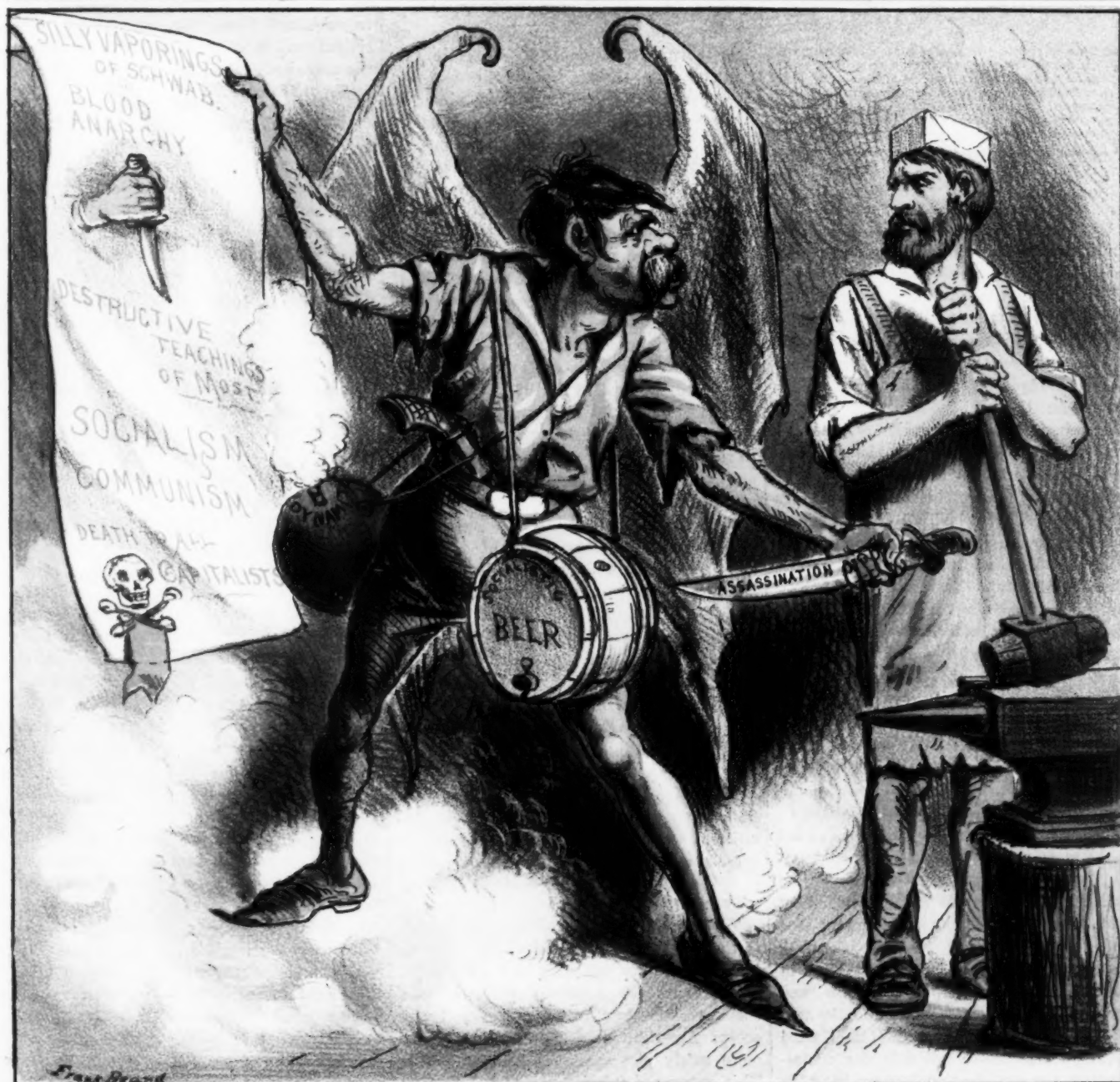


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## THE FOREIGN FIEND.

AMERICAN WORKINGMAN—"I strike for bread, not for blood!"

FRANKLIN SQUARE LITH. CO. NEW YORK.



## THE JUDGE.

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

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### WRECKERS.

CAN any crime be conceived more dastardly than to hang out false lights to entice a storm-beaten ship to its destruction on the rocks? The brave mariners, after having surmounted countless perils, believe at length that the haven is reached and safety is assured. They see the lights that they believe have been displayed to guide them to a safe anchorage; they believe in them, trust in them, obey them and perish. Then the plunder of the wreck repays the wreckers for this most cowardly of all murders.

Is there any analogy between these things and the Free Traders? THE JUDGE believes that Free Trade would wreck our industries, would sacrifice the fortunes, if not the lives, of our merchants. Yet the light of Free Trade is kept burning, and under a Democratic administration we may well apprehend that it will burn with a redoubled lustre which will throw into the shade the ray from the light-house of Protection which has piloted so many a mercantile and business venture to a safe and reliable anchorage.

For, disguise it under what sophistry they may, Free Trade means neither more nor less than a competition on equal terms with the manufacturing world of Europe. That would mean that manufacturers could not afford to pay their labor more highly than the labor of Europe is at present paid. That means degradation to our workingmen; that means squalid poverty for their families; that means the neglect by their children of the advantages of our public schools, and the breeding of a race, which will in the next generation be sovereign citizens of the United States, with no more aptitude for understanding, nor qualification for exercising the

franchise than is to be found to-day among the down-trodden, half-starved workingmen of a Lancashire town.

There is Free Trade, its promises and prospects, in a nut-shell; and shall anyone say that educated, thinking men, who knowingly advocate it, are any better than the old time wreckers who hung out false lights to tempt storm-driven vessels to their destruction?

### OUR ANARCHISTS.

It is anything but gratifying to find the United States made the theatre of dissensions, discontents, and anarchies which had their rise in Europe, and which belong there if anywhere. This is a form of transgression against the Monroe doctrine with which our people are little disposed to be patient. We suppose, however, that when we offer the United States as an asylum for the down-trodden and oppressed of all nations, we inevitably open our doors to a certain percentage of cut-throats and lunatics who have been found out abroad, and will sooner or later disclose themselves in their true colors here. Even in Europe, people are not, as a rule, down-trodden and oppressed, at least to the extent of being locked up in prisons and asylums, unless they have done something to deserve it.

Not long ago we had a meeting of these imported anarchists in Chicago—at least if the anarchists were not all imported, their doctrines certainly were—and very pretty reading their speeches and proceedings make for educated and intelligent Americans. Amid a great deal of frothy vamping and hysterical denunciation of wealth, property and respectability, we find specific incitement to riot, murder and arson; we find a silly and meaningless arraignment of success, coupled with suggestions of means for curtailing the prosperity of the successful; and the successful ones referred to are, as a rule, valuable and respectable citizens. Those who are so loud in denunciation are, as might be expected, the scum of European gutters, re-enforced by the riff-raff of our native talent.

Just at present we can afford to smile at such ebullitions, but these anarchists have given trouble in Europe. It might be as well to sit on them effectually here while they are yet young.

Denis Kearney and his sand-lotters were first sneered at, then dreaded, then conciliated. The lesson should not be lost, for these anarchists are a little more advanced in their ideas than ever were Denis Kearney his sand-lotters.

We have another class of men who should, in the interests of public safety and decency, be sat down upon abruptly and effectually.

These are the *soi-disant* patriots, who come over here to "free Ireland," and who accept American citizenship that they may more safely plot against a friendly power. This system of "freeing Ireland," from a

safe distance, may be very agreeable to those feather-bed patriots, but it should not be tolerated by the government of the United States. In the stabbing of Capt. Phelan here in New York, in broad day-light, we have an inkling of what those Hibernian exotics come here for, and how much respect they have for the laws of the country that shelters them. THE JUDGE hopes against hope that this Phelan incident will be used as a good reason for clearing out O'Donovan Rossa and the whole gang of skulking assassins that makes his office its headquarters. Perhaps these people could be induced to go west and bend their powerful intellects to the pursuit of pisciculture in Alaska.

But one thing is sure. While this anarchy party, and the professional patriots who are so nearly akin to it, are still a little evil, they should be vigorously dealt with and extirpated. In Europe they have become troublesome; here, they are, so far, only ridiculous. See to it that they do not attain the magnitude of an embarrassment, for ill weeds grow apace.

### THE COMIC MAGISTRATE.

If there is one quality which Justice should possess more than another, it is gravity, seriousness. THE JUDGE is proud to believe, and he feels that most people will agree with him, that he is the only judge on the bench who can be comic without loss of dignity. Some of our police magistrates think otherwise, and endeavor to be whimsical according to their ability, and play the Merry Andrew according to their lights, without regard to the bad taste and indecorous example thereby displayed.

It appears as if a police magistrate can no more resist the temptation to indulge in some personal jest at the expense of an unhappy prisoner than he can help breathing. And yet these jests are seldom witty or even funny, and must necessarily be in the very worst taste. However comical a prisoner's position may be from the magistrate's standpoint, it is apt to be pretty serious from his own. And whatever may be such prisoner's fault or misfortune, he has, at least, the right to expect that his case will be investigated, not only with justice, but in all seriousness. And the jests of the average police justice are not of so penetrating a quality as to be efficacious in dispelling the gloom in which a prisoner may naturally be supposed to be enshrouded. As reported in the daily papers, such jests appear to be offensive, insulting, and usually pointless, save in so far as they may be endowed with point enough to lacerate the feelings and susceptibilities of the helpless victims against whom they are levelled.

Of course the magistrate, "clothed in a little brief authority" may generally count on an appreciative audience, perfectly attuned to his peculiar style of wit, and ready to appreciate any of his *mots*. He may also have the satisfaction of reading them in some



of the morning papers, which, to their shame be it said, make a specialty of dealing in that kind of matter. But none the less are his badgerings of, and personal remarks on an unfortunate prisoner indecent and in bad taste, and it is a JUDGE who is licensed to be as funny as he can, and who has the privilege of printing his own jokes, who tells him so.

Send the poor devils up for ten or sixty days, if need be, but do not leave them the memory of a barbarous plesantry to embitter their imprisonment.

My Love Dream.

JUST for the day that I met her!  
 Just for one day on the train;  
 It began when she feared it would wet her,  
 That tiniest sprinkle of rain;  
 So I tucked a great rug in the sashes  
 And carefully padded the pane,  
 And I'm mourning in sack-cloth and ashes,  
 And longing to do it again.

Then it grew when she begged I would reach her  
 Her dressing case under the seat;  
 She was really so tiny a creature  
 That she needed a stool for her feet;  
 This was quickly performed at her order,  
 With many a spasm and shoot,  
 And glimpse of an open-work border,  
 And glimpse of the fairest boot.

So we ogled, and chatted, and flirted,  
 The mile-stones flew past us outside,  
 And I've frequently vowed and asserted  
 I never enjoyed such a ride.  
 I fain would have gone to Aleppo  
 Or Khartoum, or anywhere far;  
 But the train slackened up at the depot,  
 And she smiled at me leaving the car.

It was just for one day that I met her,  
 A few little hours on the train,  
 But I know I shall never forget her,  
 And we've scant chance of meeting again;  
 I've asked all the railroad officials,  
 I've travelled that line to and fro  
 In search of a girl whose initials  
 (As shown by her bag) are "F. O."

Daily papers—bills.

BE careful how you tiddle, or you might tiddle-tittle too much, and fall down on yourself and hurt you.

JINKS made forty-eight calls on New Year's day. The last call he made was for a hack to convey him to his lodgings.

A WORLD of sin and sorrow was once the price of an apple. It will soon be the price of another, if apples to continue to go up.

OUT in Chillicothe, Ohio, is an old lady named Curry, of unbalanced brain, but strict moral sense. Whiskey and tobacco are her special horror, and she does not hesitate to collar any offender on the streets and read him the riot act with real King James vehemence. One day she met Aleck W. just emerging from a saloon, and opened fire at once, "You nasty man. Aren't you ashamed to be caught coming out of that den of death!"

"No'm," answered Aleck, gravely. "I'm proud of it. You wouldn't have me caught going in, would you?"



A VOCAL SPREE.

DUDE—"Oh, I feel dweadfully overcome. That song was sung with so much spirit, I am weally intoxicated!"

Monographs.

"THIS TIME DOESN'T COUNT."

THE average man, who bravely New Year's day Swore off from rum, and threw cigars away,  
 And sallied forth unto the muzzle filled  
 With high resolves, and ardor's glow unchilled—  
 O gentle reader where, where is he now?  
 Not treading virtue's lofty paths, I trow,  
 But sneaking soft, with many a side-long glance—  
 To note if he were being watched perchance—  
 Into some secret bar-room, where he can  
 Moisten his parched tongue with "black-and-tan,"  
 Or cool his coppers with a "brandy-smash,"  
 Or seek forgetfulness in "sour mash,"  
 This done, his conscience he would fain surmount  
 By blandly murmuring, "this time doesn't count!"

Running expenses—children.

Far from the madding crowd—many bank cashiers.

The belle of the period is apt to have a long tongue.

He that loves noise must buy a pig," says a Spanish proverb. In most cases, however, a baby will answer just as well.

There is a new machine that makes two thousand pins a minute. If new-born babes could but grasp this dark intelligence, what an apprehensive howl they would set up!

"I want a trussed fowl for dinner to-day," said an impecunious householder to his long-suffering market-man.

"Well, you won't get it all the same," was the snarling reply. "I quit giving trust January the one, and don't you forget it."

"Have you heard that Williams, the plumber, committed suicide last night?"  
 "Gracious! No! What did he do that for?"

"Oh, Smith came in and settled his bill, and after it was too late, Williams discovered

he had forgotten to charge up to him one item of fifteen minutes' work actually performed, and it unsettled his reason."

Prayer-books are made with a bouquet-holder on the outside in which to hold flowers. It'll get so, pretty soon, that the pulpits will be carved bias, with four rows of flouncings up the front, and a Beethoven polonaise strung out in the rear.

Remember one thing, my son. Never do a woman a service with the expectation of voluntary repayment. A woman forgets her debts as easily as she does her years; and only time or great importunity can bring her to a realizing sense of either.

The "oldest inhabitant" is getting to be alarmingly old. One of these creatures died down south, the other day, aged 121 years. If this sort of thing keeps on, it won't be long before we shall be led to infer, by comparison, that Methusalah was nothing but a prattling babe when he died.

"Make a little fence of trust about to-day," sings a poet. Ah, dear friend, we have, we have. Only this morning, on our way to the office, we built the last section of that little fence about us, and now our creditors so block up every street, that if we want to get home we must either scratch out an underground passage, or learn to fly.

TOM ADDIS.

An Acrostic.

Cleveland for president! and Democrats en masse,  
 Line upon line, in long procession pass.  
 Each member pushing, with both hands on high;  
 Value for service rendered! is the cry.  
 Each earnest worker in the noble (?) cause,  
 Liberal salary from our nation draws;  
 And fair Columbia veils her beauteous eyes,  
 Nor dares to raise them to the threatening skies.

Methinks, Methinks, these storm-clouds bode no good!

GREAT men of our times—giants.

A DARNED hard job—mending stockings.

## THE LAH-DE-DAH'S WINTER IDYL.



HE "summer girl" of sea-shore days,  
Whom all the dudeys cherished,—  
Who waltzed as graceful as a sylph,  
Now finds her belledom perished.

Another maid has charmed the "slims,"  
And won their whole devotion;  
'Tis she who shows in skating-rinks,  
"The poetry of motion."

— JEP. JOSLYN.

## A Dynamite Air Gun.

ON Christmas morning little Tommy Dynamite became the proud and happy owner of an air gun. This weapon, it is needless to remark, was presented to the Dynamite heir by his fond and adoring father without his mother's knowledge or consent, and when she saw it she—not the gun—went off.

Mrs. Dynamite exploded, and as usual on such occasions Mr. Dynamite felt himself being blown up.

Mr. Dynamite is so accustomed to little accidents of this kind that he doesn't mind it in the least, and he patiently endeavored to calm the irate and hysterical partner of his sorrows, by explaining to her how harmless a thing a poor little air-gun was.

"She didn't care if it was harmless, she guessed she knew a thing or two yet, and it was infamous, positively infamous for Mr. Dynamite to bring such a thing into the house without first consulting her."

While this tirade was going on Tommy escaped with his treasure and went up to his Mamma's room. There, by the register, he discovered Mrs. Dynamite's best front hair, all crimped and pinned out on a board to dry.

What a splendid target, thought Tommy, and he drew off and took deliberate aim for the "Thompson Patent Wave." Bang-bang went the air-gun. The first shot was too high and shivered to atoms the photograph of Mr. Dynamite that adorned the wall, above the register. The second hit the bulls eye of the patent waves, and riddled the entire structure.

Before the third shot was fired, Mr. D. and Mrs. D. appeared on the scene.

"Just what I told you," exclaimed Mrs. D., "and he'll blow the baby's brains out if you don't take that thing away from him." This was a new idea for Tommy, and determined to act upon it at once, he again escaped, as his Mamma went off into another fit of hysterics over the loss of her false hair. Mr. Dynamite again endeavored to calm her, while Tommy went in search of the baby. Baby was not in the nursery. Well, perhaps she was down in the basement. Down he skipped with light and airy tread that he might not disturb the little controversy in which his fond parents were still indulging.

While he was passing through the hall, the door bell rang, and the dim and shadowy form of a district telegraph boy was outlined on the stained glass panel of the front door.

"A messenger boy fired a snow ball at me the other day, now I'll shoot him," exclaimed Tommy, and quicker than a flash, bang went the gun again, and smash went the glass in the vestibule. This brought the entire family, including the nurse, on to the scene, and during the excitement Tommy once more escaped. Making his way to the dining-room he there discovered baby all alone. She had managed to reach an apple left on the breakfast table and was busily gnawing it when Tommy appeared. A new inspiration now seized him. Grabbing the apple, he placed it on her head and backed her up against the wall, saying, "now brother'll play William Tell with baby. Baby stand still while brother shoots."

Baby did stand still, and brother shot. Strange to say, he hit the apple, but a piece

of Baby's scalp went along with the fruit, and the yells that followed filled the family with consternation.

Tommy was filled with consternation too, and he beat a hasty retreat to the cellar. Here he was discovered half an hour afterward by the cook, and she dragged him from the coal vault, just as he was about to take aim at a white cat he saw in a distant part of the cellar.

The gun was wrenched from his grasp, and our hero has taken his meals from the mantle piece for several days. The bullets with which he loaded his gun still remain in his pockets. He has sworn to recover his lost treasure or to perish in the attempt.

The probabilities are that he will perish, for he had searched the hidden recesses of his mamma's bureaus, closets, and chiffoniers to the detriment of sundry laces, satins and furbelows, and as the baby's scalp has not yet healed, Mrs. Dynamite will make it extremely unpleasant for him if she catches him in any of his depredations.

F. CUTTER.



## 'ABOUT WEDDINGS.'

A WEDDEN iz a sorter evacuation after a long siege, as our history would sa. It corresponds ter handin over a fort at the end ov a struggle. A feller goes ter see his gurl a number ov years more nor less, 'till he fines no nuther gurl will have him. Then he pops the question an tells her he lovz her like she waz a house on fire, and he will go drownn hisself ded, if she don't join herself to his acordin' to lor.

There's a leggon handed down from ancient times to the effect that the gurl replied to a offer ov marage, "Ask Pa!" However true this waz a 100 yerz ago, tain't so now. The gurl ov 1885 interrupts him 'fore he's trough askin her, and jurks out a "Yes," in a wa sudding enuff to skare anything but a lover.

Teoretikally there is varus kinds ov weddins, praktikally there's only one, an' that iz the first wedden.

This takes place when life and everything else looks hummin. The fare femail corner ov the contrack looks at "wedded bliss" like it waz a perpetuall New Year's Reception and Fourth of July. Jest as if cob-webs an sour milk wazn't to be in her peticular puddin' of life.

The other party to the rash act iz 'bout az

## FOOTOLOGY.





carrid away, to. He sillyquizes so; "Ain't I gittin' 75 sentz a day in ror cash."

After a little practice I guess I can keep the wolf off the front door step, Lucelia plays "Slippen' up the Golden Stairz," and "Wait for the Clouds to roll over," with gusto, so I believe she'd make a musik teacher.

But she shant work while I'm havin' my present income. No, sir!

Then there's the pile ov stuff our mothers gave us—let's see—"Comictory onto the Bible," two story wash-stand; mouse-trap and spinning-wheel; seal-skin shawl and marble-top chair—I mene table; I gess I can fix the broken leg; baby-rattle; (Lord preserve us from needin' it right off!) Lucelia's got 3 pairs ov silk stockins, a duzen towells an' I've got quantities of dansin-pumps. We won't have to add much ter go to house-keepin'."

The young ladyz thorts are in a diffрут strain, but equally gloris; "Her frendz had tole her she would be a ole made, and now wouldn't they be envyus! And didn't she feel happy! An wouldn't it be sweet to keep house with that jolly feller what always had sich white hans."

And couldn't she turn a somer-set, coz she felt so skittish; Well, I should gible!

Besides the first wedden menshund, (where you invite everybody and git all you can, there is the Wooden Weddin, to get cords ov rollin'-pins, matches and tooth-picks; Glass Weddens, for collectin 5 cent salt-sellers, nitched gobblits and lamp chimneys; Linen Weddens, for layin' in cotton handkerchefs and muzzlin table clothes; Iron Weddens for stockin up with a variety of ranges, furnaces, spit tunz and so forth; Silver Weddens, when you get nickle plated spunz, white-washed cake-baskets; And Golding Weddens, when you get—left usually, coz mos people are 2 buzy to 'tend gold weddens, now-a-daz, an' there ain't one woman outer a hundrid thousand what can live with one man 50 yerz without stoppin'.

Oh, but I like weddens myself, I remember distinkly when my sister Mary got married, (The cards called her Marie, but that was a typograflikle error into the manuskrip).

Cake? Cake? Well, perhaps ther wazn't! Ask the grocery-man. I was sick abed for a week—her levin' home affeck'd me so. Mother cried to—see the cake disappear, I gess, or else she thort she'd fall short ov household u-10-selz, Sister lugged away 32 trunks fuller stuff. (She had earned it all, by washin' dishes for ma at the rate of 10 cents a weak for 3 months).

First night she went awa we camped out on a flower-barrel, for supper, (They had carried off the extension table,) and I sat on the ror ej av nothing, sippin bilge water outer a tea-pot.

The pictures and chairs were all removed; started to scrape land scapes off ther wall-paper in one place, an' pa ain't got a carpet for the front room yet.

Corse, weddens are great institushuns, but 'tween you an' the hitchin'-post, if I nu where there waz goin' ter be one, an' I didn't own no share inter it, I'd blow it up with dinner-mite or mi name ain't John!

A GREECE-SPOT—Athens.

RARITIES. Golden dollars; policemen, (when wanted); polite clerks; oysters in church stews; ministers at a circus (?); decayed fruit on top of the heap; sense in a pretty girl; sobriety in a mule's hind leg. money on a contribution plate; courtesy in a horse-car; seats in an accomodation train; oranges growing on pumpkin vines.



A COURTING CONUNDRUM.

BEAU—"Why do you prefer a wood fire?"  
SHE—"Cause it pops!"

A DOMESTIC SEPARATION.

THE WIFE'S STORY.

"'Twas just about five years ago,  
That he and I did part;  
And though his leaving caused me woe,  
No anger filled my heart.  
For always kind to me he'd been,  
Until those dismal hours  
When cruel fate at last stepped in,—  
To blast that home of ours."

"Divorced? Oh, no! for he'll come back!  
You see, 'my man' was caught,  
When he and I that safe did 'crack',—  
While I to 'scape bethought.  
'So this is why my husband Jim  
Has been away from me:  
A five year's term the judge gave him  
For that 'ere burglar-ee!"

"Keep Your Hands Out of Your Pockets."

I HEARD it when I got my first pair of pants.

I suppose it was nature or instinct, or something of that sort made me do it; anyway the pants were not five minutes on when my hands were in my pockets. My mother said the same thing to me ten times a day, my nurse twenty times, and my grandmother at least forty times. Twice my father was employed to take the pants down and chastise me for the same offense. Bless you! it was not the least use. My hands would go into my pockets, no power would keep them out. This sort of thing went on till after I left school, but when I went into the world and had my own way to make, I soon learnt the value of the maternal councils and the paternal castigations. I did the dude and the young man about town for a while, but there was soon so little in my pockets that I did not care to put my hands in. It was

then the bright idea struck me that they would find a warmer resting place, and a better berth in my papa's portly, prosperous pockets, so I got them in there and kept them there perpetually, and had a good time, but it did not last more than a year or two and then somehow papa's pockets got sewed up. So that it was very seldom I could get my hands in, and when I did they came out as cold and empty as if I had only had them in my own. I had a rough time for a while, till I got a position as cashier in a bank. Then I had my hands into everyone's pockets, and never had to put them into my own. This is not a financial article, so I need not explain how it was done, but I do say, for the benefit and instruction of all parents and guardians, that there is no use trying to teach children to keep their hands out of their own pockets, unless you teach them to put them in somebody else's. Youth must have its hand in some one's pocket. Its just as natural as it is for the birds to fly, the girls to eat ice cream, the dudes to dress, or THE JUDGE to make jokes.

I'm out of the bank now—left it for private reasons. I have therefore to keep my hands more or less in my own pockets, but you bet as soon as ever I can get them into someone else's, I will do as papa and mama told me, and keep them out of my own.

A mill-race—Millers.

THE milky-way—a baby's.

THE human race—the race for gold.

A hole-souled fellow—the miner. A half-souled fellow—the cobbler.

STUDENT—"Wasn't Walter Savage Landor an English poet?"

Professor—"No, I believe he was a reporter on one of the New York papers. He wrote "Imaginary Conversations."

## THE JUDGE.



## COOL, CALM AND COLLECTED.

HUSBAND (in very thick voice)—“It’s me, dear.”  
WIFE—“I don’t recognize the voice; you must stay out.”

## “Jef. Joslyn’s” Marvelous Transformation.

I HAVE never been a fighting character! Even when I was a dyspeptic little youth of only eight summers, I used to calmly allow a great big twenty-one year old brother who weighed, after dinner, one hundred and ninety-four pounds by the hay-scales, to smash me in the eye repeatedly with his calloused fist, or let him kick the half-soles off from his brogans on my *posteriorium*,—without rising in my just wrath and thrashing the life out of him, as *some* boys would have done. No! I would always have some urgent matters to talk over with Mother,

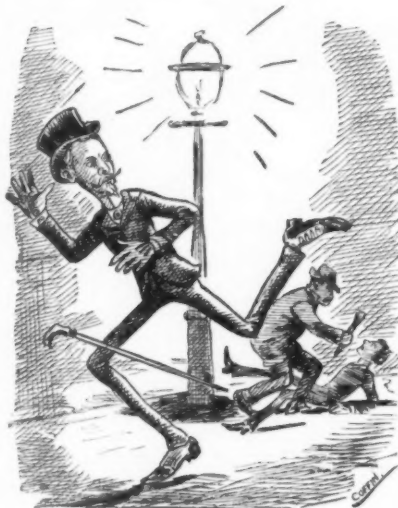


just about the time my brother was through amusing himself with my form, and I would cast a look of withering contempt upon him, and, with a feeling of pity for him regarding his quarrelsome instincts, would immediately go about my business,—leaving him to suffer the inward pangs of a guilty conscience, instead of smartings of an outward castigation at my hands.

And so it has been all during my life; I have never yearned for pugilistic honors, or delighted in brawls of any description. Why, I am so tender-hearted that I have invariably been phenomenally careful not to get into the smallest discussion with a cham-

pion sparrer, and would take any amount of rudeness from one of that class rather than attempt to chastise him, and perhaps pull his hair or scratch his cuticle with my fingernails, in my excitement, which I would regret afterwards.

Incredible as it may seem, since I arrived at manhood, I have actually been known—when out walking with a friend after dark and some ruffian of a foot-pad sneaked up behind us and struck my companion with a slung-shot and then jumped on his prostrate form with a knife to cut his throat—to rapidly hurry away and leave them struggling on



the ground, in order to put myself out of the temptation of slapping my friend’s assailant right in the face, and thereby get an unwished-for reputation as a brusier.

So sensitive have I been on the subject of blows, that I would often smother the least inclination to “hit” an opium-pipe, or “strike” a seedy acquaintance (whom I knew to be dead-broke) for the loan of a hundred dollars. Fact!

Yes, my whole being has ever revolted against *melees* and shindys of a knock-down, or Madison Square Garden nature.

I do not know that I can say anything more to convince my readers that I am ordinarily mild and inoffensive; that my physical make-up is that of a consistent man of peace, being composed of full 99,999 parts amity, and scarce 000.001 part belligerence; that my leg-power for “get away” proclivities, has predominated by a large majority over my arm muscle for “staying” qualities; and that, taken altogether, I would always have preferred to “eat than fight any day;”

BUT;—

when half a dozen sore-eyed, club-footed, flannel-mouthed, “Mugwump” pilgrims came chuckling up to me in a body the other morning, and tantalizingly remarked:

“Say Jef! you ought to have had better sense than to go and throw your vote away on Jim. Blaine and the Republican party, this year!”—

THAT

was the time my lamb-like, but loyal Radical system underwent a complete change, and in my righteous indignation at those traitorous “Dudes and Pharisees,” I became in one second a slugger from Slugdom!—a roaring lion searching for human gore!—a Gatling



battery!—a submarine torpedo!—and a rip-staving cyclone of holy terror!!!—and “don’t yer fergit it!”

For evidence thereof, drop around to those misguided “Independents’” residence, and ask the Doctors who are patching up their broken bones, readjusting displaced diaphragms, furnishing new glass eyes, wax noses, sections of wind-pipe etc.,—for more minute particulars.

Bloodthirstily etc.,

“J. J.”

N. B. (Later). I have just been acquitted in Court, on the charge of “Assault with intent to kill,” and am now open for matches with Alf. Greenfield—the “Nebraska giant,” or any other heavy-weight boxer—sixty-five per-cent of the receipts to go to the winner, and thirty-five per-cent to the loser. (“Me and Sullivan” have adopted these standard rates, and won’t meet second-class fighters on any other terms). First come, first served!

## Half Hours with the Angels.

By a JUDGE Reporter.

THE other night I had a dream that was so odd and queer,  
That when I woke, my curly locks stood straight on end with fear!  
Me-thought that in my dream I stood before the Golden Gate  
And looked on every side in vain for dear old Peter’s pate.

“Peter! Peter! Peter!” I cried with might and main,  
And quick the saint came running back to his post again;  
“I’ve been marshaling the cherubs, and list’ning to them sing;  
Excuse me, please,” he murmured, “but I didn’t hear you ring.”

He welcomed me sedately, till he caught sight of my book,  
Then asked me what I wanted, with a very frigid look;  
I modestly responded, glancing side-ways at his keys,—  
“I am a JUDGE reporter, let me pass in,—if you please.”

Saint Peter opened wide the gate, and sweetly said:  
“Walk in;  
To keep a JUDGE reporter out would surely be a sin.”  
I thanked the Saint politely, and entered with good grace;



And with my note-book in my hand, I wandered  
'round the place.

I had not walked so very far upon the golden street,  
When, turning 'round a corner, by good luck I  
chanced to meet

A beautiful blonde cherub, who looked up with a  
smile,

And I thought, "Oh, hang my note-book, I will  
talk to her a while."

I stammered, "Please, Miss Cherub, will you take  
a walk with me,

And show me the celebrities I've come so far to  
see?"

"With pleasure," said the cherub, "what sights  
do you prefer,—  
Political?—Angelical?—the former I infer."

So together very leisurely we strolled from street  
to street,

And many an old acquaintance I met and stopped  
to greet.

The first I saw was Burchard, who complained  
about his wings,

And told me (confidentially) he thought them horrid  
things!

There, too, was Roscoe Conkling, with expression  
sweet and bland,

A curl upon his forehead, a harp within his hand,  
And very close upon his heels a smaller angel flew,

I'm sure 'twas Platt, for as he passed, I heard him  
say, "me too."

And there were Blaine and Logan blithely playing  
on a harp,

And Grant was smoking a cigar, and Chandler  
looking sharp.

While cock-eyed old Ben Butler was counting  
silver spoons,

And Sheridan and Sherman were practicing hymn  
tunes.

"But where is Brother Beecher?" I asked my little  
guide,—

"Why, Beecher's no Republican!" she angrily  
replied.

"Ben Butler is not either, and would not now be  
here,

If he had not tried to overcome Democracy last  
year."

"But a Democrat could enter, who is both good  
and wise,"

I ventured to remonstrate, but I noted with sur-  
prise

That the cherub looked sore puzzled, then gently  
shrugged her wing,—

"A Democrat that's good," she said, "why, is  
there such a thing?"

Chet, Whitelaw Reid, and Edmunds, and Evarts  
too, I saw,—

But Peter wildly waved his keys (the cherub said  
he swore)

And loudly cried: "Look here, young man! I say,  
your time is up,

Just take the next cloud for the Earth—you'll be in  
time to sap!"

The pretty cherub murmured, "Why, I thought  
you'd come to stay!"

And I said: "You little angel, I hope I will  
"some day,"

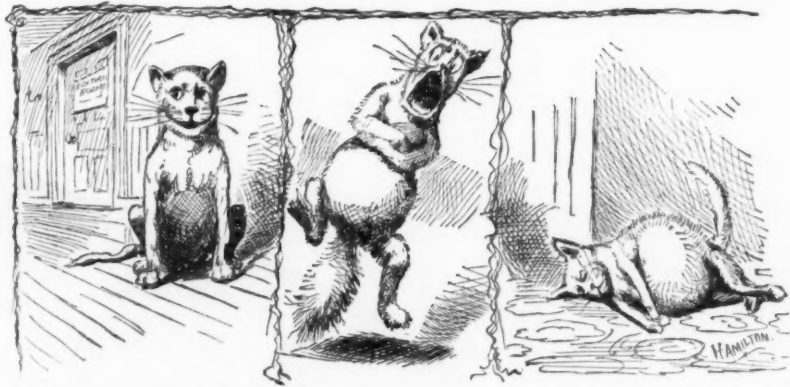
But I must not tarry longer, or THE JUDGE will  
surely frown."

So I pressed her left wing gently, and hurried back  
to town.

HELEN THORNE.

OFF on a toot—the cornetist out of town.

PEOPLE used to wonder at Charlie Backus  
eating three fries at one mouthful, but times  
have changed; many persons now carry plates  
in their mouths all the time.



No. 1. "We think we have heard  
enough about the "Sun" office  
cat, to be pretty well acquainted  
with it."

No. 2. "But we can imag-  
ine what a hard time it  
must have when it strikes  
some of those "Sun" edi-  
torials on 'Democratic  
Imperilment.'

No. 3. "What terrible fate awaits  
it if it should wander across to the  
'N. Y. Times' office, and 'tackle'  
their editorials; Oh! horrible!  
Well, it would swell up and die."

Trifling Tidbits.

Waterproof gaiters—alligators.

A "scrap-book — the History of Prize  
Fights.

Men of penetration—tunnel constructors.

The last knell of Republicap presidents—  
Nell. Arthur.

THE young man in a new suit of flannels  
moans:

"Scratch, scratch, scratch—

From my shoulders down to my knee;

Ah, the tender touch of the cotton that's gone,

Will it ever come back to me?"

—Merchant Traveler.

Likewise the girl who has discarded flannels:

"Scratch, scratch, scratch—

From my shoulder down to my knee;

Ah, the awful rash from those buck-wheat cakes,

That this winter's broke out on me!"

A suit of mail—the post-man's uniform.

Great on the 'cod'—practical jokers, and  
Massachusetts fishermen.

Prince Collonna's fiancee will doubtless  
Mackey good wife for that blue-blooded  
nobleman.

"Getting Hon. in the world," as the fel-  
low said who had just been elected to Con-  
gress.

Little "t.'s" with "crosses,"

Little "dots" o'er "i.'s,"—

Make the careless pen-man

Writing e'er despise.

A youth of great promise—the one who  
desireth to negotiate for a loan.

"THIEVES en route to dispose of stolen  
plunder do not like to have obstacles put in  
their way, but they were never known to  
object to a 'fence'!" (Translated from the  
Canadian of Mother Mandelbaum.)

Oh, beautiful land where the dates grow ripe,

Where birds in winter-time go—

Where the white man's joke dies out in a breath,

Where the "chestnut" has no show.

Chicago Herald.

Oh, bottomless pit where the fire burns hot,

Where the sinner gasps and chokes—

Where no water-pipes ever freeze up and bust,

Where there are no "plumber" jokes.

A man is obliged to *curry* favor with the  
woman he wishes to make his bride, before  
he can be-*comb* her groom.

When it comes to feminine goodness, there  
is Nun other to equal that of a Sister of  
Charity.

The soldier who won glory, promotion,  
his honorable discharge, and a pension, "at  
the cannon's mouth," would gladly give  
them up to regain the eye, ear, leg, and arm  
he lost at the same place!

The Reason Why.

I was walking along a country road, en-  
joying the mild winter air, and drinking in  
the fragrance of the spring flowers, which I  
rather guessed would be along soon. I am  
a romantic sort of a fellow, and when busi-  
ness is not spry in the city, I sorter enjoy  
taking a walk along where no one else goes.  
When in town, I'm always reckoned a sharp,  
go-ahead sort of fellow, but that comes from  
living among sharp people, which causes me  
to take my tone from them, but way out in  
the country I act like a young lamb. Bless  
you, when I git out among the green trees  
and fields, I gits down-right green myself.

Actin' on that, of course, I could not  
see a poor man sitting half weeping by the  
roadside without accosting him kind of piti-  
ful:

"Old man," says I, "you're in a bit of  
trouble?"

"Stranger, I am," said he.

"Lost your father mebber?" said I.

"Before I was born," said he.

"Your mother, then?" said I.

"Not lately," said he.

"Your wife?" said I.

"Not much," said he.

"Your Sweetheart?" said I.

He shook his head till his hat and wig  
came off.

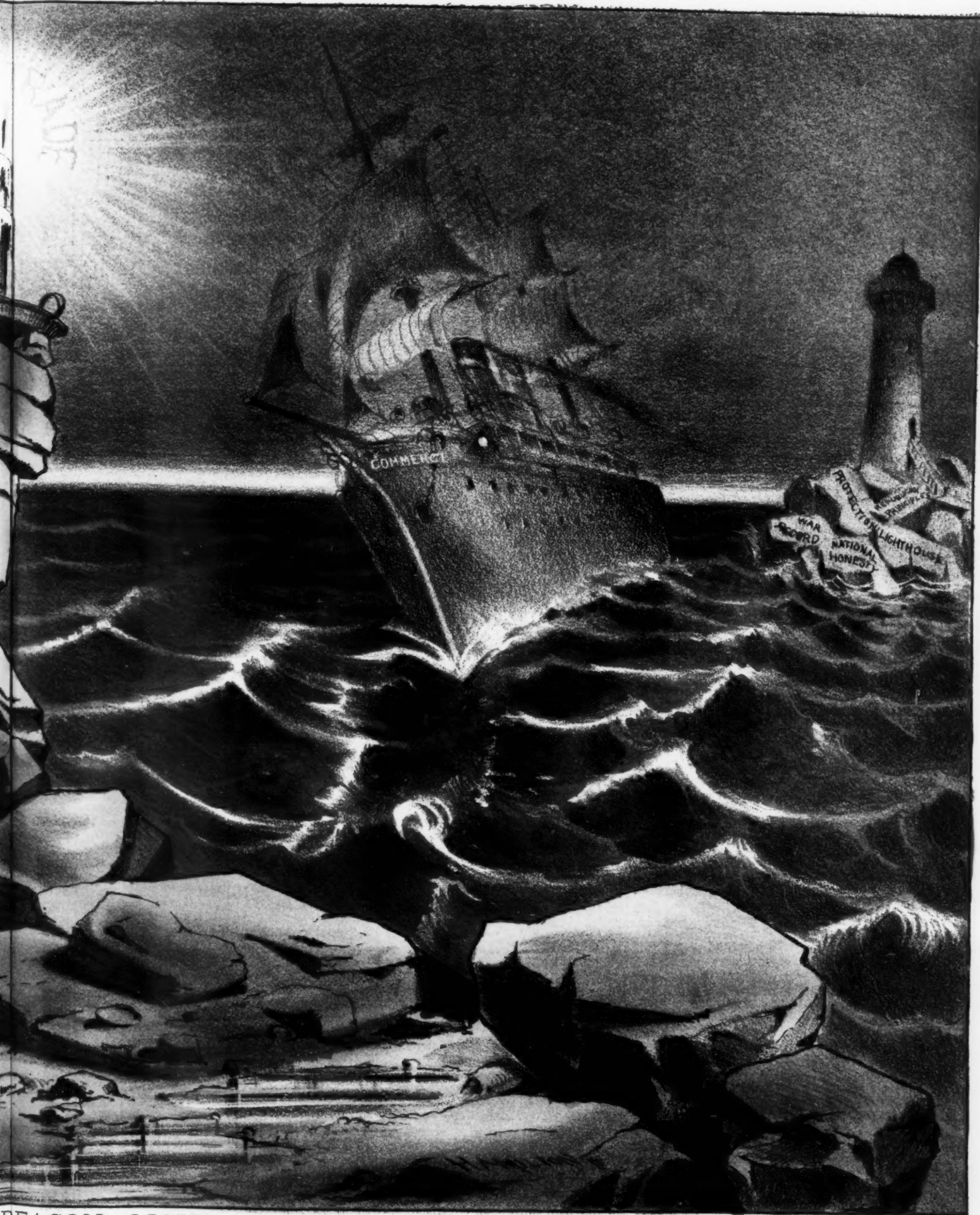
"Keep your hair on," said I, "would a  
trifle of cash help you?"

"I dunno, but it might," said he, "but  
that ain't the real trouble. Every man  
knows where his own shoe pinches, and its  
not every can understand my case. Stranger,  
you're an honest man by your face, and I'll  
tell you what my trouble is, that keeps me  
a sitting and a weeping on a cold heap of  
stones this winter day not having a shoe on  
my foot. Stranger, its corns."



THE FALSE BEACH





BEACON LIGHT.



GERMAN OPERA pursues the even tenor of its way at the Metropolitan Opera House. Since the arrival of Materna, the house, big as it is, has not been large enough to contain all the people anxious to hear this famous Wagnerian song bird. Damrosch has his hands full, but he is equal to the occasion.

One thing, his principal singers haven't made him any trouble, and they seem to be much better behaved individuals than do the stars of Italian opera troupes. Among the Germans, thus far, the chorus singers have been the only kickers. They were summarily dealt with, and now their absence is not missed. Mapleson, on the other hand, has had no end of trouble with his tenors and with Nevada. Abbey last year had a perfect parrot and monkey time with irate warblers and their husbands, and Scalchi has only just settled that memorable breakfast and her law suit against her manager.

On the whole, we conclude that our German friends are good natured and "easy to get along with." Their performances, like their dispositions, are uniformly good, and it looks as if "the music of the future" was to be the future music of New York.

Just at the present however, Wagner and Meyerbeer have their rivals, and the songs of Harrigan and Hart at The New Park, and the music of the Roller Skates at the Cosmopolitan, still draw crowds of enthusiastic admirers.

Farther down Broadway, Mr. Dixey's voice is heard to break the stillness of the midnight and Saturday afternoon air, and "It's English you know," and "The Wall Street Brokers" are always encored.

Then there is "A Trip to Africa," at The Standard, and Miss Marie Conron, and Miss Mae St. John, take turns in doing the principal soprano business.

But for pure and unadulterated melody commend us to the Comedy Theatre, where John Mackay, Ida Mulle, and the double cornet divide the honors between them, in "A Bottle of Ink." Here you get the worth of your money, and no mistake.

Mackay gives us all his old jokes and a few new ones. The opera of "Orpheus and Eurydice" with the part of Eurydice left out, gives Ida Mulle a chance to display herself as Cupid, and the "Princess Ida" forms a prominent part of the entertainment. Beside all this, Mr. James P. Locke performs "the wonderful feat of playing first and second parts of a duet, on two different cornets."

The programme tells us that "Mr. Rice takes most pleasure in introducing this novel and most unique performance to the American public." This we can readily believe. "Mr. Rice takes most pleasure" and the audience take very little, still there is something left to be thankful for.

Mr. Locke has not yet learned to play simultaneously on three cornets.

He is quite young, and time and ginger ale

may do a good deal for him, but just at present he has only wind enough for two instruments.

"Ixion" will succeed a "Bottle of Ink" when Ida Mulle and the bower of roses shall have gone from our gaze, and Pauline Hall will again become an attraction at the Comedy.

Hilarity at the Fifth Avenue has ceased, and dignity and majesty now tread John Stetson's classic stage. Mestayer with his sore head has departed, and Edwin Booth is doing Shakespeare with a company said to have been taken from the Boston Museum.

Benefits for hard-up managers seem to be the thing now-a-days.

Barton and McVicker, who have played a losing game with the Milan Opera Company, have been tendered a benefit at the Metropolitan House. This occurs as we go to press.

Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin have also had a testimonial benefit at Wallack's.

"A Bunch of Keys" follows "Skipped by the Light of the Moon" at Niblo's. After this comes Thatcher, Primrose and West's minstrels.

Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin play "Notice to Quit" at the Mount Morris Theatre this week, and Lotta has moved from the Grand Opera House to the People's Theatre, where she appears in the "Little Detective."

In the mean time the Grand Opera House is taken by the "Michael Strogoff" Company, and Agnes Booth is playing in "The Wages of Sin" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

Theatrical scandals are rife at this season of the year, and one can hear as much gossip in the green room as at a church sewing society.

The escapades of Gerald Eyre and Ed. Marble have furnished delightful tid-bits for the greedy ones, but the former has gone to California, and the latter denies most of the stories about him.

Mr. Morrison has been obliged to leave Wallack's, "owing to a previous engagement," but the play goes on all the same. A New York daily calls attention to the fact that the most successful companies this season have been those presenting dramas by American authors.

Bartley Cambell's plays have done well. Barrett has made money with "Francesca da Rimini," "Victor Durand" at Wallack's, "Love on Crutches" (more or less American) at Daly's, have both been successful, and Grau has lost money on Theo, while he has made money with Aimee in English.

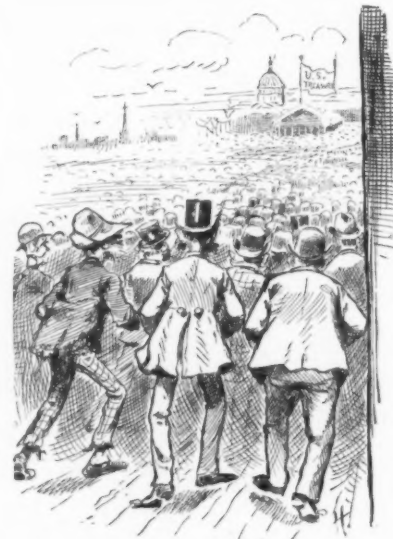
"The Silver King," "The Lights o' London," and "Called Back" have done poorly. Raymond has had an unusually good season, and his plays are American. He left Brooks and Dickson at the end of last season, and he congratulates himself that he is now his own manager.

Emma Abbott has been making money in San Francisco. She says she is not going to Australia, but will soon wend her way eastward, and when the gentle spring-time comes, her voice will mingle with the warble of the robins on old New England's sea girt shore.

Beside all this she has bought a new California (!) diamond, which is only a little smaller than her own expansive smile, and this (the diamond, not the smile) is expected to shine with effulgence in the jewel scene in Faust.

A car-coupling—a marriage on the train.

No, Delorious Traverra, the humming of the mill is not the millstone.



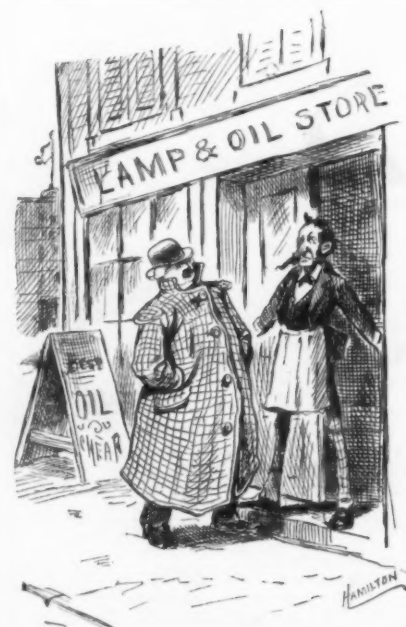
WASHINGTON, Jan. 7.—A statement prepared by the United States Treasurer shows that there are now outstanding \$26,523,144 in \$1 notes, and \$26,840,217 in \$2 notes. The Treasurer says that there is now no scarcity of notes of small denominations. And he is prepared to supply all demands for them.

**WELL! THERE ARE A FEW FOR WHOM IT WILL BE VERY CONVENIENT TO DEMAND.**

A heavy tax—the stocking rent.

RUMOR says that the English Premier will be called to the House of Lords. Some political bridge-builders will question whether a really good pier can be made out of such material as Glad-stone.

As the time is rapidly approaching when the American people will be called on to choose a successor to Mr. Cleveland, is the way one of our enterprising papers, already puts it. "There is rest for the weary," no doubt, unless the weary happens to be an American citizen.



BUSINESS DEPRESSION.

LAMP AND OIL MAN—"Why it is terrible. I am doing a very light business. It speaks for itself."



## Mr. Jackason's New Year's Eve.

How He Takes Account of His Sins, and is Haunted by Spectres—mostly Drunk.

'Tis the first New Year of the season. It will also be the last. A Solomon reflection! Let me see—where do I stand this night? Do I stand on my head, or do I stand in an unnatural posish? What have I done that I feel half ashamed to look myself in the naked eye. Out with it my Jackason; though it breaks thy liver and fill thy stomach with remorse. Never mind the weather Jackason, but haul thy sins by the heels out from between the feather-beds. Strip them to the night shirt, and expose them to the gaze of Thermometer, who is stopping down at Zero's. It will do thee good. All the rest of the saints do it. For is there no balm in Gilead? Truly there be, and this be the way to fetch it out—

I had been sworn in a member of the church only a day or two before our beloved paster, the Rev. Dedbeets, and I got on a beautiful bender. As Mr. D. remarked, the night was calm and serene. We left Palmer's saloon arm in arm, singing the grand old hymn, "We Won't Go Home 'Till Morning," and soon after fell into a half-dug out cellar. I was the first to get awake in the morning, and, of course, went through my unfortunate companion. Besides some coins, which I spent next day for remembrance sake, I found the broken stem of a valuable clay pipe. In the hurry of operation I stuck this in my pocket, and thought no more about it at the time. But now the hour has come, and the pipe stem stands before me mounted on the back of this solemn occasion like the spectres—must mean the spectators—that haunted the ghost of Bunco in one of the back streets of Shakespeare-on-Avon.

Not many days after being delivered from the cellar the Rev. Dedbeets was holding forth so strongly and so longly that he at last got two ward politicians under conviction, and their toughness was so great that brother Bibbers and I wrestled with them 'till we were tired out and felt like taking some of nature's sweet restorer balmy; so we went over to Palmer's and when it came to my turn to set her up, I gave Palmer a counterfeit trade dollar, which he took without looking at it much—forgetting, I suppose, that I had joined the church—and, in a rush of business, gave me five quarters change. And did I on any of the numerous occasions that I have been at Palmer's since, act like a humble Christian and say, "Palmer, thou hast done me a grievous injury, but we are all poor sinners, Palmer, and I forgive thee?" Never; and now methinks me hears myself saying to myself, Jackason, thou hast faults, but the hardness of heart that would not forgive that trade dollar is what stuns me.

But this is not all. It was a Sabbath evening about three o'clock on Monday morning, that brother Moonlightly and I assembled to transact some business. Hearing, however, that brother Flintstone and his whole family were down in the blackberry bushes with lanterns, hunting the cent which he had lost on his way home from church, we changed the programme and went for brother Flintstone's poultry-yard, and cleaned out everything—everything, that is, except the father gobbler, who, in the course of a somewhat checkered life, had learned to roost high. Him we had to leave, bereft of family and kindred, alone, all alone on the tree. In vain do the remains of the unregenerate man within me persuasively say; "You know,



## DUMB, BUT NOT DUMB-FOUNDED.

OLD PARTY—"Hey! Stop the car—yell to it!"

BUSINESS LIKE BOY—"Why, dern it, don't you see I'm dumb."

Jackason, that you had rather have taken a gobbler of that size, considering what he would fetch in the Philadelphia market, than any two of the rest. But what could you do? Flintstone's return was not expected, yet before the gobbler could be rescued, here was brother F. coming down your rear, his old war-musket loaded to the brim with rusty shingle nails, while the dog was already taking care of the slack in brother Moonlightly's pants. No, Jackason, all that mortal man could do was to git with the plunder and leave the unfortunate gobbler to his fate. All in vain, for conscience hoarsely asks, "Jackason wert thou afraid to risk thy old hide for the rescue of that lonely gobbler?" Let him sit heavy on thy soul this night for every every more! And he doth, he doth, Sister Lenore. Sitteth ghostlike and fat, good for thirty pounds dressed.

But the night drives on. I bought Flintstone's bay (as soon as Moonlightly had sufficiently convinced the owner that the animal had an attack of pig-cholera) for five dollars to be paid April first. So far, good. I gave myself a receipt in full, duly signed with Flintstone's name, but here, forgetting the duty which I owed to society and to the church, I signed without crossing the t, and when the receipt was brought up April first, Flintstone saw that the t wasn't crossed and—oh Jackason, what a crime was that to leave that t uncrossed! And now the uncrossed t hung himself onto the neck of the gobbler and will not down.

And more. Last Fourth of July, when I got that splendid dinner at the Carter House (taking in sufficient forage to save two meals at home) I succeeded, under favor of Providence, in escaping without paying a cent. Yet what had I done to merit such a blessing? Alas, worse than nothing. For in partaking of that very dinner I had violated the divine law which forbids frail mortals to shovel in our grub with a knife. And now the ghostly blade hisses from the dinner tables of memory and says (making believe to speak only for the information of itself)

"the other sins of Jackason may be white-washed away, but he that grubbeth his grub with a knife, after the manner of a Dutch hog, while Providence hath provided him with fingers, deserveth to be guilty of his own death."

The minutes move on. Oh that day, when the police came over to my place with a search warrant in quest of a lot of pigs, and searched everything without finding anything, I returned thanks only in a general way for the great mercies of that day, but made no mention of the special providence which came to me, as it were in a vision or dream, saying, "Hide them in the churn, Jackason, Moonlightly himself would never think of looking for pigs in a churn. No, never mentioned it. But what says one of the sams?—sich is human nature; once he has licked all the butter off don't give a continental fur the hand that spread it on." But not for always. The New Year comes, then the conscience stroked wretch is glad to return to his butter.

The end is not yet; on a stormy night of March last, brother Dedbeets found himself with a great hoarseness in the pit of his stomach, so that the eminent colored divine, the Rev. Buckwasher Struggles, filled his pulpit and flock that night. This aged child of grace who had been fighting the Satan ever since he "fust sot out on de pilgrimage" (the Satan being generally on top) dwelt so strongly in his sermon on the rugged pathway of life, that the fountain of sorrow was broke loose in the bosom of Moonlightly and me, and we agreed to smooth the brother's pathway for one night at least by pouring water on the roughest part of the alley that led to brother Didler's house. The consequence was that something broke. But what? The Rev. Buckwasher's shins, and the Rev. Dedbeet's second hand plug. And when the Rev. B. made his descent he plunged with his No. 16 cowhides into the passing body of Mr. Schweinbauch, and carried Mr. S. with him. All this was to be expected under the circumstances, and might be regarded as a dispensation; but something



#### A MEDICATED COMPLIMENT.

YOUNG AND HANDSOME DOCTOR—"Oh, yes; you will take the medicine, it is real nice!"

ARTLESS LITTLE PATIENT—"As nice as you are?"

else broke. Mr. S.'s nose came in contact with one of the rails of a neighboring fence, and the rail broke—rail not worth less than two cents. Very good, did I go next morn-to to the owner of the fence and say "Mister, what's the damage? I didn't intend the the rail should break, but all the same, my conscience asks what's the damage?" Mr. Jackson, thy conscience did sleep then, she is only too awake now, and there stands the rail, broken and pale—pale, Mrs. Othello as thine own smock, pale, Jackson, as the bosom of the new-born shirt.

But as yet there is no letting up. On the occasion of the camp-meeting in Anderson's Woods, when, for a special purpose, Moonlightly and I tied an oyster-can to a dog's tail, and the can got severely thumped and bumped because of the attachment to the tail, did I seek day and night for the owner of that valuable piece of property that I might pay him for his loss. I misgave I didn't. And it is in vain that I recollect Moonlightly telling me that the can, oysters and all, had been presented to him as a slight token of esteem on the occasion of his visiting one of the brethren's tents at 2, A. M. while the inmates were indulging in the pleasures of sleep. In vain, for though Moonlightly is a member both of our church and of the legislature, his memory is treacherous. Else why, when he sold me the muley cow, which, after the paint was worn off, I found to be my own cow (with the horns sawed off) that somebody had stolen from me six months before—why, I say, did brother Moonlightly, on the word of a Christian statesman, swear that it was the identical cow which his brother had got a present of from Ward Beecher's Peekskill farm?

Hark to the voice of the New Year night, howling as if they howled with red-hot pokers, saying among other things, "Jackson, how was it when you got thirty dollars to buy Cleveland votes at fifty cents a head,

and forty dollars to buy Blaine votes at a dollar a head, and bought them (on tick, to be paid after election) and then got fifty dollars to smuggle through the whole hundred votes for Butler, and then, after election, raised two hundred dollars out of the votes by promising not to have them prosecuted for accepting bribes—thus making a clean three hundred and thirty dollars out of the business, and yet Jackson, you forgot on that occasion to open the proceedings with prayer. That was indeed a mountainous sin, only wiped out by your telling the bought and sold voters that St. John was only one of Butler's nicknames. Another of the spectators there is, who gives voice in dark colors: "Brudder Jackson were it a squar deal wen you got up onto yer hine legs at de Sunday school and make dat perfound impression in de audjience by tellin' the childer dat Joseph stoled de American flag from Gen. Dix and cut her up to make hisself a nice coat; and dat de king Nebuchedschazzar (him wat eat de clover) got mad at de bad boys fur writin' dere handwritin' on de wall—on de top of de wall; and how the fust man raise his cane an' killed his father; and how de prodigal calf eat de corn husks till he got fat and den come home and de ole man frew his arm roun' his neck and killed him; and how de locusts devour the Red Sea so de Guptian couldn't git nary drop of water to drink when dey swum across wid de childer of Israel at dere heels—I solemnly ax, brudder Jackson, were it on de squar fur to guv all dat interestin' information to de childer and never guv a cent worth of credit to de pusson wat posted you on all dem pints, as you know I done on de previous evenen' wen we was settin' on de fence roun' brudder Goholy's watermillion patch waitin fur de dogs ter slack off der bark, and fur de moon to hide hisself behine de cloud? Brudder Jackson doan pertend yer can't discomember de incidence, but repent an' do no more likewise." Still they howl and keep howling: "Jacka-

son arn't you ashamed of yourself? git out of it ef you kin," "Jackson, the baste that iver ye was!" "Schackason you tam hypogrit fur wot ye went pack on me?" "Mr. Jackson dere's futchure behind you, dat'll catch you up ef you doan git right smart." "Shake Jackson, old pard, and let me and you cut for Canada." "Jackson its all up with—," but is this a demijohnson that I see before me? It is. And empty? It is. A foul suspicion crosses my mind—have these spectators been drinking? They have! Whilst thou, my poor jumped on Jackson, hast kept thyself sober as a top.

#### Woman's Superiority Over Man.

I HEARD a smart old man say once that a woman who didn't have temper now and then was no account, for while a man ought to be a philosopher and go according to reason, a woman wasn't made that way. She is full of emotions and is bound to show them. She is up and down, now calm and now excited, according to circumstances. Her love is stronger and her dislike more intense. She has more wonder and curiosity, more sympathy and reverence and hope. In fact, she is a purer, better creation, and was made so because she was to be a mother and nurse of children.

"Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,  
And then she made the lasses."

I was talking to a nice lady one day about woman's rights, and she said that men and women had too many rights now, and indulged themselves in some that didn't belong to them. "For instance," said she, "a man has no right to be a fool, and no woman has a right to be homely."

"But how can she help it?" said I. "If a woman is born 'ugly,' as we call it, it surely is not her fault."

"Of course not," said she, "but if she is born that way she mustn't stay that way. She can be good if she wants to be, and she can be kind and entertaining, and that will make any woman pretty on intimate acquaintance. The homeliest woman I ever knew was the most attractive and fascinating. And just so the biggest dunce of a man can keep from being a fool if he tries to; at least he can be a silent one, and then folks wouldn't find out that he was a fool.—*Ex.*

#### He Wanted a Post-Office.

"My friend," said a gentleman to a German whom he met upon the corner, "can you tell me where the post-office is?"

"Yah."

"Well, if you please, be kind enough to tell me."

"I know who he vas."

"I am in a hurry," replied the gentleman, "tell me where it is."

"Oh, you vant to found der post-office out, aind it—"

"Yes."

"Oh, vell. Dots besser you go four plocks south, den you go two plodks dat vay, den you vas go four plocks nord, den you come mit two plocks dis vay."

"Why, you fool, that brings me back to this identical spot."

"Vell, dots all right."

"Then where is the post-office?"

"You vant der post-office. Oh, oh, dots yoost across der street. Why don't you said so, yet I daught you wanted to took it away mit you, but you don't vos fool me once. I vas a candidate for dot places myself. I vas a Democrat neider.—*Pretzels Weekly.*



Following Nature.

A PATIENT presents himself in the consulting room of a fashionable dentist, with anger on his brow.

"You remember making this set of artificial teeth for me?"

"Perfectly."

"You said they would be just like natural ones; but they hurt me horribly."

"Precisely. Was not that what your natural ones did, for which I substituted these? I only imitated nature," adds the dentist, with a complacent smirk.—*Ex.*

Exceptions to the Rule.

MR. MINKS—"Ah, Miss Deboston, I'm so glad I met you. I want your testimony in a little dispute I have just had with my friend Mr. Winks. He says all Boston girls wear eye-glasses, and I say it isn't so; only a newspaper joke."

Miss Deboston—"I wear them, you see."

"Of course; but he claims that all Boston girls wear them. It is not true, is it?"

"Oh, no. Some poor girls can't afford them."—*Philadelphia Call.*

No Bibles.

"AH!" he said, as the door opened, "but do I address the lady of the house?"

"No, sir," replied the girl, as her face melted a little; "I am the housekeeper."

"Um. She is out then!"

"Yes, sir—gone to the skating rink."

"And the gentleman?"

"He's gone off to a raffle."

"Um. Any daughters?"

"Two of 'em, sir. The eldest, which is Fannie, is across the way learning how to play euchre, and the other, which is Susie, has rigged up as an actress and gone down to have a statuesque photograph taken."

"Um. No sons?"

"Only one, sir, and this is the hour when he takes his boxing lessons. Did you wish to see anyone in particular?"

"Well, I am taking orders for the Cottage Family Bible, as I was in hopes to secure a subscriber. Perhaps you—!"

"Oh, it's no use talking, sir!" she interrupted, as the door began to close. "My beau brought me in fifteen dime novels last night, and I go to three dances a week, and I'm just catching on to old sledge, and, really, sir, you'd better hit the family next door. I think we have suspended business in your line of goods."—*Detroit Free Press.*

HERBERT'S mama took him to Sunday school the other day, and the lesson being on the depravity of the human heart, the teacher drew a large heart on the black-board by way of illustration. "Mama," said Herbert with a nudge, "will she draw a spade next?"—*Philadelphia Call.*

Attractive and Useful.

THE BROWN Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md., the owners of the celebrated Brown's Iron Bitters, have just issued a beautiful *Hand Book* and *Almanac* for ladies, and a complete and useful *Memorandum Book* for men. These publications are attractive, containing a great many valuable and interesting things. They are furnished free of charge by druggists and country store keepers but should they not have them the Brown Chemical Co. will send either book on receipt of a two cent stamp to pay postage.

TRUTH is mighty—scarce.—*Whitehall Times.*

"A CLOSE call"—"Shut the door."—*Boston Star.*

COLD daze—Benumbed with the frost.—*Merchant Traveler.*

THE little girl who called the ostrich the bird with the bonnet tail put it about right.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A SOCIABLE man is one who, when he has ten minutes to spare, goes and bothers somebody who hasn't.—*Boston Gazette.*

IT is said that Bismarck has an eye on Egypt. The other is engaged in watching the horns of the Reichstag.—*Lowell Courier.*

"AN Ohio girl eloped with a Chinaman old enough to be her father." The rage for "old China" doesn't appear to abate.—*Norristown Herald.*

SOME one has written a work on "How to Grow Old." It strikes us that the best way to grow old is not to die young.—*Philadelphia Call.*

DON'T fret if you cannot go into society. The oyster is often present at a supper when he would perhaps prefer to be at home in his bed.—*Boston Courier.*

BARNUM'S \$11,000 giraffe died last week, and three sets of watches were exhausted waiting for the rattle to reach the length of the throat after leaving the lungs.—*Hatchet.*

WHEN a man tells me that his passions are very strong, I simply advise him to mix them with his morals, which are apt to be very weak. Then, you see, he strikes a good average.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

JUST as we were getting down to two cigars a day, in preparation for the regular annual "swear off," January 1st, Rev. Mr. Springer and Prof. Huxley came out with cards saying there is nothing like tobacco as a sweetener and equalizer of the temper.—*Taunton Gazette.*

"LEND me your ear a minute," remarked Mrs. Brown to her husband the other evening. "Will you give it back to me?" he inquired with mock anxiety. "Of course I will, you idiot! Do you suppose I want to start a tannery?" She got the ear.—*New York Graphic.*

GOUNOD says, "Those who do not like music are diseased." Heaven help us! for we must be far gone. Miss Pedalnote favored us with some music, the other evening, and people said it was splendid; but it seems that we are diseased and didn't know it.—*Boston Transcript.*

THEY were gliding over the glare surface of the ice together, making graceful sweeps with the glittering blades of their "clubs." "I'll dare you to make the fancy figures on ice that I will," said Reginald. "I'm quite sure, Regy, my boy, that you could beat me handsomely at that," replied Algernon. "The fancy figures I make on the ice, generally depend on the particular plaid pattern there is on my trousers." And he immediately illustrated.—*Hartford Post.*

Young or middle aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, as the result of bad habits, should send three letter stamps for illustrated book offering sure means of cure. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Bluffing a Waiter.

As we got into South Carolina we were joined by a judge from Pittsburgh. I forget just what court he was judge of, but he had been traveling South for his health, and had just figured up that he had paid out \$25 in fees to waiters, and was mad all the way through. He vowed by his baldness that he wouldn't pay out another red cent, and we encouraged him as hard as we could.

When we went to the hotel the landlord gave us a big room with three beds in it. A big negro brought the trunks up, and when he was ready to go the judge called to him and began:

"Colored person, stand up! Now I want to say to you that I shall expect prompt service without fees. You have brought up my trunk; that's all right—it was your business to. I shall want water, and I shall want a fire, and I shall probably ask you to go on errands, but if you even look fees at me I'll throw you out of the window!"

We were there two days, and the waiter was vigilant, humble and willing, but as we made ready to depart the morning of the third, in comes a constable with a warrant to arrest the Judge for threats of personal violence. It had been sworn out before a justice ten miles away, and the complainant was the negro waiter.

It took the two of us to hold the Judge down on his back during the first paroxysm, and when he had cooled off a little the negro slipped into the room and said:

"White man, stand up! Now I want to say to you dat a five-dollar bill will settle dis yer case jist as I feel now, but if you goes to callin' names or pullin hair or kickin I'll stick fur \$25! Dat Justice am my own brudder, an he's jist achin' to send some white man ter jail fur six months!"

We sat on the Judge again for about twenty minutes, at the end of which time he handed over the amount and was pronounced sane.—*Ex.*

HE "I hate a soft hat." She—"Do you? You remember the old adage: 'Like hates like.'"—*Boston Transcript.*

"The Slough of Dispondency"

in which you are wallowing, on account of some of those diseases peculiar to you, madam, and which have robbed you of the rosy hue of health, and made life a burden to you, you can easily get out of. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will free you from all such troubles, and soon recall the rosetint of health to your cheek, and the elasticity to your step. It is a most perfect specific for all the weaknesses and irregularities peculiar to your sex. It cures ulceration, displacements, "internal fever," bearing-down sensations, removes the tendency to cancerous affections, and corrects all unnatural discharges. By druggists.

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—NEW YORK.—

A POET sings: "I've found my queen," but whether up his sleeve or down his boot-leg he doesn't say.—*Philadelphia Call.*

ONE half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives. It is just as well. It saves a great deal of gossip.—*Boston Courier.*

NEVER say that the average man isn't a modest creature. When he sees a lady crossing a muddy street, his eyes seek the ground instinctively.—*Boston Transcript.*

PROF. PROCTOR says it is possible that "a comet may whisk its tail over all the world and brush us off into space." This possibility should not alarm journalists who work on "space."—*Norristown Herald.*

"I CAN'T help it," said the judge, "you may be innocent, but you keep bad company." "Well, your honor, I know that. But then I had to have lawyers to defend me."—*Boston Post.*

LITTLE NELL—"I heard Mrs. De Rich say ma was 'quietly dressed.' Did she mean that ma's silk didn't rustle?"

Little Dick—"Naw! She meant ma's dress wasn't loud."—*Philadelphia Call.*

ONLY a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Brown—"What a wonderful thing is man! His form how majestic! his faculties how grand!" Smith—"And how admirably his legs are adapted for wearing trousers!"—*Boston Transcript.*

PRACTICAL! "Oh, yes—capital supper! But I wasn't very hungry, so I just told the waiter to bring me the mrrangs, you know." "Oh, Tommy! That's not the way to pronounce m-e-r-i-n-g-u-e-s!" "No, but it's the way to get 'em"—*London Punch.*

A MASSACHUSETTS woman sold her wash-tub to a party of riflemen for a target. They paid her \$1.50 for it, and after they had gone home she went out in the field and brought it home as good as it ever was.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"WIFE did you bring your opera-glass with you?"  
"Yes, but I can't see."  
"Why not?"  
"Oh, I left my diamond rings at home on the washstand."—*Chicago News.*

MRS. HOMESPUN—"And how is the patient, doctor?" Doctor—"He is convalescing, beyond a doubt." Mrs. Homespun—"Mercy! He isn't so bad as that, is he?" Doctor (completing his sentence)—"but he isn't convalescing very fast." Mrs. Homespun—"Well, there's some comfort in that."—*Boston Transcript.*

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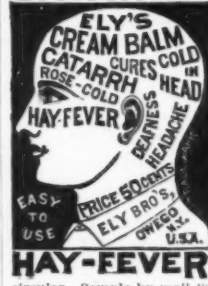


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YOUNG men are often advised to embrace the opportunity. They always do, when the opportunity offers in the shape of a fair young lady.—*Somerville Journal*.

THE man who grows the most about paying \$12 for a \$5 smoking cap at a church fair is usually the man who most complacently pays twenty cents for a seven-cent cigar with three cents' worth of tobacco in it.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

ABILITY to write with the left hand is considered a desirable accomplishment in a newspaper man. It is useful in giving left-handed compliments, which is needful to dispense almost daily.—*Boston Journal*.

SOME slanderous person makes the statement that North Stonington folks raise foxes to sell to the town for the \$5 bounty. The true Connecticut "Yank" will always find a way to turn money into his pocket.—*Hartford Post*.

"He tried to kiss me and I just told him to behave," said an irate young lady after a sleighride down the road the other day. "Well, did he kiss you?" asked her friend. "No, the idiot, he behaved."—*Providence Telegram*.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures when every so-called remedy fails.

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With 100,000 circulation (which will probably be doubled) our profits will approximate as follows: **RECEIPTS**—\$1,000,000 yearly subscribers, \$100,000; 1,000 inches advertising, \$1 per line, \$14 per inch, 12 issues, \$168,000; total, \$1,168,000. **EXPENSES**—For paper and press work, 100,000 copies, 12 issues, \$50,000; editorial work, office, repairs, etc., \$20,000; 10,000 Presents, \$60,000; total, \$130,000; leaving a net profit of \$1,038,000. For this enormous profit for sale of advertising space the ILLINOIS AGRICULTURIST depends on its 100,000 subscribers, for advertisers pay for space in proportion to circulation. With but 25,000 circulation the profit would be but a tenth of the amount. Therefore as subscribers are doing us a favor when they send us their names, we desire to return favor for favor. Any subscriber who desires to borrow from \$100 to \$500 at 4 per cent, the principal to stand if desired, as long as the borrower remains a subscriber, should so state when he sends us 50 cents for a 6-months' trial subscription to our paper.

**CONDITIONS:** Loans made on rates not less than \$100 nor more than \$500. First year's interest at 4 per cent. To be deducted from amount loaned. Your individual note is all the security required, provided you will send the names of several of your neighbors to whom we can refer—not as to the amount of property you are worth but as to your good character. Every subscriber must positively agree to show the paper and present to his friends and neighbors. When a loan is made, the adjoining form of note will be sent with the money to the subscriber's nearest bank or express office, and no note need be signed until the money is paid over. Send the names of several references, and immediate inquiry will be made. If no loan is desired, no references need be sent.

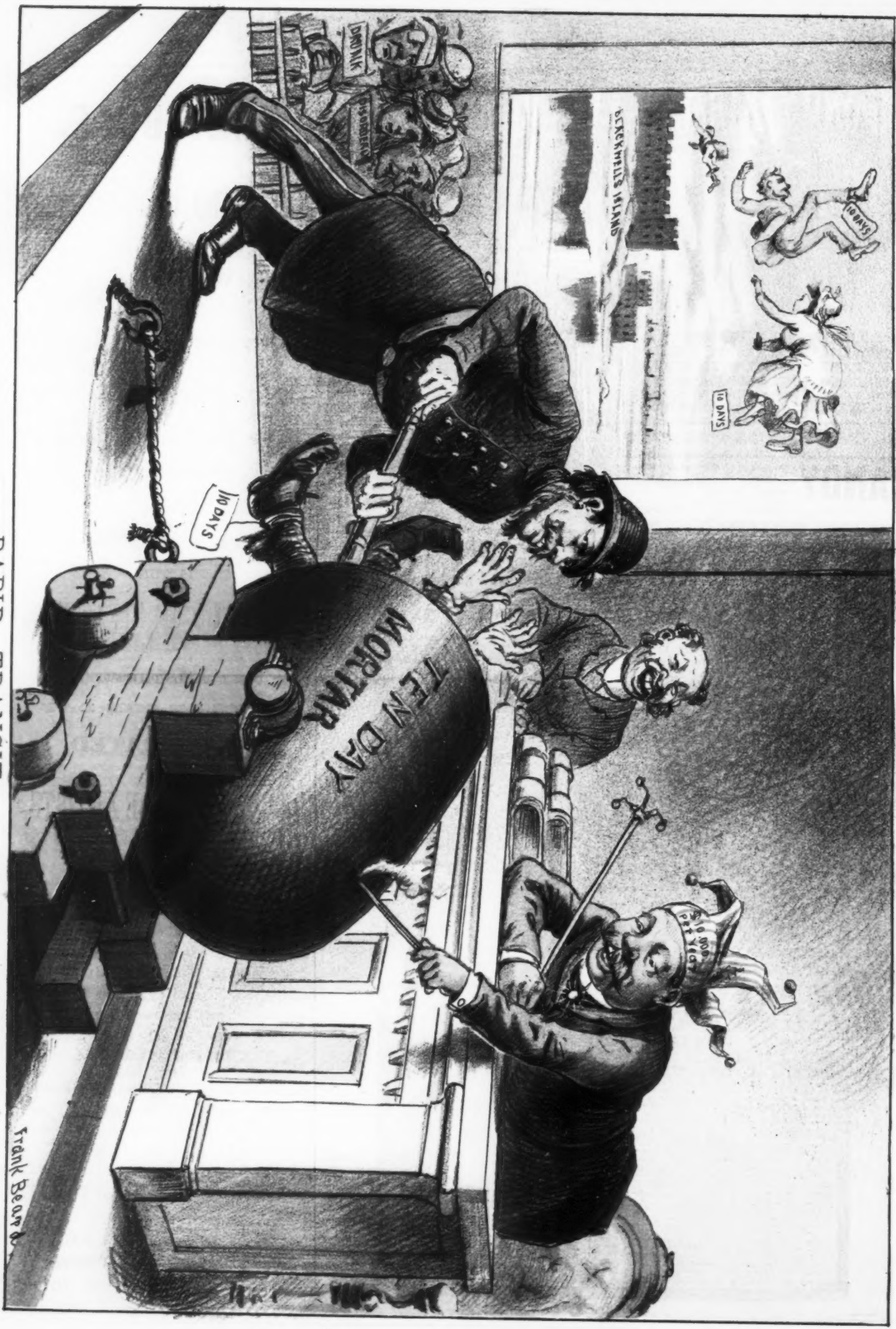
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POLICE COURT JUSTICE—"You load up, and I will fire 'em off."

Frank Beard