

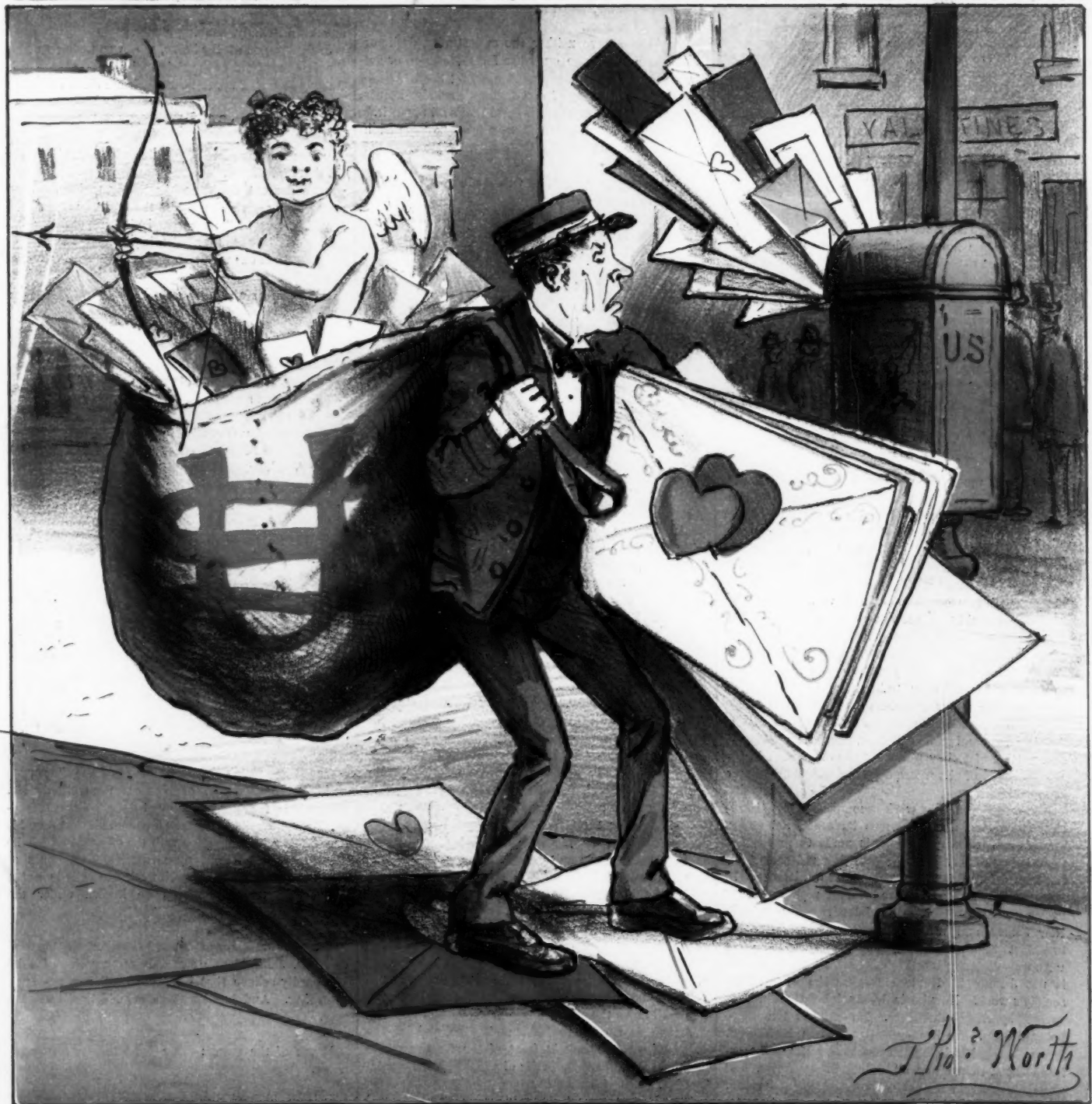


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ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.
THE OVERLOADED POSTMAN.

DOMALDSON BROTHERS FIVE POINTS NEW YORK



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Nothing Funny for the Postmen.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY may be a very amusing season for love-sick swains and expectant maidens. It may be a great event in the lives of the young of both sexes, who then have a chance to gush in—all the way from one cent to one hundred dollar rhyme—when custom permits them to be just too sweet to live, but the Cupid season is anything but funny to the weary, overloaded postmen, who are obliged to tote around all this accumulated gush, and they undoubtedly wish in their hearts that old Val had been stepped on by a camel while yet an infant. But if there had been no St. Valentine, there probably would have been something or somebody else for goslings to patronize.

Mr. Henry Bergh.

THE fact must be apparent everywhere that Mr. Henry Bergh, the President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, is really one of the greatest of men, in his own estimation, in New York. When he first displayed an inclination to secure the punishment of all who were cruel in their treatment of the horse he received well-merited praise from the better classes in this community, and was ridiculed by brutes who could talk as well as walk. His society flourished, men and women alike contributed handsome sums towards its maintenance. According to law the fines exacted from persons convicted of cruelty to horses were paid over to him, and he was a very much marked man wherever he went. Yet he was not happy. He turned his attention to those who handle fighting dogs and game cocks, and became a terror in that portion of society which is to be discovered in the neighborhood of pits where dogs and chickens engage in terrific battles.

Annual reports of the work accomplished by his society show that many bad men have suffered at Mr. Bergh's hands, but no attempt is made to prove that there is less cruelty to horses, less dog and cock fighting than before this society came into existence. In fact, the daily newspapers are brilliant with reports of exciting "mains" on Long Island, Staten Island, New Jersey, and Westchester County, and at the breakfast table the family may frequently read of "Another Rattling Dog Fight." Mr. Bergh, it seems, is not dismayed. He is enlarging the scope of his society's work. Now he is deeply interested in preventing sparring exhibitions. No one can tell where he will stop. He has erected a throne for himself. Seated in royal style, he dictates to the Mayor, Superintendent of Police, and all others in authority, and groans because he cannot control the sun and moon. Great is Mr. Bergh! How unhappy we would be without him!

Hunting in America.

THE foreigner who comes to America on a hunting trip is not always in search of wild game. He is too frequently in quest of the hard-earned dollars of the American citizen, and by trick and device often fills his bag. The extraordinary individual with field-glasses, fishing-rods, rifles, revolvers, bowie-knives, flasks, and other knickknacks strapped about him, may hunt the buffalo and be hunted in return, and Americans will not suffer. But when he plots to swindle the unsophisticated inhabitants of North America out of their wealth, he becomes a very dangerous commodity in the market. As there is an unusually large number of this class of confidence men in New York at the present time, THE JUDGE hopes to put many of his constituents on their guard.

One Pleasant Sleigh-Ride.

Josh worked in a foundry.

His girl Belindy toiled in a paper-box factory.

But what of that?

People who have neither the opportunity, desire or misfortune to sponge on other folks—to steal, or get themselves forcibly matriculated among the life students or alumni of any of our distinguished almshouses or penitentiaries, must work—and that's all about it.

Since the last heavy fall of snow nearly every girl in the paper-box factory, except Belindy, had been treated by their "fellars" to sleigh-rides.

But not by a long shot was Belindy going to be slighted in that way.

No, not even if she had to pay for a rig with her own money, and invite Josh to do the driving.

On the latter terms, Josh generously volunteered to sacrifice an afternoon's work, and accompany her on the sleigh-ride.

Belindy was hilariously jubilant over his kind acquiescence, and lost no time in telling her numerous working companions of the forthcoming sleigh-ride.

Josh, who had never before in his life driven a horse, determined to try his initial manipulation of the reins on "a right smart stepper."

The appointed afternoon for their sleigh-ride came, and with it a light fall of snow.

"All the better for sleighing," mutually thought Josh and Belindy.

The latter was to get in the sleigh in front of the factory.

Previous to her starting, all Belindy's working companions strove to outdo each other in assisting her with her toilet and dressing for the occasion.

One girl, whose name is immaterial, but her father is a tinker, even went so far as to expend two cents on a stick of carmine-coated peppermint candy to tint Belindy's cheeks with.

Another lent her a pink, woolen neck-comforter, to wrap around her limb extremities to keep them warm.

At the appointed hour Josh drove lickety-split up in front of the factory.

The "hoss" he drove was a right smart stepper. At least, so his wild and nervous mode of holding the reins would indicate.

Gracefully along behind the sleigh, in the mosaic-hued slush of the street, dragged the buffalo robe, with all the limp charm of a girl's white skirt trailing on a New York cross-walk, after a spring shower.

Owing to the comforter being wrapped around her understandings, it was with manifest difficulty that Belindy got near the sleigh at all.

"Don't get in till I back up," cried Josh.

But the insubordinate equine wouldn't "back up" worth a cent.

Instead, either having become frightened at the countless white handkerchiefs, which were being boisterously waved by the girls through the factory windows at the prospective sleigh-riders, or Josh's unskillful tenure of the reins, the horse started and ran pell-mell down the street.

A policeman came to Josh's assistance, and led the fractious animal back in front of the factory, where Belindy, trembling like a relic of a last summer's palm leaf fan, got in the sleigh.

They had scarcely driven a block when she gasped "Oh!—oh! Josh, let's turn back. I'm so afraid!"

The sudden jolt of the sleigh over a rut in the road caused Belindy to nearly bite the top of her tongue off, and Josh's stove-pipe hat to bounce from his head.

Belindy, whose feet were closely encased in the woolen comforter, of course, could not obey Josh's command to jump out of the sleigh and pick up his hat.

So he had to leave the reins in her hands, and get out after it himself.

On observing him, a gang of juvenile hoodlums, who had congregated on a street corner near by, immediately began yelling: "Oh! is that you, Freddy Gebhard; an' did yer let the purty Lily Langtry git her mad up, an' knock yer tile off?" etc., etc.

After recovering his hat, and emphatically expressing, with clenched fists, a few scriptural passages to the clamorous hoodlums, Josh returned, in no pleasant state of mind, to the sleigh, wherein Belindy sat crying, and her tears having blended with the carmine candy coloring on her cheeks, gave her, unobserved by Josh, a strikingly ensanguined facial appearance.

"What are ye blubberin' about?" peevishly asked Josh, re-starting the horse.

"At—at ther way them boys hollered names at us," answered Belindy, sobbing louder.

Josh, enraged at the horse, who was trying to kick the dashboard out of the sleigh with his hind legs, told Belindy to "shet up, or he'd chuck her clean out of the sleigh."

"I'd jist like to ketch ye a-doin' it!" she spunkily retorted.

"Gimme enny more of yer blamed sass, an' ye'll see if I don't!" he cried.

"Ye dassent do it, ye big humly molder, ye! I guess 'twas my chink as hired the rig," she replied.

"That may be," he sarcastically responded, "but ye couldn't hire another feller in the city fur love or money to ride out with sich a brazin-mugged critter as you be."

Belindy immediately dashed one of her massive palms across Josh's face with a force that sent the reins fling out of his hands.

The suddenly-released horse started on a brisk trot, and ran deliberately into an itinerant ragman's cart, that stood in the middle of the street.

The ragman swore.

Belindy yelled "Let me out!"

Josh bawled "Whoa" at the top of his foundry voice.

The sight of Belindy's ensanguined-looking face and bandaged limbs, the latter made visible as a policeman lifted her out of the sleigh, then afforded a brace of voracious reporters a rich chance to write her up as "a beautiful young lady of apparent big social prestige and Knickerbockerish associations, discovered with tied feet and ruby gore trickling down her exquisite lineaments, in the act of being forcibly abducted in the broad daylight on one of our public thoroughfares, by a barefaced villain," etc., etc. Josh was promptly arrested, and next morning given the judicial choice of paying ten dollars fine, or get out of town indefinitely. He accepted the latter alternatively, not from mercenary motives, but from a justifiable dread of ever again meeting Belindy or her factory companions, who sent him word that the first chance they got, they would tar and feather him.

ADELE.

OUR Democratic neighbors "over in Jersey" propose making Mr. Connolly, of Newark, Controller. Mr. Connolly is, for aught we know to the contrary, thoroughly well qualified for the place and all that, but his name, taken in connection with the office to which he aspires, awakens unhappy memories—hereabouts at least. It is stated that the Newark Connolly is not a relative of the gentleman once known under the soubriquet of "Slippery Dick."

"GENERAL" SPINOLA wants it distinctly understood that Mr. John Kelly "can't sit on my (his) head." We hardly believe that Mr. Kelly meditates any such posturing. And besides there is a shirt collar in the way.

Motto of the crank: One good turn deserves another.

It is a cold day indeed when the small boy can't find a hole in the ice to drop through.



GEORGE H. SANDISON, under your able management *The Star* has become one of the newsiest newspapers in this city, and the stockholders should rejoice.

EDWARD MOTT, of the Erie, when you return with that excursion party from the ice-bridge at Niagara, it will be time enough to tell what you saw on the trip.

CHARLES COLLINS, if men three feet in height are allowed to browbeat men six feet in height, such important personages as Mr. Slade will be compelled to take to the woods.

JUSTICE PATRICK GAVAN DUFFY, your eloquent speech at the banquet given at the Stevens House on Tuesday night in your honor, ought to make the rulers of the old world shake in their shoes.

INSPECTOR BYRNES, we notice with pride that you have very handsome men stationed at Wall street and Broadway, and Wall and Broad streets, in order to frighten "bad men" away from that neighborhood, and yet we are almost certain that many "bad men" still flourish in those neighborhoods.

EX-JUDGE HORACE RUSSELL, one of the worst blunders made by the Republicans in November last, in our opinion, was their failure to nominate you to succeed yourself as Superior Court Judge. Either O'Gorman or Ingraham would not to-day occupy a seat on the bench of that court had you received a nomination. As an Assistant District Attorney and as a Superior Court Judge, you have a record which entitles you to the respect of your fellow-citizens. You are yet a young man, however, and we anticipate a splendid career for you.

Our Special Reporter Interviews "Red Cloud," The Sioux Chieftain.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 5th, 1883.

DEAR JUDGE:—In obedience to instructions contained in your letter of the 2d inst. ("Special Order, No. 34, first Series, 1883), I clamped the repertorial pencil wielders in the button-holes of Red Cloud's "your putton cut away coat" (purchased by the Indian Agent upon his arrival here from Levi Herzog for \$3.50, and charged against the Sioux tribal funds at \$18), in the corridors of the Interior Department, on Saturday the 4th instant.

In addition to the aforesaid "v. p. c. a. c.," the old warrior was adorned with a ten-cent plaque of Mrs. Langtry tied around his neck with a shoe-string, white plug hat, harness martingales for earrings, fancy dress shirt buttoned rear part in front, and polished bosom down his back, a pair of "hand me down" pants—held up by patent clothes-pins attached to his shirt, and with bare feet thrust in rubber over-shoes, his *tout ensemble* was very striking and aesthetic.

After supplying him with a package of "opium soaked" cigarettes, I proceeded to extract the following Indian definitions and translations of the "pale-face, tongue" from his copper-colored nibs:

An impecunious newspaper-man, in the Sioux dialect means: "He-that-walks-on-his-uppers." A temperance lecturer: "Old-man-afraid-of-his-bug-juice." A Pugilist: "Heap chin fighter,—no goody without *truss*." Ben Butler: "The Bald Headed Snipe of the Housatonic." John A. Logan: "The Jay Crested Hawk of the Wabash." A Philadelphia Physician: "Big medicine man with snide diploma." A "Fresh" Kid: "Papoose who'll find out it is loaded." An Editor: "Old-man-mashed-on-his-scissors-and-paste-pot." A Drummer: "He-that-sports-the-sealskin-over-coat." A Dentist: "Him-who-plugs-the-white-man's-jaw-with-tea-lead." A Government Clerk: "Little Chief afraid of his Civil Service Examination." An Indian Agent: "One who handles the truth-heap careless." The Quail Fiend: "Brave that tries to 'knock out' um belly." A Gambler: "He that puts up his *ante* after visiting his 'Uncle.' (Levi.)

To put Indian's his X mark on white man's paper



"Well, 'pon me soul if they haven't put Father Duffy in the ice-box, an' have blackened the poor departed's eye an' sated him at the table wid a pipe in his mouth an' a bottle afore him lookin' as natural as loife."

in token of friendship, means: "Take away red man's reservation—move him to fever and ague country in spring."

White man marry squaw, means: "Loaf around agency and draw rations as member of tribe." Indian take pale-face's scalp, means: "Great Father! give us a new agent, or there'll be h—I to pay when the grass gets green again." An authority by Secretary of Interior for a delegation of Indians to visit Washington, means: "New suit of shoddy clothes and brass medals all around; plenty fire-water; photographs for ladies of Boston 'Society for the Introduction of Baked Beans among the Savages;' and a \$500 'divy' between the agent and interpreter on raised expense vouchers."

To get the annual allowance of supplies increased by the Government, means: "A little more sand in the sugar; two-thirds of chickory to one-third of coffee, instead of *vice versa* as formerly; the extra red blankets proportionately fuller of moth-eaten holes, and a larger rock than usual in the center of any additional barrels of pork."

At this point the Department officials "tumbled" to my interviewing racket, and Red Cloud was seduced away by the promise of a demijohn of "tangle-foot," and I was politely requested to "skip the gutter"—which I did, assisted by a Senegambian porter's No. 14 brogan.

I will try and corral the old warrior again though at his hotel (where he sleeps on the floor and puts his dog in the bed), and obtain some more information, but doubt whether I will be as successful as the "power that be," will probably keep him secluded from the undersigned until he leaves for Dakota, next week.

However, hoping the accompanying data will be considered sufficient for your contemplated book of "Aboriginal Translations," I am awaiting further orders.

Yours truly,
JEFF. JOSLYN, Special Reporter.

THE one thousand five hundred and sixty-fifth member of Balaklava's heroic "six hundred," has just died somewhere in Pennsylvania. Still there's a few thousand more.

ARTESIAN wells have proved a great benefit to Bath, Me. Couldn't they get water enough for a bath any other way?

WHEN the Egyptian "fellahs" saw the Highland troops advance on them, they feared an attack on their breeches and couldn't stand the pressure.

A MASQUERADER who personated George Washington, got drunk and was chopped down by the police. The judge fined him fifteen dollars for disgracing himself and making the original George the trouble subsequent to apologizing to the other angels, in telling them that while he navigated the "mundane sphere, he never attended bal masques and got full of beer.

HOTELS are getting all the conveniences. Guests can expect fire places when they go to their rooms.

It is said that chickory is being adulterated. Yes, we've noticed a grain or two of coffee in our chickory of late.

IN a certain western town several shooting affairs at a revival has stirred such an interest that sinners are flocking in from all quarters.

TWO negroes lately abducted a septuagenarian. We always held that spring chickens were only about half safe when the colored population was loose.

BALTIMORE has an undertaker, says an exchange, who sells coffins on the weekly payment plan. This lays out anything we have heard of yet.

PENSIARI ITALIANI.

Non ti scordar di me.
—Campagna.

WHEN first I felt the wild sad yearning
For Betsy Ann within me burning,
My heart so constant ever turning
To her, the live long day,
I vowed no English vile, if any,
Should voice my love for Bezzie Auni,
That I would sing Italiani,
Non ti scordar di me.

I sought the maestro Fissilim
That I, a youthful Janchi grini,
Might chant, according to Farinj
Wake sweetly my guitar.
I fondly thought with this assistance
To overcome all coy resistance
Pleading with passionate persistence
Non ti di me scordar.

When dusky night hung darkly veiling,
And sparking fire-bugs went sailing,
My stealthy footsteps o'er the paling
Crept lightly from ajar.
Upon one knee, beneath her windo',
In amorous dulcet tones begin to
Bespeak her pity, a la Cirillo
Non ti di me scordar.

Be still, fond heart, at my reproving,
At lattice now I hear her moving,
And soon shall catch her accents loving
Responding to my lay.
Swiss-s-s-h!—like Athens' sage, old Socrates,
I'd caught a douche that made me sneeze
And strangle, chokingly I cease
Non ti scordar di me.

Then I arose rampageous, irate,
And like a parching pea did gyrate,
Breathing invectives at a high rate,
I cussed my natal day.
Then, as I drizzled home disgusted,
My guitar on the fence I busted,
Slop slinging girls have since mistrusted,
Non ti scordar di me.
Ah!—no.

—J. HETCHEL.

Boys.

THE boy is a domestic animal, found in all inhabited countries. It belongs to the human race, and subsists chiefly on what it can get.

There are many species of this animal, including the good, bad, truthful, naughty story-telling, bold, bashful, and other kinds.

The habits of boys are so numerous that I shall tell you a little of each species.

The good kind are very rare, although many mothers think they possess perfect specimens.

If you should chance to come across one of this kind, beware of it, for it has been unnaturally trained, and the true nature may appear at any time.

There was once a boy of this kind, who had a sister, and they were allowed to roam around together.

The design on the little girl's tombstone was beautiful,—an angel holding out its arms to the girl, while near by stood the good brother, with an unloaded gun in his hands!

The bad boy is more numerous, owing to his hardy nature, having been known to eat green apples, and play with toy pistols with impunity. To be sure, sometimes they get the lockjaw, but that is regarded as a blessing, for then they cannot make so much noise.

The truthful boy is very plentiful in story-books, but outside of them he is regarded as a fabulous creature.

We have records of some, but what's record?

Now, it is asserted that George Washington exclaimed to his paternal papa, "Father I cannot tell a lie."

I don't deny this, only when you hear the whole story, his seemingly strange conduct is explained.

Had you been in the dining-room of Mr. W.'s house on that memorable occasion, you would have seen a small boy enter and exclaim to himself, "The old gent has found it out, and I'll either have to bluff him off or stand a lickin'."



THE SCHOOLMASTER VERY MUCH ABROAD.

"Jim, the teacher's in there."
"How d'yer know?"
"I seen him went down."
"Then shut up, yer fool, or he'll be fished out an' resuscitated."

Just then, in came the father and said, "George, my favorite cherry-tree is cut down; who could have done it?"

"Dunno," replied George.

"The hired girl says she saw you sharpening your little hatchet," observed the old gent.

"'Twas for to cut some kin'lin'-wood for the old wo—I mean mamma," said George; "and pa, I'd discharge that hired girl if I was you, 'cause she just begged me to cut that tree down, and I wouldn't do it."

"The hired man says he saw you go away with your hatchet, and return with a cherry-switch," growled the elder Washington.

"'Taint so," whined the younger; "but I believe the horse chewed that tree down when the hired man let it tramp all over the yard yesterday."

"Your mother tells me that your coat and hat were found at the foot of the stump," thundered the parent.

"I was so tired carryin' the kin'lin', and ma wanted me to run over and tell Tommy Jefferson's pa to come over before you got back," retorted George.

"George," said his father, "why do you prevaricate? I saw you cut down that tree myself."

"'Twas then that George broke into a smile and affectionately said:

"Of course you did, pap; I was only foolin'—for 'father I cannot tell a lie.' I did it with my little hatchet."

So you see that even the most truthful boys stretch the truth a little at times. I will not describe the story-telling boys, for they are too common. As for the bold boy, he makes it uncomfortable to those around him, as the following incident will show:

A highly respectable gentleman was out one day, when it occurred to him that his boots needed a shine. So he called a boy who followed the profession of boot-blackening, and gently informed him that his services were required.

The boy happened to belong to the bold species, and so he shaded his eyes, looked at the boots, then slowly walked around them, and looking up, he thrust his hands into his pockets, and said coolly: "Do you intend to pay me by the hour; or would you prefer me to take a contract of the job?"

The bold boy is never afraid to express an opinion.

A kind old lady was talking to one once, and she remarked: "When silvery locks like mine adorn your head—;" and as she paused momentarily, the boy looked eagerly up, and a disappointed look stole over his face, as he exclaimed: "Hanged if I can see any thing but gray hair!"

A bashful boy is too fearful of making mistakes, while a bold boy doesn't care at all.

Now, when a boy friend of mine defined the waiters in a restaurant as "the customers of it," he was ashamed, and afterwards would rather skip a question than answer one he was not sure of.

There are other kinds of boys—but I have given you enough points to enable you to learn a great deal about them if you try.

And now just one more point I have given you the scientific name of the animal. Of course, if you wish to inquire further about them, you must not use it. Always allude to boys as "kids."

EDDIE J. COOKE.

Ye Philanthropic Sportsman.

Oh, Papa! See the Great Philanthropist! Watch him Put Up the \$5,000 Boodle for a Slugging Match! Does he Do it Because he wants the American People to Copper him for a Rothschild if he Loses, or is it because He is On The Make?

Neither, my Son! He is Stuck on the Manly Art of Self-Defense; and with his Lofty Mind above all Avaricious things, Does not take into Consideration at all the Fact that His Paper, the *Puncher's Guide*, will attain an Extra 100,000 Circulation per week, during the Six Months pending the Fight!

Dear Parent, when I Grow Up to be a Man, I shall always Come In the Game when I hold a Straight Flush like That!

Do so, My Boy! And if you are Fox-y enough to Stock The Cards *quite often*, you may Become a Philanthropist yourself Some Day!!

PEN in French is feminine. We suppose this is because that after a pen has been handled too much it does not write.

A GIRL who works in a paper mill says that she can rule flats. She'll soon want to get married, we expect.

A TRAVELER asserts that only thirty thousand full blooded Sandwich Islanders now exist, against five hundred thousand a hundred years ago. Yes, civilization strides fast, and if a man is half full of beer, he'd be one and a half times full if he still carried a full complement of blood.

THERE was splendid skating in Sacramento recently, but no one enjoyed it. The reason was that there were no skates west of Chicago.

COUNTRYMAN, BUNCO AND THINGS.



Having arrived in our city, he is at a loss to understand the peculiar signs he sees in our city parks.



He is fortunate that he meets with a "gentleman," whom, it seems, knows his family and friends in his native town, and—



Who has been so very lucky as to draw a large prize in a lottery. But—



Wishes our friend, Masher, to accompany him. But on a policeman making his appearance, the "gentleman" friend mysteriously disappears. He is—



Somewhat disagreeably surprised at the peculiar behavior of our steam-heating arrangements, and—



Resolving to go up-town, gets upon the wrong side of the elevated station, and, when he crosses over, is there met by an employee, who uses language anything but gentlemanly.



He also takes particular notice of how very persistent the clothiers are in certain localities of our city. But—



He at last is so fortunate as to get steady employment in a Ladies Underwear Emporium, and resolves to remain in future with us.



His services are greatly appreciated by his employer for his agreeableness and extreme politeness to the ladies.



A PREFERRED CREDITOR.

"DEAR SIR.—The entire assets of Mungo, deceased, are a widow and ten children, all girls, and we will forward the lot as you may direct."

His Explanation.

The light in the parlor was dim,
And the fire burned low in the grate,
As sat she awaiting for him,
From seven till long after eight.

At length of her lone vigil tired,
And watching the hands of the clock,
A message to him thus she wired,
"Why are you so late, dearest Doc?"

This answer he telephoned back,
"My own little pet, Colleen Bawn,
My absence is due to the fact—
Alas! that my ulster's in pawn.

"Which garment I cannot redeem
In time for to see you to-night;
So go to bed, lovey, and dream,
Tho' coatless, Doc's heart is all right!" —A.

Sketch From O'Shaughnessy's "Pen."

A CERTAIN charitable editor in an adjoining city, while sitting alone in his office recently, was startled by a sharp, earthquake knock on his front door.

"Come in!" he gasped, having nearly lost his breath through fright at the sudden knock.

"That's phwat Oi'll do!" exclaimed a burly Celtic granger, who hurriedly entered, bearing palpable evidences of his agricultural pursuits about his person beside the "aromatic" vestiges of guano on his mammoth boots.

"What is your business, sir?" demanded the editor, in surprise.

"Och, not mooch!" complacently replied the granger, seating himself on the editor's paste-pot, and putting his feet on a pile of fresh, unexamined exchanges close by, "barrin' Oi wanted to ax ye if ye'd sind yer papur ivery wake fur a year tum me at home to read fur the ould 'oman an' the childhur if Oi hadn't the munny to pay fur it, but id bring ye in the valye av it in sumthin Oi raised on me farrum?"

"All right; I'll do it," said the editor; "but see that you bring in promptly what you have promised."

"Faith, an' Oi will sur, an' brought an' airy to-morry mawrnin' at that!" ejaculated the granger, as he wrote his address for the editor.

Next morning, as the editor, who is an eligible bachelor, was doing the courteously agreeable to a very pretty young lady friend, who had stepped in out of the rain, in stalked the burly granger, leading a small tan-colored pig by a rope.

The diminutive porcine soon went for the curly capillary hide of the editor's pet poodle.

The lady caller, in a state of affrighted horror, and screaming to the top of her voice, leaped up on the editor's desk, and upset a bottle of printer's ink over an editorial in the composition of which he had spent three sleepless nights, the article being captioned: "If the English put Arabi Bey to Death, *cui bono?*"

"W—what do you mean, sir?" yelled the enraged editor, as, armed with the elbow of a stove-pipe, he vainly essayed to separate the little porker's epicurean front molars from his pet dog's curls, "to bring such a dirty, filthy, cannibalistic animal into my office? Away, away! take it away at once, I tell you, or I shall shoot it!"

"Och," coolly replied the granger, as he yanked the animals apart, "ye needn't make sooch a fuss over nothin', sur. This same little pig is the pet o' me family at home, an' 'twus be hard work Oi could tare him from 'em at all, at all, to giv ye in considerashun fur yer papur."

"Oh, horrors! take it back to your pig-bereaved family, or anywhere out of my office, and I'll send you the paper free!" exclaimed the editor, together with other remarks, as the granger and tiny grunter departed, conveying the fact that said editor wished no more "animated equivalents" for subscription-money, or productions from rural "pens."

Signs and Omens.

To see the father of your girl approaching with anger in his eye and a heavy cane raised in his right hand, is a sign that you are going to travel.

To lose \$50,000, and not have enough money left to buy a dinner, is a sign of poverty.

To be hit on the head with a brick is a sign of bad luck.

To lose a leg in a railroad accident, is a sign that you will be a cripple for life.

To dream of a monster with seven eyes, a tongue of fire, a forked tail, and a double-barreled head, is a sign that you ate a dish of pickled pigs' feet, a mince pie, and a plate of tripe before retiring.

To throw a stone at a skunk is a sign that you are going to get a new suit of clothes.

To be mistaken for a chromo peddler, and kicked off a front stoop, is a bad omen.

To be seized with an attack of pneumonia signifies that you will receive a visit from a physician.

Marrying a girl for her money, and discovering after the knot is tied that she is not worth seven dollars and a half, is a sign of disappointment and profanity.

To go to see a girl seven nights a week, and remain each time until 2 a. m., is not a good omen. It signifies a softening of the brain.

To be left five hundred thousand dollars by a rich uncle in Germany, is a sign of good luck or a newspaper lie.

To marry a red-headed girl foretells that you will be obliged to get up first in the morning to build the fires.

To undertake to play "Hamlet," without at least one month's stage experience, is a sign of insanity.

To see your best girl going to the opera with another fellow is a good omen. It signifies that you will not have to foot the bill, however much you may want to foot your rival.

SINCE hotels have adopted a coil of knotted rope as a fire-escape, some young ladies wear their best silk stockings to bed when traveling and stopping at hotels. They say they would rather become what newspapers call "holocausts" than to have, horrid men see them shinning down a rope barefoot, or wearing a pair of twenty-cent stockings. Verily, the ruling passion is vigorous in the face of death.

An oculist in England is said to have died of remorse, for a grave mistake made by him in an operation. It is strongly suspected that the patient died, and the oculist's grave mistake was in not demanding his fee before he commenced the operation. It was very provoking, it must be confessed; but hardly sufficient to induce him to take his life—unless it was a Dr. Bliss sort of fee.

A RURAL chap, with a great deal of music in his soul, visited the city last week, and stopped in front of an opera house where the orchestra was rendering Wagnerian airs. "Going in?" asked a friend, tapping him on the shoulder. "Well, yes, I calculate to," he replied, "but I guess I'll wait till they get through mending boilers inside. I want to hear the music."

OLIVE LOGAN appears to be losing caste in England. In her last newspaper-letters she says nothing about dining with a Duke, or going shopping with a Duchess. Such an omission never occurred before.

THE BARTENDER.

With many a twist mixed drinks I make,
The cocktail, punch and cobbler;
With many a brandy smash I shake
The thirst of Wall street squabbler.
I pour, I shake, I draw, make change,
And turn the faucet lever,
While men may come, and men may go,
But I sling the beer forever,
Ever! Ever!
I cause "swelled heads" forever!

Full many a compound I invent,
With gin, absinthe, and bitters;
For clergy, men of sporting bent,
For fops, and shoulder-bitters;
I "fizz," I "flip," I "sour," I "stick,"
The lemonade so clever,
While men may drink, and men get sick,
But I sell the "booze" forever,
Ever! Ever!
I fill 'em up forever!

How oft I put the snide champagne,
Of California vintage,
In bottles stamped with Mumm's great name,
And praise its foamy glintage!
I'll swear 'tis purest French,
And solemnly assever,
They're asinine to doubt my wine,
So I check 'em down forever,
Ever! Ever!
I "rule the roost" forever!

With many a Rock and Rye so strong,
I "lush" the fly pin-pooler,
And as he homeward reels along,
Is "pulled," and strikes the "cool"
He's snubbed, he's clubbed, he's fagged, and dazed,
His fine with great endeavor,
And he may stop and mend his ways,
But I serve the "budge" forever,
Ever! Ever!
I plan the "drunks" forever!

And when the boss is on a tear,
Or takes his month's vacation,
Each day's receipts grow light as air,
By my "hy-poth-e-ca-tion."
I smirk, I smile, I "chin," I soothe
The old man's doubtings ever,
For men may think, but men can't prove,
And I bilk the boss forever,
Ever! Ever!
Yes, I "knock down" forever!

—JEF. JOSLYN.

A Lay Sermon.

"Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
So 'twixt them both they cleared the plate,
And licked the platter clean."

DEALING with abstruse texts, and engaging in learned dissertations on matters moral and spiritual, which are prefaced with the statement that the subjects are in themselves beyond comprehension, have become a little bit too common. They are soothing in their way, but somehow rather fail to supply the wants spiritual; nor yet are lively saltatorial feats in the pulpit able to lighten the burdened soul, or make the saddened heart rejoice. What is wanted is a simplicity of hypothesis and deduction, that appeals directly to the mental and reflectively to the moral sense, and the proper selection of a text would do much to bring this about. The above text is one that is engrafted in the mind of every man in childhood, where only—except in New Jersey—original sin has gained much of a grip, and that unquestioning trust that relies on a captured bird after a salted tail, opens mind and heart to the receipt of good influences. Let every man thus become as a little child, and draw from this little episode in the lives of two well-known characters the lessons it inculcates.

Cases of domestic peace and felicity, where "hubby" and "baby" hold forth, as well as those of domestic wrangling and trouble, where broom and flat-

iron rule the ranch, always convey an important lesson, the former as an exemplar, the latter as a warning; and as illustrative of the former, this little story may be considered with certain profit.

Note the simplicity of the narrative. The story is thrown at us with a directness that is truly refreshing. There is no preamble, no "once on a time" shenanigan, no allusion to the ancestry of the parties, no tedious description of their dwelling and surroundings, their relatives and neighbors, but the pith of the history is given without nonsense.

Notice first that the name of the hero is Jack, not John, Jean, or the more ponderous Jonathan, but simply Jack, a rollicking, easy-going name, the name of a man who has friends, and intimate ones, too, so intimate as to take liberties with one of his baptismal rights. And, pray remember right here, that no man has friends who does not do something to deserve them. Consider, by the way, how honorable was the name he bore. Think of Jack Horner, Jack Shepard, Jack Robinson, Captain Jack, and Yellow Jack, and go and sin no more.

"Jack Sprat could eat no fat."

Not *would* eat no fat, but *could* eat no fat. There is no display here of unwarranted willfulness or childish obstinacy, but a natural inability to partake of adipose matter. This might be supposed to be a very disadvantageous defect, but it wasn't. One ought not to cavil against nature, because she has not cast him in the same mold as his fellow-man; one should take an optimistic view of these matters. If our supposed defects be properly managed, they may prove blessings in disguise—and so it was with Jack Sprat, as the sequel will show.

"His wife could eat no lean."

Notice here that her name is not even given, and the lesson to be drawn concerns that true blending of husband and wife, that perfect unity whereby the twain become one flesh, which is at the root of all domestic happiness. She is simply "his wife." It is enough honor to be "his wife," and she appears not to have desired any other title. It seems that she too had a certain natural peculiarity that might under some circumstances have proved a defect. Now, what did these two parties, who must at one time have been youth and maiden? They met; they met again, and again; and learning each other's peculiarities they wisely resolved to wed. The result of that happy choice is given in the last two lines:

"So 'twixt them both they cleaned the plate,
And licked the platter clean."

Here is a fine picture of domestic thrift; here there was no needless waste; "they cleared the plate." Everything was utilized and nothing thrown to the dogs. But there was more than this; perfect domestic peace ruled; there was no wrangling about tid-bits; no dispute about tough and tender parts; each had an exclusive province over their own division. The lesson is obvious: In making choice of a wife, in which the future happiness and indeed the moral status of both depend, be careful not to choose one whose nature and tastes are too closely identical with your own, for fear you will tread on each others' toes in trying to walk on the same pathway, instead of running in parallel grooves. Again, in choosing an opposite, there is need of great caution. Jack Sprat chose one who was diametrically opposite to himself, and yet secured perfect peace. Why? Simply because he chose one whose characteristic was supplemental to his own. This is the fact to be learned. It is a counterpart that is necessary to make a harmonious whole.

A beautiful lesson could be drawn by reasoning from the mention of the plate and the platter, manifesting that but one of each was used, that the Sprats were poor, and that "love in a cottage," etc., etc. But this cannot be established, for where they were living in such perfect felicity, it is not improbable that they preferred using but a single plate, whatever their circumstances.

"And licked the platter clean."

This action on the part of the Sprats may lay them open to some degree of public criticism from sticklers about etiquette; they may be accused of greediness and compared to Gould or Vanderbilt.

Yet this comparison would be manifestly unjust, for the story clearly shows that they were willing to leave the platter. However, this act bears evidence of

a homely simplicity, and very noteworthy, too, is the way in which they accomplished their work. They did not lick the platter in a slipshod manner, but they put in their "best licks," and licked it clean. Had they half licked it, it might have shown greed and shiftlessness too; but since they did the job thoroughly, it shows a commendable perseverance, and it shows furthermore what a wife's tongue and a husband's tongue can accomplish when on the same side.

To sum up: Husbands, select such wives as will supply the qualities you lack; wives, make yourself part and parcel of your husbands, enter into his life and his interest; both of you, make friends, live peacefully, accomplish thoroughly what you undertake, and fight on the same side.

CANTAB.

The French call tomatoes "Love Apples"—which shows exactly how much they know of the subject. Love is more frequently found in pairs than apples.

OVER in Brooklyn, when a great politician commits suicide, he leaves a note behind for his friends to "look out for them bums." The advice is timely, but where else than "out" would anybody be likely to look for "them bums?" Will echo please file an answer?

WHY is a stout bridesmaid like a bottle of A1 wine? Because she is all body and bouquet.

POLICE COURT JUSTICE.—Justice—How old are you—unfortunate woman? Prisoner—Oh, my age is of no consequence. Justice—Forty years, then. Your business? Prisoner—But your honor has made a mistake of ten years. Justice (to Clerk)—Make it fifty then, if you please.

A DISPATCH printed in the daily newspapers informs a gaping public that an infant was thrown from a car window while the train was running at full speed between Macon and Atlanta on Monday last. It is thought, the dispatch reads, that the child will recover. As the trains in that portion of Georgia speed along at the rate of half a mile an hour, it is highly probable that the child will recover.

THE Rajah of Junagur Kaatquar, we are informed, has raised the land revenue. Great Scott!

CONVERSATION (overheard).—First Speaker—And so Colonel — has been appointed to office, eh? Second Speaker—I have heard so. First Speaker—Was it on account of his war record? Second Speaker—Really, my friend, are you joking? You know as well as I that the colonel is a coward. First Speaker—But, then, with whom has he fought? Second Speaker—With his wife.

A NEW and important discovery has been made which may possibly have a serious bearing on domestic felicity or infelicity, as the case may be. A great many articles are made of celluloid, such, for instance, as combs for ladies wear. That they are very ornamental is by no means to be denied; that they may possibly prove to be dangerous is no longer to be doubted. They are made, we are told, of a happy combination of camphor, which is highly inflammable, and of gun cotton, which is explosive. The moment the temperature reaches a certain point, these combs will either ignite or else explode with a loud noise and scatter the remains of the belle of the evening throughout the length and breadth of the drawing-room. If beauty insists on wearing such things the loving husband must either follow his wife, armed with a Babcock extinguisher, and so put his wife out when she gets into a blaze, or else be satisfied with the little that remains of her at the end of the German. It is terribly suggestive that since these peculiarities of celluloid have become known certain gentlemen have been all over town offering any price for a comb.

WEATHER-WISE philosophers are predicting that the back-bone of the winter is broken. We trust it may prove so; but there is ice enough yet left on many of our walks to break the back-bone of the pedestrian who chances to slip upon it.



"We hain't a-going to have no dogs in the street harnessed up like that, d'ye hear?"

Arrest of two deplaved wretches discovered playing at ice-nine



Arrest of a heedless female who confined a nice canary bird in a wicked cage.

Capture of a horrid lad boy who was found driving a poor innocent goat.

OF NEW YORK.
GONE WRONG.

THEOLOGICAL ADVICE.

DAR'S NO use ob resolutions if you nebber put 'em trough ;
 De pay roll isn't reckoned by de good one's gwine to do.
 A man dat doesn't push ahead, but allus wants to wait,
 Can't nebber 'spect a passage trough de alapaster gate.
 Now talkin' ain't de only ting dat's gwine to sabe de soul,
 An' git a sinnah present when de Massa calls de roll.
 De tongue's a conflergrashun dat hez to be kep' down,
 Or case a heap o' trouble in de struggle for de crown.
 I hates to meet de sawt o' man dat blows about de Lo'ad,
 An' 'tends to heah de Gospel train, but nebber gits aboa'd.
 Dat warns de congregashun 'gin eberlastin' fire,
 Yet doesn't lend a hand to pull his neighbor from de mire.
 So, brudlers, keep a ploddin' at a steady rate to'rd Heben ;
 Don't run ahead fur seben days, den go to sleep fur seben,
 But keep a wa'kin' on'ard, an' at an eben pace,
 Remember how de tuttle beat de rabbit in de race.

THOMAS COMEDIUS.

CINDERELLA.

(According to the revised edition.)

BY BOB BRAIN.

"SAY, Cinderella, are you going to the ball this evening?" These words were spoken by two old valentines with frescoed faces, and voices in the key of x square, and were addressed to a young and beautiful girl with peachy cheeks, and dreamy yellow eyes.

"You know well I cannot go, sister," was the humble reply, as the young girl looked up from her washing, and kicked an empty flour barrel down the steps with deft grace.

"Then stay at home," sneered the wicked sisters as they went up-stairs to put on their corsets, by means of a portable hay-press, in preparation for the grand ball which was to be given that evening by Prince Patsy O'Rourke, of O'Rourkeville.

Let us look at Cinderella as she gracefully moves among the pots and pans, bestowing here a touch, and there a kick until all is straight.

Cinderella W. Simpson is a beauty, not a doubtful, half and half beauty, but the genuine article, that style which all the boys call "immense." Her eyes are of that rich golden mezzo tint so often seen in circus vultures. Her nose freezes the beholder with a great fear (lest she should blow it), and may be described as a union of the Grecian, Roman, and Patagonian as to style. Her feet—but we will not mention her feet, owing to an utter inability to do justice to the magnitude of the subject.

"Great Scott!" said Cinderella, with a little sigh, "if I could only get the duds, how I would make those old ravens hustle." A thought seems to strike her. "Mammy will help me," she whispers, half inaudibly, as she arranges herself in her street dress, and gets her cart-wheel hat out of the wing of the stable which had been built to keep it in. Mammy was Cinderella's godmother. She was a dealer in second-hand clothes, and rented tin helmets to the actors, and red shoe-strings and mosquito-bars to the ballet girls.

"Help me, Mammy," said Cinderella, as soon as she stood in the presence of her godmother.

"You bet'cher life," said the old woman, as she brought out a dress that looked like an Italian sunset struck by lightning, and had a train that would carpet the Academy of Music. "Get onto that," she chuckled, with professional pride. "I'll rent yer that layout for seventy-five cents up to twelve o'clock. But mind yer don't stay after twelve, or I'll paralyze yer."

It will be noticed that Mammy had learned to speak with classic eloquence, because of her near relations with the dramatic profession.

She then gave Cinderella her blessing and a nickel for car-fare, and directed her to make a mash on the Prince.

II.

Bright shone the lamps in front of Castle O'Rourke. Within was a scene of unexampled splendor. Filmy lights looked down on the beauty and elite of the realm. Count Firkin, the Earl of Flannery, the Dowager de O'Rafferty, Viscount Kelly, the Mayor of Oshkosh, and many others, added to the elegance of the scene. Prince Patsy O'Rourke was, however, the great attraction. He was attired in the conventional black dress-suit, a genuine clean shirt, real silk necktie, and a fine Lake George diamond shirt-pin.

When the dancers tired of the sensuous waltz they were invited into the back kitchen, where sumptuous chalices of mineral water, and salvers of ginger-snaps were circulated from hand to mouth. The table fairly groaned under rare and tropical viands. Fried potatoes, apples and canned blackberries being freely offered and taken. The Prince had succeeded in mashing all the girls in the room, but had a clean record himself. When the festivities were at their highest pitch, the door suddenly opened, and a queenly figure floated into the room unannounced. The buzz stopped, and curiosity was at boiling point. "What an eye," said one. "What a hand," said another. "Get onto the feet," said a third.

When Prince Patsy beheld the lovely vision, his heart almost broke the hitching-strap.

"Will you vouchsafe me the next dance, fair stranger?" he said with courtly grace.

"With pleasure," said the stranger, in a rich, gurgling voice, as she passed her arm into that of the Prince.

The festivities proceeded apace, and grew madder and wilder as the night wore on.

Prince Patsy claimed every dance, and seemed to become more deeply enamored every minute.

But hush, the clock is striking the hour of midnight. The beauty hears it. "Great stars," she ejaculates, "that old woman will pulverize me," and with a quick movement she darts through the front door, and into a passing street-car. This mysterious occurrence broke the company all up, and many conjectures were formed concerning the beautiful stranger. "I love her," said Prince Patsy, "and if I can find her I will marry her. Would that she had left me a token."

III.

The next day the Prince's chamberlain announced that there was a strange object in the front yard. "What does it look like?" asked the Prince; "Well," said the chamberlain, "it looks a good deal like a leather grain bin." The two went out, and after walking around the object twice, decided that it was a slipper. Prince Patsy soon recognized it as the slipper of his last night's love, and ordered two of his stoutest henchmen to carry it into the castle. "Jumping Jerusalem," he muttered, "a girl with a foot like that could do more execution than my entire army."

So he put it in the papers that any girl who could wear the slipper, should be his bride. The day after the notice, the castle was besieged by half the girls of the realm. They all tried, but it would fit none. Some fell into it, and had to be hoisted out, others danced in it, but none could wear it. Cinderella's wicked sisters tried, and got left by about twenty-seven sizes. At last Cinderella said, "I believe I will try." "You try," sneered her sisters in derision. But she persisted, and was soon at the place of trial. The crowd parted incredulously to give her a trial, but stared in amazement when Cinderella's foot slipped in and was perfectly fitted.

"That settles it," said the Prince, as he sent his office boy for a license, "and I will hold to my promise. But who the thunder are you?"

"I am Cinderella W. Simpson," said the girl, diddling the book-case on her foot, "and I am from Chicago."

Incubating Babies.

THE fact that the artificial incubation of chickens has proved such a success in France, has led a French doctor to attempt a class of artificial incubating for babies, and he claims that the results are simply astonishing. The babies like it, never cry, sleep nine-tenths of the

time, grow fat and strong, and finally carry off all the premiums at the baby shows. This French doctor has made such a success of his system of raising babies that he has petitioned the authorities to allow him to erect a building capable of holding four hundred infants. To cut a long story short, he can, by his treatment, make one of his six-month-old infants equal in weight and size to an ordinary child of three years.

Now if a Frenchman can do as well as this, America, the land of rapid strides, must never get left on the baby question. To be sure our American families are not very great baby getters, and would not be benefited by such an institution as much as the foreign element, who could leave their babies to get fat and grow up good Jacksonian Democrats, while their mothers were out washing or scrubbing by the day. But what babies there are of American parentage need a little better show and more encouragement. What with the careless care of maids selected from the countries of Africa, France, Ireland, Germany, and America, the poor baby finds out when it is too late, that between these attentive foster-mothers, their beaux and pet dogs of their actual mothers, that they haven't been given but half a chance, and consequently if they grow up at all, develop into about a third of what they really ought to be. Why not "incubate" these little bawling specimens of conjugal relations, and turn them over to the kind attention of a lot of bald-headed, good-natured bachelor doctors who have never had time or inclination to run a baby incubating scheme of their own on a smaller scale? Only think of the benefit to the baby! Incubated babies weighed twenty-four pounds at six months of age and that is the ordinary weight of three-year-old children. Mothers would no longer complain of the cares of the nursery. They would say when asked about their children: "Oh they are doing splendidly; Ethel weighs forty pounds and is, you know, only a year old. Herbert is as happy as a swallow, and do you believe it, he weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds, has a pretty little mustache started, and shaves three times a week, and he only passed his fifth birthday last week."

Statistics of this baby incubating scheme, show that the babies escape nearly all the infantile diseases, and this is another great desideratum. Health, weight and happiness, seem to be the ultimatum of the incubated baby, and so it looks as if unless we Americans adopted this scheme pretty soon, we should lose our individuality and have to fall back on the foreign element for future presidents and congressmen.

Protect the Eagles.

SOME enthusiastic Connecticut legislator has introduced a bill to prevent the slaughter of eagles, and we hope it will pass. The eagle-shooting yarns are getting too numerous, and the fish-hawks and hoot-owls are suffering accordingly. Every now and then we read about another bald-headed eagle being shot by a farmer's boy, who has crept up near enough to the noble bird of freedom to put salt on his tail. The papers go wild over it, and finally it turns out that the national birdie emblem was only a parasite-laden fish-hawk or day-blind owl. However, when the real, bona fide *haliaetus leucocephalus* is in danger, and it becomes evident that a man can go out for a day's shooting and bring in a cart load of our national birds as a specimen of his prowess, it will be high time to make such a law. Just at present to be able to shoot a bald-headed eagle a fellow would have to be provided with a telescopic-kill-at-four-miles-galling attachment-breech-loading-thousand-shots-a-minute gun, and be able to aim so accurately that he could hit a streak of lightning on the fly, and calculate on wind, altitude, flight, and a multitude of other causes which might effect his shot. However, pass the law, and also make it a penal offence to snare the American eagle, *a la part-ridge*, or catch him under a figure four stone trap like a skunk or rabbit. Eagles are mighty rare, however, and the only kind we editors ever see much of are the gold eagles (\$20), which we fish out of our last year's clothes, where we have unwittingly left a peck or two of them.

THERE is a rumor afloat that the women of Chicago propose organizing a fire company. Heavens! what a hose company may not be expected!



FIRST PARTY (with sympathy).—"Cheer up, Tom, what's the matter?"
 SECOND PARTY (with emotion).—"Oh—Jack—sup—pose—one o' the Wanderbits should happen to come along and ask me in there to dine?"

Fact and Fancy.

FANCY.

I SEND by pretty Cupid, dear,
 To you, my darling dove,
 This valentine that you find here,
 Bright emblem of our love!
 I send by pretty Cupid, dear,
 Sweet Cupid, plump and fair,
 With roses round his brow of snow,
 And 'mongst his golden hair.

FACT.

No Cupid brought the missive, though,
 No "Cupid, plump and fair,"
 "With roses round his brow of snow,
 And 'mongst his golden hair;"
 Ah! no, the one that bore the same
 Was a homely man with a grin,
 Garbed in gray, with mail-bag big,
 Who smelled of tobacco and gin!

—J. L. McARTHUR.

Bigliar Won the Bet.

"SNAKES are very numerous this year," said Mr. Bigliar, the other day as he sat down in our office. "Why, when I was out fishing last Saturday, I saw over two hundred."

"Two hundred snakes?" queried the assistant editor.

"Yes; two hundred snakes, of all breeds, descriptions and sizes, from a garter snake to a boa-constrictor and an anaconda," said Mr. Bigliar, warming up to the situation.

The city editor gave the assistant editor a wink, and said as he mentally reviewed his natural history and remembered that the last-mentioned reptiles were not denizens of this clime: "I'll bet you the beer, Mr. Bigliar, that you're telling us a regular old snake yarn."

"I'll take that bet," said Bigliar, "and prove it by three gentlemen of veracity who went with me."

This was rather a strong statement, but the city man felt sure of winning, so he said:

"We won't lose any more time talking, we'll just

step out and interview those gentlemen at once, and settle this little bet."

The trio went out and soon found two of the Saturday fishermen, and the city man agreeing to stand by their decision, asked:

"Did you fellows go fishing with Bigliar, Saturday?"

"Yes," said both of them at once.

"Did Bigliar see two hundred snakes, ranging in size from and including garter snakes and boa-constrictors?"

"Spouse he did," said one of them.

"Haven't any reason to doubt it," said the other.

"Oh, get out!" said the city man, "you can't stuff that snake story down us—not unless you give the whole facts and particulars."

"Well," remarked the boon companion of Mr. Bigliar: "the fact was, that old reprobate didn't do much fishing, but got infernally drunk, and had another attack of the jim-jams, and the way he yelled about snakes precluded any doubt in my mind about the truth of what he afterwards said he saw!"

"Come, get your beer," was all the city man could grasp.

PAYING UNDER PROTEST.

A BANK official presents a gentleman with a notice for the collection of a note. The gentleman, without evincing the slightest surprise, inquires: "Is it protested?"

"No, sir; not yet."

"Very well, then, let it go to protest, and then I will see what it is. I never pay without a protest, you must understand."

TO BE (WELL) OR NOT TO BE.

PATIENT.—Ah, doctor, I am not well.

DOCTOR.—That doesn't astonish me in the slightest. Your ill health is the result of going out to parties and late suppers. If you desire to regain your health, you must renounce such habits.

PATIENT.—Yes; but then, doctor, what is there to live for?

BROOKLYN complains of a water famine, but so long as the breweries hold out, Brooklyn won't "famine" worth a cent.

A FERRY discontinued: The Michigan Senator.

A STITCH in time is a great deal better than a stitch in the side, at all events.

DISGUSTINGLY ODD FELLOW.—No, sir, I do not propose to subscribe to your sick fund any longer. For the last twenty years I have been subscribing regularly. But I object to belonging any longer to a society in which the advantage is all on one side.

At the Academy of Fine Arts: Small boy: "Say, papa (pointing to a marble Venus) is that the portrait of a woman too poor to buy a shirt?"

OVERHEARD—ON THE STREET.

First Person.—And so I am told you dine now and then with William H. Vanderbilt?

Second Person.—Oh, yes.

First Person.—But I didn't think you liked him!

Second Person.—I don't; I like his dinners—that's all.

The Washington *National Republican* is picking up. —*Exchange*. Of course it is—especially in the line of postmasters and other public officials.

It is really distressing to learn that Mr. Labouchere will not visit this country.

MR. TALMAGE, of Brooklyn, insists upon it that he is not a Pessimist. We congratulate the Pessimists—whoever they may be.

M. DE BLOWITZ, the very remarkable Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, recently remarked that "Gambetta's funeral was the greatest success of his life." Whereupon some carping critic accuses the *Times* correspondent of plagiarizing from the original Hibernian—that "coffins are houses made for dead men to live in." M. de Blowitz should speedily clear himself from so serious an imputation.

A MAN who has chewed tobacco fifty years boasts that he has never lost a tooth, and all his teeth are as good as new. This may be true; but has it never occurred to him that if he had abstained from tobacco altogether his teeth would now be a great deal better than new?



"Which side do you part your hair on, sir?"

THE POLITICIAN'S PAW.

WHEN a man is seekin' office,
Spryly skips he round, tra la!
And he scores some solid winnin's,
By the way he works his paw.

For, no matter where he meets ye,
Be the weather fair or raw,
Then before yer blinkers, constant
Looms the politician's paw.

Of! he tries yer palm to tickle
With "egg money"; oh, but pshaw!
Never certain is the "greasin'"
By the politician's paw.

When he for yer vote's a-fishin',
Or yer influence—then, ah!
Ain't the squeezin' mighty tender
Of the politician's paw?

But as soon's he gets in office,
And a sinecure can draw,
Ye can hardly buy a grip then
Of the politician's paw.

Now these verses need no moral
For to tail them up, because
All a body's got to do is
On aforesaid facts to pawse.

A Made-up Story.

BY B. ELLIOTT M'BRIDE.

SIMEON SPLINTER was a young man to fortune and to fame unknown. He had a fine eye and a long nose. He was a gentleman and a scholar. And, it might be added, his mustache was, oh, so lovely!

Simeon had a father and a mother, a little brother and a big sister. He also kept a dog.

When he arrived at the age of twenty-three he went to reside with a maiden aunt whose name was Mary Ann McGinnis. She was an estimable lady and had an estimable amount of money.

This maiden aunt considered Simeon a noble youth. She believed that he was superior to any of the young men in that country, and she accordingly treated him in a superior manner.

She placed plum pie before him three times a day. And she dished out peaches and cream with a lavish hand.

Simeon met a young lady when he was residing with his aunt, and he plunged in. That is, he fell madly in love.

But there was nothing wonderful in that. Susannah Slotterhaus was a beautiful being, and to see her was to love her.

When Simeon had visited her seven times he asked her to be his wife.

And this is what he said:

"Susannah, I love you. Life would be a hard row to hoe if I could not call you my own. I have visited you

only seven times, but each time I see you my love grows stronger. Let me call you my own muscovy duck. Answer me, Susannah—will you be mine?"

And Susannah, after blushing awhile and nearly pulling a button off Simeon's coat in the nervous excitement consequent upon receiving a proposal, answered:

"Yes, Simeon, I am thine. I have had my eye on you ever since you came to live with your aunt, and I would have been very unhappy if you had not asked me to be thine own."

Simeon was happy. A wave of bliss rolled o'er him, and with his arms around Susannah, and his lips glued—There! that's enough. It's none of the average reader's business whether his lips were glued to anything or not. I don't propose to tell all I know about this affair.

The next day Simeon informed his aunt that a new world had opened before him, and that he was engaged to the beautiful Susannah Slotterhaus.

"Good land of Goshen!" she exclaimed, "engaged to that girl. Are you a lunatic?"

"No; I'm not a lunatic," answered Simeon; "but the happiest man in the universe. Why do you object to Susannah?"

"Oh, she'd never do—she'd never do for you, Simeon, and," she added with considerable asperity, "you shan't have her. If you marry that Slotterhaus girl you'll never get a cent of my money."

This was a terrible blow to Simeon, for he depended on his aunt to set him up in business, and he expected to inherit all her property when she went down into the valley.

Simeon was a wretched being for a few days, but finally he decided that it would be better to have money without a wife than to have a wife without money. He accordingly informed Susannah that the vows would have to be smashed and the engagement disrupted.

Susannah wept and Simeon boo-hoo-ed, but before they parted they agreed that if the hand of destiny interposed, they would just have to let it interpose, and they would walk onward in the journey of life sad-eyed and broken-hearted.

Two days after this sad parting, Susannah had another beau and Simeon was out courting another girl.

Simeon's aunt had suggested to him that he would do well to marry Mewilda Wingerly, and Simeon, driven to desperation by the loss of Susannah, stood ready for the sacrifice.

Simeon visited Mewilda three times and then he proposed. He said:

"Mewilda, will you be mine? Life would be a hard row to hoe if I did not have any of my aunt Mary Ann's money—that is, I mean, if you did not consent to be mine. Will you consent, Mewilda?"

"Yes," said Mewilda. "I will. I have had my eye on you ever since you came to live with your aunt, and I would have been very unhappy if you had not asked me to be thine own. But now," she added, "I am as happy as a clam at high tide."

And Mewilda encircled Simeon with her arms, and

glued her lips. There! that's all; let the curtain fall. After Mewilda's lips had been glued for awhile, Simeon recovered his breath and said:

"Mewilda, I think you're an excellent woman; my aunt thinks so, too. I expect to go into business soon, and my aunt will advance the capital. I love you, Mewilda, and my aunt thinks I can succeed if I run a portable saw-mill. I have a saw-mill in view, and when I get it in operation I will be very kind to you, and I will love you as I have never loved before."

"The saw-mill I speak of will be run by steam, and the engine is constructed on a new plan. It will be the first engine of the kind that has ever been in this part of the country; and if everything about the mill works well, I will be very happy; and I assure you, Mewilda, I will always be very tender and true. If the saw-mill doesn't blow up, I think I can keep a wife. Indeed, I think I could keep two wives. But as that is not necessary, and as I don't want two wives, I will say that I can with great cordiality keep my wife and my mother-in-law."

And after Simeon said this, Mewilda glued her lips to his chin.

But, of course, it was only because she missed the mark, and fired too low.

Simeon and Mewilda were married. Yes, in the merry month of May, when the rambas and the pippins were in full bloom, and the wood-peckers were building their nests in the leafy bowers, Simeon and Mewilda launched their bark on the unknown and untried sea of matrimony.

It was a bad launch.

Mrs. Wingerly accepted of Simeon's invitation, and took up her abode with Simeon and Mewilda.

She was a woman who had a fluctuating temper, and she made it lively for Simeon.

Simeon tried to devote his time to the saw-mill, and say but little to the mother-in-law, but at last he thought he had arrived at that point when forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and he spoke.

"Mrs. Wingerly," said he, "you are a crooked stick, you are a meddling old fool. Get up and leave my house."

Then the war commenced.

Figuratively speaking, Sumpter was fired on.

Mrs. Wingerly raised the shovel and sailed in.

Mewilda seized a broomstick, fixed bayonet and charged.

But the noble Simeon did not fly—no, he stood his ground and battled for the right.

The contest was long and doubtful, but at last victory rested on the side of the broomstick and the fire shovel.

Mewilda and her mother came out of the struggle with flying colors and tattered garments.

And Simeon?

Alas! alas!

He came out of the fight with one eye bunged, two teeth gone, his hat smashed and blood on the left side of his nose.

Of course, after that there was a coolness in the family, and before many months passed away, Simeon and Mewilda were divorced.

Simeon again took up his abode with his aunt, and she was as kind as before.

She fed him on the fat of the land.

And raspberry pie.

And oysters.

And sich.

Susannah Slotterhaus was still unmarried, and Simeon visited her again, and asked that the broken vows might be renewed.

Susannah was agreed. She said she was fondly his own, and could never learn to love another.

They were married. Simeon's aunt didn't object, and it would have been all the same if she had.

I might go on and tell you some more about Susannah and Simeon and Simeon's aunt, but I have told you too much already. The truth of the matter is, there never was a Susannah Slotterhaus nor a Mewilda Wingerly, nor a Simeon Splinter; and he didn't have an aunt Mary Ann McGinnis; and there never was a fight with Mewilda and her mother on one side and Simeon on the other; and Simeon didn't get a divorce—and he didn't marry Susannah—and he didn't run a portable saw-mill.

Nor nothing.

It is all a made-up story.



"SERGE PANINE" was the name of a very wicked, naughty, but fascinating prince who came from Bohemia. After terminating a brief inglorious career at Daly's Theater, he has been ignominiously shown to the door, and the virtuous "Squire" has returned to fill the place of the departed.

M. Ohnet's drama is a curious sort of a play. As far as the scenery and costumes went (and some of the latter, noticeably Miss Rehan's, didn't go very far), it was well enough, and the characters were fairly represented. Mrs. Gilbert has scarcely anything to do, but does it well. Mr. Le Clercq has a part entirely unworthy of him. James Lewis is James Lewis, of course, and if May Fielding is too young to dance or to go into society—as she says she is—she doesn't look it. Would she were also too young to sing. Miss Morant as the mother-in-law is unapproachable in more ways than one, and the tremor in Charles Fisher's voice is fire-some, though he acts well. Mr. John Drew, as the hero, ought to be the animating spirit of the piece. He is the vilest of scoundrels, without a single redeeming quality, but the girls all fall in love with him. He abandons the woman he does love, and marries the woman he doesn't, in true princely style. Then, after girl number one has become the wife of a respectable gentleman, he makes love to her over again, incarcerates his wife in a convenient castle located in Bohemia, and is shot and killed just as he is about to be arrested by the police for swindling. He is announced on the bills as the last of his race, for which fact may we be truly thankful. Miss Mary Shaw was tender and touching as the innocent and deceived wife, who finally, by an explosion of fire-arms, and the interference of Miss Rehan, is rescued from the snares of the wicked Serge, and Miss Rehan, if not more charming, exhibits more of her charms than usual.

This is the fifth week of "A Parisian Romance" at the Union Square. Miss Jewett having become dissatisfied with her part, has been replaced by Miss Guion, a pretty woman, who seems to be acceptable to the large audiences that pack the theater every night. Mansfield, of late, has been given to over-acting. His business with the dumb-bells is as fatiguing to those who witness it as it appears to be to himself. His death-scene, however, has been robbed of none of its terrors.

At Wallack's "The Silver King" is doing a large business. It is one of the best melodramas we have had, and it pleases the popular fancy. The acting is excellent, the scenery superb, and Miss Coghlan and Mr. Tearle have both distinguished themselves.

Ada Dyas is playing Mrs. Dick Chetwynd at the Madison Square Theater, while Agnes Booth assumes the trials and tribulations of Young Mrs. Winthrop. The announcement is made that young Mrs. W. is to tarry with us till spring. Let us hope we shall not have a late season.

Mary Anderson closes her engagement at the Fifth Avenue this week. She goes from here to Boston, but first takes a rest. Meanwhile the stage will be occupied by the Thalia Company, who will warble in German Opera. Next week "The Corsican Brothers" start upon their travels, and "The Count of Monte Cristo" will take possession of Booth's Theater. James O'Neill having been specially engaged to play the principal part.

At Niblo's, a revival of "The Black Venus" is in progress. This geographical and spectacular drama is given with all its former splendor. Processions of strange animals tramp across the stage as of yore, and the ballet is led by Mlles. De Gillert, Cappellini and Turri.

Mr. Emmet is still at Haverly's, where he will remain

until February 12. Then he is to open the new Cosmopolitan Theater, which already presents a handsome appearance. As soon as Fritz has ceased to warble in Fourteenth street, Anson Pond's new play, "Her Atonement," will be produced there, with new scenery, new appointments, and a "cast of exceptional merit."

The San Francisco Minstrels are doing a sort of pantomime called "Mother Goose and Her Golden Egg." Charley Backus is very ill, and he is much missed from his accustomed place. On April 21, at the close of the regular season, Harry M. Pitt will open this hall as a Comedy Theater. He has engaged Mme. Dolaro, Fanny Addison, Emily Jordan, and others. Mr. Mollenhauer is to be musical director.

At the Windsor Theater "Jesse James' Combination" are doing the bandit business. At Tony Pastor's "Miss Partington," besides the usual variety performance.

Annie Pixley is doing well at the Grand Opera House as Zara. "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" is still at the Casino, and the "Sunday nights' concerts are well patronized at this beautiful theater.

"The Two Orphans," without Kate Claxton, who is recovering from her illness, are in Williamsburg, and Salvini is in Brooklyn.

"Iolanthe" flourishes at the Standard, and "Virginia" continues at the Bijou.

The Rooster.

As the Irish would say, the rooster is the masculine patriarch of the gallinaceous domestic feathered bipeds.

This explains exactly the status of the rooster in the feathered kingdom.

This useful fowl is called a rooster, because he roosts. If he were not a rooster he would be a sitter, and if he were a sitter, he would be a hatcher, and from thence become a maternal head of a flock, and this would change his sex, which would as a natural result stop all further multiplication of the gallinaceous tribe. Hence of necessity the rooster has got to be a rooster.

A rooster and a typical Southerner are almost indistinguishable, as both are composed mainly of spurs.

Again the rooster resembles man in the fact that he has his cock-tail every morning.

Like many good temperance men, he holds it behind him.

He is an early bird, and catches the worm. To stimulate his flock to renewed energy, he calls them up to have them see his find, and then to show no partiality among his wives, he eats the worm himself.

All roosters practice polygamy, and even go so far as to invade the sanctity of their neighbors' homes, but they get out suddenly between the pickets, if the other rooster is the best fighter.

This is an unwritten law in roosterdom.

The chief delight of a malicious rooster, is to crow at 3 A. M. Such roosters always have a voice like a fire-alarm, and live to a green old age.

Some mean, stingy folks never keep a rooster, because a rooster eats but cannot lay eggs in return for the corn. Consequently they do not wish to promote vice and laziness, and will not support the rooster. This is a great snap for the rooster next door.

Hints on the Care of Horses.

NEVER attempt to make your horse eat two quail a day for thirty days. A horse is not an ass.

Don't read a patent medicine almanac to your horse. There's a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

If the animal becomes vicious, don't beat him with the handle of a pitchfork. You can knock him out quicker with a sledge hammer.

To produce a good coat on your horse, throw a fifty-dollar ulster over his back.

A horse should be provided with a warm and clean bed in cold weather; but it is not necessary to buy a feather-bed for him. A hair mattress is good enough.

Always treat the animal as if he were a human being. This does not imply, however, that you must ask him up to the bar to take a drink, at every hotel at which you stop. Horses are not hogs.

When obliged to remain away from home over night with your horse, don't permit him to be put in the fifth story of a stable unless the building is provided with fire escapes—or the animal is heavily insured.

A horse is an intelligent beast; therefore it is a wanton piece of cruelty to drive to a circus and hitch him so contiguous to the canvas that he can hear the clown's jokes.

If your horse is restless at night, and is unable to sleep, employ Sergeant Ballentine to read his lecture in the stable.

Don't bang your horse's tail. Don't bang his head, either. Don't bang him at all. If he nearly kicks the wind out of you, when you are cleaning him, show him a cartoon of Rev. Mr. Talmage. If this punishment doesn't incontinently render him docile, saw off his hind legs.

Don't urge your horse to drink water when he refuses. Have as much regard for his tastes as your own. The animal may prefer beer.

If your horse should complain of a torpid liver, don't give him all the liver remedies you see advertised in the newspapers. About one-fourth of them would convert him into a corpse just as quickly.

The proper time to clip a horse is when the thermometer marks six degrees below zero.

If your horse becomes balky, when driving, and refuses to budge, don't build a fire under him. Get out of your carriage, take a seat on the top rail of a fence along the road, and compose a Quarterly Review article on "The Horse Not in Motion." The animal may get hungry in the course of six or eight hours, and start off of his own accord.

Don't waste one hundred dollars on a ten-dollar horse. Always get a hundred-dollar animal for ten dollars—if you can.

If your horse has the heaves, don't heave him full of all the remedies prescribed by your friends. A horse is not a patent medicine foundry, and his capacity is not over two hogheads.

If you are wealthy, build your horse a \$30,000 stable, with all the modern improvements, within five minutes' walk of the railroad station, and convenient to mills, churches, schools, etc. A fifteen-hundred-dollar dwelling is good enough for your coachman.

"I'm not an allopath, a homeopath or a hydropath," said a certain doctor. "But your patients all take the same path," was the consoling answer.

WHIFFS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

MARY.—Certainly.

"ODDS."—Unsatisfactory.

W. H. W.—All received—all used.

E. J. C.—Very truthful and very good.

"GLOBE."—Very good indeed this week.

"TOBIAS."—Are you trying to sell us? No.

LOUIS F. LATON.—Too long and too pointless.

J. K. H.—It will be put where it will probably do the most good.

TIMOTHY TAFFYCUSS.—It can scarcely be regarded as a prize poem.

"YOU BEE."—Yes, put an exclamatory adjective to your name and we acquiesce.

A. M. T.—We have used all of yours we had on hand. Will write further, future orders respecting future work.

FELIX P. G.—Please don't attempt to write comic poetry: it makes us tired to read it. Send it to some other paper.

"FAIRFAX."—It may not be a fair sample of what you can do. We trust it is not, for it will not do for THE JUDGE.

BALL.—You are right: "St. Jacob's Oil Family Calendar" is one of the most amusing and instructive books ever given away to a thankful public. The best authors and artists have a hand in it.

Castoria.

Life is restless and days are fleeting.
Children bloom but they die in teething;
Example take from Queen Victoria—
Children nine all took Castoria;
No sleepless nights from babies crying—
Like larks they rise in early morning.

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"A woman in Lewiston, Me., eats books and papers, and enjoys them." This is not an isolated case. There is a woman in this town who "devours" Ouida's novels.—*Norristown Herald*. And there are hundreds of lawyers in Rochester who "digest" what they read. Perhaps our readers will not "swallow" this.—*Rochester Post-Express*.

THERE is no truer American, no deeper thinker, no more profound political philosopher, no more learned and cultivated statesman, no more sincere patriot living than—than—confound it, we have forgotten the fellow's name again. He came in and subscribed for two copies of "Texas Siftings."—*Texas Siftings*.

It has been found that the kaka nut is a cure for drunkenness, as it causes the taste of liquor to be nauseous to one having once eaten of the nut. So now, if you see a man eating a peculiar kind of nut on the sly, you will know that he is doing all he can to make his "swear off" stick.—*Peck's Sun*.

A MILTON (Pennsylvania) paper chronicles the sudden death of a hog, which weighed 933 pounds, dressed. Will some kind friend advise us as to whether David Davis is still in the land of the living?—*Laramie Boomerang*.

THE ice palace at Montreal excited wonder and admiration. We have ice houses in this country that cost more than Montreal's ice palace, but they don't excite a great deal of wonder, save in the minds of their owners, who wonder how they are going to get them filled.—*Norristown Herald*.

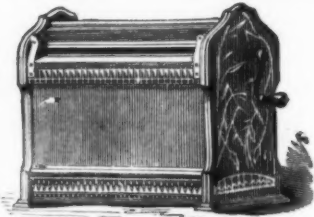
A BOSTON girl answered the advertisement of a Georgian who desired to correspond with a young lady of culture and refinement, and after several letters had passed between them she started South to marry him. On her arrival she discovered that he was a colored man. A contemporary says this illustrates "the rapid strides made by the negro race since the close of the war;" but we are inclined to think that they are not as rapid as the strides made by the Boston girl to get back home.—*Exchange*.

A BROCKTON soldier, who lost a toe in the war, has just been paid \$440 for the member by the Government, after sixteen years' delay. If the lost member was in rebellion with a soft corn, the pensioner may consider himself as being about \$640 better off.—*Fonkers Statesman*.

IN Burmah an editor receives elephants in payment for subscriptions. In this country he doesn't. In a great many cases, as soon as he starts a paper, he has an "elephant on his hands."—*Norristown Herald*.

An exchange says: "Man's average life is 33 years. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will always live."

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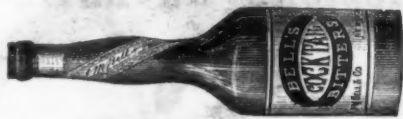
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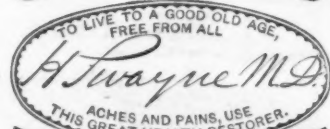
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"I HEAR that you are going to get married, Miss Bangerbar," said Mrs. Yeast to that young lady, as she was taking her leave after a morning call. "I'd like to see the fellow that would marry her!" interposed Mr. Yeast, sarcastically. "You wouldn't like to see him any more than I would, Mr. Yeast," replied Miss B. as she gathered her drapery about her and made a speedy exit.—*Yonker Statesman.*

SILAS CARD was married the other day, and on his wedding notices were the words: "No cards." But he doesn't know what might happen.—*Texas Siftings.*

It is said that a bill has just been introduced into the Texas Legislature to punish by fine, persons who use profane language in the vicinity of a dwelling-house. If the framer of the bill thought that when a resident of that State is kicked by a mule, he is going away by himself out on some lonesome prairie to swear, he is mistaken. When a Texan feels a swearing fit coming on, he wants to swear right off, long and loud, and no law will drive him on to a prairie to swear.—*Peck's Sun.*

It is said that the familiar saying, "Root hog or die," originated with Bacon; "Two heads are better than one," with Cooper; "Enough is as good as a feast"—Moore; "As close as an oyster"—Shelley; "Save at the spigot and waste at the bung-hole"—Fawcett; "Where there's a will there's a way"—Willis; "Never say die"—Tilden; "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long"—fellow; "Brevity is the soul of wit"—tier.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

It is estimated that the coal deposits in this country will be exhausted inside of one thousand years. This doesn't cause us any uneasiness. There is a stove in the market that "saves fifty per cent. of the fuel," and next year some genius will be sure to bring out another heating arrangement that will "save fifty per cent. more coal than any other stove ever invented,"—and thus all our coal will be saved.—*Exchange.*

A MAN in a Pennsylvania town whose wife persisted in getting drunk as often as it was convenient, caught her in a drunken stupor the other day and branded her with a red-hot iron. It is to be hoped that women all over the country will take warning from this woman's fate, and not get drunk and expose their husbands to want and suffering.—*Peck's Sun.*

REV. MR. TALMAGE says the human race started with men ten feet high, and now the average is five feet six inches. At this rate of shrinkage we suspect that a few million years hence men will average six inches no feet high, and still not be any "shorter"—when asked to pay a bill—than many Americans of the present day. It was a wise provision of nature to reduce a man's height from ten feet to five feet six inches. In olden times he couldn't enter a door without bumping his head and spoiling his high silk hat, or else double himself up like a croquet wicket.—*Norristown Herald.*

A NEW YORK newspaper man has complained at police head-quarters that he is followed by a "mysterious stranger." Newspaper men must expect such annoyances as long as they are so imprudent as to go in public with a \$10,000 diamond pin shimmering on their shirt-fronts; though perhaps in this particular case the "mysterious stranger" is the newspaper man's boarding-house keeper, who has heard that his guest is about to flee to Europe to elude his creditors.—*Exchange.*

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