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Judge

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Judge

THE NEW COMBINE.

Dave Hill and Grove Cleveland in their great Double Song and Dance Act, entitled "Harmony."

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.—This is your only chance of seeing these comedians together, as next year, each one will star on his own account.

JUDGE.

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.
President W. J. ARKELL
Vice-President HARRY R. HART
Art Department BERNHARD GILLAM
Editor I. M. GREGORY

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WE guarantee advertisers a larger circulation at cheaper rates than any American satirical paper published.

WHAT THIS STATE MOST NEEDS is an anti-legislature society.

VOICE OF THE CONTINENT—No king, no crown shall put us down.

MOTTO OF THE ADMINISTRATION—"Be sure you're right; then sthop a leedle."

THE CANADA VERSION—"Fee, fi, fo, fum! I smell the blood of the O'Briens."

WHILE WE ARE ABOUT IT let us have a society for the prevention of epidemics.

IT IS A CURIOUS FACT that the anti-poverty society is likewise the society of anti-wealth.

SPEAKING OF SINS OF COMMISSION, what curious things the proceedings of the subway are!

IT IS A CANADIAN BOAST that the mob bested O'Brien, whereas they merely Lansdowned him.

THE NIHILISTS ARE MEN professionally given to hoisting themselves by their own petard.

THERE IS BUT ONE ROAD that doesn't lead to Rome. That is the one selected by Dr. McGlynn.

IN ADJOURNING the other day the legislature accomplished the finest act of the entire session.

THERE IS A SUSPICION IN FRANCE that Boulanger is the little corporal with the exception of the corporal.

THE PRESIDENT WILL probably be good-natured for some time to come. Because if he isn't he won't catch any fish.

FATHER MCGLYNN HAVING put himself out, the declaration of the pope is merely a formal indorsement of his action.

THE PRESIDENT MADE HIS BEST CATCH just a year ago. Fish as he may, he will never catch on to anything as good again.

BOULANGER'S BOOM MUST be managed with much dexterity, or it will do its finest execution by cutting its owner's head off.

THE EXTREME THIRST that prevails here on Sunday, according to Mr. Malaprop, is enough to peel the bark off a yellow dog.

THE MAN IN NEW JERSEY who had seven wives was troubled with the composite affliction, and that is what's the matter with the settlement of his estate.

THERE ARE INDICATIONS that John Sherman's fences are mostly composed of barbed wire and that John has tried to go through the middle of a section of them.

"MR. ARKELL, LIKE ORATOR PUFF," says the *Elmira Gazette*, "has two tones to his voice." Why be unfair? Six, my boy—six; and three yet to report themselves.

A WART, A BOIL, or any excrescence of that nature, is tolerably innocent and excusable, because, unlike the subway commission, it doesn't draw \$15,000 a year.

THAT FREE SPEECH which works for the murder of men who practice the privilege is the most objectionable of all, but it must be excused until it commits the murder.

THE LATE MR. CRAZY HORSE, the Indian chieftain, had thirteen wives. That was mighty reprehensible. If he had had the educated article of superstition he would have had fourteen at least.

IT IS A REMARKABLE FACT that the Americans most cordially received in Canada are those most wanted by the law of the United States. All the others are liable to get their heads punched.

THE STATEMENT THAT Sarah Bernhardt

was once a dressmaker is not reasonable. It is not known that Sarah ever broke an engagement, and it is the chief business of dressmakers to do that very thing.

IT IS UNDERSTOOD THAT LEWIS SWIFT of Rochester has been employed by the Standard oil company to corral comets. The company wants a few preliminary to its great work of monopolizing the universe.

THE WASHINGTON CLERGY are moving to reform funerals. This is a crying need. Let them reform them altogether; and as a means to that improvement let us have no death except in the cases of the mugwumps.

LADY LANSDOWNE HAS A SWEET FACE, judging from her picture as given in the daily illustrated journal; but perhaps her innocence would be more believed in if she would explain whether she happened to get in such bad company by choice or by coercion.

"ARE THE LEGLETS WARM?" asks a reformer of woman's dress. "Again, why not?" Moreover, dear girl, why so? And if not so which and wherefore? We shall not pursue this subject, however. All we know about it is that the extremities are frequently quite the opposite.

AND THE POT WAS EMPTY.

Our disinterested judgment of the game between Governor Hill and the legislature is that David did the best bluffing, and as between him and his competitors the people raked in the pot.

OUR SELECTED PURPLE.

If the JUDGE were to select a political king for this state it would choose Thomas C. Platt above all others, taking the reasonable precaution, of course, of clipping his ears and destroying his understanding; and it would make David B. Judd his representative behind the throne.

TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY.

Irishmen are fighting battles for the whole world. There is not an army that has not scores of them. Having no country of their own to fight for, they are expending their energies in behalf of others, and they are good fighters too. Such men ought to have a country of their own, and when the time comes perhaps a great many whom they have fought for will be glad to fight for them.

IS HIS HEAD TOO LARGE?

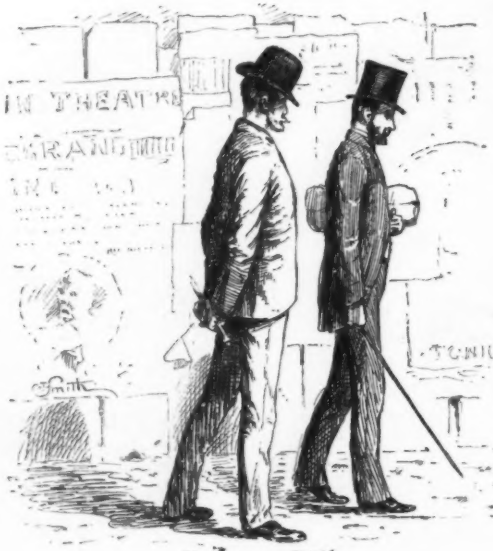
Mr. Minister Phelps has taken the affliction that has been visited upon most of our representatives to the court of St. James. He has suffered from too many dinners, like Reverdy Johnson, and from too much inflation of personal consequence, like J. R. Lowell. He now announces that only Americans who come to him "properly accredited" will be given his gracious services in behalf of admission to her majesty's court, and does it with the lofty assumption of one who has apparently been imposed upon. Certainly the rules controlling the court are imperative; but here is an ostentatious assumption of social superiority on the part of the Vermont gentleman that is so profoundly English as to remind one of the head butler. Er—by the way, does the distinguished gentleman, outside of the official position he holds, happen to be properly accredited himself?

THE BEST OF ALL CELEBRATING.

Follow the president's example. Celebrate your wedding-day by getting into the woods and catching mosquitoes and fish. Sleep on hemlock boughs. Tramp over uneven surfaces till you tire yourself out. Subsist for a period on fresh fish and salt pork. Submit patiently to the snubs of the guides and leading fishermen because of your ignorance of camp life. If you survive it will add ten years to your life. Haven't any wedding-day? Very well; go and borrow one from the neighbor across the way.

LET HER GO TO PRISON.

Mrs. Cignarale, who killed her husband, survived that tragedy with remarkable fortitude; but now that she is sentenced to die herself she refuses food and is in a continual state of hysterics. This is not rational. She promised the deceased individual to be his better half for better or worse, for weal or woe, and in repudiating that bargain she gives evidence of a very painful article of insanity. It will not do to hang such a



MUSIC vs. BUSINESS.

SAWYER (a musical enthusiast)—"I've got a symphony in A flat I want you to try, Bilkins."

BILKINS (a real estate man, abstractedly)—"Is it on the first or second floor?"

woman as that—and really the fact of murder by a woman is evidence of itself of derangement of intellect. Let there be a commutation of sentence. Poor child! even with that granted her she would probably not be pardoned within five years.

A GOOD TIME TO DROP IT.

As a stump speech Governor Hill's veto of the Vedder bill would be admirable; but it has the additional advantage of being a vigorous rebuke and veto of a most iniquitous measure. The truth is, the governor and the legislature have been trying to suit the radical temperance people and at the same time do justice to the people at large. That is utterly impossible, and the means to the end have been productive of nothing better than hypocrisy and other small business. The governor and the legislature have been airing their wits over the problem how to escape unwise legislation on this question, and each has succeeded about equally well.

"SPOOF."

There is a new English word. It is "spoofo." It means that you are a reporter, that you play at being a murderer, that the "cops" run you in, the "beak" runs you out because there is no evidence against you, that nevertheless you make a sensation and thereby sell your employer's papers, that your chief gives you five pounds, and that he says with his tongue in his cheek "Don't do that again." It is the amateur casual reduced to small business; but the word is tolerable enough to excuse it, whatever it may happen to mean outside of its expressive sound.

MISS GILDER of the *Critic* says Colonel Ingersoll is not a preacher and therefore he has no right to make money and notoriety out of his belief. Now we know just where to draw the line, and orators who are not preachers had better wear sticking-plaster on their mouths.

THEIR EXCESSIVE MODESTY.

Two southern military companies on display at Washington refused to appear in connection with a company of colored soldiers. Much is to be forgiven a prejudice that comes from education or the lack of it; and that indeed was the opinion of the chief officer of the objectionable company. "Dere was too much hangin' back by dem fellers," he said. "We wasn't proud. Wot was dey afraid of? It's sartain true dat we made de wealth of dere fadders and mudders, but we isn't recallin' dose onpleasantnesses. Dey needn't a-bin afraid. We wouldn't a-outma'ched 'em or looked prettiah dan dey did. Wot was dey a-keepin' out o' sight foh?" It is indeed a puzzling question.

THE BAREBONES OF THIS YEAR OF OUR LORD.

The skeleton of a forefather got out of its grave and came to New York of a Sunday morning. Needing a little consolation, it inquired at a tavern for New England rum.

"It is Sunday!" exclaimed the barkeeper with a look of horror. "Are you not ashamed to call for intoxicants on the Lord's day?"

"But," said the skeleton, "I haven't had anything in two hundred years. Conceive my thirst! You can at least let some of your slaves black my shoes?"

"You miserable reprobate!" exclaimed the barkeeper. "We



ON THE AVENUE.

CHOLLY—"I say, old chap, what a noisy place the avenue is getting to be."

GAWGE—"How's that, old boy?"

CHOLLY—"Why, you see, the girls are all raising a bustle and the boys are raising cane."

don't have slaves, and if we had I couldn't let them work on the holy Sabbath."

"I am not used to modern usages," urged the skeleton of the forefather. "I am faint from long abstemiousness besides. If you can't give me solace in the shape of beverage, will you kindly furnish me a conveyance wherewith I may attend service at Trinity church?"

"God wot and high-cockalorum besides!" exclaimed the barkeeper in great wrath. "You wicked old wretch! Have you come out of your grave to make our servants and horses wait on you on the holy Sabbath day?"

"Peradventure," said the skeleton of the deceased man, "you could give me a morsel to eat? For two hundred years these bones have had nothing of a nourishing nature. Think, if you can, of the misery of starvation. Look at the avenues furnished by these bones for the wind to wander through at its ruthless will. If you have not rum you might allow me a little bread and a swallow of tea."

"And thereby imperil the souls of the baker and the cook?" returned the barkeeper with hot indignation. "Man, man! have you come out of your grave to send us all to eternal torment?"

"But think, sir!" exclaimed the bones of the retired puritan; "what would you do if you hadn't had drink or any meat or bread for two hundred years? Wouldn't you be famished regardless of law and order? I have a pretty good skeleton, I admit, but I have lost confidence in the connecting portions of some of the bones, and they need sustenance. Possibly you might give me a glass of water."

The barkeeper looked at him with still greater scorn. "Hospitality," said he, "is a crime punishable by fine and imprisonment. Water has in it certain alcoholic properties, and furthermore it would require labor to produce it. Get thee behind me, thou fleshless Satan! Get out! Go back to your grave and lie there peaceably."

The bones went out. They returned to their old abiding-place, did they? Not much. They went over to New Jersey and had a good time.

As, however, they applied the latch-key to their tomb after a long search at four o'clock next morning they remarked, previous to disappearance within, "Gabriel, you needn't be in any hurry. We can stand this sequestration till the end of Abram Hewitt's term."

HUM OF THE COURT.



We begin to think that Junius filched from the Rider Haggard stories.

If it is true that Ben Butler is out of politics then politics has lost both its father and its mother.

The Marquette, Mich., man who has been in his

house twenty-one years, and not once out of it, must have one virtue—he must pay his rent pretty regularly.

This country has 165 women ministers, and it does seem as if men ought to behave.

There is a suspicion that the pitcher of the Chicago club has gone to the well once too often.

In Burnah the more umbrellas a man has the more he is esteemed; whereas here that sign of rank sends a man to jail.

It is the chief article in the creed of the Canadian priest to serve the home government and worship the governor general.

A New Hampshire woman 101 years old has whooping cough, and hopes presently to adopt the measles and a pair of pantalettes.

The Orangemen of Toronto wanted to hang Mr. O'Brien to a sour-apple tree, but it appears there was not one of that kind in the city or any of its suburbs.

An exchange says Colonel Ingersoll likes good whisky. Well, if that is so he is taking the precise course to lead him to the place where they don't have any.

Miss Nellie Nixon of Chattanooga walked eleven miles without her shoes to marry the man of her choice, and ever since the girls of her locality have gone about bare-footed.

A medical society insists that prescriptions shall continue to be written in Latin. Suppose, in order to be consistent, that we take our Genesis and Revelations in the same way?

Ellen Callahan is mentioned as the most successful farmer in the Sierra valley, Nev., and in the very next sentence it is announced that



ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

WIFE—"What an entertaining, refined and witty lady Miss Cynic is! Who is she?"
HUSBAND—"The person who writes the scathing articles in the *Gazette* about the low morals of 'modern society,' décolleté dress, etc."
WIFE—"Oh, the brute! How could they ever admit the horrid wretch in good society?"



AT HOME.

ONE OF THE EASTERLAND SISTERS—"I'm sure that's a mouse."

Ellen is looking around for a husband. It is well to make our stories reasonable as well as compact.

It is a queer conundrum, "Why does a man eat before he is hanged?" but, to drop the question of hunger, we suppose he thinks he will never have another opportunity.

"Kill him!" exclaim the Canadians of the United States reporter who visits them. "Wine him!" exclaim the same parties of the United States defaulter who seeks shelter under their flag.

A New Orleans girl committed suicide because she was in love with a strolling actor. It was a praiseworthy act, and showed that there was a good deal of common sense behind her foolishness.

Ninety-nine per cent. of novels are pernicious, says Dr. Talmage. The dear old soul never read a novel in his life: if he had his selection would have been so bad that he would send the percentage away above par.

John Sullivan goes about saying that he cannot afford to pay attention to the challenges of Kilrain and others; and really, there are so many of them, he might almost remark that it never Kilrains but it pours.

Professor Langley, American astronomer, says the sun is blue. When a man is so far gone as not to be able to distinguish that luminary from the ordinary atmosphere he had better quit his promulgation of theories until he recovers.

A skeleton in Caledonia, Minn., had \$5,000 in cash among the fragments of its grave-clothes. The selfishness of some men is a ruling passion beyond the grave; but it is not a circumstance to the honesty of the Caledonia undertaker.

A western man who was hanged and resuscitated was so pleased with the experience that he committed another murder in order to be hanged again. "Put the knot a little higher up," he said to the hangman; "I am more used to it in that way."

There is to be a college costume without corsets or stays. We imagine that this will give the intellectual boating clubs and the baseball nines more freedom of action. Hah!—it seems on closer investigation that the costume is designed for Vassar.

The *Detroit Free Press* reports that the Apache Indians have become sufficiently civilized to undertake the manufacture of whisky. There will be no large sale, however. As soon as those persons get enough to get drunk on the manufacture will cease. The commercial principle is a something that an Apache can never be made to understand.

CURIOS.

HE justice was hearing a troublesome case
When he called the next witness to step into
place.
"Sarah Mooney!" he called to the officers there;
"Come, call Sarah Mooney!" They searched
everywhere.
Till at last cried the judge in irascible way,
"We'll adjourn without ceremony to-day!"
A ripple of merriment ran through the throng
Of lawyers and clerks all the benches along,
For his honor had commonly nothing in him
That promised a joke, being silent and grim.
He was vastly delighted himself, and for life
Went breathlessly home to astonish his wife.
He found her at once and proceeded to say,
"I got off something funny in sessions to-day.
We'd a servant-girl named Mary Mooney to call,
But they called her in vain - she was not in the
hall;
So I cried in an angry, irascible way,
"We'll adjourn, then, without Mary Mooney
to-day!"
His wife mused in silence, then mournfully spoke,
"I'm stupid, I know, but I don't see the joke."
The judge pondered long, then returned with a
sigh,
"Tis curious, surely, but neither do I!"

FLORENCE E. PRATT.



WELL PRESERVED.

JOHN—"They speak of the evil of drink; why, there's old uncle Joe died the other day aged ninety, and he drank all his life."
GEORGE—"Literally preserved in alcohol, you might say."

LIVED IN HOPES.

Missionary—"Don't you suppose your church could raise, say, a couple of thousand dollars for the heathen in my district?"
Minister—"But I thought there were no heathen where you are going."
Missionary—"True, there aren't any now, but then we all live in hopes, you know."

LITTLE SHE KNEW.

"I am supremely happy, my dear," said Mrs. Cobwigger to her friend.
"My husband loves me more and more every day. A few months ago I could never get him to go with me to see my mother in Hoboken, but now he is anxious to go over every Sunday."



HERE I boarded out last summer,
In New Jersey, each new comer
Was promised by the landlord he'd find lively
company;
And I met there Mr. Culex,
Mr. Cimex, Mr. Pulex—
Which means only the mosquito and the bed-
bug and the flea.

G. B.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MR BERGH.

My dear Mr. Bergh:

While I entertain the greatest respect and admiration for you and the good work you do, there are times when it occurs to me that, while you are undoubtedly a friend to dumb beasts, you are indirectly a destroyer of a good many immortal souls. In other words, your zeal is misdirected. In your laudable anxiety to spare the over-worked horse, the tortured dog, the unappreciated goat and the tramp cat, you cause many of your fellow-men to lose their tempers here below and their chances of heaven later on. Let me illustrate my meaning. The street where I live is positively infested with cats of all classes and nations. Every night regularly they hold a number of concerts, with extended sessions. Their minor chords are heart-rending, their bass solos are blood-curdling. Sometimes jealousy causes frequent disputes, and while the Thomases form a ring and settle the differences of opinion the Marias are industriously pulling hair in the background, giving vent in the meantime to the most dreadful expressions and horrible profanity. On those occasions we are obliged to close all the windows for fear the children's morals will be contaminated by hearing such a concatenation of sounds. In the daytime they—the cats—saunter in the area-way, and if we are at meals they positively glare at us through the window and seem to demand all the food we are eating. When I go home late it is a usual thing for me to find the steps and

vestibule filled with cats, either engaged in a musicale or holding an animated discussion on the topics of the day. In reply to my respectful petition to be allowed to enter my domicile, they treat me with silent contempt or give me most impudent looks. They steal my door-mats to carpet the roof with, promenade on the balconies in pairs, and a few nights ago I found one making a tour of the house with an eye, I am morally certain, to a midnight robbery at some future date. So much for the discomfort of the thing. There is more to follow. Are you willing to incur the hatred of all men and women by making them think you hold them lower than the cats? Are you willing to take the responsibility of thousands of ruined tempers and wrecked dispositions? Are you willing to render human beings unfit for the better land if only your cats are safe from the punishment they so often merit? Very recently the cat residing opposite our house was shut out on the roof of the extension. It was afraid to jump to the ground, so there it sat all night long, crying, moaning, yelling and swearing, from ten o'clock at night till seven o'clock the next morning. There was no sleep for me during those weary hours, and I shudder at the state of mind my next room neighbor was in. Several times he went to the window and apostrophized that fiend in curses both loud and deep, dozens of times did he prance about in search of something to hurl at it, but he could not spare his shoes and the furniture was too heavy, so all he could do was to swear—and I followed suit. Why did we not shoot that cat? Because there is a fine of \$500 for killing one of "them varmints," and another fine of \$500 for discharging a revolver in the street. We know, Mr. Bergh, you are responsible for one fine, and believe you are responsible for the other. In fact, I am willing to believe there is no enormity you are incapable of perpetrating so long as your precious cats are placed in your category of sacred objects.

Yours, more in despair than in anger,
MARIE FLAACKE.

Lies, like crows, fly in flocks.



COOL AND THRIFTY.

PROSPECTIVE WIDOW—"Hi, John! you run out 'n tell them fellers thet's a-foolin' with your pop if they don't bring thet air clothes-line back when they're through with it I'll hev the law on to 'm!"

THE CHAT FIEND.



Chat, chat, chat!
You meet him in corridors, on the street.
He's a little man who smiles and waits,
Or listens and queries as suits men's tastes.
He's the voracious chat man on his beat.

Chat, chat, chat!
The chat man will nod and tip you his hat.
Next morning you'll read full length in his sheet
The columns he says you said in the street.
Was there ever a man with a cheek like that?

Chat, chat, chat!
He is tireless and sleepless as the sun.
He's up at dawn and away to his task;
At midnight he still for a chat will ask.
He never considers his work as done.

Chat, chat, chat!
Presidents and rulers, princes and kings,
Statesmen, philosophers, and men of affairs;
Lawyers and doctors and millionaires
To the chat man are merely finite things.

Chat, chat, chat!
We wish sometimes he was landed in—well,
A place where climatic changes are rare,
And even the ruler gasps for more air.
But—whisper—we all read his "stuff," don't tell.

THE BEST HE HAD.

A Paris concierge was washing down a corridor when a lodger entered, his boots covered with mud.

"Look at your feet, sir! How can you come here with such feet as those?" cries the woman in a rage.

"But, my good madame, they happen to be the only ones I have."

TOO TRUE.

An uncle who has just lost his nephew.

"It is perfectly frightful; it's horrible to think of!" he cried in his wild despair. "There is no one left to mourn for me now, and my death will not occasion a single soul the most lively regret."

OF COURSE.

An official examiner was questioning a class at a young ladies' school in Paris.

"Mademoiselles," he said, "I should like to send to the board the wisest member of the class."

Silence along the benches.

"Well, then, I'll address my question to the prettiest."



A QUICKLY ANSWERED PRAYER.

ALDERMAN STEAL (from Oshkosh)—"Gosh! ain't it hot? I wish a shower would come up and cool it off."

Where upon
the class rose *en masse*.

CENTENARIANS.

"Is it true, Mr. Thomas, that parrots live several centuries?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Jones. We had one of my master's that had been in the family over 400 years. It is true he was stuffed—but"

NATURALLY.

A physician to his pupil.

"When does a man weigh the most?"

"When he has been treading on somebody's corns."

THE TWO ELEVATORS.

A man who had been trying to lift himself into the air by the straps of his boots once met a distinguished philosopher and reformer.

"Glad to meet you, my friend," said the self-lifter. "We work on a common subject. You would elevate the masses and I am trying to elevate myself."

"You must be considerably elevated by something," responded the philosopher, "or you wouldn't attempt your present foolish feat. Don't you know you can't defy the unchangeable laws of gravitation?"

"Don't be too hard on me," rejoined the self-lifter; "there are other unchangeable laws. Do you suppose that when your boasted millenium comes, and every man has three acres and a cow, the laws of human nature will be suspended? Human greed and human folly would soon bring us back just where we are now. Just as I have to burst the soles out of my boots you will have to burst the bottom out of your theories."

Moral—If the world were perfect reformers would be out of a job; as it is imperfect, they should make their theories for men, not angels.

ALARMING THE YOUNG MAN.

Bertie—"Say, Mr. De Garmo, is anything the matter with your nose?"

De Garmo—"No, Bertie; not that I know of. What put that question into your head?"

Bertie—"Well, I heard ma ask sister Edith if she'd put your nose out of joint yet."

NOT IN THE PICTURE.

Artist—"What do you think of my picture of the children of Israel crossing the Red sea?"

Friend—"The water is good, but I don't see the children of Israel."

Artist—"You forget—they are all dead by this time."

WILLING TO MEET HIM THERE.

Debtor—"Then you won't come to my terms?"

Creditor—"No; I'll see you where it's hotter first."

Debtor—"Well, I'll meet you in Cincinnati next week if you say so."

DIDN'T CATCH THE TERM.

Advance Ag't.—"What is the maximum number you can get in your house?"

Manager—"Er—don't know that, but I can get in 120 people on a pinch."

No matter how much a man is against monopoly, if he's courting a girl he's for it every time.



AN OMINOUS OUTLOOK.

YOUNG HUSBAND—"Nellie, can't we have some home-made bread?"

YOUNG WIFE—"Certainly. I'll put some flour to soak to-night."



"Gee whiz! These 'ere York showers are the suddenest things I ever see."



GOLDEN ROD.

She stood with all the blossoms round her smiling
And winsome face uplifted to the sky,
A little song upon her lips beguiling,
The sweetest flower of all the daisies nigh.

The golden rod was bending to her tuning,
The summer breezes softly lingered near;
The birds had stopped to listen to her croon-
ing
And chirp their fond approval in her ear.

Her tangled curls were golden light and shadow,
Her laughing eyes beneath her curls were brown;
She looked as if she grew there in the meadow,
With golden rod a-nodding 'gainst her gown.

Oh! that I were a flower beside her growing,
A broken blossom bending at her feet;

Oh! that I were the breeze about her blowing
To fold her softly, silently and sweet!

I'd crown her tangled hair with dew-drops' glisten.

I'd bloom the brightest where her footsteps trod,

And when she sang I'd lowly lean and listen
To her, my queen, my living golden rod.

How could I wake from such a pleasant dreaming

And think her wicked when she looked so fair?
How could I think that she was only seeming
In spite of witching eyes and tawny hair?

For since, I've learned, she saw me through the shadow

As I stood gazing, rooted to the sod,
And she was only "posing" in the meadow,
Because she knew she looked like golden rod.

KITTY K.

HE WAS A MISSOURI EDITOR.

"What's that?" inquired a man of a Chicago bookstore clerk, as he picked up a pen.

"That's a pen," replied the clerk.

"Some new-fangled thing, ain't it?"

"Oh, no; they have been sold for a good many years. Didn't you ever see one before?" asked the clerk.

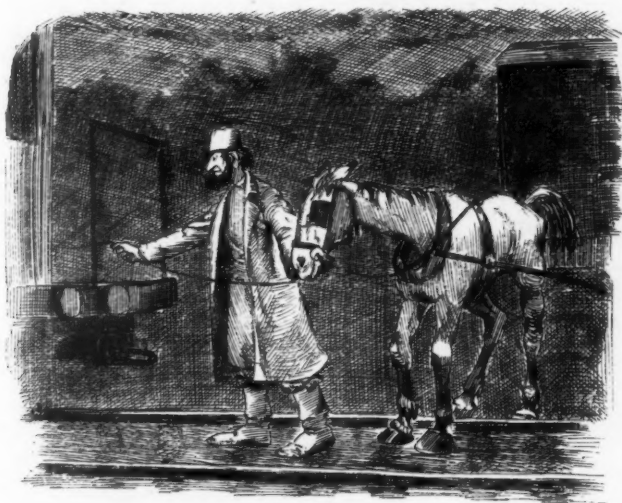
"No," the other responded.

"And how is the newspaper business out in Missouri, anyway?" inquired the clerk, gauging his customer.

THE CHANGE IN FASHIONS.

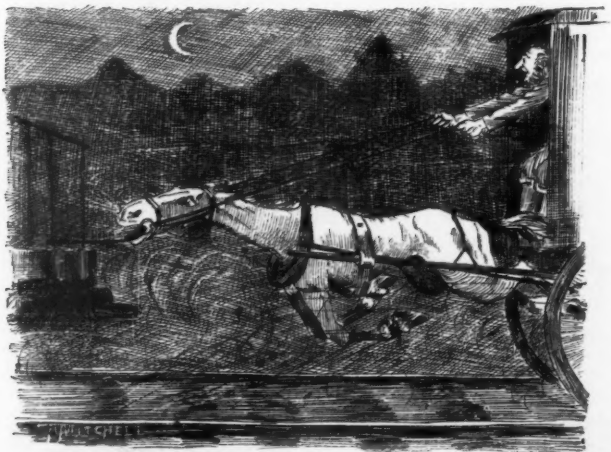
"We have some very eligible matches," said the manager of a matrimonial bureau to a young lady customer. "Here's the portrait of an Italian count and there's one of a millionaire's coachman."

"I'm afraid they won't suit," she replied, shaking her head. "Haven't you any bridge-jumpers or base-ball men?"



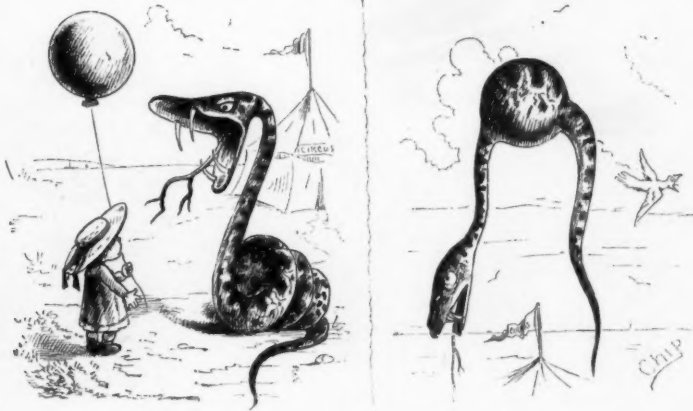
UNLOOKED-FOR SPEED.—1.

JED SLOCUM (somewhat near-sighted)—"Dash it! It's so darned blamed dark that I've clean lost ther road. The best thing I kin dew is ter hitch up ter this ere post and stay till mornin'."



UNLOOKED-FOR SPEED.—2.

JED (just waking up)—"Gee Whittaker Moses! ef ther old hoss ain't gone and broke his halter. Whoa! Ain't he a-kinin'? I never seen him git so in all my born days. Whoa!"



A WARNING TO BOA-CONSTRICTORS NOT TO SWALLOW LITTLE BOYS WITH BALLOONS.

HEARD IN AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Lady—"How long have you been in this country?"

Bridget—"Jist wan wake, mum."

Lady—"What can you do?"

Bridget—"Nothin' at all, mum, but Oi'm aisy to tache."

Lady—"What wages do you want?"

Bridget—"Sixteen dollars, mum."

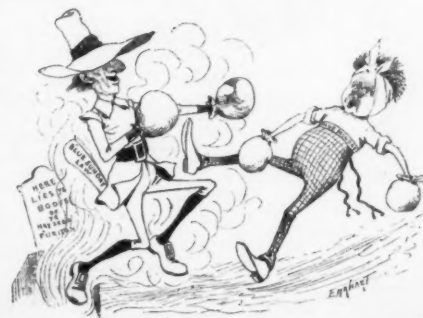
Lady (in amazement)—"Why do you ask so much when you have everything to learn?"

Bridget (insinuatingly)—"Shure, mum, yez must consider the expinse of me comin' over!"

COMING HOME FROM THE EUCHRE PARTY.

"I think, John, that you acted real mean to-night. Why, only last week you said that you could never, never get along without me, and after we began playing together you said you wanted to 'go it alone,' just as if I were no good—and before all those people too! I think—it was—was—real—horrid—in you!"

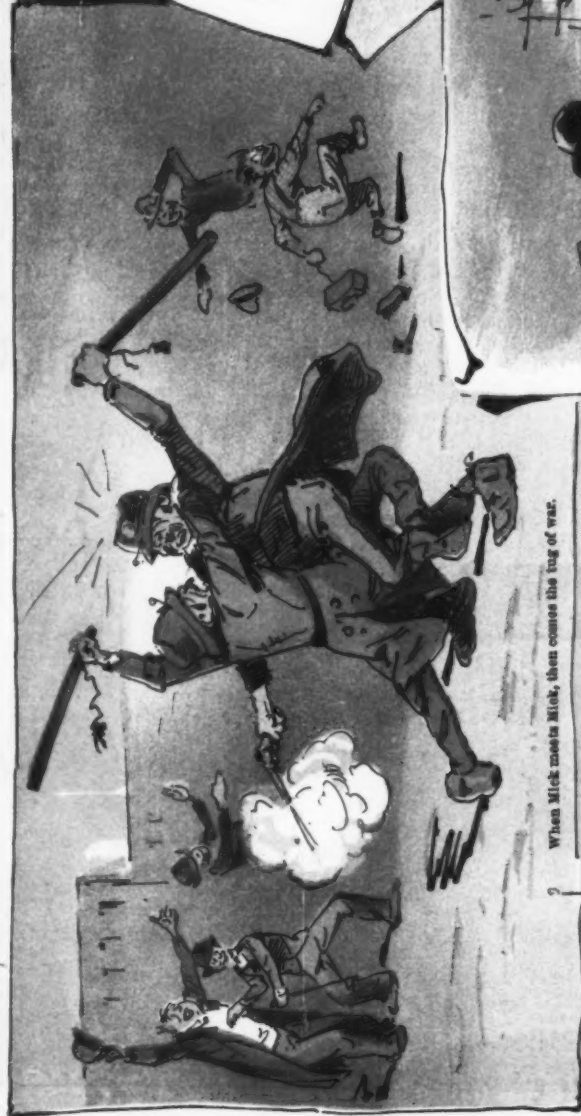
When ye see er knife all rusted over ye kain't tell ef it's iron or steel, an' it's jes' the same with er human. The rust has got to be scraped off afore ye kin tell what he's made on.



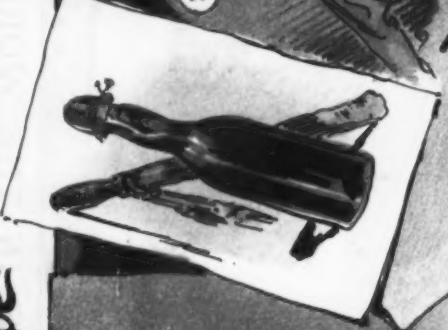
THE BLUE RIVALS.

BLUE MONDAY—"Whew! He's the last one I thought would knock me out."

Judge



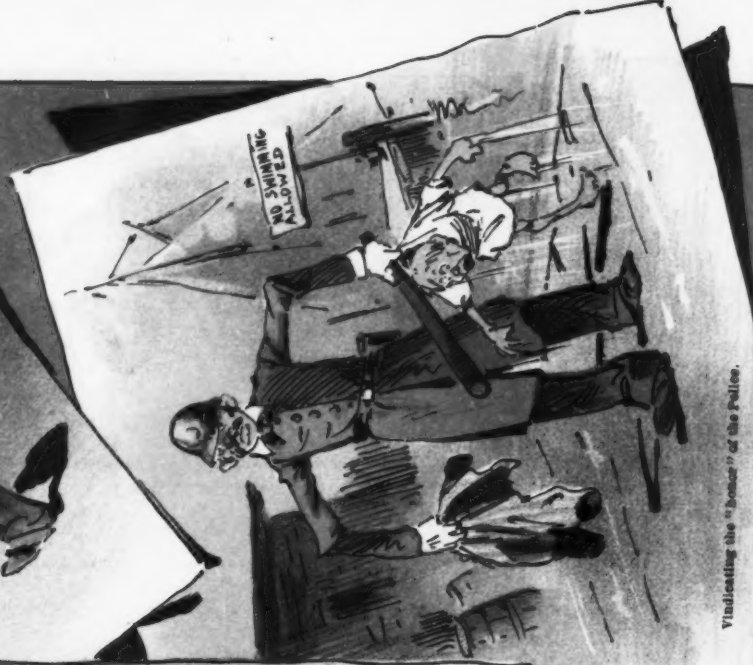
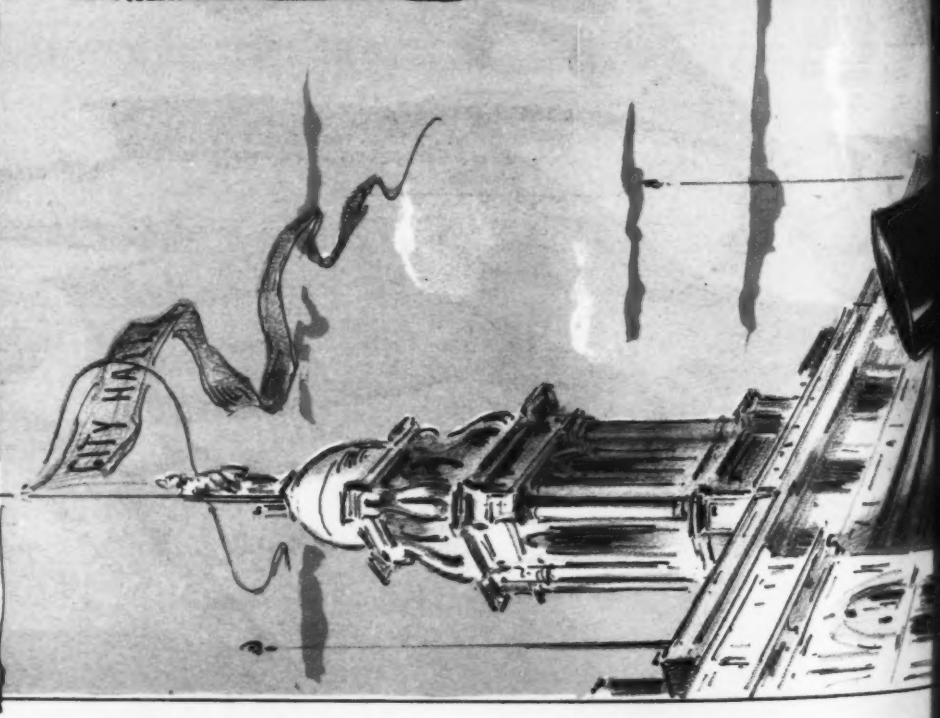
When Mick meets Mick, then comes the tug of war.



CHEEKY.—"Why don't you close up these denms."
CAPTAIN BILLINGS.—"I guess I know my own business.
(Going now or I'll run you in!)"



Our only way of detecting crime.—Engage the reporters of the Press.



Vindicating the "honor" of the Police.



COURT ROOM.



POLICEMAN.—"Pardon my slight mistake, Sir; I took you for a Burglar."

"THE FINEST" (BRUTES) IN THE WORLD.
CITIZENS (to Mayor Hewitt)—"Protect me from my 'protectors'!"

SACKETT, WILHELMS & BETZELS, LTD., N.Y.

WITH HIS BOOTS ON.



Apparently it is a matter of trifling concern to the average cowboy when he goes "over the range," so long as he isn't caught bare-footed at the last call. As a matter of fact, personal bravery demands no higher premium among the sons of the herd and prairie than to be brought to the long halt booted and spurred. It is noteworthy that cowboys entertain a contempt for formal funerals. A round of cartridges (just for fun), and a coroner (just for convenience), that's the formula. I rather like it. Its business. No expostulation, you

know. If a cowboy detects your weakness in a mild and friendly game of poker, there is a fresh deal and no words about it, and you've got to be a hustler to cover his lead.

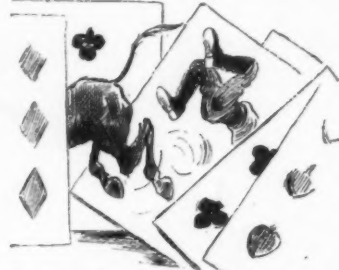
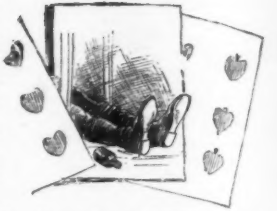
The result is an immediate understanding; and (presumably) you don't play poker any more.

The cowboy is warm-natured. If he perceives indications of an approaching chill he makes generous application of acknowledged restoratives. Philosophy has denominated some cures worse than the disease. This feature of the cowboy's favorite restorative has been cheerfully acknowledged. But in no event does he remove his boots. Sometimes he is changed, in the twinkling of an eye, from a cowboy to a cow angel.

Hereditary tendencies among cowboys are degenerate. However great the respectful alliance may have been between the past gener-



ation and the perennial mule, the latter draws the line on new acquaintances. The death angel may, for years, be too busy to give proper attention to some roving herder of the plains; but the sad-eyed offspring of Baalam's "heeler" always stands in the gap. And, if any bragging lariat-hurler wants to jump right into eternity (with his boots on), backed by the most ir-



resistible "good luck," he knows just how he can be accommodated.

But the relentless scythe-swinger of Adamite origin dances attendance at a purely business conclave when the aspirant for a "booted" trans- ition has very little to say in

the premises. However desperate his chances of a quiet, Christian death may have been, it only remains for him to prejudice his mind against the property rights of some neighbor on the live-stock question, and to act vigorously upon that prejudice, to be a silent witness of the matchless glory of "Death in Boots."



THE JUDGE'S CHARGE.

THE MIGHTY MORAL DIFFERENCE.

In London, according to the *Topical Times*, when a man commits suicide the inquiry of his friends always is, "With whom?" Here it is generally inquired, "Which stocks?"

SOME RADICAL INJUSTICE.

If dogs were to be as hasty in judgment of men as men are of dogs they would bite us all to death. The trouble with the dog is that he can't help himself. The trouble with men is that they take snap judgment of everybody and everything that are thus handicapped.

SNAP JUDGMENT.

A New York hotel man calculates, from observation of the places they frequent, that the congressmen who are his guests are large dealers in stocks. Well, now, the stock board closes early in the afternoon. Are we to suppose, from the places visited by the honorable gentlemen after that time, that they are large dealers in distilleries or harems?

THE COLONEL'S MISFORTUNE.

A paper says Bob Ingersoll has "left off fighting God." It is due the colonel to say that he has never



THE FLOWING BOWL.

YOUNG SPORT—"I say, old man, jest mix up a couple of two-cent lemonades for me and me friend, and mind yer make 'em strong."

never fought God. If he were to believe

in God—and it is such a pity that so moral a man should not!—he would be the first to get on his knees before him. There is nothing in the line of pompous ignorance about Colonel Ingersoll. His trouble is that he can't see, being limited as to his vision, and having no faith he is too honest to subscribe to that which he doesn't absolutely know.

A HINT FOR DEMAGOGUES.

When the liquor ques-



MANY SIMILAR CASES.

DOCTOR—"From your boy's symptoms, madam, I should say he needs more exercise. What business is he in?"
MOTHER—"He's a district telegraph messenger, sur."
DOCTOR—"Ah! His occupation is entirely too sedentary. He must walk to and from his office every day at least."

tion comes up in the next legislature let us hope there will be some members of that body who will know what they are talking and voting about and who will have a sufficiency of courage to vindicate their information.

OUR COMPLIMENTS TO THEM.

A number of our exchanges have a most excellent department. It is entitled "What Other Papers Say."

A TREMENDOUS RESPONSIBILITY.

If the Smith family of this country have, as alleged, inherited \$75,000,000 from England, they are greatly to be commiserated, the assessments on the delinquencies necessarily being very large.

ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT.

There is a difference between John Swinton and Henry George. The latter has consummated a union between church and state for the purpose of destroying the former, and honest John thinks the labor question is too sacred to be imperiled in that way.

ANOTHER CHANCE FOR PUZZLE WORKERS.
The "Judge's" Second Prize Offering
IN BEHALF OF THE
Grant Monument Fund.

In spite of its more or less complicated character, the JUDGE'S Grand Word Contest, just ended, has proven a great success. By it JUDGE has enlisted over 3700 energetic, spirited and intelligent workers for the Grant Fund, has materially swelled the total previously received through the Grant Monument Committee by the contribution of a good sized check, an 1 has in addition divided \$500 among eight successful and happy puzzle workers as a reward for their labor and ingenuity. JUDGE now inaugurates a second contest of an even more popular character than the first—a contest in which every school child can engage and stand an equal chance with older competitors.

Every person who, in conformance with governing rules, sends to the JUDGE Grant Fund, on or before June 15th, 1887 (12 o'clock noon), 50 cents and the names of the eleven most popular living men in America will be entitled to participate in the contest. The money thus received will be appropriated as follows:

Twenty-five cents will be at once credited to the Grant Fund. The remaining twenty-five cents, after deducting the legitimate expenses of advertising, will be placed in a common fund to be divided among the six competitors having the fullest list of the most popular men as indicated by a majority of all the lists sent in. The new contest is, in fact, based upon the principles of an election, each competitive paper virtually acting in the nature of a ballot, and the six lists containing the greater name of the eleven names shown to be the most popular by a majority of all the lists will be the successful prize papers.

The magnitude of the prizes will depend on the amount of money received, or in other words, on the number of competitors. The names and contributions of competitors will be acknowledged (and the progress of the fund shown) from week to week in JUDGE. Governing rules in this week's JUDGE; or circulars mailed on receipt of postage. Requests for copies of paper must be accompanied by ten cents.

Address,
Grant Fund,
THE JUDGE PUBLISHING CO.,
28 Park Row, New York City.

GOVERNING RULES.

Each competitive paper must contain eleven names of living U. S. or Canadian male residents, no more, no less; must be written in ink or typewriter, on one side of the paper only, and must be preceded or accompanied by a remittance of 50 cents.

Priority in registering name and contribution (in advance of list) will be one factor to the advantage of competitors where two or more lists have same number of winning names—taking into consideration distances and time of mailing; that is, the person who sends in his or her name now, reserving, if he or she so chooses, the list until later for completion or revision, will in case of ties, take precedence over another who remits both money and list later on.

If, after list is forwarded, contributor desires to amend or revise it, he or she is privileged to do so upon an additional contribution of 50 cents, and will be given the benefit of the date of the first remittance.

Purchased lists, or lists compiled or obtained by other means than through one's own efforts or the assistance which may be rendered by immediate relatives or friends, are not permissible.

Names must be written in their alphabetical order, commencing with first letter of surname, as follows:
Blaine, James G.
Cleveland Grover.

JUDGE guarantees that the first or leading competitor will receive at the very lowest figure \$400.

In case of ties, any one or more of the six separate awards or divisions will be distributed *pro rata*, as the occurrence of the tie may require.

Communications open until June 15th, 1887, 12 o'clock noon.

Remember that the JUDGE'S second contest closes on the 15th of this month. After twelve o'clock noon of that day no more subscriptions or lists are receivable.

The following contributions to the Grant Fund contest have been received up to 5 P. M., Tuesday, May 31st:
Previously acknowledged, \$309.50

Bond J. Va; Thomason A G, N Y; Bailey Geo H, Mass; Benjamin D N, N J; Page G H, Mo; "Wanderer," Utah; "U S A," Utah; Miller Mrs C L, Ill; Harris C A S, Ill; Harkins T S, Kas; Booth D C, N Y; Wilder Mrs H L, N Y; Heiser Miss Carrie, Pa; Blackmer Collins, Col; Lang T F, Md; Fales W G, N Y, 50 cents each.

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 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

PACKER'S TAR SOAP.

"The Ladies' Favorite," for all toilet cleansing and purifying purposes; for preventing chapping, chafing, comedones, or "flesh-worms," and other skin affections; for curing dandruff, premature baldness, itching, acne, etc.; for correcting the injurious effects of cosmetics, and for washing the delicate skin of infants. Unequaled for shampooing.

25 Cents per Cake. Druggists or
THE PACKER M'FG CO., 100 Fulton Street, N. Y.

AMERICANS AS ATHLETES.

The love of out-door sports and athletics in general is getting to be almost as distinguishing a characteristic of Americans as of Englishmen.

J. J. McDermott, Lieut. - Captain Olympic Athletic Club, writes:

"NEW YORK, May 20th, 1886.

"For strained muscles, sprains, bruises, and external applications generally, I find nothing better than Allcock's Porous Plasters."

G. D. Baird, of New York City, writes:

"NEW YORK, May 18th, 1886.

"I heartily recommend to the athletic fraternity the use of Allcock's Porous Plasters. They have been a standard remedy in our family for years for all chest and lung disorders, as well as for treating inflammations."

CLEAN, SWEET AND APPETIZING.



Rae's "Finest Sublime Lucca Olive Oil" we guarantee to be the purest and finest article of the kind ever sold in this country. It is always of uniform excellence; smooth, delicate and appetizing because made only from sound, ripe and fresh Olives. It is packed by Messrs. S. RAE & CO., at Leghorn, Tuscany, Italy (where the conditions of climate and soil are specially adapted to the Olive tree), from the first pressings of the Olives, and only the choicest fruit is used. It is therefore an excellent article of food; because as pure, clean and sweet as good, fresh cream. Every bottle warranted as represented.

N. B.—Send your address and we will mail, free of charge, a beautifully illustrated book giving full particulars about Olive Oil and the Olive tree. Ask your grocer for RAE'S OIL. If he does not keep it and will not supply you, write to the Importers.

FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & CO.
NEW YORK.
Kindly mention JUDGE.

CAMPBELL PRINTING PRESS AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

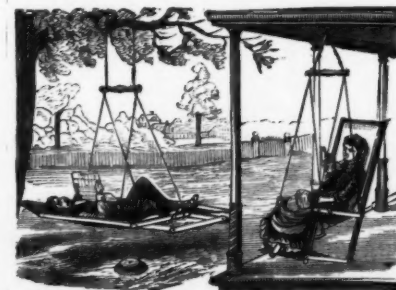
Manufacturers of High Class Cylinder Printing Presses, suitable for Mercantile, Publishing, Label, or Newspaper Offices, and embracing every requisite necessary to the rapid and most perfect printing of fine cut and color work, or country newspaper work.

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A GENEROUS OFFER.

TAYLOR CATARRH CURE is sold under a guarantee that if purchaser is not convinced of its merits after a ten days trial, the price, \$2.50, will be refunded on its return to the principal depot, City Hall Pharmacy, 264 Broadway, New York. Send 4c. stamps for pamphlet. Our readers can rely on this.

WHITE MOUNTAIN HAMMOCK - CHAIR.



Price \$3.00

For the house, lawn, porch or camp; is check full of comfort and blessed rest. The ALFORD & BERKELEY CO., Sole Agents, 77 CHAMBERS STREET, P. O. Box 2,002, New York.

SIGNS OF COMING OF SPRING.

When country roads begin to thaw
In mottled spots of damp and dust,
And fences by the margin draw
Along the frosty crust
Their graphic silhouettes, I say,
The spring is coming round this way.

When morning-time is bright with sun,
And keen with wind, and both confuse
The dancing, glancing eyes of one
With tears that ooze and ooze—
And nose tips weep as well as they,
The spring is coming round this way.

When suddenly some shadow-bird
Goes wavering beneath the gaze,
And through the hedge the moan is heard
Of kine that cease to graze.
In grasses dead, I smile and say
The spring is coming round this way.

When knotted horse-tails are untied,
And teamsters whistle here and there,
And clumsy mitts are laid aside,
And chopper's hands are bare,
And chips are thick where children play,
The spring is coming round this way.

When through the twigs the farmer tramps,
And troughs are chunked beneath the trees
And fragrant hints of sugar camps
Astray in every breeze,
And early March seems middle-May,
The spring is coming round this way.

When coughs are changed to laughs, and when
Our frowns melt into smiles of glee,
And all our blood thaws out again
In streams of ecstasy,
And poets wreak their roundelay,
The spring is coming round this way.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

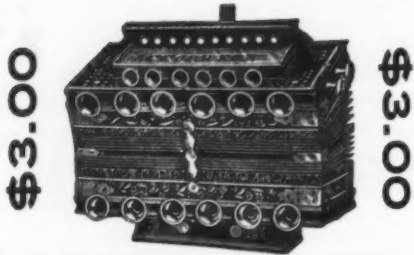
Although Sohmer & Co.'s Bijou Grand Piano is one foot smaller than the smallest Grand ever before made, none of its power or tone quality is lost. In this respect it is a revelation in the art of piano-forte making. It possesses a peculiar sweetness and brilliancy, with excellent singing quality, purely musical throughout the entire scale and a volume of tone that one would never expect to find in an instrument of this size. This is one of the improvements in the piano-forte which Messrs. Sohmer & Co. have made for which they are entitled to unstinted credit. Their Aliquot Scale, introduced about two years ago into their Concert Grands, is another of their valuable improvements, and has done much toward achieving the excellence of their instruments. The result of the experiments of the great acoustician Helmholtz was the discovery of the principles underlying their harmonic or sympathizing effect in the production of sound; but Sohmer & Co. have devised the most practical method of applying the principal of piano-forte, by which they soften and beautify the tone, and prolong its singing quality, which is a most desired effect, hitherto unattainable by any other means. The Bijou Grand, in shape, is somewhat different from that of the ordinary Small Grand, being carved on both sides, which admits of its being finished all around, an advantage which enables it to be placed in a parlor, while its compact form adapts it to an ordinary-sized room.

INCREASED SLEEPING CAR SERVICE ON THE WEST SHORE RAILROAD.

The West Shore Railroad, on May 15, put on additional through Sleeping Cars from New York and Boston. Sleeping Car will leave Boston at 3 o'clock P. M., for Cincinnati via Buffalo, Cleveland and "Bee Line," arriving in Cincinnati 7.25 following evening. Returning leave Cincinnati at 7 A. M., arriving in Boston 3 P. M. following day. Sleeping Car will leave New York at 6 P. M. for St. Louis via Buffalo, Michigan Central Railroad, Detroit and Wabash, arriving in St. Louis 8.15 second morning. Returning leave St. Louis at 7.30 P. M., arriving in New York 10.30 second morning. Sleeping Car will leave Boston at 3 P. M., and run through to Chicago via Detroit, and Niagara Falls Short Line, arriving in Chicago 9.40 following evening. Returning leave Chicago at 8.45 P. M., arriving in Boston 9.35 second morning. Sleeping Car will leave New York at 9.40 A. M. and run through to Chicago via Fort Huron, arriving Chicago 6.25 second evening. Returning leave Chicago at 3.25 P. M., arrive in New York 10.30 following evening. The Sleeping Cars between New York and St. Louis, and between Boston and Cincinnati are entirely new features of the West Shore through car service. Under the new arrangement the West Shore Railroad will have through Sleeping Cars between New York, Chicago and St. Louis, and between Boston, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago. These sleeping cars are of the newest and most improved type, designed and built by the Wagner Palace Car Company specially for service on West Shore Railroad. Each car is provided with drawing-room and smoking-room. The interior is finished in mahogany, and the seats, which have comfortable high backs, are upholstered in plush. They are not surpassed by Sleeping Cars in service on any other line in America.

Oxperience vas a deacher on a fool's acatemy. He vas got a baarel of schollars.

MUSICAL GOODS OF ALL KINDS
 SHIPPED TO
 Any address in the United States.



We have just received a large invoice of FINE VIOLINS and ACCORDEONS. The above cut represents our fine large double bellows, two sets of reeds, accordion No. 14 sold everywhere at \$7. Our price \$3, nicely packed. Fifty different styles of accordions at prices from \$1 to \$14.
 Violin Outfit No. 1, consisting of Violin, Box, Bow, Book, One Set Strings, all for \$3.75.
 Violin Outfit No. 2, Ole Bull Violin, Box, Bow, Book, One Set Best Strings, Box of Rosin, guaranteed cannot be duplicated anywhere less than \$12. Our price, \$5.25.
 We guarantee perfect satisfaction, or goods can be returned after three days trial, and money refunded. If such should be the case, we pay all express charges.
 CASH MUST ACCOMPANY every order.
 Price list free by sending stamps to pay postage. All kinds of MUSICAL GOODS at EQUALLY LOW PRICES.
 We ship goods every day to different parts of United States, hence we can furnish references as to our reliability to parties living nearest your homes.

CHAS F. HANSON & CO.,
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 Sole agents for the celebrated Sohmer & Co. pianos
UNEQUALED BILLIARD
 AND
POOL TABLES.
 AT POSITIVELY LOWEST PRICES EVER OFFERED.



Billiard Supplies at Reduced Rates. Illustrated Catalogue and Rules of Games sent to any address on Receipt of 2 cent stamp.

The Benedict Billiard Table Co.,
 SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.
 Mention this publication.

TO THE LADIES.

Call and examine our improved **ADJUSTABLE DRESS and SKIRT FORMS.** Indispensable in every home. Saves all fatigue of standing to have dresses tried on, draped or trimmed.

Also our **FOLDING SKIRT FORM**, adjustable to any size and can be done up almost as small as an umbrella when not in use. Price, \$3.00. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE CO.,
 Broadway and 14th-st., New York.



HAVE MANY PATENTED IMPROVEMENTS NOT FOUND IN OTHER MAKES THAT WILL WELL REPAY AN INVESTIGATION BY THOSE WHO DESIRE TO SECURE THE BEST SAFE
MARVIN SAFE CO.
 NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, LONDON, ENGLAND.

DECISIONS HANDED UP.

A Boston broker lost a package of \$14,000 on the street, and a newsboy who picked it up and chased him three blocks to return it was awarded with the magnificent gift of ten cents. He would have given the lad fifteen, but he had a quarter and couldn't make change. The boy is doing well under the circumstances. — *Detroit Free Press.*

Constance is very young, but she is also better worth quoting than most grown people. Her envy was somewhat aroused by the fact that a wedding was about to take place in the family of her little playmate, who thereby had the advantage of her; so she remarked very complacently to her little friend's mamma:

"Mrs—, do you know that I was engaged to be married?"

"Why, no, Conny. Is that so?"

"Yes, ma'am; I'm engaged to Fritz Ward" (small boy of her acquaintance.) "He doesn't know it, but I've got to explain it to him."

"Well, Conny, do you expect to be married soon?"

"Well, I hope so. The fact is, I'm tired of being spanked, and I think we will be married very soon." — *Harper's Drawer.*

The **JUDGE** talks about "the Buffalo Democrats who still believe in Cleveland." Hasn't the **JUDGE** heard? It is a sad tale. Both died last week. — *Buffalo Express.*

That excellent illustrated weekly the **JUDGE** is rapidly growing in public favor. Its colored cartoons are superior to any which have before appeared in this country, and for ten cents a person can get more fun out of a week's issue than will last him till the next week. — *Rome Citizen.*

Dots better you dook goot advice. It vas efer better as you gif dot.

THE CELEBRATED
PIANOS. SOHMER PIANOS.

Are at present the most popular
AND PREFERRED BY THE LEADING ARTISTS.

Musical authorities and critics prefer the "SOHMER" Pianos, and they are purchased by those possessing refined musical taste and appreciating the richest quality of tone and the highest perfection generally in a Piano.

THE SOHMER PIANOS ARE USED IN THE FOLLOWING INSTITUTIONS:
 CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART, Manhattanville, N. Y.
 N. Y. COLLEGE OF MUSIC, VILLA DE SALES CONVENT, Long Island.
 VOGT'S CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, N. Y. NORMAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC,
 ARNOLD'S CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, Brooklyn, VILLA MARIA CONVENT, Montreal,
 PHILADELPHIA CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, VASSAR COLLEGE Poughkeepsie.



The wonderful *Bijou Grand* (lately patented) by **Sohmer & Co.** the *smallest grand* ever manufactured length only 5' 1" has created a sensation among musicians and artists. The music loving public will find it in their interest to call at the warerooms of **Sohmer & Co.** and examine the various Styles of Grands, Uprights and Square Pianos. The original and beautiful designs and improvements in Grands and Upright Pianos deserve special attention.

SOHMER & CO.,
 Warerooms: 149 East 14th Street.

YOU ARE INSURED FOR \$500. The possession of a copy of this issue of **JUDGE** is equivalent to a free railway accident Life policy for five hundred dollars for one week from the date of this issue, on the following railroads: Pennsylvania Railroad, New York Central & Hudson River, West Shore, Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, Michigan Central, Lehigh Valley, Delaware & Hudson Canal Co., Chicago & Alton, N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R. Co., Boston & Albany R. R., Long Island R. R., Saratoga, Mt. McGregor and Lake George. In case of injury by accident on any of these railroads, the **JUDGE PUBLISHING CO.** will pay you 10 dollars a week for the term of 5 weeks, provided your name appears upon its books as an annual subscriber to **JUDGE**. Write your name on this line—policy invalid without

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FIFTH AVENUE (near Washington Square)
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BROADWAY and 23D ST. (MADISON SQUARE.)
European Plan. JOHN T. DEVINE, Manager.

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FOURTH AVENUE and 18TH ST., NEW YORK.
Located near all theatres and places of amusement.
On the American and European plans.
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American Plan.

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European Plan.
Opposite City Hall, Court House, Post Office, and adjoining
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Rooms \$1.00 per day and upwards.

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GRAND UNION HOTEL,
OPPOSITE GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT, FORTY-SECOND ST.,
Rooms \$1 a day and upwards. Baggage to and from Grand
Central Depot, free.
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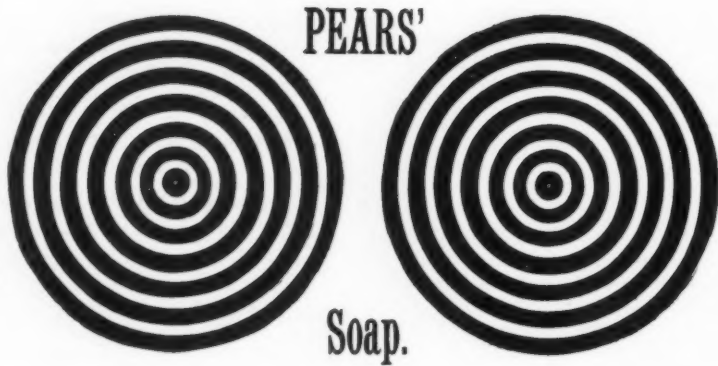
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PEARS' SOAP.—Recommended and used by the best judges universally.

CALLING THE BOY TO TEA.

She came to the door, and in the blandest of tones calls "Sammy," but there was no answer. She waited a bit and then she raised her voice a little and "Sam-mee" floated out on the air in that peculiar intonation, the long-drawn rise on the first syllable and the lingering decadence on the last, that only a woman can give, and to which the average man could no more attain than he could button his boots with a hairpin. She leaned out by the corner of the house and listened. She could hear the boys down at the brook screaming and chattering, but they took no notice of her calls. She was a little riled. She gathered herself up for a mighty effort, and once more that "Sam-mee" rose and fell through the deepening twilight like the wail of a banshee. Then she snapped out, "You'll see what you'll git when you do git here, young man!" but the young man was busily covering a thin place in the ice with snow so that the other boy would go in and wet his feet when he stepped on it. He couldn't indulge in speculations as to what he would get in the dim future; he was getting too much fun now.

She was mad, and she sung out, "If you ain't up here in one minute, sir, I'll be down there after you!" The other boy looked a little uneasy and wanted to know if Sammy hadn't better go up, to which Sammy returned, "Haw! d'ye 'pose she'll wet her feet comin' out here in this snow? Jes' see me plug that icicle over." The figure at the door stood irresolute, but she had on her best slippers. She tried a warning: "Supper's ready, sir, and your father'll be here directly," and then the door slammed and peace brooded over the scene. "Jes' tell me if you see father's hat around the corner," said Sam to the other boy, while both redoubled their efforts at molding snowballs. In about three minutes the hat appeared, and directly after a man stopped on the door stone and staid, "Sam—supper," and before the words had fairly left his lips Sam was standing on his head in his eagerness to get "up t' the house" before the door could close, and a gray-headed man walking along the street wiped a tear out of the corner of his eye and said he hadn't had such a glimpse back at his own boyhood for a year.—*Lewiston Journal.*

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I Owe My Life.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I could not move! I shrunk! From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did no good, I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters.

Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles, I am not only as sound as a sovereign, but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."
Dublin, June 6, '86. R. FITZPATRICK.

CHAPTER II.

"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1896. Gentlemen—
I suffered with attacks of sick headache."

Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner.

No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure, until I used Hop Bitters.

"The first bottle Nearly cured me;"
The second made me as well and strong as when a child.

"And I have been so to this day."

My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious

"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint."
"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—"Incurable!"

Seven bottles of your Bitters cured him and I know of the

"Lives of eight persons"

In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters.

And many more are using them with great benefit. "They almost do miracles?"

—Mrs. E. D. Slack.

HOW TO GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise, work too hard without rest, doctor all time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know

HOW TO GET WELL.—which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters.

Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism.

Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water.

All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has worked a miracle in my case; otherwise I would have been in my grave.
J. W. MOREY, Buffalo, Oct. 1, 1884.

I Write This

Token of the great appreciation I have of your

... Bitters. I was afflicted
With Inflammatory rheumatism !!!
For nearly

Seven years, and no medicine seemed to do me any

Good !!!

Until I tried two bottles of your Hop Bitters, and to my surprise I am as well to-day as ever I was. I hope

"You may have abundant success"

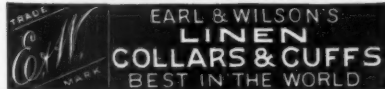
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AN OYSTER PATTI.

CARL PRETZEL'S PHILOSOPHY.

When you found it out dot you dond did know eferthing, then you vas extremely wise-headed.

Dots besser you dond vhent too shtrong on your behindt fadders' pedikree. He may been a shumpin' Jack.

When you reckermemper der poor, dond put dot in der noosepapers. Der Lord vas an oxberried book-keeper.

Dis vas a qweer worldt to sthoph in. Dere vas so much ungratitood. Efen of a goot mans vas a leedle bug, mit dheir outsides in a leedle rose dot vas growin' on a tree, mit der vind to rock em shleepiness into, und in der mornin' to got ub und vash in der dew dot vas come on der rose in der nite time und dook brokefast on der ped close, they would found faults on akcount of someting or udder.

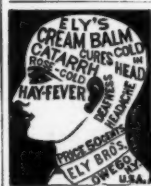
Der vinter he vas a bully feller to hafe fun mit. Vat is so good enuff, when you dond coot go der door out, on akcount of Shack Frost, to sthoph on your house mit a lofein' frow, und lock der shtofe door so dot der fire coodn't vent out und trink cider made don little red abbles. Ofer dhere vas a mans mitout such tings on his mind, und such good brincibles on his head, he vas mit me yoost der same like some bostage shtamps, dot I hafe seen, a poody pad shdick. Ofer dhere vas a female vimms dot vas mitout such goot abbreviations ob happiness like dot, I dond would marry myself mis dot gal, efen if her fadder owned a big brewery. Dot's so.

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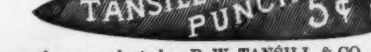
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