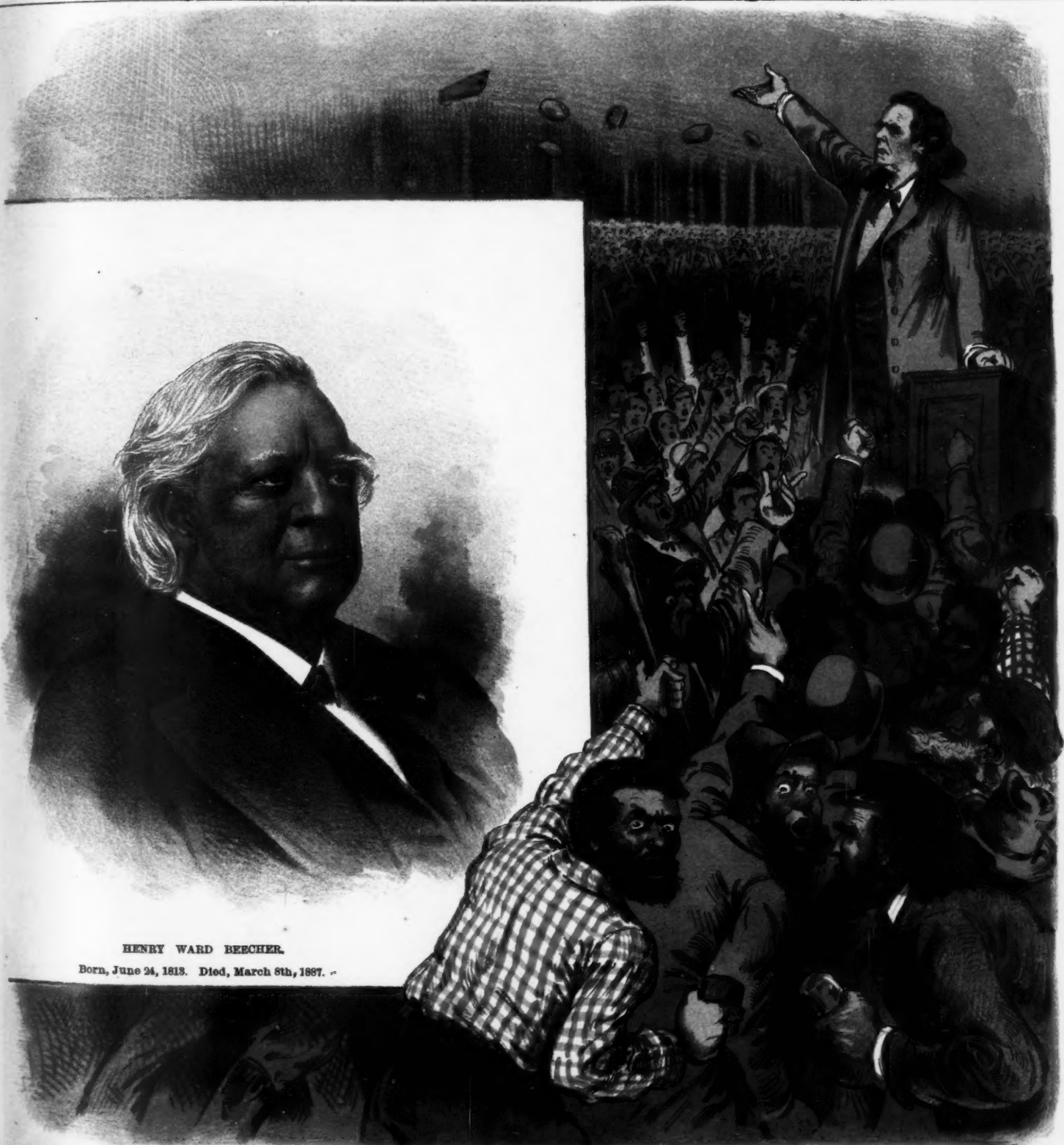


Judoe

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, COPYRIGHT 1887.



HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Born, June 24, 1813. Died, March 8th, 1887.

1863. Beecher braves Riotous English Mobs, and convinces them of the justice of his plea for English Neutrality.

FREEDOM'S CHAMPION AT HOME, AND THE COUNTRY'S DEFENDER ABROAD.



Judge

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

President - W. J. ARKELL
 Vice-President - HARRY R. HART
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IT TOOK TIME, with some apprehension regarding eternity; but Shaler got there just the same.

TROTTER HAS AN ELEGANT pair of heels, and the late contest was apparently a go-as-you-please.

WE LOVE GENERAL BRAGG of Wisconsin for the expectation he may possibly have entertained.

THE COUNTRY DOESN'T LIKE Carl Shurz as a mugwump, but it is in close sympathy with his bridge of thighs.

TECUMSEH SHERMAN ALWAYS closes his evening prayer with the words, "P.S.—And pray kill off all the newspapers."

OF THE LARGE AMOUNT of small beer that set diligently to work to soak Mr. Beecher out of his pulpit does, there happen to be any left?

"MR. BEECHER," says the *World*, "was not a man to be spared." He wasn't spared, by the press for instance, for a good many years.

JOHANN STRAUSS LEADS, it is said, a simple, guileless life with his third wife. There is no reason why he shouldn't after all that experience.

THERE IS TALK of another monument to Washington. Excellent idea, but while we are about it let's give him a new tomb with all the modern improvements.

"THE LOW-NECKED DRESS must go," exclaims an agitated contemporary. Huh! Pretty state of things that will bring about, won't it?

PROFESSOR JOHN L. SULLIVAN is worth \$400,000, and the man who knocks out poverty has incidentally passed that excellent judgment on half the brains of his beloved country.

THE COUNTRY HAS HAD two years of Mr. Cleveland, and is greatly prepossessed, like the Yonkers youth who married a lady sixty years old, in behalf of the lapse of time.

JUDGING FROM MUCH reading-matter advertising, Mrs. J. B. Potter is under contract to the

prince of Wales, and possibly that will hurt her American engagement.

THEY DO SAY THAT D. B. Hill was not well pleased at Mr. O'Donnell's action during the state campaign. Yet this is a free country for office-holders—including governors.

THE GENERAL VERDICT regarding congress is best put in the language of an up-town gentleman—"I am not afraid of smallpox, but I always feel better when it isn't around."

A MOST EXCELLENT POINT with respect to Lent is the fact that it lasts only forty days. That was the remark of several leading citizens with respect to the deluge.

GENTLEMEN REPRESENTING \$40,000,000 ask for the repeal of the prohibitory law of Rhode Island. The request, in view of the sum involved, ought to be extremely convincing.

THE WIFE OF SENATOR JONES of Nevada proposes the establishment in Washington of a home for abandoned babes and children; so that Augustus Garland is not to be left entirely helpless after all.

WE LOOK UPON EX-SENATOR MILLER as a man worthy of a better fate; and we should say as much if he had captured the world and arranged for large possessions in the gardens of paradise.

"I HAVE HAD the most charming time of my life," says Mrs. Cleveland, speaking of the season's courtesies. And so have your guests, dear lady—so have they all, without the ghost of an exception.

MR. CLEVELAND, according to the *Sun*, has had some brief and glorious flashes of Democracy. We must consult the gentleman's physician about this. The country has been kept in total ignorance of it.

IS IT NOT STRANGE THAT General Henry W. Slocum hasn't been nominated for something during the past few weeks? But the sultan is not well. Perhaps there will be a vacancy in his vicinity directly.

THE EASTER BONNET this year will be unusually enticing because of the countenance within it. It is no new fact or fashion, however—there was never yet an Easter which had not that most gratifying of all peculiarities.

MRS. BELVA LOCKWOOD says the best article of national defence lies in praise and supplication. That is very sweet. Let us make the additional suggestion that when the enemy comes all the clergymen fall to preaching. We must convert the enemy or he will convert us.

A PICTURE OF SAM SMALL is doing service as a representation of the countenance of John J. Ingalls. The only difference in the looks of the two men is a matter of expression. Sam wants to convert by moral suasion, and John J. insists on doing it with a club.

THE SOLDIER IS ALWAYS to be taken care of, and so of his relatives; and what a shame it is that some of the descendants of the men of the revolution have to sustain themselves at hard labor. But there is the soldier of the future. He is liable to have some rights too.

BUT IT IS GONE.

In climbing the golden stair the forty-ninth congress exhibited an expanse of disappearing back and a dissolving view of eccentric shank that excited the regretful curiosity of all beholders. We shall miss it much. "I think," as the man remarked, reflectively,

on experiencing an unexpectedly sudden relief from a huge boil, "that I shall feel better now; and yet I nursed it with a tenderness worthy of the most excellent of protuberances, because if I hadn't it might have hurt me more."

IT MAY BE TRUE THAT the late Mrs. Druse, the able and amiable murderess, will meet her dear friends and relatives in the other world, with the exception perhaps of her late husband, William. William is naturally of a timid nature, and possibly he may be apprehensive of further injury.

IT IS ALLEGED that Ferdinand Ward is having a good time at Sing Sing, for which he is supposed to pay liberally, and that his hard work is done altogether by a dummy, or substitute. Thus time softens disgrace and penalty, and some future congress will doubtless place him on the list of dependent pensioners.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCES.

The street-cleaner, the bone man, the scavenger, and the truckman are the real rulers of New York, and the taxpayer is always willing and patient. Shoved from the sidewalk by the enterprise of the shop-keeper, this taxpayer takes to the middle of the street and bravely works his passage until, presto! he is gone. Statistics show that of the hundreds of persons who annually disappear about half are drowned. The others will probably turn out when the mud gives up its dead.

HURROO!

If St. Patrick hasn't driven the English landlords out of Ireland, he has at least lost very little during the past year. The coercion policy of the government creates greater sympathy for the suffering Irish, if that is possible, and every eviction and every case of unjust imprisonment hasten the inevitable end. But, however that may be, to-day is the day of every loyal Irishman, and the one who doesn't twirl his stick and lift his feet in anticipation of the coming freedom, however long it may be postponed, has lead on his heels and indifference at heart that have no business anywhere within the locality he occupies.

A COUNTERFEIT BILL.

Brigadier-general Mahone is out of politics, and talks of going west. He cannot go too soon or too far. The people of this country have no affection for either military or political traitors, whichever side of the military or civil establishment their treachery favors; and little Mr. Mahone's senatorial career, not less than his local political prominence, involves history which every good citizen would be glad to forget. The career of William has only one redeeming feature. We allude, of course, to his contemplated departure.

TOO UNAPPRECIATIVE.

The cheerful confidence and alacrity of newspaper men was never better demonstrated than in some events following the untimely departure of Mrs. Druse. "Well," said a reporter, advancing rapidly into the presence of her daughter Mary, directly after the execution, "the old lady's gone. Give me, if you please, your views of the situation." Oddly enough, however, the young woman was so impressed with her personal sorrow that she fainted entirely away, and the reporter left her with such scorn on his countenance as could she have seen it, would have prevented her recovery. It is obvious from this and numerous other incidents of like nature that

the press, as the great conservator of public opinion, is not sufficiently appreciated.

BEECHER.

The king is dead—and where lives now the king?

The majesty is gone, the kingly mien
That had soft eyes for every suffering thing,
And thought and voice in nobleness serene
For every good; the king in gentleness,
In kindly sufferance, in power of thought,
In tolerance of error, in sumptuous charity,
In purity and love, what charm he wrought!

The king with meaning, anxious, earnest eyes,
That flashed themselves against the living wrong,

But tender grew as oft he sympathized
With suffering that had endured too long.
No kneeling slave without his boon of tears,
No tyrannous law beyond his ringing voice;
His curse of meanness sank into the years,
His consolation made the years rejoice.

Soldier of soldiers! In those English halls
Where valor won against the unholy mob—
One man against the howling that appals,
Professing right the better right to rob—
He stood like granite till his cause he won—
His voice rang clear and loud, convincing too;

The sober, clerical dress, that work well done,
Ran colors till he wore the glorious blue.

Thou soldier, preacher, statesman, poet true—
Thou wise philosopher, historian, sage,
Thou everything in one and great in all,
The chief, the king of this advancing age,
Leave to us something of thy mightiness,
The free, good, manly thought that most adorns;

But give us most the justice that brings tears,
And brings compassion for thy crown of thorns.

THE WISDOM OF TWO LADIES.

Mrs. Folsom is wise in her declaration that she would rather be known as the mother of Mrs. Cleveland than as the president's mother-in-law. It is easy to find a president, and chance sometimes makes greatness out of very cheap material; but the woman beautiful in face who has also the beauty of democracy in common sense, and no affectation or other kind of mugwumping—the woman of the level beauty and also of the level head—there is no chance of politics or circumstance that can make her less than she is or give her any assumption of superiority that was not conferred upon her simultaneously with her birth. It is a pity that women cannot hold office, because in that case Mrs. Folsom's son-in-law might save himself a great deal of the impending humiliation.

THE FLOWER THAT HUGS THE WALL.

It pleases us to see the *Troy Times* indorse young Mr. Arkell as modest, diffident, and retiring. Those virtues being the opposite of assertive, it is rarely that they are made conspicuous. They are hidden, like the heart of the rose, beneath the blushes of their own creation, and they generally die before they are seen or sung. But there is yet hope. Dropping encouragement from his benevolent eyes, as the dews descend in benediction from the bountiful skies, the Hon. John M. Francis may yet moisten the unresponsive nature of the seclud-

ed youth. The ex-minister to the Hague, to Portugal, to Austria; the always eligible candidate for chairmanships and similar favors; the perpetual candidate for governor and for any other place that happens to have money in it—let this gentleman seriously take the culture of the young man in hand, and he may possible emerge from his shell and in due season spread his wings with the serene confidence and beauty of the gorgeous butterfly.

THE NEXT BEECHER.

If there is any man who thinks he can replace Beecher, let him stand forth and lift his back to the whip that punishes temerity. If there is another Beecher like that Beecher he will keep his place a long time before the world finds him out. There is that modesty in greatness which knows nothing as much as that part of the general unworthiness which belongs to itself. The lash of opportunity, perhaps of necessity, is necessary to its development. But the second Beecher is probably not here. Such men are produced only at long intervals. The self-conscious importance that assumes majesty of that kind perishes of its assumption. The next Beecher will come without trumpet or display, and will be abashed at recognition of his merits until he becomes used to it; whereupon, like the Beecher who has passed on, he will wear it as if it had been fitted to him in every part, but still with the dignified humility and simplicity which best becomes possession of gifts that mere men cannot originate. Hail to the next

Beecher! It is a call of the trumpet that must go long into the coming centuries to find its man.

A TROUBLE OF THE OPTICS.

"Is the American woman overdressed?" asks Helen Campbell. It must not be supposed from this question that the propounder has not reached the years of discretion. She is probably near-sighted.

OUR SAM.

Sam Randall, with his twenty merry men, dictates the conduct of legislation in the house. One would think the situation rather galling for any party with a spirit of its own or a grain of self-respect. Yet it continues year after year to surrender the whip and reins into the hands of a man who openly defies party discipline, defeats party measures, and plays the dictator with impunity.—*Buffalo Com. Adv.*

It is sometimes thus that purity and reform move their wonders to perform. To borrow the whip of the enemy in order to lay it on the enemy's back and prevent his laying it on yours is the very acme of able diplomacy. Mr. Randall is a good Democrat except as to his principles, and a good Republican except as to his professions. He is a protectionist, and he would be an economist but for his ardent desire to beat the president, as in the matter of his voting to override the veto of the dependent pensions bill. It is really odd that the *Sun* doesn't press him for president at this juncture. He would be a better man in B. F. Butler's place.

MUST MATCH.



MISS INGENUE (anxiously, but somewhat absent-mindedly, referring to her dog)—"He doesn't match my sacque at all, and I want him dyed. If you can do it without taking him apart I'll leave him."

REELING IT OFF.



SELECTMAN FROM HORSEHEADS (to broker who has dropped in to look at the quotations)—“Say, my friend, don't that air loom make nothin' but white ribbin? My woman's in mournin' an' I'd like ter git a couple 'er yards uv black, 'f yer kin run it out.”

Hum of the Court.

Earthquakes are no respectors of persons, with the exception of the prince of Wales.

Miss Coghlan in a scrap of paper must be charming, provided the scrap is not too large.

It is feared that the two men who started from Winnipeg for the north pole have Winni-pegged out.

The place called Old House at Home in this city would be greatly improved if it were always away from there.

Jay Gould has undertaken a history of America, and to begin with will buy the continent the better to investigate it.

Brother Talmage says that when he lived in Philadelphia he never drank anything stronger than milk. It is therefore still a mystery what he wanted to live in Philadelphia for.

“Whither are our gilded youth drifting?” asks a high moral contemporary with ill-concealed anxiety. Is it difficult to tell? Are not all seasons the regular seasons for ducks?

American pickpockets got away with much money at the Montreal carnival, but there is gall in the thought that in some cases the rascals probably picked the American pocket too.

The Philadelphia *News* wants to know why *Life* and the *JUDGE* do not build harbor defences out of their impenetrable jokes. What! for nothing? Uncle Sam is no pauper, we think.

There is to be a great depletion of the national treasury. It will be necessary to pay the salaries of those distinguished newspaper gentlemen whose personal accounts so agitate the body politic.

“More glory for the bewitching little woman!” hysterically exclaims the editor of the Buffalo *Commercial*, speaking of a prima donna. How long has that excellent gentleman had this affliction?

A lady of Sheboygan, Mich., married ten days after the death of her husband, and ever since the ghost of the latter has haunted her. She might have been hasty, but a ghost that can't find anything better to do than that

ought to be driven into oblivion with a hot pitchfork.

Somebody has heard an elegant young woman of this city remark at a society ball, “You can't waltz for sour apples,” but he fails to record the conclusive reply—“I don't want any sour apples, you know.”

“Knee-breeches have come,” says the New York *Star*. Knee-breeches, my son, came a great many years ago and have never gone away; though we can't say, to be sure, as to whether the garter belonging to them always had the buckle on.

If there is a lady or gentleman who doesn't propose to belong to the Boston Ideals will information to that effect be promptly forwarded to some daily journal? There are at least three who have yet to speak, and only two of them are dead.

President Robinson of Brown university thinks it would be perilous to put young men and young ladies in the same class of fresh-

men. It would indeed, and the protection of the young man of that denomination is really the first law of nature.

The Buffalo *Commercial* tickles itself over the zephyrs of its town because they are not earthquakes; and we dare say that if they were earthquakes it would be delighted because they were not the day of judgment.

A St. Louis woman gets ninety-nine years in the penitentiary for killing a policeman. The proposition that a woman grown can live that amount of time is so absurd that we shouldn't blame the lady if she spitefully expired long before her sentence did.

A telephone girl says she talks every day with men, strangers, who inquire about her age, looks, dress, prospects, etc., and adds naively, “I soon find out which among them are gentlemen.” Remarkably astute young lady. It would puzzle anyone else to get that information.

The papers the other day had long accounts of how pretty Mrs. Thompson smiled a favorable verdict out of a New York jury. This is going too far. The old kind of jury-fixer was bad enough, and under this new influence there wouldn't be a safe jury in the world—except those composed of women.

The ghost of Stonewall Jackson regularly appears on the grounds of the Virginia military institute, mounted on a high horse and waving a sword. Stonewall must have changed deplorably. He was not in the habit of doing that sort of thing when there was no call for it, and he never fought after the battle was over.

The ghost of the late Mr. Guiteau walks nightly over a Maryland farm, and the owner of the farm is very much shocked by it. It was Mr. Guiteau's habit to avoid work, but there may have been reformation. How would it be for the farmer to make him walk daily, previously harnessing him to the plough with some other jackass?

A Georgia mother burned her son's best suit to prevent his marriage. We have no further information in the premises, but it is reasonable to suppose that the proceedings went on if the youth didn't have a rag to his back. Otherwise the aged lady ought to have burned all the hair off his head.

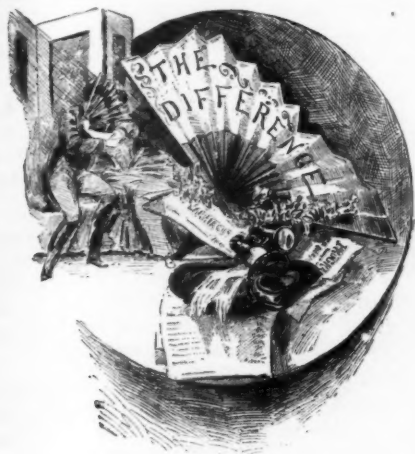
THE CRUSH HAT.



“What is it, Bridget?”
“Faix, I don't”—Bang! Bang!



“Take it away, take it away! It's loaded.”



She looked so fair and coy,
Who could resist her?
With movement swift and fleet
I caught and kissed her.

"'Twas just in fun," I said,
"And I've repented."
She tried to frown, but when
I laughed, relented.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY MAXIMS.

The snake leads Paddy a good hunt.
Orange acts on an Irishman as red on a bull.
A true Irishman believes in the spirit of the times.
A broken head is never what it is cracked up to be.
The snake in the glass is not as dangerous as the snake in the grass.
It takes a good deal of whisky to wash down the potatoes and point.
The man who wears a shamrock in his hat often finds it turned into a brick the next morning. o'c.

IN HONOR OF THE OCCASION.

"Whatever could possess you to assault this poor woman and upset her fruit stand?" demanded the judge.
"Faith," replied the prisoner, "Oi did it in honor of St. Patrick, me patron saint."
"In honor of St. Patrick?" echoed the judge in surprise. "What do you mean by that?"
"Shure, yer honor, didn't they till me she wuz an orrange-woman!"

IN THE OUTLYING PROFESSIONS.



Archibald Dodger, familiarly known as the Artful Dodger, is a man of manifold resources; quick to catch on and spry as a cat in eluding a bootjack. He is a product of modern civilization, and would have been impossible before the invention of dynamite and horse-cars on Broadway. In days gone by, when he robbed his fellow-man in a respectable way on a large scale, he was a power in the land and looked up to as a man of wonderful

MORE POINTED THAN POLITE.



MISS DE COLLETTE—"Do you approve of the nude in art, Mr. Fitz-Jones?"
MR. FITZ-JONES—"Well, I don't know. I think it better there than in society."

Next time I said that love
Was what impelled me—
My love for her—and naught
Could have withheld me.

"You are a brute!" said she;
"How dared you do it?
This insult is the last—
I'll make you rue it!"

"What difference," I cried,
"If I repent it?"
"The difference is, because
This time you meant it."

ANDREW F. UNDERHILL.

A RARE BIRD.

"What are you looking for?" inquired the paid poet of the editor.
"For something I can't find."
"What's that?"
"A St. Patrick's day joke without something about snakes in it."

ARTISTIC CRITICISM.

They were discussing a new artist in Rome.
"Ah! he's a dog!" said one.
"What makes you think so?" asked the other.
"He's a follower of Whistler."

finesse in business. He is still fertile in expedients; but since he has fallen on evil days and has to live on his wits in a small way, he is known to his friends as a fakir and to the police as a crook.

"How does the world wag, Dodger?" said I, meeting him the other day.

"So-so, only so-so," he replied, gazing on his seedy clothes and mournfully recalling the days when he dressed in purple and fine linen. "Times ain't brisk like they used to was before all the money got locked up in Uncle Sam's coffers."

"That's so," said I; "but it isn't likely that

HIS WAY.



He gazed into her eyes and nearer drew, She flushed and turned coquettishly away, Then, poutingly, aside his roses threw, And wondered what the fellow had to say.

He bent his head so low above her own
The yellow roses trembled on her hair;
She felt that to him she had dearer grown,
And raised the face which he had found so fair.

He took her hand—the music swelled again,
The German waltz that floated from above
Thrilled all her soul with pleasure and with pain,
And whispered to her heart sweet dreams of love.

Once more the mystic magic of his glance—
Why does the dreamy music sound so sad?
He only asked "the pleasure of the dance,"
And whirled her off—it was a way he had!

KITTIE K.

the surplus will remain long in the treasury under a Democratic administration?"

He smiled as he thought of the time when he was a boodle Democratic politician. "The administration is all right," he remarked; "it has got a fine big Democratic hand. The trouble is that the man with the veto is a mugwump."

"What's your latest fake in raising the wind?" I went on, leading him into a neighboring beer-tunnel.

"It's a dandy," he chuckled, drawing the back of his hand across his mouth and inwardly smiling at his success in the ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain. "You re-

NO LAUGHING MATTER.



MOSE—"I don't see nuffin to laff at!"
JEFFERSON—"Co'se not; you can't see yusself."

member I got in the papers on account of that little confidence game I played on the actor? Well, when I heard the detectives were after me I switched off on something else; for a crook, you know, has to be a man who can always land on his feet. He must know when it is time to drop on a game that's played out, and that's why I'm such a success at it.

"My latest wrinkle is the raffle racket. I join a society—generally one of those benevolent ones—and set to work to make myself solid with the members. When this is done, I start a raffle for the benefit of myself under some assumed name. If I can sell a hundred tickets at fifty cents each for an article that cost me two dollars, you see I'm doing well. I now belong to enough societies to have a raffle every week. My sister's husband has died and left his family in destitute circumstances over a dozen times, and my grandfather falls down stairs and breaks his leg about once a month. Whenever there is a serious accident one of my friends or relatives is sure to be among the injured. I find that a man would sooner give a quarter and take his chances of winning at a raffle than pay a half and buy the article outright. You can bet your life I make it my business to nurse all such foibles of mankind and turn an honest penny by them."

JAMES JAY O'CONNELL.

FREDDIE'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.



DEAR JUDGE—I see that almost all the papers are publishing witty sayings and doings of children, so I send you some of our Freddie's which we think very funny. He is only two years old.

One day Freddie came into my sewing-room with his face and hands perfectly black.

"Why, what have you been doing, darling?" I asked.

"Making a man," he answered, holding up a mud figure.

"What are you going to call him?"

"His name, mamma, is mud," he answered with a sweet smile.

Last Sunday our minister took dinner with us, and, of course, said grace. Freddie seemed to think it too long in ending, and when it was about half through he called out:

"Get your skates on, old man; get your skates on."

Of course, we all laughed heartily at this sally.

On another occasion he said to the minister: "Mr. Pulpit, wouldn't you like to borrow our rat-trap?"

"What for, Freddie?" inquired the minister.

"Nothing; only I think you have rats in your garret."

We had a large dinner party a short time ago, and when we were seated at table Freddie asked:

"Papa, are whiskers in fashion now?"

We all knew something witty was coming, and every one waited.

"No, Freddie," said my husband; "why do you ask?"

"Well," he answered promptly, "I thought

ENFORCING THE CANADIAN FISHERY LAWS.



CANADIAN OFFICER—"Back, back, I say, in the queen's name! You are not allowed to cross into the American waters."

they might be. I see the butter has started a pair."

This put the whole table in the best of humor, and Freddie at once became a great favorite.

He is also a great practical joker. Only last week he cut a large, square piece out of the cook's best dress, and the stupid thing couldn't see anything funny about it, but I laughed until I was almost sick. Yesterday he took the waitress's tooth-brush and soaked it in carbolic acid, so that her mouth is so sore that she cannot eat. I think that was very cunning in such a little boy, don't you?

L. R. CATLIN.

QUITE NATURAL.

"Whatever are you going to do with that murderous shillaly?" asked Merritt. "Do you expect to have any trouble with the Orangemen?"

"No," replied Dennis, "but Oi thought we might mate the opposition faction of the Ancient Order of Hibernians."

A CONNOISSEUR FROM WAYBACK.



RURAL VISITOR (at loan collection of paintings)—"Let me see! 'Owned by Booodle the millionaire; value ten thousand dollars.' Well, I'll be darned! That air pictur' ain't a patch to the one Maria got with a paound of tea the other day. How them air city folks git cheate'd. I tell yew it takes a sharp un to cheat me on a pictur'."

FRENCH WITHOUT A MASTER.

A Testimonial.



Dear sir, I take my pen in hand to tell you my delight;
Your "French without a Master" came six weeks ago to-night;
I've given it a thorough trial, according to request,
And do not hesitate to say it far outshines the best.

No longer must I stare as I have stared in former days
When cultured people spiced their talk with beautiful *Francais*;
I can't express how proud I'll be, no matter if I try,
If any one say, "*Parlez-vous?*" to answer back, "*Ou-i.*"
I like all Frenchy things; I think there's nothing else that quite
So fits one for a place among society's *el te*,
And wondering strangers all admire the man and woman that
Can read a hotel *menu* off with swiftness and *eclat*.
I feel my standing so advanced I think I'll have to drop
Young Tompkins's attentions and inform him he's *de trop*.
For I'm convinced a college man with g'lasses on his nose
For one improved as I'm improved is far more *apropos*.
I trust this hasty note of mine will be so well expressed
That it will show the public that I prize your volume *est*;
Yet if at any time you wish for further proof from me,
Pray call upon Marie De Jones with perfect *liberte!*
MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

SNAKES ALIVE!

McGinty went out with the Brick-Bat Coterie on St. Patrick's eve. When he came home the next morning his wife said he had the rats, while McGinty swore he had the snakes. Neither was well up in zoology, but both were obstinate. Mrs. McGinty, being the weaker vessel, was spilled; whereupon Mr. McGinty set to work to rid himself of the snakes. He had a fine assortment, and this is how he distributed them among his friends: To Paddy Byrne, the itinerant pedagogue, he gave an adder; to Miss McGooley, the belle of Shantytown, he presented a pair of garter snakes; to Widow Donan's little girl he handed a hoop snake; while to the bad

boy who called him an Orangeman he gave a little taste of black snake. O'Phelan, the ex-rebel and pension-hunter, got a copper-headed cobra. To the baby on the block was given a rattlesnake, and to his son Mike, who was rustivating for thirty days on the island, he sent a striped snake. The viper went to Doc. Wilson. A green snake was used by McGinty himself as a substitute for a shamrock. When last seen the good man was in Newspaper row, trying to coax a sea serpent with a face like Ben Butler up to the snake editor of the *Sun*.

NOT TO BE INSULTED.

"Phut koin'd uf wine es thet yez brung us?" indignantly exclaimed O'Driscoll.
"Yellow label, sir," said the waiter; "the best in the house."
"Yaller labil!" exclaimed O'Driscoll in disgust; "does yez think Oi'm a son of a gun of an Orangeman? Bring me sum grane labil!"

A VERY HUMAN CHILD.

Little girl, who has been dining out—"Mamma, I'm sorry to say it of your friends, but really I think those people are very ill-bred."
Mamma (aghast)—"Child, what do you mean?"
L. G.—"I mean I had to ask four times for cake this noon; that's what I mean!"

A WOULD-BE SUICIDE'S EXPERIENCE.

Dumont—"This suicide business ain't what it's cracked up to be."
Pierce—"How do you know?"
Dumont—"Tried it once."
Pierce—"You did? I never heard about it."
Dumont—"Yes; I got tired of life, and so I thought I'd starve myself to death."
"Well, what prevented you doing it?"
Dumont—"I got so beastly hungry I had to eat something."

The man who complains about the accommodations on a train should be made to ride on a bumper.

BOOMING THE BUSINESS.



DE JONES—"Well, old man, how's business?"
FLASH (hotel clerk)—"Never better. Elopement case on the first floor. Sullivan on the second, and a crazy millionaire on the third. Every room taken in consequence."

CAUSE OF THE TROUB E.

St. Patrick once, so runs the story,
Resolved to rid the emerald isle
Of snakes, and cover himself with glory.
He drove the serpents many a mile
Through smiling valleys, dismal marshes,
And cleared each rock and trunk and root.
But two old serpents from the grasses
Escaped, and hid in Patrick's boot.
PUGGRASH.

WHAT HE HOPED.

Brown—"What was it that Fogg said to you about me?"
Boggs—"He said you were no better than you should be."
Brown—"Well, I hope you told him I was."

HE HAD NONE TO CARRY.

In a German university.
Professor—"I understand, Herr Schneider, that you have been fighting another duel."

Student—"Yes, Herr Professor."

Professor—"Do you not know that dueling is against the rules of the university?"

Student—"But, Herr Professor, I didn't receive a scratch, but inflicted seven."

Professor—"Bravo, Herr Schneider! your mathematics are excellent."

The lone, unprotected female is mighty handy with the rifle.

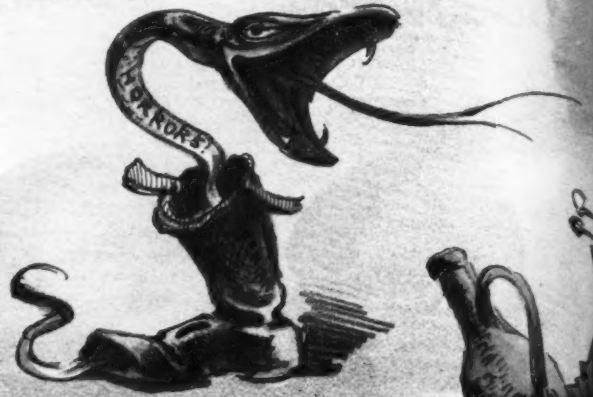
THE DARKTOWN TRACK.



ELDERLY PARTY—"Whoa, dar! dy yoo 'spose I'se agwine toe l t yoo break yoo neck an' mine too, a racin' wid dose professionuls?"



Give not so much our sympathy for these Christian Grinders, but this is really a deserving charity



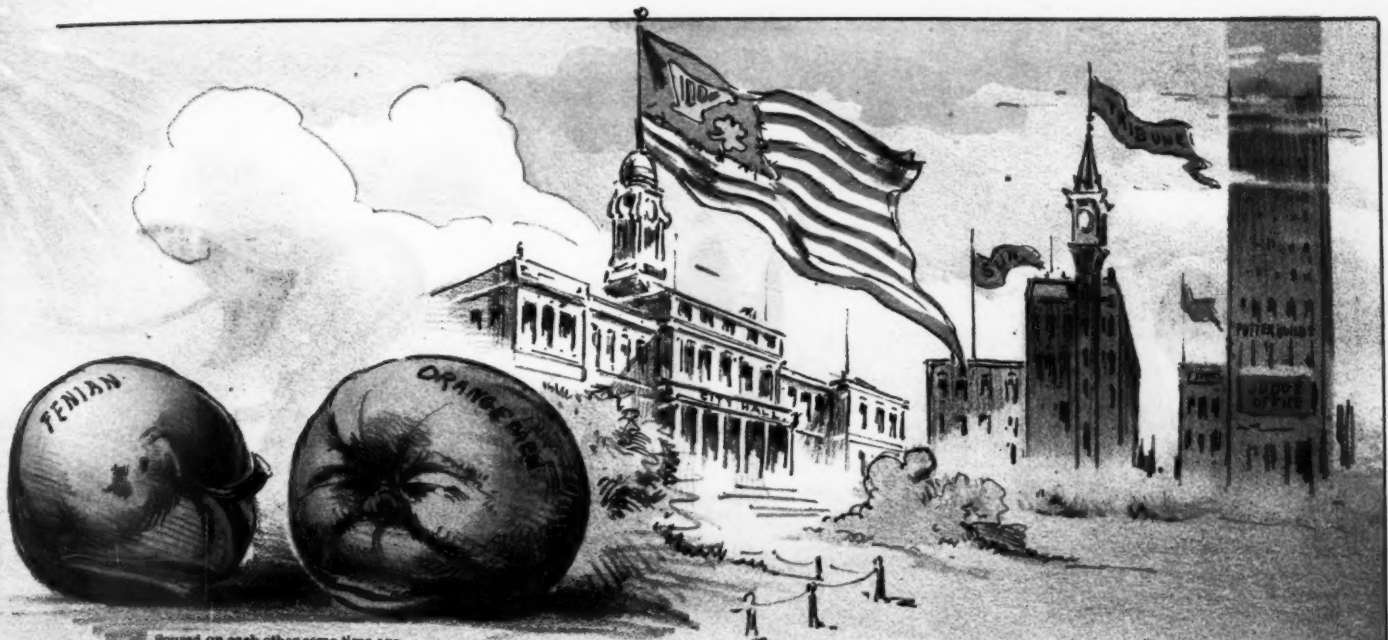
A Snake which St. Patrick forgot to drive out.



DAVE O'HILL: "The old hat's good enough for me, indeed!"



Painting the town green



Scoured on each other some time ago.



BRIDGET (daughter of the Regiment).—"Wall, day-day, I moost go and parade wid me rigiment, but Oi'll be home to take supper wid ye!"



VOICE FROM CAGE.—"If ye don't lave me out o' this in toime to cillbrate Oi'll turn Orangeman, too."

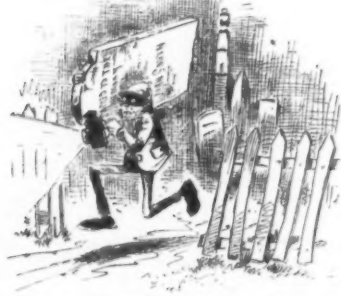
SACKETT, WILHELMS & BEZIG LITH. N.Y.

A THOUSAND YEARS WITH THE JUDGE.



the absence of the proprietor and most of the staff of this paper, it has occurred to the writer, under the stress of repeated calls for copy by the hip-locked compositor in the basement, that a condensed history of the sheet and a short description of its surroundings and personnel would prove interesting, and possibly aid in booming the subscription list.

With the present issue of JUDGE will close the one thousandth year of its existence, and while the grand jury is lenient we hope to get out at least two more issues for good measure before giving up the work and retiring on our shields. At the time, several centuries ago, when war prices and the absence of the income tax made it possible for us to do things as we liked, the JUDGE was domiciled in a palatial and imposing palace of industry on Pearl street, in this city, where the art, editorial and business departments were models of comfort and elegance, and where the centering of the elevated railroad system made it possible for us to get out our monumental weekly edition with celerity and the least possible amount of profanity. But there came a time, during the British occupation of the city, when we were obliged to



Procuring our first stone.

seek other quarters—a shell from a vessel in the fleet having exploded in the centre of our profanity—and in consequence of the suddenness of the blow we were obliged to put up with the first resting-place that was offered us.

A man named Potter had rebuilt a burned building of his on Park row, utilizing most of the charred boards and broken window-sashes from the old structure, and his inducement of a nominal rent to be paid by him to us, and our homeless condition, resulted in establishing us here, where from our windows—when they are washed—we can look right across and hobnob with our bosom friends, the aldermen, in the adjacent city hall.

The writer is concocting this description with a piece of artist's pencil on the back of an accepted ms. which he found on the editor's table, and as the ms. itself is not a lengthy one and there is no more blank material at command, the effort must necessarily be short; but we cannot



Consultation room, where ideas are prepared.

refrain from taking space to introduce the public to a gang of litterateurs who have done much to revolutionize comic journalism.

The president of the JUDGE company was born and has lived in Canajoharie. That settles him, and the least said about the matter the better. If he had done nothing worse than inflict Mr. Gillam on the public, it would still have been bad enough.

Mr. Gillam, who is a short, stout, thick-necked man of commanding appearance so far as his feet are concerned,

came originally from Italy during a steerage-rate war some years ago, and picked up his somewhat ephemeral knowledge of art while posing as a model in a comic valentine factory in Williamsburg. He is in charge of the art department when Mr. Zimmerman feels generous, and has been mentioned as a man who can eat crayon and draw with a ham sandwich if the exigencies of the cartoonistic profession so demand. His lieutenants, Messrs. Zimmerman and Hamilton, are of inestimable value to him—at lunch time, and can usually be found having their hair cut in the tonsorial cafe which is built out from the building on a temporary staging.

Mr. Zimmerman, who is a native of Horseheads, this state, began his professional career by sketching a portrait of one of his father's neighbors on the side of a horse-stall, and the anxious and worried expression which his face habitually wears is caused by the fact that the neighbor never caught him and is still looking for him. He, too, though not usually spoken of in the same breath with J. L. Sullivan, is an athletic and powerful man, and is often used as a paper-weight by Mr. Gillam when such an article is needed to throw at the head of Mr. Hamilton to wake the latter up.

Since his return from Bermuda, where he has been passing the winter, Mr. Hamilton has looked a little better, although the attenuated limbs, hectic (bob-tailed) flush and narrow chest show the presence of that insidious foe, consumption. His chief does not work him as hard as he did formerly, and with only two cartoons and ten comics a day it is hoped that his life may be spared long enough to enable him to work up the wages which have been advanced to him.

Our society artist, Mr. Victor, is seldom seen at the office. He has not had his dress-coat off for years now, and always draws with lavender kids on and surrounded by the most superb and rare bric-a-brac that can be found for him. It is a little early to announce it, but the Stewart collection will not be scattered. JUDGE has bought it outright, and Mr. Victor will be in the centre of it, drawing with both hands and a corkscrew, to-morrow night.

Messrs. Bevenuto Cellini, our cartoon suggestor, Michael Angelo and Gustave Dore are no longer with us, and Munkacsy, whom we imported to turn out cuts for our advertising columns, went back in disgust because we refused to allow his latest canvas to be hung out of our windows as a banner.

Our editor, Mr. Gregory, varies the monotony of newspaper life by conducting a banking and brokerage business in the basement, and his clean-cut, pungent humor is nursed and rendered pliable by the constant display of human nature which comes before him. This is not an advertising scheme, but the writer cannot refrain from giving Mr. Gregory a puff to the effect that he allows a higher rate of interest and keeps the collaterals longer than any other broker in the city.

A professor of penmanship has lately been engaged by the vice-president of the company, Mr. Hart, and it is supposed that when he learns to write much valuable time will be saved and a good deal of loud talking done away with.

Our mechanical department is under the charge of Mr. Sachrison, a gentleman who is distinguished for his unique ability in mixing color. Some of the shades which he has produced have caused emotional hydrophobia, and one particular brand, which he calls "turtle-egg white," is being put up in tubes and sold in place of vaccine virus for use in aggravated cases of smallpox.

Let us follow one issue of JUDGE from the time of its inception till it is stolen from the beer counter by the tramp.

Messrs. Gillam, Zimmerman, Hamilton, Victor and the writer (the latter in a clerical capacity) have a room set apart for the formulation of all ideas that are not sent to them. This department is usually about as cheerful as the dissecting-room at the morgue, but occasionally peals of horrid laughter emanate from it, and these signify that an idea has at last been evolved and the stretchers are brought in. After partially reviving the artists they are propped up in chairs before the immense four-issue stones and set to work.

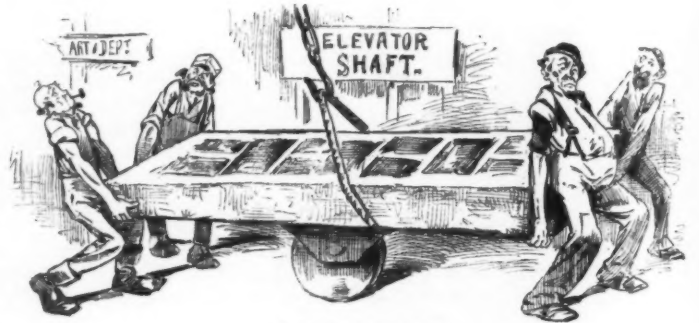
On completion of the respective cartoons, Grady, Brophy, McGurkey and O'Brien, our rock-bearing force, are given a pint of Ann street dew apiece, and under its influence the tremendous block is carried to the press-room, where from the jaws of a replica of the original Franklin press the edition is soon turned out.

The Potter building is too small to allow us to hang legible



Our hired laughers.

signs on its exterior, and to take their place we have hired—or rather bonded—two gentlemen of leisure to stand at the lower portals and laugh at our bulletin board day after day, Sundays included. The scheme works well, excepting that they cannot discriminate between a roaring farce and a pitiful appeal to human nature as depicted by our cartoons, and muzzles will soon be provided for use when an allegorical picture of misery is displayed.



Our stone department.

It is impossible to close this article without mentioning Mr. Scalley, our circulation sweeper. He is a gentleman whose truth and veracity have never been questioned, and passes the latter part of each week in Bellevue hospital to be treated



for partial paralysis, brought on by a constant lifting of his right arm in swearing to affidavits.

As to the tout ensemble of the JUDGE staff—Holy smoke! here comes the whole gang of them, and I have neglected to clean the inkstands.

JUDGE'S OFFICE BOY.



Noon.

Judge's Charge.

THE ENEMY AT THE DOOR.

There is a new magazine called the *Doctor* and here is the country spending millions to provide against epidemics.

THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

It is alleged that Kate Field has never been kissed by General Sherman. We see. This accounts for Tecumseh's horrible temper—and Kate's.

THE LENGTH OF IT.

It is St. Patrick's day not only in the morning but until the next day at night, or at least long enough to recover from it. Bear that in mind. It is an important fact.

BUT A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.

A dispatch from Buffalo says Margaret Mather won't talk. Well, that's a lucky thing for Emil; and really, now we think of it, the dear child's acting speaks louder than her words.

NO CAUSE FOR APPREHENSION.

Mr. Jefferson Davis is about to visit Washington, but the court deems it safe to say that up to the hour of this writing all is as quiet and idle on the Potomac as if McClellan had assumed command of the old army again.

NO POSSIBLE INFORMATION.

"The wisdom of man is a small thing after all," is a pretentious sentence from some preternaturally solemn individual. The entire remark is superfluous, and the two words with which it concludes suppose a doubt that never existed in any well-regulated mind.

THE CAUSE OF THE CAUSE.

Dr. William Hammond says that "the cause of many of our strange disappearances is a temporary loss of personal identity." This is probably true, and it suggests a grievous familiarity with Arion balis, Judge Duffy and the old familiar "John Smith—ten dollars."

FAIR PLAY FOR SARAH.

The court was about to make a remark with regard to Sarah Bernhardt's thinness; but it will

perhaps be better to drop that foolishness and speak of her in decorous terms. The court, by the way, observes that the lady's son is a large, sturdy youth, of excellent promise, and quite proficient in the noble art of self-defense.

LET US BE JUST.

It is suggested that Mrs. Druse didn't give her husband time to repent of his sins before dispatching him. The fact is all the more unpleasant because of the time and opportunity given her for that cleansing process; but we must remember that in the emergency of murder there must necessarily be far less consideration of the victim than in the emergency of execution.

Judge and the Play.

Evidently there was more music in Miss Mather's soul than had previously been suspected.

Directly upon the heels of the rumor that Christine Nilsson won eighty thousand francs at Monte Carlo came the report of the earthquake. The natural inference is that Miss Nilsson fractured the bank.

After giving the cast in detail, Doekstader's "Harbor Lights" programme summed up as follows: "Sand-bars, fishing tackle, grappling irons, rocks, reefs and rustics by the entire company."

If young Manning Logan's wedding outfit is as limited and elaborate as the newspapers would lead one to believe, the marriage ceremony is calculated to attract universal attention. We have it upon the authority of the *Pittsburg Post* that it consists of "two suits of silk underwear at \$40 per suit, several pairs of black silk stockings at \$5 per pair and a night-shirt ordered from New York, costing \$200." This is a little out of the ordinary run of wedding clothes, but we suppose it will be all right if the police don't interfere.

Margaret Mather's conception of what a *Romeo* ought to be is such an innovation upon what Shakespeare has taught us in the same direction that for the time being we are

A Medicine, Not a Drink.

HIGH AUTHORITY.

Hop Bitters is not, in any sense, an alcoholic beverage or liquor, and could not be sold, for use, except to persons desirous of obtaining medicinal bitters.

GREEN B. RAUM,
U. S. Com'r Internal Rev.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 24, 1884.

Dear Sir—Why don't you get a certificate from Col. W. H. W., of Baltimore, showing how he cured himself of drunkenness by the help of Hop Bitters. His is a wonderful case. He is well known in Rochester, N. Y., by all the drinking people there. He is known in this city, Cincinnati, New Orleans, New York; in fact all over the country, as he has spent thousands of dollars for rum. I honestly believe his card would be worth thousands of dollars to you in this city and Baltimore alone, and make thousands of sober men by inducing the use of your bitters.

J. A. W.

PREJUDICE KILLS.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery under the care of several of the best physicians, who gave her disease various names but no relief, and now she is restored to us in good health by Hop Bitters, that we had poohed at two years before using it. We earnestly hope and pray that no one else will let their sick suffer as we did, on account of prejudice against so good a medicine as Hop Bitters."—*The Parents—Good Templars.*

Milton, Del., Feb. 10, 1886.

Having used Hop Bitters, the noted remedy for debility, nervousness, indigestion, etc, I have no hesitation in saying that it is indeed an excellent medicine, and recommend it to any one as a truly tonic bitters.

Respectfully, Rev. Mrs. J. H. ELGOOD.

Scipio, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1884.

I am the pastor of the Baptist Church here and an educated physician. I am not in practice, but am my sole family physician, and advise in chronic cases. Over a year ago I recommended your Hop Bitters to my invalid wife, who has been under medical treatment of Albany's best physicians several years. She has been greatly benefited and still uses the medicine. I believe she will become thoroughly cured of her various complicated diseases by their use. We both recommend them to our friends, many of whom have also been cured of their various ailments by them.

REV. E. R. WARREN.

CURED OF DRINKING.

"A young friend of mine was cured of an insatiable thirst for liquor that had so prostrated his system that he was unable to do any business. He was entirely cured by the use of Hop Bitters. It allayed all that burning thirst; took away the appetite for liquor; made his nerves steady; and he has remained a steady and sober man for more than two years, and has no desire to return to his cups, and I know of a number of others that have been cured of drinking by it."—From a leading R. R. Official, Chicago, Ill.

AMERICANS ABROAD.



PATER FAMILIAS.—"So this air the Paris saloon? Wall, I swan! Jis like them air New York saloons, only—er—where's the bar?"

ROCHESTER LAMP CO.

1201 Broadway, N. Y., AND 25 Warren St., N. Y.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., Aug. 24, 1885.

GENTLEMEN:—I am delighted with the ROCHESTER LAMP which I recently bought of you. Will you send me by express No. 1778, with appropriate trimmings and extras, C. O. D. I have never been so much pleased with any lamp, and I have, first and last, run through pretty much the whole list, home and fore'gn.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Send for Illustrated Circulars.

only able to exclaim—Thunder! reserving a more detailed opinion for further deliberation.

Miss Dauvray's new play at the Lyceum is very strong in the second act, the climax of which is, as to both writing and acting, a genuine work of art. Miss Dauvray has herself developed into one of the most pleasing of actresses, with remarkable power in places. Mr. Sothern is growing rapidly in eccentric parts, and Mr. Salvini grows more like his father every day. The Lyceum is always pretty and comfortable, and its setting, as to stage and audience, not less than its surroundings, is beyond criticism.

PROF. MOREMUS ON TOILET SOAPS:

"You have demonstrated that a perfectly pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."



Is made from the choicest quality of stock, and contains a LARGE PERCENTAGE OF GLYCERINE; therefore it is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants.

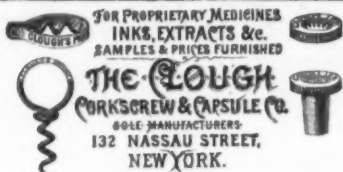
6 to 8% INVESTMENT Mortgage BONDS

Have loaned \$1,000,000, without loss.

Edw. G. Robertson & Co.

HARTFORD, Conn.

REFERENCE, CHARTER OAK NATIONAL BANK.

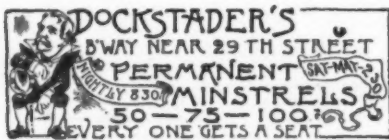


AMUSEMENTS.

HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE.
EDWARD HARRIGAN - - - - - Proprietor.
M. W. HANLEY - - - - - Sole Manager.

An Artistic Triumph and a Popular Success.
EDWARD HARRIGAN'S NEW PLAY
McNOONEY'S VISIT.

Mr. DAVE BRAHAM and his popular orchestra. Every evening at 8. Wednesday and Saturday matinees at 2.



MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.
Mr. A. PALMER - - - - - Sole Manager.
Sir Charles Young's remarkable play,
JIM, THE PENMAN.
Matinee Saturday at 2 p. m.

WALLACK'S, BROADWAY AND 30TH ST.
Sole Prop. and Man'r - - - - - Mr. LESTER WALLACK.
Harbor Lights.
7.45 P. M.

CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

For 15 years has been a standard remedy with Physicians treating mental or nervous disorder. Not a secret. It aids in the bodily and wonderfully in the mental growth of children. Young men with impaired mental faculties can regain their strength by its use. It restores the energy lost by nervousness, debility, over-exertion; refreshes weakened vital powers in old or young. A Vital Phosphite, not a Laboratory Phosphate or soda water absurdity. It is used by the Emperor Dom Pedro, Bismarck, Gladstone and other great brain workers.

For sale by druggists, or mail, \$1.

F. CROSBY CO., 56 West 25th Street, N. Y.

Important to All

who are willing to work for the reward of success. Hallet & Co., Portland, Maine, will mail you, free, full particulars about work that either sex, young or old, can do, at a profit of from \$5 to \$25 per day, and upwards, and live at home, wherever they are located. All can do the work. Capital not required; Hallet & Co., will start you. Grand success absolutely sure. Write at once and see

Mme. Patti fancies "that the use of water upon the face and neck produces wrinkles," which probably accounts for the smooth cheek of the average anarchist.

A cow entered a church in Canada and drove the choir out. The congregation immediately took up a collection and bought the cow.

THE WONDERFUL SUCCESS

Of Claremont Colony is due to the unusual inducements offered by the J. F. Mancha, Raymond, Surry Co., Va.

Brown—"What did you think of the play?"
Fogg—"Fairly good thing; but what I object to is the intense realism in the third act—a church scene, you know. It was so natural that I actually went to sleep."

Farmer—"Do you want this job shoveling snow?"

Tramp—"I am not a snow shoveler; I sprinkle lawns. The man who shovels snow will be along in about ten minutes. —Texas Siftings.

Consumption Can be 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.

THE JUDGE'S CASH PUZZLE

IN BEHALF OF THE

Grant Monument Fund.

The examination of the "word hunt" competitive papers has at last reached a stage that enables us to publish something definite in regard to its probable conclusion. More time has been required by the examiners than was at first anticipated would be necessary; but the end is now in sight, and it can be positively stated that this week will relieve four unfortunate individuals from a task that has been fruitful of more sleepless nights, more wearisome days and more harrowing indications of rapidly failing intellect than have ever been crowded into the same space of time before. The circumstances which occasioned the famous remark made by the governor of North Carolina to the governor of South Carolina were nowhere in comparison to the dryness of the situation under which the JUDGE'S word puzzle examiners have been laboring for the past four weeks. That the competitors themselves had anything but a time bordering on a jubilee is fully realized by our judges, and the bond of sympathy which now exists between the two is of a character that can only be fractured by another civil war, or what is worse still,

VICTORIA HOTEL,

5TH AVE., BROADWAY, 36TH AND 37TH STS.

One of the largest and most complete hotels in the city. Thoroughly renovated and almost entirely refurnished. Rooms en suite and single. Cuisine unexcelled. Conducted on the American and European plan. Practically fireproof.

H. L. HOYT & CO., Proprietors

HENRY LINDENMEYR, Paper Ware House

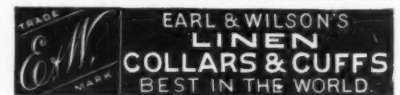
15 & 17 BEEKMAN ST., N. Y.

A COMMON-SENSE REMEDY.

In the matter of curatives what you want is something that will do its work while you continue to do yours—a remedy that will give you no inconvenience nor interfere with your business. Such is Alcock's Porous Plasters. These Plasters are purely vegetable and absolutely harmless. They require no change of diet, and are not affected by wet or cold. Their action does not interfere with labor or business; you can toil and yet be cured while hard at work. They are so pure that the youngest, the oldest, the most delicate person of either sex can use them with great benefit.

another "word hunt." Word hunts may be popular and attractive in England and other more highly favored communities, but in this country there has suddenly developed a decided preference for earthquakes—they take less time, and do it in a manner more conducive to the future health and existence of the immediately afflicted neighborhood.

This examination which has been in progress for over four weeks, has been most systematic and thorough. Whatever the bodily infirmities or feelings of the examiners may have been, they have certainly conducted their work assiduously and carefully, and the verdict which they are about to render is the result of impartial and unbiased judgment. As we have said before, they will conclude their labors this week, and the award will be published positively in the next issue of the paper (No. 284). In the meantime prepare for the new contest, which we don't mind telling you will not be a word hunt.



J. P. FELT. A. T. FELT.
← JOSEPH P. FELT & CO. →
ELECTROTYPERS,
No. 25 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK.

METAL PLATES FOR ENGRAVERS A SPECIALTY.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 161 Pearl St., New York.

CURE FOR THE DEAF

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS Perfectly Restore the Hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, FREE. Address F. HISCOX, 553 Broadway, N. Y.

Mention this Paper



FACE, HANDS, FEET,

and all their imperfections, including Facial Development, Hair and Scalp, Superficial Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Bile Heads, Scars, Pitting and their treatment. Send 10c. for book of 50 pages, 4th edition. Dr. John H. Woodbury, 87 North Pearl St., Albany, N. Y. Established 1870.

STYLO & FOUNTAIN PENS.

Inkstand and Penholder combined fitted with best quality Gold Pen, and guaranteed perfect in all its parts. Fountain Pens from \$2.00 according to size. Holder and Pen. An excellent Stylographic Pen from \$1.00. By mail on receipt of price. Send for circulars and price lists. Agents wanted.

ULLRICH & CO.,

106 Liberty St. New York.

THE FASHIONABLE DISEASE.

Hay fever's day of pride is o'er,
 Though we snuffle still and sneeze,
 And seek the mountains as before,
 Of these blue devils we speak no more,
 For rheumatism has the floor,
 And is the fash'n'able disease.

Full oft hay fever's victims met
 And did with each other condole,
 The fashion in disease they set,
 Dined, smoked the friendly calumet
 And strove their mis'ries to forget
 With feast of reason, flow of soul.

That time's gone by. No more they meet
 To dine and quaff the flowing bowl.
 Hay fever takes a rearward seat:
 'Tis antiquated and effete;
 Rheumatics capture the elite,
 And all who are on fashion's roll.

A heavy inroad it must make
 Upon the person's optimism
 Who's willing that his nerves should quake,
 And bones and joints and muscles ache,
 Who, in a word, for fashion's sake,
 Can take a pride in rheumatism.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

'Twas stinging, blustering winter weather,
 How well I recollect the night!
 When Kate and I played chess together.
 Her beauty in the hearth-fire's light
 Seemed more Madonna-like and rosey;
 The hours were swift, the room was cosey,
 The windows frosted, silvery white.

Even now I see the grave face resting
 Upon the hand, so white and small;
 See that mystic grace, suggesting
 A painter's dream; I oft recall
 Her glance, now anxious, gay, or tender;
 The girlish form, complete yet slender,
 In silhouette against the wall.

Scalds,
 Sprains,
 —
 Burns,
 Bruises,
 Cuts,
 Frost-bite,
 need prompt care

Perry Davis'
 Pain Killer

is the best remedy
 for such Troubles.

Take a bottle home

Today.

You will find it useful.
 All druggists sell it.

Pears'



Soap.

You Dirty Boy!

PRICE \$3.
 CARRIAGE PAID.

WILL LAST A LIFE TIME.

DR. CARTER MOFFAT'S

SEND FOR
 COPIES OF
 TESTIMONIALS.

AMMONIAPHONE

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CATARRH, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, | **HAY FEVER, CONSUMPTION, and affections of** | **The Nose, Throat, Chest, and Bronchial Tubes,**

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Organic Disease.—**BESSIE E. GOODWIN, Springfield, Me.,** writes: "After being sick and confined to my bed for three years, I consider myself in duty bound to you and suffering humanity, to acknowledge the benefits received from Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription.' I was bedridden and troubled terribly with organic disease, but after the use of this valuable medicine, I find I can walk around and ride a distance of ten miles. I have improved most wonderfully since I commenced taking it."



A BOON TO WOMEN

Weakness.—**Mrs. E. D. POWERS, Valley, Clarion Co., Pa.,** writes: "I was a great sufferer from weakness, being unable to walk across the floor. I used two bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription,' and it cured me of all my trouble, restoring me to perfect health."

A Chronic Sufferer.—**Mrs. L. E. HOGAN, Stearnsville, N. J.,** writes: "I had long been a great sufferer and used a great number of remedies without relief; I finally used your 'Favorite Prescription,' and cannot find words to express my gratitude. I am now perfectly free from all pain, and I feel that I owe you a debt of gratitude which I never can repay."

A WOMAN'S GRATITUDE.

Mrs. F. OATS, of *Shumway, Ill.*, writes: "When I had used Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' one week, I could walk all over the door-yard, and I could get into a wagon and ride two miles to see my neighbors. I had not been able to walk out in the door-yard for six months. After using the 'Favorite Prescription' two weeks, I rode in a wagon ten miles; my neighbors were all surprised to see me up and going about and helping to do my housework, after doctoring with thirteen of the best physicians we could get—and the last one told my husband that I never would be able to do my housework any more. I am thankful to my God that I wrote to you, for I had suffered from 'Organic Weakness' until I had almost given up in despair."

TERRIBLE PAIN.

Mrs. F. E. WILCOX, *Friendship, N. Y.*, writes: "For five or six years I had been badly troubled with organic weakness and terrible pains across the small of my back and pit of the stomach. Three bottles of Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' acted like a charm, and cured me completely, to my great joy."

MARVELOUS BENEFITS.

Rev. SIDNEY C. DAVIS, *Galien, Michigan*, writes: "I wish, in this letter, to express my gratitude for Mrs. Davis and myself for the great good which has been accomplished in her case by the use of your proprietary medicines. When she began to take them, in January last, she could not endure the least jar, could walk but a very few steps at a time, and could stay up only about thirty minutes at a time. Now she not only sits up almost the entire day, but can walk around, call on her neighbors, two or three blocks away, and not feel any injurious effects at all. When we consider that she had kept her bed the greater part of the time for fourteen months, and would lose repeatedly the advance she had made, her progress now seems marvelous. We had almost lost confidence in medical practitioners, and advertised remedies, but have found in your Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pellets' the properties needed, and which we believe will bring about a complete and final recovery."

BED-FAST FOR MONTHS.

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call upon their family physicians, one with dyspepsia, another with palpitation, another with backache, or nervousness, another with pain here and there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, not understanding that in reality, they are all symptoms caused by some uterine disorder. While the physician is ignorant of the cause of suffering, he encourages his practice until large bills are made, when the suffering patient is no better, but probably worse for the delay, treatment and other complications made. A proper medicine directed to the cause would perhaps have entirely removed the disease, thereby instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

DOCTORS FAIL.

"Organic Weakness" Cured.—**MRS. SARAH A. LOVELY, Greenfield, Adair Co., Iowa,** writes: R. V. PIERCE, M. D. *Dear Sir*—"Having been ill a number of years, and having tried in vain almost every advertised remedy, as well as having paid nearly a hundred dollars to our local physicians, without benefit, I was finally induced to consult you. You advised me to send for your medicines. I accordingly sent for your 'Medical Adviser,' six bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' six of your 'Favorite Prescription,' and six vials of your 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' When I first began using these I could not stand on my feet. In ninety days I could walk a mile, and do light housework; and in six months I was completely cured, and my health has remained perfect ever since. I recommend you and your medicines wherever I go, and loan your 'Adviser' to my friends. Two of our most prominent physicians who have read your great work 'The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser,' pronounce it the best family doctor book they have ever seen."

Organic Weakness Cured.—**Mrs. W. H. PALMER, Luther, Mich.,** writes: "I have taken one bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two bottles of 'Favorite Prescription,' the medicines you recommended to me. They have perfectly cured me of flatulency and belching, and the most terrible sick headaches. Everybody tells me how much better I look. My sickness was of six years' standing. For the past year I had failed very rapidly, until I weighed but ninety pounds. My health is most wonderfully improved since the use of your medicines. I am now able to walk to church. You have done for me what two doctors had faithfully tried to do for the past year, but failed, although they treated me earnestly and patiently for the same failure in health."

A THOUSAND THANKS.

Mrs. CAROLINE BYERS, *corner Duke and Argyle Streets, Halifax, N. S.,* writes: "Dr. R. V. PIERCE, I thank God, and thank you a thousand times, for the relief that your valuable medicines, the 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pellets' have given me. I am perfectly cured of a chronic sickness that had troubled me for years. How my heart is overflowed with joy and gratitude towards you, my tongue can never express."

Neuralgia.—**Mrs. VIOLA LONG, Johnstown, Pa.,** writes: "Your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription' have cured me of a most troublesome and long-standing neuralgia, for which our family physician treated me in vain for some time. Immediately on commencing your medicine I could sleep well, which was a thing I had not done for months. I have since felt like a new person, and am desirous that others should know of the great merits of your remedies."

"ALL RUN DOWN."

Mrs. V. H. PETERSON, of *Lockport, N. Y.*, had suffered for three years from "organic weakness," was greatly emaciated and "all run down," as she expressed it, and Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" and "Golden Medical Discovery" promptly cured her, as they have thousands of similar cases.

"DO LIKEWISE."

Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, of *Newcastle, Lincoln Co., Maine*, says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians I was greatly discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser,' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was perfectly cured, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to anyone writing me for them, and inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the \$1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

Profuse Hemorrhages.—**MARY JANE SIMS, Jamestown, Ark.,** writes: "I have been taking your 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have received more benefit from its use than from any physician I have tried in seven years. When I first used it, I was not able to be out of bed, from profuse hemorrhages; in three days after I commenced to improve, and have continued on ever since, until I am now in better health than I have been in years."

DOCTORS' MISTAKE.

Mrs. HENRY PATTERSON, of *New York City,* writes: "I had been under an eminent physician's care for eight months for what he called 'spinal disease.' I became worse during all this time, when, chancing to see a copy of Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser at the residence of a friend, I read that part devoted to 'Woman and her Diseases.' I soon became convinced that my disease was a uterine affection, which, as you say, caused sympathetic backache, inward fever, nervousness and general debility. I commenced the use of Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' applying also the local treatment which he recommends in the Adviser, and in three months I was well and strong."

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For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, dress-makers, general housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics.

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