

Judge

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HAMILTON -

ONLY A FLIRTATION.



PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

Publisher - - - - - W. J. ARKELL
Art Department - - - - - BERNHARD GILLAM
Editor - - - - - I. M. GREGORY

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA, IN ADVANCE.
One copy, one year, or 52 numbers, . . . \$4.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers, . . . 2.00
One copy, for 13 weeks, . . . 1.00
Single copies, 10 cents each.

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS—To all foreign countries in the postal union, \$5 a year.

THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY (POTTER BUILDING),
Park Row, New York.

We guarantee advertisers a larger circulation at cheaper rates than any other American satirical paper published.
The JUDGE is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de L'Opera, Paris.

THE COLORED TROOPS at Suakim fight nobly when there is nothing but British bayonets to fall back upon.

PERHAPS those Frenchmen might be induced to take stock in the Nicaragua canal. In that way they might get some of their money back.

THE CANADIANS do not take kindly to the proposition to come to these arms; but if they want to avoid the embrace they had better make haste to behave themselves.

HENRY GEORGE returned principally for the purpose of going back again.

SOME ONE asked a Phil Daly badger, after his sentence, how he felt. "Badger than I ever felt before," he simply said.

WE DO NOT know where Grover will live after his departure from Washington, but certainly not in the hearts of his countrymen.

THE BRITISH in sticking to Suakim showed that they understood the lying of Osman Digna as well as if they had done it themselves.

LITTLE GIRL, joining in conversation regarding the ills of mankind—"Well, my doctor baptized me three times and it never took once."

DISS DEBAR weighed about fifty pounds more when she got away from than when she went to Blackwell's island. That is a pro-fat institution, and whoever values his health had better keep away from it.

WHEN ONE looks at the money spent for votes in this city, one finds relief, if he is a Democrat, by pointing the finger of scorn at Colonel W. W. Dudley.

MATTHEW QUAY had a headache after interviewing Harrison. As for the latter, he never gets it. He does the listening and lets the other man do the talking.

TIME WILL vindicate the prophecies of the JUDGE. There is not a forecast on its part with regard to the cabinet which will not turn out to be the plain, unadorned, solid truth.

HUGH McLAUGHLIN will lead the Kings county delegation to the re-inauguration of Governor Hill. The king at Washington is dead, killed by Kings county; and long live the Kings.

THERE ARE a good many "race" wars of small proportions in the south just now, and they occasion the suspicion that the black has been held under a taut rein since the fourth of March, 1885.

THERE IS NOTHING left of the Panama canal but some ruins, some danger to the French government, and broken-hearted old M. de Lesseps, who had the courage to tell a flickering lie at the very moment he was snuffed out.

NICE LITTLE SUM.

IT IS CALCULATED that \$1,200,000 were spent by the Democrats to keep the government of this city. This shows the disadvantage of having two Democratic parties. That money might have been saved to a large extent. However, the taxpayers are very liberal, and are not likely to growl over a little addition like that to their financial responsibilities. This is a good-hearted world, and New York is about the centre of it.

HENRY'S WEAKNESS.

A NEW STORY of a new love by Stanley shows that he was more timid in his last effort than in his first. In the latter he proposed and was rejected, and in the former he got another to propose for him and the result was properly no answer, the second having the requisite affection but lacking the necessary cheek. Stanley has been a very brave but a very stupid man, and he will never live long enough, if he isn't dead, to recover from either of those afflictions.

LET US SING.

THE JUDGE need not wish anybody a happy new year. All its old friends stay with it, and new ones are coming by thousands every week. That ensures happiness to us and the same blessing to half the country. The blessing "whistles itself" and comes, like sunshine and shade, without wish or prayer or effort. In a few days we shall have Harrison for president, and by that time there will be political as well as social and domestic glory. All is peace. All is well. It will be a happy new year, and three happy years will follow it.

ANNEXATION—LESS HASTE MORE SPEED.

AMONG the mental epidemics that have occasional and brief periods of rise and collapse is the one now disturbing the public mind on Canadian annexation. Senator Sherman is one of the victims, and Congressman Butterworth is severely affected. It is now about fifty years since a similar excitement and similar advocacy ran its course and died of inanition. It is true that half a century ago the great republic had less attractive force than now, less resources and lighter ties of commercial interest with its neighbor. At that time not only the boundary line of our western wilderness, and the Canadian, was undefined, but the Rocky mountains were a border-fence, marking unexplored and unchristened territories.

California was a northward political promontory of Mexico, its climate not appreciated, its riches undreamed, and while lightly held was as yet unwon. Railroads, excepting a few short, immature, and non-paying lines, had no existence. The great lakes and the St. Lawrence were at once bond and division between the loyal English colonies and the states. Yet they were, at that time, in our and their mutual semi-development, in the same relative conditions as now.

The solicitation to Canada to join the United States is not a new proposition, but an old one warmed over. Do we want it? Is not our own unsettled country sufficiently large for the easy absorption of another century of our own and imported populations? Canada is not as yet weaned from its British parent. Its subjects are largely but the transferred subjects of the mother country. Only second-growths are emancipated thinkers. Hereditary obsequiousness and truculence to title work out of the blood in the remove of a single generation. Time is the surest and safest braider of commercial and political union. Canada will ultimately become independent or voluntarily join the republic. This continent is not a breeder of monarchies, and our northern neighbor is as little likely as the United States to adopt the mediæval form of government. We neither want to conquer nor coax the Canadian union. When the political fruit is ripe it will drop, and any earlier attempt at absorption will bring dissatisfaction and distress. The western portion of the Dominion has a vast breadth of cultivable land; the eastern is but a comparative narrow belt between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and sterility. The Canadian northwest has a climate as temperate as Illinois, and the Canadian northwest holds



A POND EXTRACT.

MISS CUSHINGTON (coming down hard)—"If anybody's looking I shall die!"
HER DIMINUTIVE AUDIENCE—"When you get through there, ma'm, come over on this side and sweep. It's all snowed over."



NOT SO EASY EITHER.

HE—"Those gentlemen directly in front of us are quite distinguished. One is Smythe, the eminent divine; the other Wiggler, the great comedian."
 SHE—"Indeed! It would be no difficult matter to tell which is which. Just see how austere and sober the minister looks. Divinity is written on his face, and just see the fun sparkling in the jolly face!"
 HE—"I beg your pardon, but the jolly looking one is the divine."

loosely the ties of loyalty that seem sacred in the east. It will be the first, by association of interests, common privations, similarity of enterprise and blood, to draw close to the great republic. The western portion of Canada is American, and the eastern is still very European.

It is not territorial increase that is so dangerous as a population that resists assimilation. History is said to repeat itself. Great empires of old broke to pieces of their own area. History cannot, however, repeat itself unless the conditions also be duplicated. Yet the conditions of a thousand years, or five hundred, or even a century, cannot be repeated. Neither Cæsars nor Napoleons are possible on this continent. No twenty years' war will ever again occur on the planet. The broader spread of intelligence, the swiftness of transit, will link together the states of this republic, if not always with amity, at least with the strongest ties of interest. San Francisco is to-day closer to New York than Boston was to Philadelphia at the beginning of the century. A traveler can girth the world quicker than Columbus crossed the Atlantic. It is time, not miles, that measures distance. Railroads make the land more easily navigable than rivers or seas.

Let the United States be patient. We do not pine either for the peons of Mexico or the alliance of Quebec. There are domestic problems first to be met, and when we have well and honestly settled the "Africa" we have with us in the south it will be time enough to address ourselves to the absorption and Americanizing of our neighbor of the north.

J. A.

THE BIG FOUR needn't get excited. The big one at Indianapolis will settle it just the same if they keep calm.

THEY TELL OF A CHILD that swallowed a fish-hook under the impression that it was a Christmas present. Perhaps now the child had better swallow a live fish and have some fun for his trouble.



AN IMPLEMENT OF RECONCILIATION.

THE BUTLER—"Mrs. Walsingham's compliments, sir, an' she wants to know will she serve supper for you an' Miss Walsingham in the conservatory?"
 KIDDINGTON (who has had a serious misunderstanding with his fiancée)—"Never mind the supper, Parks; bring an ice-pick, will you?"



CARRIES EVERYTHING BEFORE IT.

RIPENED MAID (*sweetly*)—"Now please don't make me wait an hour for that cent change."
 AGREEABLE CLERK—"Certainly not. Our new cash system is a great thing. Just watch it, please."

HOLIDAY FASHIONS.

The turkey was worn safely tucked away under the vest.
 Elastic stockings were very popular with the little people.
 The cat and the dog developed quite a taste for trimmings.
 The old maid hung up her stocking on the back of the chair.
 People, as usual, were induced to buy old stock by seeing it marked "New holiday goods."

A DAUGHTER OF THE REPUBLIC.

IN early life 'tis said that she worked to earn her bread;
 But 'tis plain,
 On those days of toil and lack she has turned her silken back
 In disdain.
 For she's quite resolved to be "something" in society,
 If she can,
 And has built a nondescript house (all properly equipped)
 Called "Queen Anne."



(Clerk pulls the spring)—"Zing!"

She has bought a pedigree, coat-of-arms and family tree;
 And her race,
 Through the ages, I believe, back to Adam and to Eve
 She can trace.
 All her tastes (of course) are fine—Browning, Buddha, art, design,
 Are her fads,
 And to these with energy other epidemics she
 Daily adds.
 Sweet and fawnlike is her way, when the great—the recherché—
 Treat her well;
 But her elevated nose is discouraging to those
 Not so swell!
 With many a pat and hug is her small, capricious pug-
 Dog beguiled;
 While her large and liberal purse has procured a foreign nurse
 For her child.
 In short, this airy dame, playing her ambitious game
 Of pretense,
 Scorning common things, has quite left behind her, in her flight,
 Common sense!

G. A.

HUM OF THE COURT.

IN POLITICS the cry is "Come in between the axe."
 A CABINET PORTFOLIO fills a large space, and there are few men who can get it in their little stockings.
 NO JOKE—Let every man make a good resolution. Let him say to himself that he will never buy a vote or sell a vote.
 A SURE WAY to escape the badgers is to go to no place where you do not know them as well as they know you.
 B. HARRISON knew just how and how much to open his mouth before election; and now he knows just how and how much to keep it shut.

DO NOT WAIT until the 2d of January to make the annual good resolutions. Never put off until to-morrow what should be done to-day.

ELIZABETH, wife of the emperor of Austria, will be in this country as one of the glories of the new year, and hopes to meet the empress of Japan, who is also going to visit us. It is thought that business will go on as usual, with the exception perhaps of a few chance processions.



AN ECHO OF THE BALL.

ONE OF THE PATRIARCHS—"How do you enjoy society as far as you've gone?"
 ONE OF THE ROSEBUDS—"From the time I came in until I met you I've had a perfectly glorious time." (*And he don't know yet just how to take the remark.*)

SOME ANARCHISTS in Chicago are struggling hard for the rope, and it ought to hang them up like a lot of stockings as a new-year's present to justice.

IN GOING through a piece of woods of a dark new-year's night there are no whistlers who can whistle half as loudly and musically as Larry Godkin and G. W. Curtis, and you would never suspect the lumps in their throats.

MRS. LANGTRY refuses to be interviewed by the reporters, and sweetly recites when they approach her that good old poem, "Give us a rest." So, too, of Mr. Langtry; and they two shall have our affection through all the holidays.



CASHIER—"Holy smoke! what kind of bird is that?"



THOSE FALL TROUSERS.

Moncton was bound to have the largest pair on the avenue, even if he put both legs into one cylinder.

FOREARMED.

First interesting youth—"Keeping up your diary yet, me boy?"
Second interesting youth—"Oh! I wrote that up for three months, the last week of old '88."
First interesting youth—"Wrote it up! But how could you, you know?"
Second interesting youth—"Easy enough. Wrote it just like last



AN EVERY-DAY SIGHT.

GAMIN (*close behind*)—"Come on, fellers; he's got him!"

year's, only changed Fan's name to Clara's, and made it a little more sentimental to suit the girl, don't you know."

First interesting youth—"Show a fellow, just for fun?"

Second interesting youth—"Oh, cert. That is, I'll read you some of the most touching passages. Girls expect to see 'em once a week, you know."

First interesting youth—"Then I should think they'd look ahead and tumble to your racket, me boy."

Second interesting youth—"Well, you *are* dense. Get one that gives two pages to a day, and only let her look on while you read aloud. See?"

"Here's a sample or two:

"*January 1.*—Promised *my darling* Clara never to smoke again nor drink any intoxicating liquors. Didn't call; no use for it *now*."

"A girl, you know, takes it as a big compliment if you give up new-year's calls when you're first engaged. Easy way to get her good graces."

"*February 3.*—Sorry to say I've smoked several times. Found courage to tell Clara to-day and she sweetly forgave me."

"*March 2.*—Clara says she sees it's such a task for me to give up the weed that she'll withdraw the request. *Dear girl!*"

"*March 31.*—Clara says she doesn't mind a little wine once in a while. She will see how I appreciate her sweet, noble confidence."

First interesting youth—"Is that all?"

Second interesting youth—"Oh, about that time we'll have our first real hard quarrel. I find that I can do the repentant act better if I write it up under the glow of the emotion at the time. Really, I get almost excited sometimes, 'pon honor."

First interesting youth—"But suppose you haven't any girl, you know?"

Second interesting youth—"Then what the deuce do you want a diary for? They're only fit for girls. That's *one* of the penalties of being engaged."

A. A.

TAKING THE HINT.

"I suppose old Farmer Squash took the hint and gave you something when he saw you looking at his poultry?" said the minister.

"Deed he ded, sah," replied 'Lijah. "He gave me de debble."



AFTER SUPPER.

THE DUCHESS—"Charming table the host sets, but didn't it strike you that the birds were a little old?"
 CAPTAIN CROZIER (*in desperation*)—"Yes, madam, all of them."

HOLIDAY FACT AND FANCY.

The gilt soon wears off the new toy.

The poor man who raffled for a turkey went without a dinner.

The small boy doesn't think anything of the presents that delighted his sister.

The dissatisfied boy easily convinced himself that he didn't get as much as he should.

The poor child had as much fun with her wooden doll as the rich one had with her wax one.

Passing through life we place faith in a great many things that are more foolish than new-year's punch.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

What's that rustle in the air,
 As the old year's hour grows brief?
 'Tis the good boy everywhere
 Turning over a new leaf.



POLICEMAN (*reaching station*)—"So long, Jimmy; see you to-night. Give my regards to th' wife."

◁ TRIED OUT BY FIRE ▷

OR,

WHAT SHALL A FAT MAN RENDER WHEN HE SHALL BE TRIED?

By the author of "The Horse and His Diseases," which the same is
BILL NYE.

CHAPTER II.

FROM the Methodist church lights gleamed across the crystal snow and merry laughter could be heard from within, as young people, with kindly thoughts toward each other, joyfully decorated the church with tamarac and spruce boughs, or adorned themselves with pitch as they sat down on the sappy fragments of the evergreen.

All was mirth and gladness.

Pearl Butts was there. Bright, effervescent, gladsome Pearl. She was the life of the party. She was young, red-headed and emotional. Her step was light and her movements swift as those of a frightened steer in a cornfield.

She was dressed becomingly in a nineteenth-century costume, which was a kind of an invisible plaid drap de Henrietta, with front of shrimp pink and waist smocked *en V.*, with tight sleeves and court train handsomely faced with wiggins.

Other girls were there, but none of them seemed a patching to Pearl.

Ah, Pearly Pearl, you made sad havoc among honest hearts that day with your demure but cute style of cuttings-up!



"He often said with a sigh."

CHAPTER III.

HENRY HORNBLOWER was one of those who had always kind of hovered about Pearl and set by her a good deal in his mind. But he had never mentioned it to her, and often said with a sigh to his chum, Polk Dottheimer, generally called Polkie Dot for short, that he feared he would never, never dast to do so.

Henry was of massive mold, with broad shoulders and strong hands, and on the third finger of his left he wore a handsome silver ring with a quarter of a dollar set in the top, which flashed back the light with rare effulgence whenever he wiped his nose or "called off" at the dances and doings of the pampered set to which he belonged.

Henry Hornblower came from a long line of ancestors.

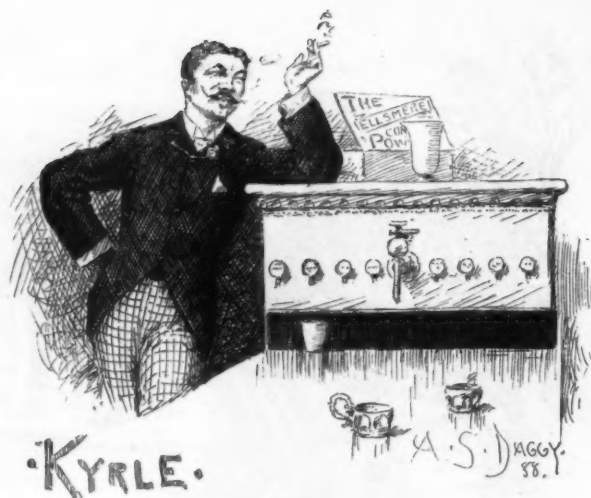
His stock was really the oldest and best blooded stock generally exhibited at the county fair.

Henry's parents were self-supporting, and he lived with them in the old home-nest called "The Elms," a country house which stood back from the road about a quarter of a mile, and had an upstairs to it where they dried seed-corn, and where a certain rich, nut-brown ratness seemed to pervade the air.

He dressed plainly at home and when about his work, but when he went abroad he changed his entire aspect by putting tallow or neatsfoot oil on his boots.

Between himself and Pearl there had never been any talk of love. It was really of no use. He couldn't do it and it wouldn't have helped him if he could.

For Pearl had already been to several revivals with Kyrle Ellsmere,



a young and dashing drug clerk, who had attained an enviable reputation for the invention of a system of bookkeeping for a soda fountain by which, no matter how many kinds of syrups were used, even if they were all mixed for the same customer, the proprietor could tell at a glance how he stood.

He had also succeeded in making up for bolting and foundered horses an admirable condition powder out of his own head.

Heigho!

Alas!

(To be continued.)

HE WISHED THE OTHER KIND.

The housewife saw a shadow as it moved across the floor. The substance was a bear-eyed tramp who hammered on the door. He asked for bread. "You ought," she said, "to be ashamed, I vow! No man should live who does not eat his bread in sweat of brow." "Excuse me, mum," the tramp replied, "you don't quite catch, I guess; You see, mum, I wuz lookin' fer the bread of idleness."

A SOUND POSITION.

He—"I don't believe there is a man living who loves home any better than I do."

She—"You're never at home."

He—"That, my dear, is the very reason I am so fond of it."

SHE WANTED HERS STRAIGHT.

Husband (of the tooth-pick-chewing genus, affectionately)—"Wifey, want a good-bye kiss?"

Long-suffering wife—"Yes; without a stick in it."



THE EDITORIAL ANNUNCIATOR.

THE EDITOR (to distinguished contributor)—"I beg ten thousand pardons, my dear sir, but the office cat tripped over the wires all in a bunch."

THE HERMIT.



It was a gentle hermit,
And he longed to hide away
From all the follies of the world,
To seek his cell and pray.

So out to a stony pasture
Far up on a hill he went,
And found a cave in a rocky ledge,
With a little rill aent.

And there, on roots and berries,
He lived as a hermit should;
And wept and prayed and fasted,
And tried very hard to be good.

Now, near him was a village
All full of big hotels,
With dance and rout and revel
Of dudes and swells and belles.

And it got to be the "fad" there
The hermit for to see;
So fashionable folk came up
To view his misery.

Nor would they leave him till his tin
They filled with silver coins;
They "did so love his hermit garb
And the rope about his loins!"

He stayed and prayed for years and years
In odorous sanctity,
While his prayers and cares, his fears and tears,
They blessed most generously.

Then on the hill appeared a host
Of workmen one day,
A palace tall rose up and soon
Drove the poor man away.

And soon a gorgeous carriage swept
The village street along;
And all to stare or laugh or swear
Stopped revel, dance and song.

For in the carriage sat the man
So long a hermit mild,
And bowing left and right he rode,
And meaningly he smiled.

Up to the mansion's gates he drove,
Within he spent his days,
And over his cave he placed the sign,
To Be A Hermit Pays.

C. L. DANIELS.

LAST OF THE HOLIDAY HINTS.

Don't begin the year by making good resolutions.
You will surely end it by breaking them.

Temper generosity with discretion—and don't put
too much sage in the dressing for the goose.

Don't make a gorgeous gift with the hope of get-
ting one equally as handsome—for you won't.

Remember that when the holiday season is in its
prime husband and wife are two—as regards gifts.

Remember it is *not* holiday charity to give away
what you do not want yourself—though it certainly is
economy.

Take whatever is given you with appreciation for
the motive, regardless of the value of the gift—unless
it is *very* small.

When you distribute the debris of the new-year's
feast to the deserving poor, see that some meat is left
on the bones. They will taste better.

THE NEW-YEAR RIDDLE.

"What a lot of things there are left over!"
Said the frugal housewife with a sigh.
But her smile returned in another moment,
As she made them into a big mince pie.



AT KILLEGAN'S WAKE.

LITTLE MCHARTY—"Show me th' mon
thot blacked me eye, an' he dies!"



O'BRYNE—"Shure! Oi'm thot sem felly."
MCHARTY—"Is it you, Driscoll? Fait' av
yez 'll show me th' way yez did it, yez 'll get
t'anked. Oi hev a shmall grudge agin Casey in
th' cor-rner beyant!"



A CHANGED TUNE.

HANNIGAN (*reading*)—"D' yez know phat they do in Jopan in phlace av shavin?"
MRS. HANNIGAN (*from inside*)—"Oi do not. Kim t' bed!"
HANNIGAN—"Th' dishgraceful haythin bur-rns th' hair aff thim t' sev th'
phrice av a—wo-ho! Wo-h-ooow—w-r-r-r-ho-ho!"

HIS OPINION OF HIMSELF.

HE was small, slender and pale. He had a lisp, and thin hair, a faint
moustache, weak eyes, and an eye-glass that seemed to make him
nervous and required his constant care; and she was wondering why
they had sent her in to dinner with him. But she was very gracious, as
kind and charming women are apt to be to men they compassionate, and
she felt that she must really make an effort to set him at ease, and give
him that confidence in himself which he naturally appeared to lack. This
laudable design, however, was quite unnecessary—as it proved.

The conversation turned on the profession of law.

"I never feel," she said, in a gently encouraging tone and looking at
him with earnest, reassuring eyes, "that nature intended *women* to enter
law. Its demands are really in excess of their capacities."

"Yes; now, really they are," he responded, rescuing his eye-glass
from a downward plunge toward his soup and fitting it with some dif-
ficulty into his eye. "Really it does. Why—er—very few *men* possess
the—the requirements. To be a good lawyer a man must have, ah—self-
possession, a polished manner—er—dignified bearing, a fine voice and—
er—well, physical strength, and a certain power of personal fascination—
good looks, of course. He must be eloquent—er—witty, quick to observe,
cool, sarcastic, level-headed, er—I've often thought," he added reflectively,
capturing his eye-glass which had again escaped him and was climbing
over his shoulder, "that if I'd given my mind to it I would have made a
splendid lawyer."

MADLINE S. BRIDGES.

The girl who liked to kiss the most never got near the mistletoe.



TOO MANY FINGERS HE C
CHIEF COOK HARRISON—"For Pity's sake, boys, of that

Judge



GILLAM.

SACKETT & WILHELM'S LITHO CO. N.Y.

WADSWORTH'S CABINET PUDDING.
"Boys, eat of that Pudding or you'll spoil it among you!"



HER COMPANY.

WHEN ma died I wuz only jest
Fourteen, but older than the rest.
'Twuz new-year day she went away
An' left an achin' in my breast.
It seemed so cheerless like to me
Without my mother's company.

Says pa, "They's no one I kin get
Kin do as well as you, Janet."
So school an' fun fer me wuz done,
An' still I managed not to fret.
The young ones thrived, and as fer me,
I'd Jim an' work fer company.

Poor Jim wuz lame, an' that wuz why
I always had him settin' by.
His lovin' ways made glad the days,
Till all at once he had to die.
The neighbors they wuz glad fer me—
But how I missed his company!

I worked along; the children dear,
They married off, from year to year.
An' one cold night, at candle-light,
Says pa, "It's purty lonesome here,
An' new-year you shall have," says he,
"A nice, new ma fer company!"

He laughed an' set an' talked awhile;
But as fer me, I couldn't smile.
An' all night long my tears run down
As I lay rasslin' with my trial.
I wisht that I, like Jim, could be
In my dead mother's company.

It's odd how things turns out; next day
In walked our neighbor, Zenas Gray.
My eyes wuz red, an' Zenas said:
"Janet, ben cryin'? What's to pay?"
"Oh, nothin' much," says I. Says he,
"I reckon you need company."

An' after that he ust to come
An' cheer me up if I wuz glum.
An' when he went I'd feel content,
An' work an' sing, or set an' hum.
The empty house, it seemed to me,
Wuz full of his good company.

An' every thought of ma an' Jim
Would somehow make me think of him.
It brought relief to bygone grief
An' filled my heart up to the brim,
Espesial when he offered me
Himself for stiddy company.

An' now, with hope in by-an'-by,
As new-year time is drawin' nigh,
The tears I shed fer them that's dead
Ain't sech as when I ust to cry.
I only trust that they kin see
How I enjoy my company.

MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

CONLIN'S MISTAKE.

"IT wor this way, Dinny. Oi wor on me way from me wor-rk
haulin' sand f'r O'Brien th' contrhactor, an' me way led me
by a shreet Oi niver wor on befor. Jist near th' carner Oi
cocked up me eye an' it fell on a sign-board nailed over a bit av
a shtore.

"It's th' devil's own poor reader Oi am, me boy, but Oi got on
t' th' sign. 'McRooney,' it said, i' th' best o' me eyesight. Oi
seen a few odd 'n inds o' ghroceries in th' windy, an' havin' th'
remimbranche av a pound o' tay th' ould 'ooman wor axin' me for in th'
marnin, Oi wint in th' dure. They wor a shmall bit av a dar-rk
complected felly sittin' on a box inside, an' Oi says, says I, 'Good-

avenin', Mishter MacRooney; how
do th' tay mar-rket be th' day?"

"Wid that, Dinny, Oi got a
clump on th' hid o' me thot wud
busht a rock, an' th' foorst t'ing Oi
knowed Oi wor aisin' mesilf on me
back in th' cinthre av th' shtrate
pickin' shplinters out o' me eyes an'
thot haythin MacRooney yellin' th'
loongs out av him fer a cop.

"Oi'm here now, Dinny, an' yez
kin bet yure life it 'll be a long day
befor Murty Conlin mishtakes a
Roman Oyetalian fer a Mick.

"It wor flour pipe-stims called
'maccyrooney' he wor sellin, an' it's
me thot put an insult to him be call-
in' him out av his nem!"



IN THE KITCHEN.

POLLY (the chambermaid)—"I wuz only 'alf
liked by the family I lived with last, and I 'ad to go."

BRIDGET (the cook)—"From me own expayrience
an' yure looks Oi'm layin' bets it wor th' master half
that liked yez."

THE WHOLE TRUTH.

Customer (impatently)—"Hello, there!
What's sugar this morning?"

Grocer (hurrying up from the cellar, absent-
mindedly)—"Same as usual, glucose and sand."



ON HIS GUARD.

REPORTER—"What is your name, my good man?"
HOGAN (who has been hurt)—"G'lang out o' that, now! Ain't it bad enough fer a
man t' be dishlycated, widout thryin' t' phlay bunco on him?"

"LADIES" WILL APPRECIATE.

"Such a beautiful, long Jersey coat I'm having made to wear in my
room mornings, Lil."

"My dear, I wouldn't think of having a Jersey wrapper unless you
have ten or fifteen minutes to spare every morning before breakfast."

"What do I want ten or fifteen minutes before breakfast for?"

"Why, to sew up the rips."

MARY'S LITTLE PIE.

Mary made a little pie,
A dainty gem and cunning;
She crimped it all around the edge
With fig-u-ra-tives stunning.

Mary placed her little pie
Before her Sunday lover;
He dallied with that little pie
And now he's under cover.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

Simpson—"What does this represent, Cammerer? I've studied it
from every point of view, but vainly."

Cammerer—"Why, that's the late great railway accident, in which
two trains were telescoped."

Simpson—"You don't say! I fancied it might represent the wreck
of a phonograph which had tried to record the chatter of three young
women on a street-corner."

MEIN TOG SHNEID.

Von tay I tink I vood gone me out mit mein tog Shneid, to got some rails to make der pub a hen-coob, so dot der vedder dot vas come last vinder vood hurt him much at all. We walk no more as a shteb or couble, ven a mans mit a plue shtar makes me aggravations von der tog out. Now, when I vas walk me out mit mein tog, und makes troubles notting too, I don'd like pooty vell to got mein mat oop of a mans mitout a muzzle on ter tog's face. Der togs he knows more of a veek as I of a tay, und so gwick as litenin' he know it und bite mine-self mit his dail off. Of dose tog Shneid done cood dalk und zing Olt Hooneret, he cood howl yoost like sixty, anyhow. Shtill, der mans he don'd vas afraid mit me, und yoost when he vas gone to shood der tog mit his shtick off, I mit all shendleness say of him:

"Mister Policemans, shbare vonce dot tog!
Don'd bite von single hair oud,
He ofden troubles der dock,
Und makes me lafe und showd.

"Yoost when he vas a pub,
So shaney und so plumb,
He trinked der milk recht von a cub,
Und vagged his dail und shtumb.

"Now pplease you let him lif,
Und don'd you kill him deat;
You saw dot narradive,
Der ent mit dot is ret.

"He vas leedle Gretchen's pet,
Und combanion mit her schoy;
You vood nod kill him yed,
He vas my oney poy.

"No, Mister Mans, yoost shbare dot leedle pub,
Und hurt him not vonce his hair;
Yoost poot dot shooter ub,
Und gone gwick away von dhere."

Mit dears shtarding on der peforehedt of dot kindt-
hearted shendlemans he valked shlowfully de place away,
und said mit himself dose t'ings: "Do mit yourself
yoost vot some fellers vood do mit you."—*Carl Pretzel.*



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"The persistence of **ITCHING** is peace-destroying and exhausting to the vital powers."

SCRATCHING is not nice, nor half as satisfying as a **SHAMPOO** with

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Sample, four stamps, if JUDGE is mentioned.



In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant.—On Jan. 29, 1897, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade Mark **CHERRY BLOSSOM.**

ONLY PART OF THE SERMON.

BY STANLEY WATERLOO.

"Twas just a week ago to-day
I sat in a soft-cushioned pew;
Sore in my need to watch and pray,
But I dreamed the solemn sermon through,
And—be not shocked at what I say—
I fear, my love, I dreamed of you!
I heard, in a disconnected way,
What the preacher said, 'tis true,
But slight heed wandering senses pay;
That fell these words was all I knew:

"Thy lips—are like—a thread—of scarlet.—Thy lips—
—drop as—the honeycomb.—The smell of—thy gar-
ments—is—like the smell—of Lebanon."

"Twas Solomon's song the preacher read;
To many grave things he referred,
[There came from outside, overhead,
The twitter of a little bird;
The soft breeze grateful coolness shed,
But scarce its gentle impulse stirred
A prayer-book's leaves.] The sermon led
From "first" to "second" and to "third,"
And still I dreamed; of all was said
These words alone I faintly heard:

"Thy lips—are like—a thread—of scarlet.—Thy lips—
—drop as—the honeycomb.—The smell of—thy gar-
ments—is—like the smell—of Lebanon."

Sweetheart, I thought of you he spoke!
I thought he spoke of you, and well;
The flower-sweet fancy nothing broke,
There came no change, no asphodel.
And was I wicked? Who shall croak,
Who all my evil-doing tell?
"Love one another" is the yoke
That we must lightly bear. The spell
Staid with me after I awoke,
After the benediction fell:

"Thy lips—are like—a thread—of scarlet.—Thy lips—
—drop as—the honeycomb.—The smell of—thy gar-
ments—is—like the smell—of Lebanon."
—*Chicago Mail.*

STAR-CROSSED.

A Letter from Mr. Wilson Barrett to the Author of
The Latest and Most Interesting Novel.

ST. VINCENT'S ROCKS HOTEL,
CLIFTON, Dec. 3, 1888.

Dear Miss —: Admirably written. There is no
suggestion of the "prentice hand." The characters
are all firmly drawn and life-like. I do not think you
need feel "apprehensive about it."

I go to America next October, and may see you there.
With kind remembrances, believe me,
Faithfully yours,
WILSON BARRETT.

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Established 1821.

"I am opposed to all games of chance," said Rawson.
"And yet you got married?" said Lawson. "Yes, and
that's why I am so strongly opposed to 'em."—*Drake's*
Magazine.

Somebody has invented a "waist attachment." It
may be less 'armful than the old waist attachment, gener-
ally applied after the old folks have gone to bed, but it
will never become half so popular.—*Drake's Magazine.*

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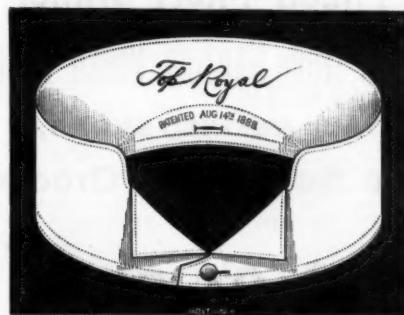
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fore say its success is assured.

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Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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Stern papa (hiding a stout cane behind his back, under a tree on which his young hopeful has been foraging among the apples)—"Charley, dear, come down; it is beginning to thunder."
Charley—"All right, pa; I can listen to it up here."
 —*Kladderatsch.*

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THE OTHER WAY ABOUT.

Irate Passenger (as train is moving off)—"Why the ——— didn't you put my luggage in as I told you—you old ———"
Porter—"Eh, mon! yer baggage es na sic a fule as yersel. Ye-re i' the wrang train!"—*London Punch.*



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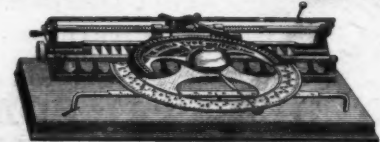
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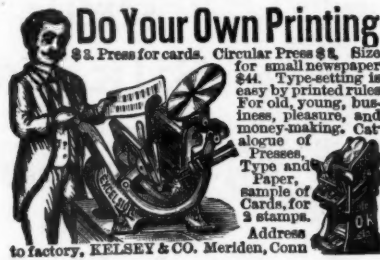
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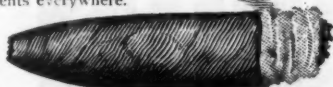
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And every other girl you meet is
Aflame with it; the next, in black
Each maiden swathed from head to feet is.
Sometimes it's gray, sometimes it's green,
And then again some tint no fellow—
Unless he be a dry goods clerk—
Could call by name. Just now it's yellow.

Good grandpa growls that female taste,
If not jejune, is surely jaundiced;
Vows "yaller," of all nature's dyes,
Upon a "gal" is the "dogonest."
Still, spite of man's disgust, it "goes;"
Or light or dark, or bright or dull, or
Gold, buff, canary, or ripe corn,
The fulvid's fashion's favorite color,

But let it glare from hats and gloves,
Eke even stare at us from stockings;
For, if the hose themselves escape,
At least 'twill crop out in the clocking.
Let lingerie of saffron hue
Deck dainty dames without objection;
We'll stand it anywhere, so long
As 'tisn't in a girl's complexion!

—Boston Globe.

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"The Prussian military walk has been adopted by the French army, in spite of the fact that Parisian cooking has been boycotted in Germany." Well, the Prussian military walk is not so liable to kill as Parisian cooking. That may explain some of the why of the wherefore.—Norristown Herald.

THE CIVIL-SERVICE HUMBUG.

ASTORIA, OREGON, Dec. 11, 1888.

To the editor of the JUDGE:

DEAR SIR—In your reply to Mr. J. C. McCormick, jr., Dec. 8th issue of JUDGE, you have sounded the keynote on the question of civil service. The food-protection majority of Oregon believe that President Harrison can have a truer civil-service reform and keep within the lines of the Republican party than to suffer the incumbency of confederate brigadiers, northern Democrats or mugwumps, who are and will be equally enemies of his administrative policy. Had this policy been applied to the late confederacy in 1865 we should not now have the spectacle of a solid south. Very respectfully,

JAY TUTTLE.

A JOURNALISTIC CHASM.

Chicagoan (to friend just arrived from Wyoming)—
"Well, Jones, how are things out in Shantyville?"
Jones—"Booming! We've got six inhabitants now, and only two of them children. Don't you want to come out there and start a newspaper? There's a fine opening for a newspaper man."—Burlington Free Press.

It appears from statements in the English papers that the Dutch Cocos, and the imitations of them, contain a considerable percentage of chemicals which are deleterious to health. They are introduced for the purpose of making the mixture more soluble and to give color and apparent strength to the decoction. The use of chemicals can be readily detected by the peculiar odor from newly opened packages, and from a glass of water in which a small quantity of chemically treated cocoa has been placed and allowed to remain for several days. The Chocolate and Cocoa Preparations of Messrs. Walter Baker & Co. are absolutely pure and free from chemicals or other deleterious substances.

"What do you say, Johnny?" asked his mamma, when his Uncle Harry gave him ten cents.
"I don't know what to say?" replied Johnny, "unless it be that I should think he might have made it a quarter while he was about it."—Boston Transcript.

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*Both Miss Orr and Mr. McGurrian used the Remington Typewriter.

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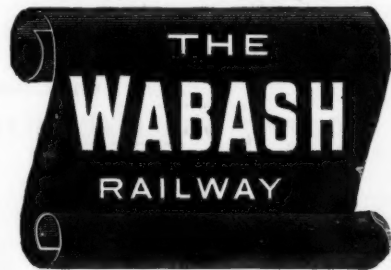
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ing to analysis by Dr. Rudolph Sendtner, published by
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liquid extracts contain only a very small proportion of
real extract of meat, but an enormous quantity of salt,
with the addition of some flavoring ingredients like
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No. 1 being considered as one unit of extract of meat,
" 2 is equal to 1.62.
" 3 " 2.43.
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" 5, the real Liebig Company's Extract of Meat, be-
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And in calculating the quantity of salt added to the
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No. 1	contains	77.83	per cent.
" 2	"	56.70	"
" 3	"	52.68	"
" 4	"	54.59	"

No. 5 (the Company's extract) contains no added salt at
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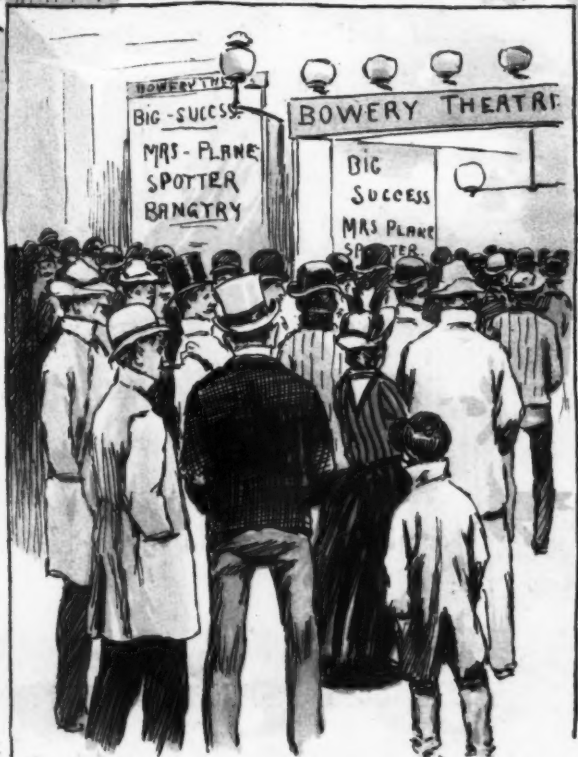
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