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THE THREE DISGRACES.

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## THE JUDGE.

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### AN OPHTHALMIC PHENOMENON.

A strange disease seems to affect the eyes of Metropolitan police, which renders them unable to see large objects near at hand, but quite able to discern much smaller things at much greater distances. The defect which makes a person far-sighted is common enough, but it is rather unusual in the practice of ophthalmic surgeons, we believe, to find the same patient who is thus affected, also unable to see houses on the opposite side of the street, or to read a sign against which he is leaning.

Cases have been known where a captain or superintendent could see as far away as Central Park, for instance, so small a thing as a child playing on inhibited grass, while a large and very disorderly house near headquarters was totally invisible.

It is strange visual phenomenon that policemen who could not see a crowd of people going and coming into a dive across the street, have been able to discern a glass of beer several blocks away through a side-door, two screens and a cherry counter—double discounting Sam Weller's supposed miracle of seeing Mr. Pickwick kiss Mrs. Bardell "through a flight of stairs and a deal door" without the aid of "a pair of patent double million gas microscopes of hextra power." And yet, in near perspective, their "vision is limited" so much more than Sam's!

Various causes are assigned by practitioners for this double ophthalmic defect. It is sometimes attributed to dust raised by men of influence; sometimes to green paper or yellow metal getting before the eyes of the

police; sometimes to the character of liquid nutriment taken by the unfortunate police.

Various remedies have been suggested, but as yet nothing seems apt to meet all cases. We think that the oculists will not find the correct treatment till they have more accurately diagnosed the causes of the disease. We believe that the causes of this strange visual aberration will ultimately be found to be congenital. If the police were borne with these defective, and excessive, perceptions it is of little use to try to improve them and it will probably be found necessary to put other men in their places.

### CIVILIZING THE WORLD.

When the armies of this free republic set out to enlighten benighted Mexico (and extend the blessings of African slavery), zealous missionaries marched by the side of the cannon; and it was proposed to expedite the work of introducing Christian civilization by putting the bibles and tracts into the cannon and injecting them, as it were, into the hearts and lives of the Mexicans.

The proposition was logically and theologically sound. Conviction must go before conversion, and we must make a sinner penitent before we can secure his salvation. It is executing on a larger scale that family discipline which "breaks the will" of a child to make him love the Sunday-school, and that divine Providence which, we are told, remorselessly afflicts men to "wean them from the world," and make them willing to die.

It is in this sound and philanthropic spirit that the emissaries of civilization have ever carried its blessings to the heathen. Knowing that the untutored savage can at first understand and respect only power, we show him the power of guns and ships first.

We instruct him in the superiority of civilization over barbarism by putting the one under the foot of the other.

To show him that brain is better than muscle, mind superior to matter, we subdue his rebellious nature by the quieter forces of peace—whiskey, opium and the diseases of civilized life.

He is now in a mellowed condition and ready to receive the gospel with its attendant blessings of hypocrisy, covetousness, slander, lying, stealing, licentiousness and ultimately party politics, reforms, strikes, starvation, monopolies and "law-and-order"—for the rich.

Development is slow and barbarian hearts are ungrateful and hard. But civilization cannot be impeded. The progress of the race is irresistible. All tribes that will not be civilized must go and give up their lands to Christian syndicates. It is destiny. It is divine will. For have we not with us the Bible and the approval of all the "only true religions" that have been given to man by revelation and the votes of popes and of theological caucusses generally.

### NOT THREE OF A KIND.

Of course, there is no comparison between the moral responsibility of a carefully-reared and correctly indoctrinated man, and that of a graduate of the slums, or even of a poor laboring man. The same offense in these different men, while perhaps the same in the eye of statute law, is not the same in moral law.

Some philosophers even say that crime is a disease, the result of a lack of sense of accountability in the transgressor. Men break laws usually without any appreciation of the consequences to follow.

Such an excuse is not to be entertained in behalf of a son of orderly, pious parents, who have given him the best educational advantages that the wealth and wisdom of the mighty nation, over which he is one day to rule, could devise or pay for, and who well understands the responsibilities of the grand eminence on which he is placed. His inheritance, rearing, rank, prospects and position, all make a trifling immorality in him a more grievous offense than a gross transgression in one of his prospective subjects would be.

What then shall be said, if the heir-apparent to the proudest place on earth be found engaged in debaucheries so foul that the types of sensational papers refuse to print the nasty and cruel details?

To Tim McCarthy, the Oak street dive-keeper, and Pudney the sexton of St. George's Church, convicted of tampering with little girls, the cartoonist owes an apology for placing them in the same group with the royal rone. It is the first time they have had injustice done them. They have good ground for an action of defamation of character in this slanderous pictorial association.

### SOME ENGLISH TRAGEDY.

Lord Ashleigh met a working girl  
And chucked her pretty chin;  
The world looked on and frowned to see  
The blackness of the sin,  
For lo! Lord Ashleigh's touch was death,  
Black was his soul within.

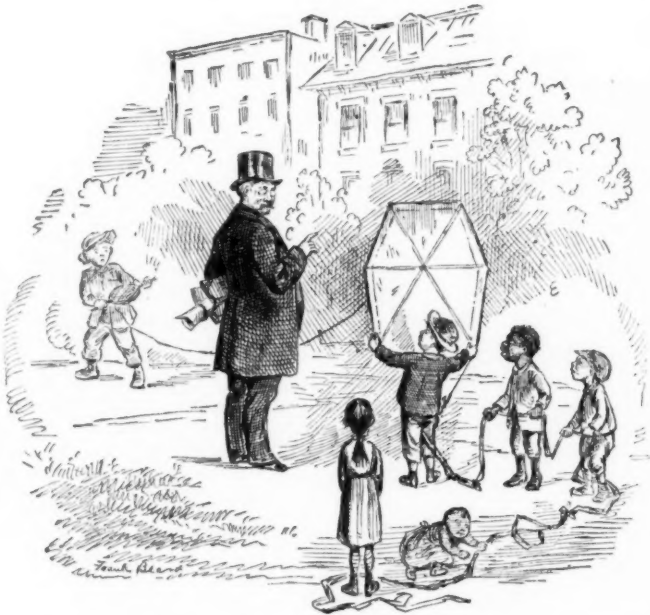
The working girl lost all her bloom;  
The angel in her eyes  
Went out as from some blackening gloom,  
And wept in sad surprise.  
"God help the girl!" the world cried out,  
"She should have been more wise."

The types caught up the dreadful sin  
And screamed it far and wide.  
"A soul is lost! An angel gone!  
A life is wrecked!" they cried.  
"This—this is too indelicate!"  
The indignant world replied.

God help the world that mildly frowns  
On the crime but little known,  
But hides its face with horror's trace  
When the press gets but its own.  
God help Lord Ashleigh and the world,  
For their guilt none can atone.



THE SCIENTIFIC WAY.



PROFESSOR—"The weather indications from Washington are, gusey winds from the Northwest; now hold your back to the source of the wind, and, if you would have it rise properly, wait for a sharp breeze, when I will say "all right," and then"—



SHE GOES!

THE KING of Bavaria has bankrupted himself on opera tickets at \$40,000 a go. He might have run through his patrimony quicker at a popular American watering place.

A CORRESPONDENT of a newspaper universal-intelligence office asks it "what causes cyclones?" and it shamelessly says that it does not know. We can tell. The causes are many. Hubby's attitude towards dear ma is one of the most frequent causes.

WHEN the way of the transgressor is hard, his head isn't. If the head wasn't soft he'd make his way easy by skipping to Canada, compromising and living soft, rich and respected the rest of his life.

A PITTSBURGH paper contains the important information that the "nail-feeders have concluded that there is nothing better than Union." So this way in the case of the slate-pencil eaters and the ice-cream-and-caramel sequestrators.

DR. ROBINSON, of Brown University says that he would prefer not to be president of a college "where men and women of a most inflammable age shall sit side by side." Some old men can't stand such excitement.

ENGLISH nobility may be interested to learn that there is no titled Englishman whose name is so often pronounced in this country as the Marquis of Queensbury. He immortalized himself by codifying the laws for blacking eyes and tapping noses.

AN ISLAND LYRIC.

A POEM IN TWO GAUGES.

[The poet, sojourning on an island in the Atlantic, receiveth an order for a poem. But the careless Editor neglecteth to tell him the width of the column. Therefore the poet, anxious to please, writeth his poem twice over, in different gauges, which incidentally illustrateth the elasticity of language.]

NARROW GAUGE.

See the fog!  
Hear the dog!  
Feel the wind,  
How unkind-  
Ly it blows  
The wild rose.  
And the waves,  
How they roar  
In the caves  
By the shore.  
The poor bird  
Never heard  
Such a strife  
And the fish  
In the dish  
Scarcely wish  
They were free  
To go back  
To the black  
Angry Sea.

BROAD GAUGE.

Behold how nature's mantle wraps this isle  
In fold on fold of gray and fleecy mist!  
Hark how the canine creature doth beguile  
The weary hours, and never will desist!  
With cruel power the blast remorseless blows,  
And fairest things before its fury quail;  
It tears the petals of the wild brier rose  
And rudely scatters them about the vale.  
Through the dim corridors of Neptune's caves  
That underlie the crags along the shore,  
With step unsteady go the wandering waves,  
And answer back to one another's roar.  
On yonder tree the poor affrighted bird  
Cowers, forgetful of his gushing song;  
Such direful tumult he has never heard  
In any season of his whole life long.  
How very nice these browned and basted fish  
Go with the buttered muffins and the tea!  
Ah, quiet rogues, I know you do not wish  
Yourselves again in that tempestuous sea.

ROSSITER JOHNSON.

Editorial Notes.

A country editor who recently came down to see the sights of New York, had his pocket picked in a Bowery dive. The thief was so disgusted with his prize that he returned the editorial wallet with the following note: "Ye miserabil creter, hears ye pockit book. I never keeps no sich. In my apinyin a man as flashy drest as you was to go 'round with nothin but a comb an newspaper clips an a rale rode pass is a impersition on the public. I despises sich. I never robs no one but gentlemen."

Last week a burglar broke into the house of an editor. He was busy picking the lock of a safe when he was disconcerted by hearing the owner laughing merrily behind him. "Why do you laugh?" fiercely asked the thief. "I am amused, my good fellow, said the editor cheerfully, "that you take so many pains and so much risk to find money in a place by night where I never can discover any by day."

Outflanking Immodesty.

"Do our ladies of fashion really offer themselves as models to painters, Mr. La Farge?"

"Certainly."

"Do you not think it is a trifle immodest?"

"Formerly it may have been, but I have invented a method at which the most prudish women cannot kick."

"How?"

"By division, addition, and silence. The first day the model appears in a ball dress above her waist and a riding habit below. The second day she wears a bathing suit below, and a jacket, Turkish veil and turban above. In this way art ourflanks Immodesty right and left."

VISCOUNT M.

Mr. J. Melon Chickenshaw is the amiable and efficient head clerk of the Packstone House at Omaha.

One morning I called at the office for my mail and was addressed as follows:

"The man you have been asking about, Mr. Lang, arrived this morning and registered."

"Do you mean Mr. Le Grand Bounce, the purchasing agent of the P. D. Q. Railroad?"

"Yes; there he is buying a cigar at the news-stand—that pompous looking chap with a single-breasted eye-glass and a bald head."

"So that's the fellow. I've done my prettiest to get hold of that man, but, up to now, have never even seen him. I'm told he's the hardest man to sell, in the railroad business. You see, Chickenshaw, I have a straight pointer from a clerk in his office, that he is about placing a big order for illuminated advertising signs such as are hung in railroad depots all over the country, and I'm going to get that order within twenty-four hours if I bust my suspenders. Have you seen Cusby and Brown lately?"

"Yes, I saw them go into the billiard room a little while ago."

"Thank you, Chickenshaw; I count on your help in this matter and will see you later."

I found the boys sitting together and smoking while they watched a pair of Colorado cattle men who were attempting to play a game of pool. The fact that each had the butt of a pistol protruding from his pocket, was probably the only reason that my friends refrained from open criticism on their play.

"I want you fellows to come into the desk room with me," I said, "and at once."

"What's up, Lang?" Gus asked me, as he and Josh lazily followed me into the adjoining room.

"Just this, boys. When the proper time arrives you, Josh Brown, will be Sir Joshua Gibbets, chairman of the great English line, 'The Midland,' and a person of immense importance. You, Gus Cusby, will be Mr. Augustus Nibs, Sir Joshua's private secretary. Now, Mr. Nibs you will kindly sit right down here and write a note to

Mr. Le Grand Bounce inviting him to sup with Sir Joshua and a couple of friends this evening at nine o'clock. Don't allow yourself to be at all disconcerted Sir Joshua," I added hastily, seeing by his expression that he was about to raise an objection, "the supper is on me—that is, the house pays for it."

"All right, my boy," assented Brown, "if, by assuming the character of any nob whatsoever, I can get a good supper for nothing, I'm your huckleberry, but no corn-beef and cabbage in mine, you understand."

"Same here," seconded Gus. And the deal was made.

Later, I turned over to Chickenshaw a neat note of invitation. In good time Sir Joshua received the railroad man's acceptance, and this being settled, I arranged a sweet little champagne supper to be served in one of the hotel parlors at nine.

At the appointed hour the hotel clerk entered the room accompanied by the purchasing agent whom he introduced to Sir Joshua Gibbets with a side wink, which I caught hot from the bat, and withdrew. Brown greeted his guest with a fine air of dignity and cordiality mixed about half and half and then presented Mr. Nibs and Mr. Lang, an esteemed American friend.

Of Mr. Bounce I can truthfully say that I have rarely met a man who assumed to possess so great a stock of general knowledge, and who actually had so little. He proved a rank snob withal, and was by all odds the worst gullible ignoramus that I ever came up with.

He questioned us particularly about British royalty and swallowed without winking the tremendous stiffs that were served him.

"O yes," Brown replied to one of his questions, "O yes, I am on intimate terms with the Queen and 'er Majesty is a close

friend of Lady Gibbet's. We 'ave the second flat in the Windsor while the Queen and 'er family, you know, hocupy the first floor. Hat most every hafternoon Vic, as Lady Gibbet's familiarly calls her, come up to hour floor and sits with my wife by the hour darning stockings or working on a crazy quilt while talking hover the news of the neighborhood. Yes, we 'ave an 'igh hopinion of Victoria, as my wife and me. She's a very hagreeable woman and a good 'ousewife. Maybe she can't cook. You should see 'er, as I often 'ave, a-broilin Welsh rabbits, 'er crown on the back of 'er 'ead, 'er sceptre tucked up under 'er harm and a big hapron pinned hover 'er good clothes to keep 'em clean. Yes, she and my wife go hout to market together hevery morning. It's most hinspirin', let me tell you, to see the guard turn hout at the front gate when she comes by with a market basket on 'er harm full of butcher's meat, the band a-playin' ' God save the Queen ' and the hoficers saluting. She 'as a level 'ead let me tell you. When she has finished the family washing of a Monday, she turns hout the 'ousehold troops to 'ang up the clothes in the back yard. O! she's a clever woman."

To this, and much more equally improbable, the railroad man listened with mouth and ears wide open. Presently Josh, per instruction, worked around to the subject of American railroads and gave his guest the benefit of his extensive observations and some advice. I remember among other suggestions that he placed particular stress upon, was the necessity of granting reduced rates to traveling salesmen, whom he characterized as the "finest body of looking men I 'ave hever seen in this land or any hother." Finally he reached the subject of railroad advertising and proceeded to praise in high terms the plan of distributing colored prints and lithographs among the stations and hotels of the country.

"This is a thing that 'as not been done in Great Britain hup to this time," he said (but whether he told the truth or not in this regard, I don't know, nor neither does he). "I 'ave 'owever given a horder to Mr. Lang, my friend 'ere, for £4,000 worth of lithographs and am convinced that I am making for 'The Midland' a most judicious purchase. 'Ave the goodness, Mr.

Lang, to show Mr. Bounce the design on which I based my horder."

"Here it is, Sir Joshua," I said, producing a picture which I had thoughtfully placed conveniently at hand.

"Put it in a good light, sir, please. Now," Josh went on, "I'd like to call your attention to the many merits of this work of hart which you will perceive was gotten out for han American road but which is to be changed to suit the purposes of han Hinglish line. 'Ere for hinstance where you see the heagle swooping down on a bull-frog, hour picture is to show a lion scratching 'is heer to dislodge a flea. This is my hidea and I think we shall produce a fine bit of realism. The king of beasts will be crowned, of course. Now, in the foreground where this buffalo stands on 'is hoff 'ind leg for the hevident purpose of heasing the bunions of 'is nigh 'oof, we shall work in a unicorn performing the 'Ighland fling, which feature will please our Scotch friends greatly. There will be hother charges, of course."

Here, Mr. Bounce being somewhat affected by the large quantity of Mumm he had absorbed, stated that he was about placing for his company an order for just such a picture and would be glad to look at the work by daylight.

"Mr. Nibs," Josh said, "fill Mr. Bounce's glass. Yes, I think the picture will please you, my dear sir, and let me say it will give me great pleasure to know that your grand railroad is to be advertised by practically the same work as 'The Midland.' I 'ave rarely seen such good work, Mr. Bounce. Remark the color, the hatmosphere, the drawing, the breadth of the hexecution, particularly between the tracks in the foreground. It will please me much to be hable to tell my friend Victoria that your taste so far





hagreed with mine that we hordered nearly the same design for hour respective roads and in the same quantity. £4,000 is \$20,000 in Hamerican money. Isn't it Mr. Nibs?"

"It certainly is, Sir Joshua," responded Gus.

"Then Mr. Lang, fill up an order blank with a duplicate for me to show to the Hempress of Hindia on my return and Mr. Bounce will sign both."

Mr. Le Grand Bounce, having taken two or three more glasses *did sign* and very soon thereafter was escorted to his room by his three entertainers who, having respectfully pulled off his boots, thoughtfully turned out the gas, having previously shown their guest which was his trunk and which his bed, to avoid the necessity of experiment.

L. L. LANG.

RULINGS.

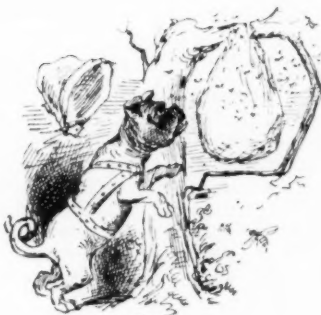
A MAN boasts that his character has never been questioned. Perhaps that is the reason he stands so well. Maybe the character would not stand questioning.

It is said that the applicants for appointments by new Democratic officials, when given civil service examination blanks, generally throw them away. Some one evidently should be detailed to read the papers to "the boys."

KEILEY, the Great Unwanted, has taken to writing funny articles for the Richmond papers—as if he were not already laughed at enough. He means to go down to history in the character of, *Le Homme qui Rit*—The Man who Writ.

THE PROHIBITIONISTS threaten to make it hot for the Republicans this fall. Being

PRISCILLA'S PUG.



RISCILLA had a poodle pup,  
One of the genus pug,  
A horrid, hateful, homely thing  
The sort the ladies hug,  
He'd chewed up all her rubber shoes,  
And eaten up the rug.

II.

He tore down all the pillow shams  
And fought with Tommie's cat,  
He made the window shades look sick—  
Also the new door mat;  
At last, one day, the pug at play,  
Came on a white felt hat:

V.

He gave the hat an extra toss  
And quickly ran to catch it,  
But, by mistake, a hornet's nest  
He seized and tried to fetch it—  
But soon the hornets came themselves  
And puggie looked too wretched.

VI.

All night Priscilla had to bathe  
Her "doggie dear" in camphor,  
And all the depths of woman's love  
Were searched for balm and calm for  
A cursed, nasty poodle pup  
I wouldn't give a d—n for.

FRED SHELLY RYMAN.

II.  
In greatest glee, the poodle he  
Slung it across his shoulder  
And started with it for the field,  
And then might the beholder  
Have seen a circus, as the pug  
Grew funnier and bolder.

IV.

The hat he tossed, and soon he lost  
The track he was pursuing,  
But unconcerned he turned and turned  
While he the hat was chewing,  
And little did the poodle dream  
Of what great grief was brewing.

out in the cold, the reps. will probably not object to a little of that. We advise the Prohibs. to mix in a little cloves and capsicum also, when they make it hot.

THE ADMINISTRATION has made a bad precedent by appointing a foreign minister who can speak the language of the country to which he is sent, and cannot speak or even read Greek and Latin. The converse has long been the rule in foreign appointments—including, until Mr. Lowell, that of St. James.

ONE BY one the Democratic authorities are going back on Democratic followers. The New York *World* thus consents to see the offices filled by Republicans, saying: "As to the offices, *The World* does not care who gets them, provided the appointees are capable, faithful and honest.

MINISTERS' SONS often follow in other footsteps than those of their reverend fathers, but when a minister's son gets to be president of the United States he shouldn't go bass-fishing on Sunday. The fact that he has extraordinary luck only makes his example the more demoralizing to the Sunday-school cause.

THESE NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS headed "Cleveland's Big Strike" did not refer to President Cleveland's strike in the pit of the stomach of Tilden's frod issue by the appointment of Noyes, who secured the Florida vote in '76. It was all about the iron-worker's strike in Cleveland, O. It was a lock-out, not a knock-out.

IF Gov. Hoadly, of Ohio, does not want the Democratic nomination (as he says he does not) and does want to recognize Mr. Noyes' services in Florida in '76 (as he evidently does, in common with Cleveland) why does he not get Noyes the nomination? Running two Republican candidates would let us have peace in Ohio and put to rest the "great frod issue."

Victor Hugo spent his first earnings as an author on a camel's hair shawl for his wife. The purchase of so useful an article shows his wisdom: young authors are too apt to squander their earnings on mid-winter strawberries and bejewelled dog collars.



Bisbee

A SPIRITUAL HINT.

FOREIGN TRAMP (handing back cup)—"Merci, Madame, for ze coffee. Pardonnez moi, does Madame know ze French take ze cognac wiz ze coffee."

## A Modern Love Story.

Mr. Timothy O'Rafferty, of Hester street, had, by peculiarly industrious habits, acquired money and real estate up to the value of half a million dollars. Mr. O'Rafferty was, however, a modest man, and made no great display of his wealth. His residence was so lowly in its outside appearance that people were accustomed to call it a Dive.

Mr. O'Rafferty was a pleasing young man, perhaps forty years old, who weighed two hundred pounds, and if his brain had been placed in the back part of his neck the development of that part of his anatomy could have been greater than it was. He had a low, broad brow, projecting and beautifully yellow teeth, a countenance hardened by exposure and various things to the consistency of cast iron. His clenched hands were remarkably hard, and his influence with the statesmen of his ward and some higher men and officials was proportionately great.

Not unnaturally, his wealth was sought for by adventurers of all kinds. Frequent charges were brought against him to the effect that he beat women. In all of these cases he was found guilty by the facts and innocent by the law; but, notwithstanding his innocence and the consequent escape from severe punishment, his experiences were rather expensive.

"I will end this," he said one day, with characteristic determination. "I will so conduct myself hereafter that my enemies shall secure no mean advantage of me."

Within the little Bower that was called the Dive there lived several women. They lived there because they loved him. Within twenty-four hours he had engaged himself unconditionally to marry the loveliest of his admirers of the Bower; and before the week was over he had also engaged himself, but with conditions, to marry all the others.

"I think," he remarked, "that this will put a stop to the scandalous assertions of me lying neighbors. One has a right to beat his own wife, I believe."

Things were going as merry as an impending marriage bell when there came to him a freckle-faced Irish girl of indifferent parentage and wholly irresponsible origin from every point of view. She said her name was Norah and she had just come over and was only fifteen years old, and what she wanted was honest work. Some remnants of Irish bog were still on her shoes, and some of the dew of Ireland still shone in her eyes.

"Now, so help me!" exclaimed Mr. O'Rafferty, with thorough good humor, "I'll make the reformation complete. I'll marry Norah, too."

Norah strenuously objected, but Mr. O'Rafferty urged his suit warmly. "It has been held by the courts," argued Mr. O'Rafferty, "that in certain cases the proclamation of marriage is as good as the marriage itself, and I shall proclaim and assume my rights without delay." He courted the coy maiden with a club and all the muscular force he could command, and in due season there remained nothing whatever to be consummated but the marriage ceremony. "There is no hurry about that," said Mr. O'Rafferty.

The troubles of Norah had been hard enough, but they immediately grew worse. The original female inmates of the Bower turned on her with ferocity and beat her sorely. Why had she come into the Bower to interrupt its harmony? Why had she added to the responsibilities from which the

genial Mr. O'Rafferty continually suffered?

"Oh, women, women!" cried out Norah on one or two occasions, as she rushed into the back-yard to escape the righteous indignation of her radical opponents, appealing to the women of the neighboring houses, "if there is a mother among you will she not save me!"

They would not let her go, notwithstanding their dislike of her. Finally, however, she escaped, and, enlisting the services of the public prosecutor, had Mr. O'Rafferty arrested. He was tried and convicted, and was about to be sentenced to imprisonment for a term anywhere between ten and twenty years.

But the criminal lawyer employed by Mr. O'Rafferty was as able as Mr. O'Rafferty was rich.

"I will spend a hundred thousand dollars to keep out of prison!" exclaimed Mr. O'Rafferty.

"My dear boy," said the criminal lawyer, slapping him fondly on the shoulder, "speak not of such disagreeable things as prisons. You shall be saved. You can break the law pretty well, but I can beat you at it."

There was a stay of proceedings on account of newly discovered evidence. Then came forward from Philadelphia, from Newport, from Albany, from Australia, from Egypt, from half the sections of the world, witnesses who positively identified the girl Norah, and knew her to be a bad character.

"It is certainly a bad sign that she lived for a time in Philadelphia," said the presiding judge at the opening of the trial—and so it was.

One Philadelphia witness swore that she had lived in his family seven and a half years, and during that time she was out every night and every Sunday.

A letter from Arabi Bey, formerly of Cairo, said she served in his family eight years and finally went out with the avowed purpose of making the acquaintance of George H. Butler, then Consul for the United States at that point.

An attache of the court of Francis Joseph, of Austria, testified by cable that she was a scrubwoman under the immediate supervision of one of his supernumeraries for five

years to his absolute knowledge; and a cablegram from Rome reported her to have held peculiar relations with the late Victor Emmanuel for a long period, and to have had designs upon King Humbert which caused her to be summarily removed beyond the Italian border.

It was also proved that she was thoroughly acquainted with General James W. Husted, had corresponded for years with a number of well-known Democratic politicians, was believed to have assisted in hauling down the flag in Evansville, Ind., at the opening of the rebellion in 1861, and had besides been a Confederate spy of the most unscrupulous kind.

"I find," said the presiding judge with great severity after the evidence had all been put in, "that, according to the testimony for the defense, this depraved woman is at least seventy years old, and yet she swears she is only fifteen. In the whole course of my experience on the bench I have previously known of no such amazing perjury!"

And in due season Norah was sent to the penitentiary for the full term prescribed for that offense.

The marriage bells pealed merrily for Mr. Timothy O'Rafferty. He had passed through a terrible experience at the cost of something like one hundred thousand dollars, but virtue had finally won. The woman to whom he had engaged himself without conditions became his wife.

"And what," she said, fondly toying with his hair, "of the rest of the girls to whom you promised this honor?"

"Me own," he said, a sweet smile exhibiting his projective teeth, "I am still rich. We wont borrow any trouble, but," showing her his clenched, iron-clad hands, "I don't believe you'll last more than six months, and then I'll take care of the others. If, however, the worst comes to the worst we'll take of their finery and kick them into the gutter."

"Is this justice!" one day asked the public prosecutor of the judge.

"Justice?" was the stern reply; "that the devil is justice?"



CROSS HUSBAND—"What did you wake me up fur, I was on the cars going to Chicago!"

WIFE—"Oh, dear, I'm so sorry I woke you, then."



OFF THE BENCH.

FISH AND WARD turned out guilty of offensive partnership.

UNITED STATES REPRESENTATIVES AT LARGE—Eno, Mandelbaum & Co.

MUSIC boxes are now placed in the bottoms of beer glasses and decanters. Unnecessary! There was music enough there before.

"TRUST GOD and fear not," is the motto a minister provided in a sermon to business men. Fear God and trust not, is the proper formula.

WHAT IS WANTED for municipal government reform in this country is about two hundred dictators judiciously placed in mayoralties.

GIRLS OUT WEST take laudanum when restrained from pic-nics by hard-hearted parents. If prescribed by a careful physician it might be a good treatment to enforce until after the pic-nic.

"THE PALLADIUM OF LIBERTY," is engaged in a desperate life struggle with Plutocracy in the Wild West. Ex-thirty-days-Senator Tabor—he of night-shirt fame—has excluded all reporters from his Denver opera house. 'Tis a fearful and sheol-gestated revenge.

"WHERE does the locust come from?" asks a bucolic searcher after lore. It is furnished by the department, but each policeman pays for his own, we believe. The latter usually supposes it is of the seventeen year variety (*malleus sepemdecimarius*) but few of them prove to be such. They flourish most vigorously in quiet and unfrequented places.

"IT IS singular, but a fact nevertheless, that almost any community will wink at conduct on the part of a band of students which would be unanimously condemned and promptly punished if indulged in by the employes of a shoe factory or a machine shop."—[Manchester Union. Which corroborates Col. Bob's saying "religion and morality are all matters of intellectual development."

"THE CITY of Churches," my dear, is so called because it has fewer meeting houses to the population and pressure of sin to the square inch than has any other city, because over there harlequin preaches the gospel, evolution is substituted for revelation and little children of Unitarian parentage are excluded from orthodox Sunday school picnics. It is the orthodox theory now that a special heavenly mansion is in course of erection for Brooklyn Unitarians—to be built by some cerulean Buddensieck.



OLD PARTY—"Now I've got a haul."  
Boy—"So have I."

HOW THEY PAID THE CHURCH DEBT AT SMITHVILLE.

At Smithville once, to help the church,  
We gave an amateur play,  
And set up Julius Cæsar,  
In a most astounding way.  
The stars were Oscar Johnson,  
Sam. Brown, Bill Jones and me  
And the way that Jones played Cæsar  
Was a frightful thing to see.

At first the applause was great, we played  
For all the parts were worth,  
And the audience wasn't critical  
And didn't want the earth,  
'Till William Jones, as usual,  
Spoiled the play by getting tight,  
And the whole thing somehow ended  
In a regular Smithville fight.

We gave the ancient Romans points—  
Except, it must be said,  
When Cassius didn't know his part,  
And sang a song instead.  
When Brutus' false calves slewed around,  
At which some people talked,  
And the curtain stuck when Cæsar died  
And the corpse arose and walked.

But when Mark Antony got up  
Where Cæsar's body lay,  
To speak the funeral speech, which is  
The best thing in the play,  
The audience laughed and roared, and he  
Soon knew the reason why  
When he saw the corpse, which sat upright  
And winked with its left eye.

Jones was a most ambitious man  
And he thought 'twas his best chance,  
And rising from his bier began  
An original Fejee dance.  
Such conduct in a corpse you'll own  
It was exceeding queer;  
Then Antony, whose speech was spoiled  
Got straightway on his ear.

And from the rostrum stepped and went  
To put a head on Bill,  
And they two waltzed around the stage  
In a wild and reckless mill.  
Then the Roman soldiers somehow,  
In the scrimmage took a hand,  
And the Roman populace followed  
With the members of the band.

The audience cheered the Romans on  
For they thought 'twas in the play,  
But the truth dawned on their minds about  
The time the stage gave way.  
Then some one raised the cry of "fire"  
And turned out all the lights,

And that there row was worse than their  
Old Gladiators' fights.

The language that was used that night  
Would be awful to relate,  
And the Romans from that play went home  
In a terribly used-up state.  
Seven ears and noses were sewed on  
And a dozen fractures set,  
But we took three hundred dollars in  
And paid that old church debt.

DAVID S. FOSTER.

Proper, but Inadequate.

The English passengers on the Wyoming on the Fourth, only showed proper spirit in leaving the cabin when the Yankees read the Declaration of Independence in mid-ocean. We approve, and only regret they had not been mad enough to leave the ship altogether and instanter.

Proxy Piety N. G.

The Austrian government refuses to receive Keiley on account of his wife's religion. Probably the court to which all husbands must at last present their credentials will refuse many *exequaturs* for the same reason. We have never observed a case of modern society's refusing to receive a lady on account of her husband's religion, however.



BIG KID—"Come in outer de rain dese, ch'ee."

The Clock and the Wheelbarrow.

That the evil which men do lives after them, is nowhere better illustrated than in the case of Galileo. It is safe to say that his two most important inventions—the pendulum and the wheel-barrow have had a more depressing effect upon love-making than a regulation cold-wave ever had on the thermometer.

When the mid-night stroke of the eight-day clock brings the old man into the parlor with a night-cap on his head, and fire and wax in his eye, the disconcerted lover heaps imprecations on the memory of Gaillieo. But when, in his frantic efforts to escape, he learns by sad experience that some one has carelessly left the wheelbarrow in the path, the name of Galileo mingles familiarly with words such as Galileo never had use for.

R. MORGAN.





THE JUDGE.





THERMO-THEATRICAL AVERAGES.

We are having a summer season of unusual attraction and success. It is rarely the case that such performances as are continued at Wallack's, Madison Square, The Casino and The Bijou can be heard during the heated term. Of course, these performances, in excellence worthy of the gay season, indicate an unusual demand—or, at the least, they indicate that a demand which may have existed in previous summers, has only now been discovered by Metropolitan managers. If this is the case, it is possible that a desire or necessity for making up for some of the losses for the past winter season may have moved managers and actors to forego their usual vacations and to offer these tempting attractions to theatre-goers through the summer.

It is said that the leading actor in the most successful burlesque now on intended to take a summer vacation, but that he was dissuaded therefrom by the uncertainty as to the coming season's being any more prosperous than was that of last winter, and the doubt whether, if he were to "come off" now he could "catch on" again in the fall. A few years ago a popular actor would not have waived his chance of a summer's outing on account of any such doubts, if he had felt them.

It may be that there is a law of averages in dramatic interest as there is in the elements. Scientists say that thermometrical records through a long series of years prove that the mean temperature one year with another does not vary so much as one degree. That is, there must be just so much heat every year, and a cold winter must be averaged up by a hot summer, and *vice versa*.

Thus, there must be extant in the public a given amount of interest and money for theatricals every year, and if we have a cold winter for actors (as the last one) we are sure to have a warmer summer-season interest to make it up. We recommend this theory to managers. If one end of the year doesn't average up they may be able to make the other do so. It may be truly said then that taking both seasons together and making the most of them, it will be a cold year, indeed, when a manager gets left.

## TRUE ART IN BURLESQUE.

The "Black Hussar" is approaching its hundredth performance and may possibly score more. That it is popular with the summer-inhabitants of New York is evident; nor does it require an astronomical observation to find the cause of its popularity. Terrestrial investigation reveals it. Manager McCaul has an acute perception of moral metes and bounds. His choice of operettas plainly indicates acute discrimination be-

tween the permissible and the unallowable. He is conscious of the almost imperceptible line that shows the limit of opera comique and the beginning of opera bouffe. Seldom is it that an incident appears in his operettas where the funny and grotesque elements cast even a darkening shadow of vulgarity. Of course, the operettas are light—some, as the "Queen's Lace Handkerchief," too light—but lightness is preferable to coarseness.

The essential characteristic of caricature and burlesque is exaggeration, but it requires an impartial sense of propriety to determine the line beyond which burlesque becomes buffoonery and caricature deformity.

Perhaps no comedy or opera comique was ever written, or pruned so carefully that a player with no artistic conception, no standard of relation, could not blight it by his stupidity or coarseness. The discretion of Mr. McCaul is again shown in the selection of performers as well as of operas.

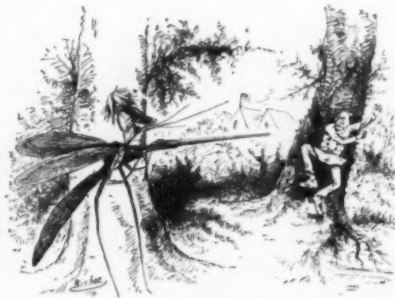
The delicacy and fineness which Miss Mathilda Cottrelly, his leading lady, imparts to any character, would alone tend to redeem an otherwise indifferent performance. Her native grace and quaintness are shown to unusual advantage in "The Black Hussar." When on the stage, she becomes the scene, or, at the least, the others are but auxiliaries and she the principal, moving figure. Although her singing voice is of only medium quality, it is sweet and pleasant in speech. It is full of unexpected turns and peculiar accents that are attractive because of the surprise they give us.

She does an excellent piece of acting, too, in the first scene, when all are supposed to take their after-dinner nap. Watching her we seem to feel the drowsiness creeping over the comely features which a few minutes before were radiant while she sang the evening hymn. After the reluctant lids are closed, her hand moves automatically to the keys hanging at her belt—holds them in the uncertain touch of stupor, until the will entirely loses control; then the hand falls over, palm up, a mere pendant to the arm.

## COMEDY VERSUS TRAGEDY IN HIGH ART.

Such attention to small detail is too rare in the production of light parts; its importance is especially likely to be underrated in burlesque. In this form of acting attention to finish is of the utmost importance—even of more than in tragedy or melodrama—because in burlesque there is no plot or motive to attract the attention away from minor imperfections. We can endure rant or crudeness in a tragedian where we would not forgive the same in low comedian.

The traditional business of tragedy is, besides, so unnatural that inartistic detail is not so noticeable; we expect a degree of it.

NATIVE SKEETER (to Member N. J. S. M.)—  
"Your blood or your life."

But comedy is nearer to nature, and we really demand more exactness and finish in it. We do not often get it, however, and this is the reason we give such a run to an artistic, well-rounded burlesque when we get one.

When burlesque is at all bad, it is, like a woman in the same situation, irredeemable. When tragedy is pretty bad we are accustomed to overlook the fault, as in a man's moral lapses.

## A Dangerous Sale.

"Ah, that's an awful transaction!" exclaimed Mrs. Fishback, excitedly from behind her paper.

"What's that?" enquired her son-in-law.

"Why here's a long piece all printed out in this paper about four brothers being killed in Kentucky at a vendue," said the old lady.

"Oh, pshaw! that's not vendue; it's vendetta."

"Well, what's the difference?" persisted the old lady.

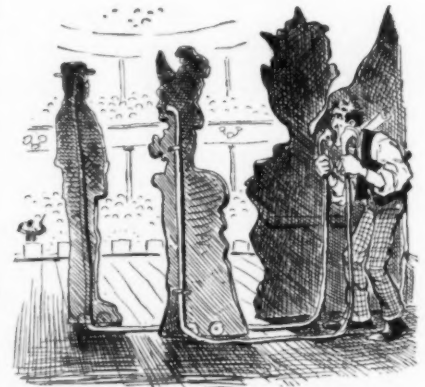
"Why-a vendue is an auction, you know."

"I know; an' what's the other thing?"

"A vendetta is a—era—why, a vendetta is some other kind of circus they have down there—a base-ball match or some dangerous game."

"Th'r aint no differ'nce, I don't believe;" muttered the old lady sceptically.

## MERELY A SUSPICION.



WE HAVE A MERE SUSPICION THAT THE SUMMER THEATRES WOULD HAVE BETTER PLAYS IF THEY HAD WOODEN PLAYERS WITH SPEAKING TUBES ATTACHED WITH A MAN OF MIGHTY VOICE AT THE OTHER END.

## A Japped Irish Bull.

"Arrah, Mick, do yez know av that new Irish play was Harrigan's?"

"What play was that, Pether?"

"Faith, that same wan the thayatree bosses are contindin afther—McAdo."

"McAdoo, is it? I wandther if that's Ould McAdoo av County Cork, beyant!"

"I dunno."

See the dude (and would-be Hanlan) in his shell  
Spin a spun;

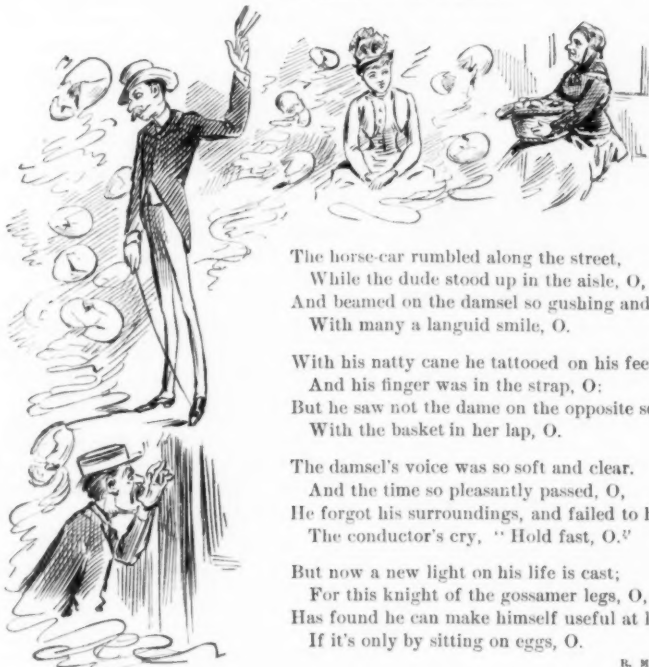
How his rowing through the river's gentle swell  
Is well done;—

'Till a great big crab he catches  
With his oar, which then dispatches  
Him into the stream, and dashes

All his fun.



A MISSION FOUND.



The horse-car rumbled along the street,  
While the dude stood up in the aisle, O,  
And beamed on the damsel so gushing and sweet  
With many a languid smile, O.

With his natty cane he tattooed on his feet,  
And his finger was in the strap, O:  
But he saw not the dame on the opposite seat  
With the basket in her lap, O.

The damsel's voice was so soft and clear,  
And the time so pleasantly passed, O,  
He forgot his surroundings, and failed to hear  
The conductor's cry, "Hold fast, O."

But now a new light on his life is cast;  
For this knight of the gossamer legs, O,  
Has found he can make himself useful at last,  
If it's only by sitting on eggs, O.

R. MORGAN.

Objectionable People.

THE PEDDLER.

There is an old man with a frosty nose and sparse hair who comes into my office regularly every Monday morning. He has cookery books under his arm and has been after me for two years to buy one. A cookery book—and I am a bachelor who eats dimly at a restaurant!

"Good morning, sir," he says.

"Good morning."

"Anything to-day?"

"Nothing to-day, thank you."

Upon which he just as regularly bows himself out and turns up next week again.

If peddlers were all like the cookery man life would be happy. But men come in at all hours of the day to sell things that I never could, would or should want. They bring me pictures, chairs, folding screens, brooms, rugs, spring beds and table clothes as if I had announced a determination to set up housekeeping in my office. They offer me chromos of the most atrocious order with the asseveration that they are oil paintings of inestimable value. Some of them have melancholy tales wherewith to supplement their wares. One man used to call who could never keep a horse to his huckster's wagon longer than five weeks, at the end of which time the unfortunate animals always died; "blind staggers, sir, aggera vated by dese bells uv de hoss cars." And a most cleanly and otherwise estimable widow with eight children was equally unhappy with her sewing machine. For every mouth it unaccountably fell to pieces, and she invariably called upon me to rebuild it by the purchase of towels.

"Sir," said a greasy, red nosed and highly objectionable person bursting into my office the other day. "I have called to lay before you the most wonderful discovery of science. A gas-burner, sir! Perhaps you are not aware sir, that ordinary burners give off noxious fumes having a peculiarly ruinous effect on the eyesight." The creature started theatrically as he looked at me. "Good heavens! sir," he exclaimed, "how

you must have suffered already! Your eyesight would not have lasted a month longer. This must not be."

Before I could protest he had advanced to the table-lamp. With a nimbleness that appalled me he had whipped off the shade and broken the chimney. In a moment the lamp was in ruins. "It is a fortunate thing sir that I happened to call," he remarked blandly.

"Stop!" I cried, "replace everything as it was, immediately."

"The number of cases of premature blindness that I have had the pleasure of curing," he calmly continued, "makes my duty an agreeable one."

"Confound your impudence!" I shrieked thinking the man was deaf, "I don't want your burner! I won't have it. Take it out and go to the devil!"

"Then sir," the creature went on imper- turbably, "I feel that you will be grateful to me as long as you live. And when in old age you can read fairy tales to your grand- children without using spectacles, you will ascribe your fine eyesight to my visit this morning."

"Don't you understand?" I shrieked again, "I don't want it; I won't pay for it."

He immediately struck an attitude of injured dignity. "Payment! Of what consequence is that! I could not remove that burner for any amount of money. No, sir; your eyesight is worth many gas-burners to me. Let me present you with this one as a token of my love of humanity. I am a poor man under heavy traveling expenses and with a large family crying to me for bread"—he sighed dismally—"but I must do my duty. The price is twenty-five cents or two dollars a dozen. I am sure you will repent of your harshness when in after years you reflect on the inestimable benefit I have been to you. Good morning sir. And if at any time or under any circumstances the burner gets out of order you will find the manufacturer's name stamped on it, and a postal card dropped to us at Baltimore will bring a man to fix it for you."

I was vanquished. The idea of sending a workman from Baltimore to fix a twenty-five cent burner given me gratuitously by the agent was too much. I paid for the burner—and pitched it out the window after the first trial.

HILLARY BELL.

A Home-Rule Plan.

If any other rising young statesman in England, besides Lord Randy Churchill wants a Yankee wife's help to keep him rising, he can secure the same by proper courtship and agreeing to treat them as well as a true American husband always treats his wife. But THE JUDGE is constrained to give the English gentleman notice that to give a Yankee girl the place in his regard usually held by women in England, will be likely to result in the husband rising in a way he doesn't expect. Even to the extent of getting raised out of the marital game, possibly.



"Brain fever, is it? Oh! Doctur, it's a proud man I am the xy!"

## Woman's Plotting Perfidy!

BY "WILL WANDER."

"When she will she will,  
You may depend on it.—*Old Sam.*"

Samuel Jeremiah Snoops was a bachelor.  
A pretty ancient one at that.

His palace was in the jungles of Jersey,  
and Seraphenia Scroogs carried the keys.  
She was his housekeeper.

Through the checkered and dominoed  
course of his existence, Samuel J. Snoops  
had allowed no female but Seraphenia  
Scroogs to enter his habitation.

He hated the sex.

And well he might.

Where he had sought for constancy in  
woman, he had ever found fickleness and  
treachery.

Thus had his fair young hopes been  
blasted, and his budding affections blighted  
and crushed.

So he gave up the weary search in disgust,  
and went to his tent and sat down in despair,  
with no one near to dust things around,  
find fault, smash crockery, and harass his  
declining years, but his faithful housekeeper,  
the aforesaid Seraphenia Scroogs.

Miss Scroogs was probably the homeliest  
old maid in all the fair land of Jersey.

She was fiery-haired, scraggy and withered,  
and fifty-nine frigid winters and fifty-nine  
and-a-half red-hot summers had left their  
traces on her once fair young brow.

In fact, she was getting into the sere and  
yellow leaf.

Her matrimonial chances had all been  
squandered in early life and she was now a  
bankrupt. An old time-beaten hulk on the  
shores of unkind destiny. A mere nonentity  
in the busy world.

The future, alas!—and a pretty old lass

Citizen to country editor—"Is the  
new venture on a  
paying basis yet?"

Country editor—  
"Well—hardly."

Citizen—"It can  
be made to pay,  
can't it?"

Country editor—  
"Some people  
think it can. I'm  
fighting thirteen  
suits in the courts."



at that—had nothing in store for her.

Nothing but to go down, in the language  
of the poet, "to the vile earth from whence  
she sprung, unwept, unhonored and"—un-  
married!

Was this all?

Let us see.

Fortunately for Seraphenia at this dark  
moment, when the half-starved cherubim of  
hope had all but deserted her cold and bar-  
ren bosom, she suddenly thought of a wild  
scheme for cornering the hymenial market  
and running her bankrupt matrimonial stock  
up to par.

She would marry Snoops!

Ere another year on the roll of time should  
elbow 1885 into the yawning chasm of the  
past, she resolved that the virgin name of  
Scroogs should give place to the more classic  
cognomen of Snoops.

Little did Samuel J. Snoops dream that  
he was, figuratively speaking, sheltering a  
female viper in his bosom.

Little did he imagine that when Seraphenia  
Scroogs warmed his No. 10 slippers, brought  
out his easy-chair, half-soled his breeches,  
or darned his socks, she was doing it from

## IN HOC OMNIBUS.

ICTIM of a rapid age,  
Dear, departed, Broadway stage.  
Once the object of our eulogy and pride,  
The era of the dude  
And English platitude  
Has voted thee "plebian," "queer," and "snide."

Erst the monarch of the street,  
Now distinctly obsolete,  
You have—vulgarily speaking—ta'en a drop;  
And the scenes that knew you once  
Are devoted to the nonce  
To the tramway car and reconstructed "cop."

From the mountains, hills, and plains  
On your auctioned-off remains  
The suburban hotel-keeper makes a scoop;  
Hence, from railway train and boat  
Hereafter you will tote  
The drummer and the wandering minstrel troupe.

EDGAR SMITH.

the promptings of an old maid's scheming  
affection, and with the hope of eventually  
making an impression on his dilapidated and  
leathery vitals; not from a sordid love of  
the twelve shillings per week which he al-  
lowed her for her services.

But it was even so.

Seraphenia slowly but surely accomplished  
her object.

Daily she surrounded Snoops with the  
soothing atmosphere of watchful, womanly  
love, timid yet trustful virgin affections,  
left-handed angels, broken-winged cupids,  
and other bric-a-brac of that sort; and the  
natural result was that sooner or later he  
had to collapse.

It came sooner—a good deal sooner than  
Snoops expected.

One day, in the balmy, pic-nic laden  
month of June, when nature was arrayed in  
her best bib and tucker, and everything was  
lovely and serene, Seraphenia put on her  
most expensive back hair, ruffled basque,  
flounced underpinning, etc., etc., (princi-  
pally etc.) and flopped down on her knees at  
the feet of the ancient but lamb-like Snoops.

And Snoops' heart flopped up in his  
mouth as Seraphenia poured forth the in-  
most secrets of her shy young soul and told  
him in impassioned, of-thee-I'm-fondly  
dreaming tones of her undying, imperish-  
able, never-ending, double-twisted, copper-  
bottomed love.

It took him by surprise—slightly.

But Samuel J. Snoops was equal to the  
emergency.

He violently blew his nose in a red ban-  
dana, and heaved a triangular sigh.

Then Samuel Jeremiah, etc., carefully  
examined the battered and dusty avenues of  
his heart, and the footprints he found there-  
in were those of Seraphenia Scroogs' rather  
extensive pedal extremities.

Joyful discovery!

Samuel J. Snoops immediately fell on the  
mediaeval maiden's neck, and wept several  
paroxysmal weeps.

Then Seraphenia gently took his lily-hand  
in her's and spoke sweet words of entreaty  
and encouragement, and soon Snoops braced  
up and bashfully named the happy day.

Shortly thereafter they were spliced, and  
the awful tragedy was complete.

Exit Scroogs.

Enter Mrs. Samuel J. Snoops.

Thus ever does plotting woman scoop un-  
suspecting man.



EQUALITY BUT NOT EQUALIZATION.

"See the blaggaird aristocrat riding at his aise, an' we, the people, wackun."



THE FEMALE TONSORIAL ARTIST.

Oh, sweet innovation! Whenever the heart  
With a burden of sorrow is laden,  
We'll put on our hat, for the barber's we'll start,  
To be chinned by a beautiful maiden.

We know she won't bore us with talk about trade,  
Or baseball, or dogs, or athletics,  
Or prize fights, or ballet girls, lightly arrayed,  
Or urge us to buy her cosmetics.

She won't boast of mashing the swells of the town,  
Or how many young fellows admire her,  
She won't say we're getting quite bald on the crown  
And that we should use her "Restorer."

She'll talk about parties and hops by the sea,  
Of bonnets and ribbons and laces,  
Of fashions and dresses and feathers, while she  
Is lathering rough, bearded faces.

Ah! who would not joyfully listen all day  
To the chat of the beautiful chinner?  
And maybe she'll flirt in an innocent way  
When the boss had stepped out for his dinner.

Come, let's bid adieu for a season to care,  
And fly to contentment's sweet harbor,  
We'll rest in the patent adjustable chair,  
And be shaved by the young lady barber.

[Boston Courier.]

OYEZ! OYEZ!

This is the great and annual Fourth,  
From West to East from South to North,  
With whiz and bang, and fizz and boom,  
From Florida to Stellacoom;  
Our one and only natal day,  
Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!  
Shoot off your guns and raise the deuce,  
Turn every pop and cracker loose,  
Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Shake out the rag, Red, White and Blue,  
Pour in the whisky, wine and beer,  
Thank Heaven, it comes but once a year.

[Forget who.]

A wooden wedding—marrying a block-head.—[Indianapolis Herald.]

Should the health of Burns be drunk in a hot Scotch?—[Indianapolis Herald.]

Does the man who puts the powder in the fire-cracker fillibuster.—[Chicago Sun.]

A dentist says: "Teeth are like money—hard to get, hard to keep and hard to lose." [Evening Call.]

When Bob Ingersoll dies it will be time for the orthodox to toast "Bobby Burns." [Peck's Sun.]

A Washington correspondent wonders why all the office-seekers at the capital wear soft hats. To allow for having their heads swelled.—[Phila. Call.]

One swallow doesn't make a summer, to be sure, but one swallow usually inclines an old toper to some more. [Sommerville Journal.]

Bismark has lost forty-six pounds since 1879. As he still weighs 226 he will last at that rate some thirty years longer. [Lowell Citizen.]

Scientists are puzzling themselves about "The Fuel of the Future." They will discover nothing so efficient as brimstone. [Evening Call.]

An Orange County milkman cut his throat because he was accused of watering his milk. A milkman should be made of sterner stuff. Such a tender conscience!

He was evidently cut out for an editor. Drape his pump in mourning, and wallop his cow for standing so long in the rain. [Danville Breeze.]

Mamma (dining out)—"It isn't polite Bobby, to smack your lips when eating. You never do that at home." Bobby—" 'Cause we never have anything worth smacking over."—[Phila. Call.]

A German editor who wanted to know if Bismark owned the earth has been sent to jail for six months to find out. [Omaha Bee.]

An Indian doctor in Cincinnati pulls teeth to the music of a German band. This proves that great agony will make the sufferer forgetful of a trifling pain. [Omaha Bee.]

In his Boston speech Senator Hoar says his feelings upon hearing of the appointment of S. S. Cox as Minister to Turkey have been expressed by an Irish bard in these words:

"I haven't a jaynius for work,  
That was never a gift of the Bradys;  
But I'd make a most illigant Turk,  
For I'm fond of tobacky and ladies."—[Ex.]

Dr. Talmage just before he sailed for Europe, said he longed to find a place where English is not spoken. He should go at once to London, then, and stay there. [Norristown Herald.]

You can find a man who enjoys breaking in new boots a good deal easier than you can converse with a woman who wouldn't stop eating pie to kiss a baby any time. [Chicago Ledger.]

The *Boston Globe* says, "Go as long as you can these hot days without drinking anything." Such advice from a democratic editor is worthy of being engrossed and put in a frame.—[Lowell Citizen.]

The leader of the Adventists has fixed the last day of the world for May 14, 1886. It is very kind of him to set the day so far in advance. Now all the ladies have plenty of time to get their ascension robes made in the latest style.—[Somerville Journal.]

A German newspaper contains an obituary in which occurs the following: "Our dear son Gustav lost his life by falling from the spire of a Lutheran church. Only those know the height of the steeple can measure the depth of our grief."—[Buffalo Express.]

Brother Talmage remarks that "you can't go to heaven by steam." Nor by wind either, brother; but will you kindly tell us what was the motive power of the chariot of fire in which the profit of old ascended? [Buffalo Express.]

A Western critic speaks of a certain singer as having a voice "as sweet as a seventeen-year locust's." But as a singer the locust gives the most satisfaction. It only appears once in seventeen years. [Norristown Herald.]

The King of Bavaria is said to be bankrupt and unable to pay his debts. And no wonder! He was in the habit of paying \$40,000 for the privilege of witnessing an opera all by himself. If we were to pay such exorbitant prices to see an opera, we should soon be bankrupt, too. [Norristown Herald.]

Travel was delayed on the Brooklyn bridge the other day "by a troublesome switch." Travel is often delayed by a troublesome switch. Miss Fuzzie was fifteen minutes

late at church on Sunday morning. A troublesome switch was the cause. She had difficulty in arranging it. [Norristown Herald.]

"Are checks fashionable now?" asked a highly-dressed dude of his tailor, as he looked over his goods. "I don't believe they are, sir," was the reply, "for I haven't seen any around lately." He looked so hard at the young man when he said it that it caused an absence in the shop very rapidly.—[Norristown Herald.]

The Secretary of the Treasury having inquired whether the force in the Custom House could not be reduced for the purpose of economy, the Collector of New York reports the reduction that he has been able to make amounts to sixty-nine places. That's reform. Next fall, just before the election, the places will probably be filled by sixty-nine party workers. That's business. [Texas Siftings.]

Dyspeptic—"This fruit cure's a fraud. I have tried fruit at every meal, without the least improvement."

Hearty Man—"That's odd. Why, look at me. I subsist entirely upon fruit."  
"What kind of fruit?"  
"The fruit of my own industry. I haven't been sick a day."—[Phila. Call.]

At one of the schools in this city, yesterday, the master, in a general exercise, wrote the word "dozen" on the blackboard, and asked the pupils to each write a sentence containing the word. He was somewhat taken aback to find on one of the papers the following unique sentence: "I dozen know my lesson." If that boy lives to grow up he will be an editor, or funny man, on some of our contemporaries.—[Newburyport Herald.]

"I am going to get married," said he, as he placed a hand upon the counter as large as a Dutch cheese; "and I want a wedding cake." "It is customary," said the pretty girl, "nowadays to have the material of the cake harmonize with the calling of the bride-groom. For a musician now, we have an oat cake, for a man who has no calling and lives upon his friends, a sponge cake, for a newspaper paragrapher, spice cake, and so on. What is your calling, please?" "I am a pugilist." "Then you want a pound cake."—[Boston Courier.]

"Yes," said Mrs. Gillsey, "I do think that Mrs. Puggles has suffered a great deal."

"What caused her illness?" asked Mrs. Weeril.

"Well, she had vermifuge of the stomach first, poor thing."

"Don't say. Did she suffer much?"

"Oh, Lord, yes; and then something got the matter with all her factory organs."

"You mean her olfactory organs."

"Oh, yes. How could I make such a mistake? Well, anyhow, it is just as I tell you, the poor woman is having an awful hard time of it."

"Do you think she will recover?"

"No, I don't think they expect her to live long, for you know she has such a commutation of diseases that there is no possible help for her, for she has a bright disease of the kidneys and besides that the doctors say she has a touch of cerebro spinage magnesia."—[Peck's Sun.]

LOVE AND RELIGION.

They stood beneath the summer skies and watched the twinkling stars in ceaseless brilliant twinkling. It was a night to bring

the angels from the blue that they might lay their gentle hands upon the evening air, and, touching every heart-string, fill the world with harmony.

"And this is love," she said, looking into his face.

"And love is religion," he continued, stooping to kiss the pretty pinkness of her cheek.

"What religion?" she asked, naively, "Presbyterian, or Methodist, or Baptist, or Episcopalian?"

"None of these, angel mine," he whispered, folding her to his throbbing heart; "none of these; it is You-an'-I-tarian."

Devotional exercises were continued until a late hour.—[Merchant Traveler.

Thank fate! a relief from the heat is found  
In the coolness light clothing grants,  
And knowing this fact the dog goes round  
The streets in his muzzle 'an pants.

[Boston Courier.

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#### NO SOMKING ALLOWED.

"Does the smoke displease you, madam?" said a smoker to a lady, in an Austin street car.

"Very much, sir," answered the lady, tartly.

"Well," returned the gentleman, "that only proves what I have always said, that smoking was a mere matter of taste with different persons. It pleases me very much."

He kept on smoking until he left the car. The driver says that if the man hadn't been an alderman he would have put him off the car.—[Texas Siftings.

"Her face so fair, as flesh seemed not,  
But heavenly portrait of bright angel's hue,  
Clear as the sky, without blame or blot,  
Through goodly mixture of complexions due,  
And in her cheeks the vermeil red did show."

This is the poet's description of a woman whose physical system was in a perfectly sound and healthy state, with every function acting properly, and is the enviable condition of its fair patrons produced by Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." Any druggist.

#### BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

##### BUNKER HILL.

Last week for the first time I visited the granite obelisk known all over the civilized world as Bunker Hill Monument. Sixty years ago, if my memory serves me correctly, General la Fayette, since deceased, laid the corner-stone, and Daniel Webster made a few desultory remarks which I can not now recall. Eighteen years later it was formally dedicated, and Daniel spoke a good piece, composed mostly of things he had thought up himself. There has never been a feature of the early history and unceasing struggle for American freedom which has so roused my admiration as this custom, quite prevalent among Congressmen in those days of writing their own speeches.

Many of Webster's most powerful speeches

were written by himself or at his suggestion. He was a plain, unassuming man, and did not feel above writing his speeches. I have always had the greatest respect and admiration for Mr. Webster as a citizen, as a scholar, and as an extemporaneous speaker, and had he not allowed his portrait to appear last year in the *Century* wearing an air of intense gloom and a plug hat entirely out of style, my respect and admiration would have continued indefinitely.

Bunker Hill Monument is a great success as a monument, and the view from its summit is said to be well worth the price of admission. I did not ascend the obelisk, because the inner staircase was closed to visitors on the day of my visit, and the lightning rod on the outside looked to me as though it had been recently oiled.

On the following day, however, I engaged a man to ascend the monument and tell me his sensations. He assured me that they were first-rate. At the feet of the spectator Boston and its environments are spread out in the glad sunshine. Every day Boston spreads out her environments just that way.

Bunker Hill Monument is two hundred and twenty-one feet in height, and has been entirely paid for. The spectator may look at the monument with perfect impunity without being solicited to buy some of its first mortgage bonds. This adds much to the genuine thrill of pleasure while gazing at it.

There is a Bunker Hill in Macoupin County, Illinois, also in Ingham County, Kansas, but General Warren was not killed at either of these points.

One hundred and ten years ago, on the seventeenth day of June, one of America's most noted battles with the British was fought near where Bunker Hill monument now stands. In that battle the British lost ten hundred and fifty killed and wounded, while the American loss was but four hundred and fifty. While the people of this country are showing such an interest in our war history, I am surprised that something has not been said about Bunker Hill. The Federal forces from Roxbury to Cambridge were under command of General Artemus Ward, the great American humorist. When the American humorist really puts on his war-paint and sounds the tocsin, he can organize a great deal of mourning.

General Ward was assisted by Putnam Starke, Prescott, Gridley and Pomeroy. Colonel William Prescott was sent over from Cambridge to Charleston for the purpose of fortifying Bunker Hill. At a council of war it was decided to fortify Breed's Hill, not so high, but nearer to Boston than Bunker Hill. So a redoubt was thrown up during the night on the ground where the monument now stands.

The British landed a large force under Generals Howe and Pigot, and at two o'clock P. M. the Americans were reinforced by Generals Warren and Pomeroy. General Warren was of a literary turn of mind, and during the battle took his hat off and recited a little poem, beginning:

"Stand, the ground's your own, my braves!  
Will ye give it up to slaves?"

A man who could deliver an impromptu and extemporaneous address like that in public, and while there was such a bitter feeling of hostility on the part of the audience, must have been a good scholar. In our great fratricidal strife twenty years ago, the inferiority of our general in this respect was painfully noticeable. We did not have a commander who could address his troops in rhyme to save his neck. Several of

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them were pretty good in blank verse, but it was so blank that it was not just the thing to fork over to posterity and speak in school afterward.

Colonel Prescott's statue now stands where he is supposed to have stood when he told his men to reserve their fire till they saw the whites of the enemies' eyes. Those who have examined the cast-iron, flint-lock weapon used in those days will admit that this order was wise. Those guns were injurious to health, of course, when used to excess, but not necessarily or immediately fatal.

At the time of the third attack by the British the Americans were out of ammunition, but they met the enemy with clubbed muskets, and it was found that one end of the rebel flint-lock was about as fatal as the other, if not more so.

Boston still meets the invader with its club. The mayor says to the citizens of Boston: "Wait till you see the whites of the visitor's eyes, and then go for him with your clubs." Then the visitor surrenders.

I hope that many years may pass before it will again be necessary to soak this fair land in British blood. The boundaries of our land are now more extended, and so it would take more blood to soak it.

Boston has just reason to be proud of Bunker Hill, and it was certainly a great stroke of enterprise to have the battle located there. Bunker Hill is dear to every American heart, and there are none of us who would not have cheerfully gone into the battle then if we had known about it in time.—[Boston Globe.

A SMART WOMAN.

An insurance agent applied to a woman in Austin to induce her to get her husband's life insured.

"Will I be sure to get the money if he dies right off?"

"Certainly, madam."

"But will you give me any assurance that he will die right off?"

"No, madam, we cannot do that."

"Well, then, what good will it be to me to get his life insured, if he doesn't die? I knew there was some catch about this insurance business."—[Texas Siftings.

THE THOUGHTLESSNESS OF YOUTH.

"How is your old grandmother coming on?" asked Gilhooly of a friend, whom he had not met in several years.

"She died from the thoughtlessness of youth," was the reply.

"That's a strange disease. How did her youthfulness affect her. She was eighty years old last time I saw her."

"O, it was not her thoughtlessness that caused her death. It was the thoughtlessness of a young man who drove his buggy over her as she was crossing the street."

[Texas Siftings.

LIFE IN THE PARIS SEWERS.

is possible for a short time to the robust, but the majority of refined persons would prefer immediate death to existence in their reeking atmosphere. How much more revolting to be in one's self a living sewer. But this is actually the case with those in whom the inactivity of the liver drives the refuse matter of the body to escape through the lungs, breath, the pores, kidneys and bladder. It is astonishing that life remains in such a dwelling. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" restores normal purity to the system and renews the whole being.

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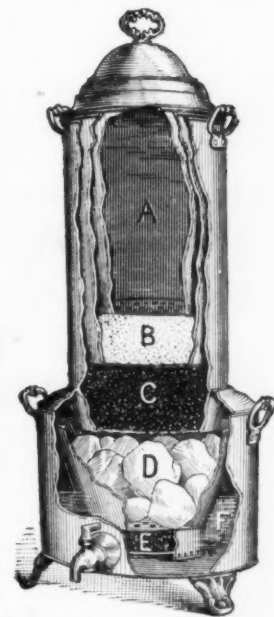
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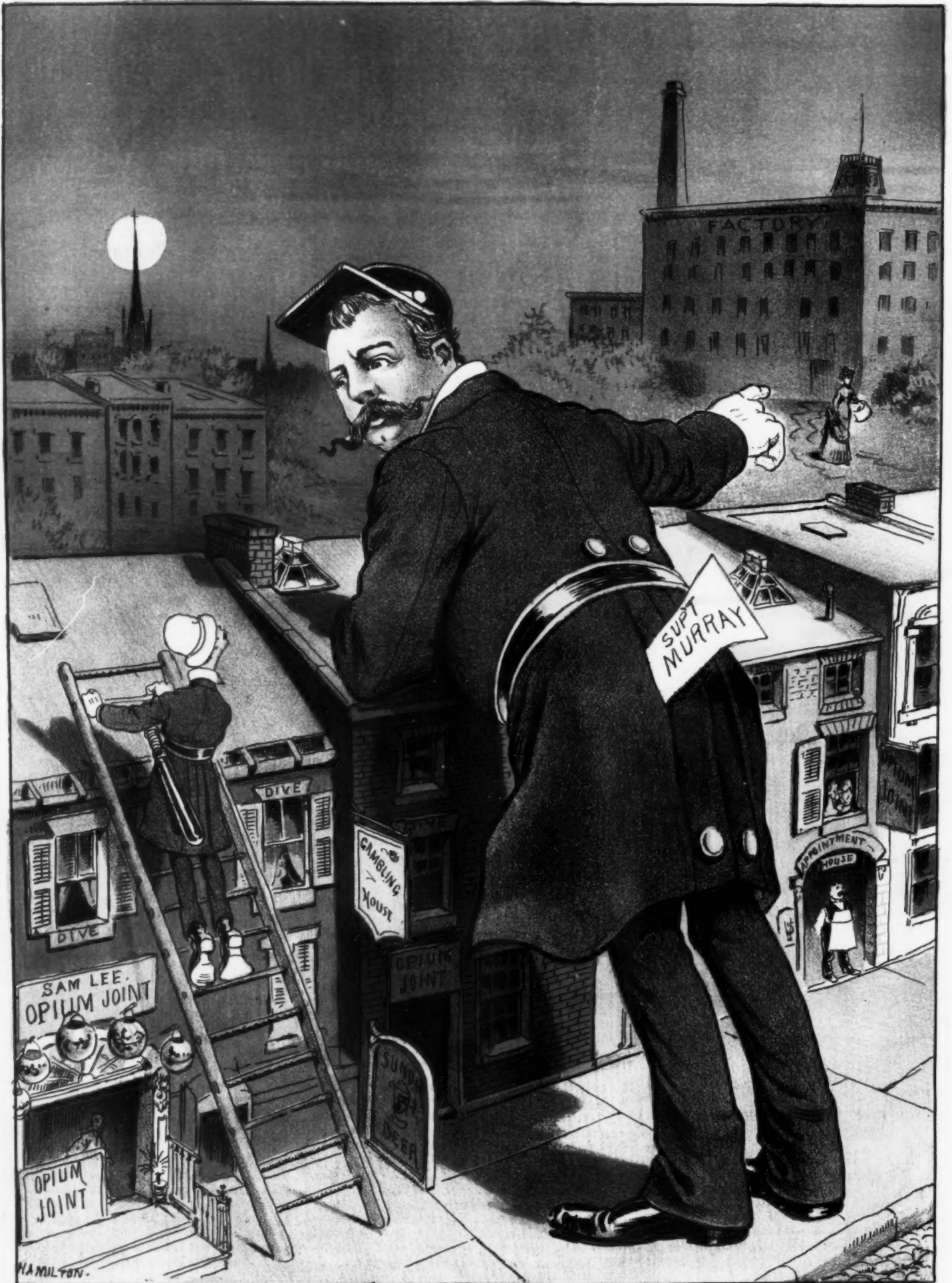
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