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DEMOCRATIC DELUSIONS.
Hatching Out an Antagonistic Brood.

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OUR NEW HEADING.

WE present ourselves to our readers with a new heading this week, and we hope our readers will think it an improvement. We do, but "it is all a matter of taste." At any rate, under whatever garb, we are still the same old JUDGE, and don't you forget it.

LIBERTY, NOT LICENSE.

SENATOR EDMUNDS, in introducing his bill prohibiting the manufacture and exportation of dynamite for illegal purposes, has done a good deed, and one that will entitle him to the respect and gratitude not only of foreign nations, but of Americans as well. The world seems to be full of dyed-in-the-grain, cowardly blackguards just now, who have no higher ambitions than murder and destruction, and, unfortunately, the nitro explosive offers them a cheap and easy means of gratifying their savage instincts. It is not enough that the decent portion of humanity should regard the dynamiters and their kin with loathing and detestation. Such wretches must be coerced by the laws, and if the laws as they exist cannot reach them, others must be framed to meet their cases.

In the large accession to our population, which we annually receive from Europe, we are compelled to take the good with the bad, and many are welcomed to these shores whom we could well consent to do without. The sewers of Europe are constantly pouring out their noxious contents upon us. We feel the effects in such incendiary meetings as that which recently took place in Chicago; in such overt acts of malignant and cowardly vengeance as instigated the dynamite explo-

sion at Norwalk. It is already our interest as well as our duty to co-operate with the authorities abroad to suppress these crimes. Free speech need not be interfered with, and yet we should check the preaching of incendiary doctrines. The liberty of the Press may remain unimpeached, and yet we can consistently suppress such publications as the *Dynamite Monthly* and O'Donovan's organ. THE JUDGE wishes that Mr. Edmund's bill could have been made sweeping enough to embrace these prints and speeches; but, as it stands, it is a step in the right direction and the rest will follow. The United States is already tired of being regarded by the scum of European nations as vantage ground whither they can retire when hard pressed by the laws they have broken, and whence they can launch their murderous schemes at our friends across the water, as soon as those schemes ripen to fruition under our protecting flag. The United States still has a warm welcome for emigrants; but they must be emigrants in good faith, not flying assassins, who merely claim our hospitality that they may escape the consequences of their past atrocities and have leisure to scheme fresh ones.

The great American public has no sympathy for dynamiters.

THE MAGIC OF THE HORSE-SHOE.

THE JUDGE desires to tell his readers a little story—the legend of the horse-shoe. According to that pleasant fiction, anybody who finds a horse-shoe *accidentally* as he passes along a road, is especially to be regarded as the favorite of fortune. The iron crescent brings him luck. But to corral this luck, as it were, it is not sufficient to merely find the horse-shoe. It must be picked up and preserved; otherwise, if it be left behind, the luck is diverted and the omen is evil.

Probably ninety-nine out of every hundred of THE JUDGE's friends are familiar with this legend; but THE JUDGE prefers that ninety and nine should hear it for the second or forty-second time, rather than that one should remain in ignorance of it, and hurt our artist's feeling with the inquiry—"what the dickens is he driving at, anyhow?"

Many years ago Grover Cleveland picked up a horse-shoe, carefully preserved it, and it has proved a veritable gold mine ever since. By its virtue he was elected Sheriff, Mayor, Governor, and finally President. The Democratic party has gladly embraced Cleveland, horse-shoe and all, and trots gleefully with its burden along the primrose path of power.

It is natural that Democracy should concede that there is much virtue in a horse-shoe. But this horse-shoe of Cleveland's, taken in conjunction with Cleveland, is a pretty big load, and all that Democracy can well carry. Consequently, when in the course of his walk our Democratic friend

comes upon a road fairly strewn with horse-shoes, what is he going to do about it? Here is luck enough to last him till the millennium if he could only take hold. Here are horse-shoes of all shapes and sizes, stretching away in an endless vista, as far as the eye can reach. These horse-shoes ought all to be taken up and carried away. There is no end to the luck that they may bring with them; but, unfortunately, Democracy is not in a position to handle one of them. They are all beyond him—so near and yet so far. The big presidential horse-shoe is around his neck, and it is all he can stagger under. He cannot lay it down in favor of the National Banking horse-shoe, or the Tariff horse-shoe, or the Treaty horse-shoe. He must be content to pass them by, and leave his luck behind him.

The Romans, who found the horse-shoes of the ancient world, if ever a nation did, and who broke down eventually because they found too many of them, had a very pungent little proverb. This was it, "*Omne nimium nocet.*"

For the benefit of Democracy in general, and Grover Cleveland in particular, this may be translated freely: "Too much of a good thing is good for nothing."

THE LONDON OUTRAGES.

LAST week, when the cable flashed across to us the news of the last exploit of the dynamiters, a sensation of horror was experienced here in New York scarcely inferior to that which agitated London itself. The utter folly and uselessness of the deed were dwelt upon. Could even Irishmen hope to further the cause of Ireland by exploding a few pounds of dynamite in London? Then there was the disgust at such an act of vandalism as attempting to destroy an old historical landmark like the Tower of London, and such a beautiful masterpiece of architecture as the buildings at Westminster. And along with these feelings there was a thrill of indignation at the dastardly, cowardly miscreants who could wantonly imperil so many innocent lives. Prattling, smiling babyhood, toddling children, delicate women—those formed the majority of the victims whom the gallant dealers in dynamite sought to immolate. If such be the outcome of their ideas of liberty, the whole cause for which they profess to be fighting is not worth a single hair on one of those innocent heads.

And, to add to the horror and disgust which the news inspired on this side of the Atlantic, it is well known that we have, among us, things that look like men, and answer to Christian names, who aid, abet, encourage and sympathize with such outrages. Such men, as the *Sun* remarked next morning, we know only as the meanest and lowest of swindlers, adroit enough to evade the law, and daring enough to rob servant girls here, and perhaps murder them in London. No law can reach them or take cognizance of such acts as they commit

openly here, but the wish for their extirpation is heartfelt and universal.

So, in view of the absence of a law to reach them, and in view of the universal and heartfelt wish for their extirpation, THE JUDGE would not be surprised, or very greatly displeased, if he heard some fine day that the people had become a law unto themselves, as they sometimes do in the breezy, precedent-untrammelled courts which Judge Lynch presides over in the West. In that case O'Donovan Rossa *et id genus omne* would decorate a lamp-post more gracefully in death than ever they adorned the cause of Irish independence in life.

THE RISING GENERATION.

Who has not smiled at the solicitude of a hen who, having hatched out a brood of ducklings, sees them take to the water at the very first opportunity. She runs clucking along the brink, watching those whom she firmly believes to be her offspring paddling at their ease in the unfamiliar element, and she is puzzled and unhappy.

During the next four years there will be many a brood of young ones hatched out in the Democratic poultry yard, and they will not all be Democratic chickens either. When they chip their way out of the shell in which their family traditions have encased them, they will see the world for themselves. They will not all take kindly to the ways of their Democratic foster mother. They will take to Republicanism as naturally as a duck takes to water.

Four years hence many a young man will cast his first vote at a Presidential election. Some of them will have sprung from Democratic, some from Republican stock; but THE JUDGE ventures to believe that the Republican nominee four years hence will corral the majority of their votes. They will have had practical experience of a Democratic government during four of the most impressionable years of their lives. They will, unless we are greatly mistaken, have had enough of it by that time. The threatenings of Free Trade will have become more threatening; the scramble for spoils will have been pushed beyond all bounds of decency; the capacity of the Executive will have been put to a test which can hardly result satisfactorily.

So the young men will think for themselves, and reason from the premises which lie patently before them, that the government of the party which tried to split the Union is not a government under which the Union can be advantageously held together. They will stray off, these Democratic ducklings—they will get into Republican waters sooner or later, and then good bye to the poor old hen who watches them despairingly from the bank.

PROFOUND OBSERVER—"Bread is a thing that all of us need."

Honest Baker—"Yes, and some of us knead it badly."



THE SOILED SAINT [JOHN].

Fifteen Summers Ago.

A Romance of the Nineteenth Century.

My pretty Annette, you haunt me yet
With your beautiful eyes of liquid jet;
And try as I may, I cannot forget
Those halcyon days when first we met
Fifteen summers ago.

Not as you are to-night my queen,
With your regal air and your diamond's sheen,
But when you were blushing "sweet sixteen,"
And I was twenty—tall and lean—
Fifteen summers ago.

I was a college youth from town,
You were a country girl (don't frown)
Sweet simplicity—pure white gown,
Tangled curls of darkest brown,—
Fifteen summers ago.

I swore that I loved you,—I thought I did,
(I was always a very susceptible kid)
And when my boldness you softly chid,
Your dimpled hand in my brown one hid,—
Fifteen summers ago.

The first time I kissed you,—remember the night?—
We stood on the porch in the pale moon-light;—
Like a startled fawn you looked up in affright
And murmured, "I don't think that *can* be right!"—
Fifteen summers ago.

I called you "my darling, my angel, my dove!"
And swore by the tranquil stars above
That you were "my first—my only love!"
And, like the late Romeo, talked of your "glove."—
Fifteen summers ago.

Like the fickle knight in the ancient lay,
I falsely "loved and I rode away;"—
Left you with vows to return "some day"
And—forgot you so soon in the city gay,—
Fifteen summers ago.

But you did not worry, my lady fair,
For instead of pining in proud despair,
Or romantic'ly climbing the golden stair;—
You married a gouty old millionaire—
Fifteen summers ago!

HELEN THORNE.

Intercepted Letters.

From Pat Maguinns, Dublin, to his Cousin Pat in New York.

MY DEAR COUSIN PAT:—
I hope this will find you well as it laves me and all my family at present, in good work in Guinness' Brewery, and an elegant lodging convenient to it. I am married since I wrote, and a good row we had the weddin night, and a few fine raps I got as well as gave on the skulls of the bridal party—to which Kitty went in a covered car, dressed in green muslin—the severity of which left a ringin' in my ears ever since, which caused me to insult both a lawyer and a doctor on the subject, but never got me one ha'penny's damages. But I'm high up now in the National League, and have to make improper speeches every night, which means I learn them be heart, and spout them out without any previous preparations. There's been grand doins of late here, and grand sport in the Land Commission's court. Av coorse, you wereint without hearin' how the boys dynamited Hussey's house, below there in Kerry. Well, ever since that the whole country has been in grate fear and dhread of dynamite, and small blame to them, for its thremendous stuff. I've seen a couple of little cartridges of it explode a big three before iver the report came at all at all.

Well, as I was afther sayin', I tuk a turn in the Land Commission Court to hear some of the spaches, and collect materials for me next spache. I wasn't in it beyant five minutes and was beginnin' to take raal delight in the injustice of all I heard, when all of a suddent there kom a loud report, similar to that of a cannon, only louder if possible.

Lawyers, judges, and all leaped to their feet as if they had been shot, any more than maybe they couldn't have leaped up at all afther bein' rally shot.

"Dynamite!" shouted auld O'Hagan, the sitting judge, who, as I told you afore, was stannin' up just then.

"Not at all, my Lord," says the officer. "It was meself that tuk a lighted match to sarch for a grate escape of gas in one of the pipes supplying the stove."

With that every man, woman and child in the coort near broke their hearts laughin', and Counciller McLaughlan he up and says:

"It's a quare thing, so it is, to sarche for an escape of gas with a lighted match. "Sorra haporth of matther," says he, "if the officer likes to blow himself up, but bedad, if he blew up the bar, it 'ud be a bad job."

"He done it with a good intintion," says the judge.

"It's little comfort that-'ud a been," says McLaughlan, "if we'd all been blown up!"

Then the officer blamt the Board of Works, and Commissioner Sitton sent for the gas-fither to prevent further escape, but McLaughlan swore, by this and by that, he'd make his escape anyway, and so he did, taking his papers wid him, and I'm not ashamed to say I follyed in his footsteps, but I hard that they got it all regulated afther. The minit I have this letter writ the male is goin' out, so I'll delay it no longer.

Wishin' a pleasant New Year to you and all your family,

Belave me, yer most esteemed cousin

PAT MAGUINNIS.



We've got a new gurl in skool and her name's "Stifenia," which nocks "Betsy" by several, if not more!

"Betsy and I are out" hereafter; course we speak, "when we pass bi," but I relize that I never met my dervinity 'till Stifenia came onto the horizing ov mi existense, drest in a pink and blue caliker dress an' white apron trimmed with lace. I already call her deer Stiffy, when conversin' into the deaf an' dum alferbet behind our geografyz, so when teacher tole us to write a story I serlected mi new gurl for the hero.

After constructin' several strong, healty-lookin' titles, I shut my Iz an' picked out the follerin', which I printed in red-ink (Jim's jus got a new bottle, an' he's agent for "Silver-Slit Stubs" so I uzed one ov 'em).

STUFFY STIFF, THE OUTLOR'Z BRIDE.

Bein a sequil to "A Modern Romans" (published in No. 167 of JUDGE; back numbers, an' orl that sort ov thing).

"Help, help!" shriekt a startled voice a fu years ago, in a little village on some sea-coast somewhere.

The shreeker was a torl, pale uth, who, faint from the loss ov conscience, sat standin' up against the solid granit worl what seperatid the estate of Peter Von Kinghorna from the public.

His Iz were clozed (bein' a holyday), but the color could be trast between the spokes ov his I-lids, and lookt blue; so did his nose, but the weather, bein' way down to Zero



REDUCING THE SURPLUS.

couldn't be xpected to come back to look up ice-olated cases. (Jim says if any one outside the family had made one like that, he'd have set a corpus warrent onto 'em, I ast him if a "corpse warrent" wasn't a revolver, an' he answered disdintfully, "You'll have to revolver round several years longer 'fore yer no anything.") But to resume.

Air the last yell ov the chilly yung man had dide on the rezoundin atmosfere, a frale, graceful form came boundin' down the dore steps, a look ov consternashun onto her face an' a diamund ring onto her front finger. As she hastened with long strides in answer to the cries of distress, she slipped the golden circlet into her buzum, and muttered, in a boss voice.

"Taint no use ov expozin' valuble julry onto the public street. I see where a New York lady had a rolled-gold hair-pin abducted in broad dalite, an' the dectectives, altho they found a good-looking "clu" didn't return the hair-pin with their bill."

In a instant she had reached his side, and was applyin a dose ov salts to get back his cents. He gasped 2 or 3 times, his I-lashers trembled, while the hired-man worked convulsively with a ho in a corn-feeld near bi.

As soon az he could do so, and for several minits before, he claspet his bennyfactor's hands and kist 'em in a passionate agony ov esthetic joy.

(There's a tag goz with this; "not ter be takin' from the rume)."

When the hired man heard his low notes ov commendashion and approvol of the alacrity displade bi Stifenia, he thort it waz sum chumz blastin rox down in ther medder, so he got sum gunpowder (whitch he alwaz uzed in "raisin" potatoes), an' hastened to join the celebrashion.

Stifenia hoisted the victim inter her arms. (This don't refer to the hired-man ov course), an' lade him carefully on her breast.

"After gettin' him into the front parlor, a sudden and brilliant idea came to her, and she whispered, in a gentle voice, what shook him off the sofy, and jingled the globes in the chanticleer, "What's the matter ov you?"

"Washer masher? Gesh you'd sha wash er mashe if lampost chast yer halfsmile, (hic), nock yer down, (hic), in er gusher!"

Horror upon horror! The door busted

open an' plesman come rushin' in with a billy in one hand, loded with grape-shot. (The billy not the plesman), and a telephone in the other thro whitch he shouted, in a hurried, conductor like tone; "Madam-there's-a-heap-ov-ice-onto-the-side-work-in-front-ov-your-dwellin',-whitch,-if-not-removed-will-cost-you-\$2.13-cents!"

This was the last camel that broke her back, she could say nothing; rezen had vanished from thoz butiful Iz, and a pale paller crept over her face and maintained its pozshn for 3 years without any apparent means ov subsistans.

The plesman waz fined \$2.00 an' costs while the yuthful corz ov all the trouble "got over it" and lived to be mayor ov the city.

The crazy-girl whitch had been confined onto bread and water, after a long and tedius search, found her rezen.

The mayor had it stuffed an' varnished an' it stood on his smokin' table for a ash-receiver, many years.

(P. S. This last may appear a little mixt up, but mi objeck waz to have the luv story end more diffrent as most ov 'em do, an Jim says I've accomplisht that much!)

"CLYDE."



ANSWERED BY CARD.

We were playin' euchre last evenin';
There were four of us in the game;
Molly was Ned's fair partner;
Mine was—guess I won't tell her name.

You see, I'd kept her company
For quite a good long time past,

An' that night I'd made up my mind
To ask her to have me at last.
Guess she saw what I was a-thinkin',
An' tried not to be too hard,
'Cause she took advantage of the game,
An' settled the matter by card.
She'd dealt, an' hearts were the trumbers;
Ned had passed, and it was my say.
I'd a good hand, and thought she had,
She was smilin' in such a pleased way.
Moll an' Ned were chattin' right gaily,
So says I, in a low meanin' tone:
"Shall we play together—now an' for good?"
Says she, "I guess I'll go it alone."

Polished boots and polished manners don't
always go together.

A voice from the deep—coal miners asking
for more pay.

The story of a teamster's life is nearly
always a tale of whoa.

Henry James is going to write another
novel about Boston society. It is remarkable
how fond some men are of continually
turning over old rubbish.

A St. Louis man has discovered that cod-
fish skin makes durable leather. Nothing
new about that. We discovered it long
ago—in our boarding-house.

There is a great demand now for snake-
skins for making purses, diary covers, etc.
This should create a scarcity of snakes in
boots, and thereby increase the comforts of
Kentucky life.

Dio Lewis says he had no difficulty in
getting into any bar-room in Iowa. We
believe you, Dio; but we won't gamble on
the ease with which you got out. It is a
pretty crooked path from the bar to the door,
generally.

Handling this language of ours is like
fooling with a two-edged sword. Mention
a man's eagle eye, and he'll puff up like a
pouter pigeon with gratified vanity; but
speak of his parrot nose, and he'll knock
you buzzing into the wood-box.

In Sicily, girls are compelled to have their
eye-brows shaved off just before marriage.
As a barber has to be called in to perform
the operation, it is supposed the girls are
thus taught the golden value of silence.

My dear boy, don't go to deluding your-
self into the belief that you are the greatest
genius ever created, simply because you
stand, intellectually, head and shoulders
above the clod-hoppers in your native vil-
lage. Ten to one you appear so big only
because they are so little.

Another attempt is to be made to improve
the condition of New York harbor. The
job will be deferred until some time in April,
and then will be handed over to a dozen
"spring-cleaning" women to execute. If
they only leave the water where they find
it, all will be well.

TOM ADDIS.

What They Say Abroad.

"ICED goat" is the name given by bar-
keepers in New York to their latest concoction.
It is composed of goat's milk, gin and
lemon-peel, with a due addition of sugar and
ice. It is said that the "dudes" bleat for
the new beverage.—*London Truth.*

"Jef. Joslyn" as a Roller-Skatisit.



OW I looked back to those joyous winter days of my virgin youth, when I awakened this morning bowed down with a car-load of sad experience acquired at that confounded Rink, and wondered if it were possible that the awkward individual who busted up that roller-skatorial gathering last night, could have been represented by me, who in my boyhood's happy hours, used to "cut the figure 8," do "spread eagles," and all that sort of thing upon the ice, while gliding a graceful glode with steel-runners fastened to my frisky feet, until I was the "observed of all observers."

But these sundry contusions and various sprains on my weary frame, as I lie here in bed, convince me, on second thought, that the transmogrification did actually take place, and instead of being the bright particular star of the evening, as I fondly expected when I made up my mind to tackle roller-skating for the first time, I really blossomed out instead as a clumsy chump in the highest degree!

To elucidate:
My wife is an adept with rollers; and as I had been bragging about the way I used to excel all my playmates and mash all the girls



with my phenomenal skatistical curves upon the glairy surface of the frozen rivers, (long years before I met my "better half," of course) she bantered me to don those new-fangled four-wheeled abortions on skates, at the Rink.

"Why, certainly my dear," said I, pompously; "the principle of skating is always the same, whether on runners or wheels. I'll show you, this very night, how to skim with a sinuous slide in and out among the circling throng, to perfection."

So I unconsciously went to my fate!
Mrs. Joslyn complained of indisposition when we arrived at the place of my disgrace, and said she would sit up on the raised seats and look at me skate for a while, before she joined me in the pastime. (Perfidious woman! as she rubs the arnica on my flesh-denuded cheek-bone at this moment, there is a merry twinkle in her eye that tells me she

anticipated my discomfiture at the time of her refusal, and wanted to be where she could get a good view of my sprawling antics *de Acrobatique!*

Well, to make a long story short, I strapped on those treacherous wooden contrivances, and started off with a confident "watch-me-while-I-do-something-pretty" air.

I launched out with the old familiar outward stroke, intending at the completion of same to poise myself in a statuesque manner on the tip of one foot, turn around quickly, then drop lightly on the other, and proceed on my sylph-like way. This was a favorite trick of mine, when performing before an admiring crowd during my icy skatorial youth, and, as the saying is, it always "brought down the house."

On this momentous occasion, however, it "brought down" the giddy gyrator! I wasn't aware that roller-skates required a peculiar inward twist in striking out, and the consequence was, my feet became entangled, and I ignominiously plumped forward on my face! My sharp nose made a savage attempt to bore a hole through the



smooth hard-wood floor, but failed—and when they picked me up, that bloody feature resembled a flattened copper placed on the track beneath a passing railway train!

I was propped up in a corner and left to recuperate. My wife was invisible to me, but I've no doubt now but that she was posted in some advantageous place where she was taking in my misery with delight. While pulling out my proboscis to its proper dimensions, I studied the philosophy of the rollers, and soon essayed to again mix in with the other skaters.

I managed to shuffle along passably well for a few yards, when a corpulent dame came sailing around a curve at a mile-a-minute rate, ran into me, and knocked my heels out from beneath me; then, my body describing a backward areola through the air—my arms and legs vainly pawing and kicking holes in the atmosphere—I landed on the rear part of my head, after turning a complete somersault and a-half!

More dead than alive, I gamely struggled to my feet however, to give another trial. I had about made up my mind by this time though, that I wasn't an artist at this style of skating, as I had heard divers remarks from disgusted habitues of the Rink, on this order: "Who is that gawky duffer?" "Get on to his slim jags doing the fall act!" "Why don't the bungling green-horn keep out of the way?" "Give that lubberly calf more rope!" etc., etc., etc.

Dripping with perspiration, panting from the unwonted exertion, my clothes torn, and bleeding from numberless cuts, I still per-

severed, alternately gliding on my pedals, and then on my ear or base of my spine, until I finally shot up bumberty-bump amongst a group of eight or ten dudes and dudines,



and upset them in an indescribable mass all upon my attenuated and bruised-up body!! That settled me!

Mrs. Joslyn showed up then, and I was carted off home on a stretcher, while, if I ever attempt to fill my help-meet's ear again with a single story as regards my former prowess in *anything* or endeavor to ventilate my superior wisdom in any manner, if one reference by her to my inglorious skatorial fizzle at the Rink don't make me simmer down at once, she has my full permission now (as she patches me up with court-plaster, etc.) to club me with a stick of cord-wood 'till she becomes "all out of breathe!"

Therefore, I expect to be a hen-pecked husband from this day forth!

Job never was afflicted with roller-skating! If he had been, he would have "thrown up the sponge" a beaten man in the beginning, instead of patiently waiting to successfully run the gauntlet of boils and other festive visitations, which the Good Book tells us he did do!

For great big cuss-words to inspire—
For racking pains, and wounds most dire—
For laming powers—for breaking pates,—
I recommend those roller-skates!



JUST LIKE THE MEN.

SISTER—"Why do you think Mrs. Begfull is so awfully poor?"
BROTHER—"Confound it, didn't she say she had to let out all her dresses!"

THE HUMOR OF THE POLICE COURTS.



OUR funny man has talents so wide and so comprehensive that he cannot find full scope for their exercise even in the columns of THE JUDGE. He burns to furnish jokes, not for the million alone, but for the sixty million, and he is ever on the alert for opportunities to extend his sphere of usefulness. And he is particular about the quality of the jests meted out in every quarter of this broad land. He hates a poor joke, and a pointless repartee vexes his soul within him. He is also a keen hand at a bargain.

So, having read the police-court reports in the daily papers, he came to the conclusion that the police justices needed reforming in their sense of humor, and scenting at the same time a new and unexploited market for

his wares, he was elated. Without unnecessary delay he waited on Justice Yffud.

His task was not an easy one. Justice Yffud justly regarded himself as the Thersites of the police bench, and it was by no means easy to convince him that his jokes would bear improving upon. Besides, Justice Yffud was a thrifty man, and our funny man's prices struck him as high.

"But you see, judge," said our funny man, "you have so many cases to adjudicate upon, so many chances of getting off jokes, that you must at times run short. See here, now; here's a batch of regular drunks, with a different joke for each one, at sixty cents a piece."

"Sixty cents; that's a good deal for a joke that I can get off in as many seconds."

"Yes, but it will be printed next day in all the papers. The fame of it will be undying. Come, I'll make a reduction for a quantity. You can have these twenty for ten dollars. Just think of it. Twenty drunks brought before you in one morning, and you have a fresh joke pat for each one of them—and all for ten dollars; why, it is worth double the money."

"It is a good idea," admitted Judge Yffud. "Why, you will be the wonder and envy of your colleagues—the ornament of the bench."

"I'll give you five dollars for the lot," said the justice, melting.

"Make it seven-fifty, and I'll throw in two extra jokes on wife-beaters."

"I'll do it," said the judge.

The jokes and currency changed hands.

"Here are an assorted lot on vagrants; you can have those cheap; and here are a few very choice witticisms adapted to assault and battery cases."

"Hm-m. How much?" inquired the thrifty magistrate.

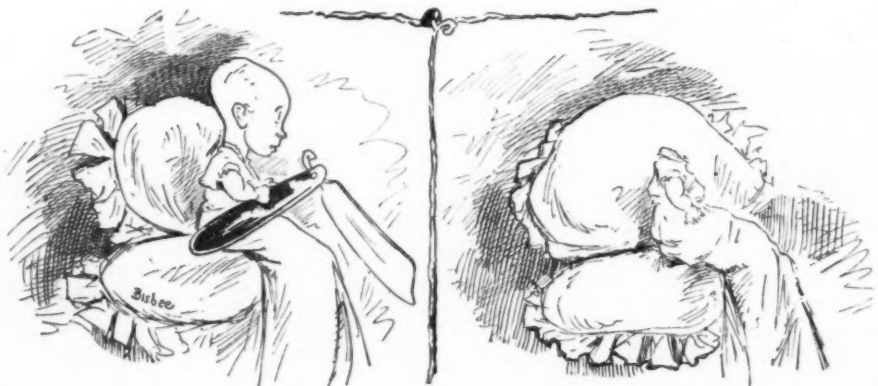
"Well, you can have those, one with the other, for a quarter a piece. These pick-pocket jokes naturally come higher."

Well, to make a long story short, our funny man disposed of his wares and went away richer by some thirty dollars of the court's money. The secret hitherto has been well kept, but our funny man, having lately disposed of a fresh invoice, could not resist the temptation of looking upon the beer when it was mellow, and gave the whole snap away. The public can now understand and account for the unusual supply of magisterial jokes which have adorned the police court reports in the papers of late. These jokes have been of a much improved quality, and have been universally appreciated.

That is, almost universally. The prisoners did not seem to enjoy them much, and generally failed to appreciate the point.

But as the prisoners, as a rule, are on the Island, that does not so much matter.

A DEAD SURE THING.



ANYTHING TO KEEP THE BABY QUIET.

PERFECT SUCCESS.

Song of Solomon.

(NEW VERSION.)

I OPENS mine shop at der break of day
When all mine rivals are snoring away,
Und sells a coat und thirteen pant,
Before der sun pegins to slant
His rays.

Der flannel shirt dot cost ten cents
I mark a dollar a half; immense
Bargains! from all to choose,
For a dollar on evry von I loose!
??????

Und der landlord come to get his rent,—
I beats him down mos' fifty per cent,
Und tell him dot trade vas *awful* dull
Or I'd be derlighted to pay der hull
Amount.

Und der gas-man comes a valsin in,
Demanding poor old Solomon's tin;—
I discount for dollars, der ninety cent,
Und pay der balance I safe on der rent
Ha! ha!

Der laborer comes for some overalls;
I rubs mine hands; so glad you calls,
For Ish got der very ting for you
Und der price is almost noddings too
Von dollar a half!

So I drive goot bargains der leef long day,
Und sells for cash as der surest vay
Of gaining der hearts of der multitude,
And feeding der mouts of mine hungry brood,
Ver goot!

"CLYDE."

Leaves from Lilian's Diary

JAN. 3D. Papa has just engaged a perfect love of a groom! Such eyes—so dark and expressive, and *such* legs! Words fail me! Regina says he looks stupid, but Regina never could appreciate *soul*!

Just because she is "out," and has received a little attention, she puts on more airs than a French dancing master! I wonder what his name is (the new groom, not the dancing master). He answers to plain "Peter," but *no* one could persuade me that it is his *real* name! Imagine an Adonis with a Grecian nose christened "*Peter*!" Perish the thought! He looks like a prince in disguise, and should be called "Guy," or "Launcelot" or—*or* something of that sort. I don't suppose he is really a *prince*, but he might be an English nobleman, or even a French count. There he goes now, exercising my horse! How my heart beats! Can this be—love?!!!

Jan. 20th. How long I have neglected you, *dear* little book! I didn't suppose anything that couldn't talk could be such a comfort. To be sure, I haven't written much in you lately, but I've lain awake nights composing page upon page. Such *beautiful* thoughts come to me now,—all about "*Guy*!" I have decided his name must be "*Guy*." The other day I laid a trap for him—we were riding together in the Park—in one of those lonely, romantic places, you know, where the sun just peeps through the leaves and the trees meet overhead—at least they *would* meet if it wasn't winter. He was a short distance behind me (the dear fellow is always *so* considerate of appearances). I dropped my whip and as he handed it to me, I leaned towards him and said softly: "*Guy*!" He started—a strange look passed over his face, but he has *such* self-command—he only said: "Beg pardon,



CROSS ROADS PIE.

BOY—"Say Pa! are you agcing ter bite where yer looking?"
FATHER—"What the dence do you ask that for?"
BOY—"Cause yer better take yer thumb out of the way."

Miss?" But it was enough—he wishes me to respect his secret—I shall do so! *Torture* could not wring it from me!

I *know* he loves me;—he *must* declare himself soon;—this suspense, this concealment is killing me!

And that hateful Regina watches me as a cat does a mouse! Can she *suspect*? This morning at breakfast she said, in *such* a suggestive tone: "*Two* lumps of sugar, Lilian?"

It fairly made my blood run cold. In my agitation I murmured: "Yes, two lumps of coffee, please." And then she laughed that cold heartless laugh of hers, and said: "Dear me! the child must be in love!" Ah! she will remember that remark when she sees the announcement in the papers:—"Elopement in High Life! The Beautiful Daughter of One of Our Wealthiest Citizens Follows the Dictates of Her Own Heart!!"

All the big words in capitals! Oh, it will be too perfectly lovely! Shoals—positively *shoals* of reporters will "interview" me; I shall be very polite to them, and then, of course, they will say nice things about me—call me the "Child-bride" or the "Girl-bride" or perhaps *both*! Strange, I have a presentiment to-day, *some* thing is going to happen.

Later.—Something *has* happened! Oh, my poor bruised heart! How can I live? But I must be calm, let me collect my thoughts! I went to the stables, ostensibly to feed my dog—in reality to see my dar—. No, no! he is no longer *mine*, let me not forget he is *another's*! There he stood talking to a woman and three dirty children, who called him—can I write the word—"Daddy!" I heard him say (his great, splendid eyes flashing with fury)—"Jane, if you don't take them brats away, I'll larrup yer!" "*Them* brats! Larrup!" Oh, Diary, Diary, I am afraid,—I am *sickeningly* afraid I've been a fool!

Why Ye Younge Manne "Shooke" Hys Cyrille.

"Nowe gyvve me a bytel!" dydde ye fayre may-denne saye,
As hyr beau a bigge pippyn was eatynge;
Thenne so roguishlye through ye hardde juicye fruitte,

Hyr whytte teethe and redde lypps came a-meetyng.

Nextte she gayve the tette backe to hym, but whenne he

Onne the sayme, wyttte hys mouthe, wente to grapple.

Hys luvve forre her fledde,—forre hyr falsse fronte "pygge" toothe

Hadde pulled oute,—and *was* stucke inn thalte apple!

"JEFFE. JOSLYNNE."

THE Language of Flowers, Poor Charlie sighed and said "My favorite flower, my dear, is the forget-me-not.

"And mine," she said "is mari-gold." and then poor Charlie knew the game was up, and got.

LAST Sunday we escorted a young sister to church. The author of our being had staked us with a quarter a piece to drop in the plate for the little heathen. We piously passed in our contribution with a silent prayer that it might benefit the dusky sons of Africa, and then watched our sister, as with a dreamy, far-away-look in her innocent child-like eyes, she dropped in a five-cent piece and gently but firmly pocketed the quarter. Once outside the sacred edifice, we remonstrated with our mercenary little relative, but were at once floored by the remark: "You know, Charlie, *charity* begins at home."

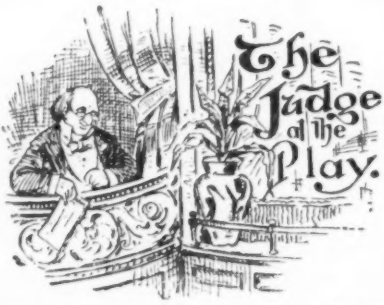


F. BEARD

JUDGE.



WELCOME GUESTS.



SOUTHWARD instead of westward the stars are taking their way, and New Orleans is, for once in its life, suffering from an embarrassment of business in the show line.

Last week the Mapleson Opera Troupe, with Patti and Nevada, Raymond, Aimee, Grace Hawthorne, and Buffalo Bill were all there.

At this rate somebody will get left, be the weather ever so mild.

Bessie Bernard—Miss Hawthorne's female advance agent—telegraphs back that her star has scored a big success.

John Jack and his wife, Annie Firmin, have started out with a company. They were to open at Jacksonville, Florida, on Monday. The season is announced to continue ten weeks, and they are to play nice little pieces like "Camille," "Pink Dominos," "East Lynne," etc. If they don't come to grief around the Gulf of Mexico, they will proceed to the West Indies, and Hayti, Jamaica, and Porto Rico will all have a chance to see and hear Mr. John Jack and his "famous comedy company." High, low, Jack and the game!

"The Shadows of a Great City," have fallen upon San Francisco in the shape of Gerald Eyre and Molly Fuller.

These two people were pretty well shadowed before they got away from New York, and something more substantial than shadows would make it extremely unpleasant for Mr. Eyre were he again to appear in our midst. His wife and children are destitute and a subscription has been started in their behalf.

This is Mr. Booth's last week at the Fifth Avenue. He has changed his programme frequently, and he has had crowded houses, but his support is, as usual, remarkably bad.

We were promised something better than he has given us. "The Merchant of Venice," with an apology for *Portia*, and "Macbeth" without the lady, are disappointing, to say the least. However, Mr. Booth's engagement has proved profitable, as far as dollars and cents go, and it is to be presumed that the tragedian is quite satisfied.

The Third Avenue Theatre has been leased to Tony Pastor and M. B. Leavitt. It is to be run as a "first class novelty and combination house," and the programme is to be changed each week. The "first class novelty" produced there was "An Adamless Eden," with the original comedy cast. This may be "first class," but where does the novelty come in?

At the Comedy the man at the wheel couldn't get the wheel ready last week. This week it will probably commence to whirl.

Various members of the Lyceum School, after much hard study and the payment of two hundred dollars apiece, have at last attained their desires, and have "got on the stage."

They now appear as "supes" at the Star, where Mr. Barrett disports himself as *Cassius*, in "Julius Cæsar."

The "supes" draw well, for their sisters

and their cousins and their aunts, proud of the lofty height their relatives have already attained in the profession, and anxious to see them before the footlights, help to swell the box office receipts.

There was some little trouble in the ranks at first, for each and every female wanted a dressing room all to herself. Mr. Mackaye will doubtless soon succeed in supplying this long felt want in all theatres, and he will soon patent a portable, convenient and unique dressing room that every actress can carry around with her wherever she goes. These dressing rooms, when completed, will be supplied to the pupils of the Lyceum School at a trifling additional expense, and it is confidently hoped they will prove to be as comfortable as are the sea's of Union Square Theatre.

At Wallack's "Victor Durand" will probably run a few weeks longer. It is said that "Impulse" will follow Mr. Carleton's play. For a year and a half the Wallack management have been threatening to bring out "Impulse," and we shall believe they mean business when we see it on the boards, and not before. Report has it that Rose Coghlan has bought the American rights to "Forget-me-not" of Miss Genevieve Ward.

Miss Coghlan made a hit in this piece the few times she played it at Wallack's old theatre, and we hope she has indeed the right to play it here.

Mr. Marsden's scenery for the new play at the Union Square is said to be the finest he has yet painted. Mr. Nathal's play will soon be produced.

Carleton, with his opera troupe, is singing in "La Fille du Tambour Major" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, and "May Blossom" with its original cast is at Niblo's.

Boucicault has closed a successful engagement in Boston. Boston papers have desecrated at length on the respective merits of Mr. Boucicault's son and his daughter Nina, who made her debut in the "Colleen Bawn."

We should like to know how many debuts this pretty and very interesting young lady is going to have. Last year she played here with her father in "The Shaughran," at the Park Theatre, but perhaps that engagement doesn't count.

"MACBETH hath murdered sleep." Query—may not "Macbeth" be a misprint for "grimalkin," a name which occurs in the same play? Or were there no night-cats in Stratford-on-Avon three hundred years ago?



A NARROW ESCAPE.

After The Amateur Play.

ALL's over now. It was a great success. Our honest Villain did the best he could; Took pains and plodded through his wickedness— He's really very good;

And when he drove the lady to despair With darkly scowling threats and feigned alarms, I rushed upon the stage, defied him there, And clasped her in my arms!

They called us back. The laughing plaudits swelled To welcome us. That moment was divine, The token of my triumph—as I held My darling's hand in mine.

I seemed to feel her happy pulses beat As mine were beating in my joy and pride; I trod the whole world underneath my feet Since she was by my side!

And then—why, as we passed, I overheard A hurried whisper; caught a meaning smile; Enough—it was the Villain she preferred— The Villain all the while!

She did not know with my whole heart I played; She thought I acted well the part, no doubt; If Love came stealing through the masquerade, How should she find him out?

She did not know! God bless her in her choice! (Aye, and the Villain, too!) No thought of blame Shall lend its touch of hardness to my voice, When I would speak her name.

There will be other plays in coming years When this is half forgotten; there will be New scenes, new dresses, and new hopes and fears— But this old play for me!

—The Souvenir.



BOSTON CULTURE ON A BOUNCE.

BOSTONIAN—"New York streets are (hic) just everlastingly more crooked than Boston ones."

An Evidence of Prosperity.

"Bangs is getting to be quite a man, isn't he? Why, only yesterday he spoke to fifteen hundred people."

"Indeed! What did he say to them?" "He asked them if they couldn't come in just as well next week."

Mahony!

THERE was a young man named Mahony,
Who climbed up a little balcony;
He "burgled" the plate,
And up he went straight,
To serve for that little felony.

To remedy bald heads—cut 'em off.

A carry-all—the schoolboy's pocket.

A hard wall to climb—the caterwaul.

A "stuck" up affair—a candy-pull.

A reasonable suggestion—pepper, sir?

Rare articles—(raw)—oasis in a desert.

A HARD fort to storm—the piano-forte.

A DRAW-BACK for monkeys—a cat's paw.

A lazy man's paradise—the police department.

A MITEY good thing with apple-pie—old cheese.

THE four seasons—vinegar, pepper, mustard and salt.

JOHNSON, who is rather addicted to smuggling, offers Smith a cigar, saying, with a significant look: "Try this one, old man, it has never paid any duty." "Good reason why," is the cheerful response, "it has never been out of the country."

THE tree was there, the branch was willing, the rope had its noose ready for business. Then Judge Lynch asked (merely as a matter of fun you know), "Prisoner have you anything to say in your defense. You have full liberty to speak, but cut it short."

Prisoner—"Gentlemen, I plead insanity." (Dreadful laughter in the congregation, and the beginning of a rush).

Judge Lynch—"Insanity! well may I never tip another—but hold on, boys. Any man so dodrotted insane as to try the insanity dodge on this court *must* be insane. Let the d—d idiot go.

A NEW YORK drummer, who used to boast that he had mashed all the hotel girls of the Middle Atlantic States, returned the other day from a western trip, with quite reversed opinions about the sex. In fact he confided to a brother drummer that his feelings "had been trampled on most cruel," and were in a state but little removed from that of a bull-frog smashed by an elephant. Then the brother drummer, who had been there himself, understood at once that the gentle being who had trampled on his friend's feelings was a Chicago girl.

DIRECTOR GREEN (nothing suspecting)—"By the way, Brown, where is the cashier? I haven't seen anything of him to-day."

Director Brown (who knows all about it)—"Well, I believe he changed his quarters last night."

Director Green (who now suspects a screw loose)—"Changed his quarters? What the dickens does that mean?"

Director Brown (who has already discovered the loose screw and takes the situation gaily)—"I suppose somebody has been telling him that our United States coins won't pass in Canada."



HIS STATUS ON SKATES.

TOM TUMBLDOWN—"There's one thing I can't do on skates."

JOHN JONES—"What's that?"

TOM TUMBLDOWN—"Stand up on them."

A New Polar Expedition.

If there are any doubts in regard to the North Pole they are now in danger of being solved. Brown proposes to unveil that object by the aid of an expedition which he is now fitting out, and forever settle the question in the minds of all the savans of Savannah, or other seaports, and will start as early in the coming spring as possible—when it is warm enough for his crew to work on deck, and not take cold. He will select the crew with great care, and take only those who can stand the rigors of the climate there, and the pole is often surrounded with bad weather, such as we wouldn't have anything to do with here, only in the red-hot season. Brown says he never went in search of even a fishing pole, or the election polls, but bad weather set in. Men joining the expedition must answer satisfactorily the following questions:

Are you used to having cold meals at your boarding house, and how many does it take? Can you keep warm arguing politics on a cold day?

How much real Arctic, Nova Zembla coldness have you been in the habit of receiving from your girl without growling?"

Can you ever get over taking your drinks hot? or do you call for ice in it?

How far into the winter are you in the habit of going with your summer suit on?

How often in the winter has your landlady told you that you should have an extra blanket, and forgot all about it?

Are you used to having your blood run cold when you see your girl walking with that other fellow?

How long on a cold night can you stand at the door taking leave of your girl, whom you do not expect to see for another moon—(next night's)?

Are you a Tannerite, and what kind of an appetite do you carry along with you?

Did you ever tell your girl you loved her

so much you could eat her up, and did you ever do it?

Where you pay the least are you in the habit of growling about your victuals the most?

How late into the cold season do you allow your overcoat to remain in pawn?

How long between meals can you go without eating a square meal?

How long, on a cold night, can you skate with your girl when another fellow is waiting to take her home?

Did you ever go over the Northern Pacific Railroad?

Are you accustomed to say, "it's cold, ain't it"?

Are you used to keeping your mouth shut, and can you talk through your nose or ears?

How long do you think you can stay away from your girl, or your wife, or your creditors?

Can you stand the high old times you will have in the high latitudes?

Are you principally occupied in living off the old man, and growling about the victuals?

Is it generally an extremely cold day when you get left?

How much ice-cream do you eat along with your girl, during the season when your money blows around loose?

As all other expeditions are generally starved at the last, have you any objections to being starved at the first, and keeping the victuals to the last?

When your girl says "It snow use of talking," are you in the habit of feeling your blood run cold?

Have you ever suffered with cold in the head, and how much room have you there to accommodate a good sized one?

How low in society can a thermometer get before you cease to have anything to do with it, or anybody else?

Do you tempt, how is your temper, what is

your temperament, and how is your temperature, or are you only temporary, or are you like time—*tempus fugit*?

Are you a hard drinker, and are you used to drinking hard drinks?

Do you get hot when you find your coffee has the chill on?

Are you used to cooling off very quick—especially if you are in a fuss?

Has the ravenous affection of your hungry heart been used to a constant diet of cold shoulder?

Are you a lover of bologna, and do you think you could get fat on coal and seal oil, or walrus or Esquimaux meat?

What would you do with the pole if you could get it, and would it be of any political significance?

How does reading one of the latest cook-books affect your appetite, when you haven't anything else to read or eat?

If the vessel has to be abandoned, do you think you would have heart, or feet, to take the pike and walk home?

If the provisions should give out, do you think you would give in very soon, and what would you give in?

Are you used to swallowing what you have said, and does it fatten you up any?

Do you know how to manage sledges, or have you had any experience even with old sledge?

Have you any objection to each day on your notes being six months long, or a night's sleep lasting a hundred and eighty-two days?

Do you think you would like to go where there is a Solid North,—pretty solid?

How long can you stay out at night waiting for election news without calling for a bonfire?

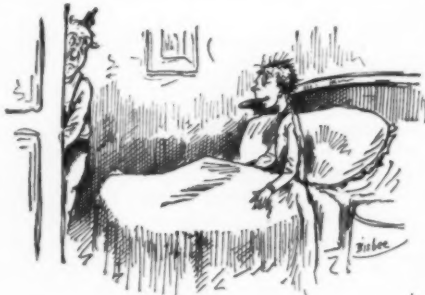
Did you ever eat at a Jersey railroad restaurant, and survive?

Did you ever find an antidote for your appetite?

These are vital questions concerning your victuals, and your vitals, and vital vitality, and must be vitalized.

Brown says that ten years ago Hayes furnished an Esquimaux with a wooden leg, and it has survived the cold without a chilblain—the leg, not the Esquimaux, and intimates that men with wooden arms and wooden heads would fare well in his expedition; in fact he would prefer them. Splendid opportunities offered to coal-merchants who want to start coal yards there. Nobody shall be lost, but all will be preserved—when anything freezes there it is preserved for all time, and there should be no fears, or no mortification. You will all be "solid" there, if you are not here.

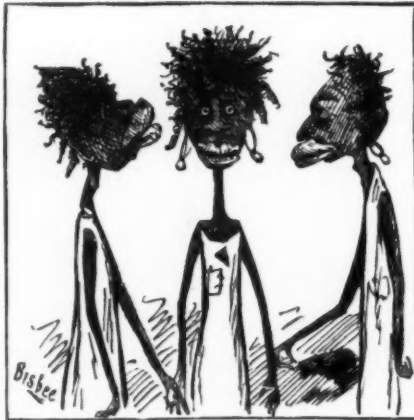
A. W. BELLAW.



AN EARLY RISER.

Por—"You ought to get up early and improve your time."
Sax—"Why, I do. I get up at five and drink up half the milk, and then come back and reflect on the folly of your paying for a quart when you only get a pint."

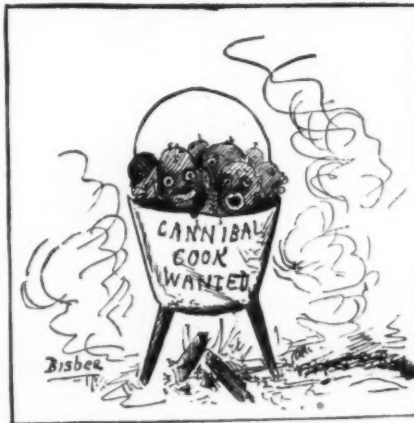
STUDIES FROM THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.



THE THREE GRACES.



A CANNIBAL DUDE.



A CANNIBAL STEW.



OPEN AIR EXERCISE.

The Generous Jerseyman.

A MAN from Jersey City, while getting a dime changed at the Metropolitan Hotel in New York, had the misfortune to drop a cent, which rolled under an immense pile of trunks.

"I want you to find that cent and return it to me," said the Jerseyman who was being brushed off by the porter.

"Hit's gwinter be a big job ter 'move all dem heavy trunks, yet I'll see if I kin find dat cent, but I don't b'lieve I kin."

"Wall," responded the Jerseyman, "If you find it I want it back; but if you don't find it you may keep it for yourself."

"Thank you, boss; thank you kindly."—*Texas Siftings*.

A Case of Mistaken Identity.

A RED faced man rushed up to a quiet old gentleman and said:

"How do you do Mr. Jones?"

"Excuse me, but you have the advantage of me."

"Are you not Mr. Jones?"

"No sir, you are mistaken, my name is Smith."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I am. You are mistaken."

"Are you quite certain, Mr. Smith, that it is not you who are mistaken. May you not be Jones after all, Mr. Smith?"—*Texas Siftings*.

No Case.

"PRISONER," said Prosecutor Buxton, "you are charged with gambling."

"Gambling? What is gambling?"

"Playing cards for money."

"But I did not play cards for money; I played cards for chips."

"Well, you got money for your chips at the end of the game, didn't you?"

"No. I didn't have any chips at the end of the game."—*Cleveland Herald*.

Reflection.

"COME on," called a bridesmaid to the bride, who was standing before a mirror, touching and retouching, "they're waiting for you."

"All right," responded the maiden, without moving,

"Don't say 'all right,' but come on. What do you want to see yourself for, anyhow? You look beautiful."

"Oh, yes, I know that; brides always do."

"Well, then, what are you standing before the glass for, when everything is waiting?"

"Because, dear," she answered with provoking patience, "it is well for one to indulge in some reflection before one gets married, you know."

The guests at the wedding wondered what made that particular bridesmaid look so pale.—*Merchant Traveler*.

Didn't Drop.

"WHAT have you got there?" said old Pungleup to his daughter; "some pressed flowers?"

"Y-e-s-s, sir," replied she, turning red.

"Don't seem to have made a good job of it; what were they pressed against?"

"Why—er—against my belt," murmured the girl, who had been to a picnic with Charley. But the old man never tumbled.—*San Francisco Post.*

Sequel of That Corn Story.

ONE of our South Platte country exchanges gets off the following: "The little son of Mr. B—, living west of town, got a ladder the other day and stood it up against a cornstalk. He then took a saw and climbing up about twenty feet to the first ear, he proceeded to straddle the ear and saw it off, but unfortunately he sawed between himself and the stalk, and he was thrown to the ground, breaking his arm." That's the story. Now, then, somebody hold our coat! We didn't intend mentioning a fact that has come to our knowledge, but when a South Platte prevaricator attempts to down this section we will read him facts.

Last Saturday, while in conversation with Mr. Ed. Jenkins, of Kalamazoo, the reporter learned that an illicit distillery was in operation in one of the ravines near his residence, and the government was therefore being defrauded out of a large amount of revenue. It appears that a man arrived in the neighborhood some time since, and one night, with the aid of a gang of laborers, dynamite, crowbars, etc., succeeded in prying off a kernel of corn from a big prize ear in Ed's field. It was then loaded onto a stone-boat and hauled into the ravine. The man then bored into the kernel of corn with a two-inch auger, put in a faucet, and now has an unlimited supply of pure corn juice on tap.—*Madison (Neb.) Chronicle.*

Bill Nye's Philosophy.

To the young the future has a roseate hue. The roseate hue comes high, but we have to use it in this place. To the young there spreads out a glorious range of possibilities. After the youth has indorsed for the intimate friend a few times, and purchased the paper at the bank himself later on, the horizon won't seem to horizon so tumultuously as it did aforetime. I remember at one time of purchasing such a piece of accommodation paper at a bank, and I still have it. I didn't need it any more than a cat needs eleven tails at one and the same time. Still the bank made it an object for me, and I secured it. Such thing as these harshly knock the fluff and bloom off the cheek of youth, and prompt us to turn the strawberry-box bottom side up before we purchase it. Youth is gay and hopeful, age is covered with experience and scars where the skin has been knocked off and has had to grow on again. To the young a dollar looks large and strong, but to the middle-aged and old it is weak and inefficient. When we are in the heyday and fizz of existence we believe everything, but after awhile we murmur, "What's that you're given' us?" or words of a like character. Age brings caution and a lot of shop-worn experience purchased at the highest market price. Time brings vain regrets and wisdom-teeth that can be left in a glass of water over night.—*The Ingleside.*

A Bad Subject.

COLONEL MATELAND was appointed agent of a well-known life insurance company. The high standing of the Colonel and his excellent qualifications as a business man immediately secured for him a remunerative run of business. One day, while sitting in his office, a healthy looking man entered and said that he would like to have his life insured. "I am in something of a hurry," said he, "for my friends are waiting for me at the door. I want a \$10,000 policy."

The company's physician, who was present, pronounced him sound, and the policy was soon made out. Several days later a man met the Colonel on the street and said:

"What business did young Blumus have with you the other day?"

"Had his life insured."

"And you insured it?"

"Of course. Why shouldn't I? He is in good health."

"But I believe he will die suddenly."

"We have an eminent physician to decide upon such possibilities. What makes you think that he will die suddenly?"

"Oh, it's nothing to me, Colonel. If your physician knows, all right. The young fellow requested that he be allowed to go out and settle up his private affairs, and the judge granted it."

"The judge!" gasped the Colonel.

"Yes, the Circuit Judge. You see the young fellow is to be hanged next Friday."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Parent Deceiver.

A BOSTON inventor has just come to the front with what may be safely called the meeting of a long-felt want. This invention is an ingenious little apparatus for playing the piano, which he calls the Henderson Patent Universal Automatic Parent Deceiver.

Every young lady within the sound of our pen—and most every young man—knows that one of the most serious obstacles to satisfactory sparking lies in the preternatural vigilance of the mother of the period, who possesses an uncomfortable habit of entering the parlor at frequent and unexpected intervals. This habit necessitates the venerable and still successful device of an occasional drumming on the piano by the girl, which appears to have a singularly reassuring effect upon the mother about making a reconnaissance from the direction of the "settin' room."

Mr. Skinderson's invention is a small box containing a set of hammers worked by clock-work and warranted to run for the duration of the longest Sunday night call. This machine keeps up a fitful but constant tapping on the piano keys, and conveys the impression to those outside that the entire evening is spent in music. Mr. S. guarantees in his advertisements that the most severely proper of mothers will pass serenely up to bed after the first hour's operation of his apparatus, remarking, "Well, there isn't any hugging going on in there, that's certain!" and that the most desperate male flirt can obtain a reputation for being that mythical kind of a "nice young man," so dear to the heart of the average parent, by carrying one of those admirable devices around in his coat tail pocket.

We wish we were half as sure of going to heaven as the inventor is of making a million dollars, and meanwhile aid the march of real progress by thus calling the attention of young male readers to the above suitable and suggestive holiday gift for their "best" girls.—*San Francisco Post.*

A Bonanza.

SMILLKINS is the meanest man in town, and when a baby was left in a basket on Johnling's steps the other night he said: "That Johnling is an awfully lucky fellow." "Lucky!" ejaculated Mr. Greatheart, whom he was addressing; "what do you mean?" "Why," said Smillkins, "that basket was worth forty cents."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Out of His Element.

THE doctor entered the sick room.

"Oh, doctor, said the patient, "is that you?"

"Yes, George. How do you feel this morning?" inquired the physician.

"Oh, doctor, I have had had such a delicious dream, such a sweet vision."

"What was it, George?"

"I thought I was in heaven, doctor, and there was no more pain, no more sorrow, no more sleepless nights. The birds sang as I had never heard them sing before; the trees bore the richest, rarest fruits; the grass was like velvet, threaded with silver, where the pleasant waters flowed; the air was a harmony of May and October, and there was over all the ineffable sweetness of rest and joy. It was life, and love, and hope, and—and—"

The patient put his hand to his head wearily.

"Yes, doctor; when I saw you, I knew it wasn't heaven; or if it was, that you were in the wrong house, and I awoke."—*Merchant Traveler.*

No Sabe.

THE local heathen Chinese rather more than holds his own in some respects, and many of the children of the better class of Mongolians have attended school to some purpose, despite the social restriction law under which they labor. The other day a California street matron, just returned from a three years' tour abroad, advertised for a first-class cook, whereupon an intelligent looking pigtail applied for the position.

"Whatee you namee, John?" asked the lady in that peculiar baby talk supposed to be adapted to infants and other foreigners.

"Wan Lee."

"You sabe loast tlurklee, Wan?" lisped the lady.

The Chinaman knit his brows and shook his head.

"Oh! dear me?" said the tourist to her imported maid, in what is known here as Mills Seminary—and abroad as restaurant—French; "what am I to do. I can't make him understand."

"It is very unfortunate," said the Chinaman, reflectively. "I see you don't speak French very well, and beside that, Chinese and English are the only languages I know."

He was not engaged.—*San Francisco Post.*

Best Goods are Put in Smallest Parcels.

The old proverb is certainly true in the case of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are little, sugar-wrapped parcels, scarcely larger than mustard seeds, containing as much cathartic power as is done up in the biggest, most repulsive-looking pill. Unlike big pills, however, they are mild and pleasant in their operation—do not produce griping pains, nor render the bowels costive after using.

THE JUDGE.

"Do you know, Mrs. Smith, my husband's health is miserable, he can't sleep a wink?" "Indeed; well my husband used to be the same way, but he is in excellent health now, sleeps almost all the time." "Well, doesn't it interfere with his business?" "Oh, no; he is a policeman." "Oh!"—*Boston Post.*

CATECHISM MODERNIZED. Teacher—"What is the difference between the body and the soul?" Johnny (vacantly)—"The body is mortal and material; the soul—" Teacher (impatiently)—"Yes, and the soul?" Johnny—"The soul is immortal and immaterial."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"SAY, pop! Can't I go to the lecture?" "No, my child. Your mother desires to attend." "Well, I want to hear all about Paris and the reign of the terrier. It must be immense." "My child, stay right at home and you will get all the 'reign of terror' you want." And when he passed his cup for more tea the "terror" wouldn't pour him any.—*Hartford Post.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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Is it because ignorance is bliss that court-ing is so much pleasure to young people?—*Merchant Traveler.*

KNOWN by the company he keeps—the theatrical manager.—Pantaloons are worn longer in January than February—three days longer.—*Lynn Item.*

A BLOOMINGTON woman ran away with the head cook in her husband's restaurant, the other day. She will either starve to death or have to eat some infernally poor cooking.—*Newman Independent.*

"I MET Mr. Smith in a shabby coat a while ago. He has not failed, has he?"

"Oh, no, he only puts on that coat when he goes to the assessors to give in his property for assessment."—*Texas Siftings.*

"Well," said Mr. Smith, "I've made one good resolution this New Year."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Smith.

"Yes, I've sworn off using tobacco; I shall smoke nothing but five-cent cigars in the future."—*Boston Courier.*

A FASHION item says: "A very useful and ornamental gift to either lady or gentleman is an umbrella holder." If this means something which will hold an umbrella when an absent-minded deacon tries to walk off with it, we second the motion.—*Philadelphia Call.*

I WOULD like to know which dairyman will acquire a competency first. The one who has fifty cows and two pumps or the one who has ten cows and fifteen pumps? A design for a mud fence will be given for a correct answer.—*Brooklyn Times.*

JUDGE ATWATER said, at Minneapolis the other day; that he could have twice bought the site of that city for fifty dollars. That was before Minneapolis became the flour-ishing city it has since become.—*Boston Transcript.*

BENEVOLENT gentleman to ragged urchin: "My little man, why do you not wear shoes this cold weather?"

Ragged urchin: "'Cause my old buck says he's going to make a preacher out of me and wants me to learn to save soles when I'm a kid."—*Hatchet.*

"This is a pretty time of night to be coming home!" said Mrs. Brown. "Zat's so, M'riar. I've (hie) been paintin' the town (hie) red." "Yes, I know you have, and I see you've got some of it on your nose, too."—*Newman Independent.*

A WELL deserved compliment is paid Mr. Chas. H. Hoyt by the Minneapolis *Tribune*, but when that paper tells its readers that Mr. Hoyt created the "All Sorts" column in this paper it tells them what is not true. The "All sorts" column was created by Mr. Nathaniel G. Green, many years before Mr. Hoyt or his "Rag Baby" had been thought of, and it is likely to be alive many years after Mr. Hoyt and his Baby has climbed the golden stair.—*Boston Post.*

Woman's Face.

"What furniture can give such finish to a room, as a tender woman's face," asks George Elliott. Not any, we are happy to answer, provided the glow of health tempers the tender expression. The pale, anxious, bloodless face of the consumptive, or the evident sufferings of the dyspeptic, induce feelings of sorrow and grief on our part and compel us to tell them of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," the sovereign remedy for consumption and other diseases of the respiratory system as well as dyspepsia and other diges-tive troubles. Sold everywhere.



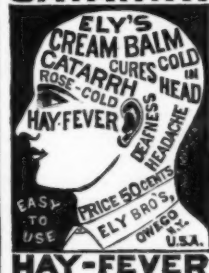
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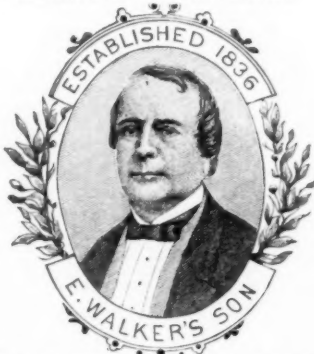
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Owed to Winter—Plumbers' bills.—*Boston Post.*

Down in front—the young man's moustache.—*Boston Times.*

Those who employ the plumber must pay the piper.—*Boston Post.*

A REMARK is always rued when it gets a fellow into trouble.—*Boston Times.*

WHY is a mangy mongrel like a pig? Because he's a poor cur.—*Washington Hatchet.*

NEWSPAPER editors are in despair at the longevity of poets. If Whittier has lived to be seventy-seven years of age, how long may not a writer of poetry hang on?—*Courier Journal.*

SOME doctors hold that roller skating should be put down. The roller skate will show the doctor that he is the one to put down when the doctor gets them on, however.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A NEW YORK paper calls Henry Watterson a very handsome man. Samuel J. Randall says Watterson may be "a thing of beauty," but he hopes he is not going to be "a jaw forever."—*Norristown Herald.*

AN Australian naturalist is reported to have discovered that sponges are endowed with a nervous system. All the "sponges" known to us socially certainly display a great deal of "nerve" in their own way.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A SOUTHERN editor asserts that all angels are blondes. A gentleman who married a light-haired woman with a sultry temper says that he is not prepared to deny the assertion, but he is pretty confident that all blondes are not angels.—*Norristown Herald.*

A GERMAN loves to contemplate himself, a Frenchman to talk about himself, an Englishman to blow about himself, an Italian to mourn about himself, an Irishman to swear about himself, and a Yankee to outlie them all.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

RECIPROCITY is all very well in its way, but when it comes to your wife wanting you to reciprocate a pair of fifty-cent braces with a fifty-dollar ring, you've got to brace up and figure out just where the reciprocity hits you on a sore spot.—*Fall River Advance.*

It is a pitiable sight to see a woman who, but one short week ago possessed an angel's sweetness of disposition and a child's artlessness of character, watching at the head of the stairs, at 2 o'clock in the morning, with a towel-roller in her hand.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

It is said that John L. Sullivan proposes to join the Salvation army. If this be true, probably he will presently be known as "Hallelujah John," or some such taking title. He would be valuable to the army as a rear guard on their marches through the streets; also as a medium—an advertising medium.—*Lowell Citizen.*

It is as easy to get rich at a raffle as it is at the oil exchange. All a man has to do is to stick to it. He is bound to beat the game, if the game don't beat him. A Utica man raffled away \$1.75 and finally won a very small turkey. Elated with his luck he spent \$1 in treating the crowd. Then somebody stole the turkey.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

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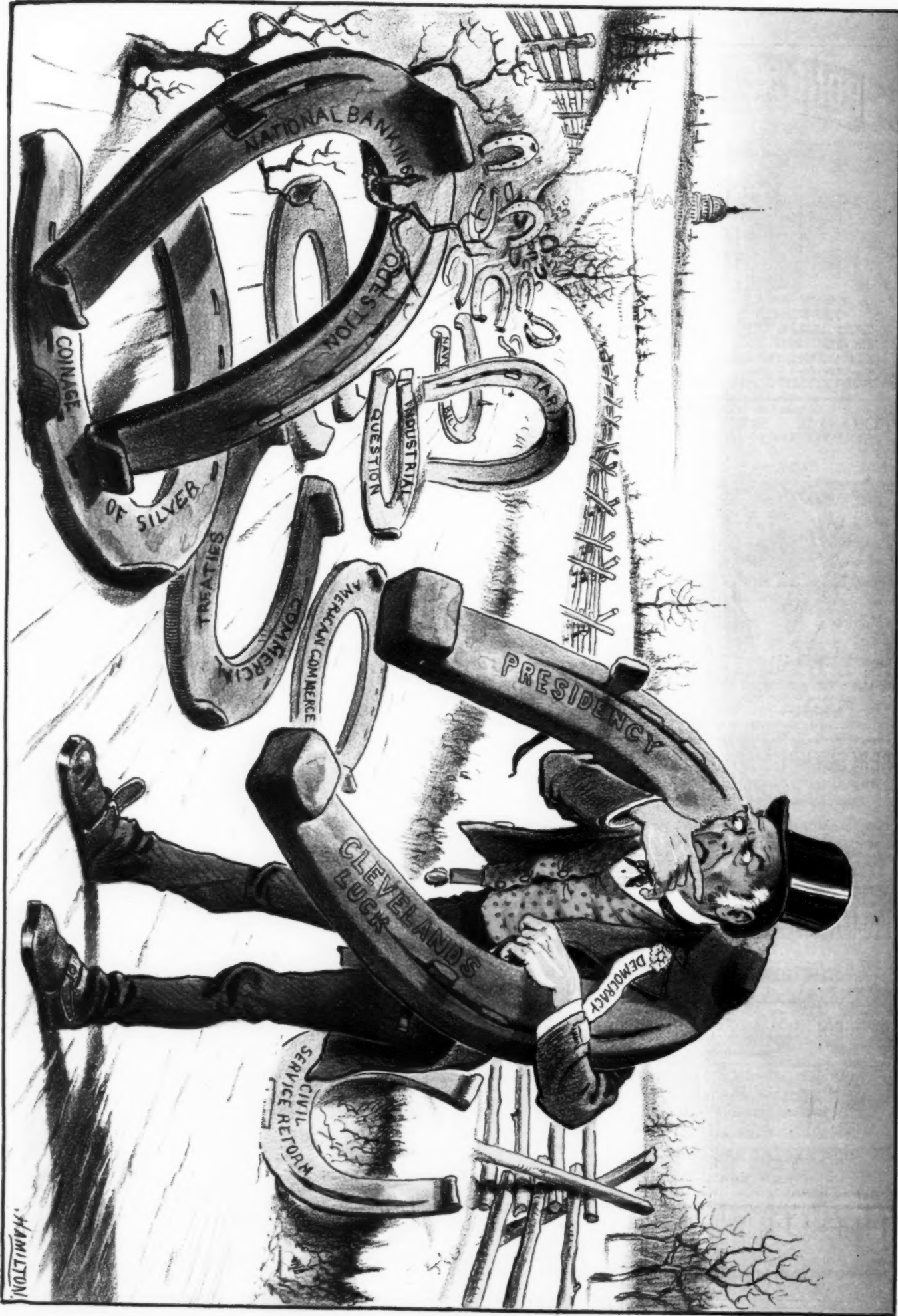
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