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WHO WILL BE HIT FIRST?

CHORUS—"Please, Mr. Dorsey, don't shoot!"



THE JUDGE.

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THE FOURTH OF JULY!

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH! It seems to THE JUDGE as if he had heard these words somewhere before—perhaps it was about this time last year; but that is a matter of detail. At any rate, the glorious fourth is at hand, and the patriotism of this country will vent itself in a general holiday, in countless excursions and limitless fire-crackers, after its wont. A national anniversary is a great thing—for the gunpowder trade. Almost as good as an Indian war, and incomparably superior to a good year for quail. But, somehow, we think the fourth of July has been perverted from its original purpose. A great many boys will enjoy it as a holiday and an excuse for noise, but they will scarcely pause to reflect upon the grand and glorious historical event it has been set apart to commemorate. A great many men will welcome it as an excuse for idleness—they will lose a day's work and a week's wages in the rum-shops, and have nothing to show for it but a headache the next day. Ah, well! It is the way of the world. Our fathers gave us a country, and it is for their children to enjoy it—each after his kind.

And perhaps the wisest and pleasantest way to enjoy it will be taken by the man who withdraws his family from the heat and turmoil and intensified noises of the city—not by way of one of the great over-crowded excursions, but in some shady nook in Central Park, or Prospect Park, or any of the many havens of rest and refuge which abound within easy distance of the city, and, with a moderate lunch-basket and the society of those nearest and dearest to him, realizes and uses without abusing the glorious heritage of LIBERTY that has been handed down to him.

STANDING in the front pew don't help a man's record in the book of life.

HORSES AND YACHTS.

WALL STREET declares itself in many ways. There is a great deal of money lost there every year, and, per consequence, a great deal of money made. The money lost is dissipated by people of little account—at any rate, they have made no name in Wall street and its environs. The money made is accumulated by a favored few, among whom we find the names of Wm. H. Vanderbilt and Jay Gould, *facile principes*. People who make so much money as these gentlemen do, and who are as numismatically conspicuous, must spend their money somehow or another; and Mr. Vanderbilt prefers to spend his on horses. He has spent it well. He has succeeded in cutting down the record—at what expense Vanderbilt's bank-book alone can tell—and his team has proved by actual measurement that it can trot a mile in a half-second, or thereabouts, less time than any other team extant. What this triumph has cost Vanderbilt no one will ever know, but certainly if time were ever money, that second or so of gain over the record was a fortune. Mr. Jay Gould, on the other hand, pins his faith to, and spends his money on a yacht. That Mr. Gould's yacht may out-sail or out-steam every other yacht afloat must be the prayer of every worshipper of the Almighty Dollar, for if she cannot, what are we to think of the aristocracy of wealth? One good thing is that, yacht or horse, a little of the money which the public has so patiently given up in Wall street, is finding its way, by sea or by road, back into the pockets of the people.

MONSTROUS MENDACITY.

WE have arrived at the firm and unalterable conclusion that American history supplies us with instances of three monumental and colossal liars. Eli Perkins is one, and Henry Watterson, of Louisville, is the other two. Moreover, where the falsehoods of men like Eli Perkins and Tom Ochiltree, being innocently told, and provocative of amusement, may be regarded as white, the lies of Henry Watterson are as black as a fixed purpose—and that none of the most respectable—can make them. Let us glance at his statements regarding Samuel J. Tilden, for example. In speaking of Mr. Tilden as a robust and healthy man, Henry Watterson was giving utterance to a falsehood so flagrant and absurd that probably we should never have thought it worth our while to contradict him—in fact we might have understood the joke, as a joke, as we did last week, and depict the feeble old Sage of Gramercy as a man of powerful physique. But when Mr. Watterson departs from the truth, which he does whenever it suits him, he does so with a purpose. Let us outline this astute and chivalrous gentleman's little plan. Mr. Tilden's money and influence would prove invaluable to the Democracy in the coming campaign. Ergo, Mr. Tilden's name would serve admirably to head the tick-

et with, especially as, in the course of nature, the poor old gentleman can scarcely be expected to outlast another presidential term. What a splendid ticket could Henry Watterson construct, with Samuel J. Tilden's name on it for President, and some Southern "chiv." (himself, for example), as Vice President! And if the ticket proved triumphant, if the unsavory Vice President slipped through as a matter of but little moment, under the respectable ægis of Mr. Tilden's name, what a splendid "hedge" Mr. Watterson could make by insuring the President's life. He would stand to win, either way—and the country would have ninety-nine chances out of a hundred to lose.

For let us look at facts. The very day after Mr. Henry Watterson pronounced his memorable panegyric on the unimpaired mental and physical powers of Sam'l J. Tilden—the very next day Mr. Tilden was seen by a gentleman of unimpeachable veracity, and he was as feeble and stricken as his best friends sorrowfully know him to be. Poor Mr. Tilden! His was a keen intellect in its day; but the strongest frames and the grandest brains succumb to those insidious destroyers—Time and weakness.

"Down Marlborough's checks the tears of dotage flow.

And Swift expires, a driveler and a show."

The purpose of Watterson's heartless publication is plain enough; but who, in all broad America, can be found to believe him?

THE LAW OF LIBEL.

AT the present moment Mr. John Devoy is engaged in breaking stones or making brushes or something for the American Republic, and all because he could not keep his pen from scurrilously libeling Mr. August Belmont. It seems that Mr. Devoy and others of his ilk had laboriously raised the sum of \$20,000 or thereabouts, in half-dollar subscriptions from servant girls, and had transmitted the grand total to Europe for the purpose of "freeing Oireland." The British Government, however, not sympathizing with the views of the patriots on this side of the Atlantic, promptly seized the money, and Mr. Devoy and his friends, like the Right Honorable the late Earl of Ullin, were "left lamenting." Under these circumstances it occurred to the Fenians or Martyrs or Invincibles or whatever they call themselves, that the money had been transmitted through the banking-house of Belmont & Co., and it would be a good plan to make them pay it back again, oblivious of the fact that they had already received their money in the form of bills of exchange, and that said bills had been seized by the English Government. So Mr. John Devoy undertook to touch the conscience of Mr. Belmont and induce him to pay the money a second time. Mr. Devoy did not undertake to touch the conscience of the English Government—perhaps because he did not credit that abstraction with the possession of a conscience, or perhaps be-

cause he thought the less he had to do with the British Government, the better for his own neck. At any rate, he tried to touch Mr. Belmont by a series of infamous libels, and he touched him so effectually that he (Mr. Devoy) was sent to his favorite jail for sixty days—and Ireland is not free yet.

Upon one point in the trial, however, we cannot refrain from expressing an unqualified opinion. The line of cross-examination adopted by the counsel for the defence was in reality harder to bear than the libel itself. In a word, Mr. Belmont came into court seeking redress, and met with fresh insult. We have no doubt that Judge Cowing did his best to check this, but in these cases a judge should remember that a witness has no protection save such as he may receive from the court or from the gentlemanly instincts of the cross-examining attorney. Where it is useless and absurd to look for the latter, the power of the former should be stretched to the uttermost for his protection. It is poor encouragement for citizens—who, in the case of exasperating insults, are already too prone to take the law into their own hands—to find that in court itself the insult is duplicated and intensified from the safe seclusion of the cross-examining table.

SO IT IS ENDED—the long trial and all its concomitants. The lawyers are enriched, and Bob Ingersoll's eloquence has once more proven irresistible, and restored Dorsey *et al.* to the world and to freedom. But was this result accomplished by Colonel Ingersoll's oratory alone? Scarcely, we should think; for the carefully selected jury was composed of men too intelligent to be hoodwinked by any power of pleading; they were not of the stuff which can be swayed hither and thither by any rhetorical tricks. Yet no one doubts but that the defendants were in some measure guilty; though the charge of conspiracy was not proven, there yet remained certain indubitable acts of malfeasance in office, which would seem to have required some modification of the uncompromising verdict, "not guilty." Well, the truth was that the jury's sympathies were aroused by the modes and means of prosecution adopted by the Government, and out of the fullness of their sympathy for the accused the verdict was rendered. The system of the prosecution was not prosecution—it was persecution; and the feeling that manhood must always experience for the under dog in the fight spoke out in the memorable verdict. It is true that efforts are being made to re-open the case; that the *Times*, apparently retained for the purpose by the Government lawyers, is urging on that course with all the vigor of which it is capable. Certainly it would well repay Messrs. Bliss, Merrill & Ker to have another few months of the same kind of practice. It must be more agreeable to them to deplete the treasury at the rate of \$450 per day than it is to the public to see them do so—when

we say "the public," we except the New York *Times*, which never knowingly published a line in the interests of the public in its life. But the people are contented to leave things as they are—the *Times* to the contrary notwithstanding. They do not wish to fling good money after bad. The verdict is recorded and the Star-Route trials have taken their place among the *causes celebres* of history.

How Bleckensduffer Branded the Calf.

[We give the appended story under the title our contributor has furnished with it. Probably he did not like to call it "Spoopendyke in the West," as "Spoopendyke" may be copyrighted. But as Sloopendyke cannot claim to have a monopoly of matrimonial "allrightness," we infer Mr. Stanley Huntly will have no objection.]—Ed.

"WHAT'S that?" inquired Mr. Bleckensduffer of her husband one morning shortly after they had got settled in their Western home, as he entered and laid on the table a curiously-shaped iron.

"That, my dear Sara, is a branding-iron," replied B., pulling off his coat.

"Oh, a branding-iron, is it? And what might that be?"

"What might that be, hey?" shouted B.; "well, it *might* be a patent burglar-alarm; and it might be the latest improvement on the old-style ice-cream freezer—only it ain't. What d'ye suppose it is, now? Think it's something to hang up in the parlor, and tell your friends it's a relic from the excavation of Pompeii? Or have ye got an idea into your head that it's a whole telephone exchange in disguise? Well, to relieve your mind, that little piece of bric-a-brac, my dear, is a—branding-iron, to brand—to mark the calf with. See? Do you begin to get that through your head? You see, this thing of feeding the calf is rather expensive, and I have come to the conclusion that we couldn't do better than mark him and turn him loose; in that way we can economise considerable."

"But can you do it all alone?" asked Mrs. B., with a doubtful smile on her face.

"Can I do it?" yelled B., getting exasperated. "Now stand there, will ye, and ask your idiotic questions; of course I can do it. All you've got to do is to catch the animal, throw him, and then clap the iron on him, and it's done. You go outside and make a fire to heat the iron, while I hunt a rope."

"Are you all ready, my dear?" asked B. of his wife as she made a smiling appearance in the back yard a few minutes later. "Are, eh? All right; you just watch me, and you will see something you never saw before. Whoa, whoa bossie!" said Bleckensduffer, approaching the calf. "Now, observe me very closely," to his wife, "for I'm going to cast the rope right over his head"—saying which, he threw the rope about twenty feet beyond the animal.

"It can't hit on a rock," he exclaimed, noticing a smile lurking in the corner of his wife's mouth; "I'll do better this time."

Following the rope, it fell very gracefully over a fence post three or four yards in the rear of the calf.

"See there, Sara, how easy it is," said B. triumphantly; "I could have caught the calf just as easy if he had been standing where the fence-post is. See the poor thing, how frightened he is. Perhaps I had better catch him this time, and end his suspense."

After several ineffectual attempts, during which Mr. B. got more and more excited and

tangled up in the rope, he caught the now thoroughly-frightened calf. "Whoa, there, whoa!" shouted Bleckensduffer as the calf commenced plunging. "Whoa!" but there was no stopping him; he jerked B. off his feet, dragged him across the yard, threw him up against the fence, and just walked over him. "Help! murder! police!" yelled B. as the calf kicked him in the stomach. "Here, Sara, come and cut this blasted animal loose, will ye? and don't stand there like a fool!" and the calf, that hadn't had so much fun since he was born, kicked him a welt in the nose and bit off a piece of his ear.

"Are you hurt, deary?" asked Mrs. B. as she helped her husband to rise. "Your nose looks like it was broken, and your eyes look so funny, just like they did last election day. Does your stomach hurt you much? Perhaps I had better send for the doctor."

"Shut up, you fool, will yer?" growled B., "and hand me that rope."

"May be I could catch him," suggested Mrs. B.

"Oh, ye can, can ye?" said Bleckensduffer; "may be you think you're a better man than your husband. Here, take the rope and catch him, if you think you're so dodgasted smart."

Mrs. B. took the rope, gently approached the calf, put the noose over its head, and led him up to her husband.

"Well, why didn't you tell me you could catch him, instead of standing around and see me make a fool of myself!" said B. angrily; "here, take the rope while I get out the iron."

Bleckensduffer rushed to the fire, and, in his blind haste, grasped the hot iron; with a fearful oath he threw it towards his wife, and made for the house; stumbling against a stone he fell forward, and the clothes-line took him under the chin and threw him against an old cupboard that fell over on him and just mauled him.

"Send for a doctor!" groaned Bleckensduffer, as his wife helped him to bed, "and have the butcher come up here in the morning and kill that calf." CID HAMEY.

A NEGRO with no hair on the top of his head can never (well, hardly ever) get into a secret society, because he is sure to be black-bald.



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

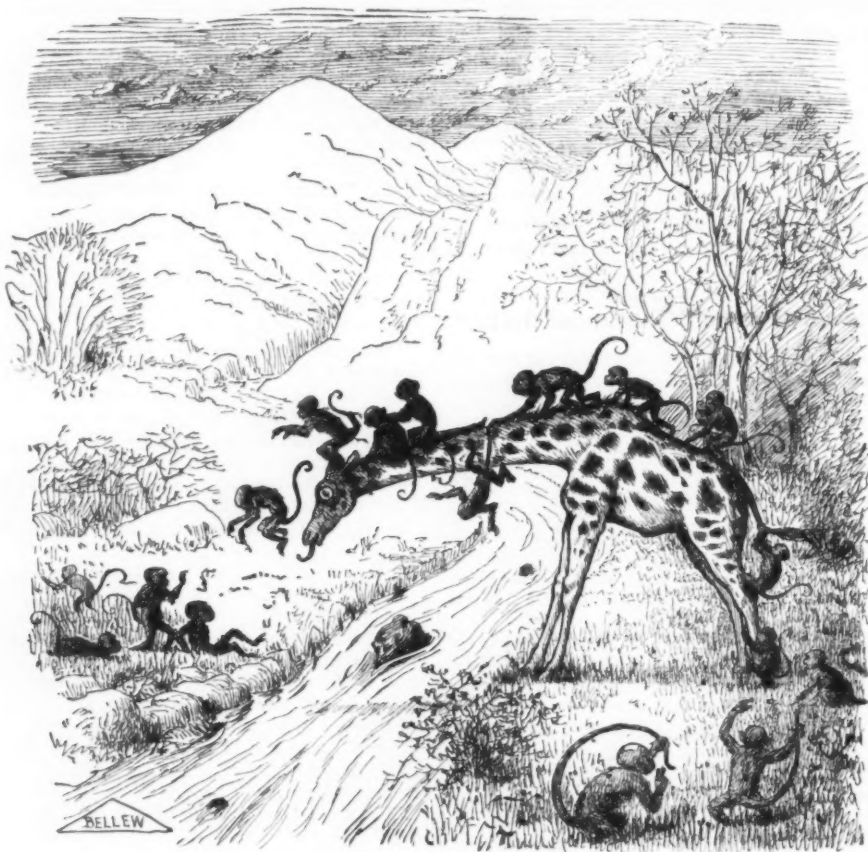
MRS. MCFADDEN.—"Well, what are ye stretchin' yer mouth for now?"

MICKEY.—"Tommy Fagan, he called me a sucker, an' see fit it out, and he licked me."

MRS. M.—"Sarcas ye roight; didn't I tell yer not to foight?"

MICKEY.—"Then he called you an old bummer, an' I couldn't do nothin'."

MRS. M.—"Go right back, sir, and lick 'em!"



SUNDAY-SCHOOL STORIES.

WITH PATENT SELF-SUGGESTING MORALS.

NO. XI.

IN the lonely and peaceful valley of Kick-eyoppowango, situated about 253 miles west of the eastern coast of Africa, and nearly parallel with the most northern point of the island of Madagascar, once dwelt a numerous tribe of monkeys. The valley was fertile beyond comparison, producing nuts, flowers, fruits, and fleas of every description, whilst the rich foliage and wide-spreading limbs of the forest trees furnished ample and luxuriant homes for all the inhabitants at very moderate rents, the third and fourth floors letting as low as two coconuts per week. The land was refreshed by numerous mountain torrents and placid streams. Here came endless flocks of brilliant birds, besides the more solid ostriches, guinea-fowls, hornbills and spoonbills, but no gas-bills, for they lighted their apartments with huge, glowing fire-flies, which they tied by their legs to the branches of the trees. Besides these, large herds of four-footed beasts came and pastured on its rich turf. The zebra, quagga, the gnu, the giraffe, the onyx, the kudu, and even the lordly elephant himself. But there were no lions, reporters, nor other beasts of prey, nor any snakes, nor other venomous reptiles. The numerous and active population of monkeys had driven such creatures away, long ago, with sticks and stones, whilst they encouraged all the peaceable animals of the hills and plains.

Well, it happened at the period of which we are writing that the population of monkeys had become so numerous that the forests of the valley, rich as it was, had to be very carefully economized to supply them all with food, but still they could have managed to exist had there not come one year a terri-

ble blight, so that scarcely more than half the crop of fruits and nuts was produced. And yet they might have managed to get along had there not sprung up in their midst a small class of enormously wealthy monkeys who somehow had got possession of all the trees, and made the other monkeys pay for the privilege of picking the fruit and using the top branches for dwellings. Then they all grew frightened, for they saw starvation staring them in the face; so the old monkeys put their heads together and called a meeting of the whole tribe, at which they discussed the situation at length. When all had spoken who wished to do so, one old gray-headed and greatly respected monkey arose in their midst, and addressing the juvenile part of the tribe, said "Go West, young monkeys, go West."

This advice was so much approved of that the very next day all the able-bodied young monkeys, each provided with a small store of fruits and nuts, started out in a body to seek some new settlement.

After traveling all day, a distance of not over ten miles, they came to a fine large tree in whose branches they resolved to camp for the night. On approaching this tree they were surprised to find lying at its foot a poor exhausted giraffe.

"What is the matter?" asked the monkeys kindly.

"Well, I'm starving to death," said the giraffe; "I have eaten all the leaves off the trees round about that I could reach, and there were very few of them, owing to the blight, which has dried up all the grass so that I can't eat it, for I have a very weak stomach."

"Oh, if that is all," cried the monkeys, "we will soon fix you all right; so give yourself no further concern in the matter."

Then they set to work, and clambered up

the tree, and broke off lots of branches from the top, that had green leaves on them, and threw them down to the giraffe, who devoured them greedily. Then they scampered off to some cabbage-palm trees hard by, and clambering up to the top of them, brought down the juicy palm-cabbages, off which the giraffe made so hearty a meal that he slept soundly all night, and awoke so refreshed that he was enabled to accompany them on their journey next morning.

When they had journeyed nearly nine miles on the second day, they came to a mountain torrent, which effectually blocked their way. The monkeys were fairly dismayed, for they were still in the land of blight, and their provisions all gone. Had there been any trees overhanging the stream, they could have swung themselves over easily enough; but there were none. While they were bemoaning their fate, up came the giraffe, who had lagged a little way behind. He heard their story, and, after a few minutes' thought, exclaimed, "Do not trouble yourselves; I can arrange all. I will stand on the bank and stretch my neck across the stream; then you can climb up my legs and over my back and neck, and so drop safely on the other side."

"My eyes!" they all cried; "that beats the Brooklyn bridge!" The giraffe took his position, and in an instant a host of monkeys swarmed over him, and were secure on the opposite bank. When they were all over except two who stopped to keep Cammy, as they called him, company—for they were kind little monkeys and thought he might be lonely—"Now you stay here," they called out, "whilst we go further on, and if we find any food we'll bring you some back."

And so they did; for, after journeying a mile and a half, they came to a most lovely valley, where there was no blight, but abundance of fruits and nuts and vegetables, such as they had never seen before. They came back to the giraffe loaded with all sorts of good things, so that he had another hearty meal. This they repeated every day or two, keeping him well supplied. One day, however, they came back to the stream, and the giraffe was not there. At this they grew very much alarmed, and began to think of lions, and snakes, and reporters, and all sorts of horrid things—but while they were still wondering they saw him approaching at a rapid pace in the distance.

"Oh, I am so glad you are here!" he exclaimed when he came up, all out of breath. "I have just taken a run down to your old settlement, to tell them of you and see how they were, and they are all starving—starving to death. The rich monkeys, as you know, were quite unaccustomed to work, and there were not enough real able-bodied monkeys to gather even their limited harvest. Then the poorer classes could not pay their rents, and, altogether, they are in a deuce of a mess."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the monkeys, swinging their tails in great anguish; "we must collect food and take it to them as soon as is possible."

"Well," said the giraffe, "you can go and gather more fruit; but, before you do so, come over and pack all this you have brought for me on my back, and I will return with it at once, for I am strong now, and can travel much faster than you can, and there is no time to be lost."

They thought this an excellent plan, and in a moment they were over and had a whole load of provisions on Cammy's back, tied on with twigs and ropes made of grass. The giraffe started with his load in one direc-

tion and the ring-tails in another to collect more food. They all worked so industriously that they soon had a large store by the river, and then all the little fellows crossed over on Cammy's neck, and, after loading him up, each took as much as he could carry and started for their native land and the home of their parents.

By forced marches they came in time to save everybody, and there was great rejoicing in the valley of Kickeyoppowango. After everyone was well and comfortable, the young monkeys returned to their new-found home, which they christened Cammywango, in honor of the giraffe or camel-leopard, their benefactor—whilst he, dear old fellow! used his long legs every day as a sort of express company between the two settlements. And so they all lived very happy for a long time till old Cammy died, and his two sons took charge of the business, and formed themselves into the Great Eastern and Western Consolidated Camel-Leopard Transportation Company. Then the young giraffes began to charge enormous prices for everything they carried backwards and forwards till they got possession of all the trees, and the land, and the streams, and everyone was in their debt—so much so that they became practically slaves to the giraffes, who would only allow them barely enough to live upon, and they lost all their gay spirits and grew very miserable, till at last the monkeys grew very mad and fell upon the giraffes with sticks and stones, and beat them soundly, and afterwards made rules to compel them to do the carrying at reasonable rates. Then independence, and with it happiness and cheerfulness, came back to the monkeys, and they all lived happy ever afterwards.

* * * * *

If our railroad corporations can find a moral in the above, will they kindly apply it to themselves? And if they cannot, will they own up to their immorality?

THE San Francisco Post speaks of a Mr. Henry Cake who was arrested for hammering his wife with a club, and says it is a sort of "battercake, as it were." It looks something like a pound cake unless it has been jumbled. It appears, however, that in this match the policeman "took the cake."

"The dye is cast," remarked the enraged woman as she threw a bottle of coloring fluid at her husband.

"In the twinkling of an eye"—an order for brandy at a soda-fountain.

A WATCHWORD—tick, tick.



There was an old story to bring,
Who went to an island named Coney,
She sat down to dinner,
Pleasantly gave her dinner,
Because she was the waiter's enemy.

A SYMMER IDYL.



HAMLET'S INSTRUCTIONS.

DRINK the beer, I pray you, that I poured out for you, liquidly upon the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many bums do, I had as lief a tramp should drink my health. Nor do not blow the foam off with your breath, thus; but use all gently—for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your thirst, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to see a pot-bellied, addle-pated fellow in rags and tatters, a very groundling, drink his Bock with inexplicable dumbshow or noise. I would have such a fellow clubbed by Captain Williams, and printed in the Herald. I pray you, avoid it.

Be not too temperate, either; but let your discretion be your tutor. Suit your order to your purse, and your purse to your order, with this special observance: that you o'erstep not the limit of temperance—for anything so overdone is from the purpose of drinking—whose end, both at first and now was and is to slake the thirst, gratify the palate, and, according to age and body, give fun and pleasure. Now, beer quickly downed or drunk tardily off, though it make the barman laugh, can but make good judges grieve; the censure of which must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole bar-room of others. O, there be fellows that I have seen drink, and have heard others praise, and that highly, (not to speak it profanely,) that, neither having the lips of a Dutchman nor the palate of a Dutchman, Dago or Coon, have so swilled and guzzled, I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they offend Crosby so abominably.

And let them that take your nickles take no more than you put down; but there be of them that quaff, though the necessary question of pay be not considered. That's villainous, and shows a most pitiful foolishness and lack of wit. Go, get you steady.

L. L. L.

AMONG the quaint sayings in Don Quixote is this: "Nothing is so reasonable and cheap as good manners." This accounts for the fact that so many people who have wealth have no manners at all. They would not be guilty of having anything that was cheap.

TEACHERS of the noble art of self-defence give instruction by the pound. It is rather a rough weigh.

A COUNTRY seat—a tree stump.

Down Hill, with the Brakes off.

"Who was he, going out of the door?"
Have you all forgotten him?
You knew him once, but that was before
Hands shook and eyes grew dim—
A very excellent leading man—
I need not tell you his name—
But he took a turn at the whiskey-can,
And you see the end that came.

First, an occasional little spree
That didn't amount to much,
Followed by weeks—maybe months—when he
Liquor would hardly touch;
And now you see how he takes off, boys,
The last drop left in the cup—
He's going down with the brakes off, boys,
Won't some of you pull him up?

Blank of the Blank Street Theatre;
You've met him?—I knew you had,
And his wife—I see you remember her—
Ah, that was nearly as bad.
A little story of "Led Astray"—
A new Lady Isabel;
A newspaper paragraph, this, one day,
Is all that there is to tell.

She treated him badly enough, of course,
But he blames himself for this,
And I think it's grief—perhaps remorse—
That has made him what he is.
It's a sorrow that no man shakes off, boys,
But he tries to drown his gin—
He's going down hill with the brakes off, boys,
Can't some of you pull him in?

You see the wreck that he is to-day—
I hardly know how he lives,
Except on the dimes that, once in a way,
Some pitying comrade gives.
And even that money he takes off, boys,
And spends it all for a drop—
He's going down hill with the brakes off, boys,
Can nobody make him stop?

It's not too late—it's never too late—
Never, this side of the grave;
Though, I own, a man who travels that gait
Is a difficult one to save.
There's sometimes a fellow who shakes off, boys,
The bondage that holds him low—
He's going down hill with the brakes off, boys,
Will nobody tell him so?

He was as clever as any of you—
Kind, good-hearted and brave;
A man that used to be staunch and true
It can't be too late to save.
Clear his life's many mistakes off, boys,
And he'll stand up to the rack—
He's going down hill with the brakes off, boys,
But I'm going to fetch him back.

G. H. JESSOP.



AN ACQUISITION TO THE RANKS.

"Go away; don't bother me. I'm a dude, from the word 'go.'" [Exits around the corner, whistling the latest popular melody.]

BEFORE AND AFTER THE RACE.



"Now, then, gentlemen!
Pile on bets again—
Five to four against the field, bar one.
Lost the last race, of course—
Bet on the losing horse;
Think we are making books for fun?"



"Now, then, gentlemen!
I'll lay odds again—
Five to four against the field, bar two;
And, if you lay for it,
You'll catch the favorite—
Nothing is easier to do!"

CHRONICLES OF GOTHAM.

CHAPTER V.

1. And it came to pass in these latter days, certain men in the camp did make to themselves promises, which they sold to others, yet were they in no wise good.

2. But the dwellers in the camp, yea, even male and female, did buy these promises and sell them, and rebuy them, and they called this thing stock.

3. Now one of the chief men who did this thing, did have a large store of shekels, and they were bountiful, even beyond the numbering thereof.

4. And this man called Vanderbuilt did say, I will buy all the ways of iron and even steal that lead into the camp, so I may make more money.

5. There lived in the camp another man who also was well fixed, and his name was Jay-goul.

6. Now Jay-goul said, Peradventure this man Vanderbuilt gets all the iron ways and the steal ways, shall I not have some of the money myself? Lo, I will make a way of mine own, and call it Hellrod.

7. So he sent to one of the wise men of the camp, and putting a persuasion into his hand, did from him obtain a decree, and so put up pillars in many of the highways, and joined them together with rails of iron.

8. And it came to pass that the dwellers in the camp did use this way, which was called Hellrod.

9. Now, the man Vanderbuilt and the man Jay-goul did sell to the people dreams and delusions, and they called these things shares, for the buyer had no share of the money.

10. And these men, and others of the same sort did call themselves brokers, and they were well named, for either they were broke themselves, or they caused others to be.

11. Yet these men and their ways did in no way please the people, for they were of a mean and stingy manner, and did in no way benefit the dwellers in the camp.

12. And it came to pass, that these men, Jay-goul and Vanderbuilt, did say, We have our ways of iron and steal, and the people must use them, and pay us.

13. Yet in no wise must we let them know how many shekels we have from them, but make them give to us more.

14. And so the men called brokers did make amongst themselves an agreement to

put up and to put down the value of the things called shares.

15. Now in the camp of Gotham was a way, and it was a narrow way, leading down to the water, and in this way did these men meet and agree to do this thing, and the name of this place was Oual street.

16. Jay-goul did stand in Oual street and say, "Hearken to me ye men of Gotham, buy of me these dreams called shares and I will make ye all rich."

17. Now divers and certain of the men did as he said, but others did not, and a strife was made, and they called themselves bears and bulls.

18. And sometimes the bulls would be conquerors and sometimes the bears, and the men of the camp who came between them were the ones most hurt, and they were called lameducks, and they were lamed badly.

19. Now Jay-goul did not only take money from the wayfarers on the way called Hellrod, but from the brokers, the shareholders, and from Vanderbuilt also.

20. And Vanderbuilt was exceeding wroth and sent to a law-giver of Gotham to have a decree against Jay-goul—so as to stop him from taking the shekels.

21. But Jay-goul and the Hellrod and the brokers did laugh the decree to scorn, for did not the man Vanderbuilt do likewise in former times?

22. And the history of the men of Oual street, and the manner of their doings are set forth in the Chronicles. So here endeth the fifth chapter.

B. T. P.

OLD SAWS RESET.

"VIRTUE is the only nobility," and the race of nobles has pretty nearly died out.

"Walls have ears," but they are often ceiled.

Truth is often stranger than an associated press report.

Man proposes and frequently gets left.

"The middle station is safest," but it won't hold good on a car track.

A setting hen misses lots of fun.

Truth is mighty, but a lie well sworn too often knocks the props from under it.

"Look not a gift horse in the mouth;" you might get bit.

"He who does a thing by the agency of another, does it himself," may be very good law, but it won't work well in courting a girl.

RURAL LAW.

A LEGAL gentleman, who was engaged to supply a column of legal answers for an agricultural paper, has resigned in disgust. The questions that were fired at him the first week were as follows:

"Can you tell me, from personal experience, the best method of salting hogs?"

"How can suckers be so topped that they cannot grow and thrive?"

"Is there any law to make a pig's tail grow straight?"

"Can a man recover damages if he is doubled up by a wilted cucumber?"

"Is it mayhem to put out the eyes of a potato?"

"Is a man to blame if his mule kicks the blacksmith while shoeing him?"

"Be you a reel lawyer, or only an editor?"

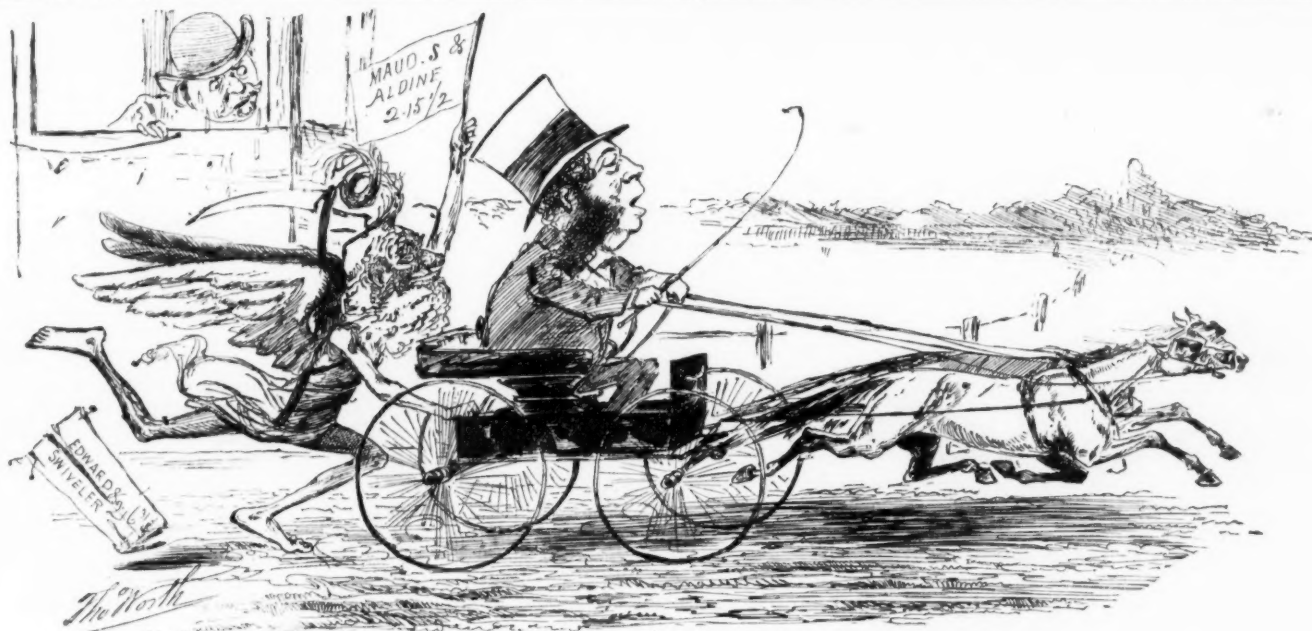
"If my boy rips the clothes off the destrict schoolmarm when she is trying to warm him up, am I liable for the rent?"

"If my hired man runs away with my oldest daughter, and leaves a month's wages due him, ain't I entitled to hold on to the money?"

"If a city chap comes out trout-fishin' on my brook, and knocks down my fences, ain't I a right to take the fish away from him if he catches any?"



MUSIC IN THE HEIR.



"NOW THEN, FRANK, WORK UP YOUR RECORD!"

CHUNKS OF PHILOSOPHY.

TAKE life's victuals as they come—
Never stop to wonder
If there's water in your rum,
As you put it under.

So your hash is good to eat,
What's the use of hunting
Through it after poodle-meat,
Hair and bits of bunting?

Knew you e'er a man to wax
Rich or fat or happy
On a diet of "alacks!"
And a temper snappy?

De'il a bit! The shortest cut
To a life in clover
Is, to tackle what you've got—
Let the rest lie over.

Cheerfulness will keep you spry
Better than physicians;
Blue's a color for the sky,
Not for dispositions.

Honey's much to be preferred
To the stinging-racket,
And the bee's a happier bird
Than the yellow-jacket.

Tailors' bills and I. O. U.'s
Can't be paid by worry;
And you won't collect your dues
Simply by a flurry.

Cursing, when your train is late,
Brings it none the quicker;
Groaning at your polished pate
Makes your hair no thicker.

Be the weather what it may,
It's no cause for sorrow:
Do not croak, each pleasant day,
"Oh, 'twill storm to-morrow!"

When it rains—why, let her rip!
Swearing's no umbrella:
Snarling never kept the drip
Off of any fellow.

In a general fashion, too,
Water's mighty handy,
Though it mayn't agree with you,
Even in your brandy.

All your foes aren't therefore fools—
Maybe very few are!
Oft they're honest in their rules,
And as wise as you are.

If for you some girl of sense
Doesn't care a nickel,
Must you needs deduce from thence
"All the sex is fickle"?

For one cheating jockey's sake
Count not all men sinners;
For one twinge of stomach-ache,
Don't forswear all dinners.

Never buck against the press,
Though it sometimes flout you;
You can do without it less
Than it can do without you.

Keep the editor your friend—
That's the proper caper—
Publication don't suspend
When you stop your paper.

You can't budge it; do your best—
Time is wasted trying—
It can knock you "galley-west"
Easier than lying.

To enjoy this world, in fine,
Make the world enjoy you;
Learn good-nature's countersign,
Let good sense convoy you.

Fate can never do you dirt
While you're laughing at her;
And you'll win the arrant flirt
If you never flatter.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

A MAN named Gasbill recently applied to the Arkansas Legislature to change his name because his girl always objected to his figure whenever he'd metre. She said he was too high, and turned him off. The legislators made light of the matter, but granted the petition, and that settled him.

THE wires inform us that in the London Conference of the Methodist Church, in session at St. Catherines, Ont., a resolution for union was defeated by 13 majority. And this is getting considerably closer to union than most churches do.

A ROCKY-MOUNTAIN EPISODE.

Two gentlemen came in and seated themselves at the supper-table.

One was tall and lanky, with a semi-clerical dress, consisting mainly of a soiled white necktie. The other was evidently a man of intelligence and refinement.

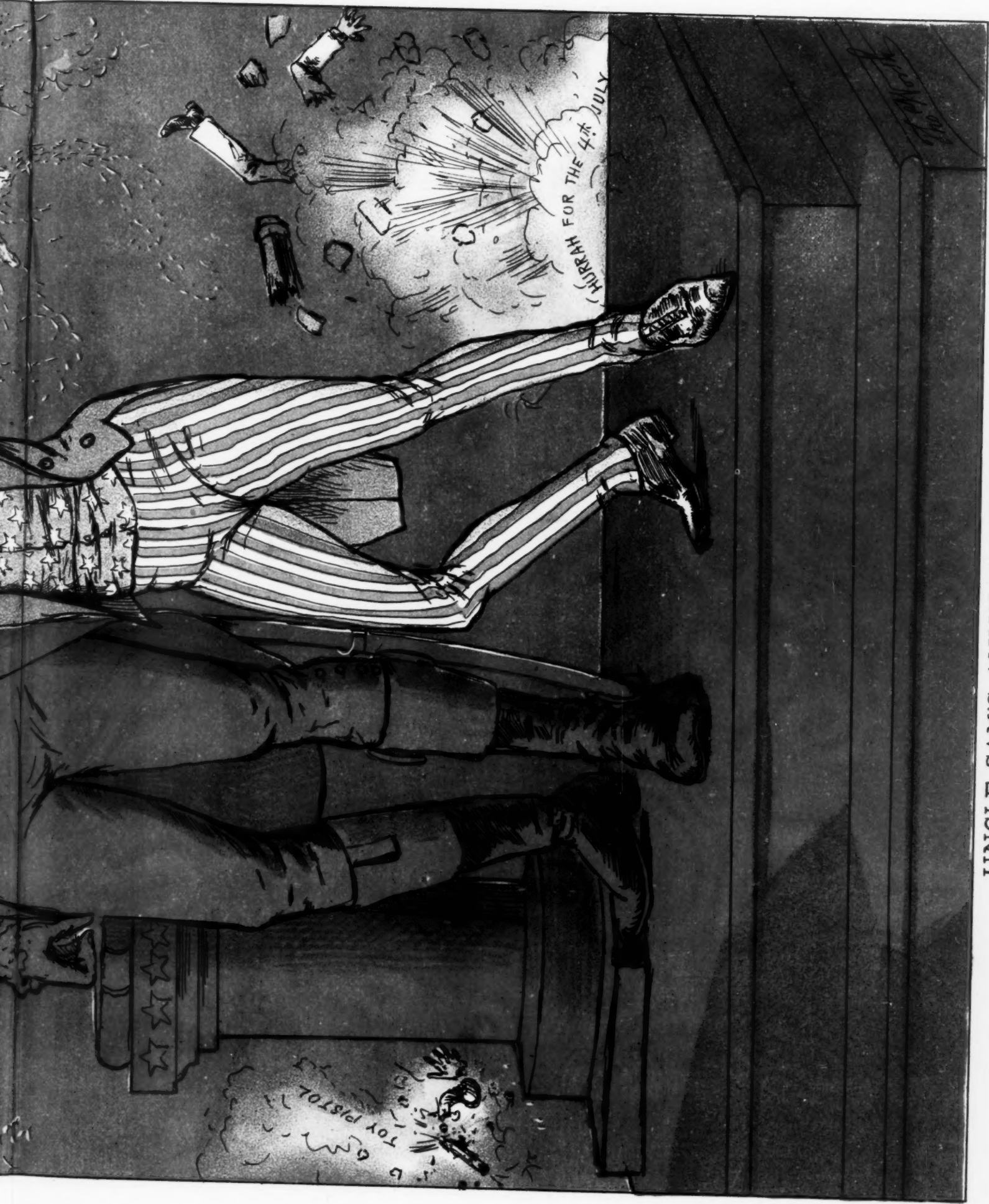
"Now I am really glad I met you," said the clergyman; "I ain't seen a intelligent man for six months—that I felt to be equals; that I could let myself out to. It's unpleasant, I tell you, when you are cooped up with a lot of ignorant critters that you can't speak to on terms of equality, as I've been, up in Dead-man's Gulch"—"No, I thank you," he continued, to the writer, who asked him if he would have some oat-meal mush; "I believe in poultices in their proper places, but I never eats 'em when I ain't obleeged to"—then, turning to the stranger, who had obtained a bottle of wine, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver, saith the Psalmist. Would you just pass me a drop of that fluid? Yes, thank you. As I was saying, they call me stiff and an unsocial critter in the Gulch, but no man beats me when I am with my equals. Think that's right?"

"I believe I have not the honor of your acquaintance," replied the stranger, a little coldly.

"That's Jim, all over!" exclaimed the parson. "Do you know? you remind me of him in everything you do and say. Jim was a old friend of mine up in the Forks before I took to preaching. He was as good-hearted a critter as ever starved in Coloraydo, but unfortunite. They accused him of stealin' a hoss, and though I respect Jim's memory as much as any man's living, still they brought putty tolible evidence agin him, and he war sentenced to the cooler for life. If he'd a-killed a man, nuthin' would hav been said; but hoss-stealin' is not in favor hereabouts. I told 'em Jim was sick, but it made no difference—in he went for life." Here the parson sighed. "Poor fellow! he never lived to serve out his sentence." At this point the sheriff from Leadville entered the room. The parson gave one bound through the window, and the places that knew him in Dead-man's Gulch knew him no more.

THE JUDGE





UNCLE SAM'S ANNUAL CELEBRATION.
Fire-Works of the Period.



HERACLITUS, "after much debate internal," decided to attend the commencement exercises at the college where he graduated, and, at the eleventh hour, concluded he'd take the baby and myself.

I suppose he wanted to show off Tweedledums to those of his classmates who were not fortunate enough to possess such a treasure; at any rate, I notice he was quite willing she should be arrayed in all the finery and "flummediddles" he scoffs and sneers at at home, and he even told Marie to put a pretty bow on her cap. After we reached the end of our journey we had a good enough time; but, of all the frights I ever had, the worst was in getting down to the boat the afternoon we started. Just as it was time to go, a violent shower came up; the sky was as black as ink, and the thunder anything but agreeable to hear. There are two things I never, under any circumstances, neglect to do: one is to look under the bed before retiring at night, and the other is always to inspect the driver of any coupe or carriage I am about to enter. Well, as I said before, it was thundering hard, and a few drops of rain had already commenced to fall, when Heraclitus hustled me out of the front door and into the hack. I had only time to cast a cursory glance at the driver, and in doing so I caught my crimps in a point of the umbrella Heraclitus was trying to hold over me. (He never *does* know enough to carry an umbrella without digging it deep into my scalp every few steps; but this time I believe he held it low down on purpose, so I should not see the condition the Jehu was in.) I saw enough, however, to arouse my worst suspicions. His face was very red, and as soon as we started my forebodings were realized, for the way the carriage veered from side to side showed me he was as drunk as drunk could be. I caught hold of Heraclitus, and told him the driver had been drinking, and implored him to let us all get out. Remembering his previous experience the night I jumped out of the coupe, I suppose, he just took hold of my wrists, told me to sit still, and added, "We can't get out in this rain; there's nothing to be afraid of; anyhow, if the driver *has* been drinking, he probably knows enough to get us to the boat all right." Just then came a vivid flash of lightning, accompanied by a terrific clap of thunder that frightened both Marie and the baby, and the latter began to scream. The rain came down in torrents, and the carriage was doing as sail-boats do on the river when there is no favorable wind, just "tacking" from one side to the other. I finally gave up in despair, and fainted dead away. I don't remember how we got to the boat, or anything about it. The first I knew I was on a sofa in the cabin, and some idiot of a woman was

throwing water in my face. I was so mad that I jumped up and knocked the glass out of her hand, and told Heraclitus to take me to my stateroom, which he immediately did, and then as soon as he'd placed me on the berth, asked me "how I could be so rude as to dash the glass from the kind lady's hand?" I just asked him if "he supposed I wanted my hair soaked with ice water?" and, as for the "kind lady," she was an officious old minx, and I presumed she threw the water in my face more from curiosity than anything else; very likely she wanted to see if my complexion would stand washing. Then he said, "Whatever the motive might be, the remedy at least proved most effectual—he'd never seen anybody revive quicker." I told him he seemed to feel unhappy about it; I supposed he'd be glad to have me faint away and never come to at all; and then I got to crying and I couldn't stop, at least I didn't stop until he became frightened and began to pet and coax me. After he'd promised to see about a new upright piano in the fall, and had said I might go for a few weeks to Long Branch if I very much wanted to, I dried my eyes and tried to arrange my hair; but the umbrella and ice-water had done their work effectually, and all the pretty, puffy curls were ruined, for that night at least.

The next morning we reached our destination. The baby was the centre of an admiring multitude, and several people said she was the exact image of her mamma. Marie, too, was quite as attractive as it is at all necessary for a nurse to be. She looked as neat and tidy as possible in a cambric dress she bought at Ehrichs' just before we left New York, and her caps and aprons came from the same place. Marie tells how cheap everything is over there, and says you can get anything, from kitchen furniture to elegant imported robes, at prices much below those of other stores—and Marie knows what is what just as well as I do.

I had a lovely time at the President's levee, and wore a dress dear mamma brought me from Paris a few months ago. It did duty for the Charity Ball last winter, but no one up there had seen it, and it was just the prettiest toilet in the room, if I do say it myself. The dress is composed of the most elegant jetted lace and heavy black and white silk; these are combined in a way that only a French modiste can make effective. The sleeves themselves are a work of art; they are made of the lace, and fit me like a glove; the neck is *decollete*, and my diamond crescent is very handsome, and shows off well at the throat. I heard one old dowager say to another that "Heraclitus P—r must be making money fast, to dress his wife like that; she presumed he gambled, and didn't believe he could afford it." Heraclitus laughed when I told him of it, and said that the old lady's son was in college with him, but went to the bad, and the last that had been heard of him he was manager for a circus troupe.

I didn't much want to go to hear the Baccalaureate sermon, but there didn't seem to be another opportunity to wear my lovely suit of India silk, with hat and parasol to match—so I made up my mind I'd try and endure the torture. It was an awful bore, though, and I was glad when it was over.

Heraclitus, at one of the dinners, made a long speech that was very much applauded, and when I read it all in the paper the next day I felt quite proud of him.

We left before the festivities were over, for he was in a hurry to get back to attend the races, and I was rather anxious to get home, for I want to get settled for the summer be-

fore the most desirable rooms are engaged. Heraclitus says if I go to Long Branch he shall go up into the Adirondacks with some other fellows and camp out for a few weeks. When I told him I didn't approve of men going off without their wives, he said "there were plenty of wives up there." Such remarks may be very funny, but they don't amuse me, and although he may laugh at his own wit, speeches like these will never bring a smile to the lips of

PENELOPE PENNYFEATHER.



"COME, thou hast not forgotten
Thy pledge and promise, quite—
With many blushes murmured
Beneath the evening light."—BRYANT.

FALSE HOPES.

WE stood in silence at her father's gate,
As in the west the moon was slowly sinking—
Her little hand I held with joy elate,
While overhead the stars at us seemed winking.

Fair as an angel from the realms above,
On me she smiled—no mortal could resist her—
Her soulful eyes seemed brimming o'er with love,
So, full upon her ripe, red lips I kissed her.

I had been sure that at that magic touch,
Arms round my neck, she'd give me back another;
Alas! she didn't, you can bet. Not much!
Instead she fled, and went and told her mother.

C. L. D.

HERRON asserts that "true independence has no difficulty in accepting necessary kindness." How thoroughly the tramp sustains this assertion; his perfect independence not only permits him to accept kindness, but to demand it when there are no men about.



A BRIBE—(TAKEN, OF COURSE.)

"Hey, Selina! May I come in? I'll give you my chewin' gum."



A FOURTH OF JULY INCIDENT.

HE buys a lot of Fire-Works for the Children.

AT OUR BOARDING HOUSE.

"WHERE are you going, Mr. Jugerson?" inquired Miss Staleybutt, as that gentleman came down to breakfast with a small valise in his hand, which he deposited under his chair before he began his assault on the viands. "Going out of town?"

"Yes; trouble you for a cup of coffee, Mrs. Sling," said Jugerson. Mrs. Sling was the landlady.

"Certainly; won't you pass this to Mr. Jugerson, Miss Simper?" and the lady poured out a cup of coffee and sent it on its travels to the distant Jugerson. "Are you going to be long away?"

"I'll be back on the fifth of July," answered Jugerson.

"Oh dear! Then you won't be here on the Fourth," wailed Miss Simper.

"Not if there's another spot in all broad America where I can secrete myself till that day has blown over," growled Jugerson. "Mrs. Sling, it seems to me that your steak gets tougher and tougher, every day."

"Dear me, Mr. Jugerson, I wonder at that; and it was sold to me for the best port-house."

"You mean you were sold, madam—and worse sold than the steak if you gave more than four cents a pound for it," retorted Jugerson, making, nevertheless, mighty inroads upon the maligned steak.

"We will miss you very much on the Fourth, Mr. Jugerson," said Miss Simper; "won't we, Miss Staleybutt?"

"I won't!" snapped that virgin.

"Haw! haw! Very good," laughed young Slasher.

"Mr. Slasher, I want to speak to you for a minute or two before you go," said Mrs. Sling.

Slasher looked crestfallen and as if he were sorry he had spoken, while Jugerson concluded, "Ha! ha! Slasher's behind with his board again!"

"Where are you going, Mr. Jugerson?" ventured Miss Simper.

"Away," said Jugerson, curtly.

"Yes; but where to?"

"Where I can be quiet, if such a place exists."

Miss Simper felt snubbed, but she only sighed. She resumed, presently: "And what will you do on the Fourth, Miss Staleybutt?"

"Stuff my ears full of cotton wool, and go to bed and stay there."

"Why, Miss Staleybutt, I thought you had



They meet him on the way. In the melee he drops his lighted cigar, which falls directly among the Fire-Works.

promised to go to Coney Island with me," said young Slasher.

"Humph!" sniffed Mrs. Sling, half audibly. "Coney Island, indeed; and he owes me two weeks' board;" then, aloud, "Don't forget that I want to see you before you go out, Mr. Slasher."

Slasher looked sorer than ever that he had spoken.

"So you haven't made up your mind where you're going, Mr. Jugerson," re-commenced Miss Simper.

"Who said I hadn't made up my mind?" returned Jugerson. "I'll trouble you for another cup of coffee, Mrs. Sling"—and the cup went on its travels again.

"But I thought—" ventured Miss Simper timidly.

"Take my advice, and never think," interrupted Jugerson. "The unaccustomed exertion might overtax your brain, and Mrs. Sling doesn't feed us fish enough to keep up the phosphorus."

"What phosphorus?" said Miss Staleybutt.

"Any phosphorus," said Jugerson.

"Well, good morning," said Miss Simper, rising; "won't you please excuse me? I'm finished."

"Oh, Miss Simper; what you eat wouldn't make a meal for a snipe," remonstrated Mrs. Sling.

"God help the snipe that comes here for a square meal!" said Jugerson. "Trouble you for a little more potato."

Young Slasher rose and attempted to escape.

"One moment, Mr. Slasher," and Mrs. Sling was after him like a detective.

Miss Staleybutt gathered her skirts around her, and swept grandly from the room.

Old Jugerson finished his meal in peace.

THE Atlanta Constitution has an article headed "The Precocious Boy on Horses." The article is not explicit. It does not tell us on how many horses, and consequently we cannot judge of the degree of precocity exhibited by the boy, nor give him a recommendation to any circus.

A DEAR little boy who was asked "what do we commemorate on the Fourth of July?" answered: "We don't commemorate nothing. We let off fire crackers."

EVEN the quietest woman can make a bustle when she takes a notion to.



GOOD-BYE. They are not going to the Ball this evening. Some other evening.

THE IDEAL WIFE.

MR. J. WILLIAMS has an idea of an ideal wife in his mind, and he has jotted down his idea in rhythmical form. We find her in a good many of our exchanges. The poem is something (not quite) like this. Mr. Williams will excuse mistakes, as we quote from memory:

Somewhere in the world must be
One who'll someday cheerfully
Set the breakfast things for me.

Just at present she's away—
Where, I can't exactly say—
Saratoga or Cape May.

Or perhaps she's "doing" France—
Bet she is if she'd the chance—
This sweet dream of my romance.

All last year I strove to speak—
Couldn't muster up the cheek;
Took her out three times a week.

Theatre she'd not refuse—
Afterwards I could not choose
But propose her oyster-stews.

'Neath these glorious summer moons
Will I walk with her effusions,
Rarely passing cream saloons.

But at present she's away—
I'm inclined to hope she'll stay;
Courtin' does not always pay.

Shall we ever, ever meet
On that block in Fourteenth street
Where I first proposed to treat?

Really, I cannot say,
But, when all the facts I weigh,
I'm inclined to think we may.

"In this life nothing is given to men without great labor," and that is a good thing, for no man likes to work for nothing.

VEREKER, referring to the ancient and fish-like smell that pervades Fulton Market and ferry, says that the latter is the cheapest ferry in the world. You pay two cents to go across and get one scent back.

THE Czar wrote to a friend that he should be crowned D. V. He has explained that D. V. stood for *Dynamite Volente*.

CHINAMEN are curious people.



THERE are only nine or ten places of amusement open in New York at the present writing. Most of these are hot and stuffy, and no one but an idiot would venture within their precincts while the mercury stands in the nineties. The only two that can by any stretch of the imagination be called cool, are given over to such ineffably stupid performances that THE JUDGE does not wonder at the general apathy among theatre-goers, or blame the numerous sojourners in town for preferring a trip to Coney Island or some other suburban retreat, to spending two or three hours listening to the maudlin sentimentality of "The Rajah," or being bored by the hackneyed opera of "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief."

But, although the theatres are unquestionably dull, theatrical matters off the stage are decidedly lively. French & Son are having no end of trouble on their foreign productions. First, they claim the American right to Sardon's "Fedora," but their Paris agent, Mayer, has sold the same to Fanny Davenport for \$4000 and a royalty. This play is doing well at the London Haymarket, and Burnand's burlesque of it, "Stage-Dora" is also a success. Mrs. Bernard Beere, who is leading lady at the Haymarket, is accused of being a mere copy of Mme. Bernhardt, for whom the play was written. The buxom Fanny will escape this criticism, at least. It would be as difficult for her to emulate her attenuated rival as to create a new part. We suspect that she can do neither, but—we shall see.

Besides the "Fedora" fuss, the Messrs. French are quarreling with the new Union Square management as to who has the right to produce "Storm-Beaten" here. One would think, to read the controversy, that the question to be settled was one of vital importance; but the play was a failure in London, and THE JUDGE don't see why it should prove more successful here. The book "God and the Man," from which it was taken, was a powerful novel, but in the adaptation much of the interest is lost. During two entire acts two men alone occupy the stage, with nothing to relieve the monotony of the scene. Under such circumstances we should suppose any audience would become bored; but then "Storm-Beaten" is English; has been produced in London, and that is quite enough! We shall probably hear next that several enterprising American managers are making desperate efforts to obtain possession of Wilkie Collins' new play, "Rank and Riches," lately produced at the Adelphi. Notwithstanding the actors were clever (Mrs. Lingard appeared as the heroine), and it was produced by an experienced manager, it was an utter failure, and the audience gayed it on the first night. We are told what the pit and gallery said, and what one of the actors, Mr. Anson, answered them back. Now let some of our managers wrangle over it, get up a newspaper controversy on the subject, and advertise that it will be given "as originally

produced in London," and we shall have a thrilling success.

That the "Pitt Comedy Company" should meet with failure in Boston, was a matter for regret, though not one of surprise. Managers without capital, and with no guarantee against financial ruin, will continue to form companies as long as actors and actresses are so easily induced to embark in such perilous enterprises. It is not only the miserable "snide" shows that are continually coming to grief out in the Western wilds, but troupes of really good artists, as, for instance, the Catharine Lewis Company, lately stranded in Chicago, and the Pitt Company, mentioned above, are eternally being wrecked in the same way. Many of the actors often find themselves far from home, "strangers in a strange land," and without a penny in their pockets. Someway or another, though, they eventually drift back to New York, and, seldom profiting by past experiences, are ready to start off with the next enterprising agent or "manager" that appears on the Square, (no pun intended.)

A new play, written by Mr. Lawrence Marston, called "A Wife's Honor," was produced at The Windsor last week. THE JUDGE did not witness the performance, but as the audience received the drama with "enthusiastic marks of approbation," and Mr. Marston was called before the curtain, made a speech, and was presented with a "floral offering," it must have pleased those for whom it was intended.

"Strictly business" is the name of the play at the theatre once owned by Haverly; and "Two Christmas Eves" has succeeded "A Bunch of Keys" at the San Francisco Opera House. The last nights of "Pop" are announced, but Tony Pastor's, with "Fun in a Balloon," and Kostar & Bial's are popular places for the lovers of fun and music.

CORRESPONDENTS.

✉ CORRESPONDENTS WILL PLEASE TAKE NOTICE THAT THEY SEND MSS. TO THIS OFFICE AT THEIR OWN RISK. WHERE STAMPS ARE ENCLOSED WE WILL RETURN REJECTED MATTER AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, BUT WE DISTINCTLY REPUDEATE 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.

FANNY.—We cannot yet tell.

ANNIE LAURIE.—Rather too long.

H. B. L.—Of no possible use to us.

FELIX.—In a week or two, perhaps.

FAIRLEIGH.—Not quite successful, nor quite suitable.

R. D. S.—Sketches received. Not quite suitable. Send stamps if you wish them returned.

B. R. S.—For pity's sake, let the Brooklyn Bridge rest. For the joke you sent us, *vide* THE JUDGE, No. 85.

T. T.—"Mark how your name befits your composition." It is altogether, emphatically and past algebra, Too Thin.

JUMPING JOHNNIE.—Confine yourself to jumping, and leave versification alone. In that way you will reach a higher level than you can ever hope to do with your misplaced anapests.

FARMER JONES.—Far away back in the halcyon days of our infancy, we exposed our toothless gums in laughter over the joke you now send us as new. We thank you, for you have resurrected pleasant memories; but we must decline to resurrect the joke.

CAPER.—There may be something intrinsically funny in the goat—doubtless there is, since an esteemed contemporary has flourished for some time on exclusively hircine wit—but we have never been able to see it. By the way, why not send it to Puck?

WHEN Jumbo takes a cold he is given five gallons of whiskey. How many men there are who sigh to be pet elephants?

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

FROM HENRY CLAY BALDWIN, BRAKEMAN, TO SYLVESTER BROWN.

NEW YORK, JUNE 21st.

DEAR FRIEND SYL—I told you in my last that I had got a sit as brakeman on the "L." I don't know why I should call it a sit, for it is a standing posish if ever there were one, but now that I am working into the biz I can't say I dislike it. Of course the hours are long and the boodle aint nothing much, but there's worse things going after all. There is considerable fun now, and don't you forget it, when you're taking your train down town in the early forenoon, and all the fat old merchants are just rushing for all in sight. See one coming charging up-stairs, running the risk of apoplexy at every step, buying his ticket in such a hurry that he either forgets his change altogether or drops a nickle—by the bye, the gate-keeper's billet can't be half a bad one—and rushes out on the platform. Meanwhile, you stand, holding the gate of the car open with an inviting smile, and just as the old party is stepping on you slam the gate in his face, pull the bell, and off goes the train and he is left lamenting. I tell you it is as good as a circus to see him stamp and swear and mop the perspiration off his forehead—at least it is to me. I always was of a lively and humorous disposition. Along in the afternoon you can play the same dodge most effectively on the old women—poor, fat old dowagers, they feel it just as much as the men do, and if they do not swear they *look it*, and for the sake of variety I enjoy it just as well. Of course, if a pretty looking young girl comes along, I keep the gate open and delay the train if necessary for a half minute or so, and help her aboard with a tender pressure of the arm—you understand, old boy—that I regard as one of the legitimate perquisites of my position, and there are few enough of them, goodness knows. There may be an occasional tip of a quarter or fifty cents from a swell late at night who wants to be allowed to stand out on the platform and smoke, but that is rare. You can't count on it, and its no regular addition to your income.

Then there's the stations to shout. Of course, the idea is to holler the names out so that no one on earth can understand them. That everyone knows, and there is not a brakeman on the road who can't talk Choc-taw as far as the sound goes a blamed sight better than he can English. But the improvement is to get the name of one station when you holler it out so as to sound like another, and get all passengers, or as many of them as you can fool, upon their feet and starting for the door before they find out their mistake. Then, if the engineer knows his biz he can give a little jump to the locomotive and spill them over one another, which, of course, adds largely to the hilarity of the occasion.

The gate-shutting business, which I alluded to above, though screamingly funny in itself, sometimes results in an accident. Some people are so obstinate and reckless that they get hurt and even killed, and then the brakemen is blamed—that is, if they can find out who he is, which they can't if he's anyway smart. Its very unjust, anyhow. We don't try to kill off the patrons of the road—not much. We only want to have our little fun with them, and if they are such blamed idiots as to get knocked off the cars, its hard if any blame is to be attached to

Your sincere friend,
H. C. BALDWIN.



IT MIGHT, BUT WE DOUBT IT.

STOUT PARTY—I say, Bill, do yer think my appearance would excite sympathy up at the farmhouse yonder?

“ANNABEL JANE.”—Of course a woman can keep a secret—a great deal better than a man can. One little secret will last a woman through a two-hour shopping excursion, a mite society, a missionary circle, ten calls and a household-furniture auction, and there’s enough of it left to tell her husband when he gets home. Now a man would forget three-fifths of both ends of it before he could get half so far with it. A woman keep a secret? Annabel, she can keep it on the dead run more miles in more hours than a man can make it walk.—*Burlingt. Hawkeye.*

TWO MEN were standing at the Kimball-House bar when one of the rounders came in for a drink. As he departed, one of the men exclaimed, “Casar! what a nose! Did you see it?” “What nose?” “That fellow who just went out; he’s got a nose on him like a beet.” “That’s what he is!” sentimentally remarked the barkeeper.—*G. Major.*

A YOUNG lady was caressing a pretty spaniel, and murmuring, “I do love a nice dog!” “Ah!” sighed a dandy, standing near, “I would I were a dog.” “Never mind,” retorted the young lady, sharply, “you’ll grow!”—*Georgia Major.*

ONE of the jurors in the Star-route case had a fit in the court-room a day or two before the close of the trial. The entire twelve are now getting fits from the whole country for their verdict of not guilty.—*Phil. Bullin.*

“YOU’RE the plague of my life!” exclaimed an angry husband; “I wish the Old Nick had you!” “So I might plague you in the next life?” calmly inquired the wife.—*Elmira R. R. Journal.*

“FORTUNE knocks at every man’s door once in a life”—but in a good many cases the man is in a neighboring saloon and does not hear her.—*Philada. News.*

THE Nihilists have substituted American lemon pie for dynamite. They consider it surer.—*Rochester Express.*

AN INSTANTANEOUS LIGHT.

SUCH, in a word, is the unique apparatus on exhibition at the rooms of the Portable Electric Light Company, 22 Water street, Boston. It occupies the space of only five square inches, and weighs but five pounds, and can be carried with ease. The light, or more properly lighter, requires no extra power, wires, or connections, and is so constructed that any part can be replaced at small cost. The chemicals are placed in a glass retort; a carbon and zinc apparatus, with a spiral platinum attachment, is then adjusted so as to form a battery, and the light is ready. The pressure on a little knob produces an electric current by which the spiral of platinum is heated to incandescence. The Portable Electric Light Company was recently incorporated, with a capital of \$100,000 under the laws of Massachusetts. The usefulness of the apparatus and the low price (\$5) will no doubt result in its general adoption. Some of the prominent business men of the State are identified with this enterprise. In addition to its use as a lighter, the apparatus can also be used in connection with a burglar-alarm and galvanic battery.—*Boston Transcript, Dec. 30.*

THE *Graphic* thinks that Manager John Stetson’s offer of \$500 a night to Sullivan to play the wrestler in “As You Like It,” is an excellent way to popularize Shakespeare in Boston.

LILIAN writes us: “I am the author of a good many poems which have found publication, but have never been paid for a single one. What would you advise?” Quit writing them.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

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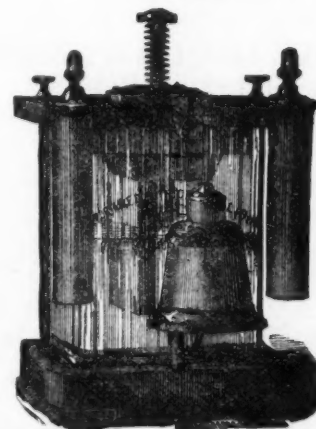
Castoria.
Stomachs will sour and milk will curdle
In spite of doctors and the cradle;
Thus it was that our pet Victoria
Made home howl until sweet Castoria
Cured her pains:—Then for peaceful slumber,
All said our prayers and slept like thunder.

Read’s 3-minute Headache and Neuralgia Cure never Fails.
Sent by mail on receipt of 30 cts.
W. H. READ, Baltimore and Light Sts., Baltimore, Md.

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.
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27 STOPS BEETHOVEN
10 SETS REEDS. ORGANS.
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Electric
Lighter



PRICE, - - \$5.00.

A SCIENTIFIC and Economical Apparatus for Lighting, for Home, Business, Office, Mining and Manufacturing purposes. COMPLETE IN ITSELF. The Electric Current being produced by chemical action. This apparatus, by our adjustments, for which we make extra charges, can be adapted to use as a Burglar Alarm, Medical Battery, Call Bell, or for Automatic Electric Lighting. Our Burglar Alarm is so constructed that the intruder is immediately confronted with a light and a bell-alarm at the same instant. Reliable agents wanted all over the country. PORTABLE ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., 22 Water street, Boston. Chartered under the laws of Massachusetts, December, 1882. “A Portable Electric Lighter for \$5 is being extensively sold by the Portable Electric Light Co., of 22 Water st., Boston. It is an economical and safe apparatus for lighting, for home and business purposes.”—*Scientific American, N. Y., Dec. 16, 1882.*

THE JUDGE.

Beatty's Organs—East River Bridge.

BUT few are aware how good an Organ can be built and sold for \$65. When one has facilities to be able to make and ship an instrument every ten minutes the mystery is solved. A fact not to be overlooked. While we celebrate the opening of the great East River Bridge, we should not forget the fact that Beatty, who began business in 1870 penniless, is to-day doing a business of several million dollars annually. The public are indebted to master minds in erecting the great Bridge; also to Beatty in reducing the price of Cabinet Organs, bringing them within the reach of the laboring man as well as the millionaire. Visitors are cordially welcome. Those who desire to visit Beatty's Organ Factory, corner Railroad av. and Beatty st., Washington, New Jersey (the largest and best equipped Reed Organ Works in existence), leave New York city foot of Barclay st., or Christopher st. (Hoboken Ferries), via Delaware, Lackawana and Western Railroad, as follows: 7:30 (9 A. M. Buffalo express), 1, 3:30, or 7 P. M. daily (Sundays excepted); returning, leave Washington at 4:18, 7:30 A. M., 1, 3:30 or 7 P. M. For excursions, only \$2.85. Free coach, with polite attendants, meets all trains. Whether you buy or not, you are welcome anyway. Five dollars allowance will be made from lowest net cash prices to all buyers. Address or call upon Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.



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

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We offer a fine 3-joint Fly Rod, 15-yard Brass Reel, 100 ft. Linen Line, 3 Files, 3 Hooks to gut, and Leader, complete, by express, for \$5.00; by mail, post-paid, \$5.50. Sample flies by mail, post-paid, 10c. each; per dozen, \$1.00. 1 three-piece Trout Rod, 1 Float, 1 Brass Reel, 100 ft. Linen Line, 12 dozen Hooks, 1 Sinker, 1 Gut Leader, all for \$2.75.

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

A WRONG IMPRESSION.

A mincing-paced dude, with a delicate air,
Attempted to pose on a corner;
Like Oscar's, his glare was a nebulous stare,
But his visage was even forlornier.
A curious passer, observing his mood,
Quoth, "Surely some maiden hath jilted that dude,
So utterly lone his expression,
So vast his apparent depression!"

Now home to his lodgings that dude made a path
In a very remarkable flurry;
And there in a fever of exquisite wrath,
His tight shoes jerked off in a hurry.
Lo, curious passer! that pitiful mood
Was due to a corn on the foot of that dude,
Which caused his pathetic expression,
His utterly utter depression.

JASPER HOIT in S. Fr. News Letter.

THEY bore him to his mother, and he lay
Upon her lap till noon, unconscious yet;
His little face was pale, and cold as clay;
His tiny hands were clenched, his eyes were set.
The anguished mother wept to see him lie
As though his spirit from this world had fled,
And many a sob suppress'd, and heartfelt sig
And laid him gently on his little bed.
The feeble throbbing of his heart alone
Bid hope revive within that mother's breast;
And in her eyes fond expectation shone,
As she with lips and hand her boy caressed.
"Oh, tell me, dearest, speak!" the mother cried;
"Tell mother, darling, what befel her pet!"
And languidly the "darling" thus replied:
"Oh, mamma dear, I smoked a cigarette!"

—Brooklyn Eagle.

A JERSEY, like a coat-of-mail,
The shapely form incases,
And to a dainty waist can't fail
To add developed graces;
To draw it on requires a knack
Quite easy to attain;
But what a business 'tis, good lack,
To get it off again.

—Bridgeport Standard.

Why no Scotchmen go to Heaven.

LONG years ago, in times so remote that history does not fix the epoch, a dreadful war was waged by the King of Scotland. Scottish valor prevailed, and the King of Scotland, elated by his success, sent for his Prime Minister, Lord Alexander.

"Well, Sandy," said he, "is there ne'er a King we canna conquer noo?"

"An' it please your Majesty, I ken o' a King that your Majesty canna vanquish."

"An' who is he, Sandy?"

Lord Alexander, reverently looking up, said, "The King o' Heaven."

"The King o' whur, Sandy?"

"The King o' Heaven."

The Scottish King did not understand, but was unwilling to exhibit any ignorance.

"Just gang your ways, Sandy, and tell the King o' Heaven to gie up his dominions, or I'll come mysel' and ding him out o' them; and mind, Sandy, ye dinna come back to us until ye hae dune oor biddin'."

Lord Alexander retired much perplexed, but met a priest, and, reassured, returned and presented himself.

"Well, Sandy," said the King, "ha'e ye seen the King of Heaven, an' what says he to oor biddin'?"

"An' it please your Majesty, I have seen ane o' his accredited ministers."

"Weel, an' what says he?"

"He says your Majesty may e'en hae his kingdom for the askin' o' it."

"Was he sae civil?" said the King, warming to magnanimity. "Just gang your ways back, Sandy, and tell the King o' Heaven that for his civility the deil a Scotchman shall ever set foot in his kingdom."—Anon.



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

Testimonial of a Boston lady.

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

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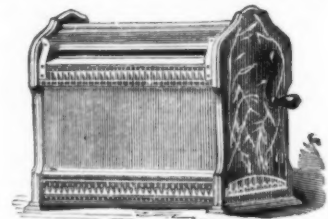
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And Bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a premium of not less than **130 Florins.** The next drawing takes place on the

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And every Bond bought of us on or before the 2d of July is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. 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

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WASTED SYMPATHY.

"Is all this seat engaged, my dear?"
The pleasant drummer said,
The lady didn't seem to hear,
For she never turned her head.
Again he asked, and she bent a smile
That pinned his heart to his spine,
And he gallantly raised his glossy tile
And remarked that the day was fine.

The lady hove a fragrant sigh
And rustled her shadowy weeds,
While a timid tear stole into her eye,
Like the dew the lily bleeds. [he,
"You have met with some great loss," said
And again the fair one sighed.
"Twas only yesterday," said she,
That my darling husband died."

And the sympathetic drummer's arm
Stole round her daisy waist;
"Would I could claim each lovely charm,"
Said he, and the lady faced
Him with a look of gratitude:
"I hardly think that you
Would say so if you knew you stood
Such a chance of the small-pox, too!"
—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine.*

A MISSOURI farmer recently ploughed up a little black jug, out of which, when uncorked, ran forty-seven snakes of different species, varying in length from four to seven inches. The incident is not remarkable. A little black jug has frequently produced that number of snakes, though many of them were as large as boa constructors, if the terrified individual who wrestled with them can be credited.—*Norristown Herald.*

THAT fish increases our supply of brain
We've oft been told by sages. Well, we wish
The sages' schemes may shew the converse gain—
That brain increases our supply of fish.
—*London Punch.*

A "WHISTLING buoy" has been placed in the ocean at Southeast Ledge. That's right. There are a number of whistling boys in this town who should also be placed in the ocean—as near the bottom as possible.—*Nor. Herald.*

HUNDREDS of ladies are daily gambling in stocks.—*Herald.* They ought to be ashamed of themselves. Why don't they "speculate" in stocks, as their husbands do?—*Phila. News.*

BRIGHAM YOUNG's grave is utterly neglected, and his widows never visit it. They went there once to cry over his remains, but it made the ground so sloppy that they all caught cold.—*Las Vegas Optic.*

MR. BECHER says: "It is not what we take up, but what we give up that makes us rich." There you go again, never can get a thing right. It is what we don't give up that makes rich.—*Rochester Post Express.*

THE Highland police officer who described a tramp as a "mon who travels about an' seeks for work an' disna want it," has a powerful control of the English language.—*Detroit Post.*

SHE sang, "I want to be an angel," and he swore that she was one already. To this she blushing demurred. Then he married her. Demurrer sustained.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

ANENT the circus season, the philosopher of the Philadelphia News says: "As you journey through life remember that the side shows make the most noise."

Ross's Royal Belfast Ginger Ale.
SOLE MANUFACTORY: BELFAST, IRELAND.



Natural Mineral Water
THE ONLY PALATABLE APERIENT.

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

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THE LANCASTER GOVERNMENT FOUNTAIN PEN does not destroy the character of the handwriting—always ready—sent to any address on receipt of price, \$3.50, fitted with 14 karat Gold Pen. A PERFECT STYLOGRAPHIC PEN at only \$1.00.
212 Broadway, New York.

"BASS AND TROUT."

FIVE beautiful embossed Olographs, suitable for framing, very handsome for the Dining Room, by mail on receipt of \$1.00.
F. WHITING, 50 Nassau St., New York.

GENUINE Transparent Cards. Each Card contains a RARE Scene, visible only when held to the light. Warranted to suit. Full deck of 52 cards by mail for 50c. prepaid. Stamps taken. F. CATON & CO., Box 5257, Boston, Mass.

A Positive Cure is

Considered Incurable.

ELY'S
CREAM BALM,

I cheerfully add my testimony to the value of Ely's Cream Balm as a specific in the case of one of our family who has been seriously debilitated with Catarrh for 8 years, having tried ineffectually other remedies and several specialty doctors in Boston. She improved at once under the discovery, and has regained her health and hearing, which had been considered incurable.
ROBT. W. MERRILL, Grand Rapids, Mich.

FOR
CATARRH



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

MARVELLOUS!

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 23, 1883.

C. N. CRITTENTON, Esq.

DEAR SIR—I was a hunter in Idaho and Utah, in 1869, and from exposure and thirst I was compelled to drink alkali water, having nothing else for over 30 hours. I drank too much, and it saturated my system, bringing out on my face and forehead large red blotches near the nose, which remained for over ten years.

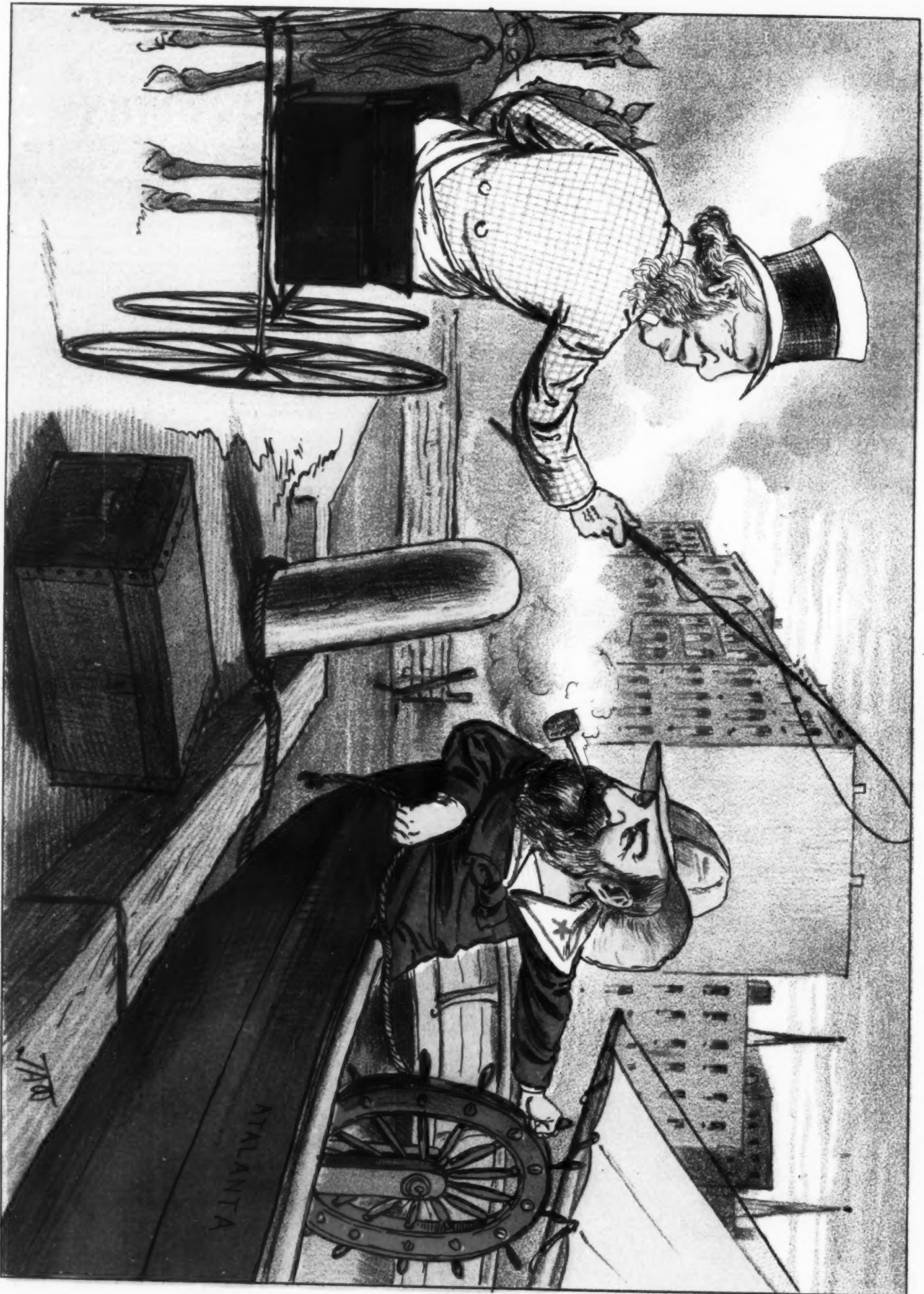
I tried everything I could find, and had the best physicians in Chicago doctor me for over two years. Finally I tried **Glenn's Sulphur Soap**, which cleansed, but produced such a redness all over that I threw it away; but one day I thought I would try it again, and it is a mercy that I did, for six cakes **took the Blotches all away**, and I shall always feel like thanking Mr. Glenn, and highly recommending his Soap to the public. I have at all times told everybody of its marvelous cure to me, and if you want me to recommend it to anybody, I will do so. I remain, yours sincerely,

FRANK G. WELLS,

Room 11, 40 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

The above testimonial is indisputable evidence that **Glenn's Sulphur Soap** will eliminate poisonous **SKIN DISEASES** when all other means have failed. To this fact thousands have testified; and that it will banish lesser afflictions, such as **COMMON PIMPLES, ERUPTIONS and SORES**, and **Keep the Skin clear and Beautiful**, is **ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN**. For this reason, **LADIES** whose complexions have been improved by this Soap, now make it a constant Toilet appendage. The genuine always bears the name of C. N. CRITTENTON, 115 Fulton st., N. Y. sole proprietor. For sale by all Druggists, or mailed to any address on receipt of 30 cts. in stamps, or 3 cakes for 75 cents.

THE JUDGE



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