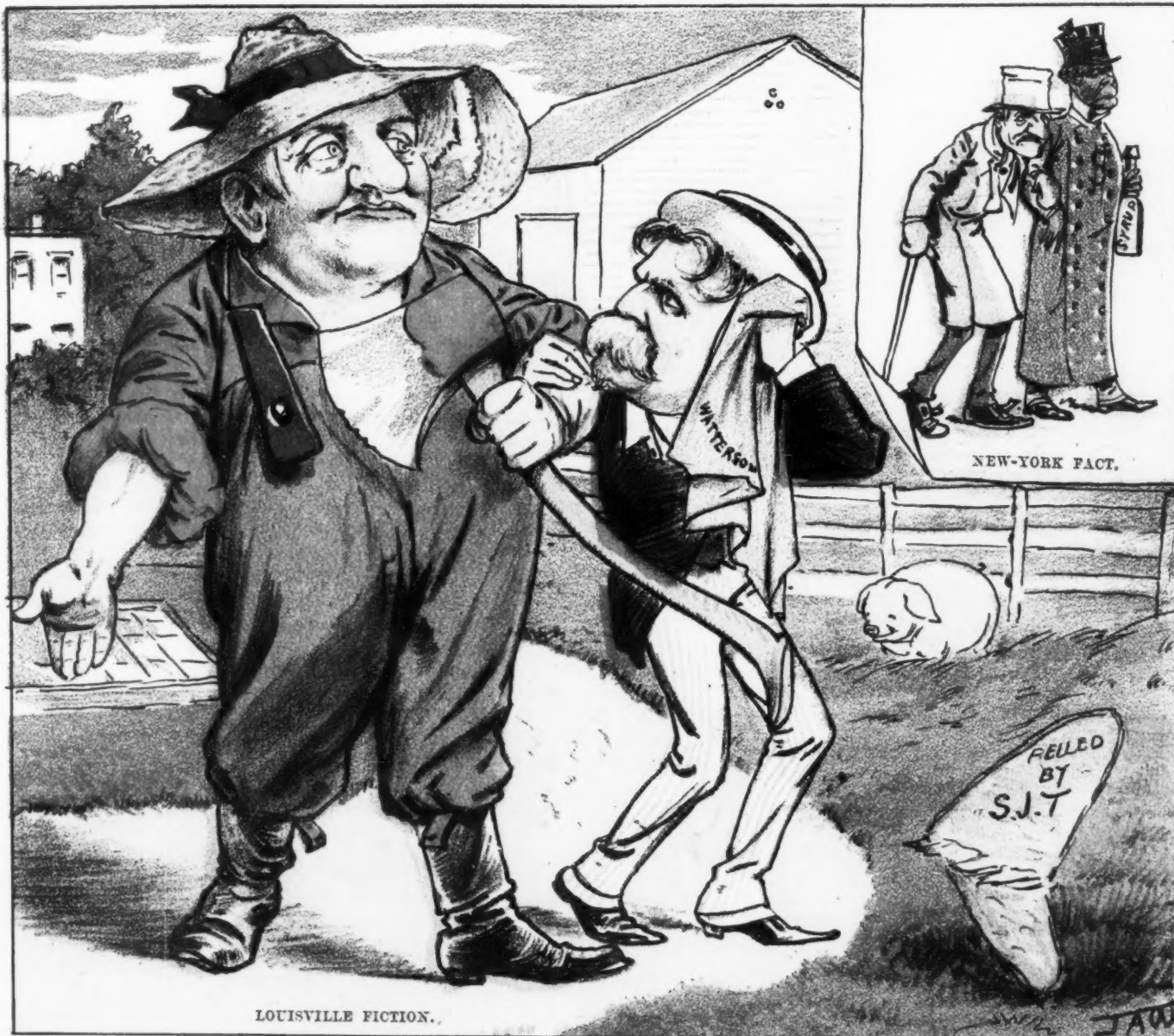


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SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

MR. SAMUEL J. TILDEN has more life in him than most people appear to imagine. He is just as full of vitality as he was seven or eight years ago, and his conduct is persistently saying to the country at large, "And don't you forget it!" In fact he might be called the cis-Atlantic grand old man. To be sure, politically speaking, he is a little out of date—but he is at least as live a man as Andrew Jackson, who still scores a fair number of votes at every Presidential election. But it is upon his bodily vigor that we would especially congratulate the sage of Gramercy Park. He has a house which no valetudinarian could even traverse—to explore all the apartments of his new mansion would tax the powers of a man of vigorous physique. And in the country—oh, it is in the country that Mr. Tilden shines. What farmer but envies him the airy grace with which he potters about among the turnip fields, and punches the sides of fat cattle. He is a rural Adonis, and the very potatoes make eyes at him. A glorious product of our glorious country is Samuel J. Tilden.

BLAINE'S HERMITAGE.

MR. BLAINE is a man with a memory, and a man of memories. He is also a man with a grievance—in point of fact, a man with several grievances; and that these will be fully ventilated when his memories are given to the world, cannot be for a moment doubted. James G. Blaine is a man of unquestionable ability, but as to whether he has made the best use of his talents and opportunities, his friends and the public are at issue. Take his South-American policy, for example. It was peculiar, it was aggressive, it was unconstitutional, some people say. It was also irritating. Had it been persevered in it would have proved to be, to use the words of Scrip-

ture, "a boil breaking forth with blains upon man and upon beast," in the great Republic of the Northern continent and the lesser Republics of the Southern. And it is a boil from which Mr. Blaine has not recovered yet, and it is doubtful if he ever will recover. It has relegated him to the solitude of private life for a while, and he is there solacing himself by telling his sorrows to the world. A trouble shared is a trouble halved, but it is doubtful if Mr. Blaine will receive much sympathy except from his immediate admirers. He takes his grievances in a querulous spirit, and makes the most of them. When he has finished with his pen, it will be in order for him to see what arrangements he can make with P. T. Barnum or D'Oyley Carte.

THE DANCE.

SOMETIME ago a gentleman in California—if we are not wrong, it was the same who held the pistol which put a period to the career of a brilliant journalist, and who was subsequently acquitted by a jury of his countryman—published a brochure entitled "The Dance of Death." The pamphlet created some little stir at the time; but, after the usual nine-days' talk, relapsed into obscurity. Its argument was that dancing was immoral in its tendency, and ought to be suppressed. Every city has its quota of Pharisees, and there were sufficient of them in San Francisco to buy the book, and praise it—never minding the antecedents of the gifted author. For, strange as it may appear, there are people in existence who consider dancing immoral. To be sure they are mainly recruited from the class which holds that a man incurs eternal damnation by having his boots polished on Sunday; but they exist, and the presence of the Sunday laws on our statute books shows that they exist in sufficient numbers to make their existence felt. What kind of minds these people must have, to conjure up pictures of depravity from the innocent and healthful recreation of dancing, THE JUDGE does not profess to know. There are abysses of filthiness which it is neither pleasant nor advantageous to explore, and of such must be the thoughts of those who discover embryo harlotry in dancing.

Everyone who has seen a young couple—good dancers both, *bien entenders*—whirling in the mazy waltz, must have enjoyed the spectacle if he had sense enough to enjoy anything artistic. The poetry of motion is as truly poetry as aught else poetical—far more so than the poetry of the Revised Hymnal, for example. The exercise is graceful, harmonious, and (doctors assure us) eminently healthful. But the very people who would go and look at a ballet-girl dancing "nightly, half-naked, on the stage for money," often forbid their own daughters enjoying the pleasure of a round dance in the seclusion of a private mansion. There is consistency in everything in this world except in bigotry and fanaticism.

THE DUDE AS A FACTOR IN POLITICAL ECONOMY.

THE problem of capital and labor—in all times and in all countries—seems to be in a fair way of solving itself in these United States, and that in a very peculiar and unexpected manner. In the first place, it must be remembered that a very large number of our rich men are what we style "self-made men"—that is, they began the world with little or nothing, and in the course of time, by industry, brains and perseverance—an aggregation which unsuccessful people call "luck"—they raised themselves to the position they occupy to-day. If they did not do so, their fathers did; and few indeed are our millionaires whose wealth dates back beyond a generation or two. In this respect American capital differs widely from English, where the custom of primogeniture, enforced and legalized by the law of entail, concentrates large blocks of property in single hands for generations. But the whole spirit of America is opposed to this unjust discrimination in favor of the first-born or any one member of a family; and the records of the courts are strewn with the wrecks of broken wills—broken because they sought to enrich an individual at the expense of his relatives. This being so, we find society in the United States composed of the working classes, who are laboring for money, and the class of capital which is enriched mainly by the money itself has made. It is a race in which the man who is already rich has the start of his competitors, and the goal is the same for all—namely, money. But no handicap can give the race to the tortoise unless the hare oversleeps himself. The poor man of to-day will be rich to-morrow if he have industry, brains and perseverance (*culgiler*, luck). The rich man of to-day will be poor to-morrow, or his son will, unless he be endowed with these requisites for success.

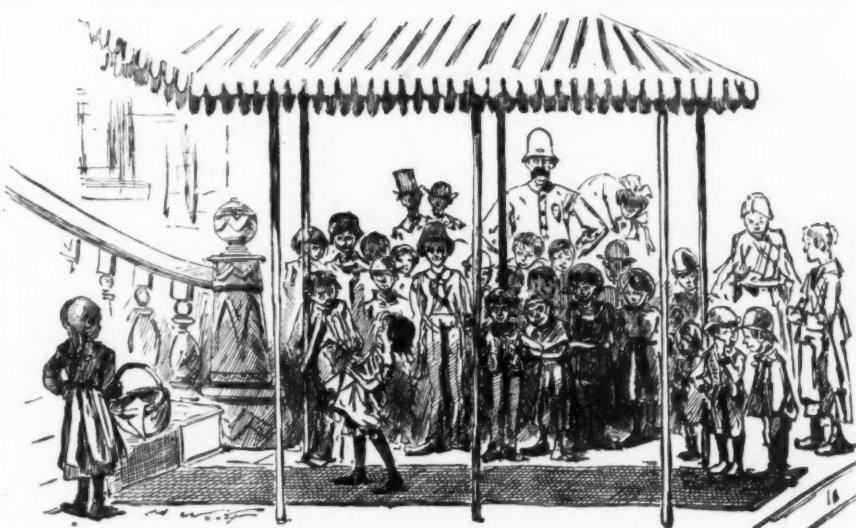
Now what does the rising generation of rich men's sons consist of? We are dealing with a broad subject, and in its broadest aspect—so every statement must be modified to exclude the exceptions which abound under every rule. But whence are the dudes recruited? From the ranks of rich men's sons. These rapid, brainless, indolent drones are—unless circumstances alter—destined to hold no small share of the country's capital in the course of comparatively few years. But can they hold it? How long will they hold it? In the rough-and-tumble struggle of life is the dude fitted to grapple with the intelligent working man? Are his wits as keen as are the wits that have been sharpened in the stern school of necessity? Scarcely. We may find a hundred thousand working-men endowed with these grand requisites for success in life—industry, brains and perseverance—but never a dude. The weakest will go to the wall, and the wall is waiting for the dude.

Inherited money may outlive the present generation, but in questions of political econ-

omy a generation is but a little time; and the great whirligig of time will roll around, and set the rich men of to-day (or their descendants) at the bottom of the wheel at whose top the workmen of to-day (or their descendants) ride triumphant. And then, will history repeat itself? Probably. Turn about is fair play, and in the existence of the dude, so far as he goes (for all millionaires' sons are not dudes) we find a practical adjustment of the vexed question of capital and labor.

FRANCE at war with China would, but a few years ago, have been regarded much as John Longfellow Sullivan would be now were he to engage in the easy but inglorious task of knocking out a ten-year old boy, or—and this last similitude is more applicable in every way—an old man of eighty. But we live in a progressive age, and startling changes take place. If France provokes matters, she may find that she has a pretty big contract on her hands. Shade of Napoleon the Great! look down and rebuke military critics if you will, but the universal concensus of opinion appears to be that China would stand a remarkably good chance of giving France as good as she sent, and perhaps a little better. For China, though we are pleased to regard her as uncivilized, and to restrict the immigration of her subjects, has a fleet that we have not. It is a rather humiliating reflection that we have not a single vessel afloat capable of coping with the war ships of other nations. Chili—a mere South-American Republic—could destroy our whole navy with impunity. Peru, beaten and demoralized as she is, could do the same. Even Hayti could send a man-of-war to bombard our ports, against which no ship in the United States navy could offer an effectual resistance. And, with it all, our navy costs us as much as if it were worth something. It is not pleasant to realize it, but if France's little difficulty were with this country instead of with China, the betting on the issue, in the world of nations, would be far heavier in France's favor—that is, as far as matters afloat are concerned.

THE Charity Organization Society has been giving those who intend visiting the poor, some advice as to how to act. One piece of advice, namely, to make sure that no children grow up to be paupers, seems directly to counsel infanticide. Another, to prevent unwise alms to the unworthy, seems to require explanation. And several important pieces of advice for visitors, as it seems to THE JUDGE, are neglected altogether. There is no warning against calling on washing day, nor does there appear to be any etiquette prescribing the length of a visit. Nor is there any good and sufficient reason given why the poor should be intruded upon by patronizing callers at all. Poverty is bad enough, but if its sting is to be aggravated by impertinent scrutiny and meddling sympathy, such as is inculcated by the advice of the Charity Organization itself, THE JUDGE can never feel sufficiently thankful that he was born a millionaire.



ECSTASY.

"Dear me! I feel just like a bride!"

CHATEAUX EN ESPAGNE.

WHAT! building castles in the air?
I've reared such structures in my time,
And still find ruins here and there,
All ivy-grown with silly rhyme.
We cannot build an edifice
With fancy stone and sanguine mortar,
Which, in the winter of what is,
Won't crumble and let in the water.

You see, the fancy takes such scope,
It cannot finish all its forms,
And when the architect is Hope,
There's no allowance made for storms.
We have no plummet in our hand;
Our house—we never pause to plan it,
So marble crumbles into sand,
And stucco clings where we place granite.

Upon a single pair of props
We have to place a heavy strain,
When, o'er our homely mutton chops,
We dream of turtle and champagne.
Our corner-stones are weak and few,
And our foundations are unreal.
Our "if" is false, our "when" untrue,
And the whole structure is ideal.

The world is full of just such piles;
Some new, some old, some dear, some cheap;
Some shining still with sanguine smiles,
Some nothing but a rubbish-heap.
So, through the past we roam perplexed,
And count the castles that have crumbled,
And find we always start the next
Just where the previous one had tumbled.

Here's one—ay, smile if so thou wilt—
Fain would I rear that pile again—
The finest castle man e'er built,
And *someone* was its chatelaine.
Well, she bewitched a millionaire,
And my brave structure went to ruin;
I spent such sighs as I could spare,
And started in to build a new one.

Another? Oh, the next was frail,
And scarcely stood a single hour—
'Twas founded on the oft-told tale—
Seductive, though—of wealth and power.
The next was briefer still, and came
To grief ere it was well completed—
Only a dream that spoke of fame,
A throne that fell ere I was seated.

Another, and another then;
But not a single one survived

Compact of love, of gold, of pen—
Some longer, but all briefly-lived.
Build and adorn them ne'er so fast,
They vanish ere you touch the gilding;
You cannot fashion them to last—
'Tis waste of time, this castle-building.

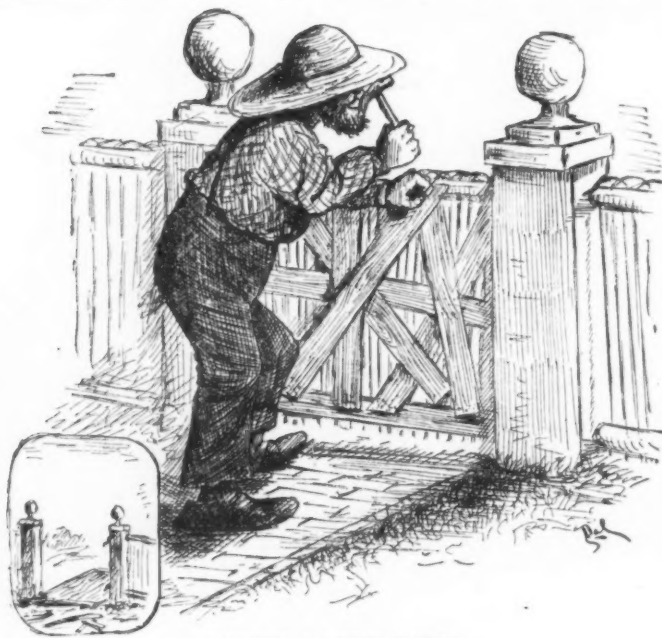
G. H. JESSOP.

YEAST.

HE rushed breathlessly into a grocery store and yelled, "Send a yeast-cake out to my house just as quick as the law allows."
"A y-e-a-s-t cake?" queried the grocer.
"Yes, a y-e-a-s-t cake! Send one out. Send a dozen. Send five hundred! All I hear from morn till eve is 'yeast cakes! yeast cakes!' What they do with them I don't know. All I know is that they use 'em, thousands of 'em. P'raps they feed 'em to the cat, or tramps, or stop up leaks in the water pipe with 'em; but they use 'em. They don't eat 'em, for I never see 'em on the table. Send some out. Rush 'em! Send a cart load. Hire a boy to leave one at the house every ten minutes; only send 'em. Get a Gatling gun that will fire five yeast cakes. Station it in the back yard. Aim it at the red-headed cook. Turn the crank, and fire 'em in. Fire 'em at the rate of a hundred a minute; but give 'em, oh give 'em some yeast cakes!"—and he grabbed a handful of peanuts and skipped out.



I WOULD that I could utter
My feelings without shame,
And tell him how I love him,
Nor wrong my virgin fame.—BRYANT.



LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

QUOTH old Farmer Jones, as he braced up his gate:
 "I'll fix this here thing so by sparkin' 'twon't break."
 And although he hammered and worked like a nailer,
 His twelve girls and their lovers proved too much of a strainer.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

FROM M^{LE}. ADELE PIROUETTE TO M^{LE}. ELISE
 CORBIER.

NEW YORK, JUNE, 1883.

MY DEAR ELISE—It ees a long time that I haf not written to you—mais que voulez vous? I am so busy that I haf not time to write to my old friend as I could wish; but, cherie, you will forgif me I know, and I will tell you all I can about Amerique. New York—zat is vere I live and dance ma mie—is very big and very triste. Zey say it ees ze Paris of Amerique, but it ees not Paris—pas de tout. You zee, zey haf only one street—de Broadway—and it ees not a boulevard, and there ees a Park, which zey call ze Central, because it ees away up at one end of ze city—but it ees not a Bois de Boulogne. But in Amerique one great zing ees zat all ze money ees counted in dollars, and one dollar is fife times so much as a franc, so you see why I am staying here so long. I spik ze Engleesh parfaitment now, and am vell accustomed to all ze manners and customs of ze country. I know a dude when I see von, and can spik ze English so he understand me, or, vich is very far more difficile, I can understand him ven he spik me in French. Zese dudes are creatures tres curieuses. Zey lif by ze stage-door of ze theatre, and dress—oh, tres magnifique!—in coats like a cocher. But ze dude himself is more like a cochon, and zey smoke cigarettes; but zey are not at all pshutt, or even chic. Zey are very feeble, and look—vat you call him ven one has not enough to eat?—oh, oui—half starved. Zere are a great manys of zem in lofe wiz me—smile not, Elise, for zey haf no brains, zese dear dudes, and zey send me flowers—oh, j'en raffole—anyone can make lofe to me wiz flowers—it eez ze true tongue of lofe.

Zen, apres, ven ze ballet is done and I come forth, I am like a little queen—I tell it you, Elise—and zey are like a lot of obedient subjects. It ees, "bon jour, mamzelle," here, and "bon soir, mamzelle," there—at least I haf learned zey mean to say so; not zat you could so understand zem, cherie, any more

zan I could a month ago, for ze French von spikes in New York ees tout a fait different from ze French von spikes in Paris. Zen it ees which "vill I honor by taking un petit souper wiz him?"—and then it eez to Delmonico's, which is pas mal, I assure you, and in some things reminds me of ze Cafe Anglais, only I go to Delmonico's much oftener—nearly every evening—than we used to go to ze Anglais in ze old days—ah, la belle Lurette! But Amerique is a great country for a poor struggling danseuse, for it has ze dude, and eef she is clever enough to catch her dude and use him properly ven she haf him caught, she can haf flowers and suppers, and drives in ze Bois—I mean ze Park; ah! and even—ecoutez cherie—diamonds! Ah, Elise, it ees von grand countrie.

Just now it eez hot, and everyone goes to ze sea. Poor people! zey have no Trouville here, but zey go to a little sandy island vich is all grown up with monstrous great hotels, and which is crowded from morn till night, which zey call l'Isle de Coney. I haf been invited to go, but I know not; eef I do go wiz one dude, what would become of all ze others, and eef I went wiz zem all, would zey not come to fight? It eez a position tres difficile, and I must be ve-ry careful; for eef two dudes should fight—oh, mon Dieu—I shudder at ze thought, for zey are so weak and delicate zat I much fear me zey would both break in two.

But I forget I haf a rehearsal in haf an hour. Ma foi, I hates rehearsals; to stand on one foot and twirl for no one—not even one man to admire you doing it, except ze old ballet-master, and he forget to admire—he find fault. Say for me to all kind friends zat I am well and growing—oh, bien riche—and I shall be back in Paris soon wiz plenty of American dollars. My salary ees twelve dollars a week—zat is soizante francs, which ees pas si mal—and I am saving money, about forty dollars each week—merci aux messieurs les dudes—for of course diamonds are as good as money—and recollect zat ze dollar American eez five times ze franc Francais.

Toute a toi,

ADELE.

OUR WATER SUPPLY.

BY THE JUDGE'S CITY LYRIST.

ANACERON and Moore have sung of wine,
 Simonides and Byron chanted love;
 The former couple held the cup divine—
 Venus, to bless the latter, smiled above.
 I scarcely like to venture to define
 The themes on which some other poets thro—
 But not the muse, not all the bards have brought her,
 Have left us one poor line on Croton water.

Bosomed in hills the lucid liquid lies;
 The trackless mountain by its pipes are pathed;
 It washes sleep from out the housewife's eyes,
 And helps to blend her goodman's morning
 draught;
 The various needs of water it supplies
 Here, where cold water is so rarely quaffed;
 It serves to put out fires and wash the face—
 Water is very-useful—in its place.

Granted the waters of the Croton Lake
 Are anything but mirror-like or clear,
 And that Sir Abstinence his throat must slake
 With cyclops, leeches, bugs and such small deer,
 'Tis an infinitesimal mistake,
 Which microscope alone can make appear.
 The hydrogen and oxygen are there,
 And they are water—when they're not in air.

I've heard of stoics of a certain class—
 The Bowery dives are their academy—
 Who hold that water only soils a glass.
 Granting it may be useful—in the sea—
 Such persiflage as this I always pass.
 Water we want; and water is, *per se*,
 A necessary and a wholesome fluid—
 I would some friends (who shall be nameless) knew it.

The difficulty, nut-shelled, is just this:
 Thompson & Co. assert the price is cheap;
 The city naturally thinks it is,
 All things considered, just a trifle steep;
 The aqueducters say it is square "biz";
 They have an article that they can keep,
 And this poor city cannot do without it,
 So what do we intend to do about it?

The aqueducters plainly move the springs
 Or manage them—that's pretty much the same—
 And may do half a score of nasty things
 Beneath the aegis of a corporate name.
 These companies and syndicates and rings
 Have no identity that we can blame.
 One thing is plain: since Cleveland show'd no quarter
 We've got to pay, and dearly, for our water.

I recollect some pious poet preaches
 That bless-ings brighten as they take their flight;
 A halo glimmers now around our leeches,
 Our pretty Croton bugs appear more bright,
 And o'er the various reservoirs there reaches,
 As over Roslin Tower, a wondrous light.
 Ah, was that bill that Cleveland his name wrote on,
 The death-warrant of all the bugs of Croton?

Still, there is much for deep consideration
 Ere we regret the bill that has gone through—
 We must have water for the jug and basin,
 And some to mix the civic cocktails, too.
 The streets are getting thirsty for their ration,
 And sprinkling-carts are waxing faint and few;
 This is a serious thing with which to trifle—
 The end of it will be, we all shall stifle.

The city, in its thirst, might take a drink,
 As individuals or collectively;
 Or, under pressure, it might pause to think,
 And weigh the knotty point reflectively—
 Or dam the aqueduct from brink to brink,
 Cleveland, Hot, Thompson, all, respectively.
 And if the city fathers are not calm,
 They'll use an "n" to finish up their dam.

Again, we might acknowledge ourselves beaten,
 And foot our debits in a docile way,
 Like the sagacious but close-fisted Cretan
 Who left the gold he could not take away—
 Or, having fully drunk or fully eaten,
 Endeavor to stave off the evil day.
 Judges and lawyers differ—more's the pity;
 One cannot postulate upon a city.

Since water is a necessary evil,
 It has direct relation to a payment;
 The price of every Croton bug and weevil
 Must be defrayed, like food, or drink, or raiment;
 The very name of "liquid" finds its level.
 Sea like, in liquidation to the claimant;
 Wherefore, I argue, let us pay our bills,
 And class the aqueduct with kindred ills.

I found this water business in confusion,
 And leave it, seemingly, but worse confounded;
 I thought I had arrived at some conclusion,
 And find I have been only ambuling round it—
 And so, to prove I am not in collusion,
 I'll leave the case exactly as I found it.
 The moral's one that everyone forgets—
 Cities and citizens must pay their debts.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL STORIES

WITH PATENT SELF-SUGGESTING MORALS.

NO. X.

A FARMER, who had a considerable quantity of land and a great many cattle, was very much annoyed by various accidental ills of farming life—such as by neighbors who would trespass on his land, and allow their beasts to eat down his pasture, and by the straying of his own cattle, and by the depredations of crows and various species of destructive vermin upon his growing crops. To remedy all this he engaged the services of a number of the small boys of the neighborhood, and, as he paid liberally, the work was always well done, and he found considerable profit in it. Did one of his cows attempt to stray, she was promptly headed off and driven back to the proper pasturage; and no neighbor was now hardy enough to attempt to steal a feed of grass, for every field was carefully watched. As for the crows, they quickly desisted from banqueting on his wheat, for their lives were made a burden to them by the farmer's myrmidons, who "shooed" them and shouted at them and pelted them with stones in the most approved style.

So all went well, to the mutual advantage of the farmer and of the urchins he employed, till somebody undertook to reason with the old man on the ignorance of his small retainers. "It was positively shocking," said this sapient adviser; here were "a whole gang of young chaps who never attended any school, and who didn't know the difference between plane trigonometry and the last 4th of July; here were they, constantly employed, and earning very good wages, while industrious youths, who were really highly educated, and who could have demonstrated to any trespassing cow, by applied mathematics, the heinousness of her conduct—here were they without anything to do. It was shameful."

The farmer, however, could not see how the higher mathematics could be advantageously applied to the dispersion of crows, and did not hesitate to say so.

However, his busy-body adviser having, like most busy people, no business of his own to attend to, kept at the farmer till, by sheer insistence, he won the old man over to promise that in future all vacancies in the corps of scare-crows and cow-boys should be filled by competitive examination.



A WEST-POINT FLIRTATION.

This was enough for Mr. Busybody, who quickly won the farmer's consent to allow him (Busybody) to draw up the examination papers. Then, by one means and another, he contrived to get rid of most of the boys employed at the moment, and, having fixed a day for the examination to replace them, felt duly elated and covered with glory.

The eventful day dawned, and the old farmer, who was on hand, was horrified at seeing the urchins who were to replace his old, faithful servants. Poor, bespectacled little beings, with faces pallid from hard reading, and backs bent, and limbs wasted from excessive application, they presented a sorry contrast to the lithe-limbed, active boys who were wont to tend the fields of the honest old farmer. But they were well educated—not a doubt of that. Not one of them but could construe a Greek chorus at sight, or calculate the parallax of the nearest fixed star. They were prodigies of learning, and a sufficient number passed, with *eclat*, to fill up the vacant places.

But, alas! the bespectacled eyes could not see the crows in the corn-fields. The unaccustomed voices could not shout loud enough to scare the depredators away; the wasted limbs could not overtake truant cattle, or drive trespassers away. Applied mathematics could not cope with crows; the acutest syllogisms failed to convince refractory cattle; the most touching passages from Sophocles had no effect on a strange bull in a clover field. For the farmer's purposes the competitive examination boys were failures; the farm was running to ruin once more, and the farmer was reluctantly compelled to discharge the whole lot. "Go to college, lads," he said, "and teach other folks to be as wise as yourselves. You're no good on a farm."

For a moral to the above tale, we will apply to any one who really believes that competitive examination, working out the scheme of civil-service reform, will give us a better and more useful class of men in our public offices.

GETTING READY AND GETTING WET.

"THE SEA, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free;"
It laps your limbs so daintily,
Wets first your toes and then your knee—
If from rheumatics you are free,
The sea-bath is an ecstasy.



"THE SEA, the sea, the open sea"
Feels cold if timorous you be;
'Tis salt in taste, decidedly—
It plugs your ears most wondrously;
And if your figure's not the "T",
'Tis a dead "give away"—this sea.

SOAP.

BY AN IRISH DRUMMER.

JUST in from the best trip ever I tuk—sowld close on to \$60,000 worth. I travel in soap, you know, and you'd be astonished to think how much soap they use in America. Sixty thousand dollars worth of soap. Well, either we're the dirtiest people on the face of the globe or we're trying hard to be the cleanest. I've always traveled in soap. May be you would not think it to look at me, but its thrue all the same. I've the same way wid all of them. "Sir," I say, "Can't I sell you some soap?" "No," he sez, "I don't want any." "Begorra, appearances belie you," I'll say then, and maybe he laughs and maybe he gets mad. Laugh or mad, sure its all the wan to me; on I go, for you see my tongue is slippery, by reason of the soap, may be; an' sure it never was any trouble for me to talk. When I was a mere baby even, I'd an iligant taste in soap, and used to spit like a fireworks if I got any in my mouth whin me mother was washing me. So on I go. "Here I come," says I, "as the apostle of cleanliness, an' sure every one knows that cleanliness is next to godliness. I was coming down the Mississippi wan time an' the boat blew up; barrin' a few that was smashed and scalded, every one else was drowned, but sure I had some samples of soap in my pocket and I was washed ashore. Ah, its a grand article. Every one must have it—children cry for it—when it gets into their eyes. Even the man that never uses the like dare not be without it. He'd be ashamed, you see. The little cake of soap is his naturalization papers to the state of cleanliness, an' if he doesn't use it himself, sure its a clane collar and cuffs to him, an' to the devil wid the ould shirt. An' then, if the article's nice and appetizing, like what I sell, sure the rats 'll eat it an' that keeps up the demand; trade is good all the time."

I was always in soap, as I tell you. Before I traveled for the big manufacturers and went in for cleansing the whole census at a lick, I used to do a sort of district visiting an' sell a cake retail out of a basket to any one who'd buy it. Well, it was in one of the territories I struck a man who'd never seen soap, never heard tell of it, didn't know what it was. I had heard of ignorance before, but here it was—six foot odd of it; over two hundred pounds weight of it standing up forninst me and talking to me. Not talking very much, of course, for I always

make it a point to do most of the talking myself when I'm in business; it prevents remarks on the quality of the goods and chokes off impertinent questions. But when he asked me "what was zis soap?" he fairly took my breath away and slipped in a word edgeways before I could prevent it. But I soon recovered. I wanted to know where that man had been raised. I felt the grand old missionary spirit bubbling up inside of me when I thought of a whole community innocent of soap, and me with a stock to sell them. An' when I thought—for at the supreme moments of life, thought is rapid, d've mind—when I thought that may be they'd been in their soapless condition since the flood, and reflected how much soap it would require to fetch them up level with the time, an' give them a fair start with the others that had washed themselves regular, maybe once a week, I tell you I felt pretty much like Christopher Columbus or Captain Cook when they had a corner on Bibles and whiskey an' any amount of natives to civilize.

It was a dhrame, my friend. He was a Frinchman an' knew no better than to call soap savon, as if he was the wrapper on a cake of imported, an' that's how the mistake arose.

But if soap has its duties it has its pleasures. There may not be much romance in the article, an' I've hunted Shakespeare through in vain to find a good line on soap, to head an advertisement. Maybe Shakespeare was like my Frenchman, and didn't know what soap was. I found four lines that suit pretty well in an ould book, and I scattered them round on dodgers in cities I was coming to, this way:

"The river Rhine, as is well known,
Doth wash the city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs, what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?—
Why, Sullivan's Soap."

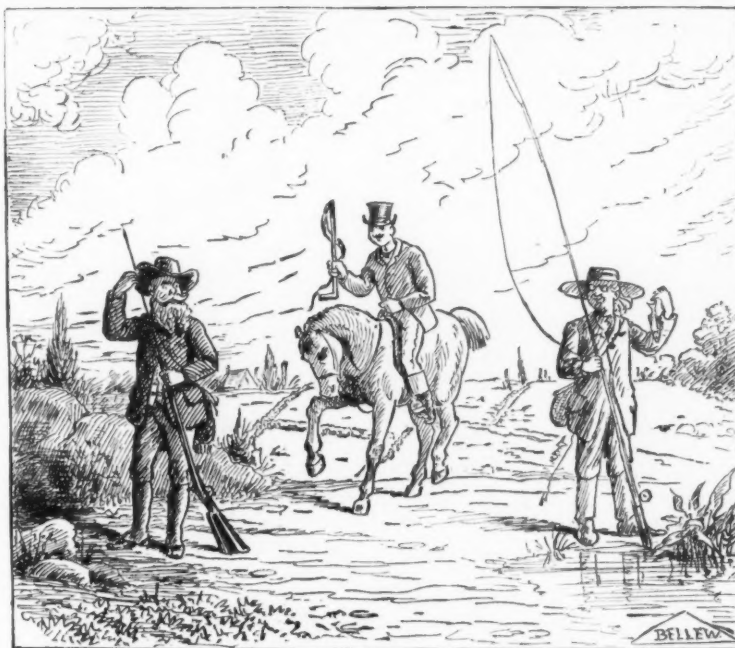
To be sure, every city is not Cologne; and who but an ijit would ever think of washing a river, but beggars can't be choosers, and poets is a dirty set anyhow and know more about whiskey and water than soap and water any day. But certainly there's not too much romance about soap. I've had me share of luck with the ladies, but I think that's more by reason of my being a drummer an' an Irishman than owing to the goods I travel in. To be sure, a nice box of scented soap is a pretty present for any girl, if she'll only be sensible and not go to

thinking you mane anything personal by it. I met one, she called herself a Chicago girl, an' I never found out anything to the contrary. Oh, she was a darlint. She weighed close on to three hundred, and had a hand on her like the hand of Providence. I was attracted to her first by her hand, for sez I to meself, if she'll travel 'round wid me and kape them hands of hers clean all the time, what better advertisement could I ax for. I courted her in the good old-fashioned way; hung on the gate in the starlight, an' brought her fresh caramels every night. At last I spoke. I put it curtly but very plain; I thought anyone could understand what I meant—let alone a Chicago girl. Well, she tumbled directly. "Oh," she says, sighing heavily, for she was inclined to be stout—"Oh," she says, "are you indeed asking me for my hand?" Now this was a new revelation to me. That was exactly what I wanted; if I could get her hand it was what I needed for my advertisement, an' it didn't take an ould traveler like me long to figure up how much I'd save in a year by leaving three hundred pounds of extra luggage behind me. So I answered her in my best super-scented, emulcent style, "Yis, my darlint; that's what I want; yer hand." "Ax papa," says she; an' that seemed to be reasonable enough. So I said "all right," and I started to give her her evening box of caramels. What that girl cost me in caramels no one will ever believe. It would have kept a small family clean for iver. But in place of caramels it was a cake of soap I took out, an' she, not being very bright, poor girl, had her teeth sank into it before she found out it wasn't some new kind of candy. She was lightning on the taste though, and before she had a quarter of a pound of it in her mouth, she mistrusted that something was wrong, and opened out on me. May I never wash myself again if I ever saw such a sight in my life. I'd heard of the tragedy actresses chewing soap at the theatres—an' I always thought it was a good idea, an' one to be encouraged, if only for the sake of trade; but no actor or actress ever I saw made the suds fly as she did then. An' such language as she used. You'd have thought with all that soap in her mouth she'd have expressed herself in a cleanly manner anyhow; well, she did not. She just poured out a torrent of abuse and soap-suds that washed me clean away, and there I was, a cake of Sullivan's best, an' I'm afraid to say how many boxes of caramels out, an' I never won that girl's hand after all.

Do I feel bad about it? Sometimes, when trade is dull; when the great world seems to have sworn off washing; when I run across drummers for Sapolio and other detractors of the legitimate article, I heave a sigh for that girl's hand and the gigantic advertisement it would have afforded me.

But there is compensation in a drummer's life. You see, you are traveling a good deal and you meet a good many people. There is not too much time for the blues. You meet some mighty curious people, too. Some amusing, some disagreeable, some very tiresome. I recollect one night on a western trip; every one had turned in on the sleeping car; I was tired; so was everyone else I think, and I was just reckoning on a few hours of good sleep at thirty miles an hour, when a woman's voice, shrill, quavering, piercing, rose from a berth in the middle of the car. "Oh, how dry I am." Now, I'm a sympathetic man, if I'm anything; I'm nothing at all if I'm not a lady's man; but I don't mind owing to you right here that I wished that woman in the middle of the Atlantic or at the bottom of Lake Erie, or anywhere else where she'd be as wet as her worst enemy could wish her to be. "Oh, how dry I am!" "Oh, how dry I am!" There she went on with her confounded arid statement of her condition at intervals of about thirty seconds, and sleep was out of the question. There were disgusted murmers from the various berths. "For mercy's sake, some one get that woman a drink or we'll have no sleep to-night." So I, a lady's man as I tell you and always sympathetic and obliging, tumbled out and got a glass of water. Well, when I brought it to her, she was so grateful, poor woman, that I felt as if I'd done a good action, and I tell you my conscience felt away up, if my feet were a trifle cold, as I set down the glass and tumbled into my berth again. I had an upper berth and stepped on the nose of the ould gentleman underneath as I clambered in; but sure why shouldn't he have his troubles as well as the rest of us? Well, I wasn't well settled down before up rose that voice again—and the woman had had a drink and it was more shrill than ever—"oh, how dry I was!" "oh, how dry I was!" and she kept that up till I was so mad that I never got a wink of sleep till we struck Buffalo.

I've a sort of a nervous horror of dogs, and dogs seem to know it and go for me. One young chap, whose acquaintance I made on the train, was traveling with his sister and his bull-dog. I am always attentive to ladies, and I was standing talking to her—she was already seated. Just before the train started, as I say, I was playing my prettiest to her, when up comes Mr. Bull-dog and plays his prettiest on me to the tune of about a yard and a half of cloth selected from the part of my garments you would not be apt to notice when I'm sitting down. My presence of mind never forsook me; I felt the cool breezes of heaven playing 'round my anatomy, and judged of the extent of the damage by the size of the piece of goods with which Nip or Grip—I forget his devilish name—retired under a seat. I plumped down into the seat beside that young lady and talked—heaven knows what I talked about. When I came to myself I was trying to sell her a bill of soap, and she was laughing fit to kill herself, and trying all kinds of dodges to make me walk across the car. I stayed where I was, though, and never stirred till after she had left the car at Philadelphia, though I had wanted to



RAMROD.

NIMROD.

FISHING-ROD.

THE THREE RODS.

stop over at Trenton; and then I had to borrow a railway-rug and a dozen pins from the brakeman.

Why dogs should have such a spite against me I never could understand; I caused the death of one once, but faith he was avenged, for he nearly caused mine the day after. It was when I was in the retail business, an' I went up to a house to try and sell an old woman a bar of soap, and a big black dog came and interviewed me. I cut my business short and left in such a hurry that I dropped two or three cakes of soap out of my basket, and the dog, with an appreciation I never should have given him credit for, came back and eat them up as soon as he had done with me. Now whether it was from remorse for the way he had treated me, or whether the soap disagreed with him, I'll never tell you, but he died the next day, and I was had up for having poisoned him. And would you believe it, the people in that village set such store by that dog that I believe they would have lynched me if I had not proved that the soap couldn't have poisoned anything by eating two cakes of it. And they called themselves a civilized community. To be sure, it was down in New Mexico, where they know more about gunpowder than soap, but I was very, very sick, an' I'm not sure to this day but what the dog died of it.

So now, if you want any soap—for external use only—oh, you don't! Well, I hardly expected you did, but sure you never can tell; it's a good thing to have in the house; if you're ever in any trouble and want to get out of the way, a bucket of water and a cake of this will disguise you so your nearest friends wouldn't know you. Well, if you won't I must be getting on; good bye.

"ANTIQUATED jewelry is all the rage," says a fashion item. This is great news for our accommodating avuncular relatives along the Bowery.

WHY is the Brooklyn Bridge like a bad oyster? Because we couldn't find out its faults until after it was opened.

HONESTY'S THE BEST POLICY.

ARE stolen kisses sweetest? So the adage
Quoted so oft would teach us to believe—
And headstrong, kiss-purloining youth's a bad age
For any to deceive.

And yet I think the doctrine is pernicious
That ranks a labial theft's surprise and slips,
And necessary haste, with the delicious
Tribute of willing lips.

The unripe, wind-fall peach, in all its greenness,
Ranks not with fruit grown mellow in the sun—
A kiss, quick-snatched, has all a niggard's meanness,
The joy's confined to one.

A kiss should mark a pause—no semicolon,
But a strong period; set to emphasize;
Nor can you linger o'er a booty stolen
As o'er a lawful prize.

The truant child may steal a piece of sugar,
And find it passing sweet—but would he not,
If his theft were excused by the on-looker,
Remain and eat the lot?

So, if the kiss be yielded by the willing,
Like the child's sugar, it is just as sweet
And far more plenty; just as rich and thrilling,
And ten times more complete.

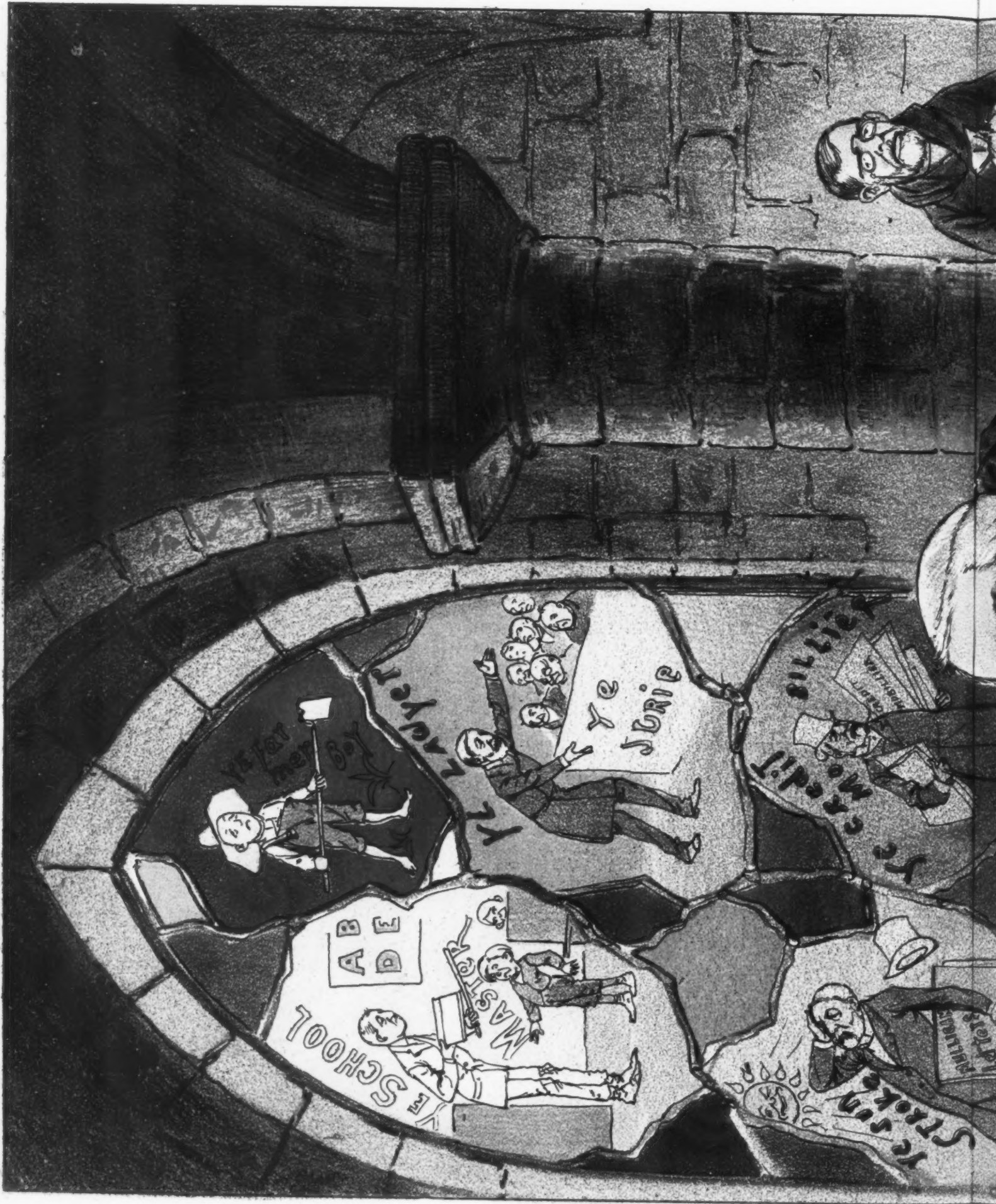
These are my theories on osculation;
Let others steal their tiny tastes of heaven,
And, thief-like, gain their kiss by depredation—
I'll wait till mine is given. G. H. J.

THE new councilmen of Wilmington, Del., have just been looking into the city's balance, and find the bank account \$19,000 short. That's a trifle. Our bank account is \$19,000,000 short—of what we would like it to be.

To what kind of business does a Jew take most naturally and readily? He brews, of course.

"It is easier to be wise for others than for one's self." It is easier to attend to another man's business than to mind your own.

THE JUDGE





THE hot weather of the last few days has made it apparent to even the benighted brain of Heraclitus that the city is no place for the baby, however well it may suffice for the one he has sworn to love and cherish. When the thermometer on last Thursday stood at 93 degrees, and I was almost gasping for breath in a white French nainsook dress, with elbow sleeves, and trimmed with the sweetest embroidery, he said we'd better be looking for some nice quiet spot in the country, and suggested a retired farm-house in the mountains as the best place for Tweedledums and me to recuperate. Farm-house, indeed! I wonder what he thinks I'm going in the country for! Of what use would a stylish French nurse, a pretty baby, and all my ravishing costumes be to me in a farm-house? And does he suppose there'd be anybody there to know the difference between silk and lisle-thread hose; or appreciate the charming little French confections I've had made for my precious rosebud? He actually said that a gingham slip and an old straw hat were better for the child than all the white finery and flummiediddles in which she was habitually arrayed—that a hammock, under the shade of an umbrageous tree would be more conducive to my health than a hotel piazza; and a good novel quite as elevating to my morals (yes, *my* morals!) as the gossip of the women at a fashionable watering place. Then, as I expected, he intimated that Lucinda's or his aunt Sophronia's, in Berkville, would be most salubrious. This was a little too much, and I just told him a few plain truths. As for my morals, I'd take care of them myself, if he would kindly allow me; and inasmuch as he always pays for our board when we visit (?) his relatives, there was nothing to be saved in that direction. I'm sick of sleeping on feather beds in stuffy rooms, and taking my bath in a tea-saucer (so to speak). The only recreation they dream of up there is going to meeting on Sunday, and talking scandal while eating doughnuts and pie between the two acts—I mean sermons. As for going anywhere on week days, that's entirely out of the question, for the horses are always busy; and, more than all the rest, I didn't propose to diet exclusively on salt pork and codfish all summer. They haven't so much as a decent railroad depot within ten miles of the place, and the last time I was up there, before the baby was born, I had to flag a train to get to New York. It happened in this way: The day I was to leave, Lucinda's husband drove me to a little station in the woods about two miles from his sequestered abode, expecting I would there take the afternoon express for the city. He was in such a hurry harvesting his oats, or some other stuff, that he couldn't wait for the train, but placed my luggage on the platform and departed. As

soon as he'd gone I noticed that the door of the station was locked, and there was no one around. Down the track I discovered some men at work; I approached them timidly, and asked how long before the cars were due, and where the agent was? Imagine my surprise and consternation on being informed that the train was already due, but it only stopped there on signal, and they didn't know anything about the agent. "But who is to stop the train?" said I; "can't you do it? I'll give you five dollars if you will." They refused, saying it would cost them their places to do such a thing, and just at this moment I heard the shrill whistle of the approaching locomotive. Quick as a flash I grabbed the red flag I saw lying by the track, and though I heard the men shout after me to "drop that!" I ran back to the platform as fast as my feet could carry me, desperately waving the thing to and fro, and shouting in an excited manner, "Stop! stop!" The engineer was looking all ways at once; the conductor and brakemen ditto, and it seemed to me that every passenger had his or her head through his or her respective window. All this while the bell was ringing, the engine toot-toot-ing, and the train gradually slowing up. As the last car reached me, I tossed the flag high in the air, stepped on board, and quietly took a seat. After a pause we began to move on, and most of the passengers drew their heads inside the car with a bewildered look. Then the conductor entered, and, seeing me, approached and asked if I was the lady who stopped the train. I was somewhat scared, but wasn't going to let him see it, so I said Yes, and when he asked why I did it, I told him Because I wanted to go to New York. I then explained matters, and wound up by telling him that the railroad company had better have their agents on hand ready to signal trains if they didn't want the passengers to do it themselves. He said a signal was a white flag, and not a red one, and wanted to know where I found the one I used. I told him it belonged to the workmen on the track, but that I took it without their leave, (for I didn't want them to be discharged, though they richly deserved it for being so mean in not stopping the cars for me.) Of course I had no ticket, and when I travel I always carry my money and diamonds—well, near my heart; so, when the conductor asked me for my fare, I told him I had it secreted about my person, and if he'd leave and call again I'd have it for him. This he politely did, and a few hours after I was in the arms of Heraclitus, who, instead of applauding my enterprise in being able to reach the city that night, said I did very wrong; if there'd been an accident I might have been held accountable for delaying the train, and that if I'd been a man the conductor would have sworn at me. I silenced him by saying that as there was no accident, and as I was not a man, his remarks were entirely out of place.

Now, after all this, if he thinks I am going to bury myself in Berkville for the next three months, he's grandly mistaken. If Newport, Long Branch, or Saratoga are too expensive, he can do without his Delmonico suppers and trips to Coney Island while I am away, and he'll find his bills no heavier than if I went to his delectable aunts or economical sisters. More than all that, he needn't for a moment imagine that I'm to be satisfied with any inferior rooms. What I want, and what I intend to have, is a suite of apartments befitting the style of

PENELOPE PENNYFEATHER.

DOCTORS pay "stiff" prices for corpses.

HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU?

The gas bill is less and the ice bill is bigger;
The car fare foots up to a terrible figure;
The sun smites your head like a pedagogue's ruler;
You sit in a draught and get cold, but no cooler;
The sea-side is sought for the sake of immersion;
You spend your last dollar to join an excursion;
The insects of night grow more lively and numerous;
The fly, in his pranks, is more fiendishly humorous;
Your hat from your brow is more carelessly tilted;
A couple of hours and your shirt collar's wilted;
You sit in the shade and grow glummer and glummer.

And taste all the joys of a roasting hot summer.



He was fond of music, but he could not play—so he bought a hand-organ. It pleased him immensely; but whether it pleased the other boarders will be seen by their attitudes and expressions.

A GOOD JOKE.

SLIMKINS, Jones junior, and several other young fellows were standing on the corner waiting for a street car. They had had a drink or two, and were just feeling jolly and ripe for any kind of mischief. Presently Jones noticed a portly and very dignified looking old gentleman standing just across the street, and evidently waiting for the same car they intended to take. "Tell you what, Slimkins," said Jones, "wouldn't it be a good joke to go behind that old fellow and hit him a slap on the back? It would wake him, he looks as if he needed it—and do him good generally if it didn't make him swallow his false teeth."

"Good idea," said Slimkins, to whom the practical joke really seemed gigantic; "it's easy to apologize for the mistake afterwards, and the fun remains." So he crossed the street very gently, and approaching the unsuspecting old gentleman very cautiously, discharged a slap like a forty-eight pounder straight between the shoulders.

"Eh, what's that?" gasped the victim when he had recovered his hat and his breath, glaring indignantly at Slimkins, and looking ready to annihilate him. "What the devil do you mean by assaulting me in that ruffianly manner?"

"I really beg your pardon, sir," said the (apparently) contrite Slimkins. "Shouldn't have taken such a liberty for the world, only I thought you were my uncle from the country, whom I haven't seen for years."

"Humph!" grunted the old gentleman; "shouldn't think your uncle from the country would ever want to see you again if that's the way you treat him."

"I'm very sorry, sir," said Slimkins.

"It can't be helped, I suppose," said the aggrieved party; "accidents will happen; but if you'll take my advice you'll be more careful in future, young man."

The delighted Slimkins rejoined his party, and the joke was enjoyed hugely all round.

Just then Tompkins, who had seen nothing of the foregoing episode, arrived on the scene, and was forthwith hailed by the incorrigible Jones.

"Bet you drinks for the crowd you daren't go up and slap that old gentleman on the back, and claim him as your uncle."

"Why not?" said Tompkins; "bet you the round I walk up and slap him and apologize; and, what's more, get away with it. I've done the same thing scores of times."

"Well, let's see you now," said Slimkins.

"Drinks goes?" queried Tompkins, preparing to start.

"Drinks goes," assented Jones.

And the unsuspecting Tompkins walked to his doom. The slap which he discharged between the old gentleman's shoulders nearly paralyzed that venerable party, and if Tompkins had seized the opportunity offered by his disorganization to retreat, all might have been well. But he lingered to apologize.

"I really beg your pardon, sir; I thought you were my uncle from the country," said he, soothingly. But the words were scarcely out of his mouth before he received a stinging blow from the old gent's umbrella across the face, followed up by such lively demonstrations of further hostilities that he was fain to beat a hasty retreat with his companions, who seemed to enjoy the joke even as he would have enjoyed it if it had turned out otherwise.

The crowd drank with Tompkins, but that young gentleman cannot understand to this day why the old gentleman should have cut up so rusty about such a trifle.



AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

The gentlemen boarders were fortunate in finding a very secluded spot for bathing. The ladies also found it a convenient short cut to the village—which makes it very pleasant for all.

CHRONICLES OF GOTHAM.

CHAPTER IV.

1. Now it came to pass in the third year of the reign of Chezter over the kingdom of Unculpsalm, while Edzoon was high priest of Gotham, that Kleveland, the chief ruler, did do what he thought good in his own sight.

2. But the men of the tribe of Ta-manny did not agree with him.

3. So Theboss, whose surname was Khelley, said to him Do thus and so, but Kleveland answered him, saying, I will stop the fatjobs, and smash Thering, which is made of brass and steal.

4. For he trusted to the voices of the dwellers of the camp of Gotham to praise and reward him in the time to come.

5. For he departed not from the commandments, yea the commands and laws of the people.

6. He rebelled against Theboss, and the tribe of Ta-manny, and would not do their bidding.

7. So he used his weapon—the Veto weapon—and smote Thering, Theboss, and the tribes of Dimmikrats, and Ta-manny, and the jobbers, and all the takers of tribute.

8. Now, Theboss, whose surname was Khelley, sent messengers to the chief ruler whose name was Kleveland, and they journeyed up to the place called Haulbany on the river Hutzoon.

9. And they spoke after the manner of the tribe of Ta-manny saying: Thou sayest O Ruler! You have trusty good counsels, and strength. Now whom do you trust, if not in us of the tribes?

10. But you must promise us that you will do as we wish, and all will be well; so give us pledges.

11. And it will come to pass, I, Theboss, will in the time to come give to you many thousands of the tablets called ballots, so you may wax mighty by reason of these ballots.

12. How comes it that you remove the takers of tribute, and the keepers and guards that we men of the tribes put over the chests of tribute and in the high places of the camp of Gotham?

13. Then Kleveland said, come not to me and talk in the manner of your tribes "Damhizize and Damizole," neither offer me presents in the likeness of your God, Dahlah, for I am a just man and true.

14. Where now are your former leaders, bossess, high priests? Are they not swept away: and their places, know them no more?

15. Who of all the chief rulers in other camps have such power as I have? Does the chief of Borstown, of the tribe of Benjamin or any of the camps of the Jarseys? Threaten me not, but get thee from before my face.

16. By the way ye came, get ye by the same way gone. I shall watch over the camp of Gotham, yea, as the apple of my eye shall I watch over it.

17. I will bring water to the thirsty camp; and let no man of you, either of the tribe of Ta-manny, of the tribe of Dimmykrats, or of the jobbers and small fry, touch this my way of doing—so I have spoken—be ye gone.

18. Then were the men of the tribes exceeding wroth with the chief ruler, whose name is Kleveland. And they cast about among the tribes for a man to make a chief in his place.

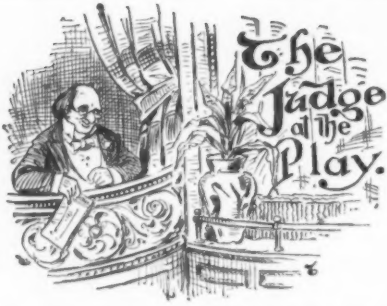
19. And Theboss said: Now all the people shall feel the power of the tribe—and know that I am Theboss in truth.

20. And I shall send messengers into all the camps, and to all tribes, to the black and white, to the Dimmikrats, to the Republicans, yea even to the No-things, and all the country lying round about.

21. In time to come no man shall rise up and say me Nay.

22. So it came to pass, there was great noise of jawing—but little good was done.

B. T. P.



WHATEVER may be the merits or demerits of the pieces produced at the Madison Square Theatre, one thing is certain: most of them pay. Whether it is because the managers show remarkable astuteness in selecting plays that please their patrons, or whether the patrons themselves are so easily amused that they would be "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw," are questions upon which THE JUDGE reserves his decision. After witnessing "The Rajah," he is, however, reluctantly obliged to confess that he suspects the latter reason has much to do with the success of this piece, at least. To be sure it is superbly mounted, the acting is for the most part effective, and the scenery, as usual, charming. But the play is conventional and uninteresting to a degree. In the third act, two young girls go out into the woods, get frightened at invisible spiders and "things"—push the boy Buttons (who has been told to follow them) into a brook of real water, which produces a convulsive movement akin to terror on the part of the conservative audience. Then these two females proceed to quarrel, and one goes off, leaving the other alone, who again becomes frightened at nothing. At this point THE JUDGE was very much astonished to hear her allude to imaginary snakes in the region of her boots or slippers. This at the Madison Square, and from the lips of a woman! O-h!

Next the Rajah appears and knocks a caterpillar from the pink satin bonnet of the girl who complained of snakes; after which thrilling episode some terrible men, led by Max Freeman, approach—not with dance and song, but with scowls and menaces. Instead of handing coffee, as we have been in the habit of seeing Max do in Divorcons and Siberia, he presents pistols or fists (we forget which) and is without apparent effort knocked out in one round by the stalwart arm of George Clarke (the Rajah), and the curtain decorously falls, to rise again (after the ice-water has been passed) on Act IV. Thereupon Miss Rillie Deaves (who can change her dress oftener in a given time than any lady we ever saw except Lizzie Simms) enters and shows herself for one brief moment in a blue dressing gown, after which she retires and appears again, as soon as circumstances will permit, arrayed in a white silk robe with long black silk gloves on her hands and arms and two poppies on her left collar bone. Then The Rajah gives her a bit of paper, which would have conveyed his late uncle's property to her had it been signed; but, waiving all legal questions, he leaves the paper and property in her hands, and exits—whereupon Mr. Max Freeman (the escaped convict) pops in from a window, and after frightening her almost as much as the caterpillar did, threatens to shoot The Rajah, but is diverted from his purpose by the promise of a free pardon. Miss Deaves, as Gladys, then suddenly discovers that she loves the man she thought she hated, burns up the paper that bore no signature, and all ends well. And this is the

piece that not only promises to have a long run at the Madison Square, but is also to be put upon the road for our country cousins to admire and applaud!

Light opera monopolizes most of the other theatres that are open, and the star of Strauss is in the ascendant.

"The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" attracts numerous admirers to the Casino vice "The Princess of Trebizonde" and the fair Lillian—departed. "The Prince Consort" holds the stage of the Thalia, and after "Prince Methusalem" shall have reached a ripe old age at the Cosmopolitan, we hope that the Operatic Royal Family will seek seclusion, and give our ears a much needed rest.

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PERCY P.—All right; you will hear from us.

H. B. L.—We will answer you in a week or two.

F. A. S., Brooklyn.—Declined. Send stamps for return of MS.

WEST TROY.—Verses declined. Other matter under consideration.

F. B. T.—Not quite successful in treatment, and at any rate unsuitable to our columns.

H. B. S.—Send stamps for return of your MSS. if you desire to regain them. We have quite a pile on hand which are of no use to us.

J. G.—Please read the emphasized notice at the head of this department, and endeavor to realize that it is a fixed, unvarying rule, by which we purpose to stick, whether it pleases you or not.

ARTIE.—"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." Yours is so little that we should think you could sell it to the dynamite conspirators for use against the British Government. You certainly cannot sell it to THE JUDGE.

FANNY.—We will lay it away until winter, and perhaps when the earth is covered with snow, and the sparrows chirp less frequently, and we have the influenza, your article may creep into type without our knowledge—scarcely otherwise.

THE PROBABLE REMEDY.

MR. SCHIMMERMAN, who resides in York County, Pennsylvania, recently received a severe political shock. He was reading his paper when he came across an item announcing the fact that Andrew Jackson had been shot and killed in a saloon row.

"Dot ish von pad ding for de gountry," said Mr. Schimmerman to his friend Schneider.

"How dot vas?" inquired Mr. Schneider. "Vy, Schackson vas ded already. Vat de beebles do now, I reckon? I vote vor de ole Sheneral more as dirty year, und now he vos gone ded. Py schimminies, how dot gountry vos going to git along midout Sheneral Shackson, I dunno."

"Und so de old Sheneral vos gone," said Mr. Schneider; "vell, vell, dot vos pad; but den mebbe dose boliticians hunts up von of his poys, ain't it? De beoples got to haf somepody to vote for, anyhow."

"Yah, dot vos so," admitted Mr. Schimmerman; and the old gentleman renewed his pipe contentedly, in the hope that the Union might still be preserved.

A SMALL boy who was purchasing candies at a street stand, "twelve for ten cents," besought the vendor to make j't a baker's dozen. "A baker doesn't!" was the reply. Now, if that's a fact, and if the vendor didn't make the remark merely for the sake of the pun, or to choke off the small boy's importunity, where did that expression, "a baker's dozen," come from?

"FAIRLEIGH COURT" is the title of a new novel, and, if the purchaser does not like it, he will feel as if he had been fairly (or unfairly) caught, himself.

"HUNGER is the best sauce," but most people do not care for very much of that kind.

STILL waters sometimes run deep, but often become stagnant.



THE PERFECTION OF ACTING.

"Look at her a-gratin' that turnip, and sheddin' tears as nat'ral as if t'was real genuine horseradish."

Beatty's Organs—East River Bridge.

BUT few are aware how good an Organ can be built and sold for \$65. When one has facilities to be able to make and ship an instrument every ten minutes the mystery is solved. A fact not to be overlooked. While we celebrate the opening of the great East River Bridge, we should not forget the fact that Beatty, who began business in 1870 penniless, is to-day doing a business of several million dollars annually. The public are indebted to master minds in erecting the great Bridge; also to Beatty in reducing the price of Cabinet Organs, bringing them within the reach of the laboring man as well as the millionaire. Visitors are cordially welcome. Those who desire to visit Beatty's Organ Factory, corner Railroad av. and Beatty st., Washington, New Jersey (the largest and best equipped Reed Organ Works in existence), leave New York city foot of Barclay st., or Christopher st. (Hoboken Ferries), via Delaware, Lackawana and Western Railroad, as follows: 7:30 (9 A. M. Buffalo express), 1, 3:30, or 7 P. M. daily (Sundays excepted); returning, leave Washington at 4:18, 7:30 A. M., 1, 3:30 or 7 P. M. For excursions, only \$2.85. Free coach, with polite attendants, meets all trains. Whether you buy or not, you are welcome anyway. Five dollars allowance will be made from lowest net cash prices to all buyers. Address or call upon Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

A LADY who bought heavy mourning at Algona, Iowa, explained to the milliner that her husband was not well, and might pop off at any time when it might not suit her to come to town. How nice it must be to have such a thoughtful wife. She probably measured the old man for a box before she left home.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

A BOY was making a great racket on his drum in front of a house in Somerville. "Little boy," said a lady, "you must not drum here; there is a lady sick in this house." "Well," said the boy, "I wish I was a doctor. There's somebody sick in every house in town."—*Boston Post.*

THE police of New Orleans do not trouble themselves to interfere to prevent duels. They simply insist that the affair shall take place in fields unoccupied by valuable live stock.—*Boston Post.*

Castoria.

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

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THREE GOOD DOCTORS.

THE best of all the pill-box crew,
Since ever time began,
Are the doctors who have most to do
With the health of a hearty man.

And so I count them up again,
And praise them as I can;
There's Dr. Diet and Dr. Quiet
And Dr. Merryman.

There's Dr. Diet, he tries my tongue:
"I know you well," says he; [sprung;
"Your stomach is poor, and your liver is
We must make your food agree."

And Dr. Quiet he feels my wrist,
And he gravely shakes his head;
"Now, now, dear sir, I must insist
That you go at ten to bed."

But Dr. Merryman for me,
Of all the pill-box crew!
For he smiles, and says, as he fobs his fee,
"Laugh on, whatever you do."

So now I eat what I ought to eat,
And at ten I go to bed,
And I laugh in the face of cold or heat—
For thus have the doctors said.

And so I count them up again,
And I praise them, as I can—
There's Dr. Diet, and Dr. Quiet,
And Dr. Merryman. —*Light for Thinkers.*

TOO LONG A SLIDE FOR BELIEF.

A MAN on horseback in the mountains of Virginia felt his animal sliding down the bank on one side of the bridle path. As there was nothing to do but hang on, he did so, and to his great amazement, found that his animal, with all four feet bunched together, was sliding on its haunches on the ice formed by the frozen water of a spring. This continued for a quarter of a mile, when they reached the valley below in safety. They were then thirteen miles, by path or road, from their starting point on the mountain. The gentleman who can, without a blush, invent such a story as this must be, like his horse, a terrible backslider of some sort.—*Detroit Press.*

THE Barber boys, the bandits just lynched in Iowa, would not have taken to robbery had they not found that there were too many of them for a lecture tour, and too few for a base-ball nine.—*Boston Advertiser.*

It made a Kansas jury that has been locked up ten days, fighting over a murder case, to learn that the prisoner was hanged by a mob the very day they were locked up. —*Boston Post.*

It is understood that a rule of art is reversed in the burlesque actress. She must learn to paint before she can draw.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

SLUNG your hammock out doors yet?—*Lowell Citizen.* No, but if it slings us heels over head into the corner again, we will sling it out of doors d. q.—*Boston Post.*

A SNOW-WHITE hen, in Arkansas, hatched out five black chickens, and killed every one of them after they left the shell. Down in Arkansas race prejudice is strong.—*B. Post.*

No, Leonora, Peck's bad boy has not lost his father; the late Bishop Peck was not responsible for the lad.—*Whitehall Times.*

A KID-CLEANING establishment—the public bath-house.—*Boston Star.*

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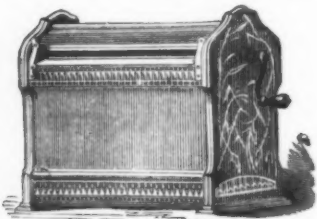
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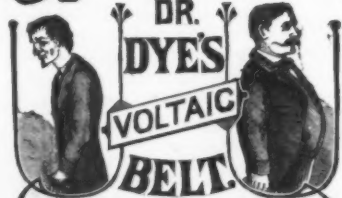


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THE TINTYPE POET.

A DAMSEL beset for her photograph
 By a vapid youth of the genus calf
 Agreed at last the boon to grant,
 To the great delight of the gay gallant:
 "Oh, thanks!" said he, "I some day shall
 Plead for the fair original!"
 And roguishly shaking her jaunty head,
 "I'll give you the negative, then," she said.
 —Wasp.

"PROBABLY there is no instance," says Arthur Helps, "in which any two lovers have made love exactly in the same way as any two other lovers since the world began." Probably not; but the variation cannot be very marked. A great many young men go seven nights a week and remain until after midnight, and the only difference may consist in the quality or quantity of confections they carry in their coat-tail pockets. Or one pair of lovers may while away the hours by discussing the "Effect of Magnesium in Chemical Action," while another couple will kill time by sitting as close together as one chair will permit, and not making a single remark of interest to the outside world.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE young man was trying to play sober. He sat with the young lady on the front steps. He studied for a long time, trying to think of something that would illustrate his sobriety. Finally he looked up, and solemnly said: "The (hic) moon's as full as a goose; ain't it?"—*Georgia Major.*

"PA," said a young man, "how does a man make anything by lending money?" "He doesn't my son," replied the parent, "not if he lends it to your uncle Hosea; not by a jug full, he doesn't."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE Chinese language has no substitute for the word hell. Let them come to this country, where they can catch it.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

AN exchange says "never get drunk on Sundays." No, the old way of getting drunk on gin sling and sour mash is good enough for us.—*Springfield (O.) News.*

A SMART young man picked up a flower in the ball room after all the girls had gone, and sang pathetically, "'Tis the lost rose of some her."—*Cincinnati Drummer.*

SOME mens vas always like der key-hole on der back of a clock. Dhey vas behind time.—*Carl Pretzel.*

"I SEE that and raise you," said the elevator boy when he was tipped by the boarder.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*



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A SCENE AT THE MORGUE.

[Morgue wagon drives up with two (more or less) fresh subjects.]

MORGUE-KEEPER TO ASSISTANT.

What, two more stiffs! This suits me well. Who are they?

ASSISTANT.

One's a heavy swell, Well worth while taking into camp; 'Tother's a pauper or a tramp.

MORGUE-KEEPER.

All right, then, take the dandy in; Secure his watch, and purse, and pin. Strip him and lay him out on ice, And hurry up, or in a trice His friends will be upon the ground— They mustn't know what we have found. The pauper! Let the carrion wait Till this chap is laid out in state. We can't waste precious time on trash That's friendless and devoid of cash.

[Morgue-keeper goes out, and returning two hours later, finds his Assistant in a tremulous state of excitement.]

ASSISTANT.

Great Glory, sir! we're both undone! The pauper was the daisy one. His friends have been here by the score, And, hidden in his rags, found more Bank notes and bonds than they could count, So wonderful was the amount. To see the swell but one chap came, And when he would the plunder claim, I told him that the corpse came in As naked as when born in sin. "Oh, well," he laughed; "the watch was brass; The diamond pin was only glass; And what small change he had, I'll bet Was bogus. Mornin'. Guess I'll get."

[Morgue-keeper orders supposed pauper's body to be put on the dandy's ice, and bill sent in to relatives of former, and then faints away.]—*Stu Fr. News Letter.*

"WELL, Stutton, old man, you look pale, how are you?" "I'm sick; I'm suffering from nervous prostration and kindred troubles." "That's bad, I know, for I have suffered from the kindred troubles myself. Have got 'em now. Have an uncle in the Texas legislature and another in the Ohio state prison, and I'm looking for an aggravated case of 'em right soon. My sister is going to marry a poor Methodist preacher. You needn't tell me anything about kindred troubles and the way they prostrate a fellow's nervous system. I tell you I've had 'em—had 'em bad."—*Texas Siftings.*

CAN you recall a year when terrible catastrophes followed each other in more rapid succession than during the first five months of 1883? The present year has been marked by frightful disasters by flood, and fire, and storm; and right on the heels of the Brooklyn bridge horror, Harvard College refuses to confer the degree of LL.D. on Governor Butler of Massachusetts.—*Nor. Herald.*

HE had at last screwed his courage to the sticking point and had come determined to pop the question. "Is Miss Blank in?" he asked of the new girl. "Indade she is that." "Is she engaged?" "Bless y'r sowl, but you'd think so if yez could see her and a young man on the parlor sofa just now. Do yez want to see her?" But he had fled.—*Phila. News.*

Two gentlemen were talking the other day about their success in life. One remarked that when he came to Baltimore, just after the war, he didn't have a second shirt to his back. "That's nothing," replied the other. "When I came to Baltimore I did not have any shirt to my back at all." He was born here.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

BORDER enterprise—piecing out the carpets.—*New York News.*

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212 Broadway, New York.

"BASS AND TROUT."

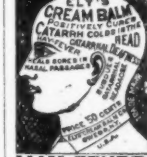
FIVE beautiful embossed Oleographs, suitable for framing, very handsome for the Dining Room, by mail on receipt of \$1.00.
F. WHITING, 50 Nassau St., New York.

A Positive Cure is

ELV'S
CREAM BALM,

FOR

CATARRH



HAY-FEVER

Catarrh and Hay-Fever.
For twenty years I was a sufferer from Catarrh of the head and throat in a very aggravated form, and during the summer months with Hay-Fever. I procured a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm, and after a few applications received decided benefit—was cured before the bottle was used. Have had no return of the complaint.
CHARLOTTE FAIKER, Waverly, N. Y.

Apply by the little finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranous 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.

GENUINE Transparent Cards. Each Card contains a RARE Scene, visible only when held to the light. Warranted to suit. Full deck of 52 cards by mail for 50c. prepaid. Stamps to Ken. F. CATON & CO., Box 5257, Boston, Mass.

A HUNTER'S EXPERIENCE IN
IDAHO AND UTAH.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 23, 1883.

C. N. CRITTENTON, Esq.

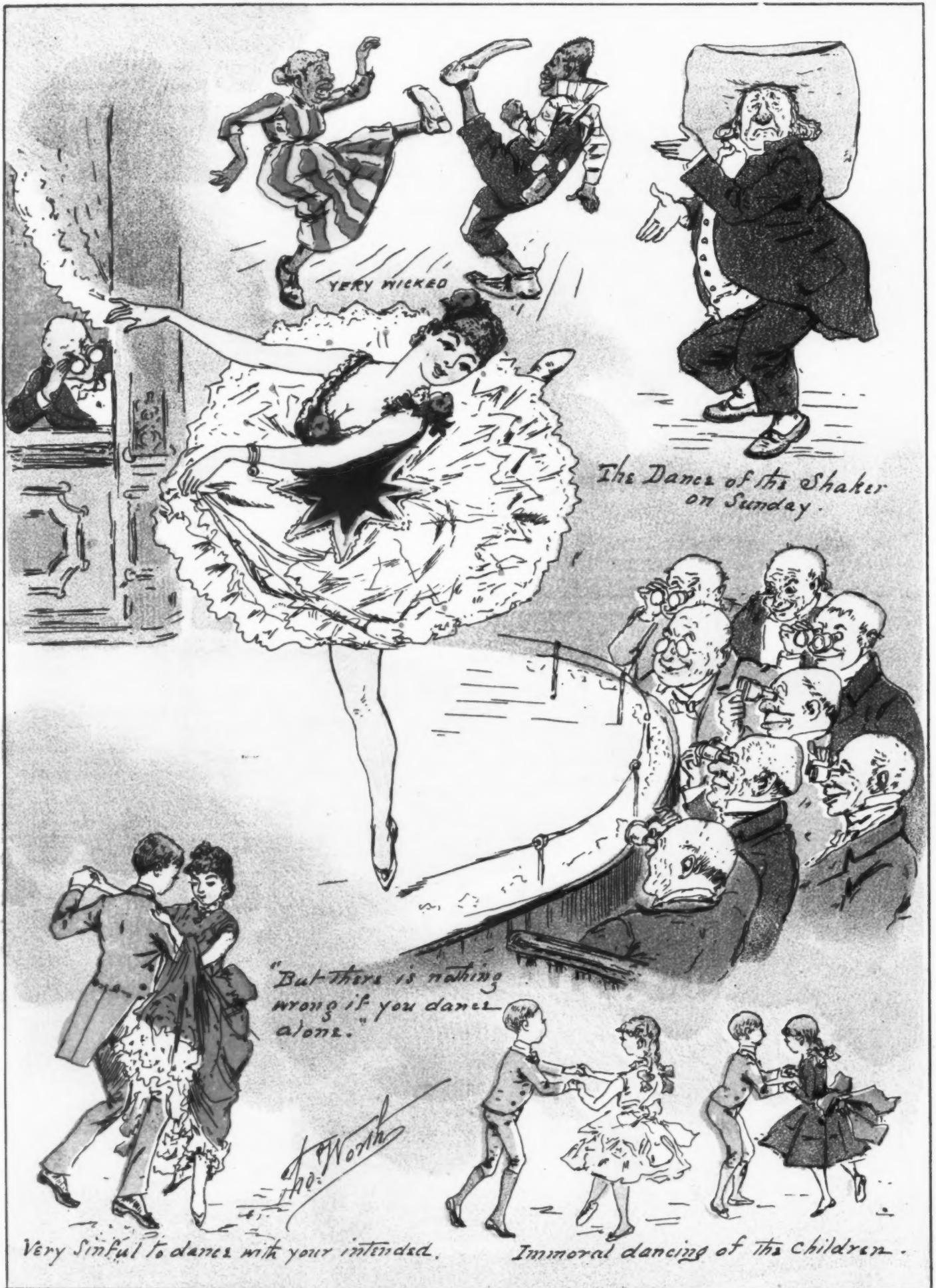
DEAR SIR—I was a hunter in Idaho and Utah, in 1869, and from exposure and thirst I was compelled to drink alkali water, having nothing else for over 30 hours. I drank too much, and it saturated my system, bringing out on my face and forehead large red blotches near the nose, which remained for over ten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

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

FRANK G. WELLS,
Room 11, 40 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

The above testimonial is indisputable evidence that **Glenn's Sulphur Soap** will eliminate poisonous **SKIN DISEASES** when all other means have failed. To this fact thousands have testified; and that it will banish lesser afflictions, such as **COMMON PIMPLES, ERUPTIONS** and **SORES**, and **Keep the Skin clear and Beautiful**, is **ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN**. For this reason, **LADIES** whose complexions have been improved by this Soap, now make it a constant Toilet appendage. The genuine always bears the name of **C. N. CRITTENTON**, 115 Fulton st., N. Y. sole proprietor. For sale by all Druggists, or mailed to any address on receipt of 30 cts. in stamps, or 3 cakes for 75 cents.

THE JUDGE



VERY WICKED

The Dance of the Shaker on Sunday.

"But there is nothing wrong if you dance alone."

The Worth

Very Sinful to dance with your intended.

Immoral dancing of the children.

THE WICKED DANCE---As viewed by our City Divines.