

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK AS SECOND CLASS MATTER. COPYRIGHT 1881 BY THE JUDGE PUBLISHING CO.

Price

NEW YORK, JUNE 16, 1883.

10 Cents



FRANKLIN SQUARE LITH. CO., NEW YORK.

MASSACHUSETTS' FOREMOST CITIZEN.
 Now let Harvard confer the Degree of LL.D. on J. Longfellow Sullivan.

THE JUDGE.



THE JUDGE.

324, 326 and 328 Pearl St., (Franklin Square.)

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)

IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers, \$5.00
 One copy, six months, or 26 numbers, 2.50
 One copy, for 13 weeks, 1.25

POSTAGE FREE.

Address,
 THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
 324, 326 and 328 Pearl St., New York.

EUROPEAN AGENTS:

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 11 Boulevard St., (Fleet St.)
 LONDON, ENGLAND.

NOTICE.

Contributors must put their valuation upon the articles they send to us (subject to a price we may ourselves fix), or otherwise they will be regarded as gratuitous. Stamps should be inclosed for return postage, with name and address, if writers wish to regain their declined articles.

THE TWO LEADING CITIZENS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

HARVARD University has decided not to confer the honorary degree of LL.D. on General Butler—a distinction which has been bestowed on the Governor of Massachusetts almost from time immemorial. We believe the last instance of its being withheld occurred during the eighteenth century. This course of conduct does not seem to redound very highly to the credit of the University. No doubt Governor Butler will survive the infliction of having to sign his name without affixing the cabalistic LL.D. thereunto. But what has he done to be denied an honor so customary as to be almost obligatory? He has made a good governor, as governors go—better than most. Prejudice and party feeling are bad enough in politics, where they seem to spring up as naturally and as freely as weeds from a dung-hill. When they intrude themselves on the classic shades of an academy of learning they are distinctly out of place.

But stay; we may be doing Harvard an injustice. Its refusal to confer the degree on the Governor may not be dictated by prejudice and party feeling after all. We may find another underlying motive—Massachusetts has two great citizens. It may be reserving the distinction for the greater and more renowned of the two, and John Longfellow Sullivan is doubtless a greater man than Benjamin Butler. "The fancy" would scarcely question the fact. Betting men would back him to knock the Governor out in half a round, with one hand tied behind him. No doubt Harvard is reserving its honorary degree for John Longfellow Sullivan, and when that distinguished gentleman appends LL.D. to his signature (if he can write one) his admirers can exhaust themselves in conjecture as to whether the

letters mean Leather-Lunged Desperado or Lightning-Larrupping Demon. Harvard may be right after all.

OUR OVERWROKED PRESIDENT.

No doubt a great many people think it must be a fine thing to be President of the United States with a salary of fifty thousand and a White House to spend it in, but do these people ever realize the manifold drawbacks of the position, and the intense and wearing amount of brain work which has to be gone through by the envied incumbent of this office? Take President Arthur, for example; poor fellow, he is worn to a shadow administering the duties of his exalted station. His very holidays are poisoned by the crushing uncertainty as to where he can spend them to the best advantage, and then, when he travels, look at the responsibility and trouble entailed. Of course, he must carry his French cook with him, for it would never do to have our President laid up with indigestion, brought on by a sudden and unlooked for change in cookery. His colored body servant is also an indispensable adjunct, for who so deftly can draw off the boots of the President should he get them wet while fishing? and it is well known that from the days of King Canute down to the present, water has been no respecter of persons, but will wet King or President with most socialistic impartiality. Then, being a votary of the gentle craft, he must carry fishing paraphernalia—or rather he must have it carried for him, and just consider the array of attendants that entails. In addition to all this he has the common trouble of living—such as falls to the lot of ordinary mortals. Let those who envy our President try to throw a fly on a stream and catch the hook in their ear, and then they will see how it is themselves. THE JUDGE, himself, had far rather be right than be President—in the nature of things it seems impossible to be both at once.

THE GREAT UNWASHED.

CLEANLINESS is next to godliness, says the old proverb. They are certainly not identical, as a cursory observation of an average psalm-singer would convince anyone; but at any rate cleanliness is a good thing, a great thing, an eminently and emphatically clean thing. Now we, in New York, though an eminently godly people, have a large section of unwashed amongst us. You see, soap is dear and Croton is scarce, and time is precious, and, one way and another, our unwashed remain unwashed, and the world goes on, and disease is bred and spread, and the cleanly suffer with the uncleanly. This summer there will be strenuous efforts made to reduce the army of the unwashed. We are to have facilities for cleansing one hundred thousand per diem, so that in ten days or so we could all have a good wash. But in ten days or so some of

us would be dirty again, so the work becomes endless—an Augean-stable sort of task. Still, a bath once in ten days—or even in ten weeks—would work such a transformation in the average tramp that his closest intimates would not know him—you see, he would have probably become less close in the process. The public baths, if they can decrease the maximum of dirt will go a long way towards insuring a minimum of disease.

They will be a great blessing during the heated term—these public baths. They will introduce to cold water many who have hitherto only regarded that element as advantageous to float ships in. They will give genuine and healthful recreation to thousands. They are what every great city should have, and have in abundance, and there should be no stint in them. Water should be within everyone's reach. The baths will do more towards cleansing the city than all the cohorts of the contractors—for they will cleanse the people in it, and perhaps inspire some of them with a desire to keep clean.

THE SUMMER EXODUS.

THE outgoing steamers are crowded, the summer service of trains is fully established to the various watering places. Uncle Sam is in the full tide of his annual holiday. Just now it is the fashion in a large portion of the press to decry the attraction of foreign countries, and to point out how many American places of resort surpass Switzerland, and draw comparisons between our native objects of interest and those of Europe, and in other ways to endeavor to make the summer tourist feel that he is doing something very discreditable—almost criminal—in taking his well-earned vacation abroad. To all of which THE JUDGE replies in the emphatic monosyllable "Bosh!" Into the discussion of the question we will not attempt to enter. Europe may have fewer attractions in the way of natural scenery to offer. What then? Is not this a free country? The whole thing is a matter of taste, and if our people like to go to Europe, why, let them go. They are industrious, and have worked hard for their holiday. In goodness' name let them spend it as they see fit. It is rational to suppose that they prefer to go abroad, or they would not go; anyhow, they have presumably made up their mind on the point, and require no one's assistance in making it up for them—and it is emphatically their own business. There will be plenty of people left to crowd our native summer resorts—to crowd some of them inconveniently, even—and the keepers of summer hotels will make a big profit, and the keepers of summer boarding houses will make a little profit, and the manipulators of big excursions will make the best profit of all. And to everyone—the gay loungeur of the watering place, the excursionist on the ocean steamer, the *pater familias* who takes his little brood to some quiet, healthful retreat—THE JUDGE cordially wishes a good time and plenty of it.

STRIKES.

ANOTHER strike in the Iron regions is imminent. If the workingmen have wrongs to vindicate, they could scarcely have made a worse selection of the time to vindicate them. Prices are low, production has been overstrained, and the trade's treasury is well nigh empty. They are in no condition to make a long or successful struggle with capital, and many employers would just now welcome a strike as a golden opportunity for shutting down and checking production. But have the workmen a legitimate cause of complaint? The more intelligent among them think not, and certainly the contracts which they dictated a year and two years since have been observed. Is Labor growing aggressive? Is it attempting to crowd capital? If so, it is engaged in a very thankless and hopeless task. Labor, even when it wins, always suffers more in these struggles than does capital. It goes without bread that it may force capital to do with less butter. And it never does win unless the justice of the cause rests with it, and just now that seems more than doubtful. The men may bear the privations of the strike well enough—but we fear this will be a weary, hard summer for many a woman and child in Pennsylvania and Ohio.

In another column mention is made of the all-too-frequent habit among a certain class of theatre goers of disturbing people by audible conversation on various subjects. This is a real metropolitan evil, and it is especially prevalent in summer—perhaps because the conversers imagine that there is not so much going on on the stage worthy of their attention as during the regular season. If such be their opinion they had much better stay away altogether. Or perhaps the greater frequency of such interruptions in summer arises from the fact that this season is the actors' "off time," and they consequently attend the theatres in greater numbers. And dead heads are notoriously the most persistent disturbers of other people's enjoyment. Because their evening's entertainment costs them nothing they are apt to value it proportionately, and amuse themselves in other ways. This is not fair to the public, which pays its money to hear what is said on the stage, and which, though often inane enough, is as a rule far preferable to the bald chat that goes on among the dead-heads. At any rate, this loud conversation during the action of a play is evidence of bad breeding and worse taste.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND has vetoed a bill relating to the construction of street railroads, and which, though nominally applying to every city, town and village in the State, evidently was aimed exclusively at New York. The bill contained some mischievous provisions, and the veto was a wise one. But meantime we have only one line



ENTERPRISE OF AMERICAN CANVASSERS.

CANVASSER FOR U. S. MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION TO THE NEWLY-CROWNED CZAR.—*Can I put you down for a Policy in our Accident Association? Grand thing for your family!*

between 23d street and Harlem running clear across the city. A cross-town road at Forty-second street would be sensible, useful and valuable. It will soon be indispensable. Why put off its construction any longer?

THE GARDEN COUNTY HUNT.

"O THOU who keep'st Long Island Ferry gate I pray that thou some things to me will state. Who are these people in the waiting-room? Where do they go or from whence do they come? These seeming sprightly maidens, tall and spare, Who talk and move with ever jaunty air; Who, in the plainest and most modest dress, A contrast to their escorts thus express? Who are these escorts, self-conceit imbued, With labored talk and manners of the "dude;" Who often say "Ah yass" "Yer kno" and "well," In tones of the American-Anglo swell? And wherefore are these whips together wrapped? These whips and riding-sticks in bundles strapped? I pray that as to this thou'lt set me right And o'er my mental darkness shed some light."

"My friend, that group comes often to this place. They are fox-hunters going to the chase."

* * * * *
"O farmer, against trespassers irate, Defender of truck-garden and estate, As o'er this sandy road I weary hied A most astounding sight I wondering spied. From out the scrub-oak woods there swiftly ran What to my startled vision seemed a man; Who o'er the ground behind appeared to drag By a long string a curious looking bag; Full speed, right through a hedge he reckless dove, Emerged unhurt and dashed off to a grove— O farmer of the market-garden caste, What was the wondrous thing that thus rushed past?"

"Sir, 'tis most plain thou'rt stranger to these parts,

And know nought of the fox-chase and its arts. Such wondrous sights this county oft disgrace, That was a fox preparing for the chase."

"And then, O farmer kind, it was not long Before there came toward me a mighty throng. First came, with snappish yelp and howl and yell, A pack of English dogs in full pell-mell. Then carriages which o'er the highway rolled, While liveried coachmen fiery steeds controlled. And o'er the fields by smooth-picked ways there came Some who, in dress, to horsemanship laid claim. Young ladies in their flowing riding suits And youths in scarlet coats and brown top-boots. Yet oft a fence or hedge their course would check, As though too great a risk of broken neck, And all would for out-rider mildly wait Till he took down three bars of four-bar gate. O farmer, what was this of thee I pray? Can'st thou my curiosity allay?"

"Good sir, it seems your mind is very blunt, That was the maddening, wild rush of the hunt."

C. S. WILLIAMS.

"You seem very fond of my little nephew," said Miss Simper; "for my part I think he is most too precocious. Don't you think so?"

"Well, I admit," said Mr. Smart, "that when the boy is around, I rather like him *andante*."

And then she said he was "just too awful;" but she met him again without the boy.

It is stated in the fashion notes that "Venitian point lace trims a velvet dinner dress elegantly." The question naturally arises as to what comprises a "velvet dinner."

ACRES of heliotropes are grown for their perfume at Nice. They are considered to have a Nice scent.



"Cultivate the beautiful—the useful will take care of itself."—GOETHE.

AT OUR BOARDING HOUSE.

"If there is one thing I appreciate more than another it is a good piano," said Miss Staleybutt, as she seated herself and ran her fingers across the keys.

"I hope the neighbors will be of the same opinion," snarled old Jugerson, as he drew his chair as far from the instrument as possible, and struggled with the evening paper in a dimly-lighted corner of the room.

"Music hath charms," sighed Miss Simper. She was a faded-out little blonde and thought life had no knowledge but aphorisms, of which she had about a score at her fingers' ends.

"Charms! I should say it had," said young Slasher. "Play us that air from the Mulligan Guards; let's see! How does it go? Tra la la le la le de da—"

"The Mulligan Guards!" said Miss Staleybutt. "I never heard of the opera. Is it by Verdi?"

"Very likely," said Slasher. "Anyhow it's by far the best I ever heard. How does that go? Tra la la le la—"

"Now, is not this devilish," said old Jugerson from the obscurity of his corner.

"Play 'Tis sweet to love," suggested Miss Simper.

"Play the devil," said Jugerson.

"Do you know anything of Claribel's," proceeded Miss Simper, not heeding the interruption.

"Here, I've got it now," ejaculated young Slasher. "Tra la la le de de da!"

"Or under the willow," said Miss Simper.

"Or under the Hudson River," said Jugerson.

"Let me try I stood on the Bridge at Midnight," said Miss Staleybutt.

"Ay, do, by all means," said Jugerson, "and go and stand there."

"The day when you'll forget me," said Miss Simper.

"Gosh, but I'd like to see it," said Jugerson.

"No, this is it. Tra la de da da da, tra la da da da de. Just give me the key, will you?" said Slasher.

"Here, take mine," said Jugerson, producing his night key; "and stay out as late as you like. I shan't want it till tomorrow."

"The heart bowed down," said Miss Staleybutt.

"That's me," said Jugerson.

"Try—Where, oh where is my little dog gone?" said Slasher.

"I'd take an interest in the question if you'd only go after it," said Jugerson.

"How tender!" said Miss Simper.

"Here's something beautiful," said Miss Staleybutt, and the keys fairly crashed as she swept her fingers over them.

Jugerson only groaned.

"There's a sick lady up stairs," said the landlady, putting her head in at the door, "and she says, if you only wouldn't mind not playing for to-night—"

Miss Staleybutt closed the piano with a bang.

"Tell her that I'll pay her doctor's bills if she'll only give bonds to be sick every night till I get out of this hole," said Jugerson.

"How touching," said Miss Simper.

And the parlor relapsed into its normal condition.

Mr. A. C. Wood, of Syracuse, at a banquet at Bradford, defied electricity to compete with gas. We believe it was a gentleman named Ajax who defied electricity in the form of lightning a few years ago, and did not get away with it to any noticeable extent. And Wood is generally regarded as an inflammable substance.

THE BLUES.

WHEN a sunny day seems cloudy,
When a harmless jest seems rowdy,
When I shun the very crowd I
Used to choose;
When life's path trends upward steeply,
When I hold existence cheaply,
Then I know that I am deeply
In the blues.

I can see the chill mist settle
Like the cooled steam from a kettle,
And it freezes all my mettle—
But one ruse,
One scheme that I can hit on,
One recipe unwritten
Can ever give the mitten
To the blues.

They check you like a bride,
And the listless hands hang idle,
While the throbbing brain is tidal
With dark views;
Existence seems an error,
Society a terror—
There's but one comfort dearer
To the blues.

Dark eyes, or maybe blue ones,
That had a charm for you once,
In happier moods of viewance,
Can't amuse;
And even rare old liquor
Can't make your pulse throb quicker,
Nor cast a brighter flicker
On the blues.

As shadows on the prairie,
When sun and dark cloud vary,
Cast man in cold shade where he
Cannot choose;

The shadows fall unbidden,
And will not go when chidden,
Till all the sun is hidden
By the blues.

Though all was bright around you
Till the dark moment found you,
And in its blackness drowned you,
'Tis no use
To seek for light about you;
Though all be fair without you,
The sun will only flout you
In the blues.

They are worse than snow or rainfall,
They hurt more than charms disdainful,
They are twenty times more painful
Than tight shoes;
More annoying than bad punning,
More insidious than low cunning,
More persistent 'e'n than dunning,
Are the blues.

So when I, unhappy, see a
Cloud of blues attacking me, a
Never-failing panacea
Do I use;

The mood—I never fight it;
Choose a cigar and light it;
Smoke out the uninvited
Beastly blues.

And, as the light smoke, wheeling
From the cigar, comes stealing,
'Twill with a warmer feeling
You infuse—

The darker clouds grow thinnish,
The gloomy moods diminish,
And the last cigar will finish
All the blues.

G. H. JESSOP.

So Lydia Pinkham is dead, and how about "Yours for health," now?



I SHOULD have had the parlor all furnished and finished except the piano if it hadn't been for the Brooklyn Bridge, and I wish from the bottom of my heart the old thing had never been built.

Heraclitus has more female relatives than the admiral in "Pinafore" was possessed of, and whenever there is anything particular going on in town, some of them always make it a point to camp down upon us. If there's anything I abominate, it's shows of all kinds, and the last thing I thought of was having anything to do with the fuss of the 24th.

To be sure, Heraclitus was an invited guest, and was to go on the bridge, and afterwards to the President's reception at the Brooklyn Academy. At least he said he was, but I am not at all sure it was not a miserable subterfuge on his part to stay out all night playing cards. Anyway, he had so much wine or champagne that he didn't know enough to suspect me of going through his pockets after he came home, or, if he did, he hasn't said a word about it. He hasn't got over the celebration yet, but has been as cross as a bear ever since, and has imbibed enough of Rikers' Poland Spring Water and "Aesculap" to cure all the ills that flesh is heir to.

I haven't deemed it advisable, under the circumstances, to bring up the subject of the piano.

To make matters worse, as I started to say some ways back, on the morning of the 24th there appeared an aunt of his from the country, accompanied (as usual) by a small boy. She had come to see the sights and to purchase a new wrap, and although I was half sick I had to go over to Brooklyn with her. I never saw such crowds, and I never felt so out of place in all my life. Of course we couldn't see anything but people, and most of these were from the country, and I felt like telling her she needn't have come so far to see the same creatures she could look at any day at home. The next morning I started out with her to get a wrap. She didn't know what she wanted, so I suggested that she get a nice black one as always looking well upon all occasions; but she had read somewhere that mixed goods were fashionable for these garments, and so she must needs examine them. I declare, while we were at Le Boutillier's, in 23d st., where they keep a large assortment of these goods, she made the clerk show her a sufficient quantity to envelope every man, woman and child in her native town. All this time the small boy was pulling her skirts and teasing her to come away. As might have been expected, she didn't purchase anything, after all the trouble she'd made, but wished to go on down to another store and look at their garments. I had been mortified enough by

this time, so I just told the man who came forward to wait on us, that my cousin from the country wished to look at some of their wraps. I wish you could have seen Sophronia glare at me when I said "from the country"; but I didn't care—I wasn't going to have all the clerks in New York think I didn't know what true politeness was. At last she started for home, but not until she'd ransacked every shop from 23d street to 10th, and went back without buying a thing, saying she didn't see anything that exactly suited her, and would wait till she came again. I told Heraclitus that night that if New York hadn't anything to please her, she'd better send over to Paris and get one of Worth's, it would be so suitable to wear to "campmeetin'" in August; whereupon he said it was no more than the fuss I made over things; he'd known me to go to a dozen stores to match the exact shade of ribbon for a dress for the baby. I just informed him that was quite a different thing, and he said he supposed so.

The parlor, as far as it is done, looks very pretty, and I got a lovely frieze for it, awfully cheap. I found one at a store that the clerk said was seventy-five cents a yard. As it was exactly like one a friend of mine had in her house, that cost just twice as much, I told him I'd take twenty-five yards of it, paid for it, and ordered it sent home. A short time after it arrived, the salesman came around and told the servant who opened the door that he had made a mistake in the price; it was one dollar and a half a yard instead of seventy-five cents. He had been in the business but a short time, and the price-marks were new to him; of course he would have to make the loss good unless I did, for the mistake was his. I sent word down that I was very sorry, but that particular border was ex-

actly what I wanted or I shouldn't have bought it, and that I was willing to give eighteen or nineteen dollars for it, but I couldn't afford to give twice that; it would be a lesson to him, and teach him to be more careful in future. He went away, saying he supposed he could stand it. When Heraclitus heard about it, he said he didn't see how I could do such a thing, and stopped at the store the next morning and paid the difference. I told him it was a great thing to be so rich, and if he could afford to pay twice as much for a thing as I supposed he could, I would take advantage of the fact when I made my next purchases. Then he got cross, and said so much about the lack of honor among women, regarding money matters, that I didn't feel like asking him anything about going to the country, as I'd been intending to do. When I find him in a better humor I will delicately broach the subject, for it is really time we were thinking about finding a place for the summer. Tweedledum needs a change, and so does her doting mother.

PENELOPE PENNYFEATHER.

SUMMER.

Now the maiden 'neath the awning
Of the window, sits a-humming,
In the lengthen'd evening yawning,
And half doubtful of his coming.
Now the swain, *en route* to meet her,
Pauses at a distant bar-room,
Hints he likes his mixture sweeter,—
Yields another maiden car room;
Gets up town—it's quite a distance;
Welcomed is like some new comer—
Spends an hour with her assistance,
Wanders home. And this is summer.



A PREDICAMENT.

1ST STREET BOY—Oh, finger rings, ain't this high? Here's a dood a-dropped his hat, an' his pants is that tight he can't stoop down.

UNHAPPY DUDE—Oh, do pick it up, one of you boys. I'll give you a quarter, by Jove.

2D BOY—Don't yer tetch it, I ke. The fun's worth more than the money.

CONEY ISLAND AND RETURN.



LAST boat home is crowded—
Always is the case—
Bonnets crushed and "dowdied,"
Crimps are out of place;
Baby's cross and shouting,
Band is out of tune—
Very weary outing
In the month of June.



PLEASANT ocean breezes
Blowing up the Bay,
All the household teases
"Let us have a day!"
City's hot and vile, and
Ocean is a boon—
Hey for Coney Island!
In the month of June.

CHRONICLES OF GOTHAM.

CHAPTER II.

1. AND it came to pass that the people of Gotham were suffering a great thirst, for reason of lack of water, yet they in no way lessened the rivers round about the camp by drinking thereof.

2. In this time some of the rich men of Gotham joined themselves together and sent messages to the chief ruler, whose name was Klevland, saying, Give to us a paper with your seal upon it, that we may have power to do as we think best.

3. Now the chief ruler, whose name is Klevland, did come from the west, yea, even from the land which lieth near to the great waters; and he answered the men of Gotham, Nay.

4. Then were the men of Gotham angered, and they and others of the tribe called Ta-many said, Do this thing, or it will be worse for you, O Ruler.

5. But the chief ruler had a weapon that the men of Gotham had not, and he wielded it freely, and the name of the weapon was Veto.

6. Now when the men called Thering and the men of the tribe Tamany saw this weapon and Klevland's power with the same, they were afraid, and bowed down before him.

7. Yet they were in no way hindered, but prayed after the manner of their kind, Damizize and Damizole, and to their god Dahlah.

8. Then the men of Gotham and their high priest, whose name is Edzoon, did make a loud cry in the temples and high places, crying aloud to the chief ruler,

9. Saying, Let us have our way in this little thing, and we will make you greater in the time to come,

10. Yea, even ruler of the kingdom of Unkulpsalm. But Klevland shook his weapon over them, even the veto weapon, and great was the wailing in the camp of the Gothamites.

11. Then there were spies sent through the land, even to the ridge called Kwaker; and the spies said, We can build a way, and bring water to the thirsty camp; also shekels to our own pouches—and we will call it Akerduk, and it shall be a way of Bigsteal;

12. And the men who shall have the handling of the money shall be called Kommittee, for nothing shall be committed to them; no, not even the money—peradventure some of this money may stick to their fingers by reason of crookedness.

13. To cover our manner from the dwell-

ers in the camp, we will call them Durrektahs; and the chief one of them shall be called Treasurer, and he shall carry the bags.

14. Now when the chief ruler, whose name was Klevland, saw that the people were bound to do this thing, he was exceeding wroth:

15. And he sent messages to his following, calling them to his temple, which is built on the river called Hutzon, at a place named Haulbany, and the name of his following is Zenate.

16. The high priest of Gotham and the men of Ta-many took counsel of the lawgivers to have a decree against the chief ruler whose name is Klevland.

17. And they sent presents, gold and silver presents, to certain of the Zenate; and the presents were in the likeness of their god Dallah.

18. But the chief ruler said, If any of you do take these presents from the men of Gotham, will I use my power to the great confusion of you all.

19. When the men of Gotham and the high priest whose name is Edzoon and the men of Ta-many saw that the Zenate or the chief ruler could not be purchased, they said We must wait.

20. Now it happened there dwelt in the camp a man, the son of Tom, and he was a warm man, so that he was called through the camp, Hot.

21. And it came to pass that Hot, the son of Tom, did say to the high priest and rulers of the camp, Give to me a present of gold and silver, and I will find a way to do the thing wished for.

21. But other men of the tribe of Ta-many did also cry aloud for money, and great trouble was made amongst the tribe.

23. Now while this trouble was being made in the tribe, the people of the camp did thirst and complain to the chief ruler whose name is Klevland, and he did give to them a paper called Decree, with his seal on it, and so put a stop to the Bigsteal.

24. Are not the histories of the trouble set forth in the third part of the Chronicles? Selah.

B. T. P.

THE feeling among most of the college boys is averse to much exercise with light skulls. It is generally the heavy skulls that win in the human race.

THIS paragraph has stood over since last month. If we don't publish it soon the world will feel the loss. "June is at hand—due in another week."

A BLUE BRIDE.

SHE can do a neat acrostic; she can rhyme like anything;
She has very often written for the press;
She has started on a novel—a wild, weird and fleshy thing,
And she pens a weekly article on dress.

She is clever, so they tell me—they have even called her blue;
She will write a five-act tragedy some day—
But there's holes in all the stockings that I bought so lately new,
And the buttons on my shirts have gone astray.

If I venture to caress her I am often daubed with ink
Or muckage or some such horrid stuff— [think,
For a loving, yearling husband, you'll acknowledge, I should
Such occurrences must be regarded rough.

Of course her talents wake in me reciprocating pride,
Of course I'm pleased to think of her as great;
Of course I'm more than flattered to be walking at the side
Of one whose name is known throughout the State;

But none the less I murmur when I know that men regard
Her, priceless china—me, mere pattry delf;
And, for a yearling husband, I am sure it's very hard
That she thinks more of the public than himself. G. H. J.

MR. VEREKER'S father celebrated his golden wedding recently. Mr. Vereker was anxious to give the old gentleman some pretty and appropriate present on the anniversary, but he was by no means prepared to go to any considerable expense in the matter. So he consulted with Mrs. V., and their united wisdom at length hit upon a gold toothpick as a suitable offering. To be sure, the old gentleman hadn't had a tooth in his head for ten years past, but the toothpick, as Mrs. Vereker remarked, was very pretty indeed, and didn't cost *too* much.

WE have to thank the Memphis *Avalanche* for the appended:

THE JUDGE last week anticipated the opening of the big bridge with a fine cartoon of the procession. It beats the long-winded accounts in the daily papers all hollow.

We agree with the *Avalanche* that a better idea can be had of the bridge from a picture, faithful in all its details as was ours, than from many columns of long-winded description.

A ST. LOUIS medium recently announced communications from the spirits of Garfield and Custer. We have heard a good deal of the ghost of Garfield lately, but that Custer should come back to a town he never particularly affected, is somewhat surprising.

"ALBANY'S capitol will cost more than the Brooklyn Bridge," says the *Lowell Citizen*. Well, the capital may, but it will scarcely bring out so much public interest.

"I SEND thee a butter-cup, my love," remarked the enraged husband as he hurled the cream cup at his wife's head.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

FROM MRS. FLANNIGAN TO MISS MOLLIE MAGUIRE,
BLACKROCK, IRELAND.

CHICAGO, JUNE 2.

IN answer to your question my dear Mollie, axing me how I come to be such a herring entirely, in respect of what I done in the fire, I'll just write you the whole story, and here it is. 'Twas late at night, but how late I don't rightly know, for I was asleep.

"Fire! Fire!" called some one.

"Fire, is it?" says I, and up I gets, being in a responsible situation, seeing I was the Mrs. of the house and in bed at the time.

It was broad daylight, on the beautiful-est midsummer night I ever saw; so I put on my blue cotton calico, which was new at the time, or as good as new, being only twice washed, and my bonnet with the ostrich feathers. Holding a good position in society and wishing to dress according, having acquired a good education and all the English accents and French idiots, through having lived six years in America; but hoping I may never have to quit it, till I have seen Ireland again, which I love in my heart, and hope to do yet before I die. Well, as I said, I dressed myself and went off, presenting a respectable appearance to the fire escapes and other engines I was gone to summons, being a lone woman, having lost all my family through famines and plagues, for which I have great cause to be thankful, being spared through great trials.

When I gets to the door of the fire-house I sees a man standing on the steps.

"Ma'am" says he, seeing me in haste, "you're not on fire?"

"Not I," says I; "it's my house."

"Well," says he, "we must see to put it out. We do all here," says he, "by the electricity. Step this way, ma'am," says he, "if you please."

With that he brings me into the house, and into a place like a big stable, with horses tied all round, and big engines and escapes in the middle. "Jump up there," says he, pushing me on the top of a big engine, me being a little stout and not well used to climbing, and pulling a rope similar to a bell, only stouter.

Before I had time to speak, four men dropped on the engine beside me, and four horses harnessed, and all were tackled to it, and off we set in less than half a second.

"There's powerful electricity for you," said one of the men, rubbing his eyes (which mightn't be strong, and which bathing in green tea would bring to wonderful.) "Half a second ago," says he, "I was sound asleep, and here I am waked and dressed and driven out, all by electricity, which, in like manner, harnessed the horses, and has now nothing to do but put out the fire, which same," says he, "we'll do before we know where it is."

"So, if you'll believe me, we galloped on like mad; the horses may be dreaming curious things, as dumb animals do before they're right awake, and the men all began to sing, and here's the song, just as I wrote it down when I came home, and the copy you're welcome to. Only humor the tune and its easily sung.

THE FIREMAN'S SONG.

In old times, if your house took fire,
Up from your bed you'd have to jump,
And water drag to put it out,
In heavy buckets from the pump.
But in those days, dear Mrs., we
Knew nought of electricity.



"With most men you can do anything if you approach them with the right spirit."

—BISHOP HEBER.

Much precious time was wasted then,
The men were sleepy oft and slow,
And when they put the harness on
The engine horses scarce could go.
But in those days, dear Mrs., we
Knew nought of electricity.

Now all is changed; our watchman gives
One touch to the electric bell,
And through the trap we firemen fall,
Yet scarcely knowing how we fell.
For in these days, dear Mrs., we
Work all by electricity.

Six seconds is the time we need
To tackle to and start away.
We're always ready at a call;
We're sleeping here both night and day.
For in these days, dear Mrs., we
Work all by electricity.

Which I am sure was a very fine song; but fortunate it was that the house was not on fire after all, for the electric horses ran away out to the country, owing to the electric reins breaking, and the electric driver falling asleep, and it was past eight o'clock in the morning when I got home, with one hundred dollars to pay for electricity consumed on the road, which should be a caution to every one to beware of fire, and also not to keep a dairy or a kerosene lamp in the town of Chicago, which once nearly caused the city to be burned, owing to a careless milkmaid milking her cows by the light of a kerosene lamp, and setting fire to her milk cans, which caused a caution to be printed in the public papers about a grand singer, "Christine Nilson" by name, who bought a few cows to keep in Chicago; and

here's the caution, which the head of every house should remember:

Christine! Christine, thy milking do,
The morn and eve between,
And not by the dim religious light
Of the fitful kerosene.

For the cow may kick and the lamp explode,
And the fire fiend ride the gale,
And shriek the knell of the burning town,
In the glow of the molten pail.

And that's all at present from your friend
to command,
BIDDY FLANNIGAN.

A BROOKLYN paper publishes a view of the bridge from the Brooklyn side. But who wants to see the bridge from the Brooklyn side? Nobody will pause to gaze from that point of view. They will cross to New York. That's what the bridge was built for.

A FAMILY in Allentown, Pa., were nearly poisoned by ice-cream. This is a good season for young men to cut that item out and paste it in their hats. It will be an admirable excuse, you know.

A DESPERADO in Texas was recently shot while endeavoring to escape. That's nothing. Ninety per cent. of our would-be suicides escape while (apparently) endeavoring to be shot.

LUMINOUS match safes are very handy, but a luminous keyhole would "beat the Dutch."

A PLASTER of gold mends many a broken heart.



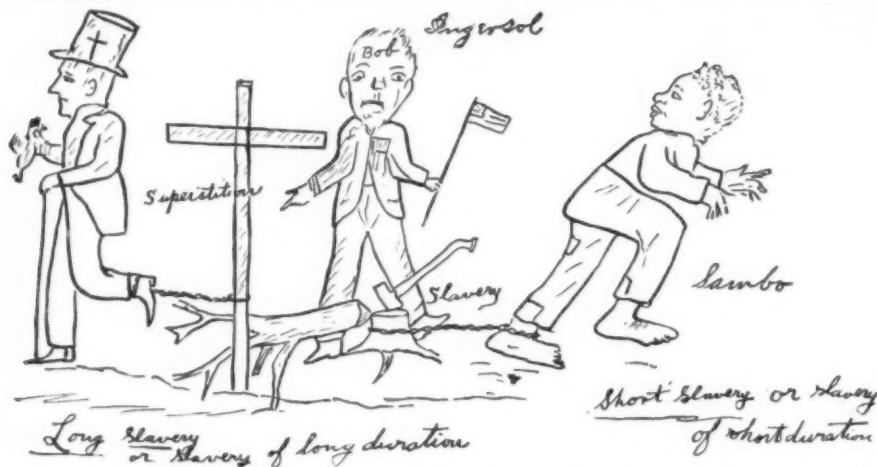
OUR OVERWORKED
WHERE NEXT SHALL HE ST

E JUDGE.



WORKED PRESIDENT.

SHALL HE SEEK FOR REST?



UNDER CONTROL.

THE JUDGE's mail the other day contained this sketch and this letter. The letter explains the sketch, or the sketch explains the letter—we are not quite sure which. Perhaps neither is susceptible of explanation at all. The sketch appears above, and here is the letter. Now figure it out. An amusing feature is that "the person present" who undertook to correct the orthography of Ingersoll's name, got it wrong himself. But perhaps he was "under control," too.

KIRKSVILLE, Mo., May 15, 1883.

EDITOR JUDGE—I send sketch drawn quickly by

THE MODERN SPIDER AND FLY.

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said a spider to a fly—
But the fly responded gravely, "No, Sir Spider; no, not I."
Said the spider, "Pray be sociable; come for a little time—
I've heard your predecessor did, in the good old nursery rhyme."
"We're wiser now," replied the fly, "and if the story's true,
My ancestor was very wrong to visit folks like you.
In mythology days, the things you speak of may have been,
But a nineteenth century fly, like me, you'll hardly find so
green."
"Well," said the spider, "stay and talk outside my door
And the fly, she folded up her wings, assenting, with a smile.
"What news is in the air, Miss Fly? come chat a while to me
Of all our friends—but tell me first, how doth the busy bee?
And how doth fare that early bird that wakes the worm to
catch?"
I like our feathered friend to act with promptness and de-
"Ah, yes, indeed," the fly replied, "but lately I have heard
How silly was the worm that rose in time to meet the bird."
"But tell me," said the spider, "if the story you have learned,
Of how the trampled worm took heart, and positively turned."
"But what is this?" exclaimed the fly, "you've tangled me, I say.
You've spun a web about my wings—I cannot fly away."
"Don't hurry," said the spider, with a melancholy smile;
"I'll eat you for my supper in a very little while;
But just reflect a moment, my enlightened little fly,
And a lesson in your misery you shortly shall espy—
For in this nineteenth century, I don't mind telling you,
We spiders also have advanced, and learnt a thing or two;
Our manufactures now to such perfection have been brought,
By steam and electricity we spin as quick as thought,
So while we sat and gossiped, I had time my net to weave—
Try it—the finest homespun web—this firm will not deceive.
So now, dear fly, I'll eat you up, to prove my moral true—
While flies advance in knowledge, we are learning something,
too."
H. K. J.

"RIDICULE," says *Peck's Sun*, "is the most powerful weapon in the world, but it has failed entirely on the dude." And why? Because the dude's brain is not enough developed to contain ridicule. Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be otherwise.

WASSON, the defaulting paymaster, is said to have lost the money playing draw poker. We thought no one lost money at that game; that it was played with a pack of cards and some ivory counters. Another illusion gone!

"CHICKEN down" is a new shade of yellow. Presume it will be worn by that particular stripe of young female known as "spring chickens."

one when "under control," so said. The person is not possessed of common intelligence, and there is something peculiar about him. He has frequently predicted tornadoes, fires, railroad disasters, etc., correctly. He picked up the dirty piece of paper, as you see it, and drew off what you see upon it, and apparently under some kind of control. It is just as he drew it, with the exception that "Ingersoll" was scratched off by a person present, and written over, as it was not spelled right—and I added a few words below, to make the matter appear more logical. If you should make use of the design, please send me a copy of paper containing it, and if you add any remarks, do not speak of the weak-mindedness of the person who drew it, for you know that a fool never knows that he is a fool.

Respy, *

WM. HART.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL STORIES.

WITH PATENT SELF-SUGGESTING MORALS.

NO. VIII.

ONCE upon a time, in a beautiful tropical forest there lived a colony of weaver birds. Very tasteful and industrious little birds they were, and the nests that they built were the admiration of the feathered tribe for miles around. At length one day a squirrel, who had accumulated a goodly store of nuts, called upon the birds. He told them how he was accounted wealthy, how he had more provender laid up for a rainy day than any bird or animal in that district—but still he was not happy. He desired to have his house beautified and improved—in short, he was anxious for a nest such as the weaver birds lived in. He was willing to pay a considerable portion of his store to anyone who would supply him with one. The colony took the matter under consideration. They had their work so systematized by this time that it was no trouble at all for them to weave a nest; whereas it was considerable to hunt all over the dry and scorching forest for provisions. Finally the terms were agreed upon, the squirrel's nest was woven in the best of style, and a goodly stock of provisions of various kinds was transferred to their storehouse.

The news spread. Next day another squirrel wanted a nest; next day a rich flamingo; next day a whole cloud of pigeons. The weaver birds thrived apace, and were kept busy all the time. At length an eagle, who lived in the neighborhood, took a fancy to have a nest woven for him in the prevailing fashion. He was very poor, however, and the weaver birds charged high, so for a long time he had to be content with his structure of twigs and branches. At length, all orders in the neighborhood having been filled, and the weaver birds finding themselves with some leisure time on their hands, the eagle made them the following proposition:

"You go ahead and weave me a nest, and

I will fly over to distant forests and tell the birds there what clever artizans you are, and how nicely you work. They know nothing about it, but with me to spread the news for you there is no reason why you should not furnish nests for the whole world."

This proposition commended itself to the good sense of the weaver birds. The bargain was struck; they went to work on the new nest, and the eagle flew abroad to advertise them. Soon new orders poured in, and all went merry as a marriage bell. But a lazy, ne'er-do-well vulture who lived in the neighborhood thought he saw a chance to get himself a nest cheap. He visited the weaver birds, and made them the same proposition as had been made by the eagle. This time, however, they refused to listen. "We have all the legitimate advertising we want," they said; "besides, a bird of your habits and appearance would not have the same influence in talking up our handicraft as has the eagle." In short, they returned him a decided negative.

Then the vulture lay in wait, and seized one of the most prominent birds in the colony and carried it up to a great height, where all the other birds could see him. Now none of the weaver birds were very handsome, and to be thus set up to public view was very mortifying to the little fellow. All his faults were plainly to be seen, and, owing to the undignified position he occupied in the vulture's claws, he appeared even more ridiculous than he really was. So, to save their friend, the colony capitulated, the weaver bird was released, and the vulture got his coveted nest. But, emboldened by his success, there was no end to the exactions of the latter. He even levied on the hoarded stores of the little birds, adopting the same means to coerce them to compliance. At length they appealed to their friend the eagle—who was now prosperous and happy—owing to them—and he drove the vulture away, and set the colony free forever from their cowardly persecutor.

The moral of this story is designed to show the respective methods of the respectable and of the disreputable press, and the duty the former owes to the community in ridding it of the latter.

A MODEL GARDENER.

BILL HEDGER was a gardener

Who earned his daily meat

By toiling zealously all day—

His zeal was hard to beat.

He was a man of tender parts,

And thoughtful for his years—

E'en when he cut his onions down,

His eyes would fill with tears.

He was so pitiful and kind

He'd dread to cut his lawn;

But though he'd never shock his friends,

He'd often shock his corn.

A score of carrots oft he'd give

To feed a widow's kine;

Such gems of charity are rare—

Full twenty carets fine.

His wretched horse could hardly creep,

Bill prop'd him while he grazed;

He said he'd have a better steed

When his celery was raised.

He'd sometimes cauliflower to him

When he had done his work—

He loved it stewed in buttermilk,

Or boiled with greens and pork.

But Death at last mowed William down,

And they planted him in loam.

And gave him for his epitaph:

"He found sweet pease at home!" J. G. C.

MR. VEREKER'S PUG DOG.

MR. VEREKER determined to take his family to the seaside this summer rather earlier than usual. He argued that there was no use in waiting till you were absolutely driven out of town by the heat; and besides, he argued, one can always come to more advantageous arrangements with the summer boarding-house people if you arrive very early in the season and agree to stay right through till September. Of course whether you keep your word or not is a question for consideration, according to Mr. Vereker. You can't be expected to stay in a place that does not suit you, even if you have promised to.

Another reason that urged our worthy friend to make an early exodus this year was that the youngest scion of the Verekers was very young indeed—in fact, only a few weeks old—and it was deemed advisable to get both mother and child out of the city as soon as possible. So Vereker, tender father, indulgent husband, sought a haven where he might install the wife of his bosom and rear his olive branches far from the torrid city. He sought it and found it. Such havens abound in the neighborhood of New York. They glow with all the hues of beauty and health; they are accessible by either train or boat; they never have malaria, and have the vaguest possible notion of what a mosquito looks like. (Vide current advertisements.)

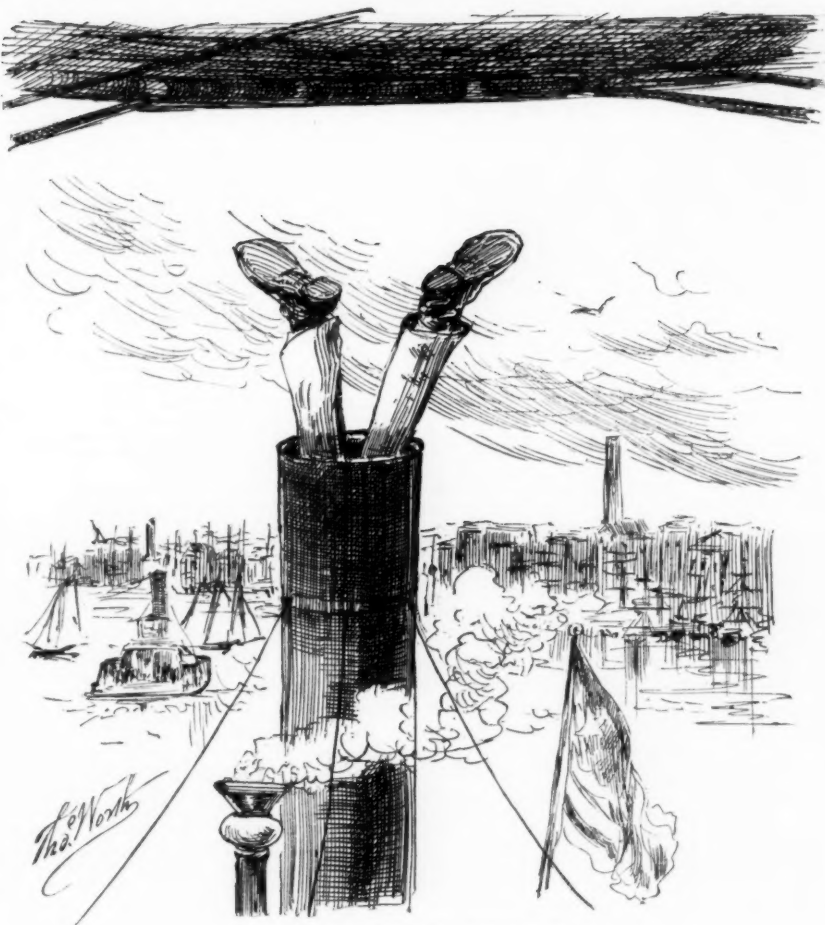
Among the newly-arrived members of Mr. Vereker's family (apart from the baby above referred to) was a pug dog—a very beautiful animal of its kind, as ugly as a nightmare, and unmistakably genuine. This pug had been presented to the family by an esteemed friend, and it was valued as the apple of the family eye. So, of course, wherever Vereker went the pug was bound to go, too.

Behold, the momentous morning has arrived, and the whole family, father, mother, offspring, nurse-girl and pug dog are collected on the dock, while the little steamer that is to bear them to their destination puffs and snorts, impatient to be off. Unfortunately the steamer discomposed the little dog's nerves; he was frightened; he probably had never seen a steamboat before, or if he had, his memories thereof were not pleasant ones. He obstinately declined to embark. All the family were on board; Mr. Vereker was attempting to follow with the baby (which at such a crisis he would trust to no arms but his own) in his arms, and the pug, obstinately hanging back, and in danger of strangulation, on a string. At length a sympathizing bystander remarked: "Here, I'll hold the baby while you get the troublesome little brute aboard." Mr. Vereker glared at him as if he would have liked to annihilate him. His pug a troublesome little brute. However, he accepted the offer as the best thing he could do under the circumstances. He transferred the baby to the sympathizer and carried the pug up the gang-plank.

Once on board the pug seemed in danger of having a fit. He yelped and foamed and gurgled. Mr. Vereker was horror-stricken. In vain he endeavored to soothe the animal. All the united blandishments of the family seemed to have no effect on him. From the needful ministrations to his suffering favorite Mr. Vereker was aroused by a shout from the wharf:

"Here, come back, will yer, and get this babby?"

One glance, and then the dumbness of horror fell upon the whole family. The boat was fully twenty feet from the slip and



AN INVERTED SUICIDE.

Suicides are now in order from the Bridge. We would warn those contemplating a departure from this world by way of the Bridge, to keep a sharp lookout for the steamboats, in order to avoid an accident like the above.

rapidly gathering headway. She had started as soon as Mr. Vereker had got on board. The deep waters of the North River were rolling between the Verekers and their offspring.

Let us draw a veil over the harrowing picture—over the mother's grief and the wildness of despair which possessed the unhappy Vereker. His first impulse was to throw the pug overboard, but he conquered it. His next was to seek the captain and explain the case, and that good-natured official put back and embarked the baby. Vereker says that if that baby ever comes to be president, as no doubt he will, the heirs of that captain shall have sinecures and postmaster-ships. This was magnanimous gratitude on Vereker's part, for the captain's remark was not a kind one:

"A man that would leave his babby behind for a pug dog ought to be dragged astern of the boat from here to Jersey."

RHUBARB pies, says a cookery item, are improved by being baked in a slow oven. So there is one thing in this world which is the better done for being done in a slow-oveny manner.

BOXING is becoming very popular—in fact it always was. It is being boxed which has hitherto been lacking in public favor.

"THE press is a grate thing," said Bridget as she started the fire with a bundle of old newspapers.

AN EMBRYO PARAGRAPHER.

"You are late again this morning, Mr. Entry Clerk," remarked the head book-keeper to an assistant.

"That cannot possibly be, which I can easily prove," replied the young man pertly.

"Pray, how so?"

"Why, no matter what hour it is, 'i' must necessarily be in time. See? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Very good, Mr. Entry Clerk, very good; but I am afraid your talents are wasted here; you will find more e's in a newspaper office. The cashier will settle for your time."

FIVE new boot factories are being built at Brockton, Mass. This is the kind of improvement that will last. If the enterprising citizens keep pegging away, they will soon have a strapping big city where awl may prosper.

At a recent sale in Leipzig, George Washington's autograph was sold for \$28.75. That may do very well for a dead man, but in this country Vanderbilt's autograph will draw a hundred times as much money. Such is fame.

"CROSSING the Bridge," as the lady said, when she scored her recalcitrant husband's nose.

OVER two tons of hair-pins are made daily in this country. "Still hairpin on my daughter," as the poet says.



THE loud conversation of people in the audiences at places of amusement, has long been a source of complaint, but when actresses themselves, who happen to be "in front," indulge in talk that disturbs the occupants of several rows of seats, what are we to expect?

At a certain theatre, a few evenings ago, there sat directly behind THE JUDGE an actress who belongs to one of the best stock companies in town; and her companion (we had almost said *in crime*) was the wife of a gentleman well known in theatrical circles. Their remarks were made in so audible a tone that THE JUDGE and his neighbors finally gave up in despair of hearing anything that was being said upon the stage, and were forced to become unwilling listeners to what we should naturally suppose would be private matters, concerning only the two ladies in question. We now know what kind of soap, perfumery and powder they use, and have become acquainted with several other little mysteries concerning their toilet. We have also acquired valuable information concerning the pedigree of a favorite dog, and we can assure our readers that the shoes that grace the pedal extremities of the fair Thespian are never larger than "twos," although "one of the critics last winter nearly broke her heart by stating that she wore 'fours.'" That she is not English, "as many people have supposed," but American, we were sorry to learn. It would be a relief to think that such vulgarity existed outside our own country, but according to her own statement she is a "thorough-bred" New Yorker. That she is not a "thorough-bred" lady goes without saying, but she "might assume the virtue though she hath it not," and agreeably play the role of politeness, off as well as on the stage.

At the Bijou the melange called "Pop" seems to be doing a good business. Kate Castleton apparently lost no assurance while in California, but goes through the same vocal and physical gymnastics that brought her popularity in "All at Sea" at the San Francisco Opera House a year ago. In fact the second act of this piece literally is "all at sea," and the dudes that burst upon our vision in "Virginia," on the Bijou stage last winter, are in no ways different from those in "Pop," save in the change from winter to summer clothing.

The Thalia Opera Company has taken possession of Wallack's, and a "Thunderbolt" has fallen at the Union Square, but it is hoped the damage will be trifling. Miss Barry's engagement at this theatre ended rather prematurely, and the Star Theatre is advertised for rent.

Thatcher, Primrose & West's Minstrels are at Niblo's, and Callender's colored troupe have moved over to the Grand Opera House.

Roland Reed continues his Cheeky performance at Haverly's, and "A Merry War" is still being waged at the Cosmopolitan.

"The Rajah" is raja-ing (patent applied for) at the Madison Square, and the "Prin-

cess of Trebizonde" is flourishing at the Casino.

The Fifth Avenue is closed for the season, as is also The Novelty Theatre, Williamsburg; and the summer hegira has already commenced.

Georgia Cayvan has sailed for Europe; Sara Jewett has had a Delmonico breakfast and departed, and Kate Claxton, before taking leave, was presented with a piece of silver-plate by members of St. Cecile Lodge of Free Masons.

CORRESPONDENTS.

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

LEON M.—No use to us.

H. B. S., Mantua.—Declined.

KINGSTON, Jamaica.—Not quite suitable.

BROOKLYN BRIDGE.—The subject has been done, and better done.

PETER THE HERMIT.—You are emerging from your retirement altogether too often.

R. F., New Orleans.—You are very kind, but we scarcely think we shall profit by your suggestion.

FANNY.—A little better; but we must again repeat that your style of versification will not suit us. Try the *Century*.

NIMROD.—Use respectable paper, or else write with a pen. The combination of brown paper and blunt lead pencil is altogether too trying.

PHINEAS.—There is nothing new under the sun, but your jokes are a little older than the majority of the objects that respectable luminary shines on.

FERGUS.—Leave dialect writing alone till you have mastered straight English. We are of opinion that you have adopted the incomprehensible dialect you have put into the mouth of your impossible Irishman, for the sole purpose of disguising your own syntactical deficiencies.

MRS. MAGUM'S ÆOLIAN HARP.

A son of Magum, the tailor, married a poetess who was a regular weekly contributor to the *Plugetown Slasher*.

Young Magum brought his cultured wife to live among the most uncongenial surroundings in an East side tenement flat. However, themselves and neighbours got along in an amicable state of serenity until the following occurrence: It unfortunately happened that one night this son of Magum was detained unusually late at an exhibition of fistic art given in Punch Hall, near the Bowery, and his wife who sat up waiting for him, wishing to kill time, became inspired by the muses or some other inexplicable source, to fasten several rows of strong thread from a clothes pole in the rear yard to a nail in the abutment of the back piazza, hoping this device would produce a wierd, æolian effect as the night breezes passed through it. It wasn't very long before—not Æolus, but an Irishman named Darby Ryan, another tenant of the same house, who was returning full of dynamite and potent afflatus from a rousing land league meeting, "raised the wind" by falling over Mrs. Magum's improvised æolian harp into an old German laundress' tub of wet clothes. The latter tenant having on the night previous suffered the theft of a few articles left out to soak, when aroused by the splash Darby's head made in her tub, rushed out in her night-dress, and seizing the howling Celt, exclaimed, "Ha! ha! you tam hold Ireeshmans, I cott you! drhyin doo shteil mien glose agin, zo you vas!"

The bewildered Darby, trying to shake the suds out of his hair, yelled: "Lav

hould of me, ye lyin' ould Dootch thricksthur, or oi'll blow yez into smithereens, so oi will, bad look to yez, fur settin' a thrap to thrip me over! Shure it is a wandhur oi didn't break moy nose."

This verbal exchange of courtesies would surely have assumed serious hairpulling and sanguinary results, had not the son of Magum, full of prize fighting enthusiasm appeared on the scene, exclaiming, "Hold on there; if there's any fighting to be done here, let it progress according to the Marquis of Queensbury rules. What's the row, anyway?"

At this juncture Magum's poetical wife appeared, saying in a dulcet, tremulous voice, "Oh, Magum, I'm the innocent cause of all this trouble." Then she began trying to unsatisfactorily explain to the belligerents the harmless motive of her thread contrivance, but in vain, for they were convinced she was a dangerous lunatic, and next day, notifying the landlord of the same the Magums had to move out of the house. ADELE.

"ILE."

HAVING heard there was to be a boom in petroleum, and being assured that prices were sliding up and down faster than did Van Arsdale when he climbed the greased pole on the evacuation of New York City by the British, I hastened down to the National Petroleum Exchange (after purchasing a seat.) My friend threw a masonic sign to the doorkeeper, and I was permitted to "go on the floor," and was at once elbowed, shoved, squeezed and pushed by an excited crowd of eager operators. And amid the din one corpulent, bespectacled gentleman with a voice like a fog-horn yelled "Savenitsforit," "Savenitsforit," and another keen-eyed operator, jumping up and down like a whirling dervish, screamed in a high falsetto, "Forfit—forfit." He in turn was instantly attacked by his neighbor, who, after each punch in the breast which he gave the dervish who had yelled "forfit," made what seemed to me a stenographic note in a small memorandum book which he carried in his hand, yelling as each memorandum was jotted down, "a thousand more, any part of ten thousand at four," and amid a wild melange of yells of "four for one" "four for two—"we passed out and over to see a man, and, like Schuyler Colfax, "smile."

It was afterwards explained to me that the gentleman with the foghorn voice was simply bidding 93 7-8 for 1000 bbls., and the gentleman with the falsetto was bidding 94 for it (or 1000 bbls.); four for one meant 94 for 1,000 bbls, etc.

I am glancing around the room, the walls of which were full of blackboards covered with such an array of figures in chalk as would have made Euclid's mouth water. I noticed an old and interesting relic of the war—the old box "Indicator" used for so many years in front of the Gold Room, and which was so eagerly watched when war's fierce alarms caused such violent fluctuations that on many occasions the wires became too hot to work, and caused immense excitement in the street.

The instrument now records the price of "oil" in the same manner in which it formerly quoted gold. NAGROUX.

THE *Southern Christian Advocate*—ah yes, to be sure; but if it is really published in the South, where does it find the Christians to advocate?

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.

THE Mayor of Milwaukee has ordered all drinking saloons in that city to be closed at midnight. This action will be apt to cause distress in some quarters. When an editor on a morning paper is going home after midnight, and is suddenly seized with a congestive chill, or is bitten by a rattlesnake, or something that way, and feels that his life depends upon a warm dose akin to the medicine Paul advised Timothy to take for the cholera morbus, we think it was, he may be directly opposite two or three saloons, and yet he will have to suffer until daylight.—*Norristown Herald.*

DANIEL WEBSTER boasted that he once carved a goose so as to serve ten hungry people, and had some of the goose left. The "god-like" made the mistake of his life when he went into politics. Nature intended him to shine as landlord of a summer boarding-house.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"ALLIGATORS," writes Dr. Henshall to the *Forest and Stream*, "may be partially tamed." This statement cannot induce us to attempt the domestications of alligators, however. It is the part that cannot be tamed that would be likely to chew you up sometime when you're not looking.—*Lowell Citizen.*

IN a New York boudoir: "So Sullivan made \$6,000 in 11 minutes the other night. Really, we shall have to invite him at our next party." "Yes, indeed. How nice it must be to make so much money without the stigma of being in trade."—*Philadelphia News.*

ACCORDING to official reports railroad accidents are increasing in number and fatality throughout the United States. Cut this out, paste it in your hat and show it to the people who ask why you don't take a summer vacation.—*Philadelphia News.*

JUDGE RITCHIE, of Frederick, Md., has sixteen beautiful and accomplished daughters, only one of whom is married. This is what the French would call an embarrassment of Ritchie's.—*Lowell Courier.*

THERE is a bird in Africa called the plumber. It is to be supposed that it is one of the long-bill species.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Mrs. JONES, head of the house, filling out census returns: "The impudence of such a question! Mr. Jones listen to this. This paper says: 'State the number of idiots in family, if any.'"

Mr. Jones, nursing baby: "Mark down 'one' in the idiot column, my dear."

Mrs. J.: "What do you mean, Mr. Jones?"

Mr. J.: "Didn't I deliberately marry you, Mrs. Jones?"

Mrs. J.: "Yes."

Mr. J.: "Well."—*Texas Siftings.*

"YES," said the culprit, "I am a thief; but I don't want anybody to insinuate that my crime was the result of unfortunate stock speculation, and I won't have anybody say that I have hitherto borne an unblemished reputation. I have been a thief from infancy, and never bought a share of stock in my life. Call me eccentric, if you please, but I don't want to be mixed up with any of your amateurs. I'm a professional. I am."—*Boston Transcript.*

THE following good story is told of the Secretary of the San Francisco Philharmonic Society. A gentleman rang his door bell one evening recently, and asked if a Mr. — lived there. "No," said the intensely musical Henry, pointing up the street, "he lives about an octave—I mean eight doors higher."—*San Francisco News Letter.*

THE other day, on an Arkansas railroad, an old gentleman sat half asleep with a book entitled "The Train Robbers" lying on his lap. Pretty soon he sank to sleep. The window sash fell with a loud report; and the old man, springing to his feet and throwing up his hands, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I haven't got a cent."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

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.

PILES PERMANENTLY ERADICATED IN 1 TO 3
weeks without knife, ligature, or caustic. Send for circular containing references. DR. HOYT, 36 West 27th st., New York.

Read's 3-minute Headache and Neuralgia Cure never Fails.

Sent by mail on receipt of 30 cts.
W. H. READ, Baltimore and Light Sts., Baltimore, Md.

Business and Professional Men



EVERYWHERE
Use the REMINGTON
Standard Type-Writer,
with the
Utmost Satisfaction.

IT ECONOMIZES
Time, Money & Nervous Force.

THE BEST WRITING MACHINE IN THE WORLD.
THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS.

WYCKOFF, SEAMAN & BENEDICT,
281 and 283 Broadway, New York.

POLAND SPRING WATER.

THE USEFULNESS OF POLAND SPRING WATER IN DIABETES, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, and ALL KIDNEY COMPLAINTS.

DOES NOT ADMIT OF ANY DOUBT,

However difficult it may be to explain the mode of action on the human system.

PRINCIPAL NEW YORK DEPOT,
164 Nassau Street.

HERMAN RICKER & SONS.

I CURE FITS

When I say cure, I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 133 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW STORE.

31 and 33 West 23d Street.

59 pieces **Cashmere des Indes**, all new shades, at 75 cts. per yd., well worth \$1.

25 pieces 46-inch **Black all-wool French Cashmere**, at 55 cts. per yd., worth 75 cts.

For the convenience of our friends in the country, we will send samples of these goods by mail.

Silk Costumes, from \$16.50 upwards.

Gent's Furnishing Department:

150 doz. Gent's Linen Collars, 4 ply, 12c. each

100 " " " Cuffs, 4 ply, at 20c. pair

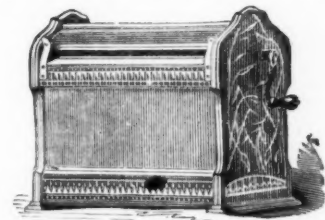
50 " " Balbrigan Shirts, at 50c. each, Former price 75 cents.

75 " " Balbrigan Half-hose, at 20c. a pair—former price, 31 cts.

THESE ARE DECIDED BARGAINS.

Le Boutillier & Brothers,
Of 23d Street.

MUSICAL NOVELTIES.



Music Boxes from \$1.00 Up.

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

831 BROADWAY

Between 12th and 13th Streets.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.
THE MECHANICAL ORGUINETTE COMPANY.

20-STOP ORGANS,

WITH CHIMES OF 30 SWISS BELLS,

On \$5 Monthly Payments.

A PIANO & ORGAN IN ONE.

Sterling Organ Co., 9 W. 14th St.

E. H. McEWEN & CO., Managers N. Y. House.

Gastrine

(IN LIQUID FORM)

CURES DYSPEPSIA

DRUGGISTS.

BEST CARDS SOLD! All new: 50 Large, Perfect Chromos, name on 10c. Beautiful designs of Art. Satisfaction Sure. Elegant Album of Samples was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, N. Y. Prompt Returns. F. W. Austin, New Haven, Ct.

A CARD.

To all suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, N. Y.

CANDY

Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best candies in the world, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
Address, 78 Madison St., Chicago.

GENERAL PURCHASING AGENTS.

DONNELL & CO.

7 West 14th St., N. Y.,

BUYERS AND FORWARDERS TO ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION OF GOODS, IN LARGE OR SMALL QUANTITIES. **HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS, CLOTHING, DRY GOODS, BOOKS, STATIONERY, MUSIC, HATS, SHOES, JEWELRY, DRUGS, GROCERIES, SEEDS, FARMING IMPLEMENTS, &c. NO COMMISSION CHARGED.**

SEND FOR CIRCULAR. MENTION THIS PAPER.



\$5000 Accident Insurance. \$25 Weekly Indemnity. Membership Fee, \$4. Annual cost about \$11. \$10,000 Insurance, with \$50 Weekly Indemnity, at Corresponding Rates. Write or call for Circular and Application Blanks. European Permits without extra charge.

CHAS. B. PEET, (of Rogers, Peet & Co.), President.
JAS. R. PITCHER, Secretary.

320 and 322 Broadway, New York.

RUPTURE

RELIEVED and CURED without the injury Trusses inflict, by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method. Office, 251 Broadway, New York. His book, with photographic likenesses of bad cases, before and after cure, mailed for 10 cents.

THE COLLENDER BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES.



COMBINING the greatest accuracy with durability. All furnished with the celebrated COMBINATION CUSHIONS, warranted for twenty years. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

THE H. W. COLLENDER COMPANY,

786 Broadway, New York. 341 Tremont St., Boston.
15 South Fifth St., St. Louis. 113 South 9th St., Philadelphia.
84 and 86 State St., Chicago. 387 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore.

PACK OF WONDERS!

CONTAINS 3 Photos of Mrs. Langtry in different positions; 1 Photo of Jennie Cramer; 5 Beautiful Actresses in Stage costume; 1 pack "Hold to Light" cards; 1 pack Acquaintance cards; 15 Pleasant Games; 1 full, silk Handkerchief; 1 pack Trick Cards; 1 Bird and Animal Imitator; 1 elegant Plaque; 100 Selections for Autograph Albums; 20 latest Songs, as sung by Harrigan & Hart, Tony Pastor, J. K. Emmett, etc.; 1 beautiful little Book containing 14 Spicy Illustrations; 1 Pocket Book; 12 Night Scenes; 1 pkg. Masquerade Scenes; Comic Cards; 1 beautiful Chromo. The entire lot by mail for 35 cents (P. O. Stamps.)

BIJOU NOVELTY CO., 7 Warren Street, New York.

30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE.

We send free, on THIRTY days' trial, Dr. Dye's Electro-Voltic Belts and other Electric Appliances TO MEN suffering from Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality and kindred troubles. Also for RHEUMATISM, LIVER and KIDNEY TROUBLES, and MANY OTHER DISEASES. Speedy cures guaranteed. Illustrated pamphlets free. Address

VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

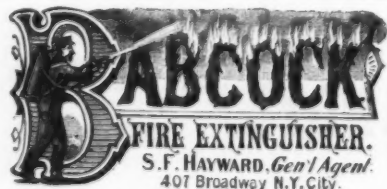
PENS

THE MOST POPULAR IN USE.
Leading Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 333, 161.
FOR SALE BY ALL STATIONERS.
ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,
Works, Camden, N. J. 25 John St., New York.

Piles! Piles! Piles!

Cured without the use of Knife, Powder or Salve. Patients suffer no pain. No charges until cured. Consultation free. Write for References.

DR. A. A. CORKINS, 11 East 29th St.



THE SHODDY RECEPTION.

BY A SOCIETY REPORTER.

IN response to invitations
From the charming Mrs. Shoddy,
One of those refined occasions
So enjoyed by everybody,
Brought together the elite
At her house on Greenback street;
And the princely mansion shone
With a dazzling brilliancy.

Flowers from the tropic zone,
Bric-a-brac which taste alone
Could suggest and wealth supply;
Crystal glass and silver ware,
Golden-lined, antique and rare;
Wealth and splendor everywhere—
While a sumptuous table groaned
'Neath a most superb collation,
Where the hostess sat enthroned,
Fair and full—of animation!
Unto this enchanting scene
Music lent its witching strains,
Led by Signor Tamborine,

Which its excellence explains.
Here it was that Mrs. S.,
Full of queenly graciousness,
Welcomed her distinguished guests—
Half a thousand souls or more;

And among the many score
All were rich and none were poor;
All had feathered well their nests.
Elegant and recherche,
And select in every way;
Never did a poor nobody
Get a card from Mrs. Shoddy.
Mrs. Moneybags was there.
Jewels flashing in her hair—
Robe of silk *en Pompadour*,
Bought on European tour;
Bias ruffle at the base—
Coiffure *a la Bordelaise*.

Also, Miss S. Truckit Ritche,
In a lovely satin, which
Fell in graceful folds away,
Bosom cut *decollete*.
Flowing skirt in demi-train,
Diamonds—and coiffure plain.
Handsome Mrs. Welles de Oile
Had her hair in Grecian coil,
Gros-grain silk and grenadine,
Trimmed with bands of pale sea-green.
Fair Miss Pinching Parvenu:
Velvet robe of navy blue;

Bouffant basque of terra cotta,
Bosom edged with fur of otter.
Many more deserve attention,
Quite too numerous to mention—
Costumes rich and elegant—
Some *revers* and some *bouffant*—
Corsage high or very scant,
Black *crepe lisse* and *antique moire*—

POSTSCRIPT BY THE EDITOR:

Paper had to go to press—
Couldn't stand this beastly stuff—
Killed the idiotic muff—
Made a most unpleasant mess.
Green tomato knocked his brains out,
Office devil washed the stains out—
Heaven grant him sweet repose,
Writing up the angels' clothes!

—San Francisco Wasp.

MORE RHYME THAN REASON.

"Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay,
May stop a hole to keep the wind away."
The Bay-State pauper, dead and deftly skinned,
May help an almshouse keeper "raise the wind."

—Detroit Free Press.

WHEN President Arthur took his trip to Florida the conductor on the train wanted to carry out Marmion's injunction, and "charge Chester."—Baltimore Every Saturday.



"I owe my
Restoration
to Health
and Beauty
to the
CUTICURA
REMEDIES."

Testimonial of a Boston lady.

DISFIGURING Humors, Humidating Eruptions, Itching Tingles, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the skin and scalp, heals Ulcers and sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Sun Burn and Greasy Skin.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price—Cuticure, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, \$1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL Co., Boston, Mass.

MUSICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

WE WILL SHORTLY OPEN

OUR PARLORS, 9 WEST FOURTEENTH ST.,

For the purpose of RAPID MUSICAL INSTRUCTION on the Violin, Viola, Cello, Basso, Guitar, Banjo, Mandolin, Zither, Accordeon and Cornet.

Any person at sight can play, with our system,

ON ANY OF THESE INSTRUMENTS.

We take pleasure in giving all who favor us with a call an opportunity to learn any of these instruments, free of cost.

L. JIMENEZ & CO.

GENUINE Transparent Cards. Each Card contains a RARE Scene, visible only when held to the light. Warranted to suit. Full deck of 32 cards by mail for 90c, prepaid. Stamps taken. F. CATON & CO., Box 3255, Boston, Mass.

MARVELLOUS!

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.

WITH
FIVE DOLLARS
YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE
Imperial Austrian Vienna City
GOVERNMENT BOND,
Which bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemed in drawings, FOUR TIMES ANNUALLY. Until each and every Bond is drawn with a larger or smaller premium. Every Bond must draw a prize, as THERE ARE NO BLANKS.
THE THREE HIGHEST PRIZES AMOUNT TO
200,000 FLORINS,
50,000 FLORINS,
30,000 FLORINS,
And Bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a premium of not less than **130 Florins.**
The next drawing takes place on the

2d of July, 1883,
And every Bond bought of us on or before the 2d of July is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. **2nd** out of town orders, sent in REGISTERED LETTERS, and enclosing \$5, will secure one of these Bonds for the next drawing. For orders, circulars, or any other information, address
INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,
No. 207 Broadway, cor. Fulton St., New York City.
ESTABLISHED IN 1874.
2nd The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the United States.
N. B.—In writing, please say that you saw this in THE JUDGE.

WEBER
MANUFACTURER OF
Grand, Square and Upright
PIANO FORTES.

CATALOGUE MAILED FREE ON APPLICATION.

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

HOW TO WIN AT CARDS, DICE, &c.
A SURE THING! Sent Free to Anyone. I manufacture and keep constantly on hand every article known to the Sporting Fraternity, and used by them to WIN with in games of chance. Send for my mammoth catalogue. Address, or call in person, **SUYDAM, 65 C St Nassau St., New York City.**

CATARRH
To any suffering with Catarrh or Bronchitis who earnestly desire relief, I can furnish a means of Permanent and Positive Cure. A Home Treatment. No charge for consultation by mail. Valuable Treatise Free. Certificates from Doctors, Lawyers, Ministers, Business-men. Address
Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, Ohio.

A BOON TO MEN

All those who from indispositions, excesses or other causes are weak, unnerfed, low spirited, physically drained, and unable to perform life's duties properly, can be certainly and permanently cured, without stomach medicine. Endorsed by doctors, ministers and the press. *The Medical Weekly* says: "The old plan of treating Nervous Debility, Physical Decay, &c., is wholly superseded by **THE MARSTON BOLT'S.**" Even hopeless cases assured of certain restoration to full and perfect manhood. Simple, effective, cleanly, pleasant. Good for treatment. Consultation with physician free.
MARSTON REMEDY CO., 46 W. 14th St., New York.

"OPERA BOXES."
BEAUTIFUL SET OF IMPORTED CARDS, by mail, on receipt of two 3c. stamps. WHITTING, 30 Nassau St., N. Y.

A MORAL TALE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—Dog stretched out in the sun. A bee.

Great big dog,
Head upon his toes;
Tiny little bee
Settles on his nose.

Great big dog
Thinks it is a fly.
Never says a word,
Winks mighty sly.

Tiny little bee
Tickles dog's nose—
Thinks like as not
'Tis a blooming rose.

Dog smiles a smile,
Winks his other eye,
Chuckles to himself
How he'll catch a fly.

Then he makes a snap,
Mighty quick and spry,
Gets the little bug,
But doesn't catch the fly.

Tiny little bee,
Alive and looking well,
Great big dog,
Mostly gone to swell.

MORAL.

Dear friends and brothers all,
Don't be too fast and free;
And when you catch a fly,
Be sure it ain't a bee.

—Drummer.

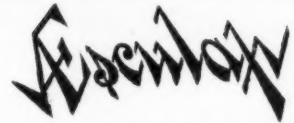
A MAN in the West is raising a fibrous plant which is converted into false hair. "Raising hair" is not a new industry in the West, by a large majority. The Indians have been quite successful at that business for years. Perhaps Sitting Bull and his band, who are about settling down to agricultural pursuits, will beat their tomahawks and scalping knives into ploughshares and mowing machines with a keener satisfaction when they learn that they can raise hair on their lands without provoking the ire of our government.—*Norristown Herald.*

REPORTERS labor under a great many disadvantages. Some people never say a word to them about occurrences in which they were the chief actors, which, if properly reported, would make excellent items. For example, in case of a nitro-glycerine explosion the parties on the spot never say a word to the reporters about it.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

BUSINESS men avoid jury duty; but they expect just and intellectual verdicts from loafers who are willing to serve for lunch wages.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Ross's Royal Belfast Ginger Ale.

SOLE MANUFACTORY: BELFAST, IRELAND.



Natural Mineral Water
THE ONLY PALATABLE APERIENT.

Preserves the Health by promoting all the vital functions. It purifies and at the same time cools the blood, and so clears the head and improves the complexion.
For sale by all Druggists.

A Revolution in Pens.

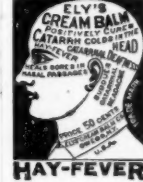
THE LANCASTER GOVERNMENT FOUNTAIN PEN does not destroy the character of the handwriting—always ready—sent to any address on receipt of price, \$1.50, fitted with 14 karat Gold Pen. A PERFECT STYLOGRAPHIC PEN at only \$1.00.
212 Broadway, New York.



Columbia Bicycle
Is what every Boy wants, and what every Man ought to have.
Send 3-cent stamp for new, elegantly illustrated 36-page Catalogue and Price List.
THE POPE MANUFACTURING CO.,
626 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
New York Riding School, 34th St., near 3d av.

AGENTS CAN NOW GRASP A FORTUNE.
Outfit worth \$10 free. Address
E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

A Positive Cure is
ELY'S
CREAM BALM,
FOR
CATARRH



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 PARKER, 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 membranal linings of the head from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will cure. 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.

CLUETT'S
CROWN COLLARS
AND
CUFFS
TRADE MARK.
MONARCH SHIRTS
SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS

GEO. B. Cluett, Bro. & Co.
LATEST
Crown Collar
Height in front, 2 1/8 inches.
Height in back, 1 3/4 inches.
Sold by Leading Dealers.

BEHNING

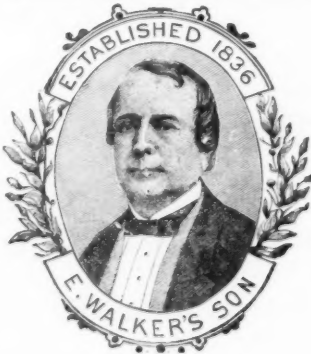
FIRST CLASS
Grand, Square & Upright
PIANOS.

Warerooms: 15 E. 14th St. & 129 E. 125th St.
Factory, N. E. corner 124th st. and 1st ave., New York.

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

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

ESTABLISHED 1836.



NEAT AND ELEGANT
BOOK BINDING

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

IF YOU WANT GOOD WORK, AT LOW FIGURES, AND SAVE AGENT'S COMMISSION, COME DIRECT TO
JAMES E. WALKER, 14 Dey St., N. Y.

A FILE OF NEW YORK HERALD, 1847, AND TIMES, TO DATE, AND ODD NUMBERS, FOR SALE.
2nd EDITION WORK AT SHORT NOTICE A SPECIALTY.

THE JUDGE.



A HINT TO THE BOARD OF HEALTH.
Force the Tramps to take advantage of the Free Baths.