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FRANKLIN SQUARE LITH. CO. NEW YORK.

THE BLUE BLOODS' FAVORITE.

"If you insist, Gentlemen, I am willing to run again."—B. F. B.

THE JUDGE



## THE JUDGE.

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### THE OPENING OF THE DRAMATIC SEASON.

It may surprise some people to hear that there are in the United States some fifty thousand persons, more or less, engaged in the "show business." This sounds like a good-sized population to make a living out of the amusement of their fellow-creatures, yet it is not an over-estimate, and a remarkably good living some of them make. Some of them make a very poor living—or no living at all—but who takes any notice of the unsuccessful in life's race?—it is the winners who are noticed, and applauded, and cheered. And just at this season of the year all this hive of amusement-makers—the tragic, the comic, the intense, the morbid, and the "monkey-shiners"—start into life and activity after a period of more or less complete rest, enjoyed or deplored (according to the condition of individual exchequers) during the summer months. So this, the opening of the dramatic season, is a comparatively important epoch, especially here in New York, the headquarters of theatrical people. In the estimates of said theatrical people it is an occasion of superlative importance, and to the public at large—the great populace who must be amused and catered to during the long winter evenings—it is a time of considerable interest. The public, as a rule, take a good deal of interest in the player folk, off the stage as well as on it. The sayings and doings of the more prominent are chronicled by the press, and

they are public characters. Their private lives, too, are exposed to the strong light which beats on public places—a fact which probably explains the prevalent impression that more immorality and general "fastness" exists in dramatic circles than in any other. The real fact is, that there is more known about them; and if the lives of any fifty thousand people in the country—from church members to highwaymen, were exposed to as much scrutiny, they would probably develop as much scandal as the "profession." But everyone will admit that the theatrical profession is foremost in deeds of charity; is, as a body, a free-living, generous, intelligent and cultured body of ladies and gentlemen, and THE JUDGE cordially wishes them all a successful season—a season of profit to themselves and of pleasure to the public.

### ADIEU, OSCAR!

NOT very long ago a young Irish gentleman, who had taken a somewhat creditable degree at Oxford, and who rejoices in the name of Oscar Wilde, was shrewd enough to perceive a chance in the false and meretricious ideas of art which were just rising into popularity, of achieving money and notoriety. He embraced this chance; he kept ahead of the popular movement, and, silly as it was, contrived to appear always a degree or two sillier. He dispensed with the services of the barber and laundress; he wore *outré* and peculiar garments, and talked in a jargon as meaningless as it was puerile. He succeeded in attracting attention, and gained some newspaper notoriety. Then he was introduced to this country by a certain *entrepreneur* as an adjunct to an opera which he (the *entrepreneur*) was managing, and which satirized the very movement of which Mr. Wilde was willing to be regarded as the apostle. So Oscar occupied the undignified position of an advertisement and a side-show; however, he made a little money and extended his notoriety, which is as the breath of his nostrils. His bolt, nevertheless, was soon shot. People grew tired of affecting an interest in what they did not understand; the cloying sweetness, the overpowering redundancy of adjectives and adverbs in the æsthetic jargon nauseated them. Oscar returned to Europe a vainer and a richer man. He has attempted to pose before the American public again, in the character of a playwright, and he has met with ignominious failure. Let us hope that he may be thoroughly disgusted with our lack of appreciation on this side of the water, and that having returned to Europe, he may stay there. We have no need to import either our fools or our knaves.

WHEN Bishop composed "Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark," he had no reference to a cowboy jamboree near an Indian agency.

"THE Lost Chord"—the wood missed from your pile overnight.

### ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH!

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, Governor of Massachusetts, and very nearly LL.D. of Harvard University, has come to the conclusion that the United States in general, and Massachusetts in particular, cannot do without him. Indeed, in Governor Butler's mind that was a foregone conclusion, and his chief source of wonderment all his life has been how the world contrived to rub along for so many thousand years before he came into it. The upshot of all this is that Benjamin F. will, in all human probability, test the views and feelings of the people of Massachusetts at the next Gubernatorial election. With Tewkesbury in the background and the State House in the foreground, Butler will have abundant opportunity to pose as a very pretty figure when the election picture comes to be painted, and the partizan press may be trusted to furnish shadows and sidelights in abundance.

### SILENCE THAT DREADFUL BELL.

MR. JACKSON SCHULTZ regards the ringing of the bells of St. George's Church, in the immediate vicinity of his domicile, as a nuisance—and very properly so. A church bell, when you cannot escape from its incessant and monotonous clamor, is a very real annoyance, and is all the more exasperating from the consciousness that it is wholly unnecessary. No good purpose whatever is subserved by its incessant clangor. In times gone by, in sparsely-settled and scattered villages, a church bell may have been useful to announce service—though even then it is hard to conceive that people who managed to regulate the rest of their lives, eat their meals, go to their work or their bed, and get up in the morning, without having a bell rung to mark the hour, could not attend divine worship at a stated time without being rung into it. In a city, however, at this epoch of the nineteenth century, the nuisance is absolutely without excuse. Most people carry watches nowadays; there is scarcely a house without a time-piece of some kind, and clocks can be seen by the pedestrian in almost every street—and yet, with all this, it seems that a church cannot open its doors at a given hour—which everybody who takes the smallest interest in the matter is perfectly cognizant of—without alarming the neighborhood by its bell. People manage to find their way to the theatre or any place of public resort without being guided there by a half-hour of discordant jangling; and it is certainly a poor compliment to the Almighty if His house alone cannot summon its guests without employing the same device as farmers adopt to attract their swarming bees into the hive.

But all this is beside the question. The ringing of bells in this reckless manner all over the city is a nuisance, and should be suppressed as such. It is annoying to the public at large; dangerous to invalids; pro-



vocative of profanity, and subversive of the public peace. It is a matter clearly coming under the cognizance of the Board of Health, and Mr. Schultz's action in bringing the nuisance before the proper authorities will be applauded by most New Yorkers. There is necessary noise enough in this city without suffering it to be augmented by the senseless and aggravating clamor of the church bells.

**Lingua Toscana.**

A BEAUTY from the sunny South,  
A maiden waif from Italy,  
With glowing cheeks and ripe, red mouth,  
And smile that dimpled prettily;  
With eyes whose violet velvet shone  
With such a deep intensity  
That at their light I veiled my own,  
Which is not my propensity.

I meet her in my daily walks,  
This model for humanity,  
And by her side a creature stalks  
Who drives me to profanity;  
For she is looking up to him—  
Her eyes are almost reverent—  
Their fire is pure as cherubim,  
While he seems quite indifferent.

I watch them as they pass along—  
Her willowy form so slenderly  
Compact, is gliding through the throng  
And clinging to him tenderly.  
Her sweet, strange accents, soft and low,  
Seem pleading with his haughtiness—  
'Tis Tuscan; I ne'er felt till now  
The curse that Babel brought on us.

To organ-grinders on the street  
Full half my means are given, I think,  
For they can speak that language sweet  
Which is the tongue of heaven, I think.  
And when the sunset paints the sky  
In gold and burnished copper, a  
Free pass I beg, and straightway hie  
'To the Italian Opera.

And still, each day and every day  
And all day long I wait for her,  
I greatly wonder what she'd say  
'To all I contemplate for her—  
For were she mine, and only mine,  
I would maintain her regally—  
I wonder if she would decline  
My hand if offered legally.

\* \* \* \* \*  
A change has come! a day has brought  
A host of secret's clearances—  
And I have bitterly been taught  
To judge not by appearances.  
Another street I chose to-day,  
To pace and bear my trial in—  
I saw her there an organ play,  
While he scraped at a violin.

Oh, withering sight! A second's doubt  
Enchained me, mute and wondering,  
And then I calmly turned about,  
Went home and cursed my blundering.  
Fair though they be as dawning day,  
And charm they ne'er so wittily,  
In future I shall keep away  
From maids of sunny Italy.

"THIS celluloid," observed Jenkins meditatively, after he had passed the greater part of two days trying to get one collar clean, "might better be called a sell unalloyed."

PEOPLE who make singing a hobby, often find their own hoarse.

NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES.



WHAT TWO WOMEN DO WHEN THEY MEET.



WHAT TWO MEN DO.

## THE JUDGE.



## An Every-Day Boy.

**I** M AN every-day, ordinary little lad,  
Neither very good nor extremely bad;  
It is not my absolute, rigid rule  
To spend all my Sabbaths at Sunday-school,  
Nor, on t'other hand, am I a moral wreck;  
Like the typical Bad Boy of Brother Peck;  
No—I'm just an average (so folks say)—  
You may meet a thousand like me a day.

Of course I enjoy a practical joke,  
And take, when occasion offers, a smoke:  
The latter, of course, must be on the sly,  
And if dad smells the 'baccy I sometimes lie;  
It doesn't pay always to stick to fact  
In spite of the hatchet-and-cherry-tree act—  
And if that occurred as I've heard it at school,  
Either George or his dad must have been a fool.

I consider green apples and such *immense*,  
And I've had the colic in consequence;  
It hurt like sin, but I didn't much mind,  
For it made dear mamma so awful kind,  
And dad was scared, and the doctor came—  
I'd three days' holiday, just the same:  
But if them fruit hadn't made me feel bad,  
What a jolly good spanking I should have had!

I don't know much, I'm sorry to say,  
But I'll learn a jolly sight more some day  
I know the closet ma keeps jam in;  
I know the angle to bend a pin;  
I know enough to keep out of reach  
When pa's favorite deacon starts in to preach;  
And I don't pretend to be good or be bad,  
Just an every-day, ordinary little lad.

G. H. JESSOP.

## Discursive Irishism.

DEAR, FASHAYSHUS, AND SAPIENT JUDGE:  
—Foremost and furst, I take the liberty of  
introducing meeself as a native of the Im-  
erald Oile, or, as our nashunal pote, Tom  
Moore (Heaven bless his mem'ry) called her,  
"furst flour of the airth and furst gim of  
the say." And being, as I sed, an Oirish-  
man born and bred, from fighting ould Tip-  
perary, I am a nathural admoirer of wit and  
humor, as well as a grate lover of wisdom  
and larning, from A B C to fluxshuns and  
comic sexshuns. And being sich, shure it is  
no wondher at all at all, that I cannot for  
me loife help admoiring yeerself, who shines  
so brouht among the other luminaries of  
this grate and cosmeepoliton methropolis,  
and for the same rayson I was thinking that  
I wud give you the benefit of my expyrience  
and acute observashun of sum min and  
things purtaining to the anshunt nashonal-  
ality I have the honor to beelung to. And  
to make a long story short, and commence at  
the beginning:

I wish you to undherstand now that I am  
a sthricht teetotelar for sum time past, hav-  
ing sworn before Father Murphy, against all  
kinds of plane and mixed dhrinks, barring  
plane whiskey, the craythur, an' shure no  
thru Oirishman or Christhian could be ex-  
pected or axed to sware agin that. I tuck  
the pledge immaydiately after my lasht Pat-  
rick's Day spree; and be th' same token, that  
same spree lasted off an' on almost all the  
time since, for I have the nashonal disire to  
dhrrown the blessid shamrogue in a beecoming  
fashun. And this reminds me of poor Tim  
Flaherty, God rest his sowl, for he has been  
dead and gone these tin years past. Shure  
Tim an' meeself often drowned the "dear  
little plant" together in the good ould  
times, in the ould dart, and in good ould In-  
nishown, that niver saw the face of a guager,  
the spalpeen. Tim was one of the jollyist  
companjons for a reg'lar tare-an-ages spree

that iver yeas met, JUDGE, and that's a big  
wurd. And faith I know full well that if  
Tim couldn't get a dhrup of the mountain  
dew in Heaven on the Saynt's Day—or any  
other day or night he tuk a noshun to it—  
devil a long they had the plessure of his cum-  
pany there, for whin he tuk it into his head  
to git out to luk for a *gorlogue* elsewhere,  
Saynts Pether and Paul and all the apos-  
tles and marthurs, and blissid saynts and  
angels in the calendar, not forgetting the  
holy Saynt Patrick himself—God be with  
him—couldn't keep him in; for, as was well  
known thruout the parish Tim came from at  
home in the ould country, he was as fiery  
and headsthrong when he got raal vexed, as  
the ould boy himself, Lord bethune us and  
all harm, this blissid night; and they say the  
ould chap has a timper of his own whin he  
goes on the rampayge, like a roaring line,  
seeking who he can find to swally up—as  
Father MacGeoghegan used to say, from the  
althor of the ould mud chapel at home.  
Many and many a time when Tim and mee-  
self wor fast frinds and constant compan-  
jons at fair, and market, and hurling, wake  
and funeral, and other places of divarshun,  
whin we wor both yung and full of the de-  
vil—Tim would turn to me of a suddint,  
and say, in earnest tones, "Tom, I would  
at this present instant give the best cow in  
me father's bawn for one good crack at the  
head of an O'Shaughnessy." And many's  
the time, in the middle of a bloody and  
thundering skrimmage on the fair green of  
Emly, whin the shillelays were as thick as  
blackberries on an Irish hedge in autumn, and  
a head without a cut or a bruise of some  
kind or other was as hard to find as a white  
blackbird—it's thin, whin Tim, in the hate  
of the battle would git seperated from his  
facshun, and by accident would fall into the  
hands of the peelers—the murdering vil-  
lans—and they'd think, dead sure, the *spal-  
peens*, that they had lodged him safe and  
sound in prison, the furst thing they'd see

on returning back to the scene of the schrim-  
mage, would be mee bowld Tim himself and  
his shillehah in the very middle of the fight,  
pounding away at the skulls of his inimies,  
the O'Shaughnessys, jist as innocent-like as  
if he had niver been inside a jail in his life;  
and whin 'twas all over, Tim would walk  
home with the rest—I mane all that wor  
able to walk—jist as unconcerned as if he  
was only cumming from a wake or a christ-  
'ning. And sure and sartin, JUDGE, thim  
wor the prosperous tintes in the ould land,  
and its anshint ould people, whin faxshun-  
fights, fairies and ghosts, christ'nings, wakes  
and funerals, and all other kinds of divar-  
shun and innocent amusement wor in vogue,  
and the people had some sperrit in 'em—not  
like to-day, whin they're starving wid the  
hunger, God help em, and scarce able to lift  
a blackthorn to difind thimselves agin frind  
or inimy. But to return to poor Tim—  
whin at last he had to cum to this country  
to escape the tyrants at home—his hart was  
all the time longing for the ould times, and  
after all his fine, rollicking and schrimmag-  
ing, Fourth Ward whiskey at last got the  
best of him and laid him out, and more's  
the pity. Whin he wud git into one of his  
gloomy fits of mind, he wud always make for  
the nixt corner licker store to dhrrown his  
sorrow. And sure enough, whin the whis-  
key was in, the ould fighting spirrit would  
rise in Tim's bussum, and many's the time  
he paid dear for it at the Toombs; an' the  
last time he got on a spree—'twas on a Pat-  
rick's Day, too, be the same token—Judge  
Duffy—bad scran to him—sint him to the  
Oiland for tin days, and that's the thing  
that broke poor Tim's hart intirely, for whin  
he came down he was never the same man  
agin till he died, for he appeared to be broke  
down complete in health and spirrit, and at  
last was but the shadow of himself. And  
what do you think was his last wish before  
the breth left him—for I was there meeself  
and heard it? He axed, in a whisper, that  
some one wud bring him his ould black-  
thorn, which he called "wallopper," think-  
ing, poor sowl, that he was on the fair green  
of Emly, in Tipp'rary, and thim he half rus  
up in the bed, with the blessid candle in his  
hand which Moll Flannagan put there, God  
bless her, and giving one hurrah as loud as  
he could, in a whisper, he fell back agin, and  
that was the last of Tim Flaherty on this  
sinful airth. We buried him as dacint as we  
could, in Calvary, for the boys all liked Tim,  
in spite of his quare ways, and wouldn't  
think for a moment of letting his poor clay  
be carted off to Potter's Field. The best of  
it was, that he didn't have a chick or a child,  
or a Widdy Flaherty after him, for Tim  
was a bachelor all his life, for, as he often  
sed himself, he didn't wish to bring trouble  
on any misfortunate womankind. Whin,  
afterwards, I was talking to Father Mc-  
Carthy, the soggarth who attended him in  
his last sickness, about the way Tim died,  
says the priest to me, says he: "Never mind  
that," says he, "it was only *delirium tray-  
mens*," says he; "and I wish I was as sure of  
Heaven myself," says he, "as poor Tim  
Flaherty, and 'tis I that ought to know what  
I'm talking about," says his riverince.

Well, laving poor Tim where he is, I was  
jist going to minshun Larry Hoolaghan, who  
is still alive here in Cherry street, and the  
broth of a boy. I know to my own sartin  
nollege that for the past tin years of his life  
Larry has niver got up in the morning with-  
out taking an "eye-opener," as they call it,  
nor gone to bed at night without the reg'lar  
*dhuc-an-dhurrish*, and here's where the joke

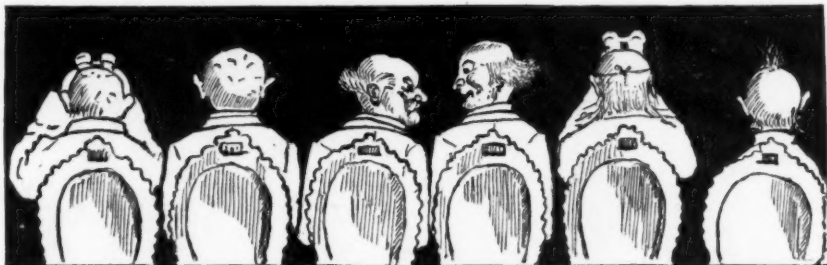


"EXCELSIOR."



In the lime-light's changing glow  
Stand the ballet in a row,  
Each fair damsel poised just so  
On her light, prehensile toe,  
Searching in the stalls below  
For a dude to serve as beau—  
But c'en dudes may wiser grow,  
Shake their empty heads—"no, no!"

DAMSELS! scan the foremost row—  
Melon-patch where bald heads glow;  
Hairless *caputs*, which your mo-  
Tions whirl in a vertigo;  
Eyes to which the lorgnettes grow;  
Cheeks which take a hectic glow  
From your ordered antics—so  
Go for baldheads, girls—go, go!



comes in sure enough, for Larry's *dhuc-an-dhurrish* (the Oirish for parting-drink) happens so often of an evening, that be the time the raal one come round poor Larry is as full as a tick already, and scarce able to swally any more; but he iver and always manages, by hook or crook, to git it down anyhow, and then to see him thrying to make a short cut for home (for 'tis said that the longest way round is the shortest way home) would make a man laugh himself hoarse almost, afther berring his mother-in-law, for he cuts more quare and crooked capers and figgurs than iver our ould tacher, Manus O'Keeffe O'Madigan, whin lecthuring us on jomme-thry long ago, attempted to figgur out with a lump of chalk on the clay floor of the little hedge school-house at Ballyflanders. And, more betoken, that same ould peddagog, O'Madigan—God be good to his poor sowl, for he's dead and berid this many a year gone—was jist as well able as meeself, 'Tim Flaherty, or Larry Hoolaghan, or any one else, to take a *gorlogue* of *potheen*, or mountain dew, morning, noon and night, and yit for all that, he lived to be the three score and tin, accordin' to Schripthure, and might have lived half as long more, by all accounts, but the ould man's hart was broke whin they intrhduced their new-fangled, so-called Nashonal school sistum of edycashun into the ould cuntry, for he was offen heard to say that they did it to make Protestants and thraitors of the rising ginirashun of Oirish; and sure enough, faith, although as I said before, ould Manus has been in his grave this many a year, his words have since come out thru, for luck at the big crop of mane, con-ning thraitors and cut-throats that have rose up in the ould dart since then, and most, if not all of them, have been edycated in villany and rascality in those English Nashonal schools, bad luk to 'em, and may the ould boy himself, with his hoofs and horns, soon and suddent fly away with the government and their thraitor-breeding schools and blackboards and maps, and everything else belonging to them, barring Oireland hersilf, which niver rightfully belonged to the *spal-peens* anyhow. Ah, an' thim were the fine ould jolly times, before the poor ould cuntry iver became acquainted with their mis-forthunate system of larning, for thin the dacent and honest hedge-tachers—like broken-hearted O'Madigan—taught the Oirish youngsters both larning and pathriotism,

whin both tacher and scholars had nothing else but sods of turf to sit upon, and an ould weather-beaten thatch roof over their heads, and sumtimes, be my soul, no roof at all, but the roof that God himself made—Glory be to Him!—on fine summer days, in the dark paynal times, whin some hedge school-masters were hunted like wolves from place to place, and had to impart nowlege and pathriotism in saycrit places where the sojers nor peelers couldn't catch 'em napping. Sure its little their nashunal edycashun had to do with bould Shane O'Neill, or Red Hugh O'Donnell, or Emmet, or Wolf Tone, or ould Brian Boru, the Brave, himself—God rest all their sowls this blessid night. And thim wor the min who wor the pathriots and the fighters, and hated the murthering furreners, the English—barring ould Brian Boru himself, who was before their time, and hated and walloped the Danes instead. And God be good to the anshint hedge-tachers also; for they helped to make the hayroes of thim days what they wor, and no mistake. But going back to Larry Hoolaghan, who we left far behind us. I have ivery rayson to fear that poor Larry is going the very same road as Tim Flaherty, and that thru the spreing and the trubbe, he will yet, before long, be brought up with a

short turn, and more's the pity, for the dearest hope of Larry's hart is, that he will niver be called to his last account 'till he has a chance to strike one parting blow at the *bodagh* Sassenach English Government for the freedom of Ould Ireland. And now, laving Larry where he is (in some Cherry street sheebang, maybe, instead of in his bed like a sinsible man), I will ind this chapter of accidents and other things, jist as suddent as I cominced it, and subscribe myself yours very muchly,  
THE O'CALLAGHAN.

Get a Divorce.

In my simple tribulation,  
Dear JUDGE, I come to you  
In search of consolation,  
And to know what I should do.

This summer, when the sunflower  
Was budding on the dude,  
Down by the sandy sea-shore,  
Where bachelors are rude,

I met an artless maiden,  
Of tender years and coy,  
Who became my theme for dreaming,  
And the nucleus of my joy.

We tittered at the table,  
We caroled in the hall,  
We clam'd along the beachlet,  
And hop'd around the ball.

At length, one lovely evening,  
When my head was rather soft,  
I pop'd the big enigma  
That fools have pop'd so oft.

My little cream proposal  
Was just the gush of wine,  
Yet the silly maid believed me,  
And promised to be mine.

Now, the reason why I write you  
In this trouble of my life,  
Is to ask what is my next move,  
For, dear JUDGE, I have a wife.

W. K.

If you do not bridle your passion it will run away with you, and you will ride to perdition.

If a beggar abuses you do not mind it, for it is only a vague-rant.



CLASSICAL PARENT—Now, you Henry Clay, Jr. are you goin' to say "Ye'p" any more?  
H. CLAY, JR., (Decidedly)—No'p!



MERCHANT (addressing applicant for position)—*Yes, we desire an assistant foreign correspondent—what languages are you familiar with?*

APPLICANT—*I don't know nothin' how to speak but the English language.*

### Washington Gossip.

FROM OUR OWN LIAR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPT. 6th.

EVERYTHING here at present is as dull as a Madison Square comedy. With the swells away at Long Branch, Saratoga, Europe and Newport, there is no society to mix with. With the Legislature at home mending their fences, there is no jobbery to talk about. With the President and Cabinet absent from their duties, there are no good dinners and excellent whisky to partake of. Your correspondent "would rather be a toad and live upon the vapor of a dungeon," than vegetate in Washington in the dog-days; and nothing but the sense of the duties he owes your readers prevents him availing himself of the numerous cordial invitations he has received from many of his distinguished millionaire friends to accompany them on their hunting, fishing and yachting expeditions.

A party by the name of Hayes was here the other day; he came from Ohio, and sought a Government billet. He said he was poor, and was willing to take anything he could lay his hands on, from a place in the Cabinet to a second assistant door-keeper-ship. He claims to have been President of the United States during the years 1876-80. Now, as one has only to look over the pages of the N. Y. *Sun* to discover that during that period Samuel J. Tilden occupied the Chief Magistrate's chair, the cheek of this tramp from Ohio can readily be perceived. He gave most contradictory accounts of himself. He declared he was a Republican, and in the same breath stated he was the instiga-

tor of Civil Service reform, and a strong advocate of political purity. That, of course, gave him dead away. The statement was as absurd as would be that of a man who, boasting of his Democratic principles, would favor an additional tax on whisky. The man Hayes is supposed to be a harmless crank, whose naturally weak brain has been completely wrecked by a constant study of Sunday-school literature, and a prolonged debauch of Ohio politics and weak tea.

From advices just received, it appears that when President Arthur and party reached the confluence of the Big Horn and the Little Horn rivers, they were met by an imposing array of Indian braves, headed by Me-ne-we-ne-paw-paw, son of Wah-wah-huckle-berry-pow-tow, surnamed the Bung-starter, Chief of the Uncapapas. The old chief made a very feeling, and yet very favorable address, the following being a literal translation. You will observe how closely Longfellow has copied the rhythm and metre of the poets of the red man:

#### THE BUNG-STARTER'S ADDRESS TO PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

Would the white chief hear the story  
Of the braves of Uncapapa,  
Of the sons of Me-ne-paw-paw,  
Of the daughters of the red man?  
Listen to the great chief—this child,  
Listen to his guttural vowels,  
Telling of his people's glory;  
Of their hate of soap and water;  
Of their skins of buf'lo leather,  
Greasy with the grease of ages—  
Grease that hallowed is by contact  
With the chiefs of many battles.  
Telling of his grandsire, Wall-Eye,

Te-ne-pow-wow-do-go-swan-kee,  
Lover of the fragrant baccy,  
And the fiery, untamed whisky!  
And his cousin, Hi-hi-ski-ter—  
He—surnamed the Bull-frog-eater—  
How he scalped the aged white man,  
Stole his mules, and, feeling bully,  
Buried twice his sharp-edged hatchet  
In the chignon of the white maid.  
How he loved to fill his stonejack  
With the festive rattlesnake—and  
How he made a savory chowder  
Of the skunk and fat opossum,  
Of the lizard and the bow-wow,  
Of the feline that at midnight  
Frolics with her faithful Thomas  
On the ridge-pole of the teepee  
Wherein dwells the mighty Red Chief,  
With his squaws, in number twenty,  
And his children fully three-score,  
When the air is thick and heavy  
With the odor of the "chip" fire,  
Built to smoke out nimble 'skeeters,  
Whose gyrations interfere with  
Hunting of the red man's papoose  
After fleas, and many other  
Insects small, whose name to mention  
In society's considered  
Not a proof of true politeness.  
These, and many hundred other  
Evidences of the greatness  
Of the red man of the prairie,  
Could Bung-starter—drinker hearty—  
Give unto his listening brothers.  
But the other mighty Inguns  
Standing round me, call out hoarsely:  
"Lay thy tongue on ice, Bung-starter,  
For we thirst; oh, beg a little  
Of the white man's strong fire-water,  
And some chunks of chawing 'bacca!"

It is, perhaps, useless to add that the President immediately set up the beers, and requested the Indian agent to furnish the noble red men with a box of Lorillard's "Sailor's Delight," and charge it to the Interior Department. That the agent charged the tobacco to the Department is quite certain; that the noble red men got the tobacco is not so certain. Tobacco isn't good for Indians, anyway.

### Chronicles of Gotham.

CHAPTER XV.

1. Now, it came to pass, in these latter days that the people of the camp of Gotham, both the people and the sojourners therein, had complained of lack of water.

2. And they had chosen divers and certain men to journey round about, and to see what way water could be got.

3. And amongst these men there was one who was called Hot, and he, by reason of his warmness, was chosen chief.

4. Now, these men did travel round and about, and did spend most of the days along the big waters.

5. Yea, even to the beach called Coney did they go, and the light of their smile and the gleam of their jewels could be seen nightly.

6. Yet in fulness of time, after the weather was cooler, did these men meet and did say:

7. Lo, ye thirsty ones, We will give ye to drink; even to the washing of ye will we give water. Yea, even to millions of gallons will we give, between the rising of the sun and the setting of the same.

8. Have we not gone many days' journey away from the camp, and have we not looked the country over, and even tasted the waters thereof? and we will bring these waters into the camp for you and your families.



9. But as this water is a new thing, and the phat job of bringing it to the camp will be costly, we say unto ye:

10. Give to us, yea, give to us shekels, and the more ye give, even to that amount more will it cost ye in the time to come.

11. Peradventure ye may not, by reason of ripeness of age, live long enough to see this water; yet will your children's children call us blessed.

12. And the giving to us will make us wealthy, and our children's children will say: See, these my palaces and chariots.

13. Were they not purchased with the shekels given to my parents for the bringing of the water to the camps.

14. And more, say unto ye: The water will be brought to the camp in this wise: we will dig channels, and will brick and stone them up; and we will lay pipes and ways, and use large amounts of money, and appoint many men and use more money.

15. Yea, even will we eat feasts and pour libations to the gods, and sing praises to the ring and to the god "Da Lah," and make ourselves merry.

16. And when the way is done, and the water come to the camp, will we not have a great rejoicing and raise loud our voices in praise, and raise the taxes also?

17. And we will appoint men who are called in the language of the camp, Plumbers, to make instruments and have them in all the houses of the camp.

18. And these instruments will tell to the looker-on what amount of water has leaked away; and shall ye not pay for the leak, yea, even as if it were gold and silver, shall ye not pay for it?

19. And we will tell to the builders to build the houses high, even to the height of the ancient Tower of Babel, so ye dwellers who live high up cannot have water.

20. And ye will call our men called plumbers in and have pumps set, and so raise water to the topmost stories.

21. And this also will give us shekels, so that we will be happy.

22. And still another blessing to the dwellers in the camp will be the extra taxes, for will not these ways need many men to fix them, and to relay the pipes and the arches?

23. Yet, in fullness of time will ye be happy, for ye shall pay much and often, and yet have but little water.

24. If ye believe not these things, make ye new men chosen, and they may do as ye say; but still they will make to themselves shekels.

25. For is it not written: Give to him that hath, and take from him that hath not?

26. Verily, I say unto ye, ye will thirst long days; but ye will not smite the rock unless for shekels and phat jobs. B. T. P.

### The Victim of the Banana Peel.

A FRAGMENT OF NEW YORK LIFE—A LONG WAY AFTER TENNYSON.

He clasps the air with quivering hands,  
As if to soar to other lands—  
Between the earth and sky he stands.

The solid pave beneath him crawls;  
He gazes at the brown-stone walls,  
And like a thousand brick he falls!

L'ENVOI.

From thoughts of Heaven to thoughts of hams  
His mind descends—his hat he crams  
Over his eyes, with muttered "Damn"s!

FOURSEUL.

SOME people look upon the trapeze performer's costume as breeches of etiquette.



A HINT.

IRATE PARENT (to late stayer)—*Mr. Go-Slow, will you oblige me by telling the milk-man to leave two quarts this morning, as you go out? I think I hear him now.*

### A Vegetarian.

"PLEASE, sir, I haven't had anything to eat to-day, and I can't get any work, and please, will you give me ten cents to get a plate of beans?" The ordinary passer-by would have replied, "O, get out, you vagabond!" and passed cheerfully on; but not I. I couldn't: for this was the fourth time within one week that this same sad, watery-eyed individual had at different times and places addressed the identical appeal to me. The first time I had paid no attention to it; the second time I had given him a pewter dime with a hole in the middle; the third time I had hurried by, fast as I could, saying to myself: "This is very singular, very singular;" but on this fourth time I tottered up to a lamp-post, and exclaimed: "By the beard of George Washington, man, don't you know that you're killing yourself, committing suicide and working your own death—eating beans at this rate? Great Confucius, man, you can't live on beans alone; you must have bread, and potatoes, and beer; a man of your delicate complexion must have beer. Beans, beans, nothing but beans. Why, you'll get to be such a pod here in course of a week, that you'll be taken for an alderman. Have you any children?"

"Six children, sir, and all poor orphans; and I can't get any work, and if you'd please give me just ten cents to get a plate of—"

"Six children, and you persisting in this present course. The saints forbid. Don't you know that tastes are hereditary? Don't you know that tastes are hereditary? Don't you know that tastes are hereditary? You, you sir, who should be their stay and protector, are dragging them down to dishonored graves, all for the gratification of this unnatural passion." Here words failed me. He took notice of the silence, and be-

gan in a soft, melodious monotone: "Please, sir, I hadn't a drop of anything to eat to-day. Please, sir, if you can let me have the ten cents to get a plate of be—"

"Great Scott, man," I exclaimed, excitedly, "don't you suppose there is anybody else in the world that wants any beans besides yourself? How are these others to be provided for? Haven't you any sense of justice, any feeling of decency, any emotion of shame? any—any—"

He perceived the pause, and began again in his sweet, gently-flowing tones, "I can not get any work, and I have had nothing—"

It was no use; he was a size too large for me. I drew in a long breath and started. Just as I was rounding the corner there came softly wafted on the breeze, "a plate of beans." J. T. L.

### Betrayal.

I thought that she was good and true,

With stock of sin most slender,  
I said, "Such girls are very few,"  
For I did think her good and true,  
With soul as pure as heavenly dew

That summer nights engender.  
You see I thought her good and true,  
With stock of sin most slender.

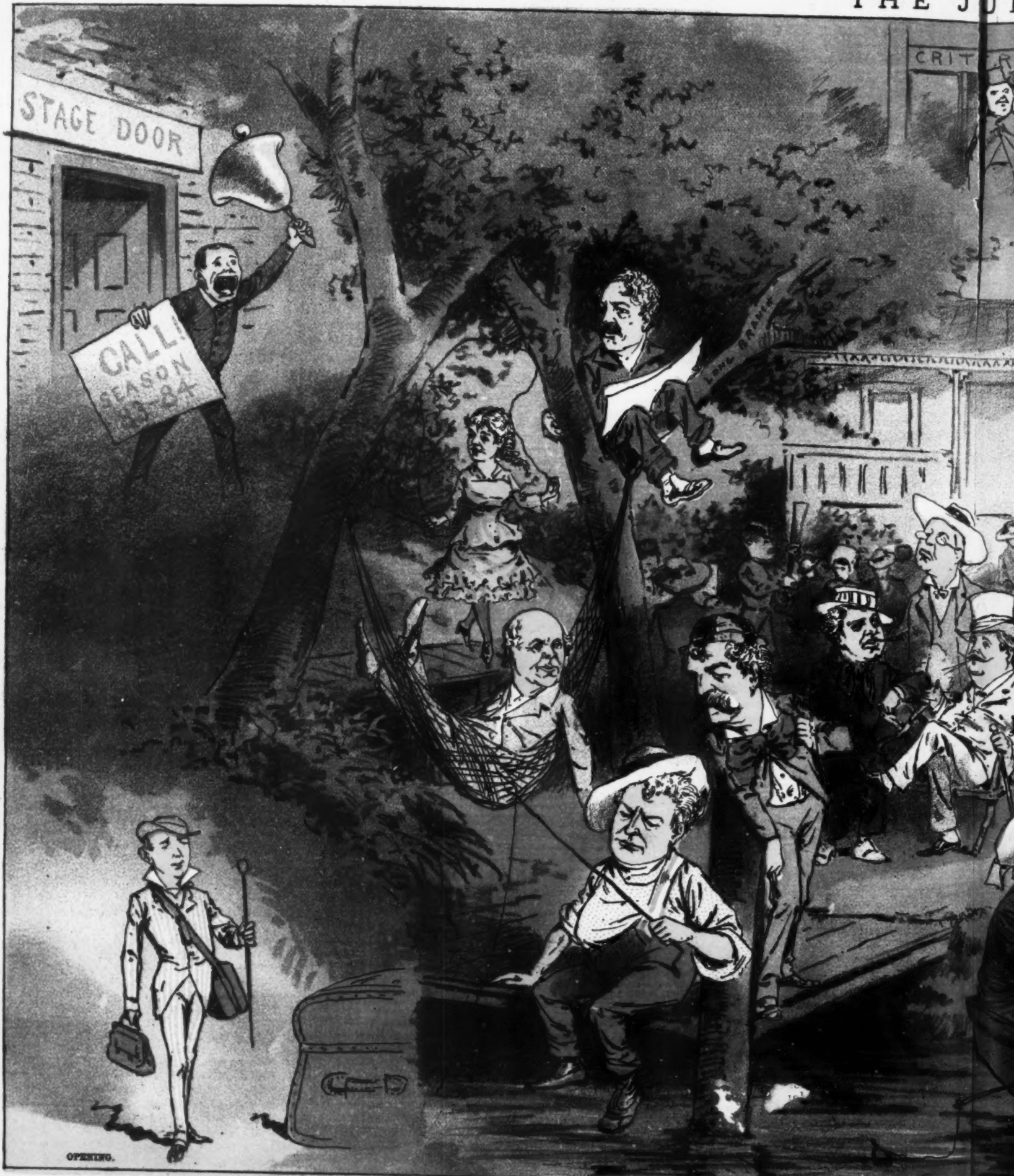
But ah! dear me, my faith has flown,

Go, fickle winds, and tell her;  
Can she her direful deed atone?  
Ah, no; ah, no; my heart is stone;  
Go where she will, my faith is flown—  
*She kissed another fellow.*

And ah, dear me, my heart is stone,  
Go fickle winds, and tell her.

J. B. BELL.

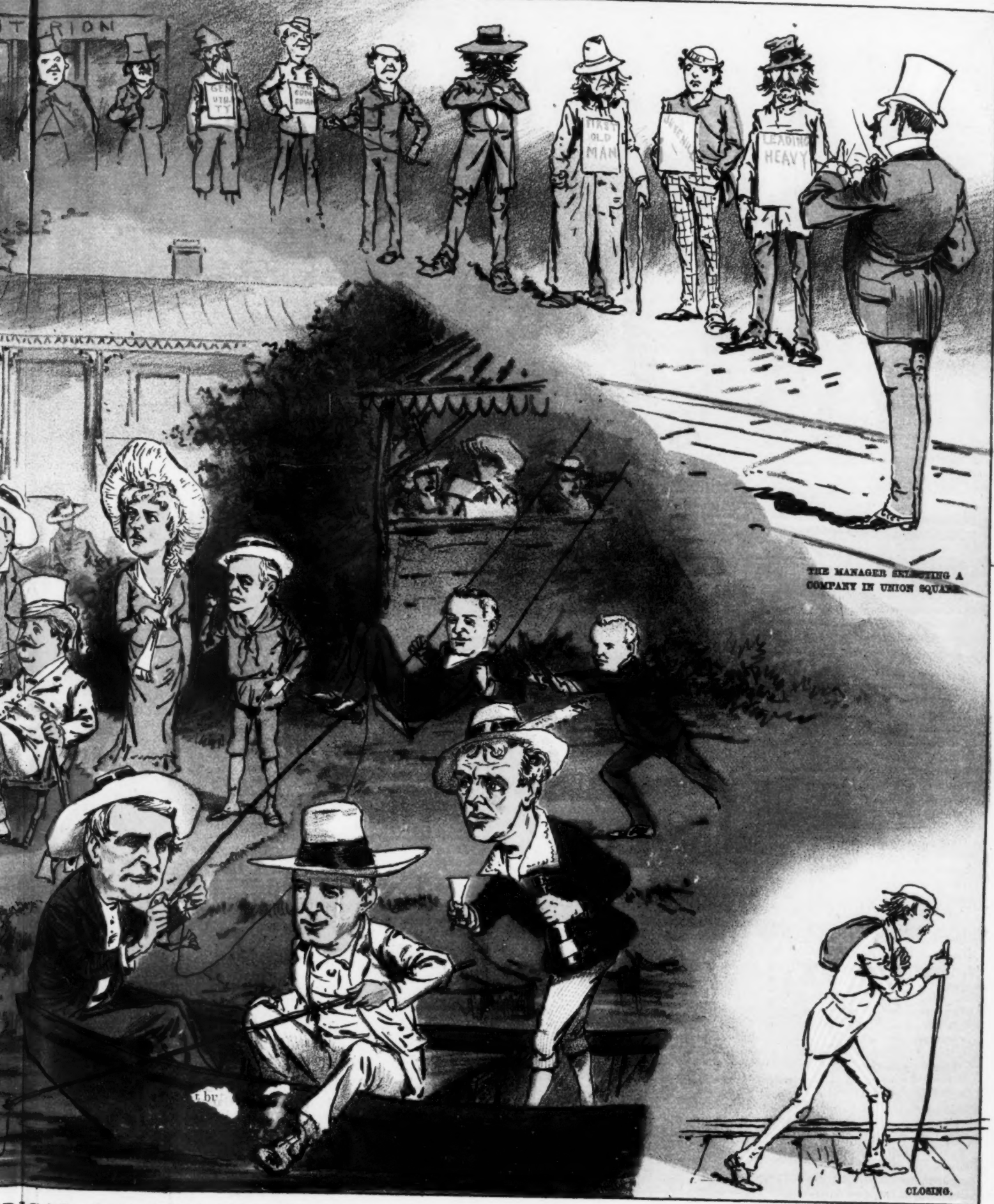
AN aria for corn-et—a barn-yard.



OPENING.

OPENING OF THE THEATRICAL

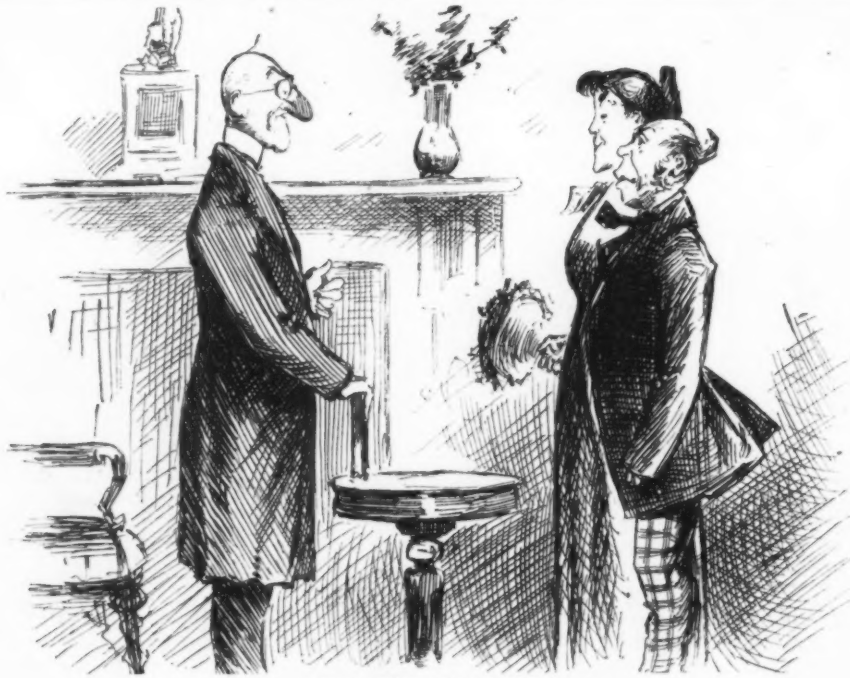




THE MANAGER ENTERTAINING A COMPANY IN UNION SQUARE.

by

CLOSING.



CHEAPER THAN CASH.

GROOM—*Ahem! What is the charge?* MINISTER—*O, I leave that to you.*  
 GROOM, (generously)—*Well, I won't charge anything, neither!*

### Alonzo Busbee: His Life and Impressions.

BY WILLIAM GILL.

CHAP. IV.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights—that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of swag."

—*Treatise on Bunco, C. F. ADAMS.*

Is there no mercy left in the world? Have greed and avarice and the cowardly instincts of self-preservation so monopolized the human system in this nineteenth century that no room is left for the softer emotion of pity?

Cannot some philanthropist be found in whose breast the cry of the persecuted burglar can find an echo? Won't the great big heart of the American people, ever alive to calls of distress, kindly commence to beat in pitying tenderness of feeling for the badgered midnight marauder? Come on, somebody, please, and found a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Burglars. Is he so much less in your estimation than a horse or a dog or a cow, or even a puny, squalling, unpleasant brat of a child, that you carelessly leave him to the tender mercies of policemen, judge and jury, and never step aside to pour balm upon his wounds, or wipe away the tear that dims his manly cheek?

When he asks for swag, you give him a cell. When the great cry comes from his soul for beer and skittles, you give him Croton water and a shoemaker's bench. You rudely break in upon his aesthetic tastes, and leave his head as bare as the outside covering of the Mexican ki-yi. His delicate hands, unused to harder work than toying with a jimmy, idling with a sand-bag, or flirting with the playful knuckle-duster, you mar and scar and roughen, harden, widen, and altogether render unfit for delicate manipulations, by pressing them into the vulgar occupations of mat, and broom, and brick, and shoe, and chair-making.

You interfere with his legitimate business by every mean and sneaking way your miser-

able brains are capable of conceiving. You have invited the detective to shadow him; the policeman to fire at and club him; electrical mats and bells to loudly proclaim his coming, when the success of his plans depends, almost entirely, upon secrecy and quiet. You have manufactured courts of law to worry his gentle nature; judges to glare at him; juries to try him, and stone walls to shut him out from the blessed sunlight of liberty—and then you wonder if, maddened by your intolerable interference with his work, he sometimes turns upon his persecutors and claws off a chunk of nose or chin! He would be less or more than mortal if he didn't.

Give him a fair field and no favor, but *don't* worry and annoy him with your ceaseless espionage; let him work his own way, and, believe me, his jobs will be executed with considerable neatness and despatch, for watching makes him nervous, and then his movements are hurried, and the exquisite finish that he would, if let alone, place upon his work, is wanting, and a rude and rough, a bungling and incomplete piece of handicraft too often meets your eye, and mocks his professional pride.

Why discriminate so unjustly between him and the operator on the street? They both place their experience, tact, courage, coolness and unblushing cheek against your capital, and yet, while you reward the one with Fifth Avenue mansions, steam yachts, riotous living, trotting outfits and purple and fine linen, to the other you give bare, cheerless cells, mush and hard tack, constant and laborious tasks, and striped, coarse suits, of villainous cut and pattern. I'd like to be introduced to the guileless pawnbroker who would lend more than the value of the setting on *your* jewel of consistency!

It is a wonder to me that the hardworking burglar don't give up the business, and take to something less dangerous and more remunerative. Perhaps in its danger lies its greatest charm—at least it was so with Bill; and, having got back to him, I will resume my narrative from the point where the foregoing

dissertation on grand larceny led me off, and come, without any more circumlocution, to the incidents that led to the final catastrophe. At the hour agreed upon I met Bill and Jack at the place indicated. I was greeted with a gruff "Oh! you come, did yer?" I felt gratified in saying that I did, upon which we clambered into an express wagon which was waiting close by, and started off at a brisk trot along Ninth Avenue to the upper part of the city. In the driver I recognized another old friend, one "Sheeny Sam," who kept a gent's second-hand clothing emporium in Chatham street, and was well known to the profession as the cleverest "fence" (receiver of stolen property) in the city. The moment I discovered that the Sheeny was concerned in the night's business, I felt sure that the job on hand was a big and an easy one, for Sam was never known to take a hand in ken-cracking (house-breaking) unless the risk was small and the reward large. In fact, as I afterwards found out, it was Sam who had put up the job, and he had described in such glowing terms the wealth of silver ware and precious bric-a-brac that would reward their efforts, that Bill had been induced to disregard the words of Red Poll: "Now Bill, while I'm away lay quiet, and don't go into any job till you let me know what it is"—and enter into the pre-ent arrangement, with Sam and Jack for partners.

The mansion we were about to hire for an hour or two without the owner's knowledge or previously obtained consent, was situated on Washington Heights, surrounded by its own grounds. The portion facing the street was rendered private by means of a low stone wall, in the centre of which was a fancifully ornamented gate with the owners' monogram J.O.B. wrought in iron, and gilded in the middle panel; while sloping up from its base appeared a neat trim lawn, dotted here and there with trees, shrubs, statues and a fountain. The house itself stood back some forty yards from the highway, and presented a noble appearance. Its style was early-Harlem, upon which had been grafted the later beauties of the Van Buren era, with which was mixed the ornate and floral kind of architecture peculiar to Second Avenue during the Jim Fiske period. It was one of the many old mansions in which Washington had breakfast just before bidding adieu to his army—and had it been situated further down town there is no doubt that on its lawn Aaron Burr would have fought his duel with Hamilton. It might have been the house in which the mysterious Nathan murder took place—but it wasn't; and Jenny Lind would have made it her house on her first memorable visit to New York, if she hadn't stayed at an hotel on Union Square instead. But it *was* here that McAllister F. Coyfaun took his last kiss from the white lips of Sarah Jane Chelmondeley ere he departed for the seat of war; and just there by the fountain it was arranged that they were to meet again when he returned, a major general, to ask her haughty sire for her fair hand. Alas! "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley;" in his very first engagement young McA. F. Coyfaun was laid low by the last kick of a commissariat mule—his grave is by the waters of the gently-flowing Rappahannock, and S. J. Chelmondeley married Jake Boker, a reformed Sunday-school teacher—of poker, and her eldest daughter, Maria, is in the fourth row of the ballet at Niblo's.

[To be continued in our next—unless the author gets into the undertow at the Island.]  
—ED.

DRAMATIC—a garret where liquor is sold.



**A Lumber Camp.**

Face to the tideland and back to the highlands,  
Self-contained, stands the little town;  
Drowsy and still in its Sabbath silence,  
Girded round with its forest crown.  
Down from the mountain or up from the ocean,  
Ceaselessly sigheth the daily breeze,  
Scarce felt in the lowland; with visible motion  
Stirring the plumes of the giant trees.

Far to the front spread the trackless marshes  
Till they lose themselves in the swelling tide,  
Yet they bear their freight, like the waves of Tarshish,  
Of precious woods to the ocean side.  
Not to uprear a stately temple,  
As the Tarshish forests were floated down;  
But for modern need, more grand and simple,  
To house the heads of a growing town.

There they stood in their native greatness,  
As they stood when the century began,  
Primeval still, for the age's lateness  
But lately called them to yield to man.  
In their summits the free winds sing their pæans,  
Round their gnarled old bases the wild briars  
climb,  
As they sang and climbed through the countless  
aeons,  
That raised these giants to mock at time.

And so man found them, and man's requits  
Rarely for sentiment, ever for use—  
Are found in the saw that eats their vitals,  
In the stagnant waters that drain their juice.  
It is thy destiny, grand old forest!  
Grander, perchance, than to live and grow.  
For the logger's axe, when it smites the sorest  
Is carving thy future at every blow.

Easily woven to pleasant fancies  
Is the tough old timber so hard to hew.  
Lost in the world of "Perhaps" romances,  
Count not how much there remains to do  
E'er thou fulfill thine amended duty,  
Parceled out by the builder's choice,  
To bear up lightly the foot of beauty,  
Or echo tones of the orator's voice.

Destiny raised thee, these countless summers,  
To nourish the town that adorns thy foot,  
To wing, far-flying, the sails of commerce  
From a spot where else man's voice were mute.  
And so the town on its narrow standing  
Won from betwixt the forest and flood,  
Looks back on the mighty forest expanding,  
Grateful for past and prospective good.

**Intercepted Letters.**

FROM MR. OSCAR WILDE TO MISS MARIE PRESCOTT.  
NEW YORK, September.

MY DEAR MISS PRESCOTT—I am afraid the jig is up—in the language of the poet, we are gone past praying for. Why this is thus, let who will decide. I attribute it to the gross ignorance and doltish stupidity of the people of New York. It cannot be that they have been smart enough to see through me; no, no, that is out of the question. I fooled them to the top of their bent when I was here before, and I had every reason to expect to do the same again. We will try and shove "Vera" down their throats, but I am afraid it will not answer. While I am very sorry for your pecuniary loss, I cannot but congratulate myself upon my own foresight in securing from you a handsome payment down upon my piece. You see, personal losses are apt to disturb the philosophic equilibrium which is so necessary to enable us to regard things dispassionately, and to weigh or reason out the causes of failure or success. I am sure you



THE LOSER.



THE WINNER.

**THE CLOSE OF THE HOTEL SEASON.**

will consider the money you have paid me well invested, when I assure you that it has left my mind in a perfectly easy state, so that I can weigh the whys and wherefores of all that has happened most dispassionately and coolly. Of course, you, smarting under recent pecuniary loss, cannot be expected to bring a well-balanced and unwarped judgment to bear upon the point at issue. Well, Miss Prescott, as I owe the pecuniary satisfaction which has left my mind tranquil, to you, I do not mind giving you, in strict confidence, the result of my philosophical lucubrations.

"Vera" has failed because you were in the cast. I can think of no other reason. Indeed, you must remember that I wrote you, before the play had been produced at all, that if it did fail the result would show that the failure was entirely your fault, while, if it should succeed, I opine none would be rash enough to dispute that the success would be entirely attributable to my work. This I said some weeks before the production of "Vera," and I cannot help congratulating myself upon my sagacity when I see how marvellously events have borne me out in what I said. The play has failed, and failed entirely through you. It is not my province to criticize on this occasion, so I shall not attempt to point out wherein you might have done differently, and saved us all; but I will simply say that you killed the piece by your acting. I have no hard feelings against you on this account, I can assure you. As you are aware, I am a very great man—while you are a very little and insignificant woman; a mere worm in comparison. From my exalted station I can afford to look down with pitying contempt upon your efforts, secure that I have reached a pinnacle of mentality whereon a dozen failures cannot touch me. Still, I am sorry that "Vera" did not succeed. It would have been better for New York, for America, for the world at large—in a pecuniary

way, also, it would have been better for me. But since New York and you have been so stupid, why, I wash my hands of you.  
Yours truly, \_\_\_\_\_ o. w.

**Epitaph on a Watchmaker.**

THE original of the following facetious and appropriate tribute to departed worth was found some years ago written on ordinary paper, in an ordinary hand, attached to a tombstone over an obscure grave in a neighboring cemetery. It is reproduced from memory, for THE JUDGE's readers:

Here lies, in a horizontal position, the outside case of Peter Pendulum, watchmaker. Integrity was the mainspring, and prudence the regulator of his life. Humane, generous, hospitable, his hands never stopped till he had relieved distress. So nicely regulated were all his motions that he never went wrong except when set agoing by the people who did not know his key, and even then he was easily set right again. He had the art of disposing of his time so well that the hour and minute hands of his life glided round in one continuous circle of duty and pleasure until an unlucky moment put a period to his existence. He departed this life, wound up, in hopes of being taken in hands by his Maker, and, thoroughly cleaned and repaired, set agoing in the other world, where he now "swings round the circle" of eternity. R. I. P.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW left an estate of \$350,000. This shows what an industrious, enterprising poet can do when he exerts himself, and will be a great source of encouragement to aspiring genius to "dash off" a few yards of jingle for the yawning wastebasket, to supply a long-filled want.

"CHICKEN DOWN" is the latest shade of yellow. "Chicken up" is the latest complaint of the boarding-house keepers.



ANOTHER collapse, even more noteworthy in some respects than that of the Edgar syndicate, marks the arrival of the early season of 1883-84. The much-vaunted and widely-advertised "Vera" has sunk into the oblivion for which it was predestined. This is a result which can have surprised none—except, perhaps, Miss Prescott and Mr. Oscar Wilde. The play, or rhapsody, or series of essays—call it what you will—was wholly destitute of dramatic merit, or even of literary value, and its one week's brief span of existence was long enough to convince a discriminating public of the fact. Miss Prescott has paid \$10,000 for the privilege of starring in Oscar's play, having been misled, as many another silly woman has been, into mistaking notoriety for fame, and thinking that because her author professed to have some knowledge of the sun-flower, he was equally an authority on the art dramatic. Well, she has paid for her mistake, and she would have more of our sympathy if the money that she had thus lost had been acquired in any other way. However, as it was probably the fruits of a verdict in a recent not very savory libel suit, we will limit our commiseration to the adage, "light come, light gone," and let the experience of Marie Prescott with Oscar Wilde go to swell the catalogue of good American money wasted on bad foreign plays.

Elsewhere the theatrical season seems to have fairly started, and is booming along merrily. The San Francisco Minstrels, when they opened the doors of their cosy little house on Broadway, last week, were greeted with a perfect ovation, and though doubtless many of the auditors remembered poor Charlie Backus with a sigh, yet the fun was fast and furious, and there was no stint to the applause. Thus are our places filled very efficiently and very rapidly. The world contains no one who cannot be spared, and that is fortunate, for we are losing friends every day, and the memory of every decade is only a graveyard thickly set with tombstones. Ah, well! *Carpe diem!* The present and the future absorb all our interest. Let the dead past bury its dead.

"Excelsior" has proved phenomenally successful. It is one of the most sumptuous and lavish spectacles this city has ever seen, and the managers are reaping a golden harvest. In its general scope and plan it resembles most other productions of the same nature, and many of the scenes might as well belong to the Black Crook or to the White Fawn, as to Excelsior. There is the same gorgeous scenery; the same brilliance of calcium and lime light; the same profusion of ballet girls in brief skirts and shimmering gauze; but it is all very handsome, very splendid, as well as very pretty and tasteful, and proves an unflinching attraction to gilded youth and bald-headed age. It is not the drama, but during the early season it is a very satisfactory and efficient substitute therefor.

Besides Excelsior at Niblo's, and the Minstrels, we have quite a goodly array of theatres already open, and the amusement-seeker has no lack of variety to choose from. Dalys, with "Heart and Hand," is doing a moderate business. The Casino continues; and at the Madison Square the Rajah strolls lazily through his appointed scenes. And next week the Standard swings into line, with the Merry Duchess. Lawrence Barrett at the Star (old Wallack's), has done well, with Francesca da Rimini, and the production is a handsome and important one. Whatever may be Mr. Barrett's faults as an actor, he generally contrives to be well supported, and the *tout ensemble* of Francesca leaves little to be desired.

#### Music for the Million.

"MY sole object," said Daniel F. Beatty, the great organ builder, in speaking of the exceedingly low price at which he is selling his new 25-stop organs, "is to let the public know what kind of work I do. You see the regular price of the instrument is \$115, but for the sake of advertising I am selling this style at \$49.75, which is absolutely the cost of the material and work upon the organ."

"Do you intend to hold out these inducements long?" he was asked.

"No. I shall, after the limited time as specified in advertisement in another column expires, withdraw my offers and sell at the original price, \$125."

The organs manufactured by Mayor Beatty are acknowledged to be superior instruments, and wherever given a trial always give entire satisfaction.



THE LOZENGE FIEND.  
(A Railroad Reminiscence.)

#### Cheap Living.

HOW HE MANAGES TO BECOME A RANGER.

HE selects the best room, makes no objection to price, furnishes the most satisfactory references, accepts the seat of honor at the table, is treated to sweetbreads and tenderloin steaks for breakfast, while the ten-dollar boarder who occupies the hall-room in the attic looks with longing eyes on these delicacies so lavishly furnished the new boarder, and chews the tough end of the steak with disgust plainly written upon his countenance. If he ventures to ask for a bit of the tenderloin, he is told he "don't pay tenderloin prices."

Two weeks pass; the landlady has thrice presented her bill; the figure-head at her table thrice apologizes and still forgets—when

lo! at the end of the third week he fails to appear in his accustomed seat at the bountiful repast. The landlady looks slightly uneasy; she fears he may be ill; she gently taps at the door of his apartment; no answer. She tries the knob; it is locked. Her pass-key opens it. The wardrobe is empty—her high-priced boarder has disappeared, leaving as a remembrancer an empty trunk. He thus lives cheaply and well; for three weeks gladdens the heart of some other boarding-house keeper on the opposite side of the town—then, *presto!* change.

#### A Butler Boom.

A NEW journal has just made its appearance, bearing the title of *Father Columbia's Paper*, and the initial number is further described as the "Butler Boom Double Sheet," while a flattered portrait of Governor Butler ornaments the first page.

But we do not think the Governor will be the Democratic candidate for President in 1884, or in any other year of this century. He is a clever politician, no doubt, and has performed valuable public service since he broke with the Republicans; but the man who will be nominated in 1884, will more probably be a citizen of Indiana, New York, Illinois or Pennsylvania. The Democrats are not likely to nominate a Massachusetts man.  
—*N. Y. Sun.*

SCENE—Tewksbury Almshouse.

*Director to subordinate:*—Here, you skinflint!

*Sub.*—Mistaken in my occupation; I skin corpses.

*Director*, discovering paper in sub.'s pocket, pulls it out and examines it.—How, sir, came this detestable sheet in your pocket?

*Sub.*—It must have been put there by a lively corpse that I failed to strap down before skinning. The fact is, I didn't know it was there till this minute. They get frisky about election time, I've heard say.

*Director*, examining it closely.—"Father Columbia's Paper—The Butler Boom Double Sheet!" (To subordinate)—Just one of that Beast Butler's tricks to get the Presidential nomination for 1884. He has commenced early, and will get the vote of every inmate of the almshouse, dead or alive, if we don't watch close. Why, sir, the principles this paper avows, will, if carried out, bring destruction not only to this renowned and charitable institution, but to every officer connected with it.

*Sub.*—Rest easy, sir. I'll strap 'em down, and skin 'em fast. A lucrative business like this shall not be destroyed by any low-lived office-seeker.

JOAQUIN MILLER says that he sighs for a city where a poet may seek and find congenial ears. Most any town in the west of Ireland would suit him. Donkeys are universally used as beasts of burden in the Emerald Isle.

THE Boston *Globe* believes that Governor Butler can be re-elected. That's nothing. We can point out a man who feels absolutely certain on the subject, and his name is Benjamin F. Butler.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOW is writing a new story entitled "Orange Blossoms. Gracious! hasn't she forgotten what those flowers look like, yet?"

WHEN the sea makes a run on the shore, it wants to breaker banks.



**A Warmed-up Memory.**

'Tis ever thus, when the summer sun, [back  
Swings high in heaven, remembrance brings me  
To other summer days when love was young,  
And I was young in love, just on the track.

I mind me of the time when I had spent  
A long vacation on my uncle's farm,  
And found, on leaving, that behind I left  
My heart a victim to a cousin's charm.

And this I knew not, 'til about to go:  
I lingered with her there beside the gate;  
When all at once my heart went throbbing so,  
My eyes were opened, and I saw my fate.

I gazed into her eyes with meaning vast,  
But could not speak, however hard I'd try,  
I took one little hand—and would have both,  
But that the other held a piece of pie.

I fain believe I would have kissed her, too,  
Her lips were of the ripest, reddest dye;  
Inviting, tempting,—and I know I could,  
Had not her mouth been full of that same pie.

And so we parted. I went back to town,  
Soon to forget my love; but till I die  
I'll ne'er forget how quickly love cools down  
When "frozen out" by stronger love of pie.

—*Lowell Citizen.*

DON'T care whether the English rifle team  
wins next time or not. We of the Lowell  
Press Rifle Club don't go to the rescue.—  
*Boston Post.*

A SOUR MASH—a vinegar-faced miser's  
sweetheart.—*Unidentified Exchange.*

**A New View of Temperance.**

"MIKE, I am discouraged," said the police judge. "I have let you off time and time again, and you have promised me that you would never get drunk again."

"I wouldn't get dhrunk this toime, yer honor, only for I thought ye was out of town."

"What difference should that make? It's yourself that's being injured, not me."

"Oim not so selfish, yer honor, that I think of meself alone; but as I'm the only man that's hurted by the transaction, jest fine me one cint an' charge the city up with the dhrinks for the both ov us."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

MINNIE PALMER burst into tears because the Edinburg students insisted on joining in her songs when she sang them on the stage. No wonder. We should think it would make anybody cry to hear a party of Scotch students sing a funny song.—*Hawkeye.*

CROWDS turn out to witness the games played by two female base-ball clubs in Philadelphia. Their batting—the cotton batting in their hose—is said to attract much attention.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

"DEAR me," said a good old lady on Fifth avenue, the other evening, "how this craze for china is growing. Here's a New York club that's paying three thousand dollars for a pitcher."—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

EVEN the alphabet is ruralizing. Only four letters remain in "Town."—*N. Y. News.*

**The Ruling Passion.**

*First Little Girl.*—"Let's play store!"  
*Second Little Girl.*—"Very well; but I don't know how to play it."

*First Little Girl.*—"Oh, it's easy enough. I'll be the storekeeper, and keep a millinery store. You can come in and say, 'I should like to look at some fall styles of hats.'"

*Second Little Girl.*—"Oh, won't that be fun!"

They then proceeded to play store.

How much more graceful, elegant, and superior does the man on the bicycle look than the man on the wheelbarrow. But wait until they come into collision, and see which procession turns up in the most handsome condition.—*Troy Telegram.*

"WHAT is that you are wearing?" asked Farmer John of his fair city boarder. "Oh, that is my red Jersey." "All right," was the reply; "but don't go near my brown Jersey over in that field, unless you're good at climbing trees."—*Phila News.*

DE ole advice, "be slow to anger," is a mighty good warnin' young man. In a quarrel a man should act like he couldn't whip a chile, but after he gets inter de fight he should act like he could whip a dozen men.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

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

WARRANTED 6 YEARS.  
\$115 for only \$49.75

25 STOPS.

9 Full Sets GOLDEN TONGUE Reeds.



**PIPE ORGANS 25 STOPS ONLY \$49.75**

INCLUDING BENCH, BOOK AND MUSIC, provided you order within Thirteen (13) days from date of this Newspaper, or if you order within Five days, a further reduction of \$4.00 will be allowed. Receive this Piano Pipe Parlor Organ introduced without delay, hence this GREAT REDUCTION.

**REGULAR PRICE, \$115.00.**

If you are in want of an Organ or order at once from this advertisement, or if you are unable to buy now write your reasons why. Remember, this offer expires the limited time has expired, as the AUTUMN AND WINTER MONTHS are fast approaching, when I sell thousands at the regular price for HOLIDAY PRESENTS. Read the following brief description, and let me hear from you anyway, whether you buy or not.

**25 USEFUL STOPS AS FOLLOWS:**

- 1. VOIX CELESTE.—The sweet, pure, exalted tones produced from this Stop are beyond description.
- 2. POWERFUL BOX SUB-BASS.—New and Original. Its thundering tones are without a parallel in Organ building.
- 3. DOUBLE OCTAVE COUPLER.—Doubles the power of the Organ. Couples octaves right and left.
- 4. PICCOLO.—Variety of music which makes the Piccolo the most difficult and expensive Stop to build in this Organ.
- 5. SAXAPHONE.—The beautiful effect is "Beatty's favorite."
- 6. FRENCH HORN.—Imitates a full orchestra and brass band.
- 7. DIAPASON.—Draws a full set of Paris Reeds is drawn by this Stop.
- 8. DULCIANA.—A full set of Paris Reeds is drawn by this Stop.
- 9. VOX HUMANA.—Tremulous, which by the aid of a FAN WHEEL imitates the human voice.
- 10. VOX JUBILANTE.—When used in conjunction with Stops Nos. 3, 4, 5 and 6, peals forth most delightful music.

11.—Eolian. 12.—Clarinet. 13.—Cello. 14.—Viola. 15.—Clarabella. 16.—Grand Forte. 17.—Melodia. 18.—Bourdon. 19.—Viol di Gamba. 20.—Viola Dolce. 21.—Grand Expression. 22.—Harp Eolian. 23.—Echo. 24.—Aerostatic Expression Indicator. 25.—HAND ORGAN.—The last fifteen (15) Stops are operated in direct conjunction with above ten (10) bringing forth, at command of the performer, most charming music, with beautiful orchestral effect, from a mere whisper, as it were, to a grand burst of harmony. Its **MELODIOUS TONES**, while using the full Organ, must be heard to appreciate its beauty. Height, 70 inches; Length, 46 inches; Depth, 24 inches.

**NINE (9) SETS PAKES AND GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS, as follows:**  
1st, Five (5) Octave Set Golden Tongue Reeds; 2d, Five (5) Full Set "Paris" Reeds; 3d, Sweet Voix Celeste Reeds of three Full Octaves; 4th, One (1) Full Octave Powerful Manual Boxed Sub-Bass Reeds; 5th, Two (2) Octaves or one each of Piccolo and Saxophone Reeds combined; 6th, Set Soft Cello Reeds; 7th, Set Violina Reeds; 8th, Set Jubilante Reeds; 9th, Set Clarinet Reeds. Above Nine Sets Reeds are original, and covered by United States Patents.

**FIVE FULL OCTAVES**, Manual or keyboard, Handsome Walnut Case, with Illuminated Pipes, Receptacle for Book and Sheet Music, Lamp Stands, Handles, Rollers, Treble Upright Bellows of immense power, Steel Springs, &c. Right Knee Swell, also Left Grand Organ Knee Swell, by which the full power of this Organ may be obtained at pleasure, by use of the knee, without removing the hands from the keyboard.

This Notice if sent by any reader of the **JUDGE**, together with only \$45.75 or \$49.75 Cash, by P.O. Money Order, Registered Letter, Check or Bank Draft, mailed within five (5) or thirteen (13) days, as specified, I hereby agree to receive same in full payment for one of my Pipe Organs, New Style, No. 999, &c. Money refunded with interest at 6 per cent. from date of your remittance, if not so represented after one year's use. Signed, **DANIEL F. BEATTY.**

My sole object is to have it introduced, without delay, so as to sell thousands at the regular price for **CHRISTMAS PRESENTS**, and to this end I am willing to offer first Organ as an **ADVERTISEMENT**, at a sacrifice as every one sold sells others. All I ask in return of you is to show the instrument to your friends, who are sure to order at Regular Price, \$115. Instrument speaks for itself; it sings its own praises. IF YOU ARE UNABLE TO ACCEPT THIS OFFER NOW, WRITE ME YOUR REASONS WHY. Friends of yours may desire an Organ. Call their attention to this advertisement. If they are from home mail this offer to them. If you can conveniently help me extend the sale of these POPULAR INSTRUMENTS, I shall certainly appreciate your efforts.

You should, if possible, order within Five days, thus securing the \$4.00 extra. Remember, positively no orders for this handsome Pipe Organ will be executed for less than the Regular Price, \$115.00, after the limited time as specified above has expired; thus: If you order within Five (5) Days it costs \$45.75; within Thirteen (13) Days, \$49.75; after that date \$115.00 each.

Address or Call upon the Manufacturer, **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.**

## At Rye Beach.

(HE WRITES HIS FRIEND).

DEAR BOB, I told you I would write,  
As soon as I was really settled;  
(That's now a week ago to-night),  
And yet I beg you won't be nettled;  
I might (if I but wished to) plead  
Excuses—all within your knowledge,  
A very lengthy list, indeed;  
You used to use them when in college.

Well, this is truly "Rock and Rye;"  
(You knew it once—a certain mixture—  
But those dear days are long gone by),  
And here, just now, I am a fixture.  
The only thing that I regret  
(Of late it has become a hobby),  
Is that you cannot join our "set,"  
You'd make a great sensation, Bobby.

The girls are all quite wild on art;  
A painter they would surely bow to;  
And you might captivate each heart,  
Then break it, as you well know how to.  
There's gay Louise, with auburn hair,  
And Delia, any fairer few see;  
There's Grace, and Beatrice, and Clare;  
Then last, but far from least, there's Lucy.

Alas! my lyre will lose its ring  
Whene'er I try to sing her praises;  
And yet how can one help but sing  
Of one as charming as the daisies?  
Had she who trod the forest fleet—  
Artemis, once a lovely goddess,  
Such tiny feet, a smile as sweet?  
And who wore such a shapely boddice?

Then there's the throng that comes and goes  
So like an endless panorama,  
The country maidens with their beaus,  
The villain of the melodrama;  
They that admire none but themselves  
And show disdain for everybody,  
Who, could we view their family shelves,  
Would prove but autocrats of shoddy.

An aged matron, too, behold,  
Who bows before the shrine of fashion,  
An eager worshipper of gold,  
A blase devotee of passion.  
Some mutual friends of ours are here—  
Paul Preston, who's grown soft and silly,  
And Billy Brown, who loved his beer,  
And Carl, who loved his cousin Lillie.

You ought to see the beach at noon,  
The sands so white—a picture pretty—  
The waves a-hum in drowsy tune,  
The throng so gay—a mimic city.  
The bathers garbed in every hue,  
(Some forms are thin, and some well-rounded),  
Who sport and flounder in the blue,  
And shriek aloud, as if half "drowned."

When twilight falls, in halls alight,  
The waltzers "trip the gay fantastic;"  
Ah, were you here, blue eyes and bright  
Would make you bound with step elastic.  
Yet after all, though fair the scene,  
And all the girls Rye's houses harbor,  
Perhaps you're just as happy in  
Your own vine-circled breezy arbor.

—Clinton Scollard in Boston Transcript.

THE original summer complaint—"Why  
didn't you send me the papers?"—Hartford  
Journal.

I GOT me mine pinion about der pird dot  
luid some ecks dot don't vas poachable.—  
Carl Pretzel.

At a fire in a clothing store, the other day,  
the only pants saved were the occupants.—  
Milton News.

## A Little Game of Draw.

She had beaten me badly at everything,  
Bazique, cribbage, backgammon, chess,  
And in checkers, her every man was a king,  
When I hadn't one man to bless—  
For her soft, swimming eyes were so mixed in my  
mind  
With the cards, and the chess, and the board,  
That to the sweet power of her eyes I resigned,  
And she won, while I simply adored.

At last, tired of victories easily gained,  
And some she knew nothing about;  
"I think this is stupid," she sadly complained,  
"You understand poker, no doubt."  
And her lips as she spoke, were so fresh and so  
sweet.  
That I longed for no joy beyond this;  
To lay my last breath on that rosy retreat,  
And bid it good-bye with a kiss.

I dealt her the cards, and she bet, and I stood;  
At last opportunity came.  
I was willing to stake the last drop of my blood  
To win her fair hand in that game.  
I called it, and won it, and took it in mine;  
Oh, rare and bewildering call;  
There's a ring on her finger, placed there as a sign  
That I won the best game of them all.

—Drake's Travelers' Magazine.

"Go to a hotel where they have college  
students for waiters?" said he. "No, not  
much; I've lived for four years in a town  
where they have a college, and I'd rather be  
waited on by a drunken prize fighter."—  
Boston Herald.

A COUNTY prisoner says he has always  
been taught to do in Rome as the Romans  
do, and he finds fault because now that he  
is in jail, he is not allowed to do as the jailer  
does.—Cincinnati Saturday Night.

SOME men are so lacking in hospitality  
that they will not even entertain an idea.—  
Boston Transcript.



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

Testimonial of a Boston lady.

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

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

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

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

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

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

## A Positive Cure is

ELY'S

CREAM BALM,

FOR

Rose Cold,

CATARRH



HAY-FEVER

## HAY FEVER.

I was severely afflicted for 11 years with Hay Fever, after trying almost everything without avail. I gave up all hopes of being cured, when I purchased a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm. To my surprise, after a few applications, I was entirely relieved.

R. WATSON HARRIS,

Letter Carrier, Newark, N. J.

Apply by the little finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will cure. Unequaled for colds in the head. Agreeable to use. Send for circular for information and reliable testimonials. Will deliver by mail, 50 cts. a package. Stamps.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y.

YOU CAN MAKE money in our new and lucrative business. \$5 to \$10 per day at home. No peddling or traveling necessary. Samples, worth \$5, free. Address, for particulars, C. E. ELLIS & CO., Chicago, Ill.

OPIUM

MORPHINE HABIT. No pay till cured. Ten years established, 1,000 cured. State case. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

## Take Notice.

FOR 50c. (in stamps) 200 Elegant Scrap Pictures, no two alike. F. WHITING, 90 Nassau st., N. Y.



Boston, Mass., U. S. A. The Foreign Exhibition of Products, Arts and Manufactures. Opens in Sept. 1883.

SECRETARY,  
C. B. NORTON.

PRESIDENT,  
NATH'L J. BRADLEE.

TREASURER,  
FREDERIC W. LINCOLN.

## FOREIGN EXHIBITION OF ARTS AND MANUFACTURES,

Opens in Boston Sept. 3d, 1883.

To the large traveling public in the United States the above announcement is of great importance, from the fact that it will materially change the general course of travel. So far as can be indicated at present, all parties arranging for excursions will make it a point to reach Boston at the end of their several trips.

The prominence already given to this Exhibition insures an attendance of at least HALF A MILLION, and our readers will do well to bear in mind that there will never be such an opportunity offered again to examine the varied attractions of the Old World. The following Nations will be represented:

ALGERIERS,	CANADA,	ENGLAND,	JAPAN,	SIAM,
ARGENTINE,	CHINA,	FRANCE,	MEXICO,	SPAIN,
AUSTRALASIA,	CITY OF PARIS,	GERMANY,	NORWAY,	SWEDEN,
AUSTRIA,	COLUMBIA,	GUATEMALA,	PERSIA,	SWITZERLAND,
BELGIUM,	COREA,	GREECE,	PERU,	TUNIS,
BOMBAY,	CUBA,	HAWAII,	PORTUGAL,	TURKEY,
BENGAL,	DENMARK,	HOLLAND,	RUSSIA,	VENUEZUELA,
BRAZIL,	E. INDIES,	IRELAND,	SCOTLAND,	WALES.
CALCUTTA,	EGYPT,	ITALY,		

In Fine Arts, Italy, France, Belgium and Germany stand pre-eminent, and special attention is invited to the magnificent collection of Paintings and Statuary on exhibition. One of the Rajahs—Tagore, of Calcutta—makes a special exhibit of a collection of the curious musical instruments used in the East Indies. Visitors will be entertained during the Exhibition by the music of the Hungarian Band, the Canadian Band, Tyrolean Quartette, Gipsy Orchestra, and other foreign music.

The Admittance Fee will be Fifty Cents, and there can be no question but that visitors will feel so thoroughly satisfied with their experience that they will repeat their visit many times.



WITH  
**FIVE DOLLARS**  
YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE  
**Imperial Austrian Vienna City**  
**GOVERNMENT BOND.**

Which Bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemed in drawings FOUR TIMES ANNUALLY. Until each and every Bond is drawn with a larger or smaller premium. Every Bond MUST draw a prize, as THERE ARE NO BLANKS.

THE THREE HIGHEST PRIZES AMOUNT TO  
**200,000 FLORINS,**  
**50,000 FLORINS,**  
**30,000 FLORINS,**

And Bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a premium of not less than 130 FLORINS. The next drawing takes place on the 1st of October, 1883.

And every Bond bought of us on or before the 1st of October is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. For "Out-of-town orders, sent in Registered Letters, and enclosing \$5, will secure one of these Bonds for the next drawing. For orders, circulars, or any other information, address

**INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,**  
**207 Broadway, cor. Fulton st., N. Y. City.**

ESTABLISHED IN 1871.

The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the United States.  
N. B.—In writing, please say that you saw this in THE JUDGE.

**BEHNING**

FIRST CLASS

Grand Square & Upright  
**PIANOS.**

Warerooms: 15 E. 14th St. & 129 E. 126th St.

Factory, N. E. corner 124th st. and 1st ave., New York.

**PERFECTION**  
**MAGIC LANTERNS**

AND VIEWS ON ALL SUBJECTS.

**STEREOPTICON EXHIBITIONS**  
TO ORDER—TERMS MODERATE.

On Lawns, in Parlors, Churches, Fairs, etc.

**Electric Stereopticon Advertising Co.,**  
185 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

**JAKOBI & HART, Proprietors.**

Buy the Best.

THE only practical Fountain Pen ever invented is the LANCASTER GOVERNMENT, combining the advantages of each person's handwriting. Cleanliness—no leakage. Always ready. Will last for years. Fitted with Gold Pen.

THE LANCASTER FOUNTAIN PEN CO.,  
899 Broadway, New York.

All kinds of Fountain and Stylographic Pens repaired and exchanged. The A. T. Cross Business Pencil only 35 cents by mail.

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

**RUPTURE**

RELIEVED AND CURED without the injury Trusses inflict, by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method. Office, 351 Broadway, New York. His book, with photographic likenesses of bad cases, before and after cure, mailed for 10 cents.

TRADE MARK  
**COLLARS AND GUFFS**  
OF THE  
**"CROWN" BRAND**  
ARE SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS  
TROY, N. Y. **GEO. B. CLUETT, BRO. & CO.**



**Columbia Bicycle**  
Is what every Boy wants, and what every Man ought to have.  
Send 3-cent stamp for new, elegantly illustrated 36-page Catalogue and Price List.

**THE POPE MANUFACTURING CO.,**  
65 Washington St., Boston, Mass.  
New York Riding School, 34th st., near 3d av.

A CARD.

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

Flirting—Just for Fun.

Ah! there's a wondrous magic,  
In the glance of woman's eye.  
Ah! there's a wondrous power  
In the depth of a woman's sigh.  
With her sighs and with her glances,  
And her coyly winning ways,  
Will the cruel charmer tease me  
Till my heart is all ablaze;  
And when all my fond soul's fired  
By the lightning of her eyes,  
And my madly-throbbing pulses  
Leap to meet her trembling sighs,  
Then, with crimson corals pouting,  
Careless quite the wrong they've done,  
Does the darling humbug whisper,  
"Pshaw! I'm flirting—just for fun."

—Boston Post.

A LADY subscriber wants to know how to catch a husband. We have had no experience in this kind of sport personally, as we are unmarried; but we have known a husband to be caught by his wife as he was leaving a bar-room. From the animated conversation that ensued it seemed to a casual observer that the catching was very exciting sport.—*Oil City Derrick.*

THE gallant Captain Rhodes has decided that he will not swim as yet. He has bought a bulldog for \$45 and will send the brute through the rapids first. If the dog survives, the captain says he will make the attempt; if the dog is drowned he will stay out. Under all the circumstances it would be better, perhaps, to send the captain through first, and give the \$45 dog a chance.—*Phila. News.*

A NEW YORK critic says Oscar Wilde's "Vera" is a good play to take on the road, and the sooner it is taken the better." The actors and actresses who appear in this play, we understand, are both capable and respectable, and why the New York critic should desire them to be subjected to rural ovations of indisposed products of the hen, is inexplicable. Let Oscar travel and read his play.—*Norristown Herald.*

LITTLE Edith was taking her first lesson in geography. Her mother pointed out to her upon the map the states, rivers, towns, etc. Edith proved a remarkably apt scholar, and seemed to understand it all. "Yes," she said, "that's a river, and that's a town, and"—running her fingers along the lines of latitude and longitude—"and them's the wire fences, mamma, yunning ev'ywhere."—*Boston Transcript.*

"I KNOW it's putty hot here," said a Milton store-keeper; "but I am going down to the beach where my wife is, to stay over Sunday, and its scold enough there."—*Milton News.*

"WALK slower, papa," cried the little girl whose short steps were no match for the strides of her masculine progenitor; "can't you go nice and slow, like a policeman."—*Lowell Citizen.*

NOTHING good is ever effected without perseverance. It will never do to quit just when you have found the place where the flea was at last accounts.—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

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