

A Mad Judge.

A judge out in Western Pennsylvania went in the river to bath the other morning, and while he was swimming about, some abandoned scoundrel stole all his clothes, except his high hat and umbrella. We won't try to tell how mad the Judge was, because although the English language is copious, its most efficient and vigorous adjectives are entirely unequal to the expression of certain degrees of emotion. But he stayed in the water about four hours, experimenting with the different kinds of imprecations, and endeavoring to select two or three of the sturdiest oburgations for application to the thief. At last he came out and after mounting the high hat, he opened the umbrella and tried to cover his retreat up the street toward his house. It appeared to the Judge that all the female pupils of the boarding schools, and one Woman's Right's Convention, were out promenading that day; and that Judge had an awful time going through the Zouave drill with the umbrella. When he reached home he heard that the thief had been captured. The Judge is now engaged in writing out his charge to the jury in advance of the trial. Those who have seen the rough draft, say it is the most picturesque law paper ever drawn up in that county.

The following story is told by the New Orleans "Picayune" of the recent annual celebration of the Voudois: Their strange superstition requires an idol; not having one on hand for Saturdays celebration, they persuaded a well-known citizen to personate it. For this purpose he mounted a pedestal, arrayed in his robes of office. It was inconvenient to sit out in the boiling sun and receive the petitions of his worshippers all day long, but when night closed in he was somewhat surprised to learn that it was the custom of the Voudois to sacrifice their idols. On one side of him Maria Leone was preparing the sacrificial robe, while on the other Dr. Anotine was whetting the knife that was designed to kill him. Matters looked serious. The citizen looked around to appeal for help. Everywhere he met the upturned faces of the Voudois. It was more than he could endure, and with a yell of affright, and a wild jump for liberty, he cleared the circle at a bound, and made for the woods, the whole yelling pack at his heels. But terror lent him fleetness, and diverging towards the city, he soon found himself rapidly traversing Elysian Fields street, in direction of Washington Square. Here he met a policeman, who took him in.

Pat's Opinion of Whiskey.

Patrick O'Reardon, puts in an appearance before a Justice on the charge of habitual drunkenness. "You will persist in drinking, Pat," said the magistrate. "Faith, you may well say that; I'd get thirsty if I didn't." "Then you don't drink when you are thirsty, but only in fear that you may become so?" "Yes, sir." "And you think whiskey is better than water?" "It's stronger, sir." "But do you think it's as good?" "O, yes, sir, because you can mix them, and the whiskey kills the impurities in the water." "But what kills the impurities in the whiskey?" asked the Justice. "Nothing at all—it does all the killing itself," he replied, triumphantly, and looked very much as if he had established a proposition that admitted of no denial.

A Chinese Funeral.

A Chinaman who was murdered in San Francisco recently was given a grand funeral, some fifty carriages of Celestial sympathizers parading in a long procession, headed by a discordant band of Chinese musicians. The murdered man had been laid out in a new suit of clothes, with a quantity of feathers placed around his head. In his hands were placed a dirk-knife, and other weapons, with which he is expected to pitch into his murderers when they arrive in another world—if he can find them. From the shoes the soles were removed, the uppers being left. This was done so that he might step softly and reverently into the presence of his Joss. As usual, a quantity of Chinese provisions were put into the coffin, and left at the grave. Chinese wine—rice spirit—was also left at the grave; but alas! those profane Melian ruffians of the Golden City always follow these processions, and ruthlessly gobble all they can find eatable and drinkable as soon as the backs of the living Celestials are turned.

A man who married a buxom Irish girl greatly to the horror of his mother and sister, made the following defense: "If I married an American girl I must have an Irish girl to take care of her, and I cannot afford to support both of them. There is too much truth in his reply."

An apothecary originally carried his medicine about in jars—he was a pot-carrier—hence the word a pot-he-carries.

The Two Mooneys.

IN Baltimore, a short time ago, the death of William P. Mooney was announced, and a day was fixed for his funeral, to which his friends were invited. It seems that there were in the city two William P. Mooneys, each of whom had many acquaintances. Now the friends of the living William got an idea that he was dead; and so upon the day appointed for the funeral, they repaired to the house named in the advertisement, for the purpose of shedding a regretful tear or two over the remains of their departed friend. The existing Mooney also took a notion to call around, partly to see his namesake and partly that he might ascertain how it felt to attend a funeral at which a William P. Mooney officiated in the capacity of corpse. He arrived when the services were nearly ended, and he stood out in the vestibule, waiting for them to conclude. When all was over, some of his own misguided friends started for the street. They were amazed and alarmed to perceive right in the doorway the figure of the man whom they supposed to be dead! One of the party thought it must be the apparition of Mooney; so he poked it with his umbrella to ascertain if it was real. This hurt Mr. Mooney, and made him so mad that he struck the prober of ghosts with his cane. Then another of the party said to him:

"Why, Mooney, what are you doing out here? A man ought to conduct himself better than this at his own funeral." "Whose funeral?" said Mooney. "It's none of mine!" "See here, Mooney," they all said, "why don't you behave? You ought not to carry on so, after all the good things the minister said about you. It isn't right!" "Who are you talking about?" exclaimed William P., indignantly. "I'm as lively as you are." "Mooney, this is wrong!" urged the crowd; "this is all wrong. You know you are dead; you know that your family is roosting around up stairs there, crying and going on like mad. You ought to have more respect for their feelings than to be standing around here fighting. Now just go and get back into your coffin, and let the procession go quietly to the cemetery without any more fuss."

"Durn the procession," ejaculated the incensed Mooney. "I'm no more dead than you are." "Now, it's of no use arguing the point, William," said his friends. "The notice has been published in the papers; the undertaker has fixed you up comfortably in ice; crape has been tied on your door-knob, the Board of Trade has passed resolutions of respect to your memory; they have bought a nice marble monument to hold you down, and everything; so you must be dead. You can't go back on the Board of Trade, Mr. Mooney; now, can you?"

"It's a mistake," said Mooney; it's all a mistake. Let me explain it to you." "Oh, there's no need of explanation," said the friends; "the corpse is not in order! The simple fact is that you are a dead man. Here's the weeping family; there is the hearse, the undertaker, the minister, and the mourners, and in the parlor stands the coffin. Now, you have got to go in and be packed up in that coffin, whether you want to or not! Some men never know what is best for them, anyhow. We came here to have a funeral, and a funeral we are going to have, no matter if you don't like it. There is no use of saying you won't, for you have got to; so come along!"

Thereupon they seized Mooney and dragged him into the parlor. Those who witnessed the encounter say it was terrific. The report spread that the corpse was loose, and the undertaker and the pall bearers all joined in the fray, and the combat thickened, until Mooney broke from his tormentors and darted into the kitchen, where the undertaker knocked him down with a flat iron and pinned him to the floor with a poker through his clothes, until assistance could be secured. The truth was developed then, and Mooney was carried carefully to the hospital in a push cart. When he gets well he intends to search the directory, and to ascertain if another man named Mooney lives in Baltimore. If there is such a being, William P. proposes to ask the Legislature to furnish him with a Chinese name in eighteen syllables, and warranted unlike any other in the whole realm of Nature.

A Muddling Cold Night.

Not long since a man walked into one of the three stores in a Western town, and inquired of the proprietor if he had any more brandy like the last he got there and was told that he had. "Well," continued the customer who was from a mountain town, "I want to tell you about the last pint you sold me. I went home last night and hung the bottle up by the fire place. It was a muddling cold night, and when I got up in the morning I found the bottle had dropped on the hearth and broke to a thousand pieces; but, continued the mountaineer, with animation, "the brandy was all right!—there it hung on the nail, frozen solid than thunder!"

Agriculture a Fraud.

"NOT BY H. G."

THE basest fraud of earth is agriculture.

She has made me a thousand promises and broken every one of them. She has promised me early potatoes and the rain drowned them; late potatoes, and the drought has withered them. She has promised me summer squashes, and the worms have eaten them; winter squashes, and the bugs have devoured them.

She has promised cherries, and the curculio has stung them, and they contain living things uncomely to the eye and unsavory to the taste.

She has promised strawberries, and the young chickens have enveloped them and the eye cannot see them.

She has promised tomatoes, and the old hens have encompassed them.

No wonder Cain killed his brother. He was a tiller of the ground. The wonder is that he didn't kill his father, and then weep because he hadn't a grandfather to kill. No doubt his Early Rose potatoes, for which he paid Adam seven dollars a barrel, had been cut down by the bugs, from the head waters of the Euphrates. His Pennsylvania wheat had been winterkilled and wasn't worth cutting. His Norway oats had gone to straw, and would not yield five pecks per acre, and his black Spanish water-melons had been stolen by the boys, who had pulled up the vines, broken down his patent picket fence, and written scurrilous doggerel all over his back gate. No wonder he felt mad when he saw Able whistling along with his fine French Merinoes, worth eight dollars a head, and wool going up every day. No wonder he wanted to kill somebody and thought he'd practice on Able.

And Noah's getting drunk was not at all surprising. He had become a husbandman. He had thrown away magnificent opportunities. He might have had a monopoly of any profession or business. Had he studied medicine there would not have been another doctor within a thousand miles to call him "Quack;" and every family would have bought a bottle of "Noah's Compound Extract of Gopher Wood and Anti-Deluge Syrup." As a politician, he might have carried his own ward solid, and controlled two-thirds of the delegates in every convention. As a lawyer, he would have been retained in every case tried in the Ararat Quarter Session, or the old Ark High Court of Admiralty. But he threw away all these advantages and took to agriculture. For a long time the ground was so wet he could raise nothing but sweet flags and bulrushes, and these at last became a drug in the market. What wonder that when at last he did get half a peck of grapes that were not stung to death by Japhet's honey bees he should have made wine and drowned his sorrows in a "flowing bowl."

A Wonderful Clock.

R. D. Munson is a presistent Yankee, a native of Williston, Vermont, who has devoted ten of his four-score years to the achievement of making a clock that is more complicatedly ingenious than the Strausbourg time-piece, and vastly more serviceable. It runs eight days, and the dial marks the second, minute, hour, and day of the week, month and year; a thermometer rests against its pendulum, giving the state of temperature; the ball of the pendulum contains a miniature time-piece, which derives its motive power solely from its vibrating position, and keeps accurate time; with this there is a delightful musical apparatus, which plays an air at the end of each hour, and it is piously preconcerted so as to play only sacred tunes on Sunday, beginning and ending with the "Doxology." On national holidays the airs are diversified with "Yankee Doodle," etc. This wonderful time-piece presents a black walnut front ten feet high, twenty inches wide, and ten deep, and is embellished with profuse scroll-work and national designs.

More'n You'll Keep.

Some years ago an old sign painter, who was very cross, very gruff, and a little deaf, was engaged to paint the Ten Commandments on some tablets in a church not five miles from Buffalo. He worked two days at it, and at the end of the second day the pastor of the church came to see how the work progressed. The old man stood by smoking a short pipe, as the reverend gentleman ran his eyes over the tablets.

"Eh!" said the pastor, as his familiar eye detected something wrong in the wording of the precepts "why, you careless old person, you have left a part of one of the commandments entirely out; don't you see?"

"No; no such thing," said the old man, putting on his spectacles; "no, nothing left out—where?"

"Why, there," persisted the pastor; "look at them in the Bible; you have left some of the commandments out."

"Well, what if I have," said old Obstinacy, as he ran his eye complacently over his work. "There's more there than you'll keep!"

Another and a more correct artist was employed on the next day.

Married Without Knowing It.

Mr. Thomas Cooper, an Englishman, has published an account of his travels in Tibet, which he visited disguised as a Chinaman. Among his stories is the following:

He was just halting for breakfast, after leaving the Tibetan town of Bathang, when a group of young girls, gayly dressed and decked with garlands of flowers, came out of the grove and surrounded him. Some of them holding his mule, while others assisted him to alight. He was then led into a grove, where he found a feast prepared, and after he had eaten and smoked his pipe, the girls came up to him again, "pulling along in their midst a pretty girl of sixteen, attired in a silk dress, and adorned with garlands of flowers." "I had already noticed," Mr. Cooper adds, "this girl sitting apart from the others during the meal, and was very much astonished when she was reluctantly dragged up to me, and made to seat herself by my side; and my astonishment was considerably heightened when the rest of the girls began to dance around us in a circle, singing and throwing their garments around me and my companion. The meaning of this performance was, however, made clear to Mr. Cooper. He had been married without knowing it. At first he tried to escape the liability entailed upon him; but such an outcry was made by all the people around that he was forced to carry off his bride. He managed to get rid of her before very long by transferring her to one of her relations, but even that was not treated as a dissolution of the marriage. On his way back he was joined by a Tibetan dame, about thirty years old, who said she had come with the consent of her husband, to supply her daughter's place. We can well imagine Mr. Cooper's surprise at meeting with this novel proposal on the part of his mother-in-law.

A Short Courtship.

A Cincinnati paper relates an incident which develops a new feature in railroad travelling, and shows that courting can be done at thirty miles an hour. It occurred on Little Miami railroad. A lady, somewhat past that period of life which the world would term young, was on her way to this city. At a point on the road a traveller took the train. After walking up and down between the seats, the gentleman found no unoccupied seat except the one half of that upon which the lady had deposited her precious self and crinoline. As the train flew along at express speed, the strangers entered into a cozy conversation. The gentleman was pleased and the lady certainly did not pout. After other subjects had been discussed and worn threadbare, the lady made inquiry as to the price of sewing-machines, and where such an article could be purchased in the city. The gentleman ventured the opinion that she had "better secure a husband first." By the time the train arrived at the depot in this city, the proposal had been made and accepted. The party separated; the gentleman, in good earnest, started for a license, and the lady made her way to a boarding-house on Broadway, above Third, for a dinner. At two o'clock the gentleman returned with a license and a justice, to the great astonishment of the fair one, and, after a few tears and half-remonstrative expressions, she submitted with becoming modesty, and the squire performed the little ceremony in a twinkling. The happy couple departed for Louisville, en route for New Orleans and California.

The Barber's Joke.

THE celebrated Henry first, Viscount Mellville, was on a visit to Edinburgh, shortly after the passing of some unpopular measure to which he had given support. On the morning after his arrival, he sent for a barber to shave him at his hotel. This functionary, a considerable humorist, resolved to indicate his sentiments respecting his lordship's recent procedure as a legislator. Having decorated his lordship with an apron, he proceeded to lather his face. Then flourishing the razor, he said:

"We are obliged to you, my lord, for the part you lately took in the passing of that odious bill."

"Oh, you're a politician!" said his lordship. "I sent for a barber."

"I'll shave you directly," added the barber, who, after shaving one half of the beard rapidly drew the back of the instrument across his throat, saying, "Take that, you traitor!" and rushed out of the room.

Lord Mellville, who conceived that his throat had been cut from ear to ear, placed the apron about his neck, and with a gurgling noise shouted "Murder!" The waiter immediately appeared, and, at his lordship's entreaty, rushed to procure a surgeon. Three members of the medical faculty were speedily in attendance; but his lordship could scarcely be persuaded by their joint solicitation to expose his throat, around which he firmly held the barber's apron. At length he consented to an examination; but he could only be convinced by looking into a mirror that his throat had been untouched. His lordship, mortified by the merriment which the occurrence excited, speedily returned to London.

DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP,

The Best in the World!

STRICTLY PURE!

NO SAND! NO ROSIN! NO CLAY!

NO ADULTERATION OF ANY KIND!

Children Can Do The Washing. No Washboard Required. No Boiling Needed.

By the use of the Unequaled and Unapproachable

Dobbins' Electric Soap,

Clothes, Money, Fuel, Labor, Time and Temper, ALL ARE SAVED!

Try it once, and use it ever afterward. Every Grocer Sells It. Every Family Uses It.

NO ONE CAN DO WITHOUT IT!

Be sure that the wrapper has on it the cut of Mrs. Fogy and Mr. Enterprise, and that each bar is stamped with the name of the inventor and originator, J. R. Dobbins, as none other is genuine. Like everything of great value, it is extensively counterfeited, and the market filled with false and worthless Electric Soaps, not worth house-room, and dear even if given away.

The Finest American Toilet Soap, fully equal to the French made by a French soapmaker in the same manner as the French soaps are made, and sold at one-fourth their price, is

TRIPLE SCENTED

Dobbins' Toilet Soap!

NO TOILET IS COMPLETE WITHOUT IT! The Best Emollient in the Market!

It is given the preference at every watering place in the country, and is for sale everywhere.

Please Ask For It

Don't be put off with any cheap common soap. Try it, and see how much BETTER it is than we say.

The only Boot Polish that will produce a Brilliant and Lasting Shine, and, at the same time preserve the Leather, is

Dobbins' Electric Boot Polish,

MAKES OLD BOOTS LOOK LIKE NEW ONES, AND CALF-SKIN LIKE PATENT LEATHER.

It is put up in a Patent box, the greatest novelty of the age. The box alone is worth more to keep than the price of Box and Polish combined.

"KRUGHAT,"

The Genuine Turkish Bath compound, used in all Oriental countries, in the bath, and manufactured by us on a license and royalty, in exact style, odor and quality from the original receipt, as that made in Constantinople, and import duties, premium on gold, etc., saved, thus enabling us to sell it at a very low price. By its use a bath becomes indeed a luxury. Very highly scented, and producing numerous effects upon the skin. It is really worth a trial.

If you want to enjoy life and drive away dull care, use for your Clothes

DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP!

Use for your person

DOBBINS' TRIPLE SCENTED

Toilet Soap!

USE FOR YOUR BOOTS DOBBINS' ELECTRIC BOOT POLISH.

Use in the Bath

"KRUGHAT,"

And Subscribe for the "Electric Messenger,"

a Beautiful Fashion Paper, sent FREE to all who will send their name to the Sole Proprietors.

I. L. CRAGIN & CO.,

119 South Fourth Street, PHILADELPHIA. 102 Barclay Street, New York. 144 State Street, Boston. This Soap is for Sale by F. Mortimer & Co., New Bloomfield, Pa.—4 87 1/2