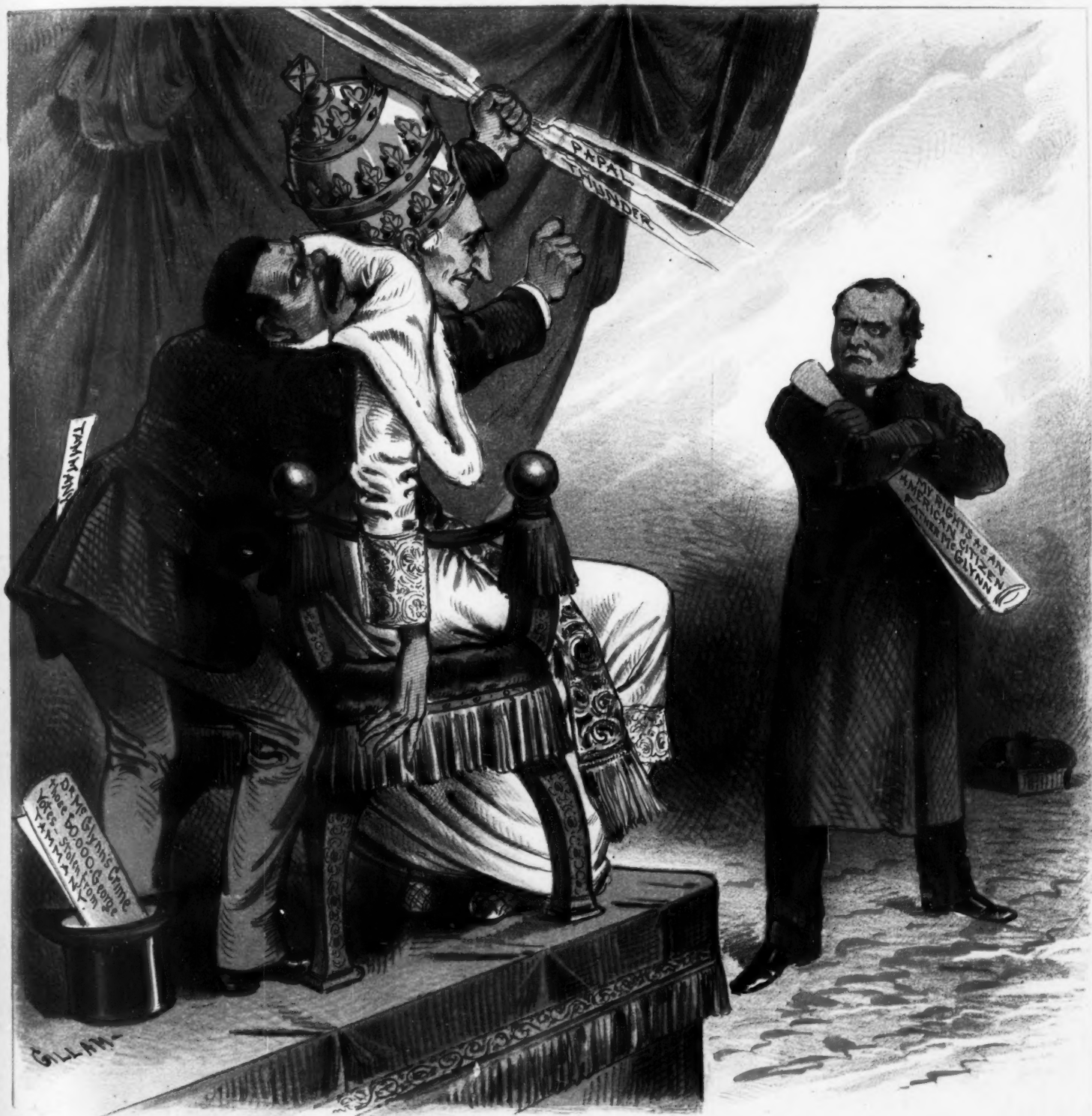


# Judoe

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, COPYRIGHT 1887.



THE POWER BEHIND THE POPE.

"The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau."



## Judge

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

President ..... W. J. ANKELL  
 Vice-President ..... HARRY B. HART  
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THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
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 New York.

IF IT ALWAYS AFFECTS Abram Hewitt in that way another victory would kill him.

THERE IS THAT IN JIMMY HUSTED which no man can predict, and if he did he might be sorry for it.

MR. SMITH M. WEED didn't expect to go to Washington; wherefore he flourishes and will grow up with the flowers of spring.

SOROSIS IS NINETEEN years old, but there is not one of the members who joined it in the beginning who looks it. It seems odd.

THERE IS ONE very sad thing about Sorosis. Judge Hilton once gave it the requisite opportunity, but it never learned how to run a hotel.

MISS VAN ZANDT, who wanted to marry Spies, having gone to Rome with her ma, will perhaps find it profitable to go through the rest of the performance.

"TRUTH, NOT POETRY, is what we are aiming at," says the *Tribune*. In other words, the *Tribune* would like to shoot the truth. Well, may it have its labor for its pains.

SOMEBODY ASKS, "Where is the ideal wife?" If he is really anxious in the premises all he has to do is to find the ideal husband, it being a habit of the two to travel very much together.

THE FIVE FINE OVERCOATS that S. J. Tilden left are wanted by at least a dozen Democratic leaders who would have to be advertised as strayed or stolen the moment they got into them.

THE OPPONENTS OF MR. BISMARCK in the dissolved reichstag proposed to show that Germany was Germany; but presently the grizzled autocrat will show them that Germany is Bismarck.

THE SENATORSHIP THIS YEAR, according to the Rochester *Herald*, stopped off at Syracuse. That's too bad. The main purpose of stopping off at Syracuse is in most instances to get intoxicated and miss the next train.

IT IS TO BE OBSERVED that the Democratic admirers of Mr. Conkling have suddenly ceased

their devotional adjectives; but they have made their choice and the JUDGE will see to it that they run the gentleman for president.

CONGRESSMAN GROUT of Vermont has introduced a bill to enable the people to select their own postmasters. Now that we have a Democratic administration—if we may be permitted to be a little more frank than Congressman Grout is—it is an excellent idea.

THE DEMOCRATS OF THE HOUSE cannot be induced to touch the tariff with a pole of the regulation length for such experiments. What a pitiful set of cowards they are! Let them catch a glimpse of the shadows cast by their own ears and they will perish of fright.

AT LAST ACCOUNTS, according to the *Courier-Journal*, the star-eyed goddess, spy-glass in hand, was wandering around the government departments, looking for an honest Democrat. Poor girl! The kind of glass she wants for that kind of discovery is not a spy-glass.

EDWIN COWLES of the Cleveland *Leader* has concluded to support Robert Lincoln for president in 1888. Robert is a good boy and his time will come in due season; but if he has won his spurs he is so little accustomed to them that he wears them on the toes of his boots.

MR. TENNYSON in his new "Locksley Hall" argues that the world has retrograded, and expresses the utmost contempt for the doctrine of

human equality. We don't know what Alfred has been doing, but if he might bring back his old innocence he would greatly benefit his old eyesight.

THE DEATH OF OLD MR. PAINE, miser and millionaire, is a lesson for the careless which should be heeded. Persons having packages of from a hundred thousand to half a million dollars will send them to us at once. We put them in their charge and afterward forgot them. They will remember the several occurrences. Ah what a careless, careless world it is!

### PENSION THEM ALL.

It is proposed by a Massachusetts legislator to pension a Massachusetts poet. The idea is an excellent one, and is incidentally a demand for the rights of states and smaller localities in the matter of literature. One of our sweetest obituary poets, for instance, is a Mrs. Rogers of Tonawanda, Pa., and if the board of trustees of that village do not immediately pension her they ought to be denied the privilege of formal departure as long as they live.

### THE COMPANY IS MISCELLANEOUS.

It is complained that fashionable ladies in Washington do not attend the funerals of their fashionable companions. Doubtless, however, the deceased are to blame for that. They do not perish according to the forms pre-

### NOT SO GREEN.

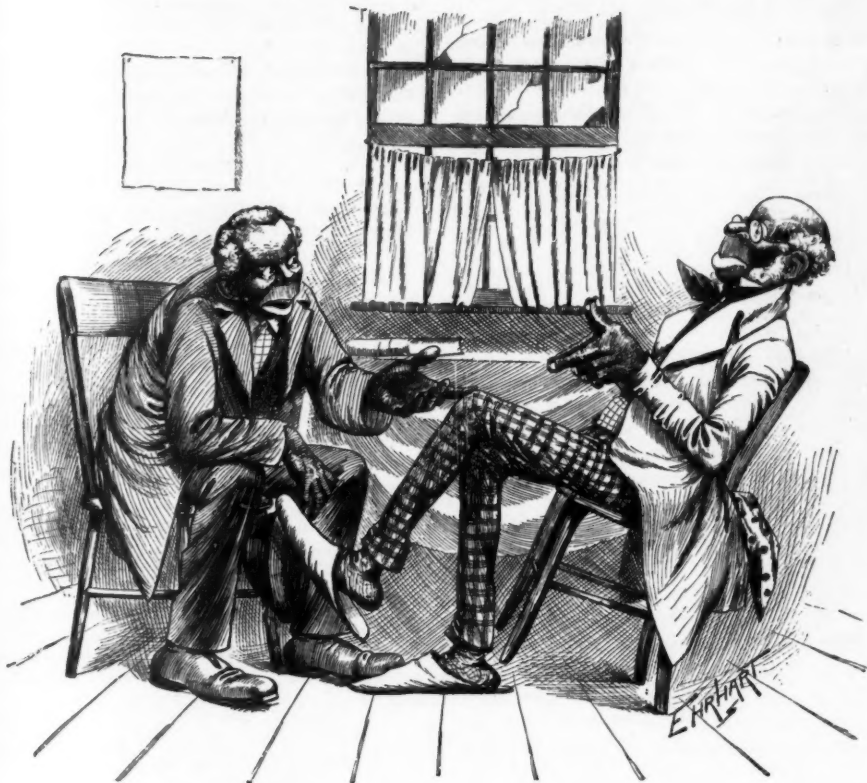


COUNTRYMAN (examining a watch)—"Gosh, what luck! I've found a gold watch."

CITY SHARP—"Ah well, its mine. Here are five dollars for a reward."

COUNTRYMAN (as he walks off)—"That's a good game. I'll dispose of all those brass watches that way."

WHERE IT COMES HANDY.



MR. JOHNSON—"Speakin' ob de 'complishments ob eddycated people, what am de use ob learnin' de dead langwidges?"  
 CHURCH ELDER—"Use? Use nuf! What am you goin' to do when you am called to de judgmen' bar ob de Lor'? Got to speak de dead langwidges shua."

scribed for that peculiarity; and there is apt to be an absence of vivacity at funerals that is not conducive to enjoyment. Then, too, there are so many who die out of the season and totally without style; and furthermore there is the absence of certificate on the part of the attending angels that obliges one to refuse them recognition until they have more firmly established themselves.

THE NEW SENATOR from Minnesota, Cushman H. Davis, shows in an able paper that Shakespeare was a lawyer. And indeed he was. He was also a clergyman, a physician, a philosopher, a mechanic, an artisan, a prince, and at the same time a tramp and a beggar. But these are not discoveries, senator. Verily the facts were known long before William died.

FIGURES MUST NOT LIE.

It is well enough for Sorosis to say it is only nineteen years old. Few people are given to statistics, and sometimes it is irksome to tax the memory. Many a record of birth has been surreptitiously changed, and there are ladies who have been with this organization since it began. The writer is not absolutely correct as to dates; but he connects Sorosis with the arrival of the Agamemnon, which brought the first cable; with the campaign of Fremont and Jessie; with the hanging of John Brown and that of Filibuster Walker; with the annihilation of the Know-nothing party, and the celebrating of Gail Hamilton's seventieth birthday by the *Atlantic Monthly*. All of these great events excepting the last preceded the civil war; and Mrs. President Thomas will put that import-

ant fact in her pipe and smoke it if she isn't afraid of hurting the lace curtains.

THE INSULTS TO THE FLAG.

A policy at Washington at last! and that it is a popular one is shown by the fact that the Republican senate is for it to a man—for Riddleberger is of no consequence—the house is for it, and the administration is for it. The bully of the nations is to be brought to book, and those impudent Canadians must pay damages to the American fishermen they have robbed, apologize in good set terms to the government they have insulted, and promise good behavior for the future. That is the policy, and it has the amplest indorsement of every good man and woman in the United States. —And as to Mexico?

THE RULER WITH A REVOLVER.

The private detective must not assume too much. After all, he is not authorized to kill, as the policeman may be in extremely urgent cases; and after all it is not just or legal to kill men off-hand and without a formal trial, whether the shooter be a detective, a policeman, or any kind of gentleman of the law and the amenities. Gently, good officials. There are several individuals of your kind in the penitentiary and others of them have been hanged, and there may come a time when there will have to be a society for the protection of citizens against those who are paid to command the public peace.

THE RUDE, UNBRIDLED TRAIN-ROBBER.

The leading man in the last train robbery in Texas had, it is said, "an earnest countenance,"

and gave his orders in "a bold, animated tone." That is the trouble with all those fellows. It is also their business. If they would generously consent to employ timidity in face and voice there wouldn't be so many disagreeable surprises for the passengers. The latter might, thus encouraged, assume the earnestness and the animation themselves. The train-robber must learn to be more courteous, more deferential, more thoughtful of the welfare of others; otherwise the traveling public will be made up directly principally of individuals who ought never to travel without a guardian.

WHERE SHALL WE DRAW THE LINE?

Politics have nothing directly to do with the little disturbance between his holiness and Dr. McGlynn. It is the labor question and several of the innumerable social questions that are involved in it. They, however, are immediately interested in the ward and the larger politics of the city and state and nation, and the various political organizations propose to profit from them as far as they can. It is frequently remarked that the church must not meddle with the state. Let us promulgate the proposition that the state must not meddle with the church. Where then shall we draw the line? Heaven save us, good interrogator! would you have us write columns with the old and inevitable conclusion of reaching no point at all?

NOT AN INVITING EXHIBITION.

The JUDGE will not encourage the mugwump ballet. It is certainly harmless from every point of view; but if there is to be a ballet—and heaven forbid that the most inviting part of the human family should scrupulously hide itself from the public view—it must have grace of motion and flesh, poetry of movement, devoutness of legitimate purpose, and airiness of action and costume to some slight extent. This mugwump ballet is simply smirk, eye-glass and bone, where it doesn't happen to be grossness of exhibition, angularity of shank, awkwardness of pose, and protuberance of carbuncle; and the generous but discriminating public feels to say as it looks upon it, with the repentant elder who had seen the extreme woman of the dime museum, "Take me away! I want to go home and be a Christian."

THE WAY IT BEGAN.

When Adam made the acquaintance of Eve his first remark was, "Hah! Look here! There will inevitably be children and we will name one of them Dawes."

"Wherefore?" said the good lady, unconsciously thrusting out a heel to arrange an imaginary train, and fanning herself with an apple-blossom.

"Dawes," replied Adam, tickling his ear in a musing way, "will be taught to be fierce and tantalizing and unforgiving; and there must be another boy, who shall be good-hearted."

"The which," replied Eve, involuntarily searching for her uninvented bustle, "amuses me of a sufficiency; but I would know the reason therefor."

"Do you not see?" was the impatient answer. "Prithee exercise your intelligence. The patient lad shall be greatly annoyed by Dawes and then we shall have the requisite opportunity to protest unto him, 'Now, now, child! do not wear your heart upon your sleeve for Dawes to peck at.'"

And then the pair, having sprung the opening joke upon the impending centuries, wrapped themselves about the middle with a pre-historic *World* and sat them down to lunch.

## A NARROW ESCAPE.



SLIMKINS—"I understand you are going to get married."  
 DE JONES—"Yes, to a most charming girl; Miss Marie Mimosa."  
 SLIMKINS—"Mimosa! Why that's the young woman who just won \$1,500 of me for damages in a breach of promise suit."  
 DE JONES—"Guess you're right. I know she said she expected that amount from a relative she lost lately."

## Hum of the Court.

Sardou's play, "The Crocodile," having been a complete failure, perhaps those who have tears to shed had better do it now.

We don't believe the story that Frank Blair threatened to cut off Roscoe Conkling's ears; because, you know, Frank died a natural death.

An exchange tells how best to chloroform a lion. The only proper way that we know of is to get on a fleet horse and let the lion chloroform himself.

The *Detroit Free Press* says the people of Michigan have heard in a vague, uncertain way of George Washington. We really shouldn't have expected it.

"Clara Belle" talks largely of "the girl of newness." Dear child, when you get to be a man don't put your entire trust in that girl. They say she is not as new as she seems.

The editor of the *Buffalo Express* says the editor of the *JUDGE* once lived in Erie county. Well, God help him! that is so; but there be those, by heavens! who never got away from there.

The lady at the French ball who was fined for kicking was not justly used. We saw the lady, and are ready to make affidavit that she kicked as high as anybody could reasonably expect.

The lady at the French ball who seated herself in a champagne cooler would have done better not to incur the necessity of this wise action. Still, we do not care to be captious.

Mr. McQuade is such an expert laundryman

that he is more and more astonished because he wasn't born in China. It is a little late, but the gentleman might move for a reconsideration.

The editor of the *Saratoga Journal* says he did not teach John Morrissey how to play poker. These subterfuges are very depressing. We didn't mention John Morrissey at all. We said Charles A. Dana.

The *Albany Argus* suggests that the criminal be talked to death. We submit that if he survives the efforts of his lawyers and the opposition in that direction it would be no more than fair to let him live.

We know of few who are entitled to the slight pain and the long convalescing which belong to a sprained ankle; but there should be no child's play in order to bring it about, Mr. George W. of Philadelphia.

It is a great pity that Miss Van Zandt was not permitted to marry Anarchist Spies. In that

case the gentleman would have got his punishment regardless of the court, and we can't be too sure about these things.

The later novels of Zola are said to be an improvement on his older ones. We conclude, not that there has been a change in the literary morality of his admirers, but that he has so much money he doesn't know what to do with it.

It is not entirely certain that Mr Cluverius, the deceased murderer, took along with him the motto, worked in silk, "Heaven is thine;" but if he did he must have got the impression before this that the first word has too many letters in it.

This year the debutante is principally known as a bud; but if you were to call her that while she is contemplating her first train, meanwhile touching her chin with her open fan, she would smite you dead with the large scorn and distention of the developed rose of next June.

When a fat young woman like the Chicago Van Zandt fixes her arms about a man he's got about as far in the direction of retribution as he can easily go. She'll never let loose except through absolute violence, and a man worth being hugged would sooner die than resort to that.

We recall a paragraph in the *Dansville Advertiser* which questioned the *JUDGE*'s prediction that Frank Hiscock would be the next senator. It will be remembered that the *JUDGE* placed Mr. Hiscock slightly in the rear with the proposition fairly understood that the last would necessarily be first in due season. It is very cold weather in Livingston county at this time of year.

## OFF THE BANKS.



OLD CORNFODDER (on his first ocean trip)—"Say, steward! I hearn th' cap'n say as how we'd be off th' banks this afternoon, an' seein' as how I'm pooty near 'busted,' I'd like to draw on my letter o' credit; so when any of them air banks heave in sight let me know."

AN OLD GLOVE.



Fond girl, these tiny slips of kid  
Once your dear, dimpled digits hid,  
And to your elbow pretty  
They climbed without the least alarm;  
Or was it that they thought your arm  
The fairest in the city?

One finger's gone—the middle right:  
I use it, dear, when I indite  
My rhymes by yellow tapers,  
To shield my finger-nail from ink;  
How would you fare if you, just  
think!  
Lived on the comic papers.

That night! Can I forget that night?  
Again I see the candle-light  
And hear the rippling laughter.  
How many plates I passed between  
The openings in that teakwood  
screen!  
How soon I followed after!

I knew you feigned that stern surprise,  
I knew it by your twinkling eyes;  
Besides, you know your chatter  
Fell on a fascinated ear  
That time I bent my lips—my dear,  
I'll never breathe the matter.

But I've grown careless of my loves,  
And am as bad at crossing gloves  
As turning off a sonnet.  
The sight of it just made me grow  
A trifle warm, my dear, and so  
I penned these verses on it.

DE WITT STERRY.

PUTTING ON STYLE.



Mrs. HAGGERTY—"Hi, hi, ho, ho! An' phwat are yez doin' wid me hose?"

Mr. HAGGERTY—"Hould yure jaw, Julia! Shure th' aste soide shnow-shoe club mates thish aftynoon."

WAIL FROM SPECKLED HEN.



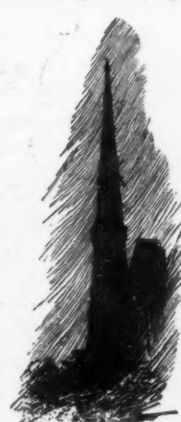
The following letter, recently received by an eastern millionaire, explains itself. I have, all along, clung with a wild and child-like faith to the belief that religion was free. It seems I am mistaken, or the gentleman from Speckled Hen is sordid and world-wise in his generous simplicity.

SPECKLED HEN, MONTANA, Dec. 12, 1886.

DEAR SIR—I see by the papers that you are throwing around your money sort of loose and careless-like. The papers say you don't think anything of bagging a railroad as an appetizer for dinner, and that you order a new steam yacht whenever your fancy wills. I don't

know whether the papers tell the truth or not, but I take the liberty to ask you if you have ever given the future state any serious consideration. Out here in the rowdy west we go in heavy on the future state. We live fast here, and there's no knowing how soon a fellow mortal may invite one or more of us to initiate a private burial ground. That is why we wrestle unceasingly with the future state. When one is

pews. The choir is fair; it was better than fair last month; but since the silver-toned tenor lost his mind through the agency of a rope—he stole a mule—we have labored under a serious disadvantage. Our pastor is growing a beautiful bald spot upon the bump of veneration. Once his locks were long, luxuriant, and turbulent. Now, in all respects but one we are well fixed and prepared for a wrestle against the sins of the flesh and Satan. What we want is a steeple to our church. We need a steeple bad. Men lie awake nights sighing for a steeple. Women dream about it and children cry for it. The hat has been passed around several times and the boys have all contributed generously. The last man who went around with the hat fell. He went down to Dead Man's Woe and drank every inch of that steeple. He now sleeps with his fathers—figuratively speaking. Two weeks ago we had a boxing match in the town hall for the benefit of the steeple. A good sum was taken in at the door, but before morning the fellow who had charge of the funds bucked against the tiger and blew in every square inch of the steeple to help swell Andy McClaren's coffers. And so it has been from the start. We have gathered in small crowds and talked the matter over. Sometimes the discussion has been heated; two or three times a faithful admirer of the steeple has punctuated his remarks with a bullet. Our grave-yard thrives, but our steeple don't grow an inch. If you can send us a few thousands to help raise the steeple toward the clouds we will put in a nice stained-glass window in your memory.



Respectfully your servant,

ALABASTER BLAKE.

N. B.—I just read in a Montana paper that Mr. Blake had been lynched for lifting a sorrel mare.

H. S. KELLER.

THE STILL, SMALL VOICE.

"What makes us prohibitionists?" asked a lecturer in Iowa. "It is the still, small voice inside of us." After the lecture there were forty-seven persons who wanted him to give them a sample of his ventriloquial powers.

A REQUEST.

First Ohioan—"Where are you going, Bob?"  
Second Ohioan—"Up to Cincinnati. In an awful hurry, too. If I miss this train I shan't go at all."  
First Ohioan—"Drop me a postal when you get there and let me know if you caught the train."



called upon to labor with this stupendous question one wants access to the house of devotion wherein he can give vent to his prayers and let up once a week at least upon bluff and cheek. We have a church here in Speckled Hen which seems to meet the requirements of but few. It is well located, spacious, and elegantly furnished with plush-cushioned

## AN IMPRESSION.



Ah! she is a giddy charmer,  
On this point make no mistake,  
And she vowed a deep impression  
On dear Adolph's heart to make.

So her smile was most bewitching  
As beside him down she sat,  
And she made a great impression,  
But she made it on his hat.

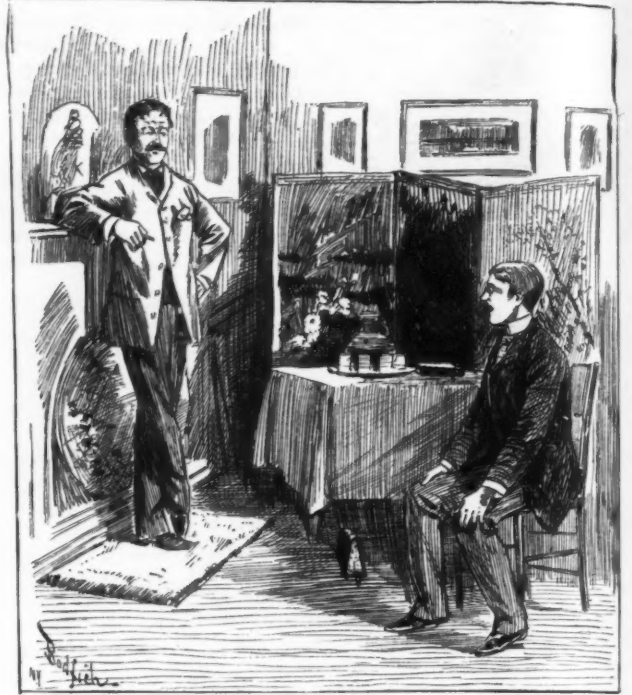
FRANK B. BRANDT.

## THE FAMILY ALBUM.

Did you ever look through a family album, gentle reader? No? Then come over here beside me and I will let you look at the "photos"

in mine. Now that first one is Aunt Sarah. She married this one over here. And that one there, with his hand resting on the back of the chair, was dead in love with her. Those?—oh they're her two children; one of 'em had the scarlatina when he was seven years old, and—Oh, you want to know who that is? Well, he used to come to see my sister Maggie. And this one way over back—but never mind; I'll tell you a story about him some other time. Now don't you think he's handsome—this one I mean? He used to come up here every summer, but law! he married the homeliest girl—that one there—and everybody in the village says she made him believe that her teeth were her own, and goodness knows—but I don't want to say anything about it. Now, that's pa, and that's ma before they were married. There's the house where we used to live before pa lost his money, and—Yes, that's my photo; doesn't look anything like me, does it? Think I'm better looking now? You don't mean it. That picture there? Oh, dear! it's slipped down. That's my cousin

## SUPPORT ASSURED.



SCROGGINS—"Well, old boy, are you making a good living now?"  
WIGGLER—"Oh, yes; my wife's still on the stage."

Bella; she came here to spend the summer with us and met a young man from the city, and they do say she jilted him. At any rate he went out west and married a girl who led him an awful life. A friend of mine told me about her and said that when he saw him last he hadn't a cent, and she used to carry on awful, and finally he died and she married again within about two months; wasn't it awful? The man she married had a big fortune they do say, and they came east, but she eloped and her husband didn't try to find out where she had gone, but he left and we heard he had married somebody down south; they do say that his wife was divorced and that her husband married a girl who waited on the table in the hotel where he was staying, and the young man who was paying attention to her shot himself. You want to know what that's got to do with Bella? Well, I thought you wanted to know about the pictures; but if you're going to act that way I shan't explain any more to you.

L. R. CATLIN.

## A STRIKE IN THE BAND.



LEADER OF ORCHESTRA—"All ready—Ah, what is the matter, Herr Schweinfurth?"  
HERR SCHWEINFURTH—"Dot overture vill have to wait some minude! Ohf dot feller vot plays te trum gan't geef from chewin' unt den usin' mine horn for von sewer I vill resign myselluf from dis pands."

## SERVANTS' RIGHTS.

Bridget—"Oi wud loik ter go out and spend the avenin' wid me aunt, Mrs. De-Jacken, if yez have no objections."

Mrs. De Jacken—"Why, Bridget, you were out last evening and all the previous day, and I don't see"—

Little Tommy (interrupting)—"O, yes, mamma! do let Bridget go. Her aunt is a splendid-looking fellow with big brass buttons on his coat, and I hear some one say that he was going to be made a sergeant."

## GOT IT BY INHERITANCE.

Father—"My dear, I don't know why this child has such an aversion to water."

Wife (glancing at her hubby's somewhat colored nose)—"O, I suppose he inherits it from his father."

THE STRONG-MINDED FEMALE.



She does not seem like other girls,  
Whom you and I delight to know;  
Her mien is haughty as an earl's,  
Her bosom frigid as the snow;  
She scorns her lover's joy and woe;  
Her heart is silent as a pall;  
She's not like other girls, and so

She never told her love at all.

About her head there are no curls,  
That lovers like to fondle so;  
She is no slave to fashion's whirls,  
And would not show her charms—ah, no!  
Because she has no charms to show!  
The gallants flee her beck and call  
For others; this is why we know  
She never told her love at all.

She does not act like other girls,  
In whom the passions ebb and flow;  
She apes the man the while she hurls  
Anathemas upon him. Oh,  
That ever woman should do so!  
No wonder—since within her thrall  
There languishes no pleading beau—  
She never told her love at all.

ENVOY.

I guess poor man can stand the blow  
Of her sharp tongue's most bitter gall,  
So long as she through life will go  
And never tell her love at all.

J. J. O'CONNELL.

NO DOUBT OF IT.

"Why do you wear your low-necked dress to the theatre?" asked a sensible woman of her butterfly sister.

"To please the men, of course," was the vain reply.

"And don't you think you would succeed better," said the other, "if you removed your hat instead of your waist?"

THE NEW SCHOOL OF PUGILISM.

"I have a friend who is an expert boxer," remarked Merritt.

"A professional pugilist?" inquired old Brown.

"Oh, no," was the reply; "he is a member of the stock exchange."

A MATTER OF FACT.

"What do you consider the most difficult thing in the world?" asked an inquisitive old lady of the president of a college.

"Ah," sighed the learned man, who had a family of grown-up daughters, "the most difficult thing, I find, is to convince a woman that she should wear her old stockings on a muddy day."

JUST AS USUAL.

Boarding-house mistress (affably)—"You must excuse the crumbled condition of the cake, gentlemen; the cook used so much butter that she has made it too short."

Brown (sadly)—"That's the way we generally find it, ma'am."

NICE LITTLE WAR PAPER.

"Yes," said the major, waxing eloquent in his stories of the war, "I remember when I was but a private in the ranks that one day a party of us crept up on a 'wild-cat' battery. Just as we were preparing for a final rush to capture it they opened on us with shot. Our captain, a hot, enthusiastic fellow, saw the situation and jumped on the stump of a tree, waving his sword and crying, 'On, men, on! Liberty or death!' and then he fell, pierced by a bullet."

"And what did you do?" broke in a voice.

"What did we do? Oh, we took the hint. We preferred liberty and turned and ran."

FASHION NOTE.

It is said that muffs with two separate places for the hands are being introduced this season; but the young ladies who are fond of skating and sleighing prefer the old-fashioned kind, where the hands meet in the middle.

HE GOT 'EM.

"That is a very fine shoe and fits you very well."

"An' how much do ye ax for thim?"

"I will let you have them for two dollars a pair, and"—

"Two dollars a pair, is it? Well, not much! O'll give ye a dollar apiece."

I have often noticed a train with the conductor asleep, but it has been always going in the wrong direction.

UNKIND ALL AROUND.



MRS. TEMPEST (after an unusually unpleasant seance with Mrs. Tempest, jr.)—"I hoped, my son, that when you chose a companion you would at least select an amiable one."

MR. TEMPEST, JR. (in desperation)—"I think I must have taken after the governor."



SACKETT, WILHELMS & BETZIG, LITH. N.Y.

THE GREAT MUGWUMP  
The Bald-heads in the





WUL  
in the  
ALLET A FLAT FAILURE.  
now are thoroughly disgusted.



A swell affair.

## Judge's Charge.

### IT WILL NOT DO.

The Oshkosh *Times* wants too marry Gail Hamilton to a southern brigadier. The court objects. There must be no revival of the civil conflict which devastated so many homes.

### HE PROTESTS TOO MUCH.

"Blaming it all on God is a little tough," says the editor of the *Oil City Blizzard*. It is very much too tough, young man; and you hadn't better moralize until you get the feathers out of your whiskers.

### HE CAN GO RIGHT IN.

It is believed that when P. T. Barnum dies he won't scrunch himself up and go to St. Peter with an infantile expression of countenance, inquiring anxiously, "Children half price?" No; Phineas will remark affably and simply, "H'm! Nice day. Full house? B'long to the profession."

### APPRECIATION.

The court takes charge of the following, which comes to the JUDGE on black-bordered paper from Cork, Ireland. The tribute is undoubtedly heart-felt, however one may dispute the orthodoxy of the closing line:

A Tribute to "The Old Professor" on reading Xmas Judge, January 8, 1887.

I give thee thanks, O Strauss! for thou hast brought  
Smiles to my being, though in tears they rose;  
And truer, kindlier feeling hast thou taught  
Than Jeremias with his myriad woes.

The tear that falls is one of happiness.  
I give thee thanks that thou has shown me here  
How laughter hath a mightier power to bless  
Than all religion teaches us revere. SHANE.  
Cork, January 10, 1887.

### THE DANGER OF IT.

An Atlanta dispatch tells of a nude man who recently made his appearance on a neighbor's door-step, coming from the interior of the house thereof, bearing a broken skull and followed by a bullet. We have not space for the entire details. The fact that a man runs when he is nude is not, however, surprising. Who wouldn't? But there is this curious circumstance—the garments of the man were found on a chair inside, in the very apartment that should have been sacred to the pursuing party

and his wife. The lady was very much shocked when she found out about it. But not so much as the nude man. Because he is dead. It was a combination of unfortuitous circumstances—and this, gentlemen of the jury, is circumstantial evidence.

### AGAIN—WHAT CAN WOMAN DO?

Then there is woman's ability to whistle. An incident in point occurs to us. It was in Indiana shortly after the war. A Mr. Hobuck, a farmer living near Versailles, apprehended a visit from certain burglars who had cast longing eyes upon a Waterbury watch which Mr. Hobuck had won through a subscription for a Chicago newspaper. Along about nine o'clock in the evening Mr. Hobuck said to his wife, "Jane, I shall go out to take care of the stock. I think the boys won't appear for several hours, but if they are premature all you have to do is to whistle." It had not occurred to Mr. Hobuck that the lady had never tried the to whistle, and she was oblivious of the fact herself. But, however that may be, no sooner had Mr. Hobuck got in the barn than the burglars burst into the kitchen through the chimney thereof, and frightened Mrs. Hobuck half to death.

"Give us that Waterbury!" they shrieked. Mrs. Hobuck suddenly bethought herself of the signal and puckered her lips.

"What! silence?" remarked the burglars fiercely. "That won't do, old lady. Give us the treasure or we'll take your false fair!" The threat seemed for a moment to have the

desired effect. The lady turned pale and clenched her fingers till she drew blood. Still she kept her lips in position for the signal, but she was greatly agitated.

"Come!" said the leading burglar fiercely.

At that moment there emerged, apparently from the backs of her ears and extending horizontally as far as the window, then breaking into innumerable fragments, each attended by exclamations of fright, the most appalling sounds that ever emerged from a human receptacle. It struck the burglars dead, and the lady, more astounded than any of them, exclaimed with horror, "Good heavens! was that me?"

The farmer heard, and, merely pausing to soothe his trembling cattle, fled with affright to the house.

"Did you get the signal?" cried Mrs. Hobuck, falling over one of the burglars in a dead faint.

"I should so say!" remarked Farmer Hobuck solemnly. Then, as he contemplated the destruction, he added with sobs, "She's lost her reason and left all these funerals on my hands. She might better have let 'em take the watch."

### REFLECTIONS OF A TRAMP.

I am not very strong, but I've often held up a coach.

In the eyes of the world there isn't much difference between a tramp and a crow.

### HIGH LATITUDE.



LANDSCAPE ARTIST—"What on earth are you doing in here with that nautical instrument, Fogbank?"

MARINE-ARTIST FOGBANK (formerly connected with the navy)—"Taking the bearings of my painting; highest latitude I ever reached with any canvas; never so far north of the line in all my life."

**Judge and the Play.**

"Wear the same kind of head adornment that the front row of the ballet does," is the advice given by the Albany *Argus* to the lady of the tall hat. Perhaps this is asking too much. A bald-headed woman is inevitably lost, and she has not the privilege of calming her feelings at certain intervals that belongs to the other sex.

Somebody says Clara Morris is losing her grip. It may be; and if any young and aspiring lady can manage to catch on to it when it is finally dropped she will find that her fortune is made. But she must never forget the medicine act.

Fanny Davenport's revival of Shakespeare in the west has introduced a great many persons to some total theatrical strangers. They are somewhat puzzled about it, but the box office shows that the new acquaintanceship is mutually profitable.

Does Miss Olcott think it advisable to let her advertisers call her the Sara Bernhardt of America? There is a kind of commendation that is ruinous.

When Jeffreys-Lewis looked upon her newborn babe her eyes flashed with indignant astonishment. "I regard this," she said deliberately, "as a plot by that debased husband of mine. He wants a divorce and he has taken this diabolical means to get it. I have suspected this for some time."

The lady says that she kept her husband supplied with money, and he used it to a large extent for the benefit of other women. Very well; she must have seen the necessity for large sums, but we observe that, while she frequently raised a row, she never raised his salary.

Colonel McCaull's excellent company, with Digby Bell, Lily Post, Laura Joyce Bell, Annie Meyers and Adine Drew at the front, labors hard and conscientiously to make Audran and Fannie's comic opera of "Indiana" a success, and was well patronized at the Star last week; but the opera, notwithstanding a number of very pretty airs, a sufficiency of movement in places, a very fair plot, and the requisite amount of fine scenery, is not destined to reach any great degree of popularity. Still, if you don't see it you will wish you had.

In the summer time Uncle Josh Whitcomb takes his rest hoeing corn and getting in hay.

In expectation of Salisbury's Troubadours and Sarah Bernhardt the seating capacity of the Star is making tremendous efforts to widen itself without encroaching upon the sidewalk.

Nightcaps worn at the theatre would obstruct less of the view while the curtain's up. It is the theatrical nightcap between the acts that is reprehensible.—*Philadelphia News*.

Don't believe it. The ladies of Philadelphia

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may not be pretty, but they are just as temperate as any others.

Some of the dancers at the French ball kicked so high that they couldn't get down until four o'clock the next afternoon, and then they did it on a step-ladder.

Mr. Pauline Hall having sold a gold mine

THE LATEST TELEPHONE SCANDAL.



WHERE HE WAS AND WHY.

Gus—"Why, Jack, where have you kept yourself for the past month? I haven't seen you dining in any of your old haunts."

Jack—"No; I dine regularly now at the Sturtevant House, where, since the new management, I get the best dinner in the city, with the nicest sort of service. You can always find me there from six to eight every night."

for \$1,000,000, there is a natural yearning to know whose gold mine it was.

If the jokes in "Indiana" might be rubbed out there would be considerable fun in the opera.

Lilian Olcott having been sued for not filling her roles—or rather her dates—and having negotiated with Sardou for a new play, it may be remarked that she is on the high tide of success; but some day she must learn to forget herself sufficiently to act.

If it is true that de Belleville swore at Rose Coghlan, we beg to remind him that no being worthy of the name of man would do that sort of thing except in the way of kindness.

The lady at the Metropolitan opera house who laughed at a critical point of the play she was not observing was really innocent. Probably the pencil-mark at that point of her libretto was marked "Laughter" instead of "Tears," and again she might have been near-sighted.

THE PICTURESQUE AND THE ENJOYABLE.

The man that invented the object about which flock the devotees to the latest fad - the toboggan—had an eye solely for the picturesque, while the man that smokes Virginia Brights Cigarettes has a true appreciation of the enjoyable.

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A man devoid of fear, without reproach.  
Not on the ensanguined field he won his spurs,  
Among the hosts of Moloch's worshippers;  
High on the scroll of blessed industry  
Behold the warrant of his chivalry

An alien stripling came he hence, alone,  
Unlettered, friendless, penniless, unknown;  
Yet never was there paladin of old  
Went forth to conquer with a heart more bold.

Raised from its common ranks, ere long he stood  
An honored chief in labor's brotherhood;  
His the true discipline of moral zeal—  
Himself the best example of its weal.

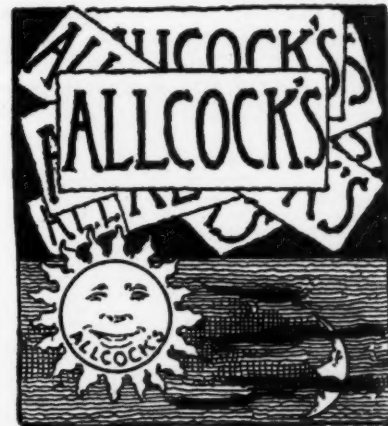
When fortune guerdoned him with health and fame,  
His simple, modest tastes remained the same:  
Success could ne'er contract that ample mind,  
His heart was always generous and kind.

The golden precept was his constant guide;  
His common sense all sophistries defied;  
His actions, all, were swayed by honest rules;  
He had no patience with litigious foils.

When horrid war o'erspread the smiling land,  
His genius and resources to command,  
Great Lincoln leaned upon his loyal aid,  
And nobly was that confidence repaid!

Was it for this an envious faction's dart  
Did penetrate our civic Bayard's heart?  
Hate and detraction wither and decay;  
Though justice falters, truth survives for aye.

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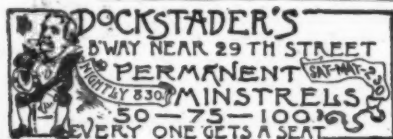
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A tug is the only thing that has its tows behind.—*St. Paul Herald.*

Poker is the latest craze. That is if 3 o'clock in the morning can be called late.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The richest young man in Philadelphia wears his trousers in Croesus—at least in Croesus manner.—*Tid-Bits.*

You would not, perhaps, expect it, but it is a fact, that well water will sometimes make people sick.—*Boston Post.*

Great amateur actress (to servant)—"How stupid of you, Bridget! I told you that I was not at home to anybody." Bridget—"But the gentleman sed, mum, that he is the largest soap manufacturer in the country." Great amateur actress (hastily)—"O, tell the gentleman I will be down at once." *Life.*

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We really think that Senator Jones of Florida ought to be re-elected. He does the least harm of any senator we have.—*Boston Post.*

He—"Don't you think that it's a great waste to spend money on cab fares when walking is often so much more agreeable?" She—"Oh, yes—when—it—is."  
 —*Judy.*

"This is a queer way to spell Henry," remarked Mrs. Snaggs. "How is it spelled?" asked her husband. It's in a court case here, and it's spelled In re Smith.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Fashionable Albany has taken to supping on crispy codfish balls served in the pearly white of an egg, with a ball of golden yellow crowning the homely edible. Now bring on your beans!—*Boston Herald.*

A Swiss law compels every newly-married couple to plant trees shortly after the ceremony of marriage. The pine and the weeping willow are prescribed, but the birch is allowed as being positively useful.—*Providence Telegram.*

Didn't Know Them.—Mr. Mushroom—"I don't see why it is that my gas bills are so much larger than last winter." Little Willie—"Why, sister's engagement is on now, and it was off last winter." Angie—"I guess you don't know Charlie and me. If his calling here affected the gas bills at all, it made 'em less."—*Chicago Rambler.*

"See here, Silas, I don't t'ink much of yer leghorn bonnet of a hen. She sets a bad egg-sample. She had oughter had chickens free weeks ago." "Dat failure's easily 'splaind, Dinah. She's not in earnest all de time."—*Harper's Weekly.*



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### SIGNS OF DISEASE.

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To those acquainted with our institutions, it is hardly necessary to say that the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, with the branch establishment located at No. 3 New Oxford Street, London, England, have, for many years, enjoyed the distinction of being the most largely

patronized and widely celebrated institutions in the world for the treatment and cure of those affections which arise from youthful indiscretions and pernicious, solitary practices.

Organic weakness, nervous debility, premature decline of the manly powers, involuntary vital losses, impaired memory, mental anxiety, absence of will-power, melancholy, weak back, and kindred affections, are speedily, thoroughly and permanently cured.

We, many years ago, established a Special Department for the treatment of these diseases, under the management of some of the most skillful physicians and surgeons on our Staff, in order that all who apply to us might receive all the advantages of a full Council of the most experienced specialists.

### WE OFFER NO APOLOGY.

We offer no apology for devoting so much attention to this neglected class of diseases, believing no condition of humanity is too wretched to merit the sympathy and best services of the noble profession to which we belong. Many who suffer from these terrible diseases contract them innocently. Why any medical man, in such cases, we cannot imagine. Why any one should consider it otherwise than most honorable to cure the worst cases of these diseases, we cannot understand; and yet of all the maladies which afflict mankind there is probably none other about which physicians in general practice know so little.

We shall, therefore, continue, as heretofore, to treat with our best consideration, sympathy, and skill, all applicants who are suffering from any of these delicate diseases.

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### NERVOUS DISEASES.

Epileptic Convulsions, or Fits, Paralysis, or Palsy, Locomotor Ataxia, St. Vitus's Dance, Insomnia, or inability to sleep, and threatened insanity, Nervous Debility, arising from over-study, excess, and other causes, and every variety of nervous affection, are treated by our specialists for these diseases with unusual success. See numerous cases reported in our different illustrated pamphlets on nervous diseases, any one of which will be sent for ten cents in postage stamps, when request for them is accompanied with a statement of a case for consultation, so that we may know which one of our Treatises to send.

### ALL CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY.

Although we have in the preceding paragraphs, made mention of some of the special ailments to which particular attention is given by the specialists at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, yet the institution abounds in skill, facilities, and apparatus for the successful treatment of every form of chronic ailment, of every form of chronic ailment, whether requiring for its cure medical or surgical means.

All letters of inquiry, or of consultation, should be addressed to

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### NASAL, THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.

The treatment of Diseases of the Air Passages and Lungs, such as Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption, both through correspondence and at our institutions, constitutes an important

specialty.

We publish three separate books on Nasal, Throat and Lung Diseases, which give much valuable information: viz: (1) A Treatise on Consumption, Laryngitis and Bronchitis; price, post-paid, ten cents. (2) A Treatise on Asthma, or Phthisis, giving new and successful treatment; price, post-paid, ten cents. (3) A Treatise on Chronic Nasal Catarrh; price, post-paid, two cents.

### DISEASES OF DIGESTION.

Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," Obsolete Constipation, Chronic Diarrhea, Tape-worms, and kindred affections, are among those chronic diseases in the successful treatment of which our

specialists have attained great success. Many of the diseases affecting the liver and other organs contributing in their functions to the process of digestion, are very obscure, and are not infrequently mistaken by both laymen and physicians for other maladies, and treatment is employed directed to the removal of a disease which does not exist. Our Complete Treatise on Diseases of the Digestive Organs will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps.

### KIDNEY DISEASES.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, and kindred maladies, have been very largely treated, and cures effected in thousands of cases which had been pronounced beyond hope. These diseases are readily diagnosed, or determined, by chemical analysis of the urine, without a

personal examination of patients, who can, therefore, generally be successfully treated at their homes. The study and practice of chemical analysis and microscopical examination of the urine in our consideration of cases, with reference to correct diagnosis, in which our institution long ago became famous, has naturally led to a very extensive practice in diseases of the urinary organs. Probably no other institution in the world has been so largely patronized by sufferers from this class of maladies as the old and world-famed World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel. Our specialists have acquired, through a vast and varied experience, great expertness in finding out the exact nature of each case, and, hence, have been successful in neatly adapting their remedies for the cure of each individual case.

### CAUTION.

These delicate diseases should be carefully treated by a specialist thoroughly familiar with them, and who is competent to ascertain the exact condition and stage of advancement which the disease has made (which can only be ascertained by a careful chemical and microscopical examination of the urine), for medicines which are curative in one stage or condition are known to do positive injury in others. We have never, therefore, attempted to put up anything for general sale through druggists, recommending to cure these diseases, although possessing very superior remedies, knowing full well from an extensive experience that the only safe and successful course is to carefully determine the disease and its progress in each case by a chemical and microscopical examination of the urine, and then



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