

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

Price

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 19, 1885.

10 Cents.



Frank Beard.

FRANKLIN SQUARE LITH. CO. NEW YORK

"ONE OF THE MISTAKES OF INGERSOLL."

"No, Colonel, that is not the God of the Bible."



THE JUDGE.

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)
IN ADVANCE.

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

Single copies 10 cents each;

THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
324, 326 and 328 Pearl St.,
NEW YORK

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

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

SOMETHING TOO MUCH OF IT.

The least convincing logic is that which proves too much. The vaulting ambition of many a debater o'erleaps itself and falls on the other side of his hobby.

This is the reason why radicals so rarely carry the day. They may be unanswerable, but not convincing. Instinct revolts against what reason concedes.

This is the fault of assailants of the Bible and religious faith, like Col. Ingersoll. Probably nine-tenths of those who before hearing him are inclined to go with him on the general question of dissent from creeds, will draw back from his following at the close of one of his brilliant lectures. He resolves everything into nothing. So far as logic and wit go he leaves nothing for any one to stand on, and even the agnostic rubs his eyes and says, "Where *are* we, anyway?"

So the whole effort, considered as to results, is the height of folly. Its most practical bearing is that it fills the Academy of Music at a dollar a head.

ENGLAND'S APPARITION.

"If the American Union be maintained," said Carlyle, pending our civil war, "Europe goes post to Democracy."

That prediction, ratified by Appomattox, re-union, and payment of our war debt, has been verified by the successful establishment of the French republic, the unsuccessful and for a time postponed republics set up else-

where; and now by Democracy's itself appearing to disturb the plans of the British imperial statesmen.

When Gladstone extended the franchise to two million of new voters, he added another seal to the prediction.

When Salisbury built his party on Irish support, in exchange for Irish self-government, he unwittingly whipped up the post-speed of England hastening to Democracy.

The cheers of English "mud sills" for Chamberlain's radical issue of church disestablishment, free popular education and land reform; nay, the clubs and brickbats that the newly-emancipated voters threw at conservatism, aristocracy and royalty on the stump, were but goads to the post that nurries England to Democracy.

The day is coming. The apparition raised by competing statesmen to their own aid will not again down at their bidding. This parliament may put on the brakes, but another election will reveal the power of the people.

The day is coming post-haste of the dethronement of privilege and the accession of manhood to rule in England.

OUTSIDE AND INSIDE DEVILS.

A personal devil is a necessity to keep humanity in countenance. It will be a dark—not to say a cold—day for men when they cannot imagine a being worse than themselves, nor one to tax with their sins. Bob Ingersoll's saying, "An honest God is the noblest work of man," has its complement in, "A man is known by the devil he invents." The logic of it is that a man's conception of badness, personified in his Great Enemy, will reveal his own nature.

The man who desires to be rid of his defects, will make a devil of the same defects exaggerated, and fight it.

The Pharisee will flatter himself by constructing a devil with the faults of his neighbors, magnified.

Some men are so well convinced of the hopelessness of improvement in their own cases that they will undertake to demonize all things better than themselves. They want to pull everything down to their own level. Not that they need a personification of evil blacker than themselves, but that they cannot endure the existence of any qualities better than their own natures. This class of men has no proper conception of an Evil One, because such men can't realize an objective Satan worse than the subjective devil that they are so familiar with.

Hence, as an axiom of demonology, we might lay down the rule: If a man's ideal devil is below him, he may improve; if above him, he cannot. Because, in the former case, the tempter is outside and may be resisted; in the latter, it is inside and has possession, moving the man himself to war upon good.

RULINGS.

THE POLICEMAN belongs to the true Reform club, only he does not always seem to recollect the fact, and its bearings.

A MANUFACTURER ADVERTISES "Board of Health Soap." Send a carload of this detergent to N. Y., C. O. D., P. D. Q.

IF WESTERN PAPERS COULD HIRE some New York pressmen and mail-clerks their respective circulation could be made to double in ninety days, and have it sworn to.

AN ALBANY (N. Y.) clergyman has invented an automatic corkscrew. It ought to be accompanied by a device for preserving the autonomy of the bottle and its contents.

AS THE WINTER'S ADVERSITIES strengthen the wild and hungry longing for river and harbor improvements and federal buildings fills the land with its pathetic, sad wail.

THEY IMPROVE ON JUDAS ISCARIOT in Boston. There, when a disciple betrays his Master he does n't commit suicide. No, he hires a hall and sets up as a little god on roller-skates, himself.

GEN. SCHOFIELD'S report argues the problem, "how Indians can best be fought." He seems to have strangely overlooked the plan of sending the street gangs of New York out to settle the problem.

SEVERAL EDITORS in Mexico have been imprisoned for writing insultingly of the rulers of that country. Any man with the ability to insult Mexican government ought to be pensioned instead of prisoned.

BAILY SAYS, "The follies of youth are drafts on old age, generally payable twenty years after date;" but THE JUDGE says, "The energies of youth are drafts drawn against old age and discounted to take the place of capital and experience. They double the power and length of a life."

A POSTMASTER IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY was tied to a fence and beaten by twenty women. He hadn't been revealing the contents of their letters and postal cards; he'd only been beating his wife and acting as an offensive partisan of another woman. Queer codes of propriety they have in these frontier towns.

IT IS RATHER A SINISTER portent that the next Boston novel (by Howells) is to be "The Minister's Charge." Of course, there is no literary gossip as to what this minister is to be charged with, but we hope it is in a different order of cultural transgression from some that has lately been charged against Boston ministers.

LIMBERING UP WITH LAGER.

The German Policeman Invents a Yarn Simply to Point a Moral for His Friend Reilly.

By Julian Ralph, Author of the "Sun's German Barber," Etc.

"What soort av a mouth have you, that ye can shpake thim German wurruds?" Reilly, the blacksmith, inquired of the German Policeman.

"I am clad you haf asked me dot," the Policeman replied. "Dot gifs me a shance to say somedings vich I haf long ago noticed. All English sbeaking beoples—English, Irish, Amerigans, Scotch und so on—all believe dot Got made dem in der image uf der Greater und after dot He proke der image und made der rest uf der vorlt on a sord uf a second glass model. Oh, ton'd deny dot! See, you haf choost asked me vot sort uf a mout I got. I subbose you dink it is a sord uf a rubber imidation uf a chenuine English mout.

"You are like dot English chendleman vich to Chermany vent und dook to trinking peer in order der Cherman language to learn.

"He sat der peer saloon inside all day, und at night vent home in der mosd 'how-haf-you-come so' condition to bractice sbeaking Cherman mit his lantlaty.

"End uf a veek he met an English frent, 'und how do you come along mit your Cherman?' dot frent did ask.

"'Chimany Hooky!' he sayd, 'tond call dot *my* Cherman—call it der Tefil's if you vont to, but not mine. I mate mit my lantlaty an arrangement to shbend der day bicking Cherman up, und



at night she kindly sayt she vould let me dry und bractice shbeaking a leetle mit her.

"Der first day I trank peer from 6 A. M. to fife G. A. (dot's goot afternoon) und vent home und sat py der lantlaty's barlor; She comes in und I shbeak a leetle mit her. "Yah," she says.

"I fix dot,"—und negst dings vot I know, a doctor comes in, leats me to ped, bumps me mit a shtummick bump owd, sharges me a thaler und skibs der house owd. Negst night, I trink till 8 G. E. (dot's goot efening) und come home und sbeak to dot laty's huspand a leetle apowd his wife. He obens der vinder, dakes me py der beck uf my goat und end uf my drouzers, durns me owtsite in—so my feet are shticking owd pedween my deeth, und slings me der sdreet agross."

"Sex veeks later, ven I am able to grawl beck to der saloon und trink some more Cherman—I mean peer—I go right avay beck to der lantlaty, proud uf my day's vork—und vot you dink? She sgreams und sgreams und I am arressed und locked der station house insite. I gif avay der chob uf learning Cherman. I go now to Baris, alretty, to get admitted in a deaf und dumb asylum so as to pegin at der poddom und vork my vay up as a perfect French scholar."

"I hobe you tond dink py dot slory dot I am obbosed to peer trinking," the Policeman said. "Not at all—but I am obbosed to any apuse, or oxcessive trinking uf it. My poy Chaky vos boasding der oder day dot he trank feefy, sixty classes peer on Danks-giffing, und I shcolded him. 'Bedder you look owd,' I sayt; 'dot's den or dwendy classes too much for you. You are a poy, rememper, und you *mighd acwire a daste for der shtuff!*'"

MADELINE ON BASE-BALL.

DAVID SKAATS FOSTER.

What a number of nicely dressed people! I'm awfully glad that we came, And you'll be surprised when you find that I'm posted so well on the game, Those red stockings and buff colored shirts are just lovely, I know that they'll win; And that little man there must be short-stop, for his head wouldn't come to my chin.

Those three cushions down in 'the meadow, I suppose, are to sit on and rest, If they had them up here 'twould be nicer; just look how that woman is dressed, The one with the crimson plush mantle, and the hat, and the ribbons, and plume; I've been watching that couple this long time, I'm sure they're a bride and a groom.

Now, why does the pitcher feel of the ball, every time he commences to throw? To see if its properly curved? And the catcher, poor man! he's consumptive, I know, Or why does he wear that great pad on his chest? Did you hear those men laugh? I declare It makes me quite nervous and frightened! and look at them now! how they stare!

There's Alice and George just arriving; that's her trick, always coming in late, Oh, Vanitas Van Vanitorum! please see if my hat is on straight? What's that? Struck a fowl! Oh, how could he? That man has no feeling or sense, Poor little thing! I don't see it, it must have crept under the fence.

Stole what? Stole a base? Well! I wonder such things are allowed on the ground! And where on earth has he put it? And what will he do when it's found? Caught napping at second? Poor fellow! he must have been frightfully tired. Ther're the Smiths over there in a landau—is it theirs or one that they've hired?

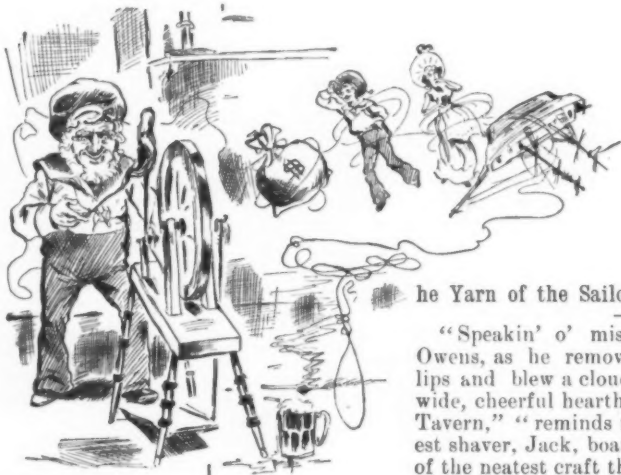
The red-stockings whitewashed? What nonsense! That's the silliest thing in base-ball; And why isn't kalsomine better, if they've got to do it at all? Well! you don't look as if you'd enjoyed it. I'll wager you're glad that it's done, But 'twas awfully nice and exciting—and who, did you tell me, had won?

National Wakes.

The expense account of the members of congress at the Hendrick's funeral is not in yet, but from the decreased account of drunkenness and misconduct we infer that the bill for cigars and liquors will be smaller than they were for the Garfield funeral. It may be that economy in our national wakes is among the imminent reforms.

TOADY-INCLINED JOURNALS repeat with admiration marks the tradition that Vanderbilt once shook hands with an engineer on the Central R. R., saying that he was not ashamed to do so—i. e. V. said he wasn't—said Vanderbilt himself wasn't ashamed. He hasn't been ashamed of shaking a good many Central employes since for less offences than this engineer committed on the occasion.

It is positively exhilarating to patriots to see the interest that the Democrats now take in the law of presidential succession. So long as Republicans were in the executive bench they didn't seem to care whether chaos came by death of Presidents and Vice-Presidents, or not. Their patriotic solicitude now is charming—is as keen and unselfish as the interest that Mark Twain's dog took in the scrambling out of the alkaline lake that was burning his hair and tail off.



o' a man's sails."

The old sailor's words created quite a stir among the group assembled around the fireplace. An antiquated peddler, who had been displaying his wares and chanting an inventory of his nondescript treasures in monotonous sing-song, hastily collected them together and tied up his pack. The village school-master suddenly aroused himself from his favorite corner, rubbing his eyes and fully believing that his termagant spouse had laid her familiar hand on his ear, accompanied by the gentle reminder that it was bed-time.

All hands importuned the old sea-dog to spin his yarn; and after a long draught of his toddy and a longer puff at his pipe, he took a hitch in his trousers and began:

"Is's a good many years since old Collins, the miser, was living, but I guess as how sum o' yer remember his tall, lanky figger, and them claws o' his as seemed ter grapple onter ev'rythin' as drifted in their course. Wall, the shark had a fine buxom darter, as neat a craft as ye ever clapped yer eyes on; tall an' straight as a main-must, sound on her timbers, with a fresh, han'some figger-head, and spars and riggin' all taut. She war nun o' yer French frigates with high-heeled keels, as sail along bobbin' their sterns as though they'd unslipped their rudders. No, shiver my limbers, if she war!

"Sally war 'bout eighteen year ole when Jack began to pilot her 'round to fairs and parties; and when I went ter see as how the lan' lay, I found they'd a sneakin' likin' fur each other. I didn't want ter run athwart Jack's bearin' fur I thought the squall would soon blow over; but I arterwards discovered that the young lubber hed a look-out on the ole man's locker. But, as it's the duty o' ev'ry able seaman ter keep his son off the reefs, I ran afoul o' Jack one day and sounded him as ter the danger o' havin' one o' them fire-ships in tow. I thought o' my ole woman (may the saints hev more mercy fur her than she ever hed fur me!) and gave him a pretty heavy broadside. But, shiver my timbers! the young rascal only luffed at me, winked his starboard lantern, and showed me a clean pair o' heels.

"They hed fair sailin' fur a couple o' munths, when all ter wunst ole Collins fired a shot 'cross Jack's bows and ordered him ter heave to. It seemed as how the old man didn't want ter trade with a craft carryin' only ballast aboard and no cargo; so Jack was cast adrift and not allowed ter anchor in the harbor till he had enuff in the locker ter pay the miser salvage on his darter. The young lubber was takun hard a-beam and almost keeled over by the squall. He tuk a reef in his jaw tacklin', got the blue-devils, and skimmed along the deck as airy as the Flyin' Dutchman. Then he begun writin'

he Yarn of the Sailor and His Lass.

"Speakin' o' misers," said old Capt. Owens, as he removed his pipe from his lips and blew a cloud of smoke along the wide, cheerful hearth of the "Crow's-nest Tavern," "reminds me of how my youngest shaver, Jack, boarded and captured one of the neatest craft that ever ran a-win'ard

"But it's an ill win' as never blows good, and one day as I was a-think'in o' sendin' Jack on a cruise afore the mast, in he cum, yellin' and shoutin' like a bumboat-womun. He hed Sally in tow, blushin' as red as a rose, as the poet says. He gave her out as Mrs. Jack Owens, and sed they'd jist been spliced.

"That night, as we set over our grog, I cozened him ter tell me how he'd circumnavigated ole Collins. I can never think o' the story now without laffin'. It seems how Jack started a mutiny, and induced Sally to open the miser's locker and hide the bag o' gold down in the cellar. When the ole man turned out next mornin' and found the chest scuttled, his eyes cum out o' his head and stood on his cheeks. He couldn't give a command, for his tung kept a-flappin' up and down in his mouth, like a flounder jist hauled aboard, and his knees knocked together like a Dutchman's at the name o' Napolyun. He unshipped the cargo o' the locker, and squinted in invellupes and pill-boxes, pulled an ole cobweb away from one corner—but couldn't find the money. Then he battered in the chest, shivered the spars inter atoms, and hunted among the splinters.

"As though 'tracted by the noise, Jack jist then cum ascuddin' in, and asked what the matter was. Collins fell down on his pins, and begged him by all the saints aloft and aloft to help him find his gold, and promised him his darter if he got his money back. This war jest the port Jack war a-steerin' fur, and histin up his false colors, he spun a yarn as ter seein' two land sharks a-skulkin' 'round the ship the night afore. The miser 'seeched Jack ter clap on all sail and cruise in pursuit o' the pirates, and off he went. He cum back in a couple o' hours, and Sally opened the rear hatchway and let him inter the caboose, while she went down to the hold and smuggled up the treasure under her sails. Then, rushin' in with a 'Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!' Jack heaved the bag athwart the miser's davits, and while he war aluggin' o' it off they steere: to the parson's to sign articles for a life's voyage on the sea o' matrimony."

J. J. O'CONNELL.

WE'VE SEEN HIM.

The first to enter in to-night,
His step is weak, infirm and slow,
And with a glass to aid his sight
He sits up in the foremost row.



The years have bleached his tresses gray,
A solemn light dwells in his eye,
He grimly sits and sees the play
And lets each telling point go by.

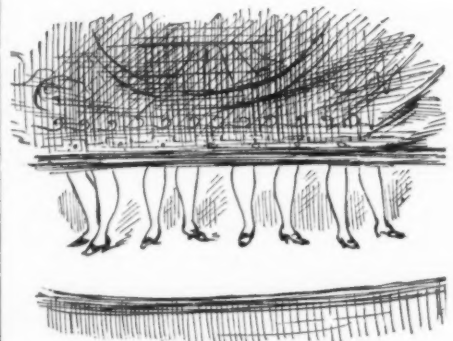
Impassable and mute he sits,
No light of pleasure spreads his brow;
To him on comings or exits
Are but of little moment now.



His face is tinged a rosy red—
Anticipation—and to-night
The bald Sahara on his head
Throws back a shining beacon-light.



But see, he madly grasps his glass,
His eyes an eager light give out!
Ah, what has sudden come to pass
To put his lethargy to route?



The music swells, and tripping feet
In rhythmic motion lightly go,
And he, the fossil in that seat—
The bald-head of the ballet show.

R. C. LEWIS.

TO A SUNFLOWER.



THOU beauteous, elephantine
flower,
Tell me the secret of thy
power!
I gaze into thy brassy face
And cannot see where lies thy
grace.

Our Little Folk's Christmas Box.

BY KEL.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—I know you are just dying to find out how you can best please some of your little friends in various parts of the world.

Miss Josepa McIntyre Hennesey, you wore four large, sixteen-karat, flint pendants at the last ball given by Mrs. Basil G. O'Phelan in Shantyville. You can spare them now. Send them to King Jojobojjiizy, Africa, As ornaments they will show up far better than the usual gold-filled teeth of the missionary.

Evelina Honaria Justina Blobbs: That gauzy gown you wore last summer at the Spa is too frigid for this climate. Send it to Popo Bjob, Iceland. It will be more in keeping with that congealed atmosphere—as a prototype of your unblushing affrontry.

Claudius Heathcote Smith:—The well-regulated sausage is stuffed to symmetrical proportions; but those mauve-checked unmentionables of yours are too expensive for your diminutive limbs. Send them as a Xmas gift to G. W. Ashland Bowers, the fat dude of Wisconsin.

Ethel.—That seal-skin sacque you wear is ill-becoming to the daughter of a man who couldn't settle ten cents on the dollar. That old washing woman's bill is yet unpaid. Nuff sed.

Grinder, if you don't let up on your seven nights a week courting, and give her old man a chance to replenish the coal bin, there'll be a vacancy at the table where you wanst wast. If you can't get rid of the girl any other way, expedite matters and marry her.

Mrs. Adamantine Cheek, if you don't quit dishing up fried chickens on Sunday, chicken-pie on Monday, chicken soup on Tuesday and chicken-salad on Wednesday, there will be a sudden upheaval among your victims.

Brown, please put it off until I hear from Jones. Jones says he'll settle as soon as Smith pays him.

I have called the attention of the foregone to a few of their failings. * This day of big feet, four-story stockings—and big head tomorrow—ought not to be shadowed by a single cloud. I trust the persons whose names I have mentioned will see to this thing before next Xmas. If they do, life will glide along in a rosy stream of joy, comfort, bills, etc.

It is not from thy yellow leaves
A sense of beauty one receives,
Nor, surely, does thy awkward stalk
Reveal the grace of which we talk.

'Tis not so very long ago
In the back yard you used to grow,
'Mongst old tin cans and heads of fishes,
Potato peels and broken dishes.

Appreciation came, though late,
To blush unseen was not your fate;
Beauty and fashion on you smiled
With the advent of Oscar Wilde.

You occupy the choicest places,
Amid the bric-a-brac and vases;
On panels, plaques and looking-glasses
You're painted by æsthetic lassies.

Oh, beauteous flower, my heart you stole—
I'll plant you in my button-hole;
You my artistic taste shall feed
Till both of us have gone to—seed.

H. A. B.

Heroic.

Mark Twain, "on attaining his fiftieth birthday, was met by cordial greetings from his brother humorists in facetious prose and rhyme." At first Mark's stomach—but he resisted the impulse, and with a stiff upper lip and a forced smile ushered them all into his hospitable waste basket. But he says he's condemned if it isn't the last time he'll reach a fiftieth birthday.



A PAIR OF TIGHT BOOTS

OFF THE BENCH.

SCENT POCKETS—contribution boxes.

THE REAL DYNAMITE TEST is how to pronounce "dynamite."

THERE ARE IN THIS enterprising land fifty *Suns* that never set—type. All plate work.

"AFTER PROHIBITION, WHAT?" asks the serious *Buffalo Express*. Why, a drink, of course.

THE OIL REGIONS papers are not so crude as you might suppose. They cater to the refined.

THE MINERAL RESOURCES of the Metropolis are *nil*, but she is in constant trouble with disorderly minors.

OHIO BEES last year sacked a million and three-quarters pounds of honey, and the Frenchmen remarked "that's beesnes'."

MARION CRAWFORD's newest story is "The Upper Berth." We hope it will not be too realistic in describing the heroine's berth and descent.

"HOW TO RAISE CORN for 25 cents," is a new agricultural work. A sure method, "How to raise a blind successfully," would have a larger sale.

THE DEPARTMENT OF THE *Boston Courier*, "Around the Hub," is tiresome reading. The fellows around the office should be spoken to about it.

THE FUNNY PARAGRAPH columns of some of our e. c.'s, interspersed with patent medicine "sells," create a good deal of amusement—at the "sells."

RUSSIAN WOMEN talk less than American women. Well, if our girls knew how to sling the same kind o' words, they wouldn't need to talk so much.

PRINCE ALEXANDER, of Bulgaria, is part German and part Polish. This may explain his leading "King" Milan of Serbia such a dance and polishing him off so scientifically.

THE WATERBURY WATCH Co. make three and one-half watches to the minute; but they sell them so low that a man can afford to carry enough of them to make up the full time.

THE PATENT-INNARDS MEN now supply type-metal brains to 6,400 fearless and indomitable organs of public opinion, whose editors are unbribed by influence and unawed by gain.

THE TURKEY'S LAMENT.

Crow, crow, crow,
Oh, fowls in your fiendish glee,
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the hen and her chicks,
That they tranquilly roost in the hay;
Oh! well for the ducks and the geese:—
They're not wanted on Christmas day!

And my captor still strides on
To the big house up on the hill;
And those horrid roosters crow
Till really they make me ill!

Crow, crow, crow,
Oh, roosters of every degree!
But the tender grace of a turkey that's dead
Will never come back to ye.

HELEN THORNE.



A KNIGHT-ERRANT.

Winter Hints.

Don't put your hands into other people's pockets to keep them warm.

Carry no bottles in the hind pockets of your coat on a slippery day.

Don't give your girl such a long good-bye at the door. This produces coughs—from the old folks up-stairs.

Never call to see your girl in a cold room. Do not allow yourself to shiver unless you see a creditor coming.

If you have to get up in the mornings and make a fire, don't do it.

Work enough to get your blood and a little currency into circulation.

If the wind blows in one window, open the other and let it blow out.

Don't hang around a cast-iron column on a cold night. You may get a Corinthian frieze.

Cold molasses and noses are not alike—cold molasses won't run. Always wear a nose-stall of fur.

A. W. BELLAW.

Valuable Fat Drivers.

MR. HOTIZ INTERVIEWS A COAL DEALER.

I was recently passing a large coal-yard when my attention was attracted by a remarkable phenomenon, the like of which, I had never before seen. Six loaded coal-wagons were awaiting the arrival of the weighing-clerk, who was temporarily absent from his post. The horses attached to these wagons were large, sleek-coated and in good condition, but the drivers, especially, aroused my wonder. The smallest, even, would have been counted as a man of weight in the "Fat Men's Club," and would have run a good chance of a prize at the annual clam-bake of that ponderous organization. The largest would have appeared at very slight disadvantage beside the mountains of human flesh on exhibition in several shows each of which is "The Greatest Circus Combination in the World." The weighing clerk returned and began to weigh the first wagon, which was already on the platform. The driver, remaining on the wagon, shovelled off coal with great vigor and earnestness into the box provided for that purpose, which was much beyond the ordinary size for such a convenience, and several compartments, each of which would hold fully a ton of coal. At last the scale tipped slightly and, at a sign from the clerk, the wagon was driven away. The same process was repeated with each of the remaining five wagons.



A NIGHT ERRAND.

The drivers, in every case, stood on the wagons during the weighing, and when the last had gone, a one-horse cart came along, the driver of which (a particularly lean fellow) filled it from one of the compartments of the "overflow-box," which was nearly full, and carted his load back into the yard. There, by ascending an inclined plane, this return freight was brought to a point whence it was dumped into the elevated bin where the supply of this kind was kept. The cart then returned and another compartment was relieved of a load of its contents which was, in like manner, restored to its proper place.

While the weighing was in progress, I noticed that the proprietor of the yard was surveying these proceedings with evident

satisfaction, and a look of exultation on his face as the last wagon (which was driven by the most corpulent driver) took its turn, gave me the key to the whole situation. The movements of the one-horse-cart confirmed my suspicions, so I stepped up to the proprietor and said in my blandest smile and with my most insinuating tone:

"How many times a day do you sell those same fat drivers, the price depending upon whether they 'kick the beam' as chestnut, large or small stove, or furnace?"

He started; looked around anxiously and was relieved on seeing that we could not possibly be overlooked; seemed undecided as to whether he should get angry or not, but thought it safer to keep his temper; then said, turning to me:

"Will you keep my secret if I make a clean breast of the whole matter?"

"Certainly," was my reply. "I am a newspaper man."

"That settles it!" said he, his face brightening up; "I know then that I can trust you."

He dismissed the weighing clerk, as it was nearly time for closing; invited me into his office, produced a box of choice cigars, a goodly number of which he forced upon me for present and future consumption; and having made sure that his remarks should have no listeners except the one who had earned a right to the enjoyment of further revelations, the detected coal dealer began his narrative, as follows:

"Several years ago some envious neighbors and some former customers who were angry because I had sued them for accounts long unpaid, started the story that I gave short weight. Of course, they were wrong in their suspicions."

Here he looked at me inquiringly, and I could do no less than say (but with an irrepressible wink):

"Of course, any doubts of your correctness were unjust."

"Still they troubled me greatly," continued the coal dealer; "for 'it is all very pretty to talk about not caring for unjust accusations, but if people believe them they do fully as much harm as just ones. After much thought on the subject, I ordered an entirely new set of wagons, to be made of exactly the same weight and then to be brought up to the next even hundred pounds by additional ballast, so that any slight discrepancy could here be rectified, and the process of weighing could be rendered as simple as possible. I then had a grand 'weighing-day' and advertised it in the newspapers, inviting the public to come around and see the accuracy of my new management and note the care taken and the expense incurred to secure absolutely honest dealing. Many did come and my custom was largely increased by this move. My critics took advantage of the open invitation to drop in at any time afterward to see how this matter was managed, but could not detect a flaw in my system. One day three were on hand, busily engaged in watching the operations of the weighing clerk.

The driver forgot to get down from the wagon, and was weighed with the load without challenge from my self-appointed inspector. This suggested a new plan. People began to be ashamed of their unjust suspicions. The tide of public opinion had turned in my favor. The inspection was nearly abandoned. It had been kept up so long that I became indignant and felt that I 'might as well have the game as the name.' The following week occurred the famous driver's strike, which relieved me, without

effort on my part, of my whole force and gave me an opportunity to engage an entirely new set. I hunted up the heaviest men that I could find; I taught them how to "get weighed," and from that day to this no one has ever seen through my scheme until you came along and noticed my method of exacting damage from the public injury done to my feelings by the unkind remarks of my envious critics."

The look of righteous indignation on the face of the coal dealer was highly edifying. I was duly impressed by his earnestness, and inquired:

"Have you any difficulty in keeping up the supply of heavy drivers?"

"For obvious reasons frequent changes are not desirable, and I make it worth their while to stay. I pay them an extra dollar a day, and take care that they have a full dinner near here at my expense, to help keep them in good condition. The weighing-clerk receives a commission of ten per cent. of the value of the 'surplus coal' (under this name it runs on our books) for his services. He knows every man's weight to a T and keeps an account of the quality and price of the coal which they represent. I pay him monthly, his account being reckoned in tons. He got married two years ago, and has bought a house and lot with the proceeds of his 'extra dividend,' besides having a snug sum in the bank. I have had only two losses since I started the system. One man (a rare specimen! he weighed two-hundred and seventy-five!) got consumption. I did everything that man could do for him. I supplied him with medical attendance and medicine, including cod-liver oil by the gallon, but all in vain. When he got down below two-hundred I had him drive the return-cart for several months, and when he could no longer stand that, I pensioned him off. I attended his funeral, walking next to the mourners. Poor fellow!" (a tear was glistening in the eye of the coal dealer) "His death was a great bereavement to me!"

"The other loss was a case of conscience. One of my heaviest men came to me and said that he could not carry on this business any longer. I agreed to give him twenty dollars a month to keep quiet. I pay him the first of every month. Last pay-day he told me that his conscience bothered him so much that he needed five dollars a month more to appease it. 'You had better listen to your conscience and tell it all,' said I, 'That would be killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, and would cost you just two-hundred and forty dollars a year; for, of course, your divvy would stop at once.' He thought awhile, then told me he would put an extra seal on the can in which he keeps his conscience, and try to be satisfied with our old arrangement."

"That man driving the last wagon is a fine fellow for your business."

"Yes, indeed, he is invaluable, for his weight never runs under three-hundred, and I save him for my dealings with the 'dead beats.' We coal dealers have a 'black list' for people who are bad pay. Some of these begin by paying cash for four or five tons, then get credit for a ton at a time, paying when they need another ton. After buying five or six tons this way, they ask to be trusted for a second ton. Of course we refuse, and their custom is taken elsewhere. The dealer is sure to lose the last ton sold to them. I have sold as many as eleven tons to such a person, and he would go off laughing in his sleeve to think how nicely he had got a ton for nothing. Not a bit of it, though! I had been gradually collecting

for that ton as I went along, and instead of being two-thousand pounds ahead, he was about a thousand pounds behind. Still, as the work of my 'heaviest gun' is not pure surplus, the weighing-clerk keeps a special account of each of these cases, and allows for the lost ton before taking his dividend. So my system serves as a means for the circumvention and punishment of the dishonest."

The look of conscious rectitude on the countenance of the coal dealer was overpowering. I thanked him for his information, and departed so saturated with his scaly casuistry, that I dreamt that night that the coal dealer had in some way gotten control of me and was fattening me up for a position of driver of one of his "even weight" wagons. UONO HOOTIZ.

Forestalling Future Heat.

The Mount Olivet institution for heading off hades is now in full blast. Fifteen bodies have been incinerated. Some orthodox people so much disapprove of these cremationists that they would give one of them the epitaph of Congreve, the great fire-works man, "He is gone to the only place where his fire-works can be excelled."

A Paralyzer.

A genuine surprise party was played on a minister in Pennsylvania. A big crowd of his parishioners came unannounced, did not bring any cold victuals to scatter on the carpets; didn't indulge in any imbecile kissing and monkey shows; didn't make nuisances of themselves in any way; left a hundred dollars in cash, that was not to be deducted from his salary. The old man's hair, which was white when they came, in a single night turned as black as the driven charcoal.

A Cheap Memory.

"I say, Julia," said Mr. Hobbs as his wife entered the room where himself and a friend were discussing a business matter, "How long ago was it that 'Lige Hunt moved West?'"

"Let me see," replied Mrs. Hobbs, "five, six, seven, nine—yes, nine years ago."

"Sure it was as long ago as that?"

"Yes, I know it was, because I had my black silk new at the time."

"Guess you're right. And how long since he made his property over to his wife?"

"Seven. I know because then I took off the flounces and put on box plaiting."

"And when did his mother-in-law sue him?"

"Six years ago. At that time I had the over-skirt made into a basque."

"And it was four years ago that your brother endorsed his paper?"

"No, only three years. At that time I had the skirt cleaned and turned."

"Well, it's only a year ago that Mary Ann came East, is it?"

"That's all. Then I had the dress made over to wear with a plaid underskirt."

"I guess she's right," remarked Mr. H., as his wife left the room.

"Right or wrong," cried the entranced friend, "that woman's price is greater than rubies. Why, if my wife should try to regulate her memory by her dresses, she'd forget all she ever knew quicker than a successful candidate ever forgot his campaign promises."

Wouldn't Pool Girls.

CHOLLY—"Let's go 'n' see 'One of Our Girls.'"

GUS—"Go alone, if you want to see her. I don't go partnership in the girl business."



RAPID GROWTH.

DOLPHY—"Oh, dear! I wish it would stop raining—and never rain again."

MOTHER—"Why, my son, nothing would grow if it didn't rain."

DOLPHY—"Is rain what makes people grow? Well, Aunt Kate must have been where it rained every day, then."



HAMILTON -

"I AM C...
The Terror of Royalty, the Nightmare of...

E JUDGE.



"M COMING!"
Nightmare of Politicians, the Hops of the People.



Lotta has played the funny so long that it has become bone of her bone, and flesh of her flesh. The *Marchioness* is one of her best roles. Its eccentricities require tact and experience, both of which are included in Lotta's acquirements. While her more hoydenish representations have lost much of their young charm during the last twenty years, her *Marchioness* has gained vivacity and fitness with age. As a character study it has few equals upon the stage. Lotta's inability to do the really pathetic, as shown in her *Little Nell*, is in sharp contrast with *The Marchioness*.

Mr. Nat Goodwin and his "Skating Rink," which makes more hits than any of the much sermonized predecessors, is testing the capacity of the Theatre Comique this week. Mr. Hart is certainly offering the good people of Harlem the best there is in market, and often at less than their original price.

In "The Grip," Mr. Edward Harrigan's latest production, he drops the malo-dramatic line of "Old Lavender" and returns to the farce of his earlier efforts. We regret this, first because both as play-writer and as actor in the title role, he gave evidence in "Old Lavender" of powers in advance of the variety line; second, because "The Grip" is not up to the mark of his other local comedies. It is in the vein of the "McSorley" series, but has not their originality, insomuch that it sounds like an imitation of them—and an imitation of a burlesque is not "a good thing to have in the family." Going to New Jersey for his scenes, is rather spreading the "local-color" out thin; the Morris and Essex Canal and the Cooperstown Seminary are not objects of local or even neighborly interest to New York audiences, and the return to New York situations in the second act of "The Grip," is timely for the relief of the play. The New York scenes hardly compare with the former ones for reproduction of local situations. Mr. Harrigan has to carry the dramatic interest of the farce alone, almost. The part of an Irish hostler installed as *Col. Reilly*, the wealthy New Yorker, affords him a fine opportunity for the display of that mock dignity for which all his travesties are so remarkable. His burlesquerie here is as characteristically delicious as ever. If the play had been written for him to order for the display of his peculiar genius, it could not have been hit off more happily for his part, nor more inauspiciously for the rest of the cast and general interest of the

piece. Even Johnny Wild and Mrs. Yeamans fail to renew their hits of the former Harrigan plays. It is doubtful, therefore, if this piece has a long run.

Mr. Brahm's six songs in the piece are of his usual happy character; "School Days," and "The Aldermanic Board," are the best of them, and are already being whistled from Harlem to the Battery.

The one week engagements at the Third Avenue Theatre are meeting with much favor from the patrons of this house. The crowd that stands aloof from experiments always goes to an old actor or a time-tested popular play. Chanfrau, as *Kit, the Arkansas Traveller*, is playing to enthusiastic audien-

ces this week. Next week Lester and Allan.

"The Magistrate" has closed court and now Mr. Daly's company are up to their old lark, "A Night Off." This is one of the few dissipations that never palls upon the senses. It is as hilariously invigorating as ever. The hearty applause that greets Mrs. Gilbert every-night assures her of New York's cordial welcome and re-establishes her as a favorite upon the New York stage. Miss Ada Rehan charms us more as "the youngest imp of the household," than as the old young wife of the late *Eneas Posket*. All the other members fit into their old parts with the easy grace which characterizes Mr. Daly's intelligent corps of actors.



On the Thames Embankment.—Jack Yenlett and Nance in "Hoodman Blind."

There are some masterly strokes of brush and pen in Wallack's "Hoodman Blind." A more literal piece of photography than *Cleopatra's Needle* with the Thames embankment, the moonlight and lamplight "flowing over all," could scarcely be made. As the original possesses beauty which approaches sublimity under the mystic spell of shadowy night, this miniature photograph upon the stage is picturesque and pleasing. Mr. P. W. Goatcher justly ranks this as one of his best works in scenic painting.

In picturing *Jack Yenlett's* character, the play-writers, Messrs. Jones and Barrett, have given us more harmonious and complementary colors than are often found in the portraits of whole families. When a writer can see at a glance the sunlight on one side and the tempest on the other side of a man's character, he has reached a point of view above the clouds on the mountains of authorship. *Jack Yenlett* is made a consistent type of a class. He is a happy-go-lucky, generous, manly fellow; having just the nature to be tempted by convivial friends, just the nature to love a sweet, gentle woman, and to make his love idolatry, and just the nature to be deceived by a dissembling villain like *Mark Lezzard*; open and frank himself, he is unsuspecting of others. These

are the characters that keep alive our faith in mankind, but not the persons we would trust our corporal keeping with. They are the hopeful, sympathetic, no-business men. A man needs must have a little of the cat or fox in his nature in order to prosper in this money-grabbing, each-man-for-himself age.

If hard work alone made an actor, Mr. Kyrle Bellew would lead the histrionic van. Here is a young man with an intelligent face, graceful carriage, refined manner, an agreeable voice, an earnest purpose, a splendid opportunity, who wants to act, who ought to act, but he doesn't. Why? Mr. Bellew evinces much feeling, but he fails to make us sympathetic with him. He evidently prides himself on his articulation. He has made it a fine-edged, polished tool, but it becomes a dangerous weapon in his unskilled hand—its thrusts are suicidal to his impulses. Without wisdom, too much knowledge of technique is death to any art. The soul is lost in particularization of the body. Mr. Bellew's speech is devoid of feeling because it reveals nothing save the mechanical training. If he knew the universal effects of tone, pitch and force—and how to get those effects—with his stirring lines in "Hoodman Blind," Mr. Bellew might electrify the audiences who are now so passive under his treatment.



Ladies and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury of Public Opinion:

This court wishes to call Your Jury's attention to the necessity for a finding on the relation of your authority to statute law, both as to its enactment and execution.

The power of the Grand Jury of the Whole People is so paramount over statutes that they cannot be long enforced without your approval. The ends of justice may suffer defeat by bad laws, by good laws perverted or by miscarriages. Selfish interests nullify or corrupt good laws when they do not secure the enactment of bad ones. All this maladministration is chargeable to neglect on the part of Your Jury; for statutes, good or bad, however enacted or signed, cannot be law without your sanction, tacit or expressed. Silence on your part is always taken as assent to injustice, legal or illegal. There is, therefore, need of your eternal vigilance over the administration of law to secure the ends of justice. If the steady pressure of your power be removed or slackened at any time, abuses in the name and form of law begin at once to invade the courts.

Counsel of the Press will cite Your Jury to recent cases that show the necessity for your constant supervision of the administration of law, and furnish you the key to your finding in the premises.

The case of Annie Phillips, an unmarried girl of sixteen years, tried for infanticide in Brooklyn, will be before you. The circumstances of her seduction at the age of fourteen, by her employer; her indictment, trial and acquittal, against law and evidence, by a sympathetic jury; and the further fact that her seducer, though well known, was not even arrested, will suggest to Your Jury the need of sometimes nullifying law to secure justice; and at others of straining its severity to reach the real offender. In this case, Your Jury should find against the officers of law who were superfluously severe in the case of the poor girl, and culpably lenient in the case of her destroyer. Had not the jury, acting in the spirit of your enlightened tribunal, set aside the statute, the frightful injustice of a life sentence would have fallen on the victim while her seducer goes free. With a less humane judge and public prosecutor and a less intelligent and law-nullifying jury, this identical injustice has been perpetrated over and over again. For such results of jurisprudence Your Jury are to blame.

It must be constantly impressed and re-stamped upon your minds, that the system

of human law soon becomes a hideous travesty upon justice if left without the interposition of Public Opinion, enlightened and directed by Your Jury in the spirit of humanity, equality and righteousness.

To show you how law can be prostituted to tyrannical ends, counsel will cite you a vast number of cases where the poor suffer legal oppression because they can not afford the time and money to prosecute their just claims against rich contestants. They will probably satisfy you that the poor are virtually without recourse of law in all such cases. It is the province of Your Jury to take such cases out of court into your supreme jurisdiction, and by such penalties as your Public Opinion can enforce, teach the wealthy and powerful, as well as judges and officers of the law, that it is not safe to oppress any man in the name and under the form of law. Flagrant instances of this oppression will be laid before you in connection with labor strikes, where laborers for talking together in the streets—many times where two only were so seen—have been arrested under technical charges, such as disturbing the peace, and summarily fined in sums that to the accused were a calamity. Similar cases, in great numbers, will be cited to you where railroad and other corporations have been able to use the arm of the law tyrannically against their employes. These things need to be stopped by Your Jury, to prevent a less peaceful remedy as the outcome of accumulated wrongs.

The police systems of all our large cities need to be inquired into and perhaps overhauled by Public Opinion. There is every chance for injustice and spite work in the summary, *ex-parte* and unappealable methods of our police and police courts. You should enquire if the city penal institutions do not hold large numbers of innocent men and women, robbed of liberty and forever branded with a convict's shame.

As an illustration of another class of abuses, the defiance of law by powerful corporations, Your Jury should review the several recent consolidations of parallel and competing railroads in New York, Pennsyl-

vania and other states. These consolidations have been carried through, openly, in defiance of statutes and even of constitutional prohibitions. Such disregard of the law for the purposes of monopolizing transportation is worse example to citizens than the other abuses to which this court has cited your attention. There seems to be no power in statutes or courts to restrain such law-breaking. It is for Your Jury to step in where corporations are more powerful than governments. For remedies, beyond your ordinary findings, Your Jury may consider the expediency of vacating the charters of the outlawed corporations and relegating their powers to the people who gave them; or other summary remedies. Your power is ample, if patiently, courageously and ceaselessly applied, to check even the legalized audacity of railroad corporations.

These are but a few of many lines that Your Jury's inquest will probably follow to enforce your supreme jurisdiction in order that even-handed justice may rule in this land both through and in spite of statutes, administrations and courts. C. E. B.

CURSES ARE NOT only like chickens in coming home to roost, but they are like dreams in going by contraries. It turns out that it is not "the public be d—d," after all.

CONGRESSMEN are not provided with secretaries at Government expense, and very few of them employ one. Hence the style of letters and speeches peculiar to Washington.

THE TRUSTEES OF THE East River Bridge might learn something about the grip from Ned Harrigan. The proposition to consult a late billionaire, whose grip seemed the best in the world, was inopportune. His grip did not hold any better than that on the Bridge cars.



CROWDED OUT.

FAT PARTY—"Stove feels pretty comfortable now, don't it?"
THIN PERSON (shivering)—"Does it?"

THE TRUE STORY OF TOM, DICK
AND HARRY.

BY CATO.

Three jolly wags as e'er were known,
Named Tom, and Dick, and Harry,
Before their wild oats all were sown
Resolved to woo and marry.
They chose them wives of good report,
For they resembled Cæsar,
Whose wife—no matter what his sport—
Must let pure pleasures please her.

Their happy marriages took place,
Their bridal tours were ended,
Their firesides claimed them for a space,
Then tavernwards they wended.
They had a rousing time once more,
And said, when tired of staying,
"The one shall settle all the score
Who thinks of disobeying

The first command his wife shall make,
No matter how perplexing,
For each, no doubt, our lark will take
As something rather vexing."
"The wee sma' hours" were growing long
When home the trio sallied,
Humming the fragment of a song
To keep their courage rallied.

Tom tried his door with careful hand,
Then ventured in, half hoping
To reach the matches on the stand,
By quiet, noiseless groping.
As out his hands he slowly put
The tongs fell with a clatter,—
Quick called his wife: "Do put your foot
Plump in the buckwheat batter!"

Dick gained his room with scarce a sound,
Undressing in a second,
He, in the darkness most profound
The distance wrongly reckoned,
And struck the bureau with a crash,
Then o'er the wash-stand tumbled—
"Do break the pitcher all to smash!"
His spouse then crossly grumbled.

Poor Harry's patience was so tried
That he was nearly frantic.
The keyhole 'round and 'round would slide,
Then cut some silly antic.
When in, he stumbled twice at least,
Then on the stairway falling—
"Do break your neck, you drunken beast!"
He heard his vexed wife calling.

As was agreed, they met next day,
Not very bright and jolly,
For headaches are not pleasant pay
For nights of noisy folly.
Said Tom, "I spoil the cakes;"
Quoth Dick, "I broke the pitcher;"
And Harry sighed, "My wallet makes
Our host ten dollars richer."

Took up the Gauntlet.

Young Lady, drawing on her glove—
"Do you know the national characteristics
of this operation, Mr. George?"
"No, what are they?"
"Why, they say that a French woman
puts on her gloves in her boudoir, an Eng-
lish woman in the hall, and an American
woman in the street."
"Yes," (sarcastically) "and where does
an American Lady put her glove on?"
"On her hand," (quickly and innocently).



SEE SNAKES?

BRIDGET—"Did yes ever see a say-sarpint, Moike?"
MIKE—"Faith, an' I did."
BRIDGET—"Whin?"
MIKE—"Whin I was half seas over."

OFF THE BENCH.

A PHILADELPHIA PAPER is to issue a double sheet on Christmas day. This is so great an event in the history of the village that the day will hereafter be generally observed there as a holiday.

SOME ONE HAS POSTED the family ledger to ascertain "which cost more to rear, boys or girls?" We believe he made the showing that girls were the cheaper investment, but we feel quite sure that they are dearest, after they are grown to the waltzing age.

DR. QAIN, THE EMINENT vital statistician, figures out that there has been a remarkable increase in human longevity in the past half century. THE JUDGE'S botanical and moral statistician has detected the same fact as to campaign yarns and jokes.

A DEPUTATION OF POLITICAL STRIKERS once waited on a rich lawyer and asked him to run for judge. "Here is a good show for you on the bench. Go in." The wily lawyer replied, "A bench show! Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?"

THE MEMORY OF OUR revolutionary heroes seems to be gradually diminishing in the more effulgent and nearer brilliancy of our pugilists, base-ball champions and civil service reformers. E. G.: It is, to a patriot, very sad to see the fame of Gen. Anthony Wane.

AN AMERICAN POETESS has written a string of verses as long as a Chautauqua excursion train, on "The Truly Great," and

not a word in it that points to one of the score of actors on whose shoulders John McCullough's mantle has fallen, nor any reference the most remote to the champion base-ball pitcher. Poets are so unpractical and ignorant of the world!

A PAUPER IN NEW JERSEY has a singular disease. Tell him to do anything and he keeps at it till stopped by force. If told to open his mouth he will keep it so until some one shuts it for him, and *vice versa*. Geo. Francis Train has the same complaint, it is supposed, and some one years ago told him to shut his mouth and has forgotten it. Their are lots of people who never shut their mouths, probably for lack of an official mouth-shutter.

Holiday Announcement.

In order that our editors may enjoy the sacred observance of Christianity's holy day, and get over it, there will be no JUDGE issued on Christmas this year. It will be issued two days before. Our employes will work as usual, as they can't be trusted out on a holiday.

Skipped a Stitch.

A sewing-machine agent in Missouri had descanted eloquently to the "gal" of the house without much result. Finally he said:

"This is an indispensable article for house-keeping, and if you want I will furnish you with the best feller on the market."

"Look yer, mister, your clean off the scent. I've got the best feller in Missouri and I ain't in the market. Ye kin take yer mashcen and git. Thar's the door."

THE MAIDEN'S FAREWELL.

The time has come and we must part,
The tear-drop dims mine eye.
How oft I've clasped thee to my heart
With joy in days gone by!
When first I saw thee I was sure
Thou cam'st to me to stay,
But nothing earthly doth endure,
All things must pass away.
How oft, in days forever past,
My form thou hast embraced!
Another takes thy place at last
And clasps me 'round the waist.
But such is life—we meet to part,
In midst of change we dwell.
I clasp another to my breast—
Old corset, fare thee well!

[Boston Courier.]

PUBLICATIONS.

A LUCKY WAIF. A story for mothers, of home and school life, by Ellen E. Kenyon. 12mo. Price \$1.00. New York: Fowler & Wells Co., Publishers, 753 Broadway. This work, with its graphic pictures of home and school life, is full of suggestion for mothers and home educators who feel the grave responsibilities of their relation to the little people entrusted in their keeping. Written in the form of an attractive story, it follows its principal actors from childhood to maturity; and, as their budding characters develop under the pen of the author, we are led to observe the effects of good and bad culture upon minds of considerable natural diversity. The sadder pages of the book are, however, but passing shadows, and its cheerful ending will atone for them all to those young readers who may take it up for the story alone. The narrative is an amusing one for those who are, directly or indirectly, interested in children, and is even adapted to the entertainment of the boys and girls themselves. A perusal, we are convinced, will enlist the warmest sympathies of every public teacher in the well-fare of the book.

THE MISSING LINK. Ann Leah Fox (Mrs. Underhill). New York: Thomas R. Knox & Co., 813 Broadway. In the matters of typography and illustrations this volume is remarkably neat. In the matter of literary contents it is a history of the wonders of spiritualism, from the beginning of the Fox-knocks to the present. The drafts on the reader's faith will be honored or not, according to his prepossessions—or intelligence. To ascertain where the 'Missing Link' comes in requires more study, more imagination, and more readiness to believe than falls to the share of persons who are outside of the mystic influence.

COMMENDABLE ENTERPRIZE.

We have received from The Travelers Insurance Company, of Hartford, a copy of their new engraving, "Representative Parisian Journals and Journalists." It is an interesting and well-executed picture, showing fifteen of the leading newspapers of the French Capital, with the portrait of the editor photographed, as it were, upon each. The Travelers has a handsome way of issuing really good engravings, advertising itself, of course, in an unobtrusive way, but at the same time contributing in no small degree to the common stock of popular information. As the largest Accident Company in the world, the Travellers can afford this broad class of advertising, which creates a favorable personal feeling toward itself wherever its attractive art work penetrates.

OYEZ! OYEZ!

Reviewing the field where the epicure's sealed
His appetite's yearn with profusion,
And noting the plate where the turkey's estate
Reveals but an osseous protrusion,
He would certainly be—as you plainly may see—
At logic the veriest cobbler,
Who would not have inferred that the guest, not
the bird,
Was indeed the most genuine gobbler.

[Yonkers Gazette.]

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal e'er utter,
One word 'gainst the beautiful snow?
When a fellow can take his best girl in a "cutter"
Through the city and country to go,
What matter if passed the ball season
When a fellow has plenty of chink?
To complain of dull times there's no reason
When there's festival joy at the rink.

Oh, why is the spirit of anglers distressed
If the season for fishing is dead?
In the fe-tival stew he might now invest
And go fishing for oysters instead.
For all our ills there is some compensation,
'Tis a rule that will work 'tother way;
Though editors are pleased with much condensation,
They still have the "devil to pay."

[Goodall's Sun.]

Like Shylock, John L. Sullivan wants his
pound of flesh.—[Hatchet.]

A man may die with honors thick upon
him, but he is more apt to dye with whis-
kers on him—[N. O. Picayune.]

Tale bearing out of school is what made
Mary's little lamb unpopular with the board
of directors.—[N. O. Picayune.]

"I guess this is a kind of a 'put up job,'"
was the husband's comment as he cast his
eye along the row of well-filled jars on the
shelves in the cellar, the result of his wife's
labor.—[Yonkers Gazette.]

"Don't be a fool, my dear," remonstrated
a husband to his wife, who was letting her
jaw swing loose in the breeze. "I won't,
Mr. Jenkins, I won't," she answered; "peo-
ple wouldn't know us apart if I did." He
went right down town.—[Merchant Traveler.]

The Chicago News calls attention to an
editorial by putting over it "Chicago's
Shame." This is an attractive heading and
is sufficiently startling to attract the atten-
tion of the most casual reader. For years
it has been understood that Chicago was de-
void of shame.—[Bloomington Eye.]

We learn from a reliable exchange that a
good, healthy hippopotamus is valued at
\$20,000. Here is an idea for the fashiona-
ble girls who lead a thousand-dollar dog
along Chestnut street. Get a hippopotamus
and kill the other girls with envy. This
suggestion is thrown out without any charge.
[Philadelphia Call.]

Shears with two blades and a spring back
have been found in the tomb of an old Egyp-
tian king. The "late lamented" is sup-
posed to have been the first man who con-
ducted an original humorous department in
a daily newspaper. The fact that the shears
were interred with him may be accepted as
proof that they were considered more mighty
than the pen.—[Norristown Herald.]

DIVIDED LOVE.

He took her trembling hand in his;
"I love you so, dear one," he cried,
"Look up and tell me sweet and low,
That you will be my bonny bride.
"In this soft hand you hold my hope,
The sum and substance of my life,
They will be less than naught to me
If you refuse to be my wife."
She did not blush, or draw away,
Nor did she hang her lovely head,
But coolly, like a little man,
She stood up square to him and said:
"I thank you for your proffered love
And all the feeling that you show,
My hand I give you—but my heart—
I gave my pug that long ago."
[Merchant Traveller.]

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

During the past week the club museum
received the following relics:

A skull supposed to be 12,000 years old,
and to have belonged to an Indian princess.
Any of her relatives can have the skull at
any time by producing the proper identifi-
cation papers and paying the librarian \$2.

A two-inch augur which was picked up
on the battle field of Lundy's Lane. How
many soldiers were killed by this deadly
weapon is not known for sure, but the li-
brarian has placed the number at 200 for
convenience's sake.

A boot-jack dug out of a mound in Nova
Scotia, and supposed to have retired from
active business several thousand years ago.

The public-spirited citizens who forwarded
the above curios will please consider them-
selves thanked by a large majority.

ABOUT MOTTOES.

"I doan' go much on mottoes an' sich,"
said Brother Gardner, as he opened the
meeting on the usual degree and winked to
Samuel Shin to raise the alley window.

"I once knowed a man who sot out in
life wid de motto: "Excelsior." He was
proud of it, an' he stuck to it, an de las'
time I saw him he was in de poo' house.
He got so tired of luggin' dat motto around
dat he couldn't work ober three days in de
week.

"I once knowed a man who had de motto:
'Time is Money' hung in ebry room in
his house. He invariably rushed in his co'n
ten days too airy, an' den tried to aiverage
up things by plantin' his taters twenty days
too late. De only occasion when he got
even wid time was when he jumped his
clock half an hour ahead. De only time
when he had a decent crap was when he lay
sick an' his wife worked de truck patch.

"I once knowed a man who carried de
motta: 'A Penny Saved a Penny Armed' in
all his pockets, an' no passon eber found
him wid a dollar in cash to his name. He
was all on de save an' nuffin on de airn.

"Doan you git de ideah inter yer heads
dat a motto or a maxim am gwine ter feed
an' clothe ye an' whoop up rent an'
doctar bills. It's mo in de man dan in
de maxim. I kin show ye fo'ty pussons in
my nayburhood who sot on de fences all de
summer an' keep deir eyes on de maxim:
'Industry am de Road to Wealth.' I kin
show ye fo'ty mo' who hang up de motto of
'Providence will Purvide!' and sot down
fur Providence to do so. If de wife airns a
dollar dat's Providence.

"Stidy work an' fair wages, wid a domes-
tic wife to boss de kitchen, am motto an'
maxim 'nuff fur any of us. If anything fur-
der is wanted let us strive to be honest,

LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

LUNDBORG'S RHENISH COLOGNE.

A box containing samples of all the above five articles pre-paid to your nearest Railroad Express Office (which should be named) for Fifty Cents—Money Order, Stamps or Currency.
Address: YOUNG, LADD & COFFIN, 24 Barclay St., New York.

TELEPHONES SOLD.

Don't pay exorbitant rental fees to the Bell Telephone Monopoly to use their Telephones on lines less than two miles in length. A few months' rental buys a first-class Telephone that is no infringement, and works splendid on lines for private use on any kind of wire, and works good in stormy weather. It makes homes pleasant, annihilates time, prevents burglaries; saves many steps, and is just what every business man and farmer should have to connect stores, houses, depots, factories, colleges, etc., etc. The only practical and reliable Telephone that is sold outright and warranted to work. Chance for agents. No previous experience required. Circulars free. **W. M. L. NORTON**, Buffalo, N. Y.

Novel Present.
REDUCED for HOLIDAYS ONLY.
(SALE LIMITED.)
MOSLER SAFE & LOCK CO'S
SPECIAL
HOUSE SAFES AT

\$25.00.
(SOLD BY OTHERS AT \$75.00)
Size 23 Inches High, 16 Inches Wide, and 14 Inches Deep.
WITH COMBINATION LOCK AND HIGHLY FINISHED.
Samples now on exhibition.

MOSLER, BOWEN & CO.,
708 BROADWAY, BET. 8TH AND 9TH STS.,
NEW YORK.

August Ledig, Richard A. Ledig, C. W. Ledig.
BRASS SPECIALTIES.
A. LEDIG & SON,
MANUFACTURERS OF
METAL GOODS GENERALLY,
OFFICE NO. 248 NORTH EIGHTH ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.

CANDY Send \$1, \$2, \$3, or \$5 for a retail box by express, of the best candies in America, put up elegantly, and strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Refers to all Chicago.
Address, **GUNTHER, Confectioner,**
78 Madison St., Chicago.

MAGIC—MANUFACTURERS OF FINE MAGICAL APPARATUS, JUGGLING TOOLS, VENTRILOQUAL and PUNCH AND JUDY FIGURES, etc. Catalogue 10c. TAOS, W. YOST, 35 North Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SALARY of \$50 a month and expenses paid agents to travel & sell staple goods to dealers, or \$40 a month and expenses to distribute circulars in your vicinity. All expenses advanced, salary promptly paid. Sample package of our goods and full particulars FREE. Send 3c for postage, packing, etc. We mean what we say. **MOYARKE NOVELTY COMPANY,** (limited), 175 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

ANY PART OF THE BODY when deprived of growth, weak and undeveloped, lacking in proper size, form and vigor, may be enlarged, developed and strengthened by simple scientific self-treatment. We will prove this free to any honest person. Write for sealed circulars, description, references, &c. **DR. W. H. WELCH** forms a corset. **Erie Medical Co., Buffalo, N. Y.**

truthful, charitable and virtuous. We needn't hang out a sign on de fences dat we am strivin', but jist git dar' widout any Fo'th of July fireworks to attract public at-tenshun. Let us now purceed."
[Detroit Free Press.]

BILL NYE ON THE HERSHELS.

Probably no two men have done more to promote knowledge and advance the interest of astronomy especially, than Sir John Frederick William Herschel, and Sir William Herschel, deceased.

Sir John was born at Slough, near Windsor, in the state of England, March 7, 1792. He breathed the very air of science at once, and yearned to acquire knowledge. Thus he fitted himself for the fatiguing and exhausting labors of scanning the sky and tracing out the history, location and habits of the stars.

In 1828 his attention was attracted toward Margaret Brodie, the daughter of the Rev. Alexander Stewart. It was about this time he began to sit up nights and rumage the heavens. He never got over it.

In 1829 he married Margaret, but he still continued to sit up nights, and nothing tickled him more than to ramble through the trackless void to watch the antics of his nebulae, or to follow a skittish comet through space trying to put salt on its little tail.

In 1825 he began the stupendous task of getting out a catalogue and price list of all the stars. No one who has never tried it can possibly realize fully the extent of this task. Not only that, but the most of it had to be done at night. And yet he never murmured.

He catalogued between three and four thousand double stars, and also passed in view the nebulae discovered and catalogued by his father. While others slept he labored on.

While the giddy throng poured into the halls of pleasure, or sought out the lawn sociable, Sir John, with his forty-foot telescope and a ten-foot pole over his shoulder, would start out to investigate the trackless void. Thus he became familiar with the manners and customs of the planets, and felt perfectly at home in the sky. He knew at a glance whether a planet was wobbly or not. He could at once detect it if an orb got sprung. He had it down fine. No one dared adulterate the milky way while Sir John had charge of the stars.

In 1847 he published the result of his observations from the Cape of Good Hope, during the four years from 1834 to 1838. These were: I. Nebulae, and what to do for them. II. Double stars and their habits. III. Apparent size of stars, or how they look to a man up a tree. IV. Distribution of stars, or why early astronomers soured on the milky way. V. Halley's celebrated comet, with appendix treating of bob-tail

CATARRH AND BRONCHITIS CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. Flynn & Co., 117 East 15th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

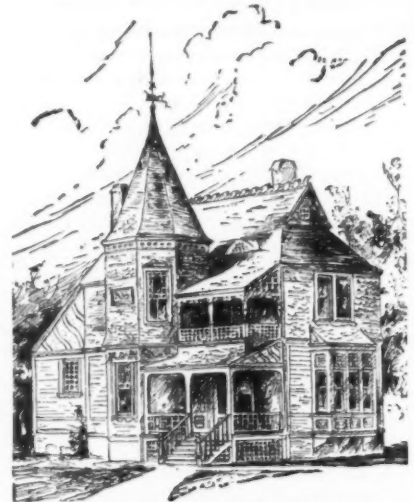
Artistic Home Furnishings
JAMES B. McNAB,

747 BROADWAY AND 306 MERCER ST.,

Fine Furniture, Carpets, Bedding, &c.,

Furnishing of Flats and Apartments a Specialty.

* * * Liberal Terms to Parties Wishing Accomodation. * * *



BUY YOUR OWN HOME!

THE UNITED STATES BUILDING CO.

32 Liberty Street, New York.

Houses built for shareholders and sold on the monthly payment plan, same as rent.
Plans and designs executed for those who are not share holders.

Shares for sale as an investment. Good Dividends Guaranteed.

Send for circular.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

HON. CHARLES R. EARLEY, Pres't N. Y., Ridgeway & Pitts R. R., Philadelphia, Pa.

WILLIAM C. ALBERGER, Civil Engineer, 32 Liberty Street, N. Y.

DAVID H. WHITFIELD, Capitalist, Albany, N. Y.

WILLIAM H. DONNINGTON, Vice Pres't and Treas., Elizabeth, N. J.

WILLIAM A. DONNELL, Official Stenographer, N. Y. Supreme Court, New York.

JOHN T. BANKER, Treasurer of the Adirondack Railway, N. Y.

CHEEVER K. DODGE, Treasurer of the Manhattan Rubber Co., N. Y.

R. H. MILLER, Commission Merchant, 2 Bond St., New York.

RAYMOND L. DONNELL, Sec. and General Manager, 32 Liberty Street, New York.

OFFICERS.

President, CHAS. R. EARLEY

Vice-Pres't and Treas., WILLIAM H. DONNINGTON

Sec. and Gen'l Manager, RAYMOND L. DONNELL

Architect, DAVID W. KING

Civil Engineer, WILLIAM C. ALBERGER



PIANOS
TORRENT

Per \$4 Month

And Kept in Tune Free of Charge.

Horace Waters & Co.

124 Fifth Ave.,

Near 18th St., NEW YORK.



BEST TRUSS EVER USED!

Improved Elastic Truss. Worn night and day. Positively cures Rupture. Sent by mail everywhere. Write for full descriptive circulars to the

NEW YORK ELASTIC TRUSS CO.,
744 Broadway, New York.

HALE'S HONEY

OF HOREHOUND AND TAR

For Persons of All Ages.

A wonderful Cure for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Consumption.



IT BANISHES COUGHS (acute or chronic) and **BREAKS UP COLDS** like magic; **IT CURES**, in fact, where other remedies have failed; its great efficacy **HAS BEEN PROVED** and its superiority extensively **ACKNOWLEDGED**.

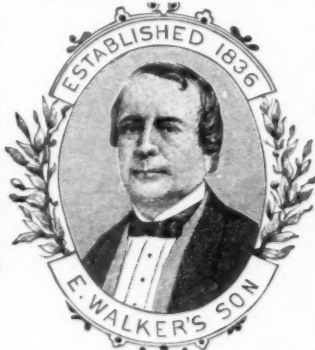
Children derive great benefit from its soothing properties when suffering with Croup and Whooping Cough. Every family should keep it in readiness. Price 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 per bottle—largest, cheapest. Sold by all Druggists.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS CURE IN ONE MINUTE.

German Corn Remover Kills Corns and Bunions.

NEAT AND ELEGANT
BOOK BINDING.
SPECIMENS ON EXHIBITION.

BRANCH:
LAFAYETTE AND



PORTLAND AVENUES,
BROOKLYN.

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

GEORGE MATHER'S SONS,
60 JOHN STREET, N. Y.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Black and Colored Type and Lithographic
PRINTING INKS.
ESTABLISHED 1816.

This Paper is Printed With Our Inks.

FREDERICK KAPPLER,
FINE
ORNAMENTAL GOLD FRAMES
FOR
CRAYONS AND OIL PORTRAITS.
445 PEARL STREET, N. Y.

AULT & WIBORG,
MANUFACTURERS OF
FINE BLACK AND COLORED
LITHOGRAPHIC INKS,
PRINTING INKS,
AND VARNISHES.
Factory—Cincinnati, Ohio. 26 ROSE ST., N. Y.
The inks used by the Strobridge Lithographic Establishments are supplied by us.

WORK FOR ALL! \$5 to \$8 per day easily made. Costly outfit free. Address, P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

APRIZE Send six cents for postage, and receive free a tin box of goods which will be all of either sex, to me money is away than anything else in the world. Prizes await the swiftest absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. TRICE & CO., Augusta, Me.

comets, and how to evade a new-laid meteor. VI. Satellites of Saturn. VII. Solar spots, and how to remove them without injury to the sun.

There is one thing that the Herschels neglected, and I would like to call the attention of philanthropists and astronomers to it. I am a philanthropist myself, but I have not been successful in that line, owing to a lack of means. So I wish that those who want to do a kind act, and have the ability as well as the desire, would investigate the case of the gentleman who generally stands in the middle of the zodiac on the first page of the almanac. We are likely to have a long, cold winter very soon, and no man ought to die from exposure in an enlightened land where the rest of us have all the clothes we need. Besides, this man seems to be seriously injured, and, though I am not at all familiar with surgery, it seems to me that he ought to be sewed up. He ought to wear a vest, anyway, if he wants to preserve his health. Who will be the first to send in a vest? **BILL NYE.**

THE MODERN SHAKSPERE.

"Andromeda! and it were not that I had sometimes gazed at angel fashion plates, I would assume I had an angel seen."

"There was a time when'er thou gazed on me, thou'dst swear such picture had your vision met."

"And so me heart attests thee even now! But with the eye material, me sweet—that eye which but the outer guise reflects—I saw what worldings would an angel call."

"Aha! then thou attendst yestereve the free lunch kettledrum at Mistress Claudios's?"

"I did, egad, and there did tete-a-tete with lady Gaudiana Lucifer, an' fore the gods, if Solomon had seen this gentewoman's rare accoutrements, to Chatham street he would have ta'en his gaud and bartered it at beggary's per cent."

"Was she so gorgeously caparisoned?"

"Was she, indeed? Not Sitting Bull himself e'er stood as rack for so much blazonry. Upon her head she wore an ecru redingote gathered at chin with panel-draped galleons; her bodice was of turkey's breath brocade garnished with epitaphs of frozen mull, while from the wainscot's frail capote hung tuelleries of spangled gaberine and and slabs of body brussels bias cut."

"O, gentle Oscar! that thou hadst been here to batten on this type of gorgeoussness!"

"Would that he had, for had he seen as I the tout ensemble mellowing her train, her jabot hung with desiccated plaques, her mushroom quilted tunic, tadpole shape, and clunny balmoral all overshot with peppercod vincer and herring scales, he would have bowed him to you Yankee girls, and said, 'for tricks of garb the cookie's yours.'" **[Yonkers Gazette.]**

AT THE BOOK STORE.

He had a tired look about his eyes as he walked into Jansen, McClurg and Co's, the other morning and bowed to the clerk.

"Have you 'An Original Belle?'" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," responded the clerk.

"Are you quite sure," he urged.

"Certainly, sir."

"Well, I wish you'd send one to this number on Prairie Avenue," he said, handing him a card. "I was there yesterday afternoon at a very select assembly of fashionable ladies, and I never was in a place where there was more room for an original belle."—[Merchant Traveler.]

Franklin Square Lithographic Co.

—STEAM LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTERS:—

—:O:—

FINE COLOR WORK A SPECIALTY.

PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTIONS.

Estimates Carefully Prepared

—:O:—

324, 326 and 328 Pearl St.,

—NEW YORK.—

I was troubled with chronic catarrh and gathering in head, was deaf at times, had discharge from ears, unable to breathe through nose. Before the second bottle of Ely's Cream Balm was exhausted, I was cured. C. J. Corbin, 321 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

I am cured of catarrh and deafness by Ely's Cream Balm. My aunt was deaf. It restored her hearing.—F. D. Morse, Insurance, Elizabeth, N. J.

CREAM BALM has gained an enviable reputation, displacing all other preparations. A particle is applied into each nostril; no pain; agreeable to use. Price 50 cents, by mail or at Druggists'. Send for circular.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

CATARRH



THE UNITED SERVICE

A Monthly Magazine, devoted to the interests of the Military, Naval, and Civil Service, is the only magazine of its kind published in the United States. All persons interested in the Army and Navy, National Guard, or Civil Service will find much interesting and instructive reading in its pages. Members of the Grand Army of the Republic and other veterans of the War of the Rebellion and previous wars will find many old and distinguished comrades among its contributors. The series of articles on the War of the Rebellion now being published in the United Service, should be read in connection with the war articles now being issued in the Century Magazine, and by every soldier of the late war. The Civil Service matters treated in the United Service are of interest to all citizens, and reform in the Civil Service has its heartiest support. Its novels, short stories, and reminiscences of army and navy life, in war and in peace, at home and abroad, make it interesting to all members of the family circle. In typographical excellence the Magazine cannot be excelled. Specimen copies sent on receipt of 25 cents. Subscription, \$1.00 a year.

T. H. S. HAMERSLY, Publisher,
835 Broadway, New York.

For Advertising Rates apply to the Publisher.

MEN ONLY. A Quick, Permanent Cure for Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nervousness and Weakness. No Quackery. Indisputable Proofs. Book sent mailed, FREE. **ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.**

WANTED LADIES AND GENTLEMEN who wish to make \$5 to \$10 a day easily at their own homes. Work sent by mail. No canvassing. Address with stamp, **Crown Mfg. Co., 291 Vine St., Cin. O.**

PERFECTION MAGIC LANTERNS.

BEST QUALITY. LATEST IMPROVEMENTS. TRAVEL AROUND THE WORLD IN YOUR CHAIR. Their Compact Form and Accurate Work particularly adapt them for Home Amusement.

With a FEW DOLLAR'S outlay a comfortable living may be earned. 25 VIEWS in stock and made to order. Send for Catalogue.

EMANUEL I. S. HART, M.P.R. and Dealer,
185 FIFTH AVENUE, New York.

PILES! PILES! PILES!!

Cured without Knife, Powder or Salve. No charge until cured. Write for reference.

Dr. Corkins, TAYLOR'S HOTEL, JERSEY CITY.

