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THE AUTOCRAT OF BOSTON.  
The Police Keep an Eye on Him.—Vide Daily Papers.



## THE JUDGE.

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### DYNAMITE AND O'DONOVAN.

It is impossible that anyone in England can feel more indignant and disgusted over the dynamite outrages than do decent people in America. More anxious and more perturbed our English cousins may be, for at their doors the dynamite is laid, and it is their lives and property which are threatened. Yet, even from that point of view, we are far from being in a position to regard the proceedings of the dynamiters with equanimity. Hitherto, the chief objects of the rage of these worthies seem to be the public buildings and historical haunts of London sight-seers. In such places, as is natural, foreigners are more largely represented than natives, and our United States is never without a strong contingent at all European places of interest. Perhaps of all the people injured directly and indirectly by the operations of the dynamiters, the most to be sympathized with are the Irish in London. They run the same risk with their neighbors of being blown up by an explosion, plus the additional risk of being suspected and arrested by the English detectives, or lynched by an English mob.

But to add to the disgust which Americans feel at the vandalism and atrocity of those fiends, we are painfully conscious that such outrages are plotted, and the means for them subscribed in our midst. There is little doubt that the sole object of these outrages is to stimulate the subscriptions to the skirmishing fund, or whatever be the title by which O'Donovan Rossa is pleased to designate the money contributed for his support. The principal service required of the dynamite by the conspirators is to blow money out of the pockets of silly, ignorant Irish servant

girls, who think they are performing a meritorious and patriotic action by devoting a portion of their slender earnings to the inflation of that arrogant gas-bag, O'Donovan. THE JUDGE wonders much and has often wondered how that man has continued to retain his ascendancy over even the most ignorant of his countrymen, for a meaner and more despicable wretch than his conduct proclaims him to be, never crawled.

It seems, however, that Mr. O'Donovan has settled himself upon American soil to stay. There is no danger of his revisiting British dominions. His regard for his precious skin will always save him from making such a mistake as that; although even here, as Miss Dudley's little revolver has demonstrated to him, there are people who dislike his methods as much as he dislikes England, and who occasionally emphasize their objections with explosives. But where danger is or may be, is exactly where Mr. O'Donovan Rossa is not and never will be—at least of his own free will. In western towns, when any man becomes as objectionable to the rest of the community as Rossa is here, he is ridden out of town on a rail, sometimes adorned with a coat of tar and feathers. If Rossa could be permanently ejected from the United States by some such summary process, the entire community would feel relieved, and the servant girls would put their surplus earnings in savings banks instead of in dynamite.

### JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

MR. JOHN L. SULLIVAN, by virtue of an ugly temper, a powerful physique, and a bull-dog's disposition and training, is to-day a wealthy and popular citizen of our sister city of Boston. Mr. Sullivan has had a short and glorious career in the prize ring, an unusually prolonged and profitable engagement in the arena of fisticuffs yecept "glove-contests," and has now more or less retired upon his laurels and the accompanying independence to the shades of a public house in Boston. This public house is a noted sporting resort. The other day two men pummelled each other nearly to death in its cellar, under the personal supervision and patronage of Mr. John L. Sullivan. The police never dream of interfering with the champion's little amusements. They "keep an eye on him," as the papers tell us, and let it go at that.

Recently Mr. Sullivan knocked out a horse in most approved style. He was arrested at the instance of the society with the long name, and fined one hundred dollars. This he cheerfully paid. His thousands have been made too easily for him to grudge a paltry hundred when he is called on to pay for his pleasures. About the same time he knocked out a waiter girl in a restaurant. It is to be presumed some more of his lightly won money went to hush up that case, for the girl recovered, and nothing more has been heard of it. Various other little pecca-

dilloes are laid to his charge, but we are gratified to learn that the police keep an eye on him. They saved him, not long ago, from being shot by some man he undertook to bully.

But Mr. Sullivan, amid his many great and shining virtues, has one fault. Painful as it may be to his admirers to admit it, he is not quite perfect. He drinks more than is good for him. He even goes upon sprees and paints the town red with a brilliant Sullivanesque red which he alone can prepare. During those interludes the police keep their eye on him zealously and affectionately. Meanwhile, the world waits, awestruck and anxious, impatiently waiting the advent of that attack of delirium tremens which is to rid the world of Boston's pride—the terror of Boston's police force, John L. Sullivan.

### ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

OF all the Saint days none assuredly is so popular among young people as that sacred to St. Valentine. Valentine is the patron saint of lovers, and his recurring anniversary is celebrated by many a heart-sick swain and love-lorn maiden. The day, as everybody knows, is usually celebrated by the despatch of missives, more or less tender, whose quasi-anonymous character endows them with sufficient boldness to render them extremely outspoken either in love or ridicule. This privilege, along with the sanctions of the two cent postal law, proves very prolific of letters about the fourteenth of February, and the girl who has not a good mail next Saturday must have wasted her opportunities shockingly.

For the rest, Valentine's Day is welcomed as one of the outward and visible signs of failing winter—it is the earliest promise of spring, that beautiful season when the birds mate, the hidden leaves prepare to show themselves, and the poets furnish up their last year's rejected manuscripts for a new campaign. Wherefore St. Valentine is, as he deserves to be, a very popular saint, and THE JUDGE gives him a hearty welcome.

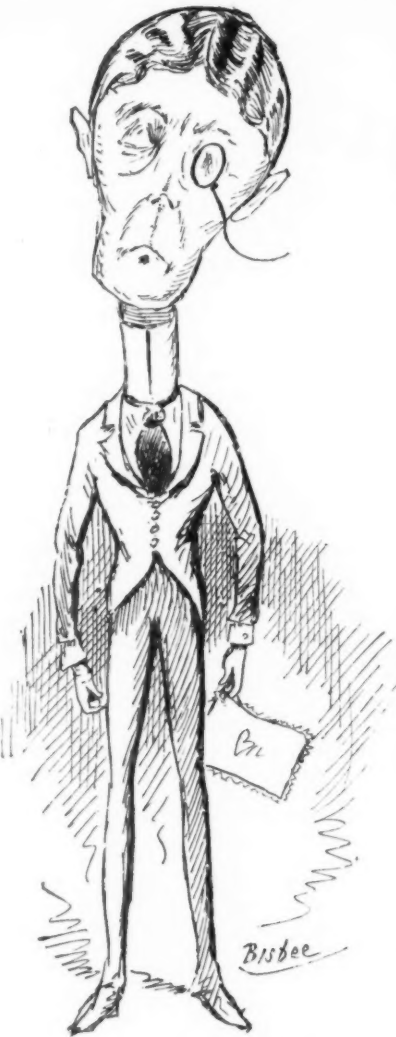
"A VICTORIOUS party has always a nest of bummers and dead beats with it." That's so. To the victors belong the spoiled.

EVERY schoolboy knows that Canada has a bracing climate, but the trouble is the cashier who is troubled with a weakness in his virtues never goes there to brace up till it's too late.

IF late Paris letters speak the truth about the Queen of Tragedy, she raves worse than if she had lost one of her hair-pins, and yet the missing article was only a Richepin. For shame, your majesty.

"WHEN it comes to a question of legal right between the authorities at Washington and one of the Indian tribes, the latter are sure to get the worst of it." Inevitably. In a question of that kind the merely red man is no match for the well-read man.





A DUDE'S DESPAIR.

"Only one valentine! I must go and buy up a dozen. My friends would think I had lost my grip on the fair sex."

"THE poet is born not made,"—when not, the poetry is burnt, not paid.

HER true-love was bereaved away from her by her cruel male parent's broad-toed hints to git. And now she wanteth to know—"what is home without him, mother?"

"DE proud man am mighty glad on various occasions ter lib on mighty small potatoes," remarked brother Struggles. "De turkey buzzard am a high-flyer, but de 'traction ob de dead hoss bring him to de ground eberty time.

THE bush editor, it is unreasonably hinted, is not always sufficiently deficient in the quality of stupidity. But it is the cruelty of the man which we believe sticks out of him with most prominence. For example: "last night our neighbor Mr. S— became the happy father of three bouncing triplets." Witness the special malice of the word three. Abusing the tremendous powers of the press in this way is cowardly as well as cruel: for the editor knows full well that the wretched S— dare not resent the unkind cut, dare not even seem to get mad about it, on pain of being pitched into by all the angel sex for a brute and a Dutchman.

A Vandal Valentine.

I'LL send her a valentine, yes I will,  
And I'll spread my soul on the tinted paper!  
I'll sigh her a sigh, and I'll thrill a thrill,  
And start up the old poetic mill  
On raven locks and glances that kill,  
Peach cheeks and a waist so taper.

I'll buy me a sheet of the best cream-laid,  
Stamped by St. Valentine's Day's adorer,  
With a bleeding heart at the top displayed—  
It won't be mine, so I'm not afraid—  
A picture (ideal) of some fair maid  
And a Cupid on every corner.

And I'll say—I'll say—oh! what shall I say?  
That she's sweet and darling and very precious;  
That's true at least, for she'll have some day,  
When her dear old Daddy passes away,  
A hundred thousand; ah, well she may  
Have caught my heart in her meshes.

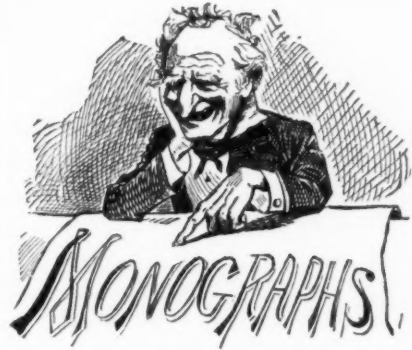
And I'll add I'm lonely and very poor—  
That's true at least, if its not poetic—  
But I'll say my love is so tried and pure  
She can lean on me and can feel secure  
Whatever happens; the fortune's sure,  
I can safely be sympathetic.

For if, for if—oh gemini, if  
She'll say me "yea" with a tender promise;  
I'll float through life like a cigarette whiff,  
Just she and I, in a gilded skiff,  
With never a tear and never a tiff,  
And a fortune they can't take from us.

St. Valentine, Valentine, be my speed,  
As I stick the stamp on my fateful letter;  
I must be married, I must indeed,  
And must marry money—it is not greed,  
'Tis sheer necessity does the deed,  
When I take her for worse or better.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Oh, postman, postman, bring back my scrawl—  
Dare not her domicile to approach, man!  
This fatal paragraph tells me all;  
Last night, on leaving the Lacy ball,  
She—Oh, St. Valentine! Wormwood! Gall!—  
She eloped with her father's coachman.

G. H. JESSOP.



A NURSERY NUGGET.

Pretty baby, Mama's joy; Pretty baby, Darling boy.	Dimpled fingers In my hair, Soft hand lingers Quiet there.
Hear him crowing, Tootsy wee! Ah, he's throwing Up his tea!	Blue eyes drooping, Tired out, With the trooping Things about.
Now he's smiling Just as though No defiling Currents flow	Head falls low On every breast, Little flower Is at rest.
From his little Rosy lip On his little New white slip.	Was there ever Such a dear, Darling, clever Baby here?

THE MOMENT AFTER.

Oh, what error!  
Help me there!  
How the terror  
Yanks my hair!

The Egyptian injunction—mummies the word.

Japanese prisoners are dressed in pink. "The pink of perfection is evidently unknown in Japan.

The Russian language contains but thirty-five letters, yet to look at some of the Russian words you'd think it contained a hundred.

It is reported that Sarah Bernhardt is raising a dimple in her chin. Gracious! how this must draw the flesh away from the rest of her face!

Custom compels an Iclander in his native island to kiss every woman he meets. This accounts for the sour, ugly expression of countenance which characterizes the Iclander.

John C. Eno is going to build a summer hotel on an Island near Quebec. There's more than one way of robbing the public, and John knows it.

A fashion exchange announces that "new male handkerchiefs are very fancifully bordered." Nothing is said about the female handkerchiefs, but it may be inferred that they are as flimsy and flirtish as ever.

The imaginative powers of some men are little short of the miraculous. A man, with a face so homely that it cracks a looking-glass, can discover little niceties of beauty in his countenance that a forty-power magnifying glass would fail to reveal to anyone else. It is a providential dispensation to keep his soul from fainting with disgust at the mask it wears.

TOM ADDIS.



TWO OF A KIND.

"Goose reduced, and so am I."

## THE LOQUACIOUS LATHERER.



TALK about barbers and about barber's talk, none can compare with a certain latherer who holds forth in a town situated not far from the city of B——. This individual, half black and half white, but the biggest half black, is the most aggravating knight of the bone-handle that ever existed, and he can give discount to any other hair-puller in his line, and beat them many points. He is unable either to read or write, but this seemingly unfortunate circumstance does not appear to cripple the mustache lifter as to what is going on in the universe. He is well posted. Ask him about any particular thing you wish to know, and he will tell you it quicker than you

could read it out of a newspaper. And if you don't ask him he will tell you all of the latest news,—anyhow.

But this is not all the excellent points about the bronze jaw cooler. The greatest point about him is the extraordinary pains he takes in order to please all his customers. You may step into his shop, or simply look inside the door, the first greeting you get is "come in," "you next," and so on. And so you are the next (victim to wait.) He has a man in the chair, and seemingly all through with him but the finishing touches. But just wait and listen, and you will hear him unfold to the man in the chair all the latest scandal and all the pedigrees of all the different inhabitants of the village. You will hear more and find out more than you ever did in one hour in your life. You will hear those scissors clip-clip as they sail around the man's ears, while the dark mesmerizer draws what information he can get out of the man by his wonderful powers of magnetism. You will find out just how old the victim in the chair is, whether he is married or single. If he is married, how many children he has, and whether they are boys or girls. If he ever had any die, etc. And if he is a single man you can hear who the young lady is with whom he keeps company,

if any; just how long he has been going with her, and if his girl dances or goes to the skating rink, and if he ever intends getting married; if so, when. If it happens to be a business man he has in the chair, you can find out how much money he has taken in so far in the day, and how much he took in the day before, and what his net income is in a year. After all this information is given in by the patient, together with other little odds, too numerous to mention, the dusky philanthropist seems to go into a daze and the scissors seem to clip not quite so fast, and then again a little faster. You get tired and rise up to leave, but the wily shampoo man spies your movement and calls out, "don't go way," "loose your chance," "be through with this gem'en in a minit." And you wait just twenty-five minutes longer 'till finally your chance has come. And after he shaves your face and adjusts your stock of news, he lets you out of the shop just one hour and forty-five minutes from the time you first went in.

He leaves you with a nice clean face, shaved down to the skin—he wouldn't leave a hair on you for anything, even if his shop was full of customers waiting, he must give you a clean shave, so you would "come agin."



I READ an account once 'bout a comic lecturer; I can't remember whether 'twas Mark Train, Horace Greely or Rev. Mr. Beecher; some ov those fellers anyway. He giv a lecture on "Milk" an' the only time he mentioned the subject was in the first line. He razed a glass ov it an' said, "Milk," and then branched off onto something else.

Well, I thort I'd do like him and announced my subject, "Water" when I came over the platform; az they didn't seemed prepared for my scheme much, I had ter ask for a glass ov it.

The teacher lookt surprised like at first, an' then, recoverin' her mind, she remarkt, (ordible nuff to be herd), "John, that isn't your subject, and if you don't stand up and deliver yourself in a civilized manner I'll make you wish you had a whole pond full of water and was standing in it up to your ears!"

I was crushed, ov course, an' had ter cram my indignashun inter my breast-pocket, but I'll get even with her 'fore a nuther week iz gone bi.

I red az bad az I culd on purpose, but ov course I *couldn't* read very bad. (That's what Jim calls a "homemade" compliment. None the worse for that I gess, don't notice homemade molassis candy stepping down an' out yet).

MUSICK.

If the ordiunce will excuse my uzin' a nuther's words, I'll repeat that ole, but very

THE pen is flightier than the sword—especially when it's a goose quill.

"THE cholera is in Paris." So is Dumas fils and Emile Zola. Much enduring Paris.

THE Parisian who loves his case and his life and also his country, is debating with himself whether it is better or worse to have the cholera germ in Paris than the choleric German.

THE official count leaves no room to doubt that two entire Texans voted for Belva. A fact like that will be likely to put an end to Yankee doubts about southern chivalry.

"SIXTY Harvard freshmen have dropped their Latin." And the fatal consequence is that we have a season of earthquakes. Everybody knows that a freshman's Latin is a body so vast and solid that if suddenly dropped on to mother earth the old woman is bound to feel it.

YOUNG DEMOCRAT—"Now, then, our duty will be to redeem our promises and clean out the Augean stables."

Old Democrat—"No, our duty will be to let the promises take care of themselves; and to take care the—the what-dye-calleem stables don't clean us out when the four years are up."



STOLEN SWEETS.

MOTHER—"Hey, what are you doing there?"

YOUNG HOPEFUL—"Its so dark I can't see what."



appropriate, quotation; "Musick has clam shells to smooth the savage breast with."

If I waz riten a bullytin-bored for future prosperity to read, I'd add, "Savages dezirin to be smoothed will oblige by calling durin' office hours."

Therz az meny kinds ov musick az there iz weddins, an one kind or another iz sure to follow to a weddin', bi the way.

The most poplar and undying iz the hand organ. When this iz run bi foot power an' kept in the house, it iz called a church-organ or melodian. This last iz a Latin word from "Melo," a cow, and "Dian," dyin'. Literally it menz, "A cow dyin'." You will notis the instrument always starts off on the tune whitch the cow iz supposed to have perisht onto.

My father uzed to be a musick teacher, but lately hez took to loafin, an' sez it pays just about az well, and don't require so much exershun.

It seems ter me, everybody iz took the idea that tha have a dooty to perform in this direction, and pound onto peaners, serape onter fiddles, or blo inter cornets till enybody would think they'd bust their bilers. My sister Flora heard 'twaz fashionable to play a catarrh on a banjo, an' so she got it. (A banjo I mene), and we had it regular, 3 meals a day for several weeks. (Week's a cat I waz; the cat gut a way from the house evry time sis played. I'll catch it if Jim seez these things)!

But now the banjo took a vacation an' hangs up in the parlor by a kardinal red ribbon what sis hooked offer me. I traded with Freddy Fuller for a wood goat who squeekt. (It used to, I mene, 'fore the wind gave out).

Peoples idears 'bout musick are as varius az the musick itself, if not more so. The other evenin' I went to the operer ov the "Bow-legged hemien Gurl," with sis and her bo, which loved musick orful.

Musick? No sree! Cat concerts iz all twas, without the privilege ov firin rocks at 'em. I got quite excited watchin' a little man in the orchestra, what pushed away on a fiddle-bow, (which was so ole that hair had grown onto it), an he workt till he waz az tired az a Independent politician waiting for the Cabinet to be unlockt. He didn't get ahead a bit either, for the ole bow waz there when I left and the little man appeared completely "tuckered out," az Shakspear uzed ter say.

Nobody noz the power of musick better az those what live in a house with a peanor into it. Its effect is sumtimz orfull, permeatin the system an taking long excursions inter the deeper recesses of the cuticle, it leaves the body in a January morning when the thermometer iz way down cellar. My gurl said she wished peaners was 10 cents a peace. If I didn't lav her pretty bad I'd never speak ter her again. 10 cents, gi! It's lucky I've got a angelick dispozition or she'd come home from school alone!

A iron jew's harp iz pretty musick if its far enuff off. So's a gurl's larf, tho there iz little ripples an sniffs, an' he he's about it that a fellerz got ter kinder get uzed to. Poets tell us the "musick ov the waves" crawls off with the brown-bread; why don't tha go drown theirselfs then if tha like it so much?

One of the hardest things to encounter in musick iz sharps and flats, especially the latter. Father uzed to say he didn't mind the sharp unless attached to a knife handle, but he had to dodge the "flats!"

I don't like our musick lesson in school, teacher says "how many beats to measure?" Just az if I waz a tailor-shop. Then the



A TAKING SIGN.

BOY—"Only ten dollars. I guess I can afford to walk away with that."  
 POLICEMAN (suddenly popping into view)—"Yes, and ten months go with it, but there's nothing mean about Jersey. You walk away with that coat, and I will walk away with you."

keepin' time with her ruler; "up,—down,—up,—down!" An I've been under that ruler so many times lately when 'twaz on the "down" beat that I've come to the conclusion that the "ups and downs" ov life are not confined to musick.

"CLYDE."

Her Knell, but His Joy.

Soon will the church-maid let up on the dance,  
 And then her swain will have some "scads" perchance;

Soon will she stop her visits to the play,  
 And when she does, he'll gladly bless the day.

For,—carriage hire, and tickets to the ball—  
 Those checks for seats at costly Music-hall—  
 And oyster "feeds" for her, when show is o'er,—  
 Her escort's purse most grievously doth gore.

Yes, in a very short and fleeting while,  
 She'll cease her call on hard-up lover's "pile"  
 That time she dreads, he hails with sweet content,—  
 The economic, pious days of Lent!

"JEF. JOSLYN."

There are three hundred and forty-seven female blacksmiths in England, all of whom do as much work as a man. If they are married you may gamble on it that there are certainly three hundred and forty-seven well-behaved men in England.

The Cost of a Crazy Quilt.

MRS. KENSINGTON at last completed a crazy quilt. She was at work on it two years and over.

With a vast amount of pride she exhibited it to all her friends and relatives, and, pointing out its hidden beauties, she declared it was worth at least one hundred and fifty dollars.

"One hundred and fifty dollars, only one hundred and fifty?" asked Mr. Kensington, as he heard her, one day, descanting on the subject.

Mrs. Kensington shot him a withering glance, and wished she could annihilate him, for she thought he was trying to be sarcastic and facetious.

"It ought to be worth more than that," continued her husband without noticing her eyes, "for, as I figure it, it has cost upwards of two thousand dollars."

"Are you demented Mr. Kensington, that you should make such a statement as that?" inquired Mrs. K. in horror and astonishment.

"No, my dear," he replied, calmly turning the pages of the daily paper, "I'm perfectly sane and perfectly sober—in fact, I may say, I consider myself crazy proof, as it were. Had it been otherwise, that struck-by-lightning piece of patch-work of yours would have made a raving lunatic of me long ago."

You say its worth one hundred and fifty



THE ADVANCE OF CIVILIZATION.

The Nevada scheme is a taking one—with the horse, and a patent has been applied for.

dollars," he continued. "Now I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll give you two hundred, if you'll give the thing to some African or Fiji Island missionary society, or will dispose of it in some way, that I may never see it, or hear of it again."

So saying he resumed his reading, while Mrs. Kensington sat gazing at him, in speechless amazement.

"Good Heavens," she thought, the man is mad, and a commission *de lunatico inquirendo* will next be sitting on him, I suppose.

Then a few tears began to trickle from her eyes, and to fall on the crazy quilt she still held in her lap.

She soon found her voice again, and again asked her husband if he were demented.

"Certainly not," he again replied calmly. This unusual calmness was alarming.

"Then what do you mean, and why do you say this quilt cost upwards of two thousand dollars?" she inquired.

"Because figures won't lie," he answered.

Then he took from his pocket a slip of paper, which he handed her, and on which she read as follows:

## COST OF MRS. KENSINGTON'S CRAZY-QUILT.

To materials for making the same	\$ 25 00
To seamstress for doing plain sewing while Mrs. K. was engaged on quilt	100 00
To surgeon for sprained ankle, caused by slipping on the ice while shopping for pieces	100 00
To physician for long illness, called in medical parlance nervous prostration, and caused by over-work	500 00
To trip south afterward	600 00
To oculist for injury done to eyes by too much fine needlework	150 00
To physician and nurse for little Alice, while sick with scarlet fever	300 00
Total (to date)	\$1775 00

"What do you think of it?" he inquired when she had finished reading it.

"I think you are an unfeeling wretch,"

she answered, bursting into tears. "It's bad enough for you to lay all my sickness to the quilt without placing Alice's scarlet fever to my account.

"Well, the doctor thinks she can have taken the disease but one way. You and Mrs. Smith swapped samples of silk. Mrs. Smith sent you her pieces while her children were ill with scarlet fever. Alice played with those pieces and in a few days she was taken sick. Do you require more proof?"

"No I don't," she exclaimed angrily. "I've sufficient proof of everything, Mr. Kensington, even to the fact that you're a brute and an unfeeling wretch as I said before," and she swept from the room bearing in her hands the pride of her life, her crazy quilt that had brought nothing but trouble and expense into the house ever since she first commenced it.

"I'll never do another piece of fancy-work as long as I live," she sobbed as she went up stairs.

"If she only never would," thought Mr. Kensington.

The quilt has disappeared from view, but between Mr. Kensington and his wife there has sprung up a coldness that not a dozen quilts could warm, and Mrs. K. is now at work manufacturing an imitation Turkish rug. Her fingers are blistered and she is nervous and fretful, but the rug will be finished even if the indefatigable woman finishes herself and her family at the same time.

F. CUTTER.

"I CARE nothing about the appearance of a book; the contents alone interests me." This noble and scholarly remark expresses to a "t" the sentiments of the tramp who left old Coupon's greasy twenty-five cent pocket book lying on the grass in the back yard while he appropriated the five hundred dollar contents.

## The Political Song of the Shirt.

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
Democracy sat, in political rags,  
Plying her needle and thread.—  
Stitch! stitch! stitch!  
In poverty, hunger and dirt;  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch  
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

Work! work! work!  
I am "hungry and thirsty" too;  
Work! work! work!  
While twenty-four years I review;—  
Ku-Klux, and murder, and crime,  
Free Trade and whiskey, and gin!  
Republicans now are out for a time,—  
For four years at least we're in!

Work! work! work!  
My labor never flags;  
Work! work! work!  
Patching political rags.  
Oh, Grover! there's plenty to do,—  
"Merely executive"'s trash!  
But sincerely I say I am sorry for you,  
If you venture on anything rash!

Oh men who office seek!  
Oh men 'twixt hope and fear!  
The prospect for you is exceedingly bleak,—  
The future out-look drear!  
For somebody *must* get left,  
Of all this eager crew!  
To think that *demand* should be so great,  
And *offices* so few!

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
Democracy sat, in political rags,  
Plying her needle and thread,—  
Stitch! stitch! stitch!  
In poverty, hunger and dirt,  
She sang, with a voice of dolorous pitch,  
This political "Song of the Shirt."

HELEN THORNE.



AN AFFECTIONATE DADDY.

FATHER OF THE FLOCK—"The mother's gone, but I will take her place so the little dears won't feel her loss too deeply."

SHORT and to the point—a dagger.

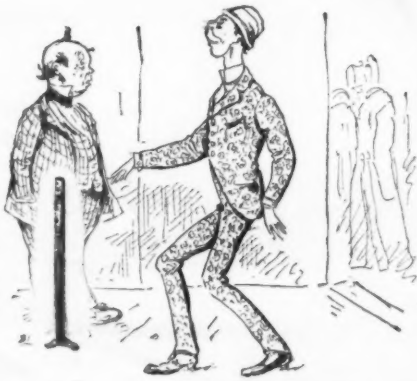
A PUGILIST'S drink—rum "punch."

A SOFT "blankit"—a minister's oath.

A STERN resolve—"I'll kick him out."

ODE to bald-headed men—There'll be no more parting there.





BOUND TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION.

NEPHEW—"I expect to drop on some fancy figures on the ice, and don't you forget it."  
UNCLE—"You will, if you wear those pants."

Listen!

I'm a railway engineer,  
Having neither rank or station,  
Not possessing education,  
And devoid of any fear.  
"Harem," "scarem" things I've done,  
Many cur'us tricks and capers;  
Figured, too, in all the papers,  
Since I first began to run.  
But the "derndest" meanest scrape,  
Think I ever saw or heard on,  
Was the time my stoker, Reardon,  
Jumped and broke that "driver's" shape.  
Twenty minutes late, and "wild"  
Round the curve we beat the devil;  
When ahead upon the level  
Slowly toddled a young child.  
For a moment I was dazed,  
But I quick reversed my lever  
Blood and pulses at a fever,  
Set the brakes, though nearly crazed.  
For, before we'd stop, I knew  
That young child would be all mangled—  
Every breath would sure be strangled,  
And its work in this life through.  
Suddenly the train slowed up.  
Wondered I, what's caused the slacking?  
Then I heard the engine cracking,  
And my fireman!—Where's the pup?  
Then I looked, and true as steel,  
While inside I'd tried to choke her,  
I'll be hanged if that blamed stoker  
Hada'n't grabbed the driving wheel,  
Stopped the train, and saved the child.  
Passengers turned out with rushing,  
Praised the fireman loud, and gushing,  
With a purse the time beguiled.  
But the engine—lo! I weep  
When I think of her condition;  
But I have an intuition  
All my hearers are asleep.

JUBILANT DEMOCRAT—"Now I guess you'll give it up. The returns are all in."  
REPUBLICAN (hoping against hope)—"Not much. We haven't heard from Alaska yet."  
"Alaska! Where's that?"  
"Don't know, but just wait."  
Then the Democratic brother fell into a great sweat, and recovered only when a reliable and impartial Butler man assured him that Alaska was one of the Southern States.

"He Mixed Those Children Up."

A SENTIMENTAL young Frenchman, struggling with the vernacular, was endeavoring to express to his soul's idol his idea of sweet simplicity and love in a cottage. Rolling his eyes and his "r's" terrifically, he murmured: "No superbe worrke of arrt, no expenseve picture; but only over ze door, in a lettle frame zat beauteeful sentement—" "God D—— our home!"

It is too often taken for granted that the successful lawyer must be a stony-hearted fellow. But that depends—depends on whether he is a Blackstone-headed fellow as well.

A THRICE married Lancaster man is blessed with only one child. But he is blessed with three living mothers-in-law. Blessings never come single. He says he is blest if he can see it, though.

"ARE lawyers a necessity in modern society?" inquires an indignant peace-loving citizen. Well, if necessity knows no law, some lawyers of our acquaintance are a sad necessity indeed in modern society.

THE inquiring foreigner is respectfully informed that the government of the United States is, in theory, a pure Democracy; but so tempered in practice by the southern shotgun, and the northern hotel clerk, that liberty never degenerates into license.

THE policeman reported that the young villian, after beating the drum of his ear, stole the apple of his eye; then crossed the bridge of his nose, clambered over the roof of his mouth, and escaped by the skin of his teeth.

"Have We a Bourbon Among Us?"

JONES—"Why do they call it 'Old Crow' Whiskey?"

ROBINSON—"Well you see, dear boy, it is a sort of delicate reminder of the 'Lost Cause,' as it were."

JONES—"Oh! yes, I see—they can't bear to eat crow, so they drink it."

THE whole-souled fellow is generally found in a new pair of boots.

"TREAD gently, it is holy land," as the quick-sand said to the horse.

It costs Jay Gould \$500 for every mile he travels in his yacht. If Jay is trying to save shoe wear in this economical fashion, he is just about the meanest man living.

A St. Louis man, who was captured by Italian brigands a year ago, has returned to this country minus an ear. The brigands took it to use as a door for the entrance of their cave.

SHE was congratulated and assured that he was a very promising young man indeed; but she had handled a good many of that kind and didn't care to take any more stock in them. What she was anxious to know was whether this one was a promise keeping young man.

Now that the official returns are all in, it seems that Belva got not less than three votes in Pennsylvania. This accounts probably for the melancholy fact that Cleveland failed to carry the Keystone State. At the same time it ought to put an end to the absurd notion that the Pennsylvania Dutchman is too level headed to admire the glory of true womanhood.



QUITE CORRECT.

MISTRESS—"If you would look in the right place for anything you would always find what you are looking for."  
HELP—"Yes'm, but dah trouble be whar to know whar dah right place be."



A FOREIGN INCUBUS.  
Will Congress Hasten to the Rescue?





THE JUDGE.



ALONG with the usual February advertisements of great bargains at the dry goods stores, comes a note of a fall in the prices of seats at the Union Square Theatre.

Messrs. Shook and Collier, after taking account of their stock (companies) offer sweeping reductions in all locations, and Mr. Louis Nathal's drama is the first piece to be placed on their box-office bargain counter.

"A Prisoner for Life," with the dumb girl, the Avalanche, and Mr. Marsden's scenery can all be seen for twenty-five cents and upwards, according to location.

"Three Wives to One Husband" has proved too much for J. B. Polk, and he and his one wife have resigned from the company now on the road.

On April twenty-seventh Miss Minnie Palmer and her two-hundred thousand dollars worth of diamonds will take possession of the Union Square, while the regular company goes on the road for a month or two. Miss Margaret Mather's manager, Mr. Hill, has a lease of this theatre from September 1st to May 1st, 1886.

What is to become of the Union Square Theatre Company in the mean time no one seems to know. Shook and Collier, in company with numerous other managers, have played a losing game all the season.

Daly and Dixey have proved an exception to the general rule, and have made money straight along.

The Madison Square, too, has done fairly well.

Why "Victor Durand" is kept on the boards at Wallack's, is a question for Mr. Wallack or Mr. Carleton to answer.

The play, notwithstanding all that has been written in its praise, is weak, dull, and uninteresting, and as the house, of late, is seldom more than half full—evidently, the play doesn't draw.

Mr. Wallack's advertisement of the piece in the daily papers was rather amusing:

"It is with much pleasure that Mr. Wallack calls attention to the Great Sensation caused in literary and artistic circles of New York by the unqualified success of Mr. Guy Carleton's new play. For the first dramatic attempt of a young author it is conceded by all to be an extraordinary and most meritorious effort, and this assertion is fully warranted by the unstinted encomiums of the press, not only of New York but of other principal cities, whose correspondents have fully indorsed the praise so lavishly given here."

Really, Mr. Wallack, no apology is necessary. We all know that Mr. Carleton is young, and that his first effort is extraordinary, but perhaps he will do better another time, and maybe his next attempt will draw out a few encomiums from the general public, as well as from the press.

The plot or story of "Victor Durand" has been frequently told in all the papers. Mr. Carleton himself tells it all in the first act; it doesn't take long. Why he should have written three acts more, we know not, unless it be to keep the actors and audience in the theatre until eleven o'clock.

There are several mysteries about the piece though, that are not cleared up at all. One is why an escaped convict, recaptured by the police, should not be returned to prison at once, and without ado.

Why is Victor Durand, after he is identified by the detective, allowed to remain; in his father-in-law's house all night?

By what right does Mr. Gilbert, the father-in-law, constitute himself a judge to condemn the guilty and let the innocent go free?

This kind of business is all very fine, and Mr. Carleton may consider it true justice, but unfortunately it isn't law, and this last act is, if anything, weaker than the others that precede it.

As THE JUDGE has before remarked, he would like nothing better than to have Mr. Carleton's play prove a bright and glowing success, but Mr. Carleton's play is not worthy the praise it has received from the press, as the public can testify, and forcing and booming "Victor Durand" will add nothing to Mr. Carleton's or Mr. Wallack's laurels.

If Mr. Chizzola does half that it is said he intends to do, next season, he will have his hands full. First, there is Salvini. Chizzola has him, and the great tragedian will play five times a week, instead of four, as has been his custom.

Then there is M. Coquelin. Chizzola has him, too. The Frenchman will be supported by a company picked from the French theatres, and he will appear at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on January the 11th, but all this is nothing to what is to come before. Frenchmen, Italians, etc., pale before the troupe of English blondes that, under Chizzola's management, will swoop down upon us in the early fall. Lydia Thompson, if she does not die of old age before the time arrives, will head the company.

Miss Lydia will bring her charming and seductive daughter along with her, but her grandchildren and great grandchildren she will probably leave behind her in merry England.

Beside the female burlesquers, there will be two low comedians. One of these is William Elton. "Little Billy," as we used to call him when he was here before. He made a hit in "The Guv'nor," at Wallack's, and was a low comedian then—about five feet in his stockings. History does not state that he has increased in height.

Daly announces the revival of an old play,

"The Recruiting Officer." No speculators are to be found around this theatre, which proves that a manager can get rid of the howling nuisances if he really wishes to.

The Carleton Opera Troupe are warbling at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, and "Apajune" is doing well at The Casino.

"Ixion" started last week at The Comedy, while Saulsbury's Troubadours are with us once again, playing in "Three of a Kind," over at the Grand Opera House.

#### She Had Muscle.

"YES, sir; say what you will, Mrs. Jones is a woman very hard to beat."  
"So her husband tells me."

"Racy" matter—fast horses.

A LADY'S friend"—the paint-box.

OLD Bourbon—Thomas A. Hendricks.

A TERRIBLE accident—G. Cleveland.

HIS maiden effort—the first girl—baby.

HIGH wind—the N. Y. Times at two cents per copy.

"Variety is the spice of life," and the ingredient of mince pies.

"LOVE me little, love me long," as the giantess said to her lover.

THE man who was advised to "follow his nose," says he is no nearer to it than he was fifty years ago.

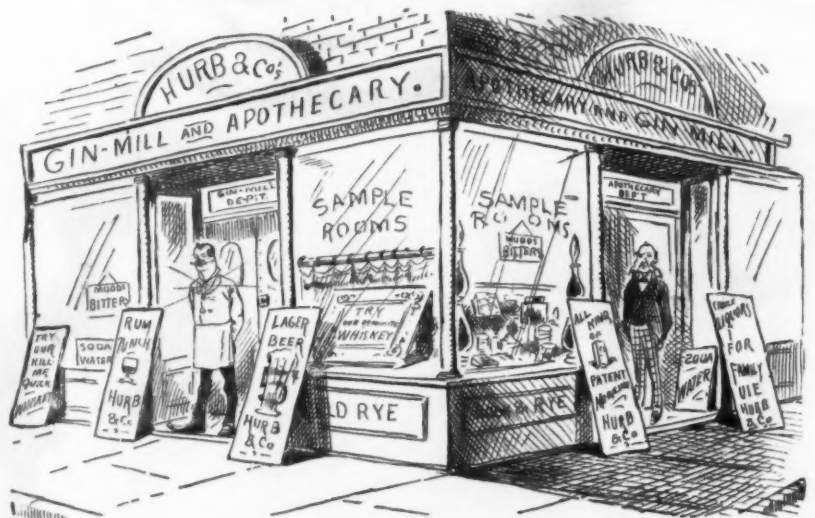
THE farmer's laugh—"hoe! hoe! hoe!"—*Attleboro Advocate*. The scalper's laugh—"har! har! har!"

Professor—"After burial an infinite number of small worms consume the body."

Student—"Do they eat out of the coffin-plates?" *Tableau!*

A COUNTRY newspaper prints the following heading over the funeral notices of married men:

"Notice of Partnership Dissolutions."



A SPIRITED COMBINATION.



The Way of the Maid.

Deserted is the bird engaged,  
Loving though be the hands that bound her;  
Shunned is the maiden when "engaged"  
Has thrown its sacred glamour 'round her.

We played at tennis, climbed the hills,  
And drifted on the bay together;  
She tutored me in sighs and thrills,  
I taught her how to steer and feather.

The boating bored her, she forgot  
The management of oar and rudder,  
And took to riding—but my lot  
Was still to sigh and still to shudder.

While she, unruffled and sedate,  
Rode, boated, read devoid of passion,  
Most naturally filled her plate,  
And voted Byron out of fashion.

And yet, she seemed to favor me,  
And so, when autumn, ruddy-fingered,  
Had bidden fifty lovers flee,  
Mindless of fate I fondly lingered

Lingered to find her tender-eyed.—  
"Happy my path ere you had cross'd it;—"  
"Have you no heart?" I reckless, cried,—  
She only blushed, and said, "I've lost it."

W. J. L.



LIGHT LITERATURE.

A Clinical Lecture.

MRS. NATOMY'S husband is a doctor. He is an enthusiast in all that relates to the subject of medicine, and holds the position of Professor in one or two colleges. Of course he presides over at least two clinics a week, and he seldom fails to have an interesting subject up for discussion.

Now it happened that once upon a time the son and heir to the Natomy's fell sick, with a great sickness, at least Mrs. Natomy considered it a great sickness, and when her husband informed her that little Johnnie had nothing worse than chicken pox, she said she didn't believe a word of it.

"You needn't tell her!" she guessed she knew a thing or two yet, and even if it was chicken pox, there was no knowing what it might turn into if the child was not properly taken care of; so, much against his will, the little patient was put carefully to bed. Jeanette, his faithful nurse, was deputed to watch at his crib-side to keep off any wandering zephyrs that might creep in under the door, or through the key hole, while his fond mother went out to do a little necessary shopping.

Mrs. Natomy noticed a furtive smile lurk-



"THE JUDGE'S" SUGGESTION TO THE THIRD AVENUE STREET-CAR LINE.

ing about the corners of the doctor's mustache while she was taking all these precautions, but she was used to being sniffed at, and treated with contumely, she said.

The smile didn't trouble her, but the doctor's evident anxiety to get her out of the way occasioned a feeling of surprise in her breast, and she was actually struck dumb with amazement, when he asked her if she wanted any money. Of course, after such a question, she soon recovered her power of speech, and, of course, she told him that she'd like to see the time she *didn't* want money.

Scooping in an extra ten dollars, she was soon on her way down town, and then her husband commenced his operations.

Telling Jeanette to wrap a blanket around Johnnie, and to put some kind of a hat on his head, he summoned his coupe, and soon the trio, Jeanette, the doctor, and the Chicken-pox, were on their way to Fairview hospital.

Jeanette's Flemish-French brain was bothered to know what it all meant, and what Madame would say, and Johnnie was delighted at the sudden turn in his affairs.

They soon reached the hospital, and here Johnnie was taken before a lot of students—exhibited, and examined, and, as Jeanette expressed it, the doctor preached a sermon about him. This over, the nurse and the boy were placed in the coupe and driven home.

Now, Mrs. Natomy was gone from the house a little longer than she intended. You see she had that extra ten dollars to spend, and just as she reached her own door step, up drove the doctor's carriage.

To her horror and astonishment she saw her well-beloved son wrapped in blankets, and with a last summer's straw hat on his head seated in the vehicle on Jeanette's lap.

She also saw all the neighbor's heads sticking out of numerous windows. Her first thought was that the house must be on fire, and that they were escaping with Johnnie, and she was so frightened that she couldn't tell whether the horse was coming or going.

But no, the house was still there, there was no smoke, and Jeanette was opening the carriage door.

"Oh, Madame, it was not my fault, je vous assure," exclaimed the bonne. "It

was Monsieur le docteur who said to me, make ready ze boy."

By this time they were all inside the house, Johnnie, none the worse for wear, was again placed in his crib.

Then Jeanette explained to the pale and frightened mother all about "ze hospital" and "ze sairmon," and it gradually began to dawn upon Mrs. Natomy that her husband had actually dared to take her only son, the pride of her life, to one of his horrid nasty clinics.

She wouldn't live with such a man! She would get a divorce, she said, and then after she had wept about six dollars worth, the doctor came in.

She cried; he laughed, and Johnnie lay in his crib enjoying the scene.

Mrs. Natomy still lives with her husband. There is no divorce, but there is another little Natomy.

The doctor will wait a long time, however, before he gets another chance to kidnap his own son.

If either of the children is sick, Mrs. Natomy keeps an eye upon him, till the doctor is well out of doors, and she declares it will be a cold day when she again furnishes a subject for a hospital clinic.

A Doctor's Diary.

THEORY VS. PRACTICE.

Two passages from the diary of a country doctor, from which it appears that the difference between the theory and practice of medicine is thirty years, or thereabouts:—

April 1. 1854.—This day enter on the practice of medicine. In other words it is to-day that I dedicate myself to the service of humanity; and in order that I may conscientiously meet the awful responsibility of my position, I do hereby resolve to make the following rules the guide of my life and practice: Deal openly with your patients. Never deceive them. Consult only their welfare, never their whims. When you have a difficult case, ponder it day and night. Let your fee be the last thing you think of. Avoid profane language and strong drink. Never so much as look at the tongue of a patient, or make out his bill without a due sense of the solemnity of the occasion.



BLONDE VS. BRUNETTE.

Sept. 28, 1884.—A busy day and hot as h— to begin with, must have drunk not less than fifty whiskey-and-waters to keep down temperature. Wallower called before breakfast to consult about township ticket—fixed up in the interest of the Whole Hoggers—expect to smash Lemonade ring at October election. D—'s brother-in-law, to be supervisor of wards if he gets me the old Packer bill paid with three hundred per cent added for delays. Agree people doing well. Some fever patients coming round faster than I can see it. Swiller's dropsy worse than ever—insists on drinking all the brandy he can get at—consented, of course—expect it will kill him. Met young Mountan, the new doctor—has build of an ox—good for fifty years ten drinks a day, and will come out fresh as a rose—but green, of course, like all the young fellows—he as good as said that it is the physician's duty to try to find out what really ails the patient, and be careful never to give any remedy that might keep the disease more than the patient—of course Mountan will get over such nonsense, but it's a dreadful bore to consult with boys. Continued experiments in *materia medica*—find that sole-leather steeped in tobacco juice and then mixed with the canned tomatoes of commerce a capital substitute for half the drugs used in our trade—sufficiently harmless, yet capable of making a horse sick, so fools can believe they get the worth of their money. Found C— sitting up in bed—thought it best to sell him gray mare before he gets well enough to try her in harness and get his neck broke—two hundred and eighty not bad price. If Vapors is careful to avoid exercise and sticks to dark room all day, she's good for two hundred a year—no danger of her dropping off before twentieth century—the more the Vapors are ailing the longer they live. Saw old Swiggers—should have dosed him with salts—had none with me—as a substitute, told him St. John would be elected sure—had desired effect. J— gave me his note for fifty dollars on condition I tell his wife that nothing short of bitters *ad lib* before meals will keep him from kicking round in bed all night. Secured Wamper vote for W. Hoggers by telling old lady (brought down by excessive summer heats four hundred and fifty pounds) that a delicate nervous organization like her's requires etc., etc. Find I made a mistake of one hundred and fifty dollars in M—'s bill—as the mistake is in my favor, ought to correct without loss of time—afraid I may forget all about it. Summoned by Coroner to examine corpse—

run over by R. R. train and cut in two, but Coroner candidate for office again—want Whole Hogger vote—accordingly had autopsy to see if internal organs diseased—fee against county fifty dollars. Find "plain country fare" promotes doctor's bills, hence caution our people against city luxuries. Bet Rev. Mixer that St. John won't get three votes in Jackson County—drank up bet on the spot. Chalk-dust a good substitute for bread pills—cheaper and nearly as harmless. Find it best when amputation necessary to decide which leg ought to be cut off before going to work on it—came to this conclusion after Hacker and I got through with young F— —but Hacker most to blame—had fifteen minutes to sober up—must warn Hacker that the sort of accident may be carried too far—. L—'s youngest cub swilled three gallons fresh cider—thought the pig would die—made old man L— proud and happy to pay double fee by telling him patient was only suffering usual consequence of being precocious genius. V—'s case more interesting every day—his district close—if he drops off too soon Lemonaders may carry it—bet Hacker two bottles bourbon I can keep V— alive long enough to vote at October election. Hacker, Gritter, Mountan and I met on old Plumper's case—when retired to consult, Hacker and Gritter fell out about Blaine and Cleveland—H. got G. down—pummeled him—when I thought G. had enough took H. off—had to soothe Mountan too, who got mad because we forgot all about Plumper and his compound fracture. Mountan's big enough to lick all three of us—clever



A SUITABLE REWARD.

NEW ENGLAND MAN—"How did yer git in?"  
 SKATER—"Fell in; help me out."  
 N. E. MAN—"Is it cold?"  
 SKATER—"Colder than the devil. Help me out!"  
 N. E. MAN—"What will you give me?"  
 SKATER—"Give? I will give you my place."

fellow Mountan, but has everything to learn about consultations—don't think Plumper any worse off for our consultation—accordingly made fee fifty dollars. After supper Hacker drove over—had several games of euchre—Hacker won everything—came near cleaning me out—brought out gallon demi-john of new corn whiskey—then turned tables on Hacker—got him so drunk couldn't mind what was trump—clubs was trump—let me take his right bower with queen of spades—cleaned Hacker out—Hacker good fellow and old friend—must get him drunk again and give him his revenge when he collects his next batch of bills. On the whole a profitable day—never had a better day since I began practice. If the American people have any sense, Butler will be the next President, but I don't give a damn—only let the Whole Hoggers carry Jackson Co. Let me see; yesterday was Saturday—to-day must be Sunday and I forgot all about the cock fight this morning.—Alarming symptoms—memory losing her seat?

MACKHOWLY.

## He Was Just Like Other Men.

THEY were coming out of a dime museum. "I don't believe the wild man of Borneo is a wild man at all," she whispered. "Why not?" he asked. "He's civilized just like other men." "What makes you think so?" "Didn't you see the manager pay him a lot of money?" "Yes, a \$20 bill and a lot of small bills." "Well, didn't you notice how careful the wild man was to fold the twenty outside?" —Chicago News.

## Matrimonial Item.

A GENTLEMAN who had made the acquaintance of a drummer on the train, on reaching St. Louis asked him: "Where is there a cheap but respectable boarding house in this town?" "The cheapest and most respectable boarding house I know of is with my future wife. I always stop with her folks." "So your intended lives here, does she?" "Of course, I've got one in every city in the United States of any prominence." —Texas Siftings.

## Wasn't Libelous.

"Do you want a case, Mr. Smedes?" "Certainly, if there's money in it, and any show for winning," replied the lawyer. "Well, it's for libel. I propose to sue this infernal newspaper for traducing my character." "What has it said?" inquired the lawyer. "Why, it has stated that I am worse than a hog in my family, that I beat my wife and starve my children, and lie when I get a chance, and don't steal because everybody locks the door when I come around, and a whole lot more of the same kind, and I want damages for it." "Is that all?" "Isn't that enough?" "Hardly. You see there's nothing in the statute against a newspaper telling the truth. When the paper tells a lie on you, come around, and I'll see what I can do for you. Good-morning." —Merchant Traveler.

If all so-called remedies have failed, Dr. Sage's Catarrh C remedy cures.



**Jenkins' Silent Partner.**

"JENKINS & Co. Ah, you have a silent partner, Mr. Jenkins?" Inquired a man as he saw Jenkins' new sign.

"Yes, the 'Co.' is the silent partner," replied Jenkins.

"Where is he?"

"In Greenwood. Good morning."—*Brooklyn Times.*

**A Christian Gentleman.**

OLD ALPH went into a grocery store and approaching the proprietor, who stood behind a desk, asked:

"Busy, boss?"

"Yes, what do you want?"

"Wall, I wuz in heah yistidy ter buy er side o' meat. Tole 'em ter sen' it 'roun' ter de house, but—"

"I believe you are an old liar. If you had bought the meat it would have been sent."

"Ain't gwine ter correck de mistake den?"

"No, get out of here."

"All right, boss, suits me well ernuff. Ordered er side o' meat an' paid fur it, but yer folks made er mistake an' dropped me off er barrel o' flour an' er lot o' hams. Didn't know I wuz tradin' wid sich er Christian gennerman. Good day, sah."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

**The Dude and His Pop.**

ONE day there appeared on the streets of a Texas town a dude of the dudiest type, and of course he was the observed of all observers. He was quiet in everything but his dress, and until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon he got along very well, and as he passed a saloon on the opposite side of the street he was saluted by a chorus of yells from a lot of cowboys in front.

"Put a thimble over it," "Tie a blue ribbon to it," "Do it up in pink cotton," "Grease it and slip it into a knot hole," "Give it to a tailor," and such exclamations rang out, and the dude walked very slowly and took it all in.

Finally Bolus Hankus, the terror shouted: "Hold on, boys; git still a minit an' watch the fur fly. Stick your peepers on to that tubular biler hat and see me shoot a hole clear through it."

Bolus pulled his gun, and the other boys stood back to enjoy the sport, while the dude walked slower than ever.

Pop went the gun and the hat flew, but the dude, quicker than a flash, whirled around, and a long, pearl-handled revolver shone in the sunlight for an instant and then cracked. Bolus' hat jumped six feet off his head, and before any of the boys could think, five more hats jumped off, after five little puffs of blue smoke rose from the other side, and then the crowd, with a yell, broke around the corner as if a cyclone had been after them.

The dude smiled and scratched his chin, reflectively:

"Well," he said to himself, "clothes does make some diff in a man's looks; an' I'm a thinkin' if the boys hed knowed I wuz Jim Beardsley they'd let me had my little sport, and not got their hats spiled. Well, well, sich is life. I guess I'd better go over and let 'em irrigate theirselves on my bank account."—*Cincinnati Merchant Traveler.*

AN exchequer—a retired baggage-master.—*Boston Globe.*

ANXIOUS.—No; there are no pianos in heaven—nothing worse than harps.—*Philadelphia Call.*

SOME enterprising burglar might steal Patti's diamonds to advertise her pearls of song.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A SWAMPOODLE philospher bought a hen the other day and named her Verbum because Verbum sat.—*Hatchet.*

THE small boy thinks that the ruling vice is the teacher's command to him to hold out his hand.—*Boston Post.*

By a singular dispensation of Providence a flute cannot be heard any further than a gun will carry.—*Philadelphia Call.*

THE convicts in the commonwealth's prison at Charlestown consider themselves, one and all, State's men.—*Boston Transcript.*

OF the 32,000 Indians in Dakota 30,000 are said to speak the English language almost as well as any imported theatrical star.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"I KNOW a good cure for General Grant's difficulties," said the Mule Editor to Punnywag last week. "What's that!" asked Punnywag. "Sinecure."—*Hatchet.*

It is announced that Vanderbilt does not drink coffee. Since hearing this, we have also ceased to imbibe. We are bound to be a millionaire if possible.—*Through Mail.*

"SONNY, can you tell me the nearest way to East Boston?" said a countryman to a boy the other day. "Go to East Boston ferry and you'll be tolled," was the reply.—*Boston Courier.*

"MUSICAL instruments are now made of paper," says an exchange. That's nothing new. There's many a paper converted into an organ during a political campaign.—*N. Y. Journal.*

MR. J. D. HOUSTON, on Monday, shot the editor of a New Orleans newspaper. Mr. Houston is a kind hearted gentleman. He didn't want to see the poor devil starve to death.—*Newman Independent.*

A LAWYER is about bringing out a new work of short-hand for the reason that under all the present systems "lawyer" and "liar" are made alike. Better let the old stand.—*Somerville Journal.*

ACCORDING to a Quincy, Ill., debating club there is more pleasure in seeing a man thread a needle than a woman drive a nail. Now they should decide which causes the most pain.—*Boston Globe.*

IN some parts of Japan, a wife can be procured for sixteen dollars, and she will be a young girl at that. Boston is ahead of Japan, however. A number of Boston girls have been known to give themselves away.—*Through Mail.*

**Tall Oaks from Little Acorns Grow.**

Great and good results often spring from small deeds and so fatal diseases come of a seemingly trifling neglect. Colds neglected often lead to serious catarrhal troubles. If this is your case lose no time in becoming acquainted with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Its healing virtues will surprise you. It is simple, efficacious, speedy, sure. Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges from the nose into the throat are symptoms of this horrible complaint.

THERE'S no trouble about twisting the tail of a sleeping bulldog. The disagreeable part comes when you let go.—*Tid Bits.*

"EARLY Man in America" is the title of a new book. It is evidently either a history of the man who sits up all night to catch an early train, or else of the man who came in early after helping a friend post up his books all night.—*Brooklyn Times.*

"PLACE AUX DAMES!" Magistrate (newly appointed)—"Now, constable, what cases this morning?" Police sergeant—"Please, your worship, I have in custody John Simmons, alias Jones, alias Smith, al—" Magistrate—"Ah, well—I'll try the women first. Bring in Alice Jones!"—*London Punch.*

THERE had been some illness in the family, and when a kind hearted but inquisitive neighbor asked Johnny who had been sick he promptly answered: "Oh, it's my brother that's all." "What was the matter with him?" "Nuffin', only he was just sick." "I know, but what ailed him?" "Oh, I dunno," "What did he have?" "He had the doctor." That closed the inquisition.—*Hartford Post.*

SHE—"If it was not for women the churches would have to close. Religion would die out if it were not for the women."

HE—"Bah! Don't you know why women go to church?"

SHE—"I know what you would say. To show their clothes."

HE—"That's one reason, and the other is that they get in for nothing. Let a woman in free anywhere and she will go in shoals. Woman is the perfect dead-head of the universe."—*Progress.*

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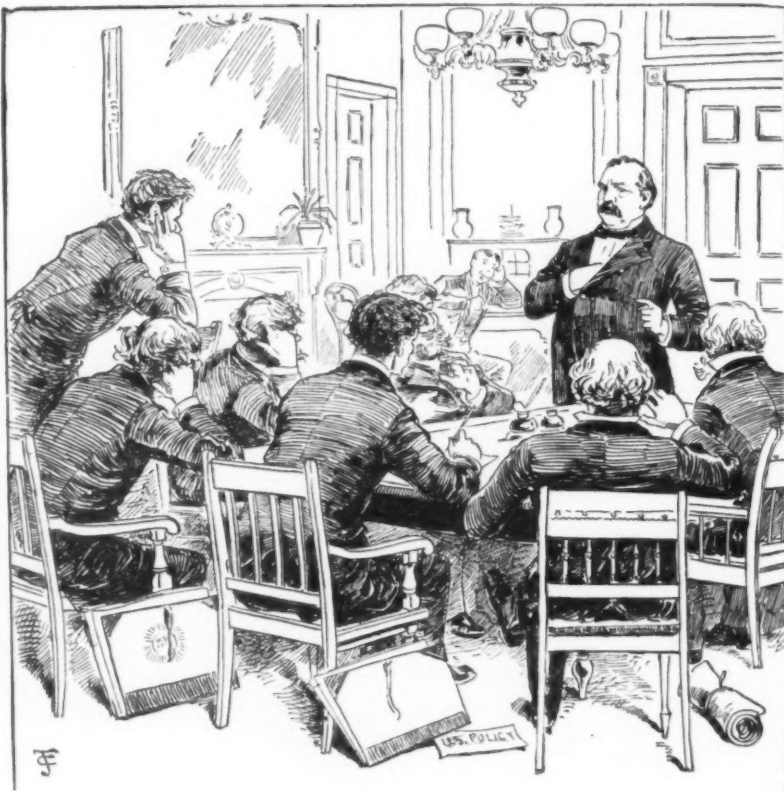
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The publishers of the Capitol City Home Guest, the well-known Illustrated Literary and Family Magazine, make the following liberal offer for the New Year: The person telling us the names of the verses in the Bible, before March 1st, will receive a Gold Watch, Lady's Hunting Cased Swiss Watch, worth \$50; If there be more than one correct answer, the second will receive an elegant Green-winding Gentleman's Watch, the third, a sterling English Watch. Each person must send 25 cts. with their answer, in which they will receive three months' subscription to the Capitol City Home Guest, a 50 page Illustrated New Year Book, a Case of 25 art.-pieces that the ladies will appreciate, and paper containing names of winners. Prizes taken. Address Pubs. of HOME GUEST, HARTFORD, CONN.



PRESIDENT CLEVELAND TO HIS CABINET, MARCH 4th, 1885.

Gentlemen: In entering upon the administration of public affairs, let us first discuss the question of Policy. No doubt each of you has a policy.

*Members of Cabinet:* Yes! yes! we all have Policies.

*President:* Your careful consideration will be required in the matter of a Foreign Policy.

*Members of Cabinet:* No! no! We want a United States Policy.

*President:* Let us reach facts. What is your Policy?

*Members of Cabinet:* An Accident Policy in the UNITED STATES MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION at half rates. The best in the world.

*President:* Gentlemen, I find I have made no mistake. Your Policy is the best one. You have acted with wisdom, fore-thought and prudence. You have protected yourselves, you are capable of protecting the public at large. I know THE UNITED STATES MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION to be a sound institution; its rates are low; it has no valid claims contested nor any unpaid. With this gratifying assurance, we will now proceed to discuss the next most important question, the Spanish Treaty.

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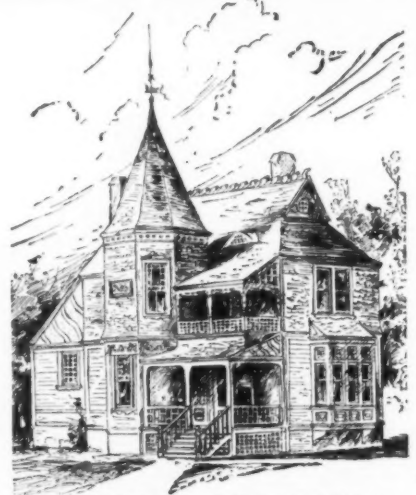
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AUNT SARAH—"How can you receive attentions from that Tom Bramble? He'll be asking for your hand, first thing you know, and he's the worst fellow of all who come here." Edith—"Yes, I am aware of that, aunt; and I want him to ask me and have done with it. It's always best, you remember, to know the worst at once."—*Boston Transcript.*

"THERE, see that boy, Job," said Mrs. Shattle, excitedly, "wading in the water up to his knees. I believe he doesn't know enough to come in when it rains." "Don't seem as if he did." "Hasn't he rubber boots on?" "Of course, but what of that? He'll get his feet wet just the same." "Boots leak?" "No." "Then how does he get his feet wet?" "I'd ask how did you get your feet wet when you were a boy?" "I went barefoot."—*Hartford Post.*



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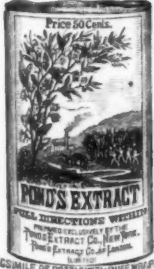
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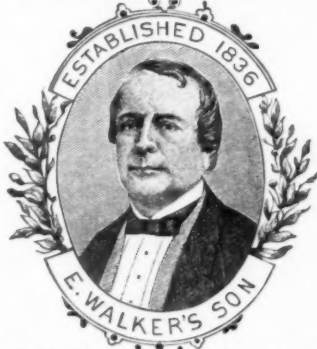


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A BOSTON newspaper man had his cheek frozen while he was doing an assignment the other day. This seems incredible, but it is true.—*Boston Globe.*

"HERE you are!" shouted a vender of toy balloons; "here you are! A little one for a cent!" But all the same it cost a dime to get one.—*N. Y. Journal.*

A bank manager and accountant were tomahawked in a branch office of the Union Bank of Australia. Canada is a long way from Australia.—*Brooklyn Times.*

QUEEN VICTORIA has given the Marquis of Normandy a Bath order. Are we to infer from this that the Marquis belongs to the great unwashed of the United Kingdom.—*Boston Transcript.*

"TOMMY," said a San Antonio mother to her little boy, "your uncle will be here to dinner to-day, and you must have your face washed." "Yes, ma, but s'posin he don't come. What then?"—*Texas Siftings.*

A CINCINNATI paper heads its story of the reception to London's great journalist with "Salva, Sala," and the people of the Paris of America think it a patent medicine ad. and skip the column.—*Boston Globe.*

"JOHN L. SULLIVAN will make a capital minister when he retired from the agonistic arena," said a gentleman the other day. "Why?" was asked. "Because he will be one of the greatest ex-pounders in the world."—*Boston Courier.*

FIRST aid to the injured lecturer. "In case a man had fallen from a five story building, what would be the first thing to do?" First pupil—"Bathe his head and chafe his hands." Second pupil—"Pick him up."—*Hartford Post.*

If there is anything in this vale of tears sadder than a boy with no hand-sled when the sleighing is good, it is to see a tramp standing in front of a restaurant window taking a square meal by the eye-ball process.—*Chicago Ledger.*

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE made a mistake in leaving a diary and a son, or in allowing the two to become acquainted. However, you cannot blame Julian for working his father's literary remains for all they are worth. Where's the good of having a father if you can't use him?—*Boston Transcript.*

"FATHER," asked the young son of Deacon Squibbs; "what is the difference between a man that dyes woolen lambs and a New York editor?"

"Well now, really my son," beaming benignly on his off spring; "I am not prepared to state. What is the difference?"

"Why, pa, one is a lamb dyer and the other a—"

"What! what! my son!"

"New York editor," continued the youth rolling his tongue around in his cheek.—*Ex.*

"Frozen Facts" is a purely American expression, and one, too, of recent origin. It has the merit of attracting attention, and also seems to bear conviction of truthfulness on its face. We make room in our issue of to-day, for a fact of this character. A correspondent, Henry Whiting, Esq., of Boston, Mass., says: "Dr. R. V. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery' has cured my son of a fever-sore of two years standing. Please accept our gratitude." We believe it to be a fact, whether "frozen" or otherwise, that America needs more men like Mr. Whiting; men who act, men who investigate truths, and seize opportunities.

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