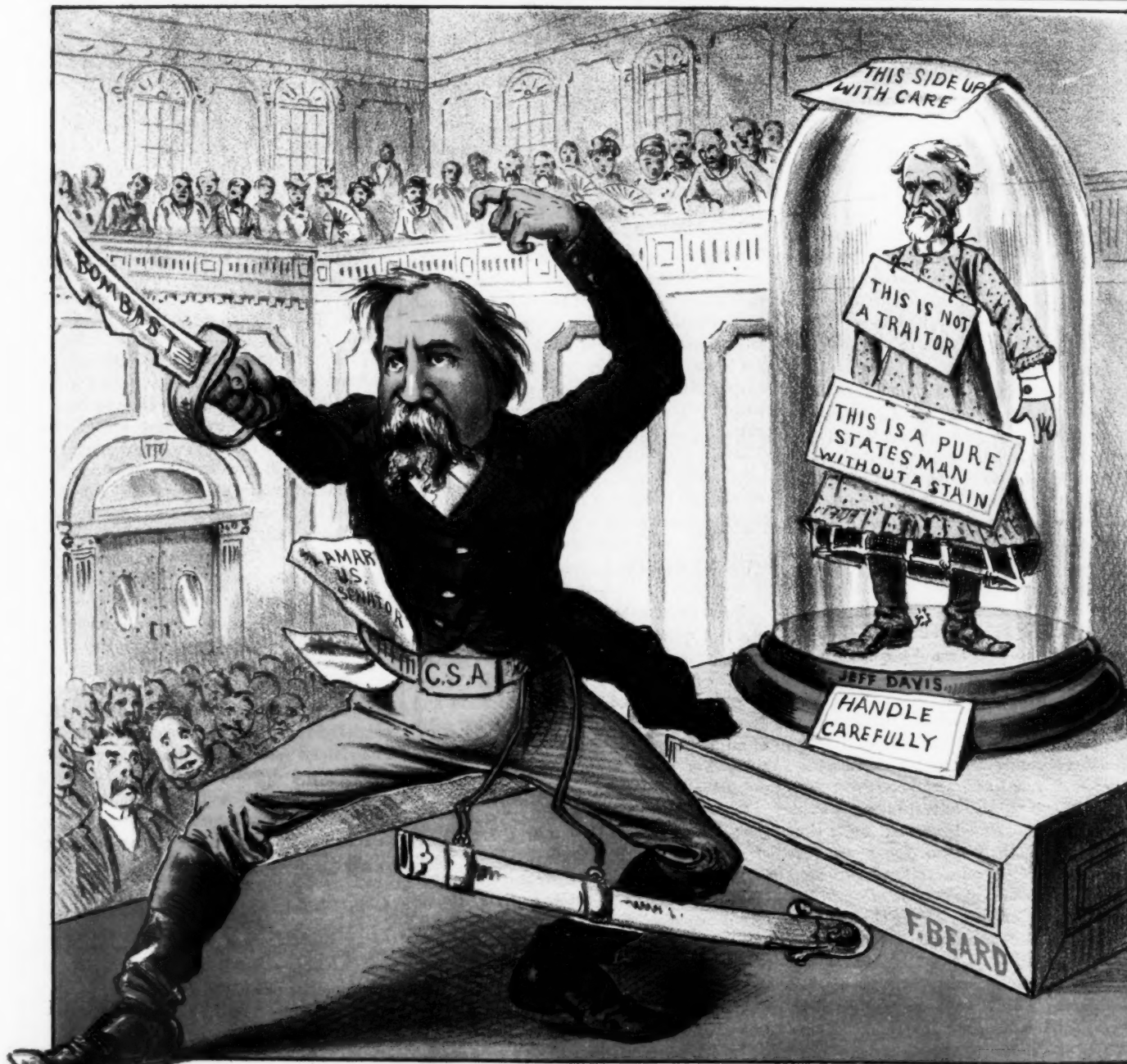


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THE SENATOR FROM MISS. HAS THE FLOOR.

"Nobody, in my presence, shall call Jefferson Davis a traitor without meeting a stern and decided denial."



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"TURN THE RASCALS OUT."

Yes, turn the rascals out; turn them out promptly. Let them make way for the era of reform inaugurated by Cleveland and Hendricks. Out with you; stand not upon the order of your going, but begone at once.

Rascals, indeed. It is wonderful that we should have tolerated them so long. How is it we did not recognize the conspicuous virtues of Cleveland and Hendricks long ago? How is it that we have consented to be robbed and misgoverned by this unscrupulous horde of Republicans for twenty-five prosperous and happy years? Perhaps we submitted because the years were prosperous and happy; because the country grew rich and respected and powerful; enlarged its territories and increased its population many fold during the Republican tenure of office. They robbed us, no doubt; the mugwumps assure us of that; but we grew rich under the peculation; so we endured it. But the country will bear no more of Republican rule for the present.

No; we will have Cleveland, Hendricks, purity and prostration in business. The peculiar Republicans are going, and the immaculate Democrats are to take their place. Consequently business and enterprise, realizing that the rascals are turned out, shut up with a snap like scared oysters; mills shut down or run on half time; the newspapers are filled with failures; workingmen are hard up, and whole families are starving. We are on the eve of enjoying to the full the delights of a pure administration with Cleveland at its head.

Of what advantage now those twenty-five years during which we were plundered so unmercifully and grew so rich. None;

except that they may be regarded as the seven years of plenty which preceded Joseph's seven years of famine. The great American bear, who has fattened during the five and twenty years of Republican summer, must now retire into winter quarters, and live upon his accumulated fat during the years of Democratic winter, be the same few or many. Let us hope the winter will be short; for some of us, alas, are not very fat.

So turn the rascals out. They saved the Union five and twenty years ago; they have administered it loyally and wisely ever since, but they have had their innings. They must yield their places to Mr. Cleveland, who did not think the Union worth fighting for, and Mr. Hendricks, who thought the South well worth sympathizing with. Turn the rascals out, and let those gentlemen fill their places. Mr. Hendricks has many a chivalrous old rebel friend who will fill to admiration any post from which some rascal of a Union soldier, some plundering patriot, has been turned out. Mr. Cleveland, too, has doubtless many such friends. There will not be room for all of them, to be sure; but so much the less will there be room for a single one of the party that held the Republic together, and stood shoulder to shoulder to support it in the hour of its need. Out with you, Republicans; make room for the southern contingent. They are coming up in force. You have not seen them so close since the days of Chancellorsville, of the Wilderness, of Gettysburg. You have not been much accustomed to run away from them either; but that is a lesson you must learn and cannot learn too speedily. Surrender to them the splendid heritage you once saved from them. 'Tis the way of the world; "the old order changeth, yieldeth place to new." The edict has gone forth, "turn the rascals out," but it is a thousand pities that the substantial prosperity and material advancement of the country must go out with them.

PAINTING WASHINGTON RED.

WASHINGTON has never celebrated the carnival quite so extensively or so consistently as some of our other cities - New Orleans for example; Washington is the seat of government and ought to be staid and decorous. Washington, with all the display of military and civil pomp it has seen in its time, has never been painted thoroughly red. Well, it is to have that experience too.

Early March of the current year will see the artist at work. He has his colors mixed already; the very best quality of Democratic vermilion, with a dash of Secession crimson, picked out with Confederate scarlet. It will be a gaudy display. Staid old Washington will hardly know itself. It will be painted redder than e'er a cattle station on the staked plains.

And will Washington be improved by a coat of color? Well, that is open to ques-

tion. Some people object to red applied to a town, particularly the Democratic shade. It sticks longer and is apt to show some ugly tints with time. For better or worse, however, Washington has got to stand it.

They say that already every hotel in Washington has all its rooms retained for March fourth and Cleveland's inauguration. Whether anyone has already engaged rooms whence to witness the march forth of the same gentleman from Washington four years later, does not appear; but the inauguration is enough for the moment. Sooth to say, it is a unique spectacle and one worth going some distance to assist at. A Democratic president is not inaugurated at Washington every day, or every four years for that matter. About once in a generation seems to be as much of that luxury as the country can stand. So we, who are fortunate enough to be alive at the blossoming of the Democratic aloe, should esteem ourselves very lucky mortals, and keep journals, such of us as know how to write, for the benefit of posterity. And, as the pent-up rejoicing of six-times defeated Democrats is apt to be pretty outspoken and tumultuous when it comes, Washington must make up her mind to take her dose of red paint with as good a grace as may be, and live in hopes of being able to work it off again some day.

For when Democrats start out to paint a town red, there are no artists living who can compete with them in brilliance of color and boldness of execution.

LAMAR AND DAVIS.

SENATOR LAMAR says Jeff. Davis is no traitor; never was a traitor, couldn't be a traitor if he tried, and much more to the same effect. Senator Lamar's words are entitled to the more weight inasmuch as, after this bit of bombast, most people will credit him with close friendship for and unusual opportunities of studying traitors. Jeff. Davis was President of the Southern Confederacy. Nothing but the success of the Southern cause could have exculpated him from the charge of treason:

"Treason can never prosper; what's the reason?"

For when it prospers none dare call it treason."

But Jeff. Davis' treason did not prosper. The South was beaten, and the victory of Democracy in 1864 comes too late to lift the weight of treason from the Davis of 1861. The victory was won last November by other methods and different leaders. Cleveland's success cannot palliate the treason of Davis, and most people will continue to regard him as a traitor to the United States—Senator Lamar to the contrary notwithstanding.

INGERSOLL AND THE CHURCH.

MR. ROBERT INGERSOLL is one of the few men who have succeeded in making infidelity or rationalism pay. Generally speaking, the apostle of a new creed, like Mr. Ingersoll, has to encounter a host of difficulties, dan-

gers and discouragements. Not so the eloquent Bob. The early Christians often gave up their lives for the sake of their faith; Bob lives in a more comfortable age. Many people object to Mr. Ingersoll as a subverter of morals and an enemy of revealed religion. The latter he may be; the former he certainly is not. There is nothing in his lectures incompatible with the highest morality. And those people who do not desire to hear, or do not hold with him, are at perfect liberty to stay away. He does not preach in a market place. He hires a hall, and charges everyone who desires to listen to his doctrines a good round sum for the privilege.

Doubtless Mr. Ingersoll argues that as there are thousands of clergymen making money out of religion, there is no reason why he should not make a little out of the other thing. And he does; he is a good talker and an entertaining lecturer. People go to hear him as they would go to any other place of amusement, and pay for the privilege. And strange as it may appear, Mr. Ingersoll draws a larger audience at a dollar a head than most of our clergymen can draw free gratis. This does not necessarily argue a decline of religious feeling. It may arise from the fact that, while there are many clergymen, there is only one Ingersoll; and this Ingersoll has the advantage of being in opposition—an advantage which anyone will appreciate who has ever discovered how much easier it is to pull down than to build up; how far more quickly you can pick holes in a garment, than you can darn those holes up again.

For the rest, Mr. Ingersoll is an able and successful lawyer, a brilliant orator, and his private life is in marked contrast to that of Beelzebub, or some of our church deacons. He is a married man, and respects family ties and the social relations. His belief in the honesty and purity of his fellow men is considerably more extensive and implicit than that of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher; financially, we have heard harder things said of Deacon Seeney than we have ever heard of Bob Ingersoll; and politically he is a good Republican.

Now it is in order for church members who rail at Ingersoll as an atheist to show wherein, as a man and a citizen, he falls below the most orthodox, bible-bred Christians of their church; or even, if they happen to belong to Plymouth or some others, below their pastor himself. For this is a practical age, and the world is very apt to take a man as it finds him. If he makes a beast, or a fool, or a baby of himself, it is apt to be disgusted with him, without regard to the code of religion he professes. On the other hand, if a man is charitable, honest, clean and intellectual, it will scarcely trouble itself to inquire whether he goes to church or not Sundays.

THE great original "If-at-first-you-don't-succeed"—B. F. Butler.



IMPENDING DANGER.

Agricultural Information.

I.

AN "Anxious Farmer" writes to me:
 "What is the better way
 To keep my corn when it is husked,—
 All through the winter, pray?"

My granger friend, when outside "husk"
 From "corn with knife you've smoothed,
 Just paint your toe with Iodine,
 And that will keep it soothed.

II.

A "Tiller of the Soil enquires:
 "How shall I plant my rye,
 And when,—so it will profits yield?—
 Please forward a reply."

Beneath your vest should "planted" be
 The "rye" when you're in town;
 O'er "profits"—thirteen cents per drink—
 The bar-man will not frown.

III.

One other countryman requests:
 "My boys object to work;
 Advise me how to raise them so
 Their duties they won't shirk."

Why, you should daily pounce upon
 Those lazy young galoots,
 And "raise" them on their after-guards,
 With number "14" boots!

"JEF JOSLYN."

THE proper time in the week for a young couple to court would be on Two's day.

"YOUR arguments are of great wait," said the street-car driver to the woman after she had run a quarter of a mile to catch the car.

Tommy's Revenge.

LITTLE Tommy Dynamite had been remarkably quiet since he shot off the top of his little sister's head with the air-gun.

The baby's scalp had almost healed, and Tommy was just getting so he could sit down comfortably, when Mrs. Dynamite invited company to dinner.

Now Mrs. Dynamite prides herself on her salads, and if there is any one thing she can make to perfection that thing is a mayonnaise.

Of course the day the company came there was lots to do, and Mrs. Dynamite was up and about at an early hour in the morning.

Things didn't go to suit her, and the domestic atmosphere began to assume a cerulean tint when she set herself to grinding out the mayonnaise.

She mixed the oil with the lemon juice and salt and mustard in such a vicious manner that they could do nothing less than amalgamate.

Gradually, as the mixture assumed the desired consistency, her manner became more cheerful, and Tommy was allowed to remain at a respectful distance and watch operations.

Bridget was sent up stairs to fill the fancy lamps, and when she returned she left the kerosene-can standing by the kitchen table.

Just as the dressing was finished to Mrs. D.'s satisfaction, the baby was heard to scream, and both the women flew up stairs to see what was the matter, leaving master Tommy, for the time being, monarch of all he surveyed.

Here was a chance for him to get even with his mother for never allowing him to eat any of her splendid concoctions. Beside that, she had taken away his air-gun, and



THE POLITICAL GLUTTON.

revenge is sweet to all, man and child alike.

As soon as he found himself alone, he immediately proceeded to sample the *Mayonnaise*, and, concluding it needed more oil, he grabbed up the kerosene-can, and pouring a fair amount of Pratt's Astral into the mixture, he commenced stirring it, as he'd seen his mother do.

Bridget soon reappeared, and after boxing the young man's ears, she put the dressing into the refrigerator to be left till called for. Here it remained till just before dinner, when it was taken from the ice and mixed with the lobster and the lettuce. It was a handsome dish, all decorated with beets, and and capers, and hard boiled eggs, but it "do smell quare loike," thought Bridget, as she placed it on the table before her mistress.

Mrs. Dynamite noticed nothing peculiar about it, however, and served her guests while they made complimentary remarks about her skill in salads.

"You really ought to start a salad school, and teach your art, *a la* Miss Parloa and Miss Corson," exclaimed Mr. Gusher, as he placed a liberal fork full in his capacious mouth. For a brief period dead silence reigned. Mr. Gusher's face grew red, and he seemed undecided what to do with his morsel. Grabbing his claret glass, he took a huge gulp of wine, and down went the lobster, kerosene and all.

Not so with Mr. Dynamite. No power on earth, not even Mrs. Dynamite's fiery glances could make him swallow such a dose. Back it came on to his plate, while the other guests more politely managed to conceal their unpalatable food in their napkins, while Tommy, the fiend, grinned surreptitiously.

First consternation, then indignation seized the lady of the house. She said little, but she kept up a terrible thinking while the guilty Tommy quailed before the ominous twinkle in her eye.

Desert was soon over. The salad seemed

to have taken away the people's appetites. As soon as the guests had departed, Tommy, to his great astonishment, was sent to bed.

He expected a severe whipping at least. At breakfast nothing was said. The silence was like that terrible stillness before an earthquake. At noon the horrible crime he had committed was brought fully before him in the shape of a large dish of the salad, which he was compelled to eat. He gasped, and he choked, he howled and said he wouldn't, but he did. After he had swallowed the last mouthful, his careful mother administered a dose of ipecac, and now mother and child are doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

Tommy doesn't care for lobster salad any more, and revenge after all isn't half as sweet as he thought it was going to be.

WHERE Echo gets the bulge on a certain pious indignant. "What is Bob Ingersoll, if not an atheist?" And Echo answered "a theist."



SUPREME CHEEK.

ADVERTISING FIEND—"I'll just go for that advertising space bald-headed."

A Forlorn Hope.

"WHAT is the chief end of man's creation?"

"To hold office."

"What is the name of that being whom you should love and fear above all others?"

"Cleveland."

"Why do you love him?"

"Because he can cut off my head."

"Why do you fear him?"

"Because I'm afraid he will."

"What is your only hope of salvation?"

"To repent and vote the Democratic ticket at the—last election."

A correspondent of THE JUDGE, now making a pedestrian trip across the continent, met a white-haired, blind, but devout old lady in a lonely cabin in the Greenhorn mountains, Colorado, who does not think politics beyond the reach of prayer. At the family altar, one night before the result of the late election was fully known in that out-of-the-way spot, she prayed: "We don't know yet, O Lord, how the tide of our country's interest has turned, but we fear those nasty Democrats have seized the reins of government. But we beseech thee, Great Ruler, that if it be consistent with thy will, Mr. Blaine may be our President, that the wicked man Cleveland be rebuked!"

If the country had more such mothers in Israel, it would be in better whack just now.



BEHIND A FAN.

JUST for a moment, in arch surmise,
With brows uplifted in mock surprise,
Comes one swift glance from saucy eyes
Behind a fan.

Then sandal-wood and a bit of lace,
Wielded with artless, airy grace,
Securely guards a blushing face
Behind a fan.

Ah, I love her! She knows how well!
Does love for me in that bosom dwell?
What fluttering thoughts now make it swell
Behind the fan?

O longing heart, cease throbbing so!
She speaks, my love, so sweet and low
That I am sure she won't say "No"
Behind the fan.

Keeping up appearances—the successful actor.

The burglar is a hospitable fellow. It is always open house with him.

A plumber never allows his wife to burst into tears. He hasn't time to mend such leaks.

An English shoemaker has invented a reversible boot. We don't know exactly

how it is used, but suppose it is so fixed that a man's toes can swap places with his heels, and thus prevent the former from being stepped on in a crowd.

"A stitch in time saves a deal of swearing," said the wife as she sewed a button on her husband's shirt.

A girl was arrested in Richmond, Va., the other day, for carrying concealed weapons. After this she will probably be more careful, and not hide her tongue behind a closed mouth.

A slice of cucumber put over a freckle will draw it out. Heavens! what a lot of freckles there must be in the human stomach! And what strong roots they must have to make the drawing-out operation so painful.

An "observer" of wasps says he finds they are most active from about 9.30 to 11 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M. We shudder to think what terrible experiences "Observer" must have passed through before he could so exactly determine the business hours of these hymenopterous birds.

Chinn is nothing if not witty. He noticed the other day that his wife had a new potato in a jar of water, and was endeavoring to induce the sprouts to run along a string.

"Ah!" observed Chinn, "I see you are trying to teach the young eye, dear, how to shoot!"

The sprouts haven't grown a mite since then, and that was ten days ago.

TRACKED TO DOOM;

OR

"Bony" Blobbs, the Secret Service Shadower.

A TALE OF TO-DAY, LAST WEEK, AND NEXT SPRING.

BY "JEF. JOSLYN."

Chapter I.

ON THE TRAIL.

It was broad day on the Pacific Coast!

No doubt it was narrow day on the Atlantic shore, to offset the same.

The sun was high in the heavens!

Old Sol, always "comes high, but we must have him."

Bonaparte Blobbs, disguised as a Cannibal chief, sauntered slowly down a back street in San Francisco; with a perplexed look upon his intelligent face.

B. B. was a detective; a real *bona fide*, sockdolager, *Boys' Own Story Paper* detective!

For forty-four weary days and nights, without stopping for sleep, food or drink, Bony had been "piping-off" a murderous Italian organ-grinder who had cruelly assassinated his monkey, in New York, by feeding it dry Seidlitz-Powders and then giving it water to drink immediately afterwards, which, of course, caused an instantaneous explosion in its internal regions and blew the poor animal into a million fragments!

Slenth-hound though he was, Blobbs had lost the scent.

Suddenly his acute ear (trained to catch the slightest sound miles upon miles away) heard a peculiar noise—like the muttered oath of a "son-of-a-gun from Italy,"—in Denver, Colorado!

"Aha!" he exclaimed; "by the mouldering

bones of Allen Pinkerton!—but I'll cage that cr-r-rafty wr-r-etch yet!"

Sharply blowing one puff of his good



strong breath against a high stone wall, its trusty rebound picked up his form and wafted him with tornado force towards Denver, where he arrived at 9 P. M.—changing his make-up *en route* to represent Wm. H. Vanderbilt by donning a high hat etc., adjusting a pair of side whiskers, and scattering a few ten thousand dollar diamonds and gold watches upon his person, which he always carried with him for emergencies.

Thus, you see, dear reader, what it is to be blessed with an able-bodied, reliable breath,—and that nothing is impossible to our indefatigable American Vidocqs.

Chapter II.

RUN TO EARTH.

Sardinio Peanutti, the heavy villain of this yarn, was a scoundrel with fertile resources; but his best-laid plans "gang aft a-gley" owing to his besetting evil—rum.

(Incidentally, he was also the dirtiest "Dago" from Dagoville. When he took his annual bath every New Year's day, they used to take the water in which he had washed his face and hands, and tar the slippery sidewalks with it,—to prevent people from falling down on the ice!)

Yes, Sardinio loved rum.

He didn't care much for "Romanism and Rebellion," but he was dead-stuck on Rum.

Had he not been jam full of his favorite tippie, he never would have fallen down that Denver area-way, and ripped out the profanity which attracted the attention of Bonaparte Blobbs, his pursuing Nemesis, in Frisco.

But he was sobered in an instant when he reeled out of a saloon the same night and saw the form of the detective come sailing through the air over the houses on the reflex action of his reliable breath, and alighting on his feet in the street before him,—and whom he recognized in spite of his disguise.

As Blobbs laid one hand on the butt of a "Multicharge" cannon strapped to his waist, and held up a warrant for Peanutti's arrest in the other, the discomfited foreigner endeavored to look innocent, and said:

"Ey, how-a do, Signor Plobbs? You no want-a good-a mon like-a me for anyting, I tink. Tell-a me who-a you after, and I help-a you hunt-a him. Fot! take-a me

back-a to Ni York-a? Not-a mooch!"—and with that he flung his stiletto with an unerring precision that had never before failed of deadly results, right in his enemy's face!

But, lo and behold, instead of doing the "Secret-Service Shadower" to death, as Sardinio fondly anticipated, when the glittering blade reached its mark, it snapped in twain near the hilt, and fell harmless to the ground!

The sharp point of the dagger had



fortunately struck Blobbs in the cheek, and as he had once been a book-agent, the adamant hardness thereof had saved his life!

A swift pounce, a click, and the boss detective had that Italian criminal, with the hand-cuffs on his prisoner.

Chapter III.

THE MONKEY'S DEATH AVENGED.

Three days later!

The scene shifts to Chicago.

There is always more or less shifting of scenes in a romance of this kind, though all blood and thunder story-writers invariably look so shabby and poverty stricken, that they are erroneously supposed to be a "shiftless" set of creatures.

Blobbs (having discarded disguises, and now appearing as his natural self), had brought his captive thus far on his way to New York, where the rascal was to suffer the penalty for his crime at the hands of an outraged Law!

The pen-alty is usually imprisonment in the "pen."

Owing to a sudden fall of temperature to 39 degrees below zero out in Colorado, the detective had been unable to utilize his breath as a means of rapid transit—for fear of its freezing—so he had brought his prisoner East by the railway route.

They had alighted from the cars, and were now crossing Clark Street bridge, while steering for a hotel to pass the night.

Like a flash Peanutti slipped his manacles and grappled with the detective, in an effort to escape!

Struggling in a death-grip, they fell from the bridge together. Sardinio, to his horror, dropping feet downwards in the smokestack of a passing steamer in the river beneath, and the brave Bonaparte plunging headlong after him!

Down, down, down to the fiery furnace of the steamboat below Peanutti went!—the "Shadower" following and clinging to the Dago's hair,—where incineration to ashes in its glowing coals seemed to assuredly wait them both!

* * * * *
The astonished stoker of the "Water Queen" nearly fainted with fright, as the

THE JUDGE.

furnace-door under the boilers was burst open, and a human form dashed forth wrapped in flames holding aloft a charred head (all that was left of the cremated Italian), but recovered sufficiently to exclaim:



"For God's sake! who is that?"

"B. Blobbs, the detective! Sardinio Peanutti has been 'tracked to doom,' and with this scorched-up, but still recognizable 'cocoanut' of his'n as evidence that the pestiferous Dago bloke has 'croaked' at last, I'll get the five thousand dollars reward for his apprehension—'dead or alive!'—Aha!! A-h-a-a!!!"—was the blood-curdling reply of that startling apparition!

The above phoenix-like exploit may seem improbable to some, but, gentle reader, the simon-pure, weekly serial or "Five-cent Library" detective, must necessarily be a man of many accomplishments.

I will now give the snap away, and show that such things are easy when you know how they're done:

Away back in the halcyon past, before our hero joined the Secret Service, he had been

known as that wonderful individual, billed on circus and museum posters as "Fire-Proof Bolobski, the Russian Salamander; Dances on Red-Hot Sheet-Iron, Swallows Molten Lead, Handles Blazing Pitch, and Inhales Scalding Steam, with Impunity!"

Thus you will see I am a veracious writer, and that "Truth is stranger than Fiction."

I belong to the church, and would not tell a lie!—i. e. for the small pittance of five dollars which I get for each article I publish in THE JUDGE. (But I could furnish, if applied to by any of my perusers, a bang-up quality of A. 1. ornamental prevarication, with mother-of-pearl settings and Etruscan finish, for about seven dollars and fifty cents).

MAN proposeth. Girl rejecteth. Man shooteth. Reporter rejoiceth. Moral; all's well that ends well.

WHY love at first sight is not a lasting article. Because it is *tant de suite*. The caramel lingereth not in the mouth, whereas the quid endureth almost for a day.

No sooner did the report come out that Blaine had dropped his libel suit than hundreds of people were ready to fling it in his face. And that's the difference Mr. B. between dropping your libel suit and dropping your pocket book.

THE Rev. Spurgeon Howlwell had prepared a most opportune and thunderful sermon on the sacrilegious wickedness of our reprobate cousins over the water, who, he understood, were "calling aloud for the destroying and down-pulling of the Lord's house—eh, brethren!" Unluckily for his congregation, a demon of the well-read species got hold of the preacher and convinced him that the threatened House of Lords was not what he, in his holdings forth, was in the habit of calling a tabernacle and a sanctuary, but was a mere worldly structure, the palatial residence, namely, of the notorious Lord of the firm of Lord, Gord, Ward and Co., Brokers, Bankers and Swindlers.



BUSINESS STAGNATION.

BOY—"What be I a doing? Doing nuffin; a feller can't afford ter go from house to house an' git hard times slung at his head without the victuals!"

A Dirge.

BENEATH THE FLOOD.

CHILLED and cold, I see thee lying,
'Neath the river's icy flood,
And in sorrow I am sighing,
While scarce moves my sluggish blood.

And I see your white face looking
Upward from the whiter sands,
And I see the river sedges
Tangled in your pulseless hands.

O! what misery now is mine,
O! what agony and woe,
But I sob as sobs the north wind,
For your loss no soul can know.

It was yesterday that with thee
O'er the river's breast I flew,
When of sudden you slipped from me,
And with broken ice fell through.

O! to think it makes me shiver,
That your face no more I'll see,
Thou that now lies 'neath the river,
My old watch that cost a "V."

E. A. FULLER.



WE had a ritten xamnashun inter arithmetic last weak, an' I've just got my papers back.

It was quite a job to change the "30 per cent" to go, and erase all the unnecessary things she rote in red ink, but I did it, and pa was very mutch plezed. (So was I)!

The followin' are the interrogashun points an' the answers I rote to 'em.

Question; (1). Given, an enclosure 400 feet long, and 200 feet wide. How many feet around the field?

(2). If a cow should consume 3 square yards of grass per day, how long could she live on that which the enclosure afforded?

Answer; In the first place the anser ter both queschuns would depend on the nature on' bringin' up ov the kow. If a good, healty kow, what hadn't a religus trainin' should tri to exercise a feller round that meddo, I emagin 'twould seem 'bout 13 miles across ther narroest end; but if 'twaz dark, an' he waz comin' thro' there with his best girl, 'twouldn't be moren 200 feet short measure.

"If the kow consumes 3 square yard"—sticks evry da, he wouldn't be "round" moren a week; that's more hard as feedin' a horse onto shavins. Then again if 'twas one ov thoz kind ov annamulz what fire up their hind-legs when tha see a milk-pale, and snort round like a locomotiv enjin evry time you point yer finger at 'em, I think she'd live forever. I never heard ov one dyin', they'r just like humans; some men travel round like a High-Hener in a minajery, snarling and growling 'till their voice iz lost into the bowels ov the erth.

Question; If a grape-arbor iz 20 feet hi,



IRISHISM ON THE ROAD.

COLORED WOMAN—"Didn't I tell you it was the other road!"

PATLANDER—"Faith, its always the wrong thing I always get right."

and the farthest point of the base line 27 feet, what iz the hipothonuse?

Answer; There's a wide diffruns ov opinion 'mong sciensists on this point. Some ov 'em mainetane a hipothonuse iz 3 feet ov iron pipin' with a man at the other end firin' grape-shot at the feller in the arbor. Others claime it iz the point ov contact between the dorg's teeth and the boy's pants.

"When the doctors disagree who decides?"
The undertaker ov course.

Question; What are vulgar fractions?

Answer; As if the whole lot ov 'em wazn't vulgar? Some folks calls 'em improper, which iz mutch the same thing I take it.

I like whole numbers myself, coz ther ain't anything to carry in yer hed. And if there iz you can hire a feller to carry it for you. (Guess mother iz afraid I will carry something in my head, by the way she looks after it with a comb.)

Question; What's the capacity ov a coal-hod containing 200 pieces?

Answer; That depends a good deal on what ther pieces are.

If 'twaz 200 pieces of cotton-cloth, the hod would be the size of a house, but if 'twaz pieces ov pie 'twouldn't hav to be more capatious as a ink bottle. (At least if the pieces ov pie wern't any bigger as the ones I get).

Question; If a boy should have 4 apples, and give his brother half, how many would the brother have?

Answer; None; coz he'd take 'em back an say he "didn't giv 'em to him to keep!"

Oh, tha can't fool me on that. I've been a brother too long myself.

Question; If the earth should cease to revolve, what would occur?

Answer; It would stop, ov course!

That's evidently the answer to that query, but there's a bigger and more suddenly peculiar result besides that, whitch the committe havn't got onto, an I won't inform 'em, "if it takes all summer." (General Grant sed that some time ago). I ain't a normal school, illustrated with steel-engravms!

Question; If a man travels at the rate ov 5 milz a hour for 3 hours, how far will he go?

Answer; That depends on how hez feelin'.

I've seen a man what started from a beer-saloon at 8 A. M., an' bring up in the station house at midnight and not go fastern 5 miles a weak.

Question; If a horse traveled around a track which measured 3000 feet, 15 times, how many feet would he cover?

Answer; Course he couldn't "cover" only hiz own feet. When the committy begins to bull-doz us with such foolish questions, I think its time to discourage 'em, and I can say a good deal by sayin' nothin'.

Teacher says I can go home when this iz dun.

That's a excellent inducement for me to rite 3 more words;

'This iz dun.'

"CLYDE."

A Reminiscence.

Inscribed to Such as do not Care to Recall the Night after Christmas.

"COME, Jimmy, arouse! for I hear a strange sound
That almost unnerves trembling me!
A babe's cry I'd know, and yell of cat or hound,
But this—this is none of the three!

I dread lest it be a surreptitious thief,
Who scratches the shutter-bolt clamp,
And tries to get in, the mean scamp!"—
"O pshaw, it's a clattering, foolishly spluttering,
Cranky old kerosene lamp!"

"O pshaw Jim, O pshaw! Don't you see my hair start?
My heart is a-beating rub-dub.
I fear, alas! Jim, it's worse than thief's art!
I fear it's a socialist club

That has some design to explode here a mine
Of dynamite fuse, with a ramp—
Say, don't you hear them bang and tamp?"
"Ha! it's an electrical; very eclectic,
Lean, bedless, musical tramp!"

"But, tell me, what pain is this pain, Jimmy dear,
That's bringing me nigh time's last sands—
An awful constriction about my breast here,
That feels like immense metal bands?

O hard, at the last to relinquish this strife,
This busy, yet funny life camp;
This pain makes me curl up and stamp!"
"O bosh! it's a rollicking, harmlessly frolicking,
Frisky young Christmas-pie cramp!"

WM. STRUTHERS.

A TURKEY gobbler—the hog at the thanksgiving dinner.

THE trap with which the politician catches the gudgeon—clap trap.

THE line between Democratic certainty and doubt—Mason and Dixon's.

If the Post Office Department had no head, of course it would have no Hatt-on.

THE crooked S's, envious of the notoriety of the R's, are doubling themselves up to explain that Blaine owes his defeat to Saints, Stalwarts and Shotguns.

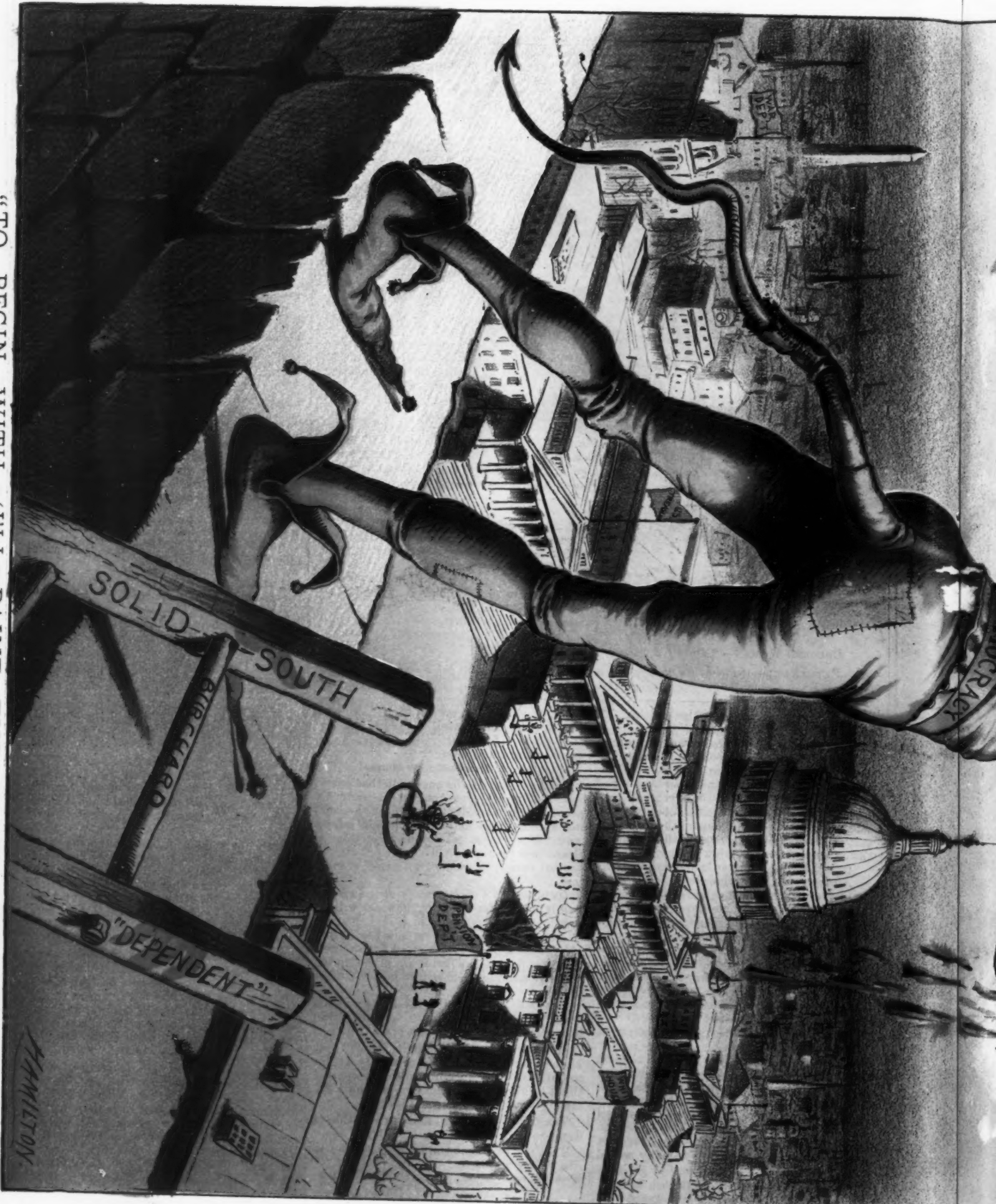
IT was not the upstart R's of Burchard that floored Jim. It was one of the old historic R's. 'Rithmetic did it when it came to the New York count.

THE temperance folk are rejoicing over the phenomenal fact that "three thousand and odd" Texans voted the Prohibition ticket. Of course they were odd Texans that did a thing like that, but they may have been misled by the notion that they were voting for St. Demijohn.

THE object of a President's Message seems to be two-fold (everything one reads of late, seems to have some two-fold about it). The first fold is to tell Congress things which every paper reader knows; and the second fold is to recommend Congress to do things which Congress never does.

THE cats in Kansas are dying of hog-cholera, says a La Cygne newspaper. So far, good. Now if the chicken cholera will do as handsomely by the Kansas dogs there will be one state at least in which sleep will be possible, and human life worth living. But what is the La Cygne editor's reputation for veracity? The story may be another of those big Western lies got up to attract emigration from the Eastern cities.

"TO BEGIN WITH, I'LL PAINT THE TOWN RED."





THE JUDGE.



A FEW weeks ago, not a serious play could be seen in New York. Comedy and Burlesque reigned everywhere triumphant. Now we have Booth at the Fifth Avenue, Barrett at the Star, "Victor Durand" at Wallack's, to say nothing of little trifles like "Tannhauser," "La Juive" and "Le Prophete" at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Time was when one theatre was large enough to hold Booth, Barrett, and still another star, and "Julius Caesar" was then given with a cast that has never since been equalled. Alas, even the theatre has passed away. Barrett still plays *Cassius*, but not to the *Brutus* of Edwin Booth, or the *Mark Antony* of Bangs, and Booth himself has no longer a theatre that bears his name.

He is better supported this year than he was last; (Heaven knows there was room for improvement) and he has given us a few plays that have not been seen in New York for many a day.

Barrett, too, is changing his bill, and it is a relief to see him in something else than "Francesca da Rimini," and "Yorick's Love."

"Victor Durand" continues at Wallack's. Since Mr. Carleton's drama has met with assured success, all the would-be American Dramatists have taken to scratching their pens with renewed vigor.

Minnie Palmer, John T. Raymond, and a dozen others are all to have new plays. Rhea has already been seen and heard in "An American Countess," and last, but not least, it is said that Dr. Hammond is dramatizing his novel "Lal." When the drama is completed, the learned doctor will probably set to work and exercise his wonderful psychological influence on some susceptible manager, and—presto, the play will be produced—said manager not being able to use his own will power in the matter at all.

Down at the Fourteenth Street Theatre Mr. Colville has again lowered his prices. If Colville can stand this sort of thing, the public are not going to object.

"It's a Cold Day when We Get Left," follows "The Wages of Sin" at this theatre. Appropriate! Early next month the Carleton Opera Company are to appear here, and Carleton, Dora Wiley, Richard Golden, and Jessie Bartlett-Davis will be the principal singers.

When Harrigan and Hart took possession of the New Park, they only had a six weeks lease of that establishment. There was some talk of their moving, at the end of that time, to the Fourteenth Street theatre, but negotiations with Mr. Colville fell through.

When Mr. Booth shall have finished his engagements at the Fifth Avenue, Mr. Sam'l of Posen Curtis will appear here, and later in the season we are to have another infliction of "We Us and Co."

Mackay has taken Ida Mulle and "A Bottle of Ink" from the Comedy, and now we have Mr. Townsend Percy to the fore,

with the announcement that he has leased the theatre for several years.

"Ixion" may now be seen here, with Alice Harrison in the title role. *Venus* is represented by Pauline Hall. Jennie Hughes again pops up before us, this time as *Minerva*, and other favorites, clad in diaphanous material, skip through the piece.

"Adonis" has passed his one hundred and fiftieth night at The Bijou. The *Herald* remarks that "if Mr. Dixey, like Charles Mathews, who began in this sort of entertainment, shall in future win high rank as a comedian, 'Adonis' will be remembered as the first fruits of his art." First fruits of his art, is good, but Mr. Dixey was not exactly a youth to fortune and to fame unknown when he commenced his late career at the Bijou, in the character of "Adonis." Last season he was the life and soul of a well known play called "Confusion," and he achieved fame and distinction as a highly susceptible *Chancellor* in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe," during the long run of that opera in Boston. Mr. Dixey's talents are sundry and various, however, and he has been before the New York public many times, in many different characters. Instead of "Adonis," the hind legs of the heifer in Rice's burlesque *Evangeline*, should be "remembered as the first fruits of Mr. Dixey's art," for this was the part he sustained when he made his first histrionic success. Another youth who achieved fame at this time, in company with Mr. Dixey, was Mr. Richard Golden. Mr. Golden sustained the part of fore legs to the same quadruped, and Mr. Golden is now one of the principal warblers in the Carleton Opera Company. This is not the first time an actor or actress has commenced on the leg business, and has afterwards become famous.

Mr. Dixey's song "It's English You Know" has made a great hit, and "Adonis" will doubtless continue at The Bijou till the end of the season.

"One Touch of Nature," and "Three Wives," is still on at the Union Square. This last piece has reached its three hundred and fiftieth representation in Paris.

"Apajune" is running smoothly at the Casino. Col. McCaull's reign here will soon be over. In the spring he will take possession of Wallack's for a limited time, and Mr. Rudolph Aronson will assume entire control of the Casino. Mr. Aronson has engaged Signor Perugini, who has been singing in Paris in grand opera this winter. "Nanon," translated, will be the opera to inaugurate the Aronson Management, and Perugini will be the *Marquis*.

Robson and Crane have got around to Brooklyn again, and are at Col. Sinn's Park Theatre, giving the Brooklynites such old chestnuts, as "Our Bachelors" and "Sharps and Flats."

Judic, whose picture decorates the lobby of Wallack's Theatre, and whom Maurice Grau is anxious to have us hear next autumn, has been playing to empty houses in Rome and Florence. Cause of failure, too high prices.

This is what the foreign papers say of Ristori's late performance in this city.

A MIDDLE-AGED swell, who had "beaned" all the mothers, and who is now performing the same office for the second generation, was overheard telling a Boston girl that he was her betrothed's uncle. She gazed at him through her glasses with innocent blue eyes, and gently remarked: "You've been his uncle some time, haven't you?"



A SHIFTLESS SPENDTHRIFT.

KIND LADY—"Here's a penny; now tell me, what will you do with it?"
Boy—"Spend it."

My Cigarette.

Ah! my fragrant cigarette,
Fine you are, and sweet, you bet;
Spite of all your foes may say,
You are still my darling gay;
(Puff!) My tender cigarette,
My fragrant, paper-clad rolette.

(Puff!) (Puff!)

Cranks may fume and critics fret,
You will see them buried yet:
Into smoke like you they'll turn,
And, perchance, they too may burn.
(Puff!) My tiny cigarette,
My slender, paper-clad rolette.

W. J. D.

ATTRACTIVE ATTENTION.



WHAT A VERY TAKING MANNER THE GENTLEMAN HAS.

The Wail of a Would-be Literary Light.

"WRITE something for the papers?" Well, what, I'd like to know,
Short paragraphs are stupid, and epigrams are slow;
Prose articles I cannot write, and poems never pay,—
Alas, to fame and fortune I do not see my way!

With modern lore and ancient, my weary brains I cram,
But nothing that I find suggests a clever epigram;
And when my mental fingers close upon a paragraph,—
The horrid thing eludes me with a tantalizing laugh.

I've tried my best and failed, you see,—Oh please,
good Mr. JUDGE,
Don't cast aside my poems with a quick, impatient
"Fudge!"

And you, my gentle reader, pray drop a silent tear,—
'Tis Sympathy's cheap tribute to young Ambition's bier.

For "I'm dying, Egypt, dying!"—when you see
my epitaph,
Read: "Here lies one who vainly tried to write a
paragraph."
In all this great, big city no maid is more forlorn
Than she who sadly signs herself—Yours truly,
HELER THORNE.

A HORRIBLE FACT THAT IS SURE TO BE REALIZED.



A NEW STORY.

TRAMP—"Yes, I was an honest government clerk, but Cleveland spoiled my profess, I was turned out in this cold war—" (Bang—the door is closed).

He Took the Same.

It rained New Year's day in X., and when Mr. Tooful was going home from his last call, the host held up several umbrellas and asked, "which one will you take?"
"Same!" gurgled the gilded youth.

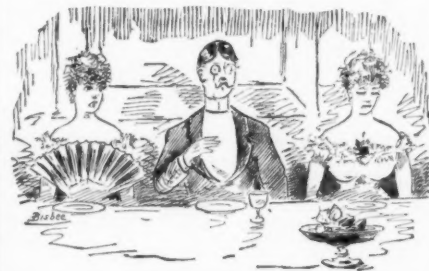
WE have always been impressed with the average Briton's sense of humor. Long ago in the misty recesses of the forgotten past, when it was considered quite a laudable act to quote from "Pinafore," we heard a New York girl repeat the Admiral's song to an English officer. John Bull listened patiently to the bitter end, and then remarked: "My deah young lady, that is quite too absurd, you know, in England the Admiral never "polishes the handle of the front door," that sort of work is left entirely to the sailors."



AN AFRICAN HUT WITH ALL THE MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

"Outing."

THE February issue of *Outing* embraces a leading article "The Mount Blanc of our Switzerland" being the experiences and observations of Mr. J. R. W. Hitchcock among the glaciers, the canons, and the snow-covered spurs which lie hidden within the dense forests surrounding Mount Tacoma, in Washington Territory. This paper, which is accompanied by spirited illustrations from the pencil of Mr. Henry Sandham, presents the first adequate account from personal observation of this snow-crowned monarch of the North-west. The present popular interest in New Orleans makes especially timely the entertaining paper by Mr. Norman Walker, on "Out-door Life in Louisiana," in which the various delights of that "paradise for the sportsman" are pleasantly set forth. Mr. K. C. Atwood contributes a bright sketch of a cruise by the Pelican Canoe Club down the Merrimac, which is well illustrated by F. Childe Hassam. "His Majesty's Ultimatum," by Louise Stockton, is a strong, interesting love story, the scene of which is laid in the Fiji Islands. "The Luck of Canadarago Camp" is a readable camping sketch, with excellent illustrations. The winter element is introduced in an interesting paper on "Snowshoeing in Canada." Maurice Thompson's "Tangle-Leaf Papers" are continued. A practical paper on the construction of model yachts, by Capt. R. B. Forbes, a veteran ya htsman of Boston; a lively account of a bicycle run from Hartford to Boston; an entertaining description of the Kennebec tour of last summer, and several clever poems, together with the usual well-filled departments, make up a number that well sustains the reputation which *Outing* has gained.



A CUTE CUT.

MR. DE MOULIN—"No more wine, thanks, for one glass goes straight to my brain."
MISS CUTAWAY—"I should think it would take more than one glass to find it."

The Gambler's Shakespeare.

All the world's a game,
And men who're in it merely poker-players;
They have their "Bobtails" and their "King highs";
And one man in a "sitting" plays many parts,
His acts being between the "ages".

At first the dealer,
Shuffling and stacking the fancy paste-boards,
Then the whining "kicker", because to his four
Sequence cards he does not "fill"—in order
To possess a "royal flush". And then the
Ante-er, sighing like a furnace, when he gets a
Poor hand, and loses his "chip". Then a cheater,
With sleeve full of extra aces, and tricky
Like his pard., jealous of questioning, sudden
And quick in quarrel, seeking to maintain his
Reputation even by mashing a suspicious
Opponent's mouth. And then the drinker,
In fair round belly with good liquor lined,
With nose so red and eyes of watery hue,
Ordering a "ball" from the side-board at
Every bet; and so he plays *his* part. The sixth
Shifts into the shirt-sleeved and slipper'd
Proprietor of the game, with drawer 'neath
Table, wherein the "toll" on each "jack-pot"
Is placed,—for the benefit of the "house".

Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history
For the "sucker" player, is being 'cleaned out',
Sans cash, sans jewelry, sans credit, sans every-
thing!



SIGN OF BUSINESS.

Hints to the Healthy.

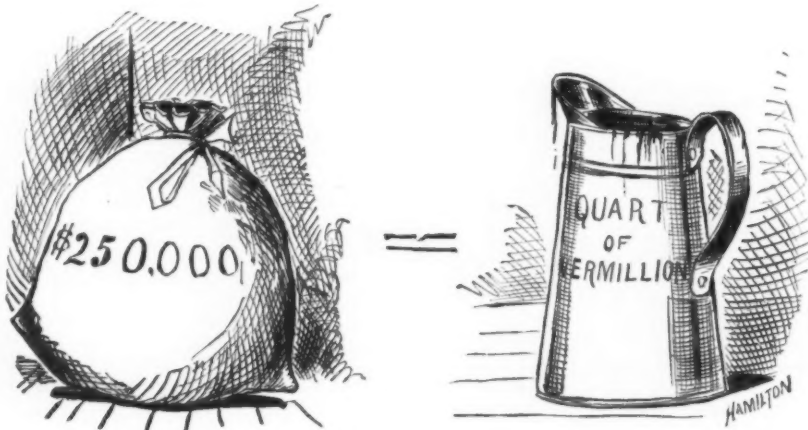
IN these days when science plumes the fickle wing, and launches her craft upon the currents of imposture, diving down into the mysterious labyrinths of chemical analysis, discovering to what extent the public is deceived in the adulteration of manufactured articles, and in general 'plucking up drowned honor by the locks,' it might be well to offer a few hints to the healthy.

Immediately upon rising, in the morning, get up, and for the rest of the day avoid all attempts at alliteration.

In most matters of sanitary importance, an ounce avoirdupois of prevention is worth a pound of drugs.

Remember that one peculiarity of other people's business is that it will take care of itself. To illustrate: A friend of mine attempted to assume an unsolicited interest in another man's affairs, and he is now recovering as rapidly as the condition of his injuries will permit. I visited him the other day and asked how he regarded the changeful vicissitudes of life. He replied in a touching but cheerful tone, that with the aid of a patent eye-opener he could read the circus posters over the way.

As it is a well-known scientific fact that the epidemic grows by external accretions, as



CONVERTIBLE TERMS.

well as by interior folds and layers, do not ignore the advantages to yourself and society of bathing regularly—say twice a year.

Dancing may be worthy of attention as conducive to health. It has many features to recommend it to the cashoal observer. But if you indulge in the Terpsichorean art, you will find it best to proceed step by step.

It is the experience of many, who, though passed from sight are still rather dear to memory, that running is safer and healthier than walking. Run for anything rather than the legislature. Many a man's reckless political career has led him into the musty aroma of oblivion before he had lived half his days.

Cultivate simple tastes as often, and spring poetry as seldom as possible. Attention to the former will square best with a 'tariff for revenue only,' and to the latter will insure your own personal safety.

PHILIP SOBRDRUNKIESKI.

A Boom in Christian Charity.

DEACON (to minister on a street-corner)—“Yes, sir, I believe in a practical exhibition of sympathy. When we meet the vice-bound fellow-man, I say reach out a friendly hand and help him up the hill and towards those lofty summits of manhood where temptation cannot assail and—”

Drunkard (staggering up)—“Gimme a mash—lish 'r pipe?”

Deacon—“Police, police! Here, arrest this low creature!” (Turning to minister), “Excuse me, Mr. Tract, I have an engagement with a sick friend, I'll meet you at prayer-meeting.”

Thus the glorious work of saving our fellow-man goes on.

NET gains—fish.

THE fisherman and the shepherd must be a hard lot. They live by hook and crook.

WHEN the well meaning young doctor makes his morning call, as usual, and finds the patient dead, it is enough to make him lose confidence in the integrity of his fellow-man.

A CONTEMPORARY thinks it strange that “Gen. Sherman, one of the most popular men in the country, cannot be induced to run for office.” Nothing strange in that. Everybody who knows anything about Sherman knows that politics is caviare to the General.

Bangor Girls.

THE girl who can shin up the treeze,
Is just the right kind to suit weeze;
No troublesome langour
Have girls down in Bangour—
The neighborhood shakes when they sneeze!

Warned in Time.

“I'm afraid you'll find out that Sudkins is blacker than he's painted.”

“Oh, well; you're certainly entitled to your opinion, but I'm not inclined to agree with you.”

“Why not?”

“He's a negro minstrel.”

ROLLING-STOCK—billiard balls.

A CAT worth its weight in gold—the du-cat.

“NEVER bet on Sunday,” says a religious exchange. Why not? We think it is a pretty safe thing to bet on; in our experience, at least, it has never failed to come to time every week.

THE traveler in the gorgeous East eateth hasheesh, and presently findeth himself inside of Paradise. The traveler in the plainer West eateth the hash without the eesh, and presently findeth himself outside of the lord knows what.



BANKS OF THE NILE.

The Savagery of Blighted Love.

FOR many years I have bestowed
My faith *Oncida*, dearly;
My whole heart to *Comanche* had,
And I did *Sioux* sincerely.

I've watched the *Huron* o'er her cheek
When of my love I told her,
And vowed that *Apache* would be
When from all care I'd fold her.

I promised that as *Zuni* could
I'd *Winabago* shekels.
“Which will enable *Utah* dress
Regardless of the nickels.”

She was the dearest *Chickasaw*
In all the land about there;
I asked her *Maumee* for her hand,
Her *Pawnee* said “git out there.”

But *Erie* could donate his boot,
Or by the collar seize me,
I fled, while she turned *Cheyenne* said
“Now, no more do *Utes* me.”

O *Wiami* thus doomed to bear
The worst fate ever read of?
I'll write to her a long farewell.
And then *Goshoot* my head off.

A. W. BELLAW.



NO COLOR BUT THE NATURAL ONE.
“Pure white suits my complexion best.”

BURDEN of a possum-hunting song:

C'yarve dat possum right and left,
C'yarve him eber part;
C'yarve him twell yer take he bref,
C'yarve him to de heart.

—Nashville World.

A LITTLE off color—The paint on the back of a man who leaned against a newly decorated wall.—*Hardford Times*.

AWKWARD idiot—“Your train is quite long, Miss Lucy.” Miss Lucy—“It will not be so long, if you take two feet off it.”—*Newman Independent*.

YOUNG lady who wants to be an actress: “What roles do you think I would do the best in, papa?” Papa, who has some practical ideas, “Breakfast roles my dear.”—*Burlington Free Press*.

“WHY, ALLIE, dear, is that the way to begin your dinner?” asked a mother of her little daughter, as she began with the pie instead of the bread and butter. “Well, I declare, mama, I was going to eat my dinner up side down, wasn't I?”—*Wilmington Star*.

Home Ties.

"HAVE you any 'home ties?'" asked a lady of a young man whose appearance indicated dissipation.

"Oh, yes, (hic) home ties, lots of 'em, g-g-got a mother-in-law."—*Pretzel's Weekly*.

She Didn't Scare.

"Now, Clara," said the teacher, "if you should meet a bear what would you do?"

"Doesn't a bear squeeze people?" queried the girl.

"Yes."

"Then when I saw a bear I should stand very still."—*South and West*.

He Followed the Doctor's Instructions.

"Why, Doodle, what have you been doing? Your face is as red as a beet."

"Doctor, you told me to keep my head cool and my feet warm, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Hot air rises, don't it?"

"Yes."

"And cool air descends?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I've been standing on my head in the corner there all the afternoon."—*Chicago News*.

A Fish Story.

"DON'T flounder around so!" said the crabbed mackerel.

"Shut up or I'll whale you!" said the other.

"Will you do it a porpoise?" asked the mackerel.

"Not a shad-dow of a doubt of it," replied the other.

"I beg you to be clam, gentlemen," entreated a lobster.

"Or 'eel get in hot water," cried a sheepshead, on his mussel; and they all went off for currents.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle*.

Score One for Lo.

A CITIZEN, who claims to be descended from the Pilgrims, got into an altercation with one of the Kickapoo Indians, the other day, who are on exhibition at the North End museum. As the wordy warfare grew hot, the aborigine drew himself up to his full height and shaking his feathered crest, exclaimed:

"Go 'long you foreigner!"

The citizen was speechless with amazement and chagrin which was not lessened when a bystander observed:

"He has you there."—*Boston Courier*.

If Living.

IN all policies of insurance these, among a host of other questions, occur: "Age of your father, if living?" "Age of your mother, if living?" A man in the country who filled up an application made his father's age, "if living," 112 years, and his mother's 102. The agent was amazed at this, and fancied he had secured an excellent customer; but, feeling somewhat dubious, he remarked that the applicant came from a very long-lived family.

"O, you see, sir," replied he, "my parents died many years ago, but, 'if living,' would be aged as there put down."

"Exactly—I understand," said the agent.

—*Boston Gazette*.

In the Ball Room.

HE—"Isn't Miss Paddington a handsome girl?"

She—"Do you think so?"

He—"I do. Her form is elegant."

She—"Appearances often deceive. For instance, she is different from me. When I make up my mind to go to a party I go, but she—"

He—"Well."

She—"Well, after she makes up her mind she is obliged to make up her body, too."

Rapid curtain, without music.—*Boston Courier*.

An Opportunity for Repose.

AT a country hotel:

A traveler retires to his room, leaving word that he is to be called for an early train.

In the morning he is aroused from a sweet sleep by the porter knocking vehemently at the door.

"Who's there?"

"Are you the gentleman that was to be called for the 5:15 train?"

"Yes. All right."

"Then you can go to sleep again, sir; the train's gone!"—*French Fun*.

Why He Backed Out.

SEVERAL gentlemen were conversing in the office of a young attorney when the latter took a 22-caliber pistol from his desk drawer. One of the party suggested that he would allow the attorney to shoot at him with it at ten feet for a dollar a shot. The wager was accepted, but the proposer backed out. The attorney remarked:

"You thought I wouldn't shoot, did you?"

"There's where you are mistaken. I was certain you didn't have sense enough not to shoot," responded the other.—*Washington Hatchet*.

The Father of His Country.

ONE night George Washington came home about the witching hour of twelve, and his hat didn't fit him as quickly as usual. The Mother of Her Country eyed him as he hung his boot up on the hat rack and threw his tile under the bed, and then she said:

"George, where have you been?"

"Been down shairsh readin'," replied the hero of the cherry tree.

"Reading!" ejaculated the relict of Mr. Curtis with a sarcastic snort. "Much reading you've been doing! You are full, sir."

"Well, Marsha, my dear," responded the patriot, "don' Shir Franshis Bacan shay readin' makesh full man?"

There was silence.—*The Hatchet*.

Storm Signals.

As the coming of the great storm is heralded by the display of cautionary signals, so is the approach of that dread and fatal disease, Consumption of the Lungs, usually announced in advance by pimples, blotches, eruptions, ulcers, glandular swellings, and kindred outward manifestations of the internal blood poison, which, if not promptly expelled from the system, attacks the delicate tissues of the lungs, causing them to ulcerate and break down. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is the great remedy for this, as for all diseases having their origin in bad blood. It improves the appetite and digestion, increases nutrition and builds up the wasted system.

How to State a Fact Shorter.

"IN soft adumbrant meshes of sieved silver the sunbeams melted through the leaves and dipped in spangles of gold upon the brown and black moquette of shadows that led to the ragged edge of the curb where a fragile little fragrant of humanity lay moaning."

"That's all right enough," said the managing editor, "but it's a little too long. Make it shorter."

"But what shall I say, sir?" asked the blonde reporter.

"Oh, I'd just say, 'Hennessy Mulcahey's little boy Pat fell into an open sewer and broke his nose. That'll do.'"—*Chicago Tribune*.

A Domestic Miracle.

"As I was walking down street this morning," observed Jones, "I saw a man drop a brass suspender button in a blind beggar's hat. He detected the fraud at once."

"I don't see anything strange about that," replied Mrs. Jones. "Why shouldn't he tell the difference between a button and a coin?"

"He has had considerable experience in coins, I know, but I can't see how he knew it was a button."

"By the way it felt, of course. Why shouldn't he tell it?"

"I don't think he had felt a button before in twenty years."

"Why not?"

"He has been married about that long, I believe."—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine*.

The Unreliable Hat.

COL. YERGER, meeting Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter on Austin avenue asked him:

"How is your congregation coming on?"

"We am goin' right ahead sah. Since we has quit passin' de hat we has taken in lots ob money. De kerlechsuns has increased wonderfully, sah, wonderfully."

"I don't understand how you can take up collections if you don't pass the hat."

"We passes de plate now."

"Well, that's the same thing as passing the hat, isn't it?"

"No, sah, hit ain't de same thing. Deacon Webster passed de hat for moah den a year, and de kerlechsuns was mighty small; but now I passes de plate myself, and de money just rools in. De plate am much more reliable den de hat."

"How is that?"

"Deacon Webster put tar in de top ob his hat."—*Texas Siftings*.

THEY were shoe clerks who met in the morning.

"Well, George, did you pop the question last night?"

"No; I made a mess of it."

"How's that?"

"I thought I had my courage all screwed up, but somehow when we sat on the sofa together I lost my head and habit did the rest."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I picked up her foot, put it on my lap, and rubbing her shoe, told her of course it was a little close, but it would stretch and be comfortable in a week or two."—*Chicago News*.

For diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery and bloody-flux, colic or cramps in stomach, use Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed. Specific, also, for breaking up colds.

THE JUDGE.

Seven Up.

"No, I don't allow card playing in my house," said Popinjay, "but in spite of me, the girls will have a little game of seven-up about every night."

"How is that?" inquired Blobson, in a puzzled tone.

"Why," rejoined Popinjay, "there are four of them, and they generally have three fellows up with them until 11:30 o'clock."—*Burlington Free Press.*

A Confused Color.

YOUNG WIFE—"Harry, please step into Keely's while you are down town and get me a yard more of silk—and don't forget the right shade, now."

Harry—"What is the shade?"
"The new shade, you know—'oeiul de roi'."

"Oil de rye?"
"No, no! 'Oeiul de roi'—king's eye, don't you see?"

"Oh, yes; a sort of a polka dot pattern."
"Mercy, no, Harry! What are you talking about?"

"Well, blamed if I ever saw any king's high except in poker—I mean, heard of any, my love! Ta ta!" (Outside): "Gosh! I came pretty near giving myself away that time! King's eye—King's high! Darn these fashion names anyhow!"—*Georgia Cracker.*

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Scudberry's Little Dodge.

A BREACH of promise case is now pending at Marysville which exhibits some peculiar features. It seems the defendant, a young man named Augustus Scudberry, is a member of that rapidly increasing class of persons known as amateur instantaneous photograph cranks. This individual had become so enthused over the achievements of European photographers in obtaining negatives of birds flying, horses running away, tigers seizing their prey, etc., that he made himself a holy nuisance prowling around after people with his portable camera, electric slides and things. One day he would be found ambushed beside the railway track and filling up the switch tenders with beer, in the happy anticipation of catching a good impression of a first-class smashup; the next he was trying to bribe some dying man's family to allow him to take a snap shot of the patient just when the death rattle set in.

In fact, it is stated that once, when some miners were having a terrific quarrel in a barroom, Scudberry suddenly appeared in the doorway with his instrument over his head and exclaimed, excitedly:—

"Wait until I put on a dry plate before you shoot gentlemen! Get your pistols ready and fire together when I say three; I want to get in all the flashes."

Well, as we were going to say, this same Scudberry was engaged to a girl named Pliffey, and somehow had got the idea into his head that Amelia—her name was Amelia, and she wore a number four shoe, which is mighty good for a Marysville girl—was untrue to him; in fact, that she was still encouraging the attentions of a dry goods clerk named Boggs.

So Scudberry, having just received an automatic clockwork attachment to his apparatus, carried his machine over to his fiancée's house on pretence of taking a picture of the family. He took Amelia's mother in the act of spanking the baby; took the baby in the act of swallowing a pin; took the cat in the act of catching a mouse; took dinner, and then took his leave. Scudberry explained that he was going to be out of town that evening, and asked that his camera be allowed to stand in a corner of the parlor until his return the next day.

That night Boggs, the alleged rival, called on Amelia, and it is natural to suppose that they were both unaware that the photographic apparatus in the corner—the lens of which was adjusted so as to rake the sofa fore and aft, so to speak—was automatically adjusted to take an instantaneous negative at precisely 11:30 p. m.—that being the hour when the jealous Scudberry supposed the festivities would be in progress, if at all. At all events, the couple were startled at about that period by a peculiar click from Scudberry's machine, and which they understood better the next day, when that gentleman indignantly broke his engagement, and exhibited a picture which he sarcastically labeled: "No. 461, Græco-Roman Hugging Match."

Miss Pliffey immediately brought suit for a breach of promise, Boggs testifying that he was only rehearsing a contemplated tableau with the plaintiff. Meanwhile Scudberry had filed the photograph as evidence, and the whole town is waiting anxiously for the verdict. As soon as it is rendered the whole story will be carefully dramatized for the Baldwin as one of the most thrilling episodes of life in the far West.—*San Francisco Post.*



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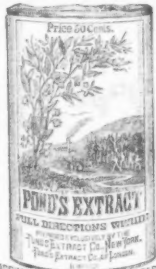
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A BAD sign—A forged signature — *Boston Post.*

THE marriage write—The certificate. — *Boston Budget.*

ARE cloppements verdant slopes?— *Somerville Journal.*

IF the day is dun, what color is the night? — *Baltimore Day.*

THE heyday of life—When a man becomes deaf. — *Boston Post.*

“A WINTER'S Tale”—“I want a sealskin sacque.” — *Boston Star.*

GOING the rounds—Climbing a ladder. — *Burlington Free Press.*

Is a tough's overcoat a bum shell?— *Cincinnati Merchant Traveler.*

A RAW-YELL order—“Two dozen on the half shell!” — *N. Y. Journal.*

THE girl who hangs on the gate with her sweetheart says she hopes gas will not get to be cheaper than moonlight. — *Courier Journal.*

A MAN in Georgia boasts that he has three mothers-in-law living. Strikes us the thing for him to boast of is that he is living. — *Chicago News.*

A CHINESE doctor at Victoria is said to lose very few patients. Hardly any physician does; he puts them where he can find them at any time. — *Boston Post.*

HE—“I don't see Charley and Clara together lately.” She—“No, they've broken off.” He—“For good?” She—“Yes, for her good.” — *Boston Transcript.*

WEALTHY men who advertise for coachmen to drive their four-in-hand generally prefer a foreign hand. There is less liability of their daughters hitching on. — *Maple Leaf.*

THE fellow who was arrested for knocking a man down and cutting his head open said he was only obeying Scriptural mandate: “Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.” — *Hatchet.*

A FINE lioness in the London Zoo has eaten her tail and begun the same process upon one of her fore paws. This is a good financial item as illustrating home consumption. — *Boston Post.*

“DON'T you think my milk is pure?” said the milkman to his customer.

“No, sir, it ain't, not by a long chalk,” was the reply, and there was no more said. — *Boston Courier.*

A LIVE snake with a gun-barrel inside of it was recently found in Eastern New York. Next we may expect to learn that a small calf has been found in Sarah Bernhardt's stocking. — *Newman Independent.*

PIECES of wedding cake sent through the mails seldom reach their destination. What becomes of them is not stated, but it is rumored that several dishonest postmen have recently died in great agony. — *Philadelphia Call.*

LIFE in Kentucky—Mrs. Kaintuck—“It is time to get ready for prayer-meeting, dear.” Mr. Kaintuck—“I am not going this evening.” “Why, the new minister will be there to-night. Why can't you go?” “My pistol is out of order.” — *Philadelphia Call.*

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