold positions on a daily newspaper for twenty-four hours. No man in the whole community is employed more hours during the day than a New York reporter, and no one does harder work than he is called upon to perform. He must necessarily be a gentleman, or his services are not required. He is expected to visit and converse with the most gifted and famous men and women of our times, and must know how to talk intelligently upon all subjects. He must be able to speak and write fluently upon the news of the day, and must be ready at all hours, in fair weather and foul, to serve his paper. He is denied the comforts of home, which men in other business pursuits enjoy, and becomes a machine which is almost constantly in motion. He is brought face to face with crimes and all their punishments, with misery and wretchedness in their worst degrees, and his heart grows larger in his attempts to benefit the downtrodden and forsaken. In his habits he is cleaner than the average of men who toil for a living, and he is more self-reliant, braver, and more thoughtful.

MR. JEROME BUCK, in the New York *Dispatch* of the 1st inst., paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of an old friend and valued Mason, Thomas Eggerton Garson.

DEATH has played havoc with eminent men this year.

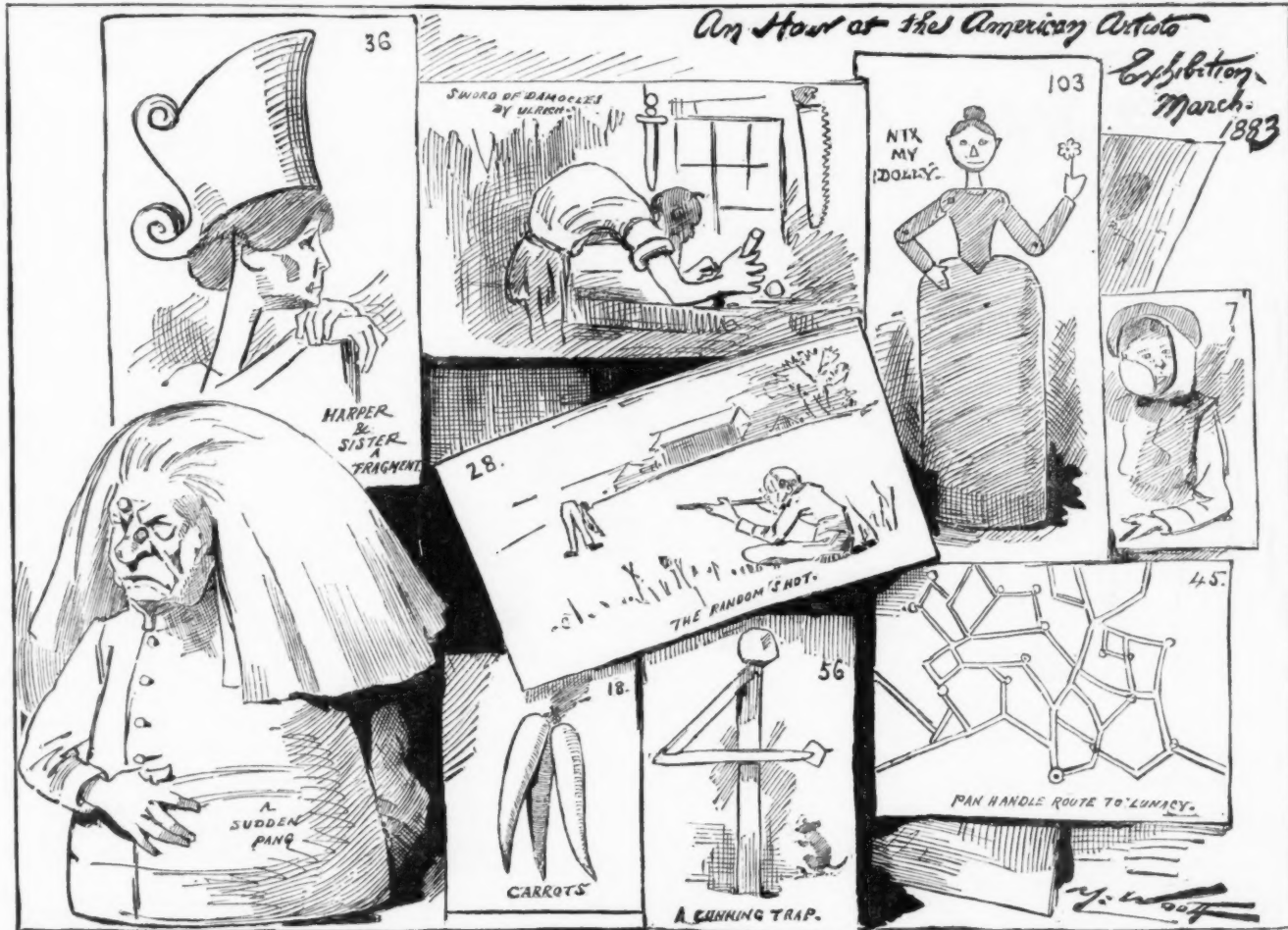
THE RED FLAG.

THIS is an easy-going country, of illimitable resources and political hypocrites.

That it has numerous short-comings to answer for, goes without question. However, be its sins of omission or commission what they may, "Free America" never has, nor never will tolerate proletarian outbreaks and mob excesses. Every citizen of the great republic is constitutionally secured in the right to quietly join his fellow-citizens in petitions for redress of grievances. Native-born or naturalized, all are treated alike, and equitably. Here, at home, we laugh at spread-eagle bombast, and take little heed of imported pop-gun oratory. Domestic violence and its slum-fattened creators give slight uneasiness to the authorities, and the elastic canopy of Peace is stitched its entire length, from Maine to Mariposa, with the golden threads of miraculous prosperity. Yet we are not happy, and for a sufficient reason. The tunic of our national dignity is begrimed. Huge, greasy blotches are seen on Uncle Sam's working blouse. These defilements are caused by the fingers of Socialistic blatherskites, yawping malecontents, the riff-raff of European capitals and provinces, the lepers and spawn of the Commune, and the torch-wavers at the reeking altars of Nihilism and Rapine.

This is a land of patient waiting, lucky chances, armor-draped writs of *habeas corpus*, and of lukewarm, dilly-dallying justice; but, of a verity, it often appears to be tamely submissive and provokingly indifferent when it is the worst riled. The people are savagely nettled at the machinations and insolence of the Druryes, the Schwabs, and their unphilosophic, hot-headed, sore-mouthed horde of clacquers. These restive, intriguing, scurvy disturbers of patriotism and contentment are warned in time. If they continue to sow the wind, they will surely reap the blizzard. Long before Herr Most gets to California, the pigmy Robespierre may be lost forever (and good riddance) in a seething furnace of public indignation. The hand-writing of outraged decency and self-respect has made its significant marks in the independent press of this happy land, where every industrious man's business is his own, and no concern, whatever, of Herr Most or of other irritable, blasphemous, foreign-spewed meddlers. The sowers of tigers' teeth have always been political suicides. They tear up benches and pluck down forms, defame law and government, and decide precedents. They raise tempests which they are powerless to quell, and miserably perish in the ruins of toppling ambition, and amid blasted hopes of the unattainable. The Socialists and Communists of the present hour will share the fate of all of their clan. The red flag, if ever unfurled on this soil, will be torn into shreds and trampled into the mire from which its vile makers and bearers sprung. Tempt America not too far, ye Yahoos and Vandals!

THE oldest Odd Fellows are becoming almost as numerous as the oddest old fellows.



VIEWING A YOUNG CAMEL.

I WENT up to Central Park a few days ago because I heard that a camel had been born, and I wanted to find out whether it was as ugly as the full-blown members of its species. Now I want it distinctly understood that I am a well-developed aesthete, and, if I saw a handsome camel, I should be aware of the fact with exceeding great awareness.

There may be handsome camels somewhere, but they do not loiter around any of the menageries which have come under my extensive observation.

The subject of this sketch was born on March 31, 1883, and his first experience of earth was finding himself in a snow bank. There is, I submit with all due humility, something rare, though not radiant, in such an experience for a camel. These birds are in the habit of being born in warmer climes than Central Park under a March snow. Nevertheless this little beast did not appear to be disappointed at the general appearance of things. He took to snow as naturally as a politician to beer.

When I arrived at Central Park, I found that the whole force of employes attached to the menagerie had turned out to meet me. Two of them came forward and took my arms, gently guiding my steps into the arsenal. There I saw a large cage, empty, with its door open. I asked an employe what it was for, because I did not think a young camel was so dangerous that it had to be caged.

"It's for you," he said.

"For me!" I exclaimed. "Why, I don't want it."

"You're off your ca-base," replied the menial; "we are going to put you in it."

"What for?"

"Why, aren't you the wild man of the Fourth Ward?"

"Not that I know of."

Then the villain explained to me that he was expecting that celebrated curiosity and had mistaken me for him. I said nothing, but after I had calmed him by exhibiting my eard, I took him gently to one side, carved him up into small pieces and offered him to the sea lions. They told me, however, that they were Hebrews and never ate hams. Then a Park policeman came along and wanted to arrest me for trying to poison the animals. I pacified the irate officer and then went to look at the young camel.

He was built very much like a camp meeting ice cream booth—four uprights with an awning on top. There was a careless waste of legs about that animal that filled me with supernatural distress. It pained me to see so small and comparatively useless an animal occupying so elevated a position. He had no hump, either. I knew that every well regulated camel had a hump, and I was grieved to see that this innocent beast had been neglected by nature. I learned afterward that a hump was one of those things that a camel gained by experience. The necessities of life compel a camel to hump himself with an earnestness that lasts him throughout his stay in this vale of tears.

Another omission in this young thing was neck. Everyone has noticed that camels have so much neck that they have to fold the blamed thing up so as to keep their heads in the same county as their bodies. Bartley,

the greatest of all the Campbells—so great that he has lugged into his name three extra consonants—told me that the neck of the camel always developed late in life. This long neck is one of the things that makes a camel feel satisfied with one drink every few days. I have been thinking ever since that it would be a good thing for the human race if men were built more like camels.

W. J. HENDERSON.

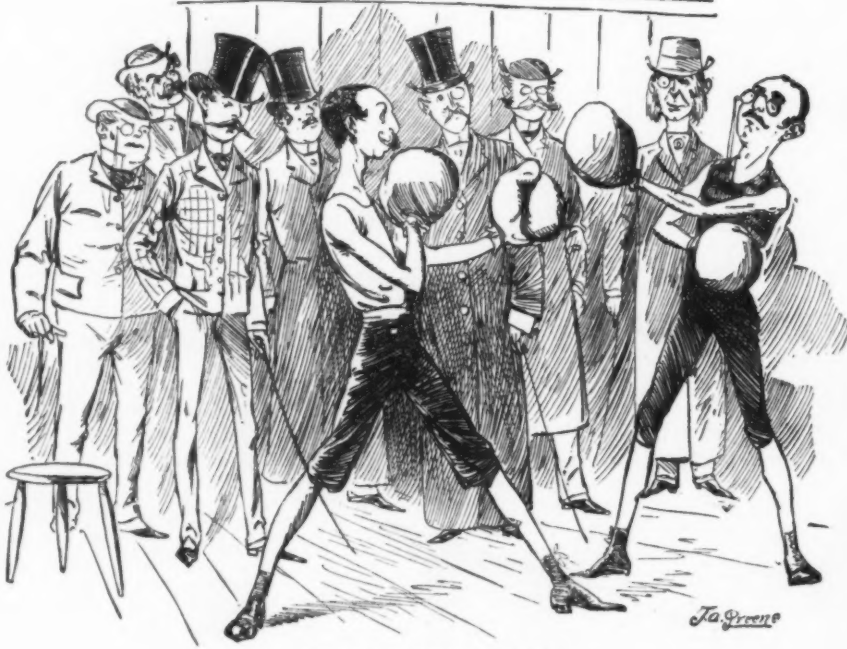
MIKE McDONALD has been re-elected Mayor of Chicago.

EX-GOV. WILLIAM SPRAGUE, of Rhode Island, proves not to be another Butler.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S appointment of Judge Walter Q. Gresham, of Indiana, to the Postmaster generalship, seems to give universal satisfaction.

GOVERNOR BUTLER is rapidly distancing Governors Cleveland and Pattison in the matter of obtaining public notoriety. He is doing noble work in his investigation of the villainies perpetrated in the Tewksbury alms-house.

MAYOR MEANS, of Cincinnati, some time ago undertook to reform the liquor dealers and places of amusement in that city. Judging from his encounter in the Duckworth Club the other evening, he should now undertake to reform himself.



PUGNACIOUS DUDES.

"I say, Gawge, you are real mean; so look out for yourself!"

PUGNACIOUS DUDES.

HITHERTO the Dude has been regarded as a harmless idiot, with no more fight in him than there is in a clam. Even timid ladies have not been afraid of them, and the idea of their doing anything more sensational or exciting than promenading in a Seymour coat, with arms a-kimbo, wearing a hat two sizes too large, toothpick shoes, and a crutch-cane, has probably never been for a moment entertained by any one at all familiar with the species.

"If they are worthless they are harmless," said a very charitable old lady who does not believe that anything was made in vain.

But a recent event in this city throws down this pretty, spindle-shanked idol, and must convince the world that the Dude belongs to the human species, after all. The shock is terrible, but we must give the facts:

There has lately been a slugging-match between two full-blown Dudes, representatives of their kind, and heretofore regarded as quite as harmless as a pair of two-weeks-old donkeys. But before proceeding with the story of that fierce encounter, let us examine the cause which led up to it.

Their names are George VanWort and Livingstone Bungstarter, both being scions of ancient Knickerbocker families. It appears that George evolved out of his brain a new skip to the Dude walk, to be used principally when passing ladies on the street, that accompanies the raising of the hat; and young Bungstarter, not to be outdone or to have it thought that any other Dude possessed more brains than he did when it came right to the point, invented a new attitude, to be used in front of churches and in the vestibules of theatres when congregations and audiences are going out. This, of course, gave them great prominence among the Dudes, but it also made them rivals. George accused Livingstone of practising his skip on the promenade, and he accused George of posturing his posture at Wallack's and other fashionable theatres.

This of course made bad blood, for they are spirited fellows, as will be seen hereafter, and on several occasions they actually "cut" each other on the public streets. At length the blood of the Bungstarters was roused, and without a particle of hesitation he said at his club one night, "Gawge VanWort is a real mean fellow, and I'm taking lessons in—aw—boxing."

This implied challenge was repeated to Georgie, and he never weakened. On the contrary, he made bold to say that he had no need of taking lessons in order to get away with a Bungstarter, and so the bad blood grew apace, until finally mutual friends of the Dude family took it up and arranged for an aristocratic slugging-match at a subterranean club-house where the Dudes go two or three times a year to see hounds chase the fierce and untamed anise-seed bag. It was to be a slugging-match to the bitter end, but at the same time it was to be a most aristocratic affair, embodying the very thoughtful precaution of using soft gloves.

Both Dudes went into active training, and spent as much as half an hour each day getting their muscle up. About a week ago, everything being in readiness, those in the secret (for it had to be kept a secret, for fear of the police,) went to the aforesaid club-house, where champagne and cigarettes had preceded them.

There was a great gathering of tooth-pick shoes and crutch-canes, and several of the more nervous Dudes became really excited over the tremendousness of the situation. But when the principals appeared in ring costume, they made a sensation. The legs and arms of both were about as big as pipe-stems, which made the gloves they wore seem as big as pillows. Both had been well braced by their seconds, and appeared really ugly when they found each other in the ring.

"Aw, I'll bet a dollar that Livy knocks him out," suggested a Dude, who evidently possessed sporting proclivities—but the proposition was at once hissed by the other Dudes,

who said betting was vulgar, and not to be tolerated.

So "time" was called for the first round, amid excitement so intense that nearly every Dude present forgot to suck the handle of his cane. The pugnacious rivals approached each other and shook hands, but they both instantly sprang back out of harm's way, and began to shove those huge boxing gloves out towards each other. "Gawge" seemed to be the most active on his needles, and as he danced around he made up a "snoot" at "Livy" to taunt him to the scratch; but during the first round they did not get near enough to each other to touch gloves. They had poked gloves at each other for three minutes without drawing a drop of blood, and the waiter proceeded to draw several champagne corks.

Then followed five minutes rest, during which everybody said "Aw," and drank wine. Then Percy LaProud called "time," and the belligerents once more came to the scratch. There was some cautious shoving of gloves towards each other, as before, but at the suggestion of the referee they went nearer to each other and actually began to spar, while the most intense excitement prevailed. Finally Georgie hit Livy on the nose, and he staggered back and looked bewildered. "I say, Gawge, you are real mean; so look out for yourself," said he, and again went in. The sparring at this point was terrific. They hit their gloves together several times in stopping sledge-hammer blows, and everybody said "Aw!" "Livy" was mad, and in dancing around would probably have done terrible execution had not LaProud called him off, time being up according to the Marquis of Queensbury rules. Then followed more wine and "Aws," and some of VanWort's bolder friends congratulated him on the prospect of his winning the battle.

The next round was all in favor of "Livy." He hit "Gawge" right on the lungs, and made him look awful groggy, and then his friends said "Aw!" But this ended the fight, amid sighs of relief and a resumption of sucking cane-handles. Both Dudes had behaved nobly, and their friends gathered around them with a fresh supply of champagne, insisting upon it that it was a very game affair on both sides, and that two such noble specimens of Dudedom ought to be friends. Revenge was satisfied, and the combatants shook hands while everybody said "Aw!"

The return home was by carriage, late at night, so as to avoid the police; but some indiscreet Dude gave the whole thing away as we now publish it. The police may arrest them, for aught we know; but it will not be our fault. The Dude has long enough been regarded as harmless, and we are determined that the world shall be undeceived and know the danger there is in him. He is just as bad as ordinary human beings are, and when he gets mad he strikes "real hard."

ВЫСТРОП.

It is said "Mount Washington has two feet of snow." M. Washington's two feet must be about as cold as the woman's the paragraphers so frequently refer to—the woman who always inserts her feet in the hollow of her husband's back as soon as that individual gets into bed.

A WESTERN moulder of public opinion accuses an esteemed cotemporary of using shoe-pegs for type and coal tar for ink. The coal tar may not be an objection, but we should think a paper printed from shoe-pegs would harrow up the sole to read it.



THE LEADER OF THE DISTRICT.

PATRICIUS McMUD (to Political Henchmen).—"I'll have a bit of that new aqueduct meself, and I'll fix eyes wid Thompson and Hamilton."

What She was Married in.

"So, BROTHER, you have been to the church,
Where you saw Carrie Anderson's wedding—
Now right down on that ottoman perch,
And tell me, while needle I'm threading,
All about the proceedings in full
As they knelt by the altar's front railing;
Was she married in satin or tulle?
In white silk or simple nun's velling?"

"Well, I cannot describe her tresseau,
For my heart was so heavy and weary
O'er the fact she had once warbled 'No!'
When I asked her to be my own dearie;
But I'm confident she will not taste—
With her stick of a husband—much pleasure,
For I think she was 'married in'—haste,
And she now will repent at her leisure!"

EDWIN FERGUSON.

THE POET'S REVENGE.

"I SIMPLY called to see the editor in regard to having a nice little notice of our tooth-powder inserted in your columns at the regular rates. Something with a beauty of composition and lily-like purity of diction that will readily catch the wearied public eye. You get my drift, I suppose?"

"Something in the poetical line, perhaps?" suggested the poet, a dangerous gleam lurking in his languorous, oriental eyes.

"Of course," assented the agent, eagerly. "An ode, you know, or something of the sort. Any little thing about wildwoods and tangled vines and gurgling brooklets, termi-

nating with a pretty allusion to our Peerless tooth-powder. We will—"

"You would desire some little gem of melody that would bring back to the public a tender recollection of its childhood days, and cause it to rush right out, with streaming eyes, and buy three or four gross of your tooth-gargle as a souvenir of the long ago, as it were," broke in the rondeau-architect.

"That's the idea," responded the agent, with enthusiasm. "And if you could get your poet right at it—"

"Oh, he'll get right at it," fairly howled the poet. "You can just bet a good ten-cent piece against a New Jersey savings bank that he'll get right at it! Don't lay any unnecessary burden of care upon your shoulders on that account. He'll get at it, he will! I'm glad to meet you, young man. I've wanted to see you for some little time. You're the man that goes around subsidizing the sacred genius of poesy, so that when one picks up a paper, now-a-days, and starts in to read a touching little poem about the death of a wavy, golden-haired little galoot with nice clean ears and heavenly-blue eyes, who never lived to go to Congress and get in his little dividend on the River and Harbor appropriations, but faded away in the balmy springtime, one is morally certain of finding in the last stanza the calm assurance that he

might have been spared had his parents invested in a twenty-five cent bottle of Mull-rug's Worm Eliminator. I happen to be doing the poeting on this enterprising journal, just now, myself, and I'll get right at it. Just name the particular breed of poetry you desire for your vile purpose and you shall have it, if I have to get down on my bended knee and guide the pen with my teeth. Maybe you'd like a poem on the setting sun, and cold, wave-lashed cliffs, and foaming breakers and things, and have me wind up with the candid, unbiased information that your infernal tooth-powder will produce a coat of enamel, two inches thick, on the teeth of a cross-cut saw?" And the poet paused for lack of breath.

"N-no. I—that is—you—if you—you will excuse me, I think I shall have to go," stammered the agent, turning pale, and staring appealingly at a life-size portrait of the editor's mother-in-law, which adorned the wall.

"Don't tear yourself away," hissed the poet, casually rolling back his cuffs to display the slung-shot that softly reposed in his sleeve. "We haven't fairly got onto that little advertising scheme yet. How would a brief descriptive poem of a fair pastoral scene strike you? We could work in the hum of bees, and the dim glitter of a lily-bordered lake in the distance, and malaria, and a maiden with soft brown hair and violet-tinted eyes, and then we could finish by intimating that the girl's mother was aged, and so stoop-shouldered that they used her in cases of emergency for a croquet wicket, and hadn't had a tooth in her head—not one—for seventy-four years, and that one application of your Peerless, blank-blasted tooth-powder restored to her a full and complete set of teeth, and also took the mortgage off the farm and bought her a strawberry-blond cow. Like the idea?"

"I—I—I don't know."

"Oh, you don't, don't you?" sneered the poet. "Maybe your Peerless, dashed tooth-powder wouldn't exactly assimilate with that kind of poetry. Maybe you think the idea would grate harshly upon the cultured public ear. Oh, well, how would a few stanzas on love do—delicious, undying, ice cream destroying love? We could vaccinate, so to speak, the end of each verse with 'Try Gummer's Peerless Tooth-powder.' It would be a noble scheme. We can work in pale, glimmering moonbeams, and the soft, sensuous languor of the summer night, and the subtle, far-away verdure of wild flowers, and a young man with a wild, wild waste of mustache and celluloid cuffs, and a girl with pearly teeth and Italian-sunset hair, and incidentally remark that before she was induced to try your tooth-powder she was very unpopular. You can do just as you like about having the bull-dog come out and clutch the young man by the under-deck of his pants. We—"

"I hardly think we—we will need any poetry to-day, after all," hurriedly broke in the agent. "I don't believe—er—that is, is it your opinion—"

"It is," said the poet, savagely; and then there came the dull, sickening sound of a lifeless body rolling down the office stairs, after which the poet turned down his cuffs and returned to his early Spring poem again.

H. B. STITT.

"WASN'T Brown full of fun down to Jones's party the other night?" said Emma to a lady caller, within her father's hearing. "Fun—yes," sarcastically put in the paternal, "I noticed him getting away with nearly two bottles of it."

The Happy Hottentot.

It is down at Cedar Harbor, and the Cedar Lawn Hotel is the very latest wrinkle with the swellest of the swell. A blithesome little lassie in a natty suit of check, Lounges on the weather taffrail of a highly polished deck. She is brown and she is merry, and her father owns a yacht. And she's known among the fellows as the Happy Hottentot. There is one among her suitors who is favored by the maid: Young Delancy Jones Depuyster, of the famous dude brigade, Who is up on Pole and Polo; tools a tandem, don't you know? Conversation makes him weary, and he votes the opera slow. But the shekels of his daddy quite supply his lack of brains, And he's lately solved the problem—to "wettee when it wains," There's another of her suitors whom she quaintly dubbeth Ted, With a limited exchequer, but a very brainy head; He's a rival of Depuyster's in his struggle for a wife, With a quiet understanding that it's warfare to the knife. They are both on deck this morning with the laughing lady Nell. But poor Teddy finds it chilly, so he whispereth "Farewell," And in horrible dejection paddles shoreward from the yacht, Leaving lucky Jones Depuyster with the Happy Hottentot. But at night there comes a message, with a dainty ribbon tied— Twenty times he tries to solve it, twenty times he is defied— 'Tis a garbled and twisted fragment of an ordinary board, And there's not a word appended, a solution to afford. So he summons faithful Harry, his devoted confidant, And describes the situation: "Solve it, Hal, old man; I can't." "Are you blind, you graven image? I can read it on the spot—" 'Tis a very plain injunction; can't you see it, Ted? "Pine knot." JIM BREATH.

A Hint to Newspaper Correspondents.

It is the fashion for female newspaper correspondents—or perhaps we should say newspaper female correspondents—in their New York letters, to describe the attire, appearance, etc., of prominent ladies whom they may see in street cars, or in church, or the street, or some other public place. For instance, one says: "I saw Maggie Mitchell in a street car the other day. She had on a black silk skirt, a brocaded velvet basque and a little poke bonnet, with a white lace veil tied over her face; at the back of the bonnet that bunch of light curly hair that we all know, puffed out," etc. Now, why doesn't the male correspondent serve up prominent men, in their correspondence, in a similar manner? How interesting would such information as this prove to out-of-town readers: "I saw Hubert O. Thompson in Milligan's saloon last night. He had on a diamond pin which shimmered just beneath a real necktie, and his hair was cut and sand-papered *a la* Tug Wilson. I met Gen. Webb in a street car yesterday. He carried a new air cushion and had on a pair of trousers of the vintage of 1868; but he had neglected to black the heels of his boots. Webb is growing old, and it is not likely he will live to see the next centennial. I was introduced to Uncle Sammy Tilden on a ferry boat one day last week. He wore a gold watch chain, a pleasant smile, and a coat that wrinkled in the back. I saw Vanderbilt at Delmonico's on Tuesday evening. He looked as if he had much trouble and seventeen railroads on his mind. His jewelry might have been purchased at a dollar store, but it glittered as brilliantly as the genuine stuff."

At a recent railroad accident in a tunnel, a curious mistake happened. A couple on their wedding tour were on the train, and the seats were jammed so tightly together that the bride was caught as if in a vice, and had a rib broken. She whispered, in gasps reeking with pain: "Oh, Henry! O—do—don't—sq—ueeze me—so—hard! Some—one—will see—you—and—I—I can hardly—ge—get my breath!" It was a mistake that might easily occur in a tunnel.

MANY convalescents feel able to ride out, who cannot afford the luxury, but a corpse must ride out regardless of expense.

THE most reliable money drawer is a fashionable wife.



MRS. BLAKE'S VICTORY OVER DR. DIX, ACCORDING TO HER OWN SHOWING.

HE DIED IN SPRING-TIME.

THEY stood in the recesses of a bay-window in the back parlor. They were young, and life was a gleam of sunshine to their young and happy hearts.

For some moments Angelica Theresa Hardscrabble had not broken the silence, and the young broker, Harold O'Shaughensy, began to wonder at the strange silence of his betrothed.

"Why thus pensive, Angelica?" he murmured, drawing more closely to her and allowing his E. & W. cuff to rest on her waist.

Carefully withdrawing the chewing-gum from her rosy mouth, she exclaimed: "It is Spring."

Then her handsome new frizzes were gently deposited on Harold's bosom.

"Yes," he replied, "'tis merry Spring, the time when nature revives."

With a pink blush stealing over her pale cheeks, the maiden gazed up into his eyes with a five-cent-straight-five-for-a-quarter look in her beautiful blue eyes, and said softly:

"Has he been married before, that he should now re-wive?"

A pained look came on Harold's brow.

Choking his emotion, however, he ejaculated in accents broken with suppressed passion:

"Why does Spring-time, with its bursting flowers and singing birds, make you sad?"

With a pearly tear on each eyelid, the maiden whispered:

"It has been rejected."

Then noticing the anxious, inquiring look in Harold's eyes, she continued:

"After weeks of thought I wrote a poem."

A deathly pallor appeared on the cheek of the young broker; his breath came quickly and his breast heaved with emotion.

"A poem," he whispered faintly. "On what?"

Rising to her full height, and pointing her finger toward the ceiling, she replied in a haughty tone:

"On Spring."

With a yell that sounded like the wail of a lost soul, Harold sprang from her side and rushed from the house.

The next morning the coroner's jury that sat on his body returned a verdict of "justifiable suicide."

GIL.

SOME wretched cynic observes that the nearest approach to perpetual motion yet discovered is a woman's tongue.



A FAMILIAR FIGURE IN ALBANY.

A woman's journal prints "Hints to wives who do not understand their husbands." It is a great piece of ridiculousness for a woman to marry a man if she doesn't understand him—if, for instance, he is a thoroughbred Italian, and understands no other language, and she speaks only Pennsylvania Dutch. When she asked him for ten dollars for a new bonnet he wouldn't understand her, and when he asked her what she did with the half dollar he gave her only last week, she wouldn't understand him, and there would undoubtedly be infelicity in the domestic circle.

A THEATRICAL manager proposes to produce "Hamlet" with a real brook for Ophelia to drown herself in. Next thing some rival manager will bring out the play with a real ghost, and realism won't stop until all the murders in the tragedy are genuine. This last feature would give great satisfaction to an audience, if the piece was played by amateurs.



IS THIS THE WAY TO THE BOWERY?

"GO SLOW."

Ah! life is not all pleasure
In this big world of ours;
Be sparing of your leisure—
In sunshine look for showers,
Should Fortune, lightly smiling,
Her gifts on you bestow,
Trust not her sweet beguiling,—
"Go slow."

As on life's rails you travel,
And all seems running right,—
The roadbed straight and level,
The engine new and bright,—
Look out ahead for trouble,
Lest all should end in woe,
And as the curves you double,
"Go slow."

Should seeming friends, so winning,
Crowd round and sweetly smile,
Look lest they lead to sinning,
And laugh but to beguile.
Should Fortune once deceive you,
And wealth no more should flow,
Such friends will surely leave you,—
"Go slow."

Perhaps your warm affections
You twine about a girl
You think is all perfection,
Your heart is in a whirl;
You wish to be her lover
And feel her kisses glow,—
In all you do to move her,
"Go slow."

In business, or in pleasure,
In friendship, or in love,
Keep careful time and measure,
And firmly onward move.
'Twill save you from distresses
You otherwise would know,
If you, in all successes,
"Go slow."

JEAN PIERRE.

THE WISE YOUNG MAN.

BY ALDERMAN THOMAS CARROLL.

WHILE seated in Delmonico's a few evenings ago enjoying a chop and a bottle of Chambertin with my old friend, Ex-Congressman Michael Tuomey, I was introduced to the wisest young man of this day and generation—at least he desired that Tuomey and myself should understand that he was that kind of a wise young man. In the course of a few hours' debate he proved to his own entire satisfaction that he stood alone in this wide, wide world as an embodiment of wisdom, and that he was surrounded by fools. Editors, artists, judges, lawyers, physicians, inventors, merchants, bankers, brokers, and others were by comparison with himself merely shrimps in intellect. He had decried everything and everybody excepting himself, and had quite appalled the usually serene and lamblike Tuomey. I must confess that I was puzzled how to rid ourselves of this wise young man. If there had been a horse-pond near at hand we might have ducked him into it.

At length we were made hopeful by the appearance of the veteran Jim Cusick. When John C. Heenan was preparing to fight Tom Sayers, in England, Cusick was Heenan's trainer. Now he is the official peace-maker in Delmonico's. Cusick was invited to join our party, and he soon became engaged in an animated discussion with the wise young man. Cusick was unknown to the latter, and was brow-beaten by him in the usual manner. The wise young man was told by



ADOLPHUS SIMPKINS

On his way to that horrid Tailorshop, to have his coat shortened.

Tuomey that Cusick was the editor of a comic paper. Thereupon the wise young man became uproarious, and declared that there was more humor in the columns of the *Undertakers' Gazette* than in the columns of the *Undertakers' Gazette* than in the paper of which Cusick was said to be the editor. He scoffed at the drawings and the reading matter, and declared his ability to do better work blindfolded and with his hands tied behind him. Cusick braved the storm of denunciation in a remarkably cool manner, and insisted that the wise young man should then and there write a funny sketch. Pen, ink, and paper were produced, and the wise young man was commanded to proceed. He picked up the pen and jabbed it in the ink, and began, "Spilkins was a farmer—"

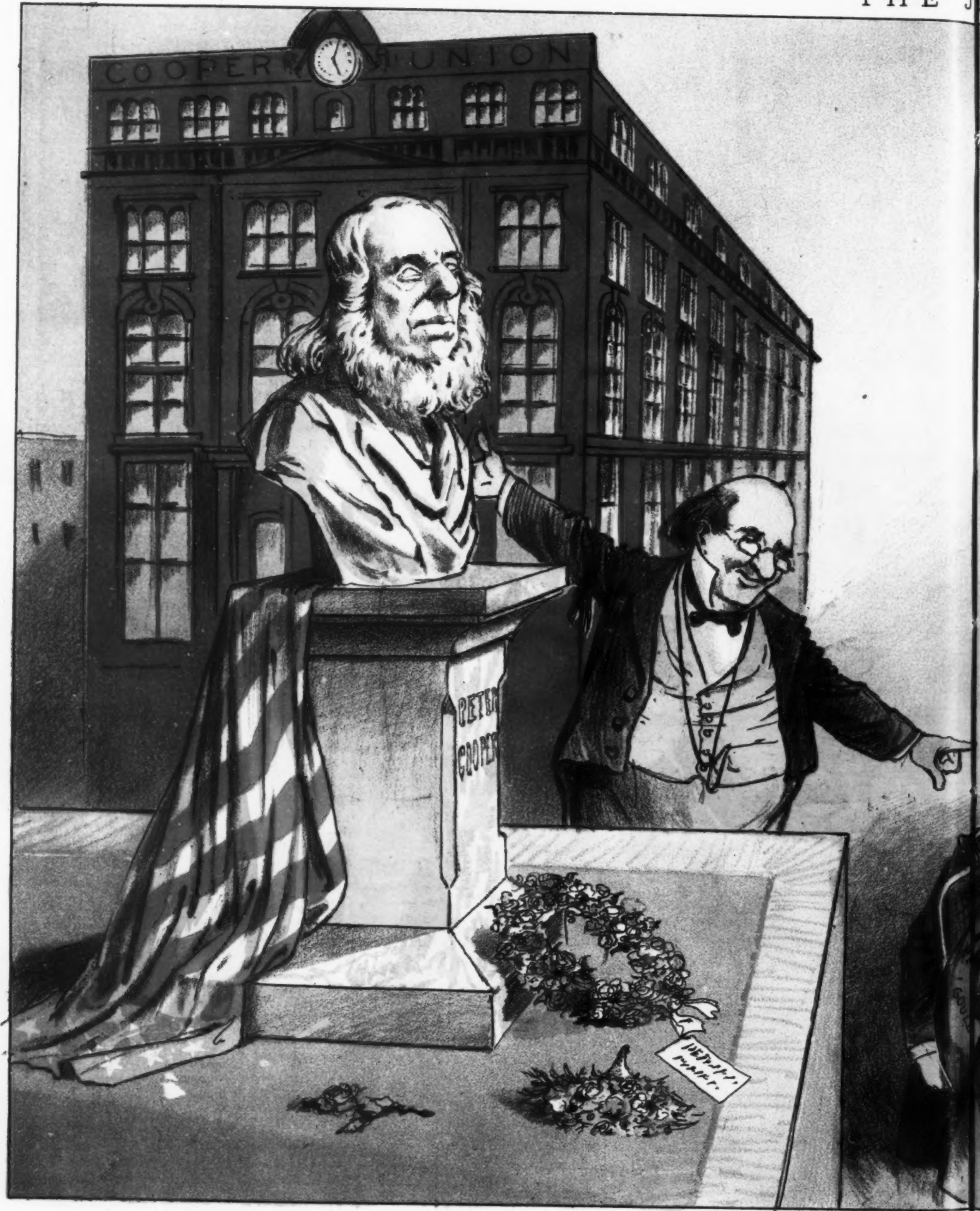
"Hold on," shouted Cusick, "that's too old; try something original."

"Her eyes were as blue as the starry heavens," wrote the wise young man; and Cusick unhooked a club from his left breast. "Stop," he shrieked, "that's the Chicago style; give us something new."

The wise young man caught a glimpse of the club. He began to tremble. Then he slid from his chair to the floor, and a deathly pallor overspread his owl-like countenance. "Forgive me," he gasped, and became unconscious. He was gently carried to an ash-cart in waiting. The wise young man is now among the "missing men" whose names are inscribed on the pages of the mysterious book in the Police Central office.



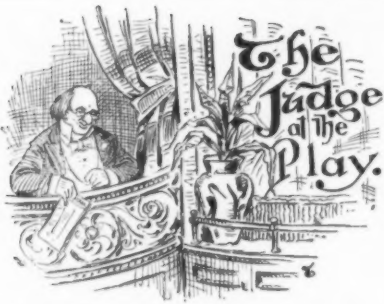
SMALL BOY TO OLD GENTLEMAN—"Oh, my eye!"



"The Judge" to the
"GO THOU AND D



" to the Millionaires:
ND DO LIKEWISE."



MME. MODJESKA made her re-entrance on the New York stage on Monday night at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and was heartily welcomed by a large audience. We forget how long ago it is since she made her first appearance at this theatre, but the refinement, the culture and the completeness of her impersonations at that time are still fresh in our memory, and she returns to us if possible more enchanting and more bewitching than ever. Her own natural elegance of manner and seductive grace throw a charm on all she does. Her voice is beautifully modulated, and atones for a sometimes too rapid utterance. She has the genuine dramatic fire and great intellectual gifts, and her "Frou-frou" and "Camille" are by far the best of any we have seen. In these two plays particularly her acting is a study, and it would be impossible to note all the delicate touches of her impersonation, but her by-play and *finesses* are absolutely perfect. She well deserves the success she has attained, and we are glad to know that her western tour has been remunerative and profitable.

The Union Square, and Daly's, closed their regular season on Saturday last, and at the former, Mr. Charles Wyndham is bustling about as lively as ever in "Brighton." The house is crowded every night, and the audiences roar and nearly split their sides at the bright and sparkling performances of this company. Meanwhile "A Parisian Romance" may be seen at the Cosmopolitan, and "The Banker's Daughter," another old Union Square success, is at Booth's. This theatre will undoubtedly ere long become subject to the dry goods business, but before it succumbs, Mr. Stetson proposes to give a rousing benefit for the "Actors' Fund." He gave no performance for said fund on the 12th, as the other theatres did, for which he had several reasons, but states that "he will give a benefit as is a benefit, in his own way, when and how he pleases."

"Vim" and "A Bunch of Keys" are both hits. Burgess is very much like the "Willow Bedott" of yore, but the revolving stage and horseback business are effective. The circus, of course, is crowded afternoon and evening.

There have been so many changes at numerous theatres that we have barely space to mention them. Mand Granger in "The Planter's Wife" is at Javerly's. Annie Pixley has departed, and John McCullough has taken possession of Niblo's, where he is giving a round of his favorite characters. Mary Anderson began a two weeks' engagement at the Grand Opera House on Monday, and "A Russian Honeymoon" (a hash of "The Lady of Lyons" and "The Honeymoon") has at last succeeded "Young Mrs. Winthrop" at the Madison Square Theatre. "Salisbury's Troubadours" are at the Standard, and there is a continual change of bill at the Casino.

"La Fille de Mme. Angot" has proved a great hit and has drawn crowded houses

every time it has been produced. Theo manages to charm her audiences even if she cannot sing, and as Clairette she is irresistible. Capoul is an excellent Ange Pitou, and the whole business is well done. Next week Lillian Russell will appear here in "The Sorcerer." Wallack continues to rake in the shekels at his uptown theatre, but "Vice Versa" at the Star. Boucicault and the critics have had their customary quarrel, which has been duly advertised. Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt and Lady Mandeville occupied a box at the theatre one evening, which important event has also been duly advertised. Nevertheless the play is not a success. Try again, Mr. Boucicault. Give us something else. "The Amadan" may be better; it can't be "Vice Versa."

At Harrigan and Hart's "The Muddy Day" has not come up to the expectations of the habitués of the place. They have enjoyed such uproarious laughter there of late that maybe they expect too much. Perhaps Mr. Harrigan may be holding himself back, and like Oliver Wendell Holmes, "doesn't dare to be as funny as he can" for fear of the disastrous results mentioned in O. W.'s poem called "The Height of the Ridiculous."

CORRESPONDENTS.

C. M.—No.

J. B.—Yes.

J. P.—Declined.

L. P. S.—Rejected.

R. F. H.—Accepted.

R. S. K.—Your advice not needed.

H. B. S.—Your articles will be used.

C. K., JR.—Too long; avoid bar-room sketches.

T. O.—Hope you will make good use of your salary when you get it.

L. P.—We can stand almost anything but Spring poetry.

OUT in Minnesota, while two men were setting up with a corpse, the late lamented raised up in the coffin, looked around in a dazed sort of way, and observed "I feel very queer." At this precise juncture the two men also felt "very queer"—much more so than the man in the coffin. If dead bodies are going to act in such a reprehensible and outrageous manner, it is going to be difficult to get people to sit up with them to scare off body snatchers.

"WHAT is wealth?" Well, when we were a boy our copy-book informed us that "Contentment is wealth"—and we believed it then. Now "Contentment" steps to the rear, and \$5,000,000 usurps its place. Five million dollars may not buy contentment, but it brings more respect, and friends, and the gout, and begging letters, and good living, and envy, and other joys.

A MEDICAL authority states that "vibrations caused by the same elastic source are isochronous through all variations of amplitude in the oscillations"—which seems plausible enough, though we are free to confess that we had always supposed that they were isochronousterester in the elastic parts, if anything. We are rather pleased than otherwise that they are not.

A NEWS item says that the wife of the Shah of Persia is about to make her debut on the stage. As there are more than a hundred of her, she will probably appear as the Amazons in the "Black Crook"—though it would require an unusually large stage for all of her to appear at one time.

THE CIGARETTE DEVOTEE.

"Oh! I'm a 'lah-de-dah,' you bet!
I puff the paper cigarette."
He lights it, breathes it through his nose;
Its smoke is scented through his clothes,
He wreathes those curling rings so "fly,"
Right in the face of passers by.
In opium his pets they soak;
To buy them he gets often "broke."
Their soothing flavor he'll inhale
Until, most sallow and so pale,
His skin gets full of nicotine,
His form gets dried up, withered, lean;
His shoulders quite a stoop acquire;
His voice doth lose its vim and fire;
His throat gets parched and out of gear;
His lungs both slowly disappear;
His breath gets rank as sweitzer kase—
Grim Death is pictured on his face!
And when to this, at last, he's come,
Of him—in that re-sid-u-um—
You'll only find a stump, you bet,
Of what was once a cigarette!
Because, you see, this smoker fair
Will melt away in thinnest air.
There'll not be left of him enough
To make a mummy, or to stuff
And stand up in a mu-se-um,
All labeled as "The Frolicsome
Young Lah-de-dah, who was, you bet,
'Knocked out' by deadly cigarette!"

EDWIN FERGUSON.

THE election was scarcely decided, and two of the "left" ones were talking over matters in general in front of the city hall. "I can't see why the mayor should appoint such an imbecile; why, he has no political following whatever." "That's just where you err," said Sorehead No. 2; "he has the greatest following among politicians of any man in the city." "That cannot be so," replied No. 1; "they all, at least the prominent ones, hate him as fire hates water." "Yes, and follow him, in order to collect the last political assessment, when His Nibbs ran for coroner." Then the twain repaired to an adjoining saloon, in order to lay out part of the two per cent. levy in aid of the cause.

WE should like to see that African chief who owns an umbrella sixty-five feet in circumference promenade the streets of an American city with his mastodontic aggregation spread over his head. He'd be mistaken for a side-show of a circus, and small boys would offer to distribute dodgers for a ticket to see the fat woman, living skeleton, double-headed girl and other curiosities.

AN experienced editor says "it is not the drinking, but the getting sober that is so terrible in a drunkard's life." This will probably explain why so many persons who are addicted to the flowing demijohn so persistently avoid getting sober after once experiencing the horrors of that operation.

A HORSE in Pennsylvania chews tobacco. As long as the animal doesn't stand on street corners, smoking cigarettes, and trying to "mash" young ladies, the owner will not knock him in the head and sell his carcass for a dollar and a half.

"How to stop a runaway horse." Jump out of the carriage, catch the animal by the starboard legs, and throw him over on his back. This is a very effective plan, but it requires some presence of mind.

"I'm coachin' the new editor," as the hackman said when he drove him up to the Park.

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Cured her pains—Then for peaceful slumber,
All said our prayers and slept like thunder.

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know," was the reply.

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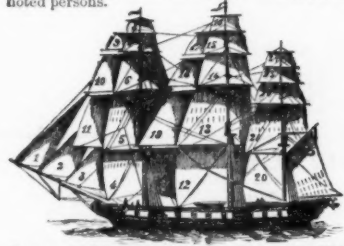
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Antonio F. Galassi,
Giuseppe Del Puente,

A CONUNDRUM.

WHEN the "dude" takes a wife,
(If "dudes" ever do),
As a partner for life
With him to jog through,
And he makes her his slave,
By rudeness subdued,
Can we call them aught save
"A 'dude' and 'sub-dude'?"

EDWIN FERGUSON.

ONE day a poor poet addressed his unap-
preciative matter-of-fact wife thus:

"When the pendulum of my heart shall cease to oscillate,
And I at death's dark portals then shall tremulously wait"—
Then, after a pause, with a heavy sigh, he
added, "Wife, what will you do?"
"Well," she coolly replied, yawning, "I
s'pose I'd have to run around the corner and
ask Muggins, the undertaker, to bury you on
tick."

WHEN an oil county resident glances
over a hotel bill of fare that doesn't ad-
vertise nine different kinds of pie, he knows at
once that his meal is to be a failure.

A MAN says he knows his wife is a Massa-
chusetts woman because she will Taunton for
ever and ever.

Adelina Patti,
Clara Louise Kellogg,
Alwina Valleria,
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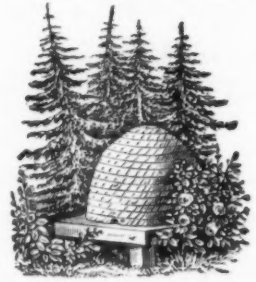
At the time is approaching when many will buy something handsome for HOLIDAY, Birthday or Wedding Presents, I beg to announce that nothing can be more suitable than an ORGAN or PIANO-FORTE. Before you make a purchase write for ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE showing elegant styles at lowest prices. **DO NOT BUY ELSEWHERE** until you SEND FOR HOLIDAY CIRCULARS, NOW READY. Valuable information to the retail buyer. If you have no time to write a letter send a postal anyway.

Address or call upon **DANIEL F. BEATTY,** BEATTY'S MANUFACTORY, Beatty's OFFICES AND WAREHOUSES, Railroad Ave. & Beatty St., Beatty Building, Washington Ave., WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY, United States of America.

"The Largest Organ and Piano Establishment in Existence."
While as a rule over the doors of other manufacturers you read "Positively No Admittance, &c.," over Beatty's you read "VISITORS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME."



**HALE'S HONEY
OF**



"Nothing without Labor."

HOREHOUND & TAR

FOR THE CURE OF

Coughs, Colds, Difficult Breathing,
AND
All Affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes and Lungs,
Leading to Consumption.

This infallible remedy is composed of the HONEY of the plant Horehound, in chemical union with TAR BALM, extracted from the LIFE PRINCIPLE of the forest trees ABIES BALSAMEA, of Balm of Gilead.

Those who have used it say that Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar is wonderfully remedial in all cases where the organs of respiration are affected, and that its action is unusually rapid. It contains nothing that can disorder the stomach, and has an extremely agreeable flavor. Children derive great benefit from its soothing properties when suffering with Croup and Whooping Cough.

Prices, 50 cts. and \$1 per bottle; largest, cheapest.

Hoarseness, Coughs, Colds, &c.

NEW YORK, Dec. 18, 1889.

I suffered greatly from hoarseness caused by preaching every night. I was advised to try HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR, and can most cheerfully recommend the same as being a most excellent remedy for Coughs, Colds, &c.

Yours respectfully, &c., **DAVID W. COUCH,**
Pastor Eggleston Square Church, Boston, Mass.

In Bronchial Affection it is also especially useful.

HILL'S HAIR AND WHISKER DYE, 50 Cents.

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in One Minute.

GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP.

The most effective external REMEDY extant for the cure of SKIN DISEASES, and for BEAUTIFYING the COMPLEXION.

Beware of Imitations.

Sold by Druggists, 25c.; 3 cakes, 60c.

C. N. CRITTENTON, Proprietor, New York.

STOP HERE! TWO PICTURES OF MALE and FEMALE BEAUTIES, only 15c. Four for 25c. With Model Love letter and Catalogue. W. FOX, Fultonville, N. Y. (name paper.)

WEBER

MANUFACTURER OF

Grand, Square and Upright

PIANO FORTES.

CATALOGUE MAILED FREE ON APPLICATION.

WAREHOOMS,

5th Avenue and West 16th Street,
NEW YORK CITY.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. BLOCUM, 1st Pearl St., New York.

BABCOCK
FIRE EXTINGUISHER.
S. F. HAYWARD, Gen'l Agent,
407 Broadway N.Y. City.



WITH
FIVE DOLLARS
YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE
HUNGARIAN
GOVERNMENT BOND,

Which bonds are issued and secured by the government, and are redeemed in drawings, THREE TIMES ANNUALLY. Until each and every Bond is drawn with a larger or smaller premium. Every Bond MUST draw a prize, as THERE ARE NO BLANKS.

The larger Prizes drawn at these drawings are

1	PREMIUM of 150,000 Florins.
1	120,000 "
1	100,000 "
1	15,000 "
1	12,000 "
1	10,000 "
3	Premiums of 5000 florins, 15,000 Florins
12	1000 " 12,000 "
54	500 " 27,000 "

And Bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a premium of not less than 140 Florins.

The next drawing takes place on the

16th of April, 1883,

And every Bond bought of us on or before the 16th of April is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. Out of town orders, sent in REGISTERED Letters, and enclosing \$5, will secure one of these Bonds for the next drawing. For orders, circulars, or any other information, address

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,
No. 150 Broadway, New York City.

ESTABLISHED IN 1871.

N. B.—In writing, please say that you saw this in THE JUDGE. The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the United States.

A HIT!
PECK'S BAD BOY
And his Pa,

By G. W. PECK, Editor "Peck's Sun," and author of "Peck's Fun" and "Peck's Sunshine."

100,000 sold in three weeks.

The greatest literary event of this generation. The Funniest Book ever written. EVERYBODY WANTS A COPY!

That Peck's Bad Boy knocks the spots off everything ever put in type; that he is a Holy Terror, the Ne Plus Ultra of All Devilment, may be gathered from the following opinions:

"If I had two boys like Peck's Bad Boy, I would give the Devil one to run away with the other." LORD BACON.

"My heart throbs wild with rapturous joy To think of George Peck's Bad Boy; But while I love the dashing lad, I also love his sainted dad."

THE SWEET SINGER OF MICHIGAN.

"I have yearned for fifty years with deep yearnings for a boy! I have longed for a dear child whose velvet cheeks I might kiss, and with whose golden curls I might play. But after reading Peck's Bad Boy I am content to go childless to my grave."

HELEN B. ANTHONY.

2mo, Cloth, Gold and Black, with 20 Illustrations by Gean Smith. Price, \$1.00—paper, 50 cents.

THE GREAT HUMORISTS' BOOKS.

- PECK'S FUN, by Geo. W. Peck. Cloth, \$1.00; paper cover, 50c.
- PECK'S SUNSHINE, by Geo. W. Peck; illustrated by Hopkins. Cloth, \$1.00; paper cover, 50c.
- LEVE KILS CLUB, by M. Quad; illustrated by Gean Smith. Cloth, \$1.00; paper cover, 50c.
- BILL NYE AND BOOMERANG, by Bill Nye. Cloth, \$1; pap. cov., 50c.
- FORTY LIARS AND OTHER LIES, by Bill Nye. Cloth, \$1; paper, 50c.
- WIT, HUMOR AND PATHOS, by Ed Perkins. Profusely illustrated. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50c.

For sale by all Booksellers, Newsdealers and on trains.

BELFORD, CLARKE & CO., Publishers,
192-194 STATE ST., CHICAGO.

Dr. Felix Le Brun's
G AND G
CURE.

A guaranteed Cure. Safe, pleasant and reliable. No bad effect from its use. Does not interfere with business or diet. Price \$2 per box, or three boxes for \$5. Written guarantees issued by every duly authorized agent to refund the money if three boxes fail to cure. Sent postage prepaid on receipt of price.

A. J. Ditman, Broadway and Barclay st., New York.



"See here, you slab-sided, leather-hided parasite!" vociferated an angry citizen, rushing into a newspaper office and addressing the editor, "you know I don't like your sheet and am fighting it. I don't want you to print my name in it again nor give me a personal notice. D'ye hear?"

"Yes, I'm listening," replied the editor. "Our personal column is headed 'Men and Things.' Didn't suppose I classed you among the men, did you?"—*Chicago Cheek.*

A WASHINGTON gossip says that most of the five-cent cigars sold in the capitol restaurants, and the five-centers are half the whole number sold, are bought by members of Congress, the better brands being purchased by the clerks. This is why so many members of Congress die in office, and clerks live to a ripe old age.—*Boston Star.*

THERE is nothing mean nor slow about this country in the way of honoring poets. Ninety years after the death of a poet we give him a big funeral. It is a wonder more people do not become professional poets.—*Norristown Herald.*

SALMI MORSE is having so much trouble in procuring a license in New York that we wonder that he doesn't ask Mr. McGlory to use his influence with the authorities.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

WE must have all the fun possible this week, because next week country exchanges will begin telling us how March came in and went out.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

WE "had rather be a kitten and cry mew" than the editor of a party organ that knows the truth and dare not speak it.—*Franklin Journal.*

MRS. LANGTRY wears the same size shoe that Gebhard does hat—3 1-2.—*Rochester Post Express.*

WHEN the peel of a banana,
Fruit from sunny-sloped Samana,
Or the groves anent Havana, [top
On the sidewalk lies demurely, where the merchant, tramp and
Ambulate, no matter whether
It be fair or foul, the weather—
Save the tramp, on upper leather—
You may wager safely—say a sheep against a chop—
That you'll hear somebody drop! M. L.

A CONCORD school-of-philosophy sort of a fellow advises: "When you read a book, crush the words as you would grapes, and suck their meaning out." The advice may be good; but when you tackle Walt. Whitman's poems, you might crush and crush and suck and suck, without getting enough meaning to construct a triolet; and besides there would be danger of getting an eight-cornered word stuck crosswise in your throat.

Ross's Royal Belfast Ginger Ale.
SOLE MANUFACTORY: BELFAST, IRELAND.

CATARRH



SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE

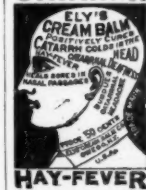
Head Colds, Watery Discharges from the Nose and Eyes, Ringing Noises in the Head, Nervous Headache and Fever instantly relieved.
Choking mucus dislodged, membrane cleansed and healed, breath sweetened, smell, taste and hearing restored and ravages checked.
Coughs, Bronchitis, Droppings into the Throat, Pains in the Chest, Dyspepsia, Wasting of Strength and Flesh, Loss of Sleep, etc., cured.
One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent, and one Dr. Sanford's Inhaler, in one package, of all druggists, for \$1.
Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.

A Positive Cure is

TRY IT.

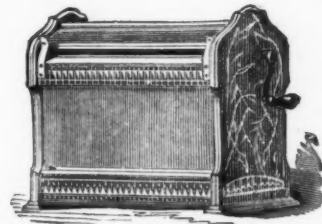
ELY'S
CREAM BALM,
FOR
CATARRH



I have been a severe sufferer from Catarrh for the past fifteen years, having distressing pain over my eyes. Gradually the disease worked down upon my lungs. About a year and a half ago I commenced using Ely's Cream Balm, with most gratifying results, and am to-day apparently cured.
Z. C. WARNER, Rutland, Vt.

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 menbranal linings of the head from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will cure. Unequaled for colds in the head. Agreeable to use. Send for circular for information and reliable testimonials. Will deliver by mail 50c. a package—stamps.
ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y.

MUSICAL NOVELTIES.



Music Boxes from \$1.00 Up.
ORGUINETTES, CABINETTOS, TOURNAPHONES, MUSICAL CABINETS, AUTOMATIC PIANOS, PIPE AND REED ORGANS. SMALL INSTRUMENTS, \$8 TO \$30. LARGE INSTRUMENTS, \$60 TO \$250.

831 BROADWAY,

Between 12th and 13th Streets.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.

THE MECHANICAL ORGUINETTE COMPANY.

CANDY

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

Address, **C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,**
78 Madison St., Chicago.

OF MAKING MANY BOOKS THERE IS NO END.—ECL. 12:12.

ESTABLISHED 1836.

NEAT AND ELEGANT

BOOK BINDING

From the Plainest to the Most Elaborate Styles. Emblematic Designs for all the Leading Subscription Books. Specimens on exhibition.

IF YOU WANT GOOD WORK, AT LOW FIGURES, AND SAVE AGENT'S COMMISSION, COME DIRECT TO

JAMES E. WALKER, 14 Dey St., N. Y.

A FILE OF NEW YORK HERALD, 1847, AND TIMES, TO DATE, AND ODD NUMBERS, FOR SALE. 65 EDITION WORK AT SHORT NOTICE A SPECIALTY.



A STARTLING DOMESTIC REVOLUTION

HAVE YOU HEARD OF

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP

Which is declared by Editors, Housekeepers, Scientific Men, Physicians, and by Army and Navy Officers, to be one of the

MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES OF MODERN TIMES

Have you heard how representatives of the best class of newspapers, having visited the Factory, were amazed at the enormous amount of Soap manufactured, the entire absence of any unpleasant odor, and the absolute cleanliness and purity of the ingredients:

Have you heard how it excels FOR ALL USES the Celebrated Soaps of Europe and America Started in a small way and backed only by its remarkable and amazing qualities, it has achieved marvelous success, and now boasts a Factory fitted up with the most approved machinery, and an office on the most prominent street of the city of its nativity, while an extensive demand from all parts of the United States and Canada, and letters continually being received from Europe, Africa, China, Japan, Sandwich Islands, West Indies, and South America, show that its fame is spreading to every portion of the Civilized World — a phenomenal success only possible to an article worthy to rank with the inventions of Morse, of Howe, and of Edison.

A Fair, Honest Trial makes it indispensable to every Man, Woman and Child who uses Soap

FOR LADIES TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

To the Housekeeper and her Help, to the Boarding-House Mistress and her Lady Boarders, to the Farmer's Wife and her Daughters, for the Toilet and Bath of Every Lady of Refinement, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers great advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the Skin, and in its freedom from injury to the fabric.

Among the Housekeepers of New England (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and there is no better evidence of the merits of an article than to be able to say that it meets approval in the Homes of New England.

FOR LAUNDRY AND KITCHEN USE

JUST THINK! No Scalding or Boiling! No Smell on Wash-day! Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as if never worn! No Rough, Red Hands! Clothes remain White if put away for years!

The Soap Positively Guaranteed not to injure even the Finest Laces! Where water is scarce, or has to be carried far, remember that with The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing, a few buckets of water is enough for a large wash.

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when new! The most delicate Colored Linens and Prints actually Brightened! A girl of 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired!

And best of all the wash done in less than half the usual time! Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes:—it is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag Sweet and White, and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove the smell of Fish, Onions, etc. from the forks and dishes. When you have a dirty dish-rag don't blame your servants; it is not their fault; for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result is a foul dish-rag; use The Frank Siddalls Soap, made of Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.

Common soap and a foul dish-rag.—So here is the Housekeeper's Choice: The Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of

FOR HOUSE CLEANING— This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike housekeeper. Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning. Use it for Washing Paints, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; ordinary soap is not fit for washing glass, while The Frank Siddalls Soap is the most elegant article for this purpose that can be imagined.

For Washing Bed-Clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with contagious and infectious diseases, and for washing utensils used in the Sick Room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without the least necessity of scalding or boiling a single article.

FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES— Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, its ingredients being so pure and mild. Don't use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—don't even scald them—but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.

FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL— It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a Scratch; the Soap does not hurt. To be rinsed off.

JUDGE TOURGEE in "OUR CONTINENT"

Has fallen in line, and that well-known and ably-edited periodical says: That the publisher and his family having tested The Frank Siddalls Soap, are prepared to acknowledge its superiority over all other Soaps

Use it for Washing Windows and Mirrors

Forney's Progress

(The world-renowned American society paper:—a piquant record of fashion and of fashion's doings, both in our country and in Europe.) Enrolls itself among the warmest of the friends of The Frank Siddalls Soap, which has Mrs. Forney's earnest recommendations as being indispensable for both Toilet and Household use.

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Shaving

THE N. Y. WEEKLY WITNESS

(The great family non-sectarian religious weekly, circulating in every State and Territory, and accepted as an authority by thinking men and women throughout the U. S.)

Gives editorial endorsement in the strongest language of every claim made for The Frank Siddalls Soap.

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes

THE N.Y. FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER

(Undoubtedly the most influential Catholic Journal in America, edited by James S. McMaster, Esq., a man whose pen is ever found ready to extol or condemn as his strict sense of truth and justice dictates)

Has given The Frank Siddalls Soap emphatic endorsement in the editorial column of his paper, insisting that his readers shall study their own interests by availing themselves of its valuable qualities for Toilet as well as for Laundry use.

Do not omit to read our Special Premium to the Wives of Grocers

FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Artist, the Actor, the Bather at the Turkish Bath, the Barber, the Hotel, the Stable, the Railroad, the Army, and the Navy, will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FOR SHAVING

Its heavy, lasting Lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible; the face never burns or smart, no matter how dull the razor, how tender the skin, or how closely shaved, and the Sponge and Soap Cup will always be sweet-smelling, and where water is scarce, remember that The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing only takes a few buckets of water for a large wash.

FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, etc. — It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., it is indispensable. No Stable is complete without it. For harness it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather and rendering it soft and pliable, while for washing cars and car-windows, cleaning the running gear and bodies of line carriages, it is without a rival; by its use paint and varnish will last much longer, and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal.

SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse, and the Patient, its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar Soaps for use in the Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.

IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS

In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and finger flesh—one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.

AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT

For Washing Old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for Washing Chafed places on Infants and Adults; for use by persons suffering with Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Kingworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the face, and for children afflicted with Scaly Incurtations, it is without any of the injurious effects so often experienced when any other soap is used, while for washing the invalid it is a most valuable aid to the Physician, by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise tend to counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.

Letters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

Use it for washing sores on the feet, caused by scalding or wearing tight shoes. Always leave plenty of the lather on—don't rinse the lather off.

For Washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is here publicly guaranteed to do everything claimed in this Advertisement, and positively contains nothing to injure the most tender skin, the most delicate colors, or the finest fabrics.

SPECIAL PREMIUM TO THE WIVES OF GROCERS.

A most magnificent Premium can be had by the Wife of every Grocer in the United States.

The Premium is a very handsome velvet-lined case, containing 6 beautiful heavy Silver-plated Knives and 6 Forks.

manufactured specially for this purpose, and guaranteed to be the finest quality made.

IT WILL BE SENT AFTER SHE HAS MADE A THOROUGH TRIAL OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

AND ENOUGH SOAP TO MAKE THE TRIAL WILL BE SENT OF FREE OF CHARGE.

The Wife of a Grocer who desires to get this valuable premium MUST try a cake of The Frank Siddalls Soap on the whole of the regular family wash strictly by the very easy directions, and then send word by mail to the office in Philadelphia, together with business card or printed advertisement of some kind, to show that her husband is a grocer:—or send a bill for groceries bought of some wholesale grocer.

IF YOU SEND THE SOAP YOU CAN GET A CAKE OUT OF THE STORE TO TRY.

IF NOT, A CAKE WILL BE SENT BY MAIL, FREE OF CHARGE, IF THE 2 PROMISES ARE MADE.

(The Premium is NOT sent until AFTER a thorough trial of the Soap has been made.)

The offer is NOT a humbug:—letters get prompt attention. If you don't get any reply to your letter asking about the present, it will be because you have not sent word that you have tried the Soap, or because you have not sent proof that you are the wife of a grocer.

Sold in New York by H. K. & F. B. THURBERG & Co., FRANKS, NICHOLS & Co., and many others.—Sold in Boston by Briggs & Shattuck, Martin L. Hall & Co., Philadelphia.—Sold in Chicago by W. M. Hoyt & Co., Harmon, Merriam & Co., Kockwood Bros., and many others.—Sold in Philadelphia, together with business card or printed advertisement of some kind, to show that her husband is a grocer:—or send a bill for groceries bought of some wholesale grocer.

How A Lady Can Get Soap to Try. At Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores. Send the retail price in Money or Postage Stamps. Say she saw the Advertisement in "The Judge."

Only send for One Cake, and make the following TWO PROMISES: Promise No. 1.—That the Soap shall be used the first wash-day after receiving it, and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.

Promise No. 2.—That the person sending will personally see that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be exactly followed.

By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, postage prepaid; and it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in POSTAGE STAMPS will be put on.

All this is done for 10 cents, because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.

Only one cake must be sent for, but after trying it, the stores will then buy it from their wholesale houses to accommodate you, or you can order direct from the Factory.

A Cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer or the Wife of a Minister, if the above TWO promises are made.

Make the promises very plain, or it will not be sent.

FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION

All Perfumes are injurious to the Skin; The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed, but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, that is always pleasant, even to an invalid. It never leaves any odor on the skin; the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce; it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—a child will not dread having its face washed when the Frank Siddalls Soap is used, as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense stinging that even the Imported Castile Soap causes; it always leaves the skin soft and smooth.

No tooth powder or tooth wash will compare with it. A little on the tooth brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean. It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth brush. This Soap is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake water.

PERSONS WHO DESIRE A MUSTY SPONGE OR WASH-BAG will appreciate the use of the Frank Siddalls Soap. The sponge, when washed with the soap, will be entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you, it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing; plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair (not washed out); it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Kum, Balmoline, Pomade, or any hair-dressing. Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the Scalp:—Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.

HOW A LADY CAN GET SOAP TO TRY

At Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores. Send the retail price in Money or Postage Stamps. Say she saw the Advertisement in "The Judge."

Only send for One Cake, and make the following TWO PROMISES: Promise No. 1.—That the Soap shall be used the first wash-day after receiving it, and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.

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A Cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer or the Wife of a Minister, if the above TWO promises are made.

Make the promises very plain, or it will not be sent.

How to Tell a Person of Refinement. A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way.

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence. A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible Directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor. A Person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow directions so strongly urged.

How to Tell Sensible Persons. Sensible Persons will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

Don't get the old wash-boiler mended, but next Wash-day give one honest trial to The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

If your letter gets no attention, it will be because you have not made the promises, or because you have sent for more than one cake.

You must NOT send for more than one cake, if a friend wants to try it, she MUST send in a separate letter.

Try it for washing your Eye-Glasses and Spectacles.—If you have a Pet Dog wash with The Frank Siddalls Soap; he sure to leave plenty of the lather in his hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed occasionally with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas.

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets. Use it for wiping off oil cloths, linoleum, &c.—it keeps the colors bright, and as it does away with scrubbing them, they will, of course, last much longer.

Milk Pans, Churns, and all Milk Utensils, when washed with the Frank Siddalls Soap will be as clean as a whistle. It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

The Frank Siddalls Soap never fails when it falls into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

How to Tell a Person of Refinement. A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way.

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence. A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible Directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor. A Person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow directions so strongly urged.

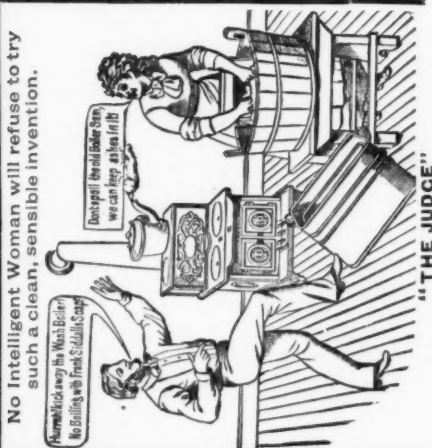
How to Tell Sensible Persons. Sensible Persons will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

Don't get the old wash-boiler mended, but next Wash-day give one honest trial to The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

If your letter gets no attention, it will be because you have not made the promises, or because you have sent for more than one cake.

You must NOT send for more than one cake, if a friend wants to try it, she MUST send in a separate letter.

No Intelligent Woman will refuse to try such a clean, sensible invention. (Remember always to Wash Boilers with Frank Siddalls Soap, we can keep a life in it.)



"THE JUDGE" authorizes the statement that a thorough test of The Frank Siddalls Soap for Toilet and General Household Uses in the houses of gentlemen connected with its staff proves it to be everything claimed.

ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES. Eminent physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are caused by Soap made from rancid grease; use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid such troubles. Artificial Teeth and Artificial Eyes will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

It Washes Telescope Lenses and Photographers' Plates without a possibility of scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in Schools of Design for washing the expensive brushes used by the students.

The hands of those at farm work, when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, will not chafe from husking corn, driving teams, and other out-door employment, but of course no home-made or other soap (not even Castile) must be used.

Try it for washing your Eye-Glasses and Spectacles.—If you have a Pet Dog wash with The Frank Siddalls Soap; he sure to leave plenty of the lather in his hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed occasionally with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas.

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets. Use it for wiping off oil cloths, linoleum, &c.—it keeps the colors bright, and as it does away with scrubbing them, they will, of course, last much longer. Milk Pans, Churns, and all Milk Utensils, when washed with the Frank Siddalls Soap will be as clean as a whistle. It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

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And Now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel, Ladylike FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES. There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age, who has common sense, will have no trouble in following them:

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in the tub of water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places. Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

NEXT—After soaking to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work. WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, but DON'T use any more Soap; DON'T SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DON'T wash through two sudps. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold, add some hot water out of the tea-kettle. If streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes.

NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of GETTING THE DIRTY SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinse-water (without using any more Soap) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSE-KEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS.

Next, the Blue-water—which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Bluing, for this Soap BLEACHES OUT WHILE TRYING, and the clothes with iron much easier. Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch: it will make the ironing easier, and the pieces look handomer.

The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water. It is safe for all kinds of fabrics, and does not use Borax, Ammonia, or any other Soap on any of the wash.

Address all Letters:—Office of THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 1019 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA

THE JUDGE.



THE PRESIDENT'S PHOTOGRAPH IN FISHING RIG.



A SLIGHT IMPEDIMENT TO SPORT.



THOUGHT THEY WERE STANDING ON A LOG, BUT IT BECAME ANIMATED.



MR. TO MRS. ALLIGATOR—"DO YOU PREFER DARK OR WHITE MEAT?"

THE PRESIDENT'S FISHING TRIP TO FLORIDA.

