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J. L. Herwig

VOL. 13 NO. 319

NOVEMBER 26, 1887.

PRICE

10 CENTS.
FINE STATIONERY, FANCY GOODS,
5 Carondelet St.
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Judge

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PREPARING FOR THANKSGIVING.
"Layin' for that Turkey."



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 American satirical paper published.

SEE HERE, Mr. Blaine! You come home. Your bleeding country needs you.

IS THERE a mugwump among us? If so how beautifully quiet and retiring he is.

THE MONARCH and the anarchy, behold they both must go; the law must be respected, for the people they say so.

NEW YORK is not the guiding state, it changes, wobbles so; put your trust in Pennsylvania—likewise in Ohio.

THE BIRD OF VICTORY confides so much he cannot know; so on November 9th he found he'd roosted far too low.

AN EXCHANGE says that "leaving children on door-steps has begun again." That is strange. H'm! When did it stop?

THE BEST PAID drummer of Iowa is Miss Lena Pearson, and inasmuch as she lets the girls alone she is the decentest one too.

TWO LADIES ran for school commissioner in Wayne county. We don't know which was elected, but gallantry obliges us to say that it's a pity the other wasn't.

BISMARCK and von Moltke are old, and the emperor and the crown prince are dying. The kings are virtually dead—long live the new king William.

AN EXCHANGE asks, "What has become of John Sherman's boom?" When you fold up your umbrella because the day is dry you haven't necessarily lost it, have you?

THE *Elmira Gazette* brought out its largest gun in an announcement of Governor Hill at the local opera-house. It seemed to be a suggestion to shoot the speech.

THE HANGED ANARCHISTS had most impressive funerals. The same to their brethren the world over.

IT MUST BE an ungenerous heaven that fails to bless the woman who knows how to make good mince pie.

GOOD WILL to everybody on this day; and may you live long, Mr. Jefferson Davis, and talk as numerously as has been your habit for the last twenty years.

IT IS NOT well to strain the affections; yet we even feel to give joy to the Democratic party, the late southern confederacy, and eke to the memory of poor old Tweed.

"IT IS DEGRADING and foolish for a woman to marry for money," says *Harper's Bazar*. Now no woman can marry merely for money. A bonnet is never bought merely for the ribbons on it, and, good faith! there is the man.

WE OBSERVE that the Republican press congratulates itself largely on the accuracy of its election dispatches. Ah what a glorious thing

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

President W. J. ARKELL
 Vice-President HARRY E. HART
 Art Department BERNHARD GILLIAM
 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.

accuracy is! and yet it has not the wings wherewith to float the election bird.

OUR GLORIOUS THANKSGIVING.

The JUDGE would give thanks for the existing political situation. At first glance that seems to be a hollow mockery, but to the wise man there is no adversity whose influences are not the means to the desired end. Democrats—overlooking their gallant opponents in Ohio, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania—flushed with victory and eager to stand on their heads by way of a ridiculous exhibition of hilarity, need but the silken string as the wherewith to shut their wind; and on the other hand there has been affixed to the heel of Republicanism the spur that is the only thing necessary to a great Republican national victory next year. It is well that the wicked should prevail for a while, that the virtuous may learn the lesson of chastisement so necessary to all good living; and, chastened by adversity and cleansed of superfluous fatness, clean-limbed and bright-eyed, the Republican army will go into the fight next year like a many-bodied athlete who has undergone the abstinence of training and the privation that precedes good health. Selah, and likewise great joy and exceeding goodness of prophecy; and we shall have such a Thanksgiving next year as will make the memory of the present one considerably ill.

CALVINISM has been preached in Beecher's church, and the lovers of Henry Ward feel that that is retribution enough to run through the countless ages.

GIVE ANARCHISTS all the display they want when it is necessary to bury them; and if the law increases the opportunity so much the better for society and the world at large.

HENRY GEORGE will have his turkey some time in the majestic future, when, unhappily, he will not have the stomach necessary to desire or accommodate it.

THE WINTER'S COURTIERS.

There was a man who couldn't talk straight, and he said, going suddenly into the blinding light wherein his wife awaited him, at the same time shaking some glistening particles from his coat, "There have been some snakes of flow." It took the good lady a moment to understand him, and then she said dryly, "Yes, my dear; I am unhappily aware of it"—and she wiped away an unbidden tear.

It is wise in Governor Hill to say that the Democratic is not a free-trade party; but

there was the man who stole a horse and claimed he was not a thief, and who is in state prison at this very moment.

THE AFFECTION recently displayed by the *Sun* for Mr. Cleveland by no means indicates a change of heart, for there is no heart there; but there is a change of policy that would break the heart if there were anything of that kind to break.

MR. HENRY JACKASS, who made the Macon (Ga.) speech, says he will beat the Democratic party as often as he can, regardless of the protests of Judge Thurman. So, perhaps, we have misjudged the gentleman after all. He must necessarily be a patriot.

THE EXISTING BIRD.

That man who speaks of the American eagle in complimentary terms just at this time, let him be sat upon and scourged. There is the American turkey, and that bird rules for the existing and the coming month, and no one shall say him nay. Give him the comb of the rooster, the plumage of the peacock, the scream and the wings of the eagle, but the body of his luscious self, and all shall be well. Loyalty



A COUNTER-IRRITANT.

Mrs. MUGRIMS—"Why, Elijah! Ain't you 'shamed to torture that poor creeter so?"
 Mr. MUGRIMS—"Martha, if I pay for Kate's singing-lessons that's enough. I'll be dried and burnt if I'm a going to be obliged to listen to 'em."



AN UNAPPRECIATED GIFT.

MRS. DENSUADE—"Oh, Laurence! how could you be so cruel? It's nothing but a fish, and stuffed at that!"
 MR. DENSUADE—"My dear, it's the most expensive gift I could scare up. He represents my entire catch at Rangely last fall, and the trip cost me seven hundred and fifty dollars."

to this emblematic, wholly satisfying bird, with all his temporary strut and protuberance of stomach, and may his shadow be less only when the winds of January begin to sigh over his departure and sing his glory.

IT IS THE RIGHT of every man to have as decent a funeral as his friends are able to give him, and the JUDGE begs to congratulate the dead anarchists on the fact that they got theirs, not without invitation but with rare luck, before the appointed time.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN comes prepared, we hope, to pay up that old bill for fishing amusement, as in a previous case of summer frolic on the part of the British government. A few millions will do it, and what is a little sum like that?

THANKSGIVING FOR GOOD LUCK.

No man should eat more heartily or enjoy his Thanksgiving wine more than does the president. What luck is his! How little his mistakes count against him—though, to be sure, they are numerous, and some of them are very bad. He has scaled the height of honorable place, that statesmen have vainly spent millions of money and scores of years to reach, and yet has not ruffled a feather on his peaceful breast. The politics of this state unavoidably contribute to his ambition through the superior tactics of a Democratic manager who cannot elevate himself without contributing

to his success. He has built up within a few months a domestic establishment every personality and

movement of which brings credit to his name. The sun shines and the rain falls for Grover, and his opponents within and without the Democratic fold kick at him only to hit the air. Well, honor to this luck; and yet there was a feast and a giving of thanks over which there was a sword suspended by a single hair, to say nothing of the hair in the butter. May it live until its time comes to die, and then pass out as peacefully as it came in.

THE MORE we think of her the more we admire the president's wife, the same being the JUDGE's lovely candidate. Her participation in the pleasures of the working-women of Bridgeport was entirely outside of politics, but what an effect for Grover it will inevitably have!

THE SCAFFOLD IS CIVILIZATION.

The anarchists who were hanged perhaps meant well—that is the view which charity is obliged to take; but so perhaps does the smaller murderer who feels that he has a right to the money his victim earned. The law cannot judge motives so much as facts; and the fact of punishment puts a check on motives, guided as they often are by bad judgment, which is sadly needed. Poor fellows! but how much more important is the safety of society than all the motives they ever had.



A LITTLE MIXED.

MISS SKEEN—"Where did you graduate from, Mr. Gill?"
 MR. GILL—"From the school of pharmacy."
 MISS SKEEN (with surprise)—"Is it possible? What a strange choice for a young man brought up in the city—but if I remember rightly your grandfather was a farmer too."

HUM OF THE COURT

That is the best turkey that has the most hunger and the sincerest thanks to wait upon it.

Mr. Pulitzer gives thanks, but it strains the tissues of his nervous being to the snapping point.

There are some mug-wumps left and perhaps they give thanks because of the extraordinary generosity that permits them to live.

The woman who can't get a winter bonnet undoubtedly gives thanks because she will have the more money to buy one for Easter.

He is a wise darkey who, finding the larger fowl roosting too high or too much protected, contents himself with the smaller flesh and feather and thanks heaven he can get that.

Colonel Fred Grant gives thanks because, however he may have been postponed politically, he retains the charming little woman who made him so many friends during the late campaign.

The Thanksgiving raffle has passed on, and it is well. We speak for many. There is no bird so costly as the



CONDESCENDING.

SHE (an excellent waltzer, to awkward partner, whose feet seem to be everywhere but in the right place)—“Dear me, Mr. D’Elefant! how awkward I am. Always getting my feet in your way.”
D’ELEFANT (with condescending consideration)—“Pray—don’t mention it.”

one that is won at a raffle, and the boys who lose him are the only ones who can afford a Thanksgiving laugh.

Pittsburgh had a fall of red snow recently, and looks upon it as a great improvement on the black snow that has heretofore prevailed there.

The whaling season is said to be the best in seven years; and we have ourselves noticed a decline in the profanity of most of the coast fishermen.

The Thanksgiving of Governor Hill must necessarily be unsatisfactory, because it must involve either a stag party or the woman who belongs to some other man.

Mr. Cleveland beams with satisfaction, and not the less so because the woman in politics has taught him the best methods of politics and the means and methods to the best of thanks as well.

Joseph Parker says he likes to speak from the pulpit because then nobody can see his legs. Mr. Parker is too sensitive. But for this statement everybody would have thought his legs as straight as anybody’s, whatever might have been thought of his sermons.



A DAMPER.

YOUNG TENOR—“Now, Miss Cuttus, do tell me candidly what you think of my voice?”
MISS CUTTUS (hesitatingly)—“Really, Mr. Befat, I’m a very bad judge, and always find I’m wrong; but—er—I think you have an excellent voice.”

Charles H. Johnson
1887

THEY WERE !



WERE her eyes gray or blue?
I dare not say.
How could I judge of their soft, lucent ray?
I only know she looked at me the way
That angels look
When mortals pray.

Was her voice proud or kind?
I do not know.
It whispered to me as I turned to go,
And stole into my heart's recesses
I thought it sweet,
And soft and low.

Was her hair gold or brown?
I cannot tell.
Its clustered glory wrought on me
a spell,
While dreamy eyes beneath her
lashes fell
In tenderness
I knew full well.

Were her feet small—or large?
'Sh—whisper low—
She owned a pair of number nines,
you know,
Broad at the heel, and spreading at
the toe;
Don't mention it—
I loved her so !

KITTIE K.



FAULT OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

YOUNG LADY (speaking of the chamber of horrors at the Eden Musee)—“Dear me, I never saw anything so life-like; they looked exactly like dead men.”

DIDN'T WANT TO MAKE A MISTAKE.

Grand army veteran—“What's that banner doing up there across the street?”

Plain ordinary citizen—“I don't know. It looks some like Grover Cleveland, but I guess it is the picture of a patent medicine man.”

Grand army man—“Well, to make everything sure I'll just step around by a side street.”

COULDN'T LOSE HIS FEE.

A miser, troubled with heart disease, finally decided to call a physician. After the preliminary examination the patient asked:

“Doctor, how much is it going to cost?”

“No! a sou.”

“Thanks, but you're too kind. I ought not to”——

“Oh, don't trouble yourself! Your heirs will see that I am paid.”

A CASE OF SOUR GRAPES.

“Did Mrs. Boodle give you an invitation for me?” asked Mrs. Snarley.

“No,” replied her friend.

“I'm so glad,” she said; “because I told my husband this morning that nothing could induce me to go.”



AFRAID OF A DROUGHT.

“Dere now! All dem chillun's done hearn dese probisum meus say dey mus drink cole water, an' dey's jist turn loos on de well. Heah! yo' Glasgo, Victoria, Esau, Perly, stop dat! Guess yo' doan want ter leave yo' poo ole mammy auff ter wash wid.”

BUZZ SAWS.

You can't blame the hen for a bad egg.

It takes a good salesman to get what he asks.

The rat often gets caught twice in the same trap.

The human rake scrapes very little together.

The bad boy who tells a whopper is apt to get a whopping.

There is more money than honor in being a labor candidate.

We have often to play the game of life when we haven't any trumps.

When the bald-headed man goes to the theatre he grows short-sighted.

The man who agrees with you in everything expects to be paid one way or another.

The man who believes in speaking up according to his size often thinks himself bigger than he is.

The burglar who breaks into a house at midnight and frightens a woman almost to death has no need of telling her to hold up her hands, because that is the first thing a woman does when she is scared.

THANKSGIVING IN BOHEMIA.



HE knows each kitchen's special dish,
He lowly bows to Bacchus,
He entertains no jealous wish
For rural scenes, like Flaccus;
But pegs away 'mid city grimes
Without a trace of Latin,
At comic, laudatory rhymes
Of Jones's rubber satin.

He rarely thinks of those old days
When Maud was young and pretty,
And when they sought sequestered ways
Amid the noisy city.
But wanders, sombre as the grave,
A hum-drum ditty whistling,
And pokes his stick amid the pave
Where wavy weeds are bristling.

His tuneful lays of Cupid sing
Of moths about a tapir,
For in the journalistic ring
He peddles love on paper.
Long years ago he quite forgot
He e'er had been a suitor,
But Maud laments her dreary lot
Beside a Princeton tutor.

And still he wends the beaten tracks
And freely vents his choler;
The only thing it seems he lacks
Is the essential dollar;
So he continues scribbling verse;
If it be sweet or bitter
Perhaps the little devil's worse,
Perhaps the ange's titter.

He has the past to charm him through
His desultory hours,
His youthful hopes that swiftly flew
Are marked by wilted flowers;
And tear-drops trickle in the wine
Of this bewildered sinner
While quavering a broken line
O'er his Thanksgiving dinner.

DE WITT STERRY



FELINITY.

MIGNON—"How awfully fortunate you are, Madge! I wish I could enjoy a party without having to dance all the time."
MADGE (who has been wall-flowering)—"It must be tiresome, dear. I notice your last three partners went to the smoking-room just as soon as the music stopped."

"THANKFUL IT'S NO WORSE."

Mrs. C. (to her laundress)—"Good morning, Mrs. Shaughnessey. I hope you have something to be thankful for this morning?"

Mrs. Shaughnessey—"Yis, ma'am. I'm thankful me afflictions is no worse."

Mrs. C.—"Why, what are your afflictions?"

Mrs. Shaughnessey—"Not so heavy but they might be heavier, mu'um. Me husband was kilt by a powder explosion last week. Me baby fell out of the winder and had its neck broke. I hev a cancer comin' on me right cheek, and this mornin' I got a letter tellin' me that me brother and his wife were burned to death, and so was their house and all their airthly goods, mu'um; and they're the last relatives I hev in the worruld, mu'um; but I'm thankful it's no worse."

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

Assistant editor—"We haven't half enough news to fill the paper to-day, sir."

Managing editor—"Just tell the head-line artist to spread himself then, and run in a two-column circulation affidavit."



No wonder the baby doesn't get fat.

OLD CHOCOLATE'S TARGET PRACTICE.

De roostah w'at wakes up lates' in de mawnin'
crows de loudes'.

A libbin' doan' depen' so much on de size o' de
faam. De man w'at wuecks an acre may be bettah off
dan de man w'at lets fo' acres go toe weeds.

Good mannahs take de shabby look offen ole clo';
but bad mannahs dressed up am de mo' 'spicious.

Yo' mus'n't 'spec' dat a rabbit er gwine toe come
w'en yo' w'issle.

Slandah rides wid spurs an' uses de gad.

Yellin' "Sick'em" won't stop a dog fight.

Ef yo' will trade mules yo' mus' take yo' chances;
an' ef yo' doan' tell de oddah man how offen yo' animal
dun kicked t'ings en'wise, yo' can't 'spec' dat he er
gwineter gib yo' p'int's abo't de oddah one.

De road by rule er got a-many tu'ns an' twists;
but showin' de way makes t'ings easy.

W'o cares fo' dinnah circus dog?

De conscience ob de t'ief makes 'im tiptoe long
aftah he dun fawgit how dat chicken tasted.

Usefulness am mo' toe be 'couraged dan adventure.
Hit am foolish toe mo'n de death ob a man w'o fell
offen a steeple w'ile seein' how high he cud clime. De
man w'at gits buried w'ile diggin' a well am a great'ol
loss toe de nabalhood.

J. A. WALDRON.



JUST BEFORE THE SKY FELL.

CALLAHAN—"Are yez theyre, Katie Desmon'?"

VOICE FROM BELOW—"Oi am, Corny Callahan."

CALLAHAN—"Praise be ter God av it ain't the foorst toime Oi've had a wor-rd wid yez sinch that jude cop-
per kem an th' bate."

BRECKINRIDGE C. CLAY.

We raised him f'om a turkey-chick jes crackin' throo the egg,
His yellor bill a yawpin', an' not stron' in arry leg ;
M' wife she kep' him in the house untel the firs' warm day,
An' named him ther disting'ished name o' Breckinridge C. Clay.

He growed a sightly crittur an' alwuz 'peared ter know
His tail wuz mighty finer 'an the res' the flock c'u'd show ;
He'd toss thet sca'let comb o' his ez ef he aimed ter say,
" You all er common turkeys ; I am Breckinridge C. Clay."

M' wife she hed no use fer pets, but w'en he kem eroun',
A goin' " Gawble, gawble," an' noddin' et the groun',
I tuk notis thet she never run him off her gen'ul way ;
She 'lowed no human knowed ez much ez Breckinridge C. Clay.

'Twas jes' a day 'tell Thansgivin'—m' wife " You Joe," says she,
" Put out an' kill a turkey sizable fer you an' me."
So I tuk my nozzle-loadin' rifle down thet gashly day,
An' I never thunk a single thought o' Breckinridge C. Clay.

I spotted out a likely hen an' let the rifle go,
An' w'en I went ter git the fowl befo' me layin' low
Wuz, not the one I'd pinte at in sech a sartin way,
But the pride o' Rowan county ; it wuz Breckinridge C. Clay !

No use er cryin' fer the milk thet's done a'ready spilt,
An' so we cooked the crittur, a-beins he war kilt ;
But I felt right like a cannibal, an' all the room got gray
W'en the oven door creaked open fer Breckinridge C. Clay.

He wuz on the groanin' table, ez brown ez brown cud be ;
I looked et him an' looked et Jane, an' Jane she looked et me ;
I riz the knife ter cut him, w'en m' wife sez, " Joseph, stay !"
Hev you the heart ter plunge a blade in Breckinridge C. Clay ?"

We studied fer a minit, an' m' wife she 'lowed ter me
We'd eat the cold biled bacon thet wuz lef' f'om yistiddy ;
So we dined off ornary hawg meat, an' I reckon thet it lay
Passels lighter on our stomichs then would Breckinridge C. Clay.

EVA WILDER MC GLASSON.



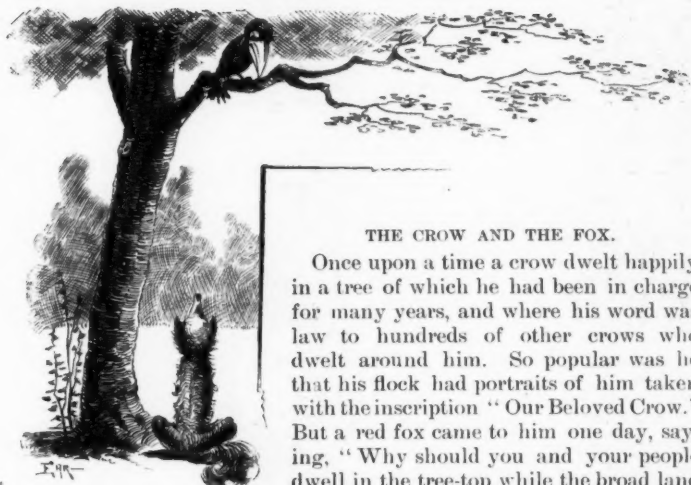
THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

MRS. MULQUEEN—"Cornalius!"
MR. MULQUEEN—"Pfwat is it, Kathleen?"
MRS. MULQUEEN—"Me poor ould back is shplit in two wid tuggin' th' ha-ad oop th' cliff."
MR. MULQUEEN (gallantly)—"Doan' pit in so mooch coal an' go affener."

FOR WHAT WE ARE THANKFUL.

- For our illusions.
- For the innocuous desuetude into which objectionable people sometimes fall.
- For the poor, who are always with us.
- For the strict adherence to truth of our daily newspapers, particularly during campaigns.
- For the people who favor hanging and other brutalizing spectacles.
- For the fact that we are out of hell. Spurgeon says, "What, out of hell and complain?"
- For the fools, whose number never decreases and whose folly continually grows apace.
- For our enemies, who keep us ever in armor and on the defensive. Without them we should become inert and feeble.
- For our anglomaniacs, who keep us full of gratitude that we are not like them.

JUDGE'S FABLES.



THE CROW AND THE FOX.

Once upon a time a crow dwelt happily in a tree of which he had been in charge for many years, and where his word was law to hundreds of other crows who dwelt around him. So popular was he that his flock had portraits of him taken with the inscription "Our Beloved Crow." But a red fox came to him one day, saying, "Why should you and your people dwell in the tree-top while the broad land

that God has given to us all, is usurped by certain predatory and grasping animals.

The crow wished his people to prosper, and although they had all got along very well in the third and fourth stories of the trees, there was great enthusiasm when their leader declared that the land also belonged to them.

But there was a certain white crow who was the ruler of all other crows; and he sent word across the sea that the leader of the crows should cease his agitation or be expelled from crow-dom.

But he would not cease and was expelled. The land is still in the same hands, and the crow, shorn of the black feathers of his former dignified office, moves around, a melancholy spectacle, in company with the fox.

For the moral read the daily papers.

- For ourselves, who make men seem greater by contrast.
- For our liars, who are just now threatening to inherit the earth.
- For the poets who write thanksgiving poetry. If we had not them we might have something worse.
- For the reporters who speak of a dog as a canine.
- For the lecturers and writers who speak of women as females.
- For the people who interrupt you when you begin to talk.
- For the curious, the prying, the vulgar, and the idle.
- For the tellers of unsavory stories. Without them we should scarcely know how to value a gentleman.
- For the monopolists, whose uses are past finding out.
- For the thinness and weakness of Thanksgiving stories.
- For the things we wish to forget. They keep us humble.

WHY HE DID IT.

They were passing a street corner.
"What folly! See the gray-bearded old man encouraging the organ-grinding nuisance with money!"
"That's old Jones. It's no nuisance to him—he's deaf as a post."



OUR LATEST KITCHEN IMPORTATION.

MRS. BLAUVELT (an hour before dinner)—"Did the terrapin come, Ellen?"
ELLEN—"Divil th' sight av thim, ma'am; an' Mrs. Blauvelt, Oi wish yez'd make thot fish-boy shtop phlaying thricks an' a dacint girl. Pfwat did he do an hour ago but lave six nasty turkles loose in th' kitch'n! It's in th' ash-bar! Oi pit 'm."



NOT WITH
The Two great Parties give thanks for Political Victories

Side:



NOT INVITED.
The poor little band of Irreconcilables are completely forgotten!

GILLAM-

SACKETT & WILHELMS LITHO. CO. N.Y.

THE DIAMOND EDITION DREADFUL'S THANKSGIVING.

Jess my luck; didn't git'n dinner 'cause I got left. Say'nt it harder'n rocks on a feller who's gone an' fattened a goose by pluggin' his gizzard full o' dough balls fr' six months to go an' git left when the spread's on? Is it? It's more dis'p'interest than 'tis to go to the dentist an' feel that same tooth achin' what's be'n growlin' fur two days an' sixteen nights. I was jess a spreadin' myself all over the boys—darn 'em! I was jess a givin' 'em goose fur mornin', noon an' night an' recess. They was purty jealous 'bout that goose biz, an' they 'lowed as how I'd have the jim dandy Thanksgiving dinner purwided that goose didn't hang too high. My! how dad an' mam doted on me 'n that goose. I kinder got jealous o' the goose, fur I begin to think they cared more fur havin' a fat goose fur Thanksgiving than they did fur to have good little Willy Albert sittin' down enjoyin' the spread. I never lost so much real fun in all my life as I did passin' way the time pluggin' dough-balls down that bird's gullet. When I was readin' a nice ca'm story all 'bout a little scout age twelve who rode a wild panther on the trail of the bloody minions who'd assassinated his uncle an' his step-cousin why, ma'd say, "Plug that goose." An' I'd I go an' ram 'bout two dozen dough-balls 'bout like a bull's eye alley with red rings an' a luck spek, down into that poor pampered fowl's viscosity. When I'd be studyin' geogrofy jess as hard as I could an' shootin' paper wads at my study brother, pa'd say "Plug that goose." An' I'd plug the goose. It sot me so 'gin pluggin' things that I lef' the plug out the vinegar bar'l an' made the purtiest salard in the cellar you ever seen, all out'n cabbages, rutybagars, turnips, pertaters an' mud. But jess gess dad an' mam got lef' on plugged goose same's I did. I went down



SIGNS OF OPPOSITION.

BUSINESS-LIKE SANDWICH MAN—"Wid th' weather like this an' th' boss out o' town, phy not tur-rn th' phrice av a beer 'r two?"

to the store the last thing for four bunches o' celery. The goose was coolin' on the winder sili. When I got back the goose was gone. We had pick'd codfish an' red herrin's for that Thanksgiving dinner. The goose hung high on the church steeple an' I liked to have killed Stuffey Grimes for robbin' me o' my dinner.

H. S. KELLER.



DIPLOMATIC.

MAMMA—"If you'll have your French lesson absolutely perfect to-night I'll make you a big angel-cake."
 ETHEL—"That will be nice, mamma; and while you are about it you might make a medium sized one to give me in case I make one or two little mistakes."

JUDGE AND THE PLAY.

By gum, "The Begum" is a go!

The "tank" play is about to flood the country.

"Homeward Bound" is the name of a barnstorming combination which is now living up to its title.

The readers of JUDGE can rely upon being delightfully entertained by seeing any or all of the following: "The Martyr," "School," or the minstrels at Dockstader's and Jefferson at Niblo's.

The Casino's new opera, "The Oolah," will, of course, be what is known in vulgar parlance as a lulah.

Miss Grace Henderson of the Lyceum company is a beautiful woman, yet her beauty is of that same cold and unsympathetic character that has heretofore been recognized as the sole and exclusive property of Miss Mary Anderson.

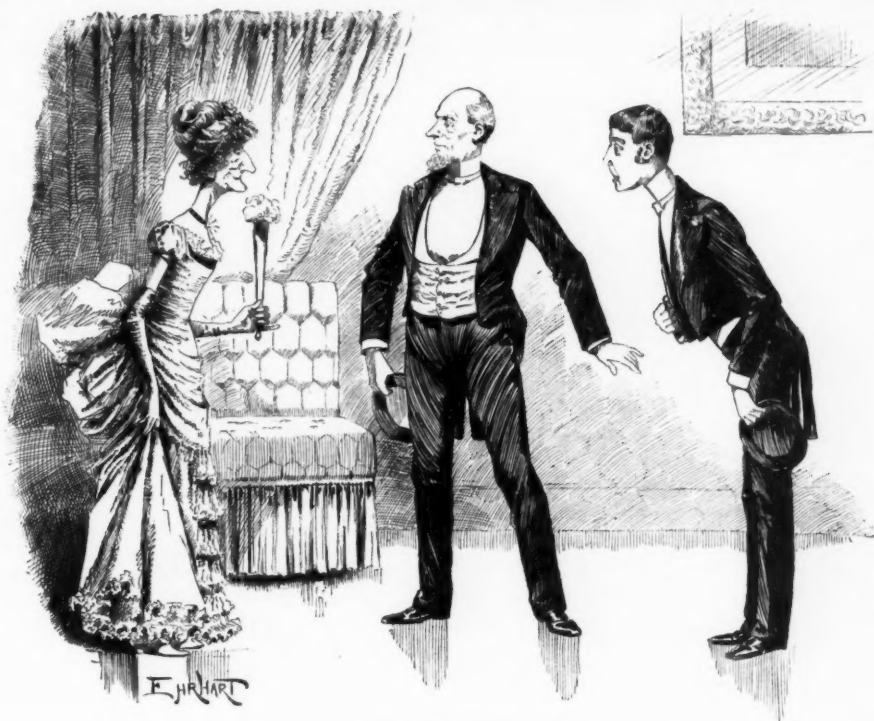
A woman can be beautiful; but so can an artistically decorated refrigerator.

Fred May and Maurice Barrymore will some day reach out and strike a small western cyclone on wheels—and Fred May and Maurice Barrymore will be wiser.

To be "tough," says Mr. May, you must chew glass. Perhaps. But Mr. May will undoubtedly discover when the time comes that it is much tougher and not quite so heroic to bite dust.

"Dorothy," at the Standard, is as pretty and tuneful a comic opera as has recently been written, and Lillian Russell as the Dorothy sings better and looks prettier than ever before. A failure to see "Dorothy" ought to be counted the biggest miss of the season.

Current attractions—"The Martyr" at the Madison-square, "School" at Wallack's, Dockstader's minstrels at Dockstader's, Joseph Jefferson at Niblo's, "Dorothy" at the Standard, and Mrs. Potter at the Fifth-avenue.



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A woman's scorn is not to be trifled with, especially when you step on it in a crowded horse-car.—*Cleveland Sun.*

When a woman wants to make soft soap she never gets mad because her neighbor gives her the lye.—*Texas Siftings.*

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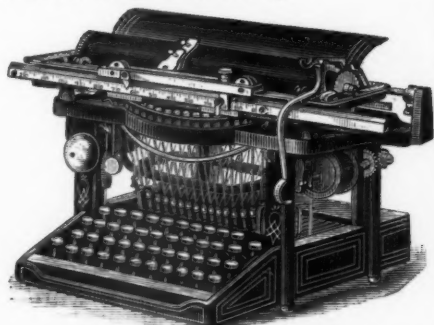
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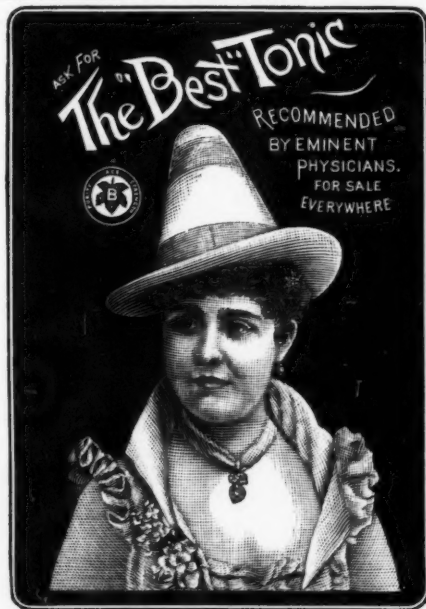


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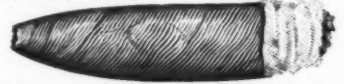
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Millennial Dawn; a book for Bible students. Tower Publishing Co., Allegheny, Pa. Paper; 50 cents.

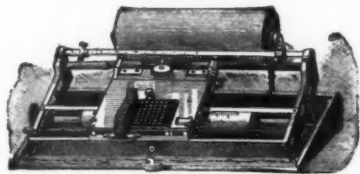
Josh Hayseed's Trip to New York; illustrated by Coultaus. Excelsior Publishing House, 31 Beekman St., New York. Paper; 25 cents.

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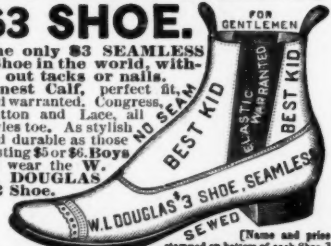
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