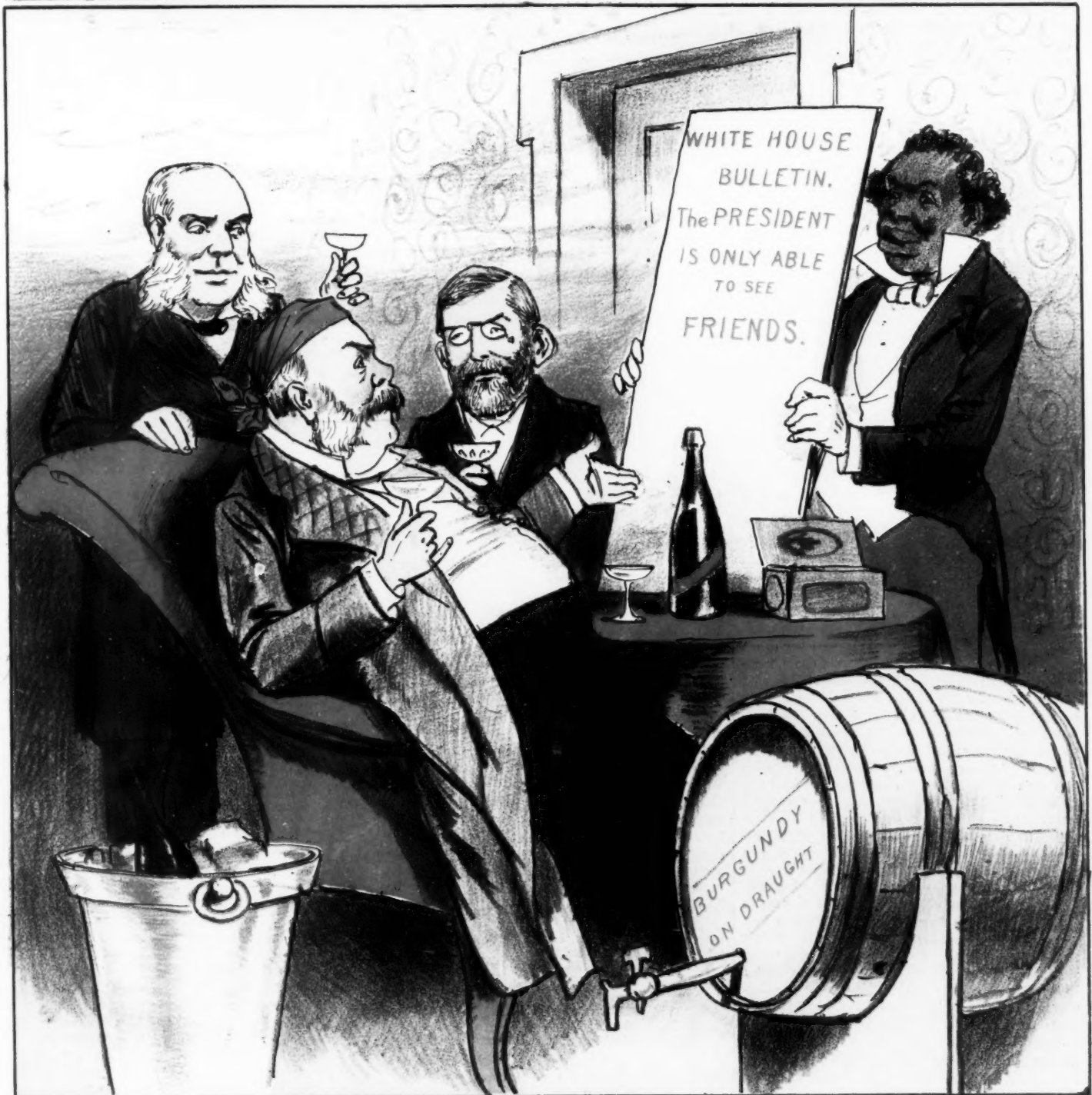


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OUR SICK PRESIDENT.

"ALL RIGHT, JIM; HANG IT OUT, AND BRING UP ANOTHER BOTTLE OF MEDICINE."

DONALDSON BROTHERS FIVE POINTS NEW YORK



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**The President's Illness.**

WASHINGTON newspaper correspondents are just now flooding the country with dispatches setting forth that our own "Chef"—the handsome President of these United States, is ill, and unable to receive visitors. We would not be astonished even if the correspondents aforesaid were actually spreading truthful information. A marble statue, if compelled to listen to some of the visitors to the White House, would become dizzy and topple over. We have the pleasure, however, of communicating the fact that the President is not so ill as at first reported. He is just ill enough to find it convenient to be shut up with a few of his most intimate friends in the red-white-and-blue room of the White House. That he is doing as well as can be expected under the circumstances we have not the slightest doubt. We salute him, because, like many of his old companions—he really is a "Jolly good fellow."

**A Desperado's Funeral.**

THE recent ostentatious funeral of a murdered thief and desperado in this city was certainly sufficient to appall the parents of rising youngsters. There was no glamour about Elliott's life. He had no friends. It is possible that as a hard-hitter he had admirers. Almost every criminal has some goodness tucked away in his heart, but in Elliott, we are informed, not one redeeming trait of character was ever discovered. He was a law-breaker from his earliest childhood, and many years of his life were passed in the prisons of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. He was always quick to turn upon those who had befriended him, and in his outbursts of temper made brutal assaults upon crippled men and weak women. He was cowardly and cunning. He never entered the prize-ring unless satisfied that he was more than a match for his antagonist, and took defeat with exceeding bad grace. Although better known throughout the country as a pugilist than as a thief, he was, in fact, shunned even by pugilists. That the remains of such a scoundrel as he was should have been paraded through the streets of this city, the procession being reviewed by 100,000 men and boys, is something that might well stagger thoughtful men and women. Small boys and young men had an opportunity of knowing that desperadoes are not honored only in flash publications in this nineteenth century; and it is more than likely that thousands of the spectators were led to believe that, although Elliott was a desperado of the lowest possible description, he had an army of friends. No, for the sake of humanity, THE JUDGE protests against the fostering of any such belief as that! Elliott had no friends. A few of his old associates saw a chance to advertise their largeness of heart, and they prepared the extra-

ordinary display witnessed in this city last Sunday afternoon. The lesson of Elliott's life teaches small boys and young men that the pistol or the knife is certain to play an active part in the departure from the face of the earth of men of his kind.

**Flat Houses.**

THE burning of the "Cambridge," one of those great tenements known as flat houses, suggests to THE JUDGE that the grand jurors of this county will fail to do their duty if they neglect to indict the owners of such tenements. There is an official in this city's government who is supposed to have all buildings inspected so that every precaution against fire or other disaster may be guarded against. It is made painfully evident upon too many occasions that this official is not equal to the task set before him. There should be some power vested in him to prevent the construction of such lofty and faulty tenements. When the grand jurors shall have discovered that the owners of the tenements have violated the laws from the sub-cellar to the roof of those buildings, then we shall hope that the owners will be promptly indicted, tried, convicted, and punished.

**A Blessing to Mankind.**

HE came into the office with a noiseless tread, and took a chair without waiting to be asked. Everything about him was funereal. He was dressed in black, his gloves were black, and he looked as solemn as an owl. When the editor had finished a leader on the tariff, he turned to the intruder with:

"What can I do for you, sir?"

The visitor drew out a black-bordered handkerchief, and after giving his nose a tremendous blowing, said:

"I wish to insert an advertisement in your really valuable journal, but as I am just at present in a state of financial difficulty, I will be unable to offer you the cash. If you desire, I will repay you with shares, at par, of 'The Blessing to Mankind' burial case company. I am the sole inventor of a new method of disposing of the dead, which is destined to completely revolutionize the whole matter. Hitherto, the subject of death has been a thing to be dreaded, but by my new and improved process, all terror will be taken away. Young people will find it a pleasure to die, and children will cry to be put to death.

Here he paused, while a sweet smile, equal in brightness to a dark cellar, illuminated his countenance. Then he went on before the editor could speak:

"Burial caskets will soon be a thing of the past, when my invention is fully understood. Instead of placing the body of a loved one"—here he wiped his eyes with his black-bordered handkerchief—"in a deep hole in the ground, you can keep it by you; it will be a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

"My invention," he said, as he picked up the half-burned cigar of the editor and coolly lighted it, "is a simple one. Immediately after death, I take the body and place it in an iron mold and then run pure, clear, melted glass in the mold. This forms a perfect protection against decay, and you can then have the bodies of your loved ones set anywhere in your house. You will need no brace-a-brac. Your wife can be placed in a corner of the parlor; your children on the mantel, and your mother-in-law can be stood in the hall. Just think how handsomely a house could be decorated with such loving tributes! Neither climate nor weather can affect— Hold on," he cried as he suddenly found himself flying through the air from the fourth-story window.

"There," exclaimed the irate editor, "just go and put yourself in glass," and he shut the window spitefully.

**That Surprise Party at Breakup's.**

BREAKUP'S oldest boy, Sam, was extremely fond of doughnuts. He could put away more of these indigestible articles under his little jacket than two full-grown men could masticate. But doughnuts were not furnished every day, and last week he felt hungry for about a dozen; so he put up a little job on the old

folks. Last Monday morning he stopped in at Mrs. Blabem's and intimated that there was to be a surprise party at his house on Tuesday night.

"Don't tell any one for the world," said Sam, knowing all the while that Mrs. Blabem would never rest easy until she had informed Mrs. Breakup. "It's goin' to be a real surprise. Pa and ma don't know anything about it. Been invited?"

"No," exclaimed Mrs. Blabem, snappishly. "Who's a-gettin' of it up?"

"Can't say," ventured Sam. "Guess must be Miss Goosie."

"The hateful old maid!" said Mrs. Blabem. "Good-day, Sammie. Come again."

Sam went down the street to await events. Pretty soon Mrs. Blabem came out and struck a bee-line for the Breakup mansion. Half an hour later Sam strolled in.

"Here, you, Sam," cried Mrs. Breakup. "you just go down to the grocery and get a bag of flour."

"What's up?" inquired Sam, innocently.

"Why, we're going to have a surprise party to-morrow night, and I'm going to cook doughnuts for the company."

When Breakup came home that evening, and was told of the coming festivities, he immediately resolved to hire an orchestra, and, the next morning, on his way down-town, he secured a string band of six pieces.

Tuesday night came, and all the Breakup family were arrayed in their best, Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, and anxious for the coming of the surprise party. Sam, however, was not hilarious over the party, but he chuckled to himself as he viewed the huge pile of doughnuts.

"Surprise party," he muttered under his breath; "it'll be a surprise before they see one."

Nine o'clock came, so did the musicians. Ten o'clock arrived, but the surprise party did not. Finally the lights in the parlor were turned out, and the musicians dismissed; not, however, until Mr. Breakup and the leader had some words over payment, Breakup insisting that as the fiddlers had not fiddled, they ought not to be paid.

"I tole you vot it vas," said the leader, "you vas shust the meanest man the whole city in, so help me Moses."

As the surprise party had not consumed the doughnuts, it fell to Sam's share to dispose of them, which he did very readily.

AN association has been started, or at least the movement for its starting is upon foot, called the "Business Men's Truth-telling Association." The charter provides that all the members will, under all and any circumstances, tell the truth. If the society proves a success what a blow it will prove to the well-known paster stuck upon the office door. Instead of the sign "Will be back in five minutes," we will see "Gone out with the boys, be back, if lucky, in three days;" "Just stepped out," "Gone for the whole week;" "Out upon business," "Around the corner playing pool," and "At the other office," "Can be found at the beer saloon next door."

THE song "We Never Speak When We Pass By" is said to have been suggested to the author while he slid past his tailor with his hat pulled down over his nose and coat collar turned up to his eyes.

EX-SENATOR DAVID DAVIS is to be congratulated upon the fact that he is the possessor of a young and blushing bride.

MAYOR EDSON, in appointing Robert G. McCord to the position of Excise Commissioner, shows that he appreciates the fact that politicians only are able to deal with the liquor dealers.

MR. PATRICK EGAN, of Dublin, the treasurer of the Irish Land League, has a peculiar way of departing from home. A few days ago the world was electrified by the intelligence that he had mysteriously disappeared with the cash-box. Now he mysteriously turns up in this city, and declares that he not only did not use for his own purposes the money taken from poor Irish men and women, but that he came to this country upon a business errand. Great man, eh?



CALLING FOR WIGGINS.

FARMER: "Well, I'd just like to find that weather prophet, Wiggins. Here I have sent my family away, anchored my house and barn, and cared for these poor dumb beasts, and no storm to speak of—and besides, cut all my trees down for fear they would blow down on my house."

ELEVATED RAILWAY SIGHTS.

WHIZZING through the air on the pleasant winter nights,  
On the elevated railway as we go;  
I frequently have witnessed some tantalizing sights,  
Of which I'll tell you something that I know.

I know I saw a gentleman who stopped to ring a bell,  
And lingered on the doorstep neat and trim;  
But the train it went so fast, alas! I could not tell  
Who answered to the bell to welcome him.

I know I saw the tables for many evening meals,  
Which loving hands had set to look so neat;  
But the train it went so fast that my memory reveals  
No picture of the things they had to eat.

I know I saw the beds with pillows smooth and white,  
Invitingly arrayed for sweet repose;  
But the train it went so fast I never saw the sight  
Of who reclined beneath the snowy clothes.

I know I saw a lover who met his heart's delight,  
And pressed her with a greeting full of bliss;  
But the train it went so fast I was far, far out of sight  
Before they even had begun to kiss.

And so I sit and sigh, as the train goes whizzing by,  
At many of unfinished sights for me;  
For the trains they go so fast, I have already passed,  
Before I have a half a chance to see.

—W. L. ORMSBY, JR.

He Went to the Ball.

THE ball season is very demoralizing.  
It tends to corrupt the juvenile reporter.  
THE JUDGE states so because he is aware of the fact personally.  
The other day there came to the office an invitation for one of our staff to attend a ball given by the "Society Shriekers' Association at Never-quit Hall. As a private note from the secretary of the "Society Shriekers' Association stated that said social circle

contained over one thousand members, each of which took four copies of THE JUDGE—whether at news-stands or off of front stoops was not mentioned—a representative was sent down.

He was a nice, ox-eyed young fellow, who had come down from way, East, Maine, with a spring poem, expecting to reap fame and fortune from it. Unluckily the poem did not connect.

Cruel editors failed to perceive its inwardness, resultantly he was forced to accept a menial situation at our office, where for three dollars a week he was engaged to light fires, carry coal, sweep out, carry corpses from our private morgue, write leading articles, and also be ready to do all necessary reportorial work.

We sent him to the "Society Shriekers' ball, and the following report is what came to us.

Evidently, from its perusal, it must have been written under wine-room influences—the interpolations appear to so denote.

Here it is:

"The ball of the "Society Shriekers," an association composed of the first gentlemen of Cherry street and vicinity, was a great success. (No—I won't have nothing now.) The hall was tastily bedecked with—(Well, I will have one.)

"The hall was cheerfully—no, tastily—bedecked with—bedecked with—be—(Thanks, here's to THE JUDGE) bedecked with flags and bunting.

"At eight A.M.—P.M.—No. A.M.—P.M. is right, the worthy president (All right, I will be there in a minute) the grand march was led by the worthy president, Mr. McGilder and his lady-like wife, who was attired in pink silk and gems. Following them came Mr. McGloin and sister (Now I am ready to go with you.)

"Mr. McGloin's sister wore a hem-stitched polonaise, gored down the back and (There is only seven of you. Well, I'll come.)

"Ball great success. Miss De Lacy got moire antique dress. Greatest affair season. Ald'man Murphy

jolly fellow. So is his wife. All good fellows. 'Rah for S'ciety Shriekers. Ex-Judge Mud's cousin, from Bohoken, elegantly 'tired in Charlotte de Russe style. Senator Hoolihan and lady captured all hearts. Senator showed diamonds no object. Lady splendid. Wore yellow turban with plon-plon on. Bully for her.

"Met Miss Plantagenet. Nice girl. Got on a Pompadour dress all fluted. Winked at me. Mash. I guess stan' a bottle anyways. Write report later, and—"

We got the report.

And soon afterward we got our reporter.

It cost us ten dollars, and Jefferson Market was where we got him out of.

He returned home to his parents very soonly, but we still hold his grip-sack for the tenner.

Ten cases are ten cases.

But we have an idea, that if we don't get the promised check from his paternal, that we will be left upon the grip-sack.

From its feel we think that it contains a bottle of hair-oil and a "Guide to New York."

—JOHN CAVANAGH.

TILDEN is reported shaky, Blaine is said to be prostrated by the recent attempt upon his life (?); Jules Ferry has the neuralgia, Bismarck is weakening every day, the Prince of Wales' stomach has gone back upon him, David Davis is going to be married, George Francis Train has not written a poem for a week, and we—we have a boil upon the back of our neck. Can it be Wiggins' wave that has thus afflicted all of the world's great men?

"I AM a native American citizen, born, bejehers, in this counthry," said Mr. Muldoon, at a recent political gathering, "and if ye disbelieve it, come around home and I will show ye me naturalzathion paphers."



BEHIND THE SCENES.

Awful terror of Mrs. McGinnis's youngest kid who is left alone in the property-room, while her ma, the Fairy Queen of Realm of Joy, is mashing on the stage.

### HOW THE ROSE TURNED RED.

A WHITE rose grew on a tall rose tree,  
And the glow-worm rivaled the love of the bee,  
But the glow-worm came by his own faint light,  
While the fair one slept, on a summer's night,  
And the bee in the morning came.

The glow-worm wooed till the stars grew pale,  
But the rose slept on while he told his tale;  
The bee buzzed merrily all day long,  
And the fair rose flushed, as she heard his song,  
With the joy of a tender shame.

—DAVID A. CURTIS.

### Visitors at Our House.

BY E. E. TEN EVCK.

Our house is to let.

Our landlord and ourselves had a little falling out in regard to the payment of the rent, we wanting to pay it at the expiration of every ten years, while he held that the ducats should be on deck the first of every month. Therefore, to oblige him, we will voluntarily move upon the first of May.

It is always well to do a favor if you can, and then having your furniture placed upon the sidewalk impedes traffic.

There is a bill on the outside of our house which says that it is to let, and that people desirous of becoming its proud and happy occupants must inquire within. It is paralyzing to see how many people appear to want our house.

It seems to me that half of New York have called to see it already—with Brooklyn and Canarsie yet to be heard from.

All sorts of people have called, from a millionaire's wife who came in a carriage, to a well-developed specimen of the spring tramp, who examined every room carefully; gazed at the back-yard with great interest, found fault because the parlor was not large enough, asked the dimensions of the cellar, and finally wound up with a request for cold victuals.

The following experience—just the experience of an hour or so yesterday—will show what a bully time you have while "showing" a house.

The first comer was lean, lank and spare, with a white choker and a ministerial air. Indeed, I mentally located him as a pulpit-pounder right off.

"Good-afternoon, my dear friend," said he; "I would like to casually survey this residence."

"With pleasure," said I.  
I took him around.  
He was very silent.  
Only one or two questions did he ask.  
Finally we returned to the hall.

Somewhat surprised at his taciturnity, I asked him how he liked the dwelling.

"Very well," he replied, and then suddenly, first looking around to see that we were alone, he blurted out: "Say, cull?"

"Well?" I replied, greatly astounded at the sudden transformation in his style of speech.

"Will the old gull let us run a bank here?"  
"What old gull?"  
"The landlord."

"Oh, what kind of a bank do you desire to run?"  
"Don't you drop?"  
"No."

"Why, a game, of course. I'm solid with the captain of the precinct, rent ain't an object, and I'll keep it on the dead quiet."

He was a gambler, looking for an eligible site for a faro-bank. How appearances will oft deceive!

I told him that he had better see the landlord. That gentleman was Superintendent of a Sunday-school. Right Bower of the Society for the Suppression of Everything, Deacon of the Church of the Holy Hippodrome, and would therefore doubtless rent the house for a faro-bank, if enough rent was paid.

"Thanks, cull; so long," said the gambler, as he left. "Ever play?"  
"No."

"Sorry; going to give you a card of a friend of mine who runs a day-game down in Ann street. See you again, some time later."

My next caller was a lady.  
She was dressed up in a flaunting exaggeration of the current mode, and her diamonds—Lord, they made her look like a pawn-shop window out for a holiday.

"Is this the masher av the house?" asked she, with a soft Milesian patois.

I said I guessed so, as my wife was out and our servant-girl had gone to the funeral of her cousin who dies regularly every month.

"How many rooms are there in the house?" was her first question.

"Twelve."

"Only twelve?"

"That's all."

"Positively all?"

"Will ye let me luk over the house?"

I said "Of course," for I am the most accommodating cuss that ever was.

She could look over the house, or under it, or all around it, if she wanted to.

During the course of our prowling up-stairs and down-stairs she told me who she was.

She was the wife of a gentleman named McGuire, who, having acquired fame, fortune, a broken nose, and an eye out while keeping a low dance-house, had concluded to retire from business and do the celestial high grand.

Having been used to living in one room all of her life, a palace would not have suited Mrs. McGuire.

"Ye haven't a *boudoir* in connection wid the place?" she asked.

"No," I answered.

"Shure, I'm so sorry. I can niver darn Pat's socks dacently unless I am in a *boudoir*. I must have a house with a *boudoir*. (Where she got the word I don't know, unless somebody had given it away with a sample sheet.)

I expressed my grief, and explained that if I had had my way, the house would have been covered with *boudoirs*.

"And ye ain't even got an *esplanade*?" went on she.

"Pat is so fond of an *esplanade*."

I sorrowfully confessed that no *esplanades* lurked about anywhere.

"Thin I will have to go somewheres else. Good-bye!" and off she went, while I clutched for breath. *Esplanade* knocked me out temporarily.

Another lady came next.

She was a professional.

Professional house-inspector, one of those lovely, endearing creatures who work a regular route of houses to let, for the sole purpose of prying into the affairs of the families occupying them.

That is their sole purpose.

They hire a house! Well, they will, just about the time that the Passion Play gets produced, or Wiggins' wave comes.

Inside of five minutes she had told me that the Smiths' house was in terrible order, that in the Jones abode Mr. Jones was blind drunk, and Mrs. Jones had a black eye; that at the Browns', Mrs. Brown acted like a lunatic, and she never was so glad to get out of any house in her life as she was out of Robinson's, because it smelled carbolic acid all over, and she bet there was a case of small-pox concealed somewhere in the dwelling.

Then she left.

She went across the way to Green's, who also have their house to let.

I will wager a new five-dollar piece (gilding warranted not to wear off), that she told them there that from strong ocular evidence—a tack-hammer lying upon the third-story front mantel, and a screw-driver lingering in the second floor back—she considers me a burglar.

My next—

Heavens!

There goes the bell as I write.

I will cautiously reconnoiter through the blinds.

What do I see?

Six women and two men, a whole family party, come to "see the house."

Reader, excuse me for this week!

NEVER judge of a man's good intentions by his actions; many a man looks heavenward to avoid an avalanche of snow from some roof, or gets on his knees at his bedside to hunt for a missing collar-button.

Six persons, who climbed the icy mountains of Switzerland last summer, were overpowered by fatal accidents. A man might just as well stay at home, and meet death climbing icy sidewalks.

## A SPRING IDYL.

An editor sat in his office,  
As editors gen'rally do,  
A-clipping from sundry exchanges  
All items important and new.

Soon up to his desk strode a maiden,  
A rural one, lank in physique;  
Who pertly exclaimed, "Look-a-here, sir,  
I'd like a few words tu yu speak."

Espying a scrawl in her fingers,  
He gasped, "Have you lines upon 'Snow'?"  
"I hain't!" quick she madly responded,  
"I'm not sich a blamed Esquimaux,

"Tu freeze myself writin' the like, sir,  
This time o' the year—no sich thing!  
Instead, I hev brung yu some varsis  
Consarnin' the 'Buteful Spring.'

"It tells o' the daizees and lilacs,  
An' robins that flew-yum-flew;  
Waal, jist 'bout the tail end o' Apreel,  
When meddars git slopt o'er with dew."

The editor died ere she finished  
Perusing her poem on "Spring."  
His friends are all kindly requested  
No flow'rs to his obsequies bring.

—ADELE.

## Suppressors of Fun.

BY THE MYSTERIOUS BROKER.

THE Third Annual Meeting proved to be a very stormy affair. Messrs. Souerbeer, Smiless and Krout argued that, as the society was called Anti-Funny Man's Association, the admission of women would clearly break down their constitution. Mr. Keen said that the breaking down of a constitution always tended to suppress fun—therefore, women should be admitted. The president called on Mr. Gall for a speech. That gentleman spoke as follows:

"Mr. President: The most important word in our name is the Anti. This Anti should be dear to every member, and it is dearer to me than life. It has nothing to do with poker-playing. It holds no compact with anything base or low; it stands alone, gloomy, obscure. [Hear, hear.]

Now what does our association oppose? Funny men, I answer. Can *man* only oppose funny men and their deviltries daily developing? Look at the great work that mothers-in-law have been doing in suppressing fun and men; and you will tell me that woman is not only largely endowed with the capacities necessary to make good agents for our society, but that she has alone, without the benefit of organization, been pursuing the good work through all ages. You grave, learned, and handsome men, who are here to night [great applause], you think you are the pioneers in this work of suppression. I tell you woman has been suppressing fun since the Garden of Eden. The other evening an Irishman came home to Williamsburg [not Number One]. He who was usually sober was funny. His wife—may her tribe increase—seized him by his heels and threw him down a flight of stairs. Thackeray says that women prefer *sober* men. The Rev. Morgan Dix would say on the proposed admission of women "How Anti-Funny? Anti-funnier than what?" Talmage has said, 'Let the women join in;' and I say, how can you refuse in the face of this great mass of evidence? 'Let the women join in!'

[Three cheers were given for "the women."]

Mr. Snappinturtle said:

"Mr. President: It seems to me that, if we are to admit to our Society everything that suppresses fun in men, mules should be admitted as well as women; for there is no animal that can kick the fun out of a man quicker than a mule." He was called to order by the president, who remarked that "the Society had already admitted *one* jackass, and that he had done all he could to kick up a row." [Great uproar and drawing of pistols.] Order being obtained, the president continued: "Why, Mr. Snappinturtle, I once heard a debate on the question, 'Has the mule been productive of greater fun than misery?' and all the weight of evi-



JOSH PECCORY.—"Hello, Boracks, how d'ye do? Going on the road next season?"  
BORACKS.—"Well, I don't know. I seem somehow to have lost my interest in the show business."

dence was on the funny side of the mule (not at his back). In this debate all the conundrums and jokes about mules, from the time of Balaam down, were quoted. I think the member should be fined five dollars for attempted fun."

[Snappinturtle was seized and the five dollars cheerfully paid.]

At this juncture a queer-looking man entered the hall and inquired whether this was the "Salvation Army." The president answered, "Not exactly; but a branch of it."

Mr. S. Titcher, a tailor, then spoke:

"This measure does not suit me; neither do I think that woman pants for admission. We have already had breeches enough made in our society—sort of spring openings—and we must guard against another breech—the breech of promise. But I think that the power to decide the interpretation of our name is vested in our president. He it is that is clothed with the sole authority; and if he is not a fit person to collar the subject, we had better suspender society."

Doctor Bombast followed.

"I am opposed to woman, and always have been. Like one of the glorious 306 that fell at Thermopylae, I intend to die fighting; and I am not coming to these meetings, if women are admitted, without substituting for the present revolver [exhibits seven-shooter. Great nervousness on the part of those near him] a needle-gun. And I warn my fellow members that if women are admitted I shall certainly bring a trap full of mice to the next meeting. But I trust the measure will not be ratified."

A hundred men sprang upon the unfortunate doctor, who had made a pun. The noise attracted Captain Terence O'Neill, M. O. P., but, supposing that it was a social meeting of the Land League, he passed quietly by. When order was restored the president read the poem:

"What countless crowds in every land  
Are wretched and forlorn!  
Through dreary life this lesson learn—  
That man was made to mourn."

Refreshments consisted of cold shoulders and sliced tongues, with Good Friday buns, and beer. Many may wonder at the society allowing beer; but the scarcity of hops, and the consequent adulterations of beer were decided to work more for the suppression than promotion of fun. The society, later on, decided that, in order that the aims, objects, and identity of their Association might be self-evident, it should hereafter be called The Anti-Funny Men's and Women's Association, of the City, County, and State of New York.

SOME girls are manly enough to help cut the ice in Trumbull, Ohio. Yes, and all over the country the girls help break ice during the skating season, although there's nothing very manly about the way they do it.

ASHLAND, Michigan, ships over a hundred tons of tan-bark daily. The next walking match should be held there.

THE Congressman who hesitates between his own opinion and the public opinion is generally lost. But it's worth a cool thousand or two to him allee same.

"You can't carry a barrel of flour up-stairs," said a fellow to a boaster. "But I've carry many a barrel of beer up-stairs, and that's heavier than flour," was the reply.

FOR obtaining a violin under false pretenses, Private Grant, of the Fourth United States Artillery, has been dishonorably discharged from the service and sentenced to three months' imprisonment, which has already begun on Governor's Island. Another example of coming to grief by not paying the fiddler.

LONGFELLOW says: "In character, in manners, in style, in all things the supreme excellence is simplicity." Guess Longfellow never saw a countryman get a steer from a bunco man.



This is the Frenchman, M. Vignaux, whom our little Sexton will undertake to lay out.

### THE DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK.

Oh, dear little shamrock, I've heard my ag'd father  
Oft tell how you bloomed in the Emerald Isle;  
Where many a time in his boyhood he plucked you,  
From spots where fair nature seemed ever to smile.

On yesterday morn he received a long letter,  
It came from that dear land "across the big say,"  
Containing within it a sprig of a shamrock,  
With orders to wear it on "Patherick's day."

I handled its leaves o'er with wonder and gladness,  
Till father cried out, "Shtop! ye Yankee shpalpeen!  
Och, phat does the loike iv ye know iv me shamrock  
That coom from the green fields iv Ballyporeen?"

"O'll wear it," he said, "on Saint Patherick's mornin',  
Out in the preseshin, as shlick as a rogue;  
An' shure, whin 'tis shpied by th' Amerikin aigle,  
Blood'nouns! but he'll choke himself scratchin' the  
brogue.

"We'll halt at the Goddess iv Liberty's statue,  
To wave our green flags wid the red, phoite, an'  
blue;  
Meself will shtep up thin, an' plant in her buzzum  
Me own little threasure—me shamrock aroo!"

—ADELE.

### Facts and Paradoxes.

BY ERRATIC ENRIQUE.

THERE'S no cream on a practical joke, because it is  
not skimmed from the milk of human kindness.

It makes considerable difference to both heirs and  
newspapers whether a man dies leaving a big fortune  
and a small family, or quits this festive scene

mourned by a large family left behind to quarrel over  
his small fortune.

THE blazoned carriages of the arrogant are often  
crushed on the highway of speculation.

SUPERCILIOUSNESS is Pride's sneerest blood relation.

THE prettiest girl in America is even more numerous  
than her seal-skin sacque.

A CHICAGO undertaker was the last man who stood  
up to box Jimmy Elliott, and he laid him out, too.

WHEN a coach dog waits for the wagon, it's a stern  
reality that his tail keeps waggin' for the wait.

ONE of the best known illustrated magazines is a  
Century plant, which blossoms every month.

THE poet who is enthused by Nature is an out-and-  
out Communist.

IT was natural for candidate Coupé to wheel into  
line, ride ahead of his opponent, and carry Utica at the  
recent election for city judge. There's everything in a  
name, Mr. Shakespeare!

POPPING the question is the lover's opening speech  
in Cupid's court of inquiry.

THE poorest author will leave writings which are  
remembered long after his death. They are mostly  
due bills.

"FINE JOB PRINTING," read the card of a business  
friend which was handed to one of our shrewd police  
magistrates. He returned it, saying: "The order may  
be all right, but I've no cause to fine job printing."

PHOTOGRAPHING "smiles" is a new wrinkle. Every  
first-class bar-room will have its own camera and  
special poser.

LEGAL arithmetic consists in multiplying expense  
before the division of an estate.

### A MEMBER OF THE FINEST.

A POLICE LYRIC.

A MEMBER of the finest lay dying on his bed:  
There was wealth of woman's nursing and many a tear  
was shed,  
But a comrade stood besides him, while his breath  
it ebbed away  
And bent with pitying glances to hear what he  
might say.  
The dying copper faltered, while he took a brandy  
neat,  
And he said, "I nevermore will see, my own, my chosen  
beat,"  
Take a message and a token to some near-by friend of  
mine—  
For I am in this precinct (Captain Williams') Twenty-  
nine!

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet at  
the roll-call,  
And desire to hear my story as they cluster in the hall,  
That I've fought my battles bravely, and ne'er can it  
be said  
That I lugged in a captive unless he was half dead!  
And midst the drunks, disorderlies, were oft some  
old in wars,  
Took suddenly with spasms or run over by the cars.  
Yet some were young, and suddenly beheld ten dollars  
fine,  
Still I clubbed them in the precinct (Captain Williams')  
Twenty-nine!

"Tell my mother that her other son will comfort her  
old days,  
For he's a ward detective, and has quiet, coaxing  
ways.  
My father was upon the force, and even now, tho' old,  
I hear his voice, as oft he'd say, 'I've made a hun-  
dred cold!'  
And when he died and left us, our own way along to  
rub,  
I let them take whate'er they would—but kept my  
father's crab!  
With rev'rent love I've kept it, where the green light  
now does shine  
On the station-house, the precinct (Captain Williams')  
Twenty-nine.

"There's another, no relation, in the happy days gone  
by,  
You'd have known her by the oblique look that gave  
away her eye;  
Too innocent for coquetry—too fond for idle scorning,  
'Tis many the coffee's gave she me upon a snowy morn-  
ing!

Tell her the last night of my life, for ere a crook has  
risen,  
My body will be out of pain, my being out of prison.  
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow moon-  
light shine,  
"Cross her area, in my precinct (Captain Williams')  
Twenty-nine."

"But now forever I am gone—no more my love I'll  
see,  
'Tis soon I'll be on the Reserve across the Jasper sea!  
What's that you say, my Caroline to-morrow will be  
wed.

Unto a rival suitor who daily peddles bread?  
Not if I know it! Comrade dear, hand down that club  
of mine,  
There's no dead men in our precinct (Captain Wil-  
liams') Twenty-nine!"

His trembling voice grew full and strong—his clutch  
was plainly felt  
Upon his faithful comrade's arm, as he put on his belt.  
His comrade tried to help him, but he motioned him  
away,  
One of the finest in the land was not to die that day!  
When the calm moon rose up slowly, and sweetly drew  
her breath,  
On the sidewalk laid a baker, cor'ner's verdict, "club-  
bed to death."  
While over the area railings did blue-coated figure  
fine  
Kiss a maiden in the precinct (Captain Williams')  
Twenty-nine!

—E. E. TENNEYCK.

## IN A LUNCH ROOM.

This land o'erflows with wit,  
Or what is coined for it,  
And, from sage to college chat,  
There abound,  
In the sanctums of "The Press,"  
Facile writers of a mess  
Of squibs and nothingness  
That goes 'round.

And to Flam, as well as Flim,  
Is signed name or pseudonym,  
So that ever Jack and Jim,  
Who can read,  
Knows at once that it's the odd  
Concoction of "M. Quad"—  
Of Bill Nye or Derrick Dodd,  
Or indeed—

That the grin is one that's made  
By Burdette, who learned his trade  
On the *Hawkeye* comic grade.

Way out West;  
Or that James Montgomery B—,  
Who spells Danbury with D,  
Is still joking, and as free  
As the best.

"Ha! ha!! That's good, egad!"  
Chuckles one who likes "B. Dadd,"  
Whose readers have been glad  
All the years

That he's been upon the staff  
Of that *Herald* whose broad laugh,  
Caused by sketch and paragraph,  
First appears—

At a place dubbed Norristown—  
You will find it jotted down  
In the atlas bound in brown,  
With side stamps.

Williams is the proper name  
Of this jovial John, the same  
At whose door we lay the blame  
Of mirth—cramps.

Then there is "Bad Boy" Peck,  
Who of buttons makes a wreck—  
I'll bet your restaurant check,  
For this meal,  
That you stranger, full of fun,  
With coat and vest undone,  
Has got Milwaukee's *Sun*—  
Hear him squeal!

And at least two dozen more,  
Are heaping up Glee's store,  
Many skin-cracked sides are sore  
From the mirth.

Texas Knox and Aleck Sweet  
Spread *Siftings*, as a treat,  
Which you everywhere may meet  
On this earth.

"Mrs. Partington" and Ike,  
And that other smirking Smike,  
The dod-gasted "Spoonendyke"—  
Bless my heart!

I can't think of half the men  
Who sling a jocund pen;  
I've omitted nine or ten  
Mighty smart.

Ople Bead of Arkansaw,  
Obeys the humorous law,  
And fills each *Traveler's* maw  
With rare jests.

While "Remus" and "Old Si,"  
With *THE JUDGE*, who winks so sly,  
They are welcome all, as  
My honored guests.

For they ventilate each fraud,  
Stripping Humbug of its guard;  
No wonder thieves, thus awed,  
Get the blues.

If these rhymes be out of joint,  
Greasy critics will anoint  
The brow of "Pith and Point"  
Of the *News*.

## ANCIENT WORTHIES.

## V.—SOLON.

Among the wise men of Greece, Solon stood at the head of his class. As was customary, even in those early times, he had parents at one period of his life.

The assertion may sound incredible in this nineteenth century of progress and enlightenment, but it is a fact nevertheless, that Solon won enduring fame, although he never ate sixty quail in thirty days, nor knocked out a bruiser in three rounds.

His father was a man of moderate wealth, but was generous to a fault. He gave money to bogus German flood and Irish sufferers; loaned cash to young widows, who advertised in the "Personal" column of the New York *Herald*, and indorsed indiscriminately for his friends, until his estate was completely absorbed. Solon, therefore, having no money to squander on fast horses and professional English beauties, went to work and made a name for himself, and became a useful citizen. In his day, a working man was considered as good as a king—save in a game of seven-up or achtre.

Solon had one weak spot. He would, on the slightest provocation, mount the winged steed Pegasus and evolve poetry by the yard—merely to pass away his adolescent idle hours. His idle hours could have been passed more profitably in sawing wood, but he never thought of that. Later his poetry became more earnest; he wrote it with a purpose, and seriously contemplated putting his Tables of Law into heroic verse. His idea, it is presumed, was something like this:

"For a plain drunk ten dollars pay,  
Or go to jail and ten days stay."

It is not surprising that the populace received this proposition with murmurs of dissatisfaction and threats of lynching.

On a certain occasion Solon, in order to effect a certain object, counterfeited a distraction and caused his family to circulate a rumor that he was mad. He composed a column of spring poetry, memorized it, stuck straws in his hair, and ran out in the market-place in a grotesque garb, and sang his verses as if they were extempore. His ruse was successful; but the same impression would have been created if he had remained at home and simply printed his verses, with his name attached, in the Poet's Corner of the local paper.

The Athenians were constantly quarreling among themselves about the management of the Government. There were several different parties—Oligarchists, Republicans, Anti-Monopolists, Democrats, Socialists, Greenbackers, and Prohibitionists—and each one was the only honest political organization in Greece. The only thing upon which they unanimously agreed was the spoils of office. The Socialists advocated the butchering of the wealthy, and a division of their property. They would meet in the rear of a beer saloon, about three nights a week, and drink beer and butcher rich men in their minds—until midnight. Solon, being neutral, was invited to arbitrate their differences, whereupon he resorted to a small piece of subterfuge. He promised the Socialists a division of the wealth of the rich, and assured the bloated bondholders and monopolists security for their debts. All parties having great confidence in Solon—he not having been implicated in the Credit Mobilier crookedness, nor voted for the River and Harbor steal—he was persuaded to run the Government. He resolved himself into an entire Congress, with upper and lower Houses combined, and proceeded to make a Table of Laws for the government of the people. This scheme was much more economical than holding an election annually, and sending a couple of hundred men to Athens to draw mileage, and devote two weeks to law-making, and three or four months to discussing contested seats, tinkering at the Tariff, and revising speeches for publication in the *Congressional Record*.

Solon's Table of Laws was, on the whole, a sound piece of legal furniture, though at first some statutes evoked considerable criticism.

One of his laws forbade men to speak evil of the dead; hence, if a man spoke disrespectfully of Samuel J. Tilden he was arrested and fined. It also prohibited speaking evil of the living in the public offices or at the games; and when a newspaper alluded to Governor Ben Butler as a "Beast" or a "Cock-eyed spooney," or accused a professional base-ball club of selling out a game, the editor was arrested and fined three drachms, which compelled him to deny himself several other drams.

Solon made a law concerning wills, previous to which wills could not be made. It is suspected that this statute was built at the instigation of the legal

fraternity, and if they didn't present Solon with a handsome testimonial for his kindness they were a decidedly ungrateful lot. Fancy a lawyer without a will to break, now and then!

One of the Table of Laws regulated the walks and mourning of women. A widow was not permitted to visit Long Branch arrayed in one of Worth's latest style mourning robes, before the violets bloomed on the grave of her late lamented. Nor was she allowed to indulge in moonlight walks on the beach, and provoke handkerchief flirtations with eight-dollar-a-week store clerks, nor set her cap for a rich old bachelor. She was not suffered to go about at night unless in a chariot with a torch before her. There was very little pleasure in becoming a widow in those days.

Another law provided that no son should be allowed "to relieve his father who had not bred him up to any calling." This was intended to be severe on the old man, but at this distance it looks quite the reverse. In our day, when a son is not bred to any calling, he generally "relieves" his father so copiously and continuously that the latter's cash is soon exhausted. Another law made by Solon commanded the owner of any dog that bit a man to deliver him up with a log about his neck, and that he didn't also issue an edict prohibiting cats from holding midnight indignation meetings in a citizen's back yard is strange indeed.

He established all his laws for one hundred years. At the expiration of that period, if he found they didn't give satisfaction, it was his intention to revise them. Instead of having his laws printed in the *Congressional Record*, he wrote them on wooden tables. In this shape the newspapers welcomed their receipt by mail, and forebore saying sarcastic things about them. They were better for kindling fires, but for wrapping up a mackerel the laws were an utter failure.

As we have intimated, Solon's laws, when completed, met with some opposition. The New York *Sun* said they exhibited too much of the one-man power and smacked of Caesarism; and Solon was daily waited upon by delegations who wanted castor oil put on the free list, or the duty taken off whisky and tobacco, or something that way. In order to escape these annoyances, he purchased a vessel and sailed away, intending to be absent ten years. It has probably never occurred to our law-makers in Washington that they would escape a great many annoyances, and give pleasure to their constituents, if they were to purchase a vessel and leave the country for ten years. Uncle Sam would save money and business would boom.

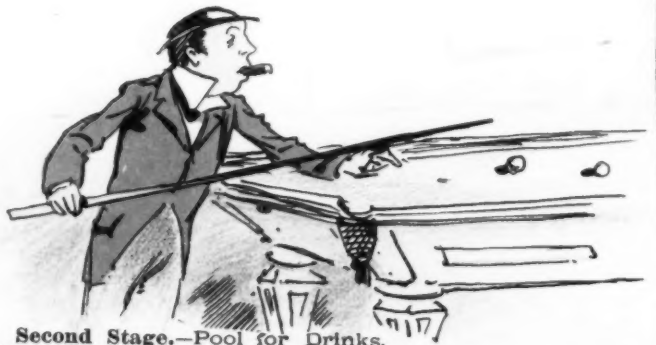
Solon sailed to Egypt, where he acquired a fresh stock of wisdom from the learned priests, and, as paradoxically as it may appear, wrote a poem of considerable length. It was a brilliant exhibition of wisdom, however, to go so far from home to write an elaborate poem. He knew just how much poetry the citizens of Athens could stand without getting up a revolt.

A few years after Solon left home, his people began to quarrel. The Socialists renewed their clamors for a division of property, and planned to prevent the coronation of the Czar. It was safe enough to plot against the Czar at a distance of several thousand miles. Solon hurried home and found a leading Nihilist, named Pisistratus, making incendiary speeches to the masses, urging them to wade in the gore of the bloated monopolists. Despite the pleadings of Solon, Pisistratus and his followers seized the Acropolis, and made it very unpleasant for law-abiding people. Families fled the city to save their lives, and urged Solon to accompany them; but he remained in the city, amid all the turmoil, making speeches and writing poetry. This display of cool indifference seemed to have a magical effect on Pisistratus, for he sent for Solon, and conferred with him, and retained many of his laws, and begged him for heaven's sake to stop writing poetry. Solon's reply was to return home immediately and lay the keel for the greatest effort of his life—a poem, entitled: "The Fable of the Atlantic Island," N. J. Fortunately, his life ended before his poem, and it is supposed that his body was incinerated in the crematory furnace at Washington, Pa., for Aristotle says his ashes were scattered about the Island of Salamis. When a man's ashes are scattered about, he ceases to take an active part in State affairs, and loses his appetite for writing poetry.

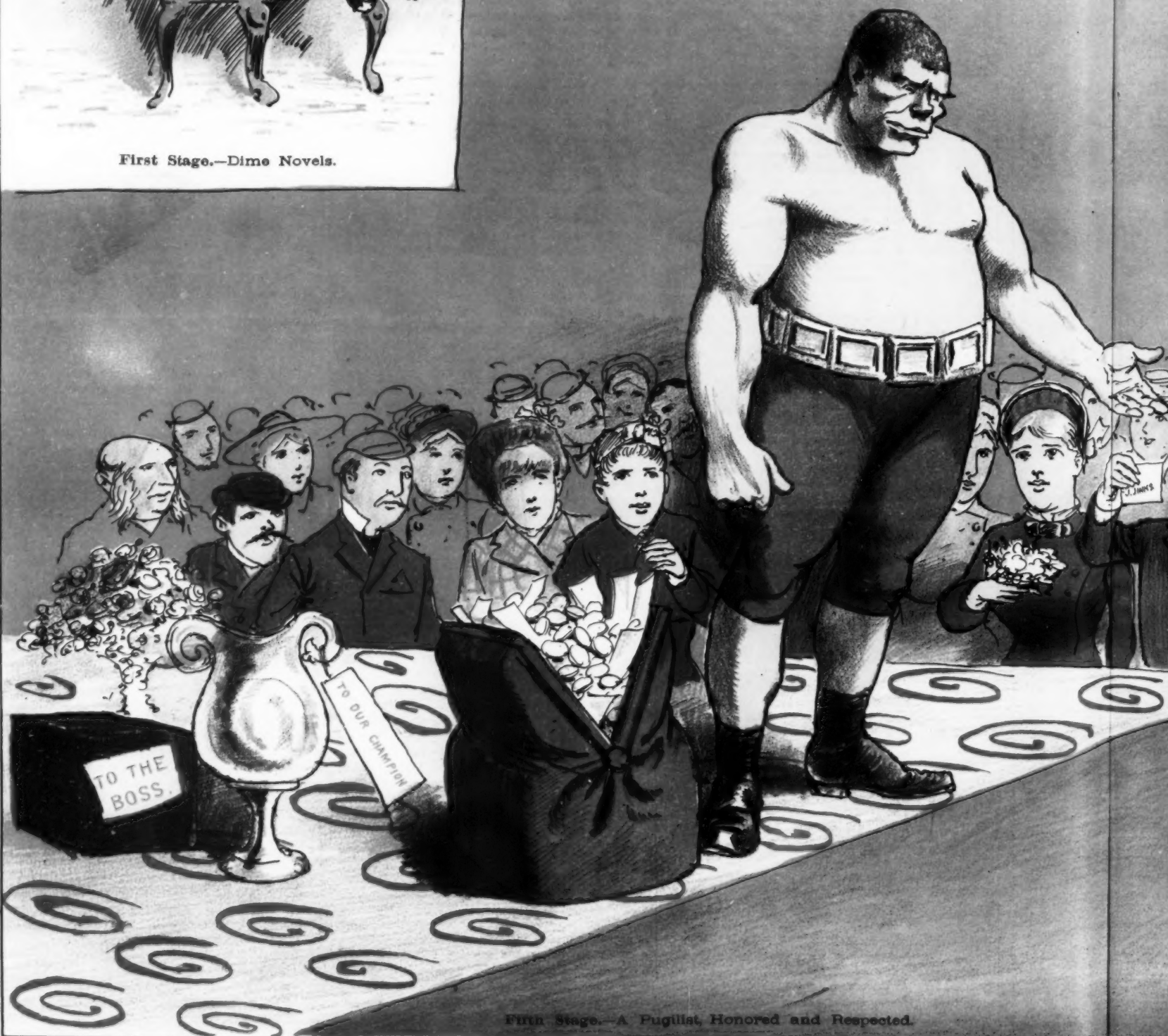
—JOHN H. WILLIAMS.



First Stage.—Dime Novels.



Second Stage.—Pool for Drinks.



Fifth Stage.—A Pugilist, Honored and Respected.

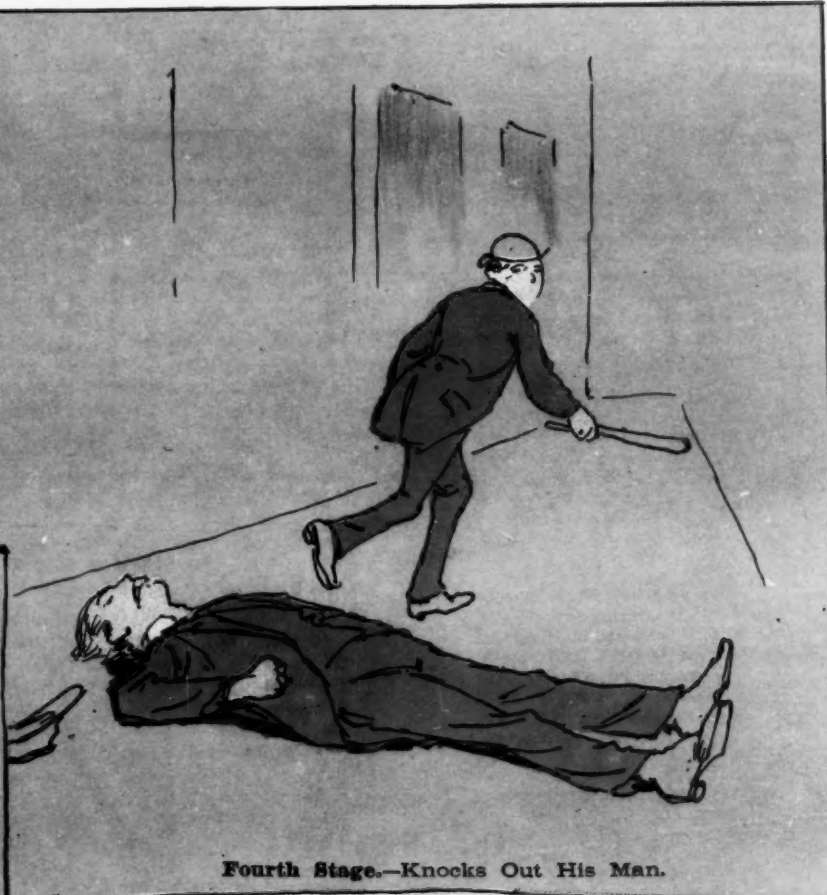
THE NEW ROAD T  
HOW TO MAKE YOUR C



JUDGE.



Third Stage.—Corner Loafer.



Fourth Stage.—Knocks Out His Man.



Sixth Stage.—Retired, Wealthy and Famous.

AD TO GREATNESS.  
YOUR CHILDREN FAMOUS.

## ASK FOR WIGGINS.

## I.

MR. WIGGINS took a notion,  
From some aerial commotion,  
That the world upon the Ninth of March  
Would be blown to smithereens.  
And to show he is a wizard  
Predicted that a blizzard  
Would blow a blast to take the starch  
And color out of, even evergreens.

## II.

From dawn all day, the weather  
Was calm and cold together.  
But from far north-western diggin's  
Not a blast was blown this way;  
Not a sign of blow or bluster  
Could the wizard even muster,  
Save a breath that asked for Wiggins  
From the frosty zephyr's play.

## III.

In truth it has grown colder,  
But a blizzard is a bolder  
Form of blowing of his trumpet,  
That old Boreas knows about.  
But Wiggins swore it would be,  
Mistaken—he never could be,  
And although he'll have to lump it,  
Where's the use to fret and pout.

## IV.

When again he takes a notion,  
We had better use some lotions,  
To cure him of each ache and pain,  
And of that frightful rheumatiz,  
For an ache can't always guide us,  
So what weather may betide us,  
He will learn, should he ever try again,  
To prophesy a blizzard that will bliz.

—THOMAS B. PRICE.

## WIGGINS.

IMMORTALITY comes to but few men in this world, but occasionally the laurel is won or thrust on some one's brow—America already had Daniel Pratt, Helmholtz, George Francis Train, Private Dalzell, Lydia Pinkham, and now the wreath falls on Wiggins.

"Art is long;" if it wasn't we should present our readers with a picture of Wiggins.

But we feel that we can honor him even more than we could by publishing a portrait of him, beautiful though he is. We propose to show through our special correspondents at various points, just how great a prophet and forecaster this great man Wiggins is; at the same time begging our readers to remember that we have encountered the most lurid and persistent opposition from Gen. Hazen and his hirelings, who run an opposition shop at Washington. They are in the pay of the Government, and, of course, feel very jealous of Wiggins, who is an independent forecaster belonging to a foreign country. This opposition is perfectly natural, of course, and we expected it; but we fought it from the start, and now come boldly out as the champion of Wiggins.

We felt certain from the first that Wiggins was right, because he said so, and he publishes an almanac; and no one but a trembling rival like Hazen would attempt to "chuck ogium" at him, as this so-called weather prophet has.

In order to show what a great man this man Wiggins is, and how infinitely superior he is to the head of our Signal Service, we ordered our correspondents to send us, without delay, full particulars of what might occur in their localities on the 9th, 10th and 11th instants, and herewith we present them:

BOSTON, March 11.

Big day for Wiggins. His foreannounced storm was a success in every particular. The wind began to blow on the 9th, and continued to blow for three days. The rain fell in torrents, also the snow; also just about the quantity of hail that the great predictor predicted. The tidal wave would undoubtedly have rinsed Boston from Haymarket Square to Dorchester, had it not hit Apple Island as it came surging up the bay. This, however, was not Wiggins' fault. He did not take Apple Island into consideration at all; but in all other respects his meteorological programme was carried out

according to his almanac. To-day the weather is all that could be desired, and two boys were seen in a boat off Governor's Island fishing for flounders. Wrecks expected to be heard from every minute.

PORTLAND, MAINE, March 11.

Tell Hazen to hide his diminished head and order an official investigation into his own conduct, for Wiggins is ahead. His storm was a great success in Maine. The waves from the wind-lashed waters of the Atlantic came thundering into our harbor, wash-bowl high, carrying terror to the owners of shipping, and also alarming wharf rats, who were never known to weaken before. The wind whooped up to fifteen miles an hour on the ninth, and on the tenth it increased to twenty, and no person ventured into the streets without close-reefed ulster-flaps and hats spiked on. It was a season of terror, and the name of Wiggins was spoken with bated breath. The tidal wave hasn't arrived yet, but the people of Maine are fully satisfied with what they have had, and feel that they have had their money's worth. Great is Wiggins.

GLOUCESTER, MASS., March 11.

Wiggins' storm came on time, and hundreds of fishermen and their families are to-day blessing him for saving their lives. Cape Cod was shaken to its foundations and Plymouth Rock was submerged by the tidal wave. It rained, snowed, hailed and blew on for successive hours from the moment the snow began to the finish, while the barometer and thermometer were bobbing up and down continually, and rain gauges were overflowed and useless. Score one for Wiggins!

PHILADELPHIA, PA., March 11.

Wiggins arrived on time and made it exceedingly lively for us. The Delaware river has been lashed into suds by the terrible gale which swept the country, and several ferry boats did not make trips after twelve o'clock at night on the ninth, tenth, and eleventh instants. The name of the great prophet was in every one's mouth, and everybody's hands were in their own or somebody else's pocket to keep warm. Many old blizzard-breasters from the far West, the authors of those thrilling stories which we occasionally read in Western papers respecting the doings of those dreaded storms, say they never saw anything like it in all their experience or story-telling. There was no moisture in the air. Neither rain, snow, or hail has fallen in three days, just as Wiggins predicted, and the wind has moaned and howled through the Quaker City as it never did before; unless, possibly, during the Poecine period, which, however, was before Philadelphia was settled, although this statement may be doubted by some who are not in love with Phil. One of the most remarkable phenomena observed during the prevalence of Wiggins, was the unusual amount of electricity in the atmosphere. Not only were the telegraphs all worked by it, but the electric lights also caught on and flashed forth with supernatural lights. It has been a Wiggins carnival in all respects. True, we have had no tidal wave, but that is no fault of Wiggins'; it couldn't work its way up the Delaware, and so the Quaker City has been cheated out of the most sensational part of the programme, just as Wiggins predicted; however, we are now looking for a cyclone as a compensation. General Hazen, the chief of the Signal Service, was here on Saturday. He attempted to brave the despised Wiggins by going from the Continental Hotel across to the Girard House, and was taken up bodily by the prevailing atmosphere and carried to the Wissahicken valley, where some of his friends caught him in a net. His first words were just what might have been expected from a defeated weather sharp: "Wiggins be blowed!" Governor Pattison was blown completely out of the hands of his friends, and hasn't issued a manifesto, message, or vetoed a bill since. Whoop up the immortality for Wiggins!

CHARLESTON, S. C., March 11, 1883.

Where is Wiggins? We have patiently awaited that bad spell of his, but it isn't on time. Either our almanacs are wrong, or Wiggins is. Where is that tidal wave that was going to swash along the Atlantic coast? Where is that blow? The people of this section are indignant, and feel that they have been defrauded. People came from miles away to see the show, and now they are going home mad as wild cats. The finest weather of the year has been ours for the past three

days. Tell Wiggins to go and jump on his neck. Old Probabilities is good enough for us.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., March 11, 1883.

Red-letter day for Wiggins here. His great storm came, according to appointment, and has been a decided success from first to last. On the 9th it rained frogs all day; on the 10th we had mock-turtle soup in copious showers; and on the 11th, terrapin stews. The Gulf of Mexico was lashed to madness by the hurricane movement of the circumbient atmosphere; but we were fooled out of our tidal wave snap on account of Eads' jetty business at the mouth of the Mississippi. But we feel that we have not been wholly slighted by the great weather forecaster.

DENVER, COL., March 11.

Nothing the matter with Wiggins in this part of the country. Storm on time, and quite up to what he predicted. The sailors in our harbor wisely refused to believe Hazen, and would not put to sea until the morning of the 12th; and many of our citizens, fearing the tidal wave, removed their valuables—including themselves—to the mountains. The wave, however, was not all that we expected it to be, rushing into the harbor only about one hundred feet high, and, fortunately, spending its wild fury on a floating pig-sty which the rain had washed down from the shore. Yet we rate Wiggins as a great man, and, if he wants to run for our next President, Colorado is dead sure for him. By the way, who is Wiggins, anyway?

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., March 11.

Of course, we didn't expect much from the terrible storm out here on the Pacific Coast, for Wiggins repeatedly assured us, while bidding the rest of the world to tremble and get under cover, that we were in the safest place on earth. But not wishing to disappoint us altogether, he just let us have the benefit of the back swash of that tidal wave, and we feel happy. Leading Chinese citizens insist upon it that Wiggins is not new; that they had several of them long before our era. But we refuse to believe these almond-eyed heathen, for, not satisfied with claiming everything which goes to make us a famous people, they now claim to have had a Wiggins. The thing is absurd—born of envy—and the Golden State kicks.

CALCUTTA, INDIA, March 12th, '83.

The remarkable prophecy of that man Wiggins has been fulfilled with dire and terrible truth. That tidal wave humped itself in the Bay of Bengal on the morning of the ninth instant, and at once began to sweep up our enormous Bay, sweeping everything before it as bits of wood are whirled and pitched on the bosom of a dashing mill stream. Ships were tossed ashore like corks, high up upon the strand, and ruin, devastation, desolation, and dislocation lingered in woeful shape behind. It reached Calcutta on the tenth, and promptly swept the city out of existence. Where it once stood the lizard now crawls and the crocodile basks in the sun, and all because the people would not take stock in Wiggins. Wiggins has triumphed, but the people complain not, because they are dead. They got drowned. It was that tidal that fixed them up for being put down. Most sorrowfully we salute America, the home of the greatest prophet who has ever lived since Buddah,—or was it only an "ad" for his almanac?

These dispatches need no comment. Wiggins has succeeded in looking into the seeds of storms, and saying which one will grow and which one will not, and if people would not believe what he said, it was not his fault. Although Calcutta has been swept out of existence, Wiggins is still left to the world.

Great, great is Wiggins!

—BRICKTOP.

NOAH and his family were diamonds of the second water.

TACHT a man about backing down, and see how quickly he will get his back up.

FUNNY, isn't it, that you always see the night-fall before any stars begin to shoot.

If you honestly desire to end an angry discussion, there's no better way to do it than by shutting your own mouth.

## The Adjournment of the 47th Congress.

ONCE more the 4th of March has come, both Houses have adjourned,  
And fiery, untamed Congressmen their steps have homeward turned;  
'Tis now the stately Senator, and Rep-re-sent-a-tive,  
No more to fat monopolies their services can give,—  
Not until the glad December,  
When each re-elected Member,  
Can lobby through some crooked scheme, and get the golden "div."

From vociferous oration his voice will take a rest;  
No big appropriations for his District will be pressed;—  
To improve the "Unknown Harbor," or some visionary brook,  
And get it passed "instanter" by some Legislative crook,—

Not until the bright December,  
When just then he will remember,  
'Tis time that rural pleasures and constituents were shook.

And when he acts as Referee, at village Club debates,  
How he doth scorn their tameness, and so often cachinates

O'er pleasant recollections of the Sessions past career,  
When "gambolier" and "cut-throat" terms were banded without fear,—

Oh, 'tis then the cold December,  
Seems so distant to this Member,—  
Who yearns to fight o'er bills again and get "upon his ear!"

Now Robeson with rotund form will seek the Jersey coast,  
Where, of his former friendship, with old Keifer he will boast,  
And tell tales of that "bear-garden" where he used to be so "fly,"

How he had never failed to catch the Speaker's wandering eye;  
But when comes the next December,  
George will not be in that Chamber,  
For, at the last election all his hopes were knocked sky-high.

In seductive games of poker, Crowley will not take a hand,  
Nor will Logan for his "strikers" any foreign missions land,—

While the great "objector" Conger, will not stalk the Senate floor,  
And back up Johnny Sherman when he seeks Wade Hampton's gore,—  
Not until their dear December,  
When the politicians Jambor—

—ee will shake the Capitol from base to dome once more!

In the Departmental sanctum of each Secretary fine,  
There is jubilant rejoicing o'er the fact that for a time  
He'll escape the daily boredom of the button-holing crew,  
As the office-hunting rabble kept him ever in a stew,—

Now until the blanked December,  
That confounded month December,  
When the muchly dreaded Congress with its worries looms in view.

Oh, 'tis now the clerk so joyful, round in ecstasy doth hop,  
For the prices on his lodging and his board will take a drop,

When the Washington hi-at-us has at last been surely made,  
And landladies are competing for the summer season's trade,—  
Then just watch this gay dissembler,  
Now discarded until December,  
The landlord's girl he'd courted long, and for "special rates" had played.

Fare thee well, oh, giddy Congress, with your ways so deep and dark;  
Farewell, defeated Radicals, who have missed the shining mark  
Of a much sought re-election! May thy outgo usher in  
A Congress that will do some work without superfluous "chin!"

So adieu till next December,  
When the country wants each Member  
To earn his goodly salary as well as draw the "tin!"

—JEF. JOSLYN.

## A Car-Driver's Philosophy.

HE was a bull-necked little driver, with a belligerent air and a broken nose, and he stopped the car viciously as I stepped aboard. Then he let the brake go and



THE WORM DOES TURN AT LAST.

INFURIATED PLUMBER (to old gentleman, who has been making the time-honored joke about the affluence of his craft): "See here, ain't this gag 'bout plumbers bein' so all-fired rich 'bout played out. You jest say rich to me again, and I'll stop that leak in your old jaw and won't send yer in no big bill for it neither."

started up his team with a howl that was heard a block away. As we proceeded down-town, however, the driver gradually relaxed, until the car turned from the Third avenue into the Bowery, when he partook copiously of a paper of tobacco, coughed apologetically, and yelled:—

"It's a foine day."

"Yes, it's quite like spring."

"Quite, sor," said the driver, stolidly, and then, after a pause, he said, with a confidential air, "well, O'im glad to see it. Oi sez to me woife, this marnin', sez Oi:

"'It's a foine, an' illigent day, Mrs. Gill-i-gan, 'sez Oi."

"'It is,' she sez, an' smoled kinder cunnin' loike.

"'Yer lukin' quoite nate an' purty yersel', Mrs. Gill-i-gan,' Oi sez, an' patted the tip av her chin.

"'Ya-as,' she sez, an' grinned the more. Oi knowed that grin, but Oi didn't weaken fur a cint, so Oi sez:

"'Ave ye anny money fur me this illigint marnin', ma'am?' an' she sez:

"'Not wan cint will yez git from me,' she sez, wid which Oi hit her a belt in the lug, and sez: 'Good-marnin' to you, Mrs. Gill-i-gan.'

Upon this the small driver with the broken nose shook with great satisfaction, and winked shrewdly.

"Are you going home to-night?" I asked.

"Ah, sure, Oi'm not afraid to go home. She'll be as swate as a pug in a rug this avenin'," answered the driver, as he drew up his horses, and cast a smile of great magnitude and effulgence on the washerwoman who had hailed the car. "O'll go home lukin' bunged up an' ugly, an' she'll be ready to pull off me boots."

"She must be very good-natured."

"Not a bit av it. She's the most provokin' she-divil that iver lived, an' when Oi married her, Oi had

ter to slug her in the soid av the head ivery marnin', reg'lar. Oi give you my worred, sor, Oi left her for dead five marnin's out av six. That's the result? She loves me."

"She does, eh?"

"Av coorse. If Oi kick that off mare in the ribs ivery toime Oi take her out of the harness, she does exactly as Oi tell her when she's in the harness, an' if Oi pat her neck onst in a while, she thinks Oi'm a darlin'. Well, women iz about the same as horses. Don't give yersel' away by treatin' thim too koind, an' yer dead sure av a good thing. Oi ought ter know. Oi've got six horses, and Oi've had three wolves!"

—BLAKELY HALL.

## A REVIVAL OF "PINAFORE."

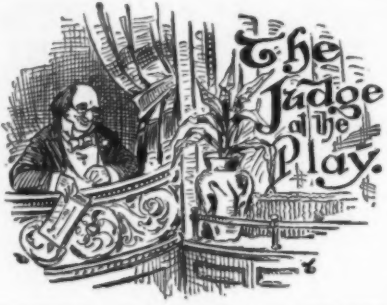
AN Italian organ-grinder, a harbinger of spring, came along the other day with an organ and monkey. Some unscrupulous villain in the hand-organ manufacture had put him up a machine that played nothing but "Pinafore" airs. The Italian who had been grinding the thing all last summer, had at last learned that the music was "Pinafore." He stopped in front of the office and ground away until he had exhausted his repertoire, and then we stepped to the door and inquired: "What music is that you are playing, sir?"

"Pinafore," answered the unsuspecting son of sunny Italy.

"Did you ever play any other music?"

"Well, hardly ever."

The lye-bottle and contents struck him plumb amidst as he started to grind, "I am the captain," etc., and closing the office-door, we remarked, "bad language I eschew," etc. But this office knows how to hurt lye! "And don't you forget it."



BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S "Siberia," with its old-time flavor of "Leah the Forsaken," "The Two Orphans," and "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," continues to astonish and electrify the large audiences that attend Haverly's Theater every night. To lovers of lurid melodrama, this piece affords no end of enjoyment. There are enough massacres, conflagrations and abductions in it for a dozen plays, but if Mr. Campbell has seemed reckless in his use of materials, he has handled them skillfully and worked them up into an exciting and popular play.

The pictures of Russian life it presents are rather peculiar, and some of the costumes are startling, although they may be true to life. The military scenes are effective, and the really fine tableaux at the end of each act are always vociferously applauded.

Miss Georgia Cayvan acts throughout with great ability, and makes a picturesque and beautiful Jewess. Her fine elocution and dignified and graceful bearing are worthy the admiration they excite. Gustavus Levick, as the soldier hero, who follows his betrothed to the mines, has a part well fitted to his style, and plays with energy and spirit, though at times his enunciation is too rapid to be intelligible. Max Freeman has simply transposed himself and his restaurant from "Divorcees" to "Siberia," and Miss Mortimer behaves as well as could be expected of one who is continually being abducted. The rest of the cast is unusually good, and the scenery and mounting, all that could be desired. In short, the play pleases the public, and we suppose that is what it was written for.

Gunter's "Dime Novel" has proved a dire and utter failure at the Bijou. Mr. Williams' music was rather bright and spirited, but the libretto was so atrociously bad, that Mozart himself could not have saved it. Mr. Gunter's idea may have been a good one, but his satire failed to be even satirical. It was never funny, but vulgar, dull and wearisome, and last Saturday night it breathed its last, and the Bijou will now be closed until the 1st of May.

"The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" has been sent to Brooklyn, and next Saturday the fair and lovely Theo and the ardent Capoul will make the Casino ring with the music of "Le Jolie Parfumeuse." Theo's little song, "Pi-Quit," alone is worth twice the price of admission.

Barrett, with his platitudes and "stained glass attitudes," has left the Grand Opera House, and "The Black Flag" triumphantly waves there this week. "The Long Strike" has gone from the Bowery to the Mount Morris Theater; and Raymond, as Major Boh, is "In Paradise" at the Windsor.

"The Silver King" is as brilliantly successful as ever, and Rose Coghlan and Mr. Tearle grow more and more popular. "A Parisian Romance" will finish the season at the Union Square, and "7-20-8" has made a decided hit at Daly's.

"Micaela" has drawn its last expiring breath at the Standard, and as we go to press we find that "old things have become new"—that "Pinafore" has been revived, and that enthusiastic audiences are enjoying its time-worn melodies as of yore.

What is called the new "Iolanthe" is doing well at the Fifth Avenue; though what there is new about it we are at a loss to decide. The costumes being the same as those worn at the Standard, are not particularly novel, and Miss Roche and Miss Jansen we think we have heard before. However, the performance is very good, and Mr. Dixey is a most excellent Lord Chancellor. "The Corsican Brothers" have left Niblo's, but "The Of-course-I-can Brothers" may still be seen at the San Francisco Minstrels. Thatcher, Primrose, and West are at the Cosmopolitan. Miss Lillian Russell

having sung here on Sunday last—and a photograph of the interesting invalid having been presented to every lady in the audience—we are waiting to hear what she will do next.

This is said to be the last month of "Young Mrs. Winthrop." After the withdrawal of Y. M. W., Mrs. Burton Harrison's comedy of "A Russian Honey-moon" will be produced. This is expected to run a few weeks and it will be succeeded by a new comedy.

"Monte Cristo" will shortly be withdrawn from the stage of Booth's Theater to make room for "It is Never Too Late to Mend;" and Mr. Harrigan's new play, "A Muddy Day," will soon take the place of "The McSorleys," who will take up their feather-bed and depart.

At Tony Pastor's the irrepressible "Mascot" may again be seen and heard; and Williamsburg rejoices in Comic Opera and Joseph Murphy—while the McCaul Company and "Old Shipmates" are in Brooklyn.

It's highly proper for the master of a bark to set the dog watch.

Polished pupils must be next of kin to glazed eyes.

Modern society appears to be full of talented and adaptive people who can do almost everything, except a generous action.

Tradesmen everywhere admit that if they can sell their goods, they can-cel their obligations.

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T. W.—Yes.

D. L. C.—Why not?

D. S. McC.—Before many moons.

W. L. O., JR.—Let us hear from you frequently.

I. LEVY.—The Coney Island season has not begun.

J. A. H.—THE JUDGE always pays liberally for good matter.

N. M. B.—Your poetry has an ancient and untimely appearance.

J. E. F.—Good. Give your information to Hannibal Hamlin Johnson.

T. K. J.—Yes, Blakely Hall is the author of the original car sketches, written expressly for the New York Star and THE JUDGE.

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S. K. T.—We must continue to urge upon you and all other would-be contributors, that slangy, bar-room sketches will not be accepted by THE JUDGE.

#### Castoria.

"Why don't I sleep—what makes I cry?"  
Quite well you know, dear Aunty Fy,  
When stomach ache and moul is sour,  
And mamma sleeps at midnight hour,  
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Same as Aunty gives Victoria.

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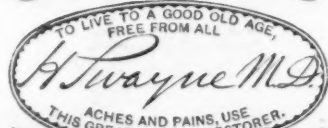
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"I HAVE a lovely collie, a parrot, and an excessively ugly but fashionable German dog, with very short legs and long body," said Mrs. Langtry, and then Freddy blushed clear up to his ears.—*Old City Blizzard.*

Four young ladies died at Lexington, Ky., the other day from over-exertion. But the dear young creatures of Texas needn't get scared and resign the wash-tub and kitchen to their old mammas. The over-exertion of the young ladies in question was produced at the skating-rink.—*Star Vindicator.*

A SCIENTIST says the sun is an artist, and "prints thousands of millions of pictures in five minutes." The sun must be the oldest of the "old masters;" and it is not surprising that the country is now flooded with peddlers selling "beautiful oil paintings in rich gilt frames" for three dollars and a half. The sun has overstocked the market.—*Norristown Herald.*

FOREPAUGH'S \$10,000 beauty having recovered \$150 damages from the showman, a half-pint of peanuts in a paper bag will next season pass as a quart, and one lemon instead of two will be used in making four gallons of circus lemonade.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

We learn from a New York paper that the editor of London *Punch* is twice married and has fourteen children. If we have ever spoken disparagingly of the gentleman's humor, we beg his pardon. He is working against great odds.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

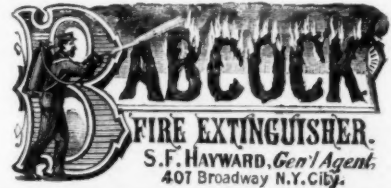
THE Prohibitionists will do well not to object too strongly to making men the officers of their associations because they have wine on their tables. If drunkenness in all its grades were caused only by what men drink at home, there would be precious little of it seen in public.—*Boston Evening Star.*

A SIX-YEAR-OLD boy, in the Third Ward, asked his father this morning if the Tariff Bill which the men were all talking about was a brother of Buffalo Bill, and wanted to know when the show was coming to Lockport.—*Lockport Union.*

He had just come through from Idaho, and a stock-buyer and grain merchant who happened to hear him say so, turned and said:

- "Has the winter been a hard one out there?"
- "Wust in fifty years."
- "Bad on railroads?"
- "I should remark!"
- "How about winter wheat?"
- "Frozen up solid."
- "You don't say! And live stock?"
- "Frozen as stiff as a crow-bar."
- "And the settlers?"
- "Froze right up in solid cakes."
- "Is that possible! Why, I haven't seen any such accounts in the newspapers. You say everything is frozen solid, eh?"
- "Well, I don't say everything, of course. Coming through Dakota I did see two or three living men, but it was nip and tuck with them. One of them had set a \$15,000 saw-mill on fire to warm up by, and the other two were rolling a barrel of frozen whisky up and down a hill half a mile long, and paying the owner two dollars a day for the privilege. I tell ye, stranger, a billion red-hot flat-irons wouldn't thaw out the frozen ears in my State alone, saying nothing of heels and toes!"—*Wall Street News.*

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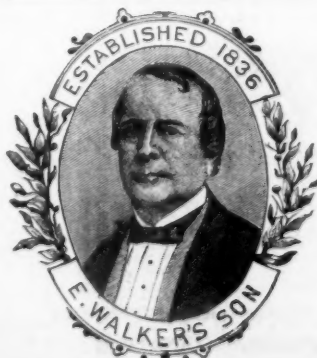
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And best of all the wash done in less than half the usual time! Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes:—it is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag Sweet and White, and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove the smell of Fish, Onions, etc. from the forks and dishes. When you have a dirty dish-rag don't blame your servants; it is not their fault; for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result is a foul dish-rag; use The Frank Siddalls Soap, made of Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.

No here is the Housekeeper's Choice! Common soap and a foul dish-rag—Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of

#### FOR HOUSE CLEANING

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike housekeeper. Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning: Use it for Washing Paints, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; ordinary soap is not fit for washing glass, while The Frank Siddalls Soap is the most elegant article for this purpose that can be imagined. For Washing Bed-Clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with contagious and infectious diseases, and for washing Utensils used in the Sick Room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without the least necessity of scalding or boiling a single article.

FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES— Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used; its ingredients being so pure and mild. Don't use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—don't even scald them—but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.

#### FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a Scratch; the Soap does not hurt. To be rinsed off.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is here publicly guaranteed to do everything claimed in this Advertisement, and positively contains nothing to injure the most tender skin, the most delicate colors, or the finest fabrics.

### JUDGE TOURGEE

in "OUR CONTINENT"  
Has fallen in line, and that well-known and ably-edited periodical says: That the publisher and his family having tested The Frank Siddalls Soap, are prepared to acknowledge its superiority over all other Soaps

Use it for Washing Windows and Mirrors

### Forney's Progress

(The world-renowned American society paper:—a piquant record of fashion and of fashion's doings, both in our own country and in Europe.) Enrolls itself among the warmest of the friends of The Frank Siddalls Soap, which has Mrs. Forney's earnest recommendations as being indispensable for both Toilet and Household use.

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Shaving

### N. Y. WEEKLY WITNESS

(The great family non-sectarian religious weekly, circulating in every State and Territory, and accepted as an authority by thinking men and women throughout the U. S.)

Gives editorial endorsement in the strongest language of every claim made for The Frank Siddalls Soap.

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes

### N. Y. FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER

(Undoubtedly the most influential Catholic Journal in America, edited by James S. McManister, Esq., a man whose sense of truth and justice is clear) Has given The Frank Siddalls Soap emphatic endorsement in the editorial column of his paper, insisting that his readers shall study their own interests by availing themselves of its valuable qualities for Toilet as well as for Laundry use.

Do not omit to read our Special Premium to the Wives of Grocers

### FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Artist, the Actor, the Bath at the Turkish Bath, the Barber, the Hotel, the Stable, the Railroad, the Army, and the Navy, will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap. —FOR SHAVING—

Its heavy, lasting Lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible; the face never burns or smart, no matter how dull the razor, how tender the skin, or how closely shaved, and the Soap and Soap Cup will always be sweet-smelling. IMPORTANT FOR SHIPBOARD AND ARMY USE:—It washes freely in hard water, and where water is scarce, remember that The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing only takes a few buckets of water for a large wash.

FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, ETC.— It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., it is indispensable. No Stable is complete without it. For harness it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather and rendering it soft and pliable, while for washing cars and car-windows, cleaning the running gear and bodies of line carriages, it is without a rival; by its use paint and varnish will last much longer, and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal.

### SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse, and the Patient, its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar Soaps for use in the Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.

IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS— In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh—one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.

#### AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT

For Washing Old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing Chafed places on Infants and Adults; for use by persons suffering with Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Kingworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the face, and for children afflicted with Scaly Incrustations, it is without any of the injurious effects so often experienced when any other soap is used, while for washing the invalid it is a most valuable aid to the Physician, by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise tend to counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.

Leters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions. Use it for washing sores on the feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes. Always leave plenty of the lather on—don't rinse the lather off.

For Washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

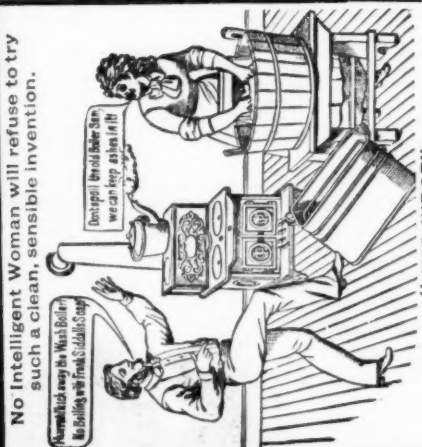
# SPECIAL PREMIUM TO THE WIVES OF GROCERS.

A most magnificent Premium can be had by the Wife of every Grocer in the United States, the Wife of every Grocer in Philadelphia, together with business card or family wash strictly by the very easy directions, and then send word by mail to the office in Philadelphia, to get this valuable premium. **IF YOU SELL THE SOAP YOU CAN GET A CAKE OUT OF THE STORE TO TRY.** (The Premium is NOT sent until AFTER a thorough trial of the Soap has been made.) **IF NOT, A CAKE WILL BE SENT BY MAIL, FREE OF CHARGE, IF THE 2 PROMISES ARE MADE.** The offer is NOT a humbug:—letters get prompt attention. If you don't get any reply to your letter asking about the present, it will be because you have not sent proof that you are the wife of a grocer.

Sold in New York by H. K. & F. B. THURBER & Co., FRANKS & Co., FRANCIS H. LEAGERTT & Co., AVSTIN, NICHOLS & Co., and many others.—Sold by every Wholesale and Retail Grocer in Philadelphia.—Sold in Chicago by W. M. HOYT & Co., HARMON, MERIAM & Co., ROCKWOOD BROS., and many others.—Sold in Boston by BRIDGES & SANFORD, MARTIN L. HALL & Co., HOWARD W. SPIER & Co., and many others.—Sold in Trenton, Newark, HARTBURG, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Baltimore, New Orleans, Providence, Brooklyn, San Francisco, Washington, Ithaca, Utica, Troy, Hartford, New Haven, Rochester, Newark, Wilmington, Louisville, St. Paul, Omaha, Victoria (B. C.), Halifax, Montreal, Montreal, Wheeling, Columbus, Erie, Cleveland, Buffalo, Milwaukee, Detroit, Toledo, Portland, Syracuse, Dayton, Peoria, Jersey City, Archon, Jacksonville, Jackson, Birmingham, Bridgeport, Quincy, Terre Haute, Davenport, Cedar Rapids, Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo, Archon, Jacksonville, Jackson, Birmingham, Bridgeport, Quincy.

**FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION**—All Perfumes are injurious to the Skin; The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed, but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, that is always pleasant, even to an invalid. It never leaves any odor on the Skin; the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce; it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—a child will not dread having its face washed when the Frank Siddalls Soap is used, as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even the Imported Castile Soap causes; it always leaves the skin Soft and Smooth. No tooth powder or tooth wash will compare with it. A little on the tooth brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean. It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth brush. This Soap is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake water. **PERSONS WHO DESIRE A MISTY SPONGE OR WASH-RAG** will appreciate the Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever a sponge has a disagreeable odor, it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag as clean as when it is first used. The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun. When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing; plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair (not washed out); it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoline, Pomade, or any hair-dressing. Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the scalp:—Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.

**HOW A LADY CAN GET SOAP TO TRY**  
At Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.  
Send the retail price to cents in Money or Postage Stamps.  
Say she saw the Advertisement in "The Judge."  
(Only send for One Cake, and make the following Two Promises:)  
**Promise No. 1**—That the Soap shall be used the first wash-day after receiving it, and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.  
**Promise No. 2**—That the person sending will personally see that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be exactly followed.  
By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, postage prepaid, and it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in Postage Stamps will be put on.  
All this is done for 10 cents, because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.  
Only one cake must be sent for, but after trying it, the stores will then buy it from their wholesale houses to accommodate you, or you can order direct from the Factory.  
A Cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer or the Wife of a Minister, if the above TWO promises are made.  
Make the promises very plain, or it will not be sent.



"THE JUDGE" authorizes the statement that a thorough test of The Frank Siddalls Soap for Toilet and General Household Uses in the houses of gentlemen connected with its staff proves it to be everything claimed.

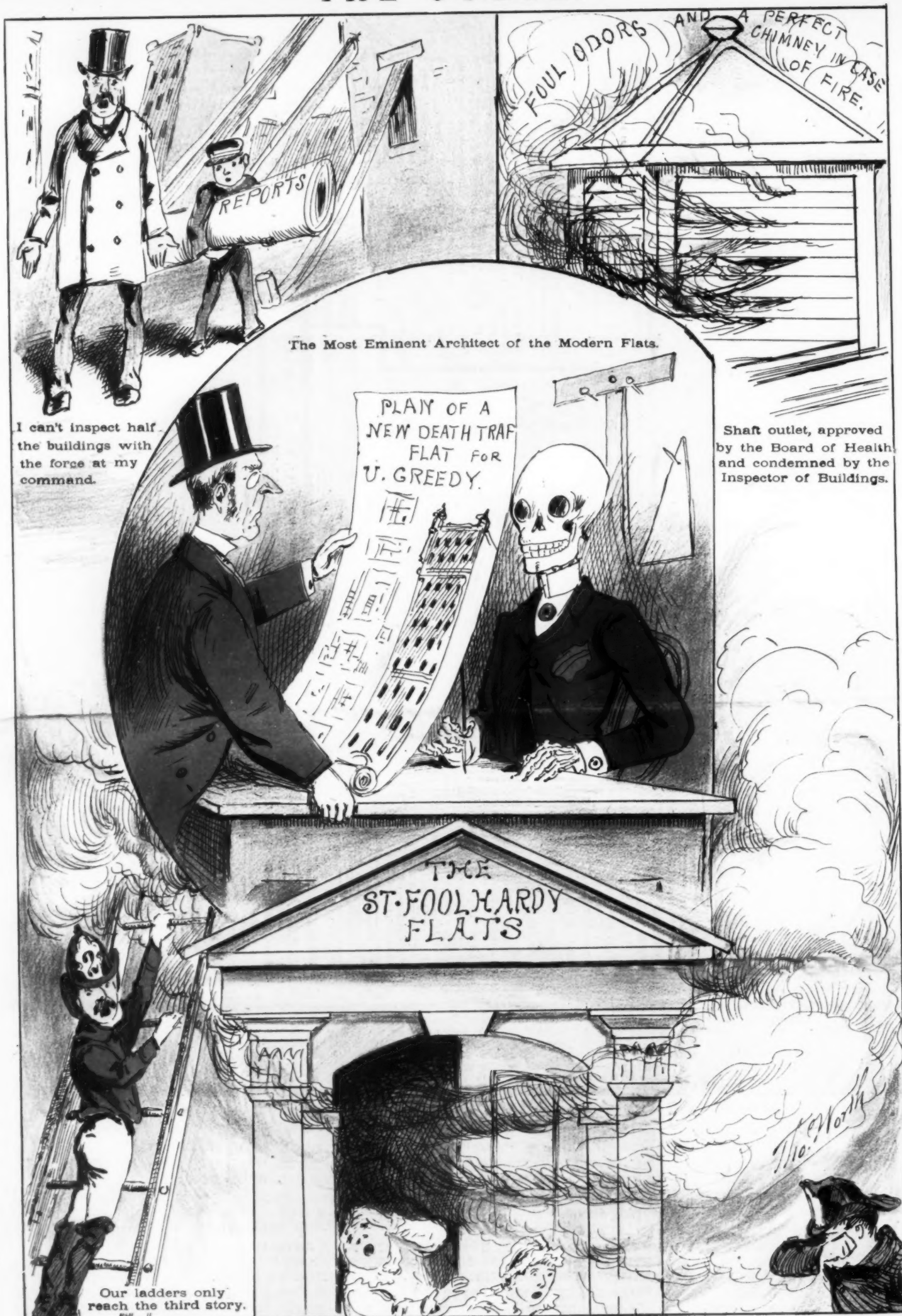
**ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES**—Eminent physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are caused by Soap made from rancid grease; use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid such troubles. Artificial Teeth and Artificial Eyes will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap. It Washes Telescope Lenses and Photographers' Plates without a possibility of scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in Schools of Design for washing the expensive brushes used by the students. The hands of those at farm work, when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, will not chap from husking corn, driving teams, and other out-door employment, but of course no home-made or other soap (not even Castile) must be used. —Try it for washing your Eye—Glasses and Spectacles.— If you have a Pet Dog wash it with The Frank Siddalls Soap; be sure to leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed occasionally with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas. Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets. Use it for wiping off oil cloths, linoleum, etc.—it keeps the colors bright, and as it does away with scrubbing them, they will, of course, last much longer. Milk, Pops, Churns, and all MILK Utensils when washed with the Frank Siddalls Soap will be as clean and sweet as new, and do not require scalding or putting in the sun. It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

The Frank Siddalls Soap never fails when it falls into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor. **How to Tell a Person of Refinement.** A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way. **How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.** A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible Directions. **How to Tell a Person of Honor.** A Person of Honor will seem to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow directions so strongly urged. **How to Tell Sensible Persons.** Sensible Persons will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods. Don't get the old wash-boiler method, but next Wash-day give one honest trial to The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes. If your letter gets no attention, it will be because you have not made the promises, or because you have sent for more than one cake. You must NOT send for more than one cake, if a friend wants to try it, she MUST send in a separate letter.

**And Now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel, Ladylike FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES**—There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age, who has common sense, will have no trouble in following them:— **FIRST**—Dip one of the garments in the tub of water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places. Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. **NEXT**—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, but DON'T use any more Soap; DON'T SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DON'T wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold, add some hot water out of the tea-kettle. **IF A STREAK IS HARD TO WASH, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes.** **NEXT COMES THE RINSING**—which is to be done in lukewarm water, AND IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRT SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinse-water (without using any more Soap) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSE-KEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS. **Next, the Blue-water**—which can be either lukewarm or cold; Use little or no Bluing, for this Soap takes the place of Bluing. **STIR A PIECE OF THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry DECIDEDLY SOAKY.** But the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE. Afterward wash the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash in the same way as the White Pieces, being sure to make the last rinse-water soapy. **The most delicate colors will not fade when washed this way, but will be the brighter.**

Address all Letters:—Office of THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 1019 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

# THE JUDGE.



THE MODERN FLAT BUILDING.