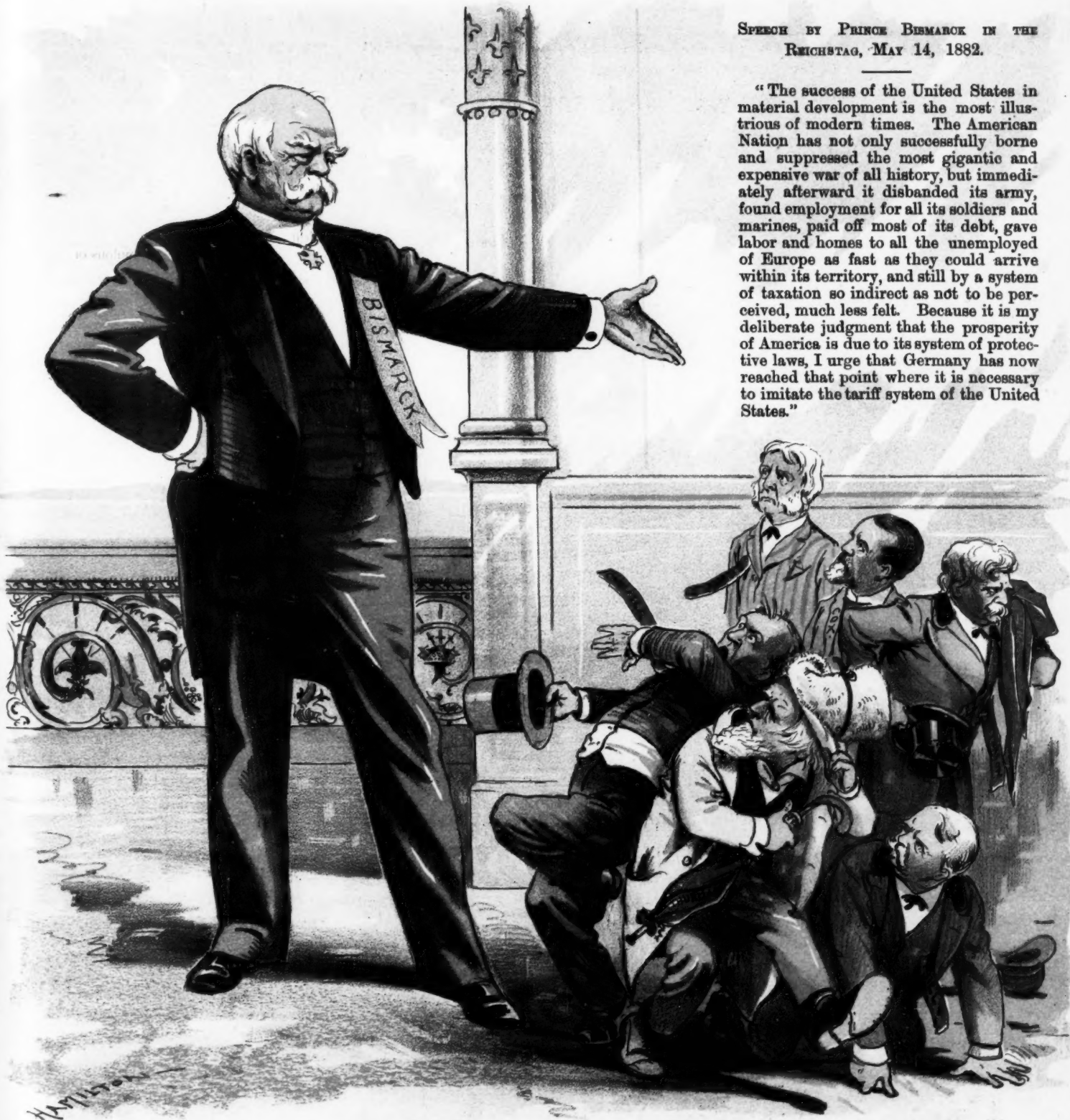


Judge

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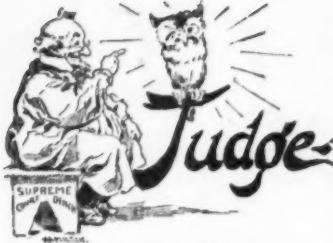
SPEECH BY PRINCE BISMARCK IN THE REICHSTAG, MAY 14, 1882.

"The success of the United States in material development is the most illustrious of modern times. The American Nation has not only successfully borne and suppressed the most gigantic and expensive war of all history, but immediately afterward it disbanded its army, found employment for all its soldiers and marines, paid off most of its debt, gave labor and homes to all the unemployed of Europe as fast as they could arrive within its territory, and still by a system of taxation so indirect as not to be perceived, much less felt. Because it is my deliberate judgment that the prosperity of America is due to its system of protective laws, I urge that Germany has now reached that point where it is necessary to imitate the tariff system of the United States."



BISMARCK AND AMERICAN PROTECTION.

"Sanguine Democratic Managers are consoling themselves with the reflection that German gains will be an offset for Irish losses on the Tariff Issue."—N. Y. Tribune.



THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY (POTTER BUILDING),
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Art Department - - - - - BERNHARD GILLAM
Editor - - - - - I. M. GREGORY

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THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 35 Park Row, New York.

PERHAPS the most striking free-whisky idea is that which makes the liquor-dealers solid for David B. Hill.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT had better not kill Boulanger. He is harmless living, but he might be dangerous dead.

MR. CLEVELAND is the Democratic party. He is safe from any kind of Blaine. Who is there to take that place on the Democratic side?

THE MAN who works is not going to beat himself in this campaign. It is the better policy to beat the free-trade system that proposes to beat him.

IT MUST NOT be forgotten that it is not Mr. Thurman who is running for president. It is Mr. Cleveland of, or rather formerly of, Buffalo, N. Y.

JOHN SULLIVAN is the man who was, should not have been, and must never, never be again. Still, he can strike out now half as well as Grover Cleveland.

THERE IS TALK of a Democratic parade in this city, and certainly there are many unemployed men who would be glad to exercise themselves for reasonable remuneration.

ONE WONDERS who the Democrats can select on their side to overshadow Mr. Cleveland. Apparently there is no Blaine in that part of the political establishment.

NEW YORK is as true to Depew as Maine is to Blaine, and New York ought to see to it that the reception to our Chauncey is as great as was that to James Gillespie. Start that ball and make it whirl!

THE EARLIER TARIFFS.

ANY PERSON spending more than his income, or earnings, is on the road to poverty. As Mr. Micawber said to David Copperfield, "David, income twenty shillings a week, expenditure nineteen—rich. Income twenty shillings, expenditure twenty-one—poor."

A nation which sells less than it buys will reach more slowly but surely the same result.

Many otherwise sensible citizens say they would "like to see this free-

trade theory tested to learn practically the result." In other words, they would fool with a revolver to see if it be loaded. The unfortunate dilemma in the repetition of an old political experiment is that the verdict of "Died from unwise and careless handling of a dangerous weapon" is powerless to bring about a resurrection.

Prostrate an industry, small in its beginnings, and the result of years of steady growth; transfer to other uses its capital, or that part of its capital yet not absolutely sunk; disperse into other and already well-filled fields of labor the workers heretofore employed—it would be impossible to regain the lost money, difficult to gather the scattered capital (threatened with a repetition of political scalping), and impossible to regather the experienced employees.

A thoughtless or malicious political axe can destroy in an hour the industrial tree which has struggled into maturity through sunshine and storm, and it will take a half century to replace it.

Brief as is our own history, spanned with as little a length as touches the commencement and conclusion of two robust lives, we are either, like Mr. Cleveland, but half informed, or forgetful of our national experience.

When the revolution was ended, in 1783, and our independence acknowledged, the loosely connected confederacy of the states, each acting independently of the others, existed for six years before a consolidation into a union. Mutual jealousies fermented discord. The Pennsylvania legislature formulated a local tariff duty of two and a half per cent. Neighboring New Jersey opened its ports free, and the Quaker merchants of Pennsylvania smuggled their goods across the line to evade the tax. New York in self-defence (as against free-trade Connecticut and New

Jersey) refused to assent to a federal tariff. Congress had no power to regulate trade, and the states emulous of each other, and claiming their geographical advantages, would not for a long time assent to a policy in common.

In the brief interregnum between the confederacy and the union, with no other than agricultural resources, with the few manufactories destroyed by the glut of foreign goods, the whole country was reduced to ruin. Farms were sold for taxes, lands were worthless. Riotous gatherings menaced the several legislatures, demanding the cancellation of all debts. In the two years, 1784 and 1785, the importations from Great Britain alone amounted to thirty millions of dollars. Our exports to all countries of grain, tobacco, furs, all the products of the soil and forests in the same time, were but nine millions. The last dollar was drained away, distrust displaced confidence, and credit was only procurable at the fearful discount of thirty and forty per cent. This was the true and unhampered harvest of free trade. Complete dependence on foreign manufactures enabled them to sell at their prices, and to dictate at the same time their valuation on our products.

The "late colonies" were politically free. The "late colonies" commercially were still the bondsmen and vassals of Great Britain.

The same wisdom that formulated our independence, and the same courage that achieved it, ultimately under the threat of a loss of all that had been fought for, addressed itself to the construction of a nation. The first act after a consolidation into the "United States" was the enactment of a protective tariff.

Daniel Webster said, in commenting on the formation of the union, that "the protection of American labor and industry was the leading motive south as well as north for the formation of the new government."

J. A.

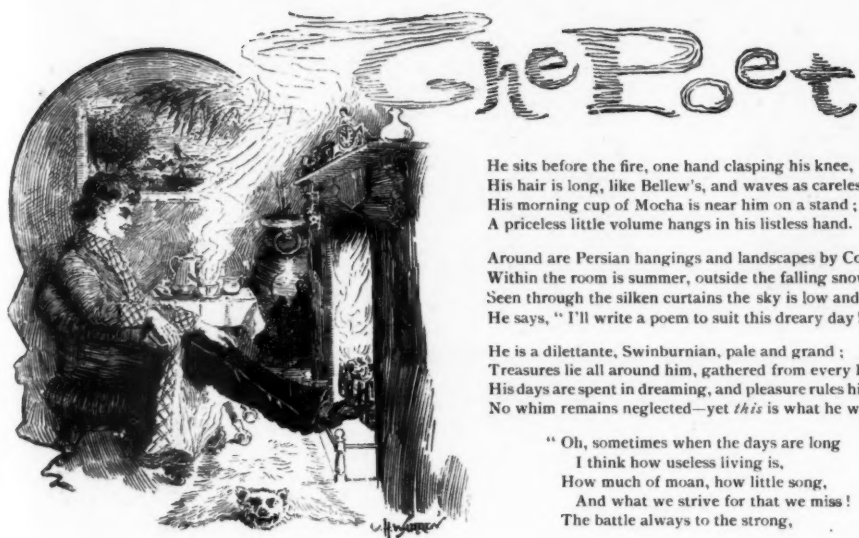
TALK IS WELL; but if there is a Democrat who has the voice to protest against free whisky after eleven o'clock at night some additional strength must have been given to his feeble constitution.

MR. BRICE of the other national committee has the right idea in circulating an immense number of campaign documents. If there were a chance to elect Cleveland that would do the business; but the chance will not get in until after the election.



CHECKED IMPETUOSITY.

MR. MULVEY—"Do you know what the French is for 'I love?'"
MISS BABETTE—"Certainly. By the way, do you happen to know what p-o-r-t-e means?"
MR. MULVEY—"It means 'the door,' I believe."
MISS BABETTE (*pointing*)—"So do I!"



He sits before the fire, one hand clasping his knee,
His hair is long, like Bellew's, and waves as carelessly;
His morning cup of Mocha is near him on a stand;
A priceless little volume hangs in his listless hand.

Around are Persian hangings and landscapes by Corot;
Within the room is summer, outside the falling snow.
Seen through the silken curtains the sky is low and gray.
He says, "I'll write a poem to suit this dreary day!"

He is a dilettante, Swinburnian, pale and grand;
Treasures lie all around him, gathered from every land.
His days are spent in dreaming, and pleasure rules his nights;
No whim remains neglected—yet *this* is what he writes:

"Oh, sometimes when the days are long
I think how useless living is,
How much of moan, how little song,
And what we strive for that we miss!
The battle always to the strong,

The cloven foot, the Judas kiss,
The right down-trodden by the wrong—
My life, *thy* tale is told in this—
Oh, bitter thoughts and days too long!

"Oh, sometimes when the days are gray
It seems far better to be dead!
There's naught but misery in my way—
The little mouths that must be fed,
The oft-told struggle every day;
The curse, the pain, the cry for 'bread'!
No time for laughter, none to pray,
But labor here—and rest ahead!
Thus moans my soul when days are gray.

"Oh, sometimes when the days are drear,
When every day is darkest night,
My soul her pinions folds in fear,
And not a glimmer light
dear
right."

He suddenly remembers he has promised to meet J.
Stanislaus Van Werster-Jones at Delmonico's for luncheon,
and the poem is never finished. KITTY JORDAN.

FROM THE CRIMINAL'S POINT OF VIEW.

From a thief's album:
"Executioners are assassins who rarely miss their aim."

CHERRIES.

Twin cherries she before me held,
All flushed with morning, rich and red;
I bent to pluck—what power impelled
That I mistook her lips instead?

WILL NEVER GET LEFT.

"What a chatterer that fellow C. is, to be sure! He kept me half an hour the other evening standing in the street during the hardest of the shower, and held his umbrella over my head while he bored me with some interminable yarn."

"Oh, that's just like him! Even after he's been shoved into the hearse he'll find some way of getting a word with the driver."

MR. FACING-BOTH-WAYS.

Found in an album:

"The most successful man is the one who marches steadily toward the end he has in view while apparently walking in the opposite direction."

VERY NEW INDEED.

George—"Hello, Charley! been away?"

Charley—"Yes; just got back from Mt. Desert and Bar Harbor."

George—"Anything new at the Bar?"

Charley—"Y-yes; they've reduced the price of cocktails to two for a quarter."

OUR NEXT.

A person whose tongue had an impediment
Said he thought that our very next president
Would be Harryland Cleaveson, and then
We could suit all conditions of men.

A CORDIAL INVITATION.

Convict (taking his departure from prison)—"Well, these walls have protected me from the cold and wet for some time, and I won't forget them very soon."

Superintendent (hospitably)—"I'm glad to know it. If we can do anything for you in the future don't fail to call on us."

SOMETHING ELSE.

Diner (to slow waiter)—"Some roast beef, well done, potatoes and a glass of beer."

Waiter—"Yessir; anything else, sir?"

Diner—"Yes; I'd like it this afternoon."

HE OUGHT TO BE PROUD.

Miss Porcine (of Cincinnati)—"Mr. Atalier, didn't I understand you to say the other day that one of your pictures was hung in the last Paris saloon?"

Artist—"Yes, Miss Porcine."

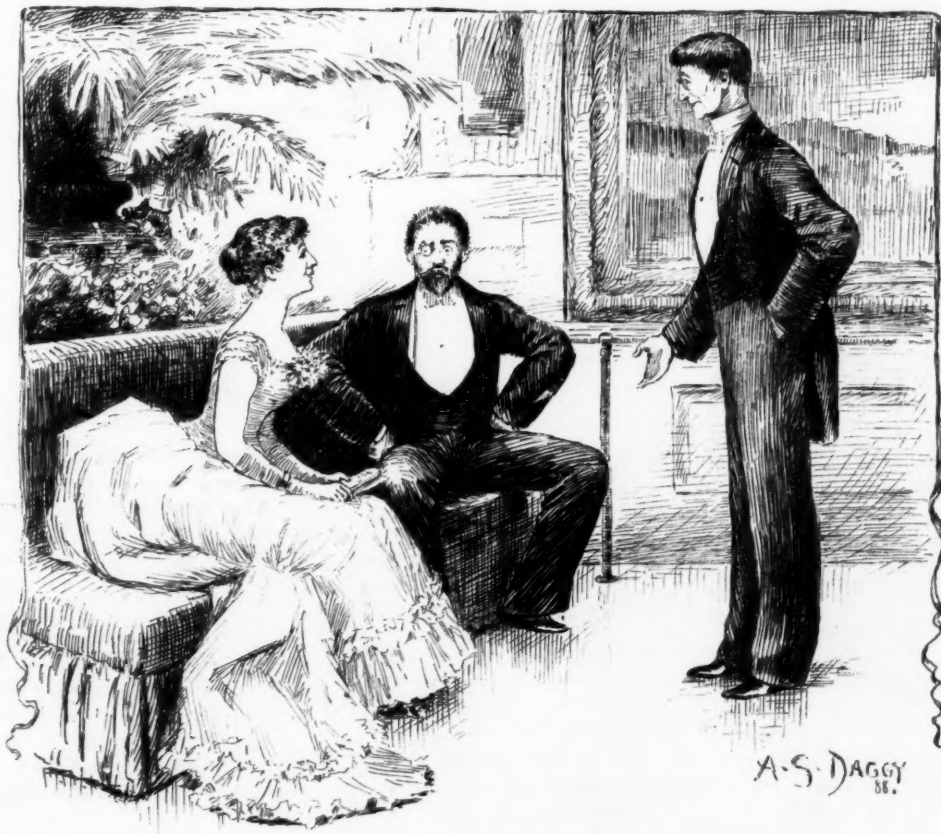
Miss Porcine—"Well, I thought so, and I spoke to pa about it, and he said if you wanted to hang one in his saloon he'd make it all right with you."

A MATTER OF GRAMMAR.

Freddy De Grammah—"Mr. Yardstick has failed, mamma; he's dead broke."

Mamma De Grammah—"You shouldn't say 'dead broke,' dear; it's so common."

Freddy—"Well, he's dead broken, then; you're so everlasting fussy about a fellow's grammar."



A.S. DAGGY '88.

EXECUTIVE METHODS.

CUSTIS (at a particularly bad exhibition of the academy)—"Herrick and I are on the hanging committee, you know."

COUSIN CLARA—"Why don't you wait until after the first of January, Tom, and kill the poor artists by electricity?"



MORE SUDDEN THAN AGREEABLE.

He—"Just to think, Evangeline. Only three short weeks and we shall be united forever."



But they were not quite prepared for such a sudden union as the next breaker brought them.

HUM OF THE COURT.

CRY OF the bridge-jumper—The dime museum or death!

THE BLAINE PARADE was so large that every Democrat parade to be delivered from it.

"**SARAH**," said the small boy at the lawn-mower to his nurse, "come out and help me peel the grass."

MARK YOU THIS—The Mill 'er always grinds with the Warner that is wise, and never lets his sorrows dam his eyes.

WE JUDGE from some prize jokes in our contemporaries that every joker reads the JUDGE and is unable to forget it.

MARTIN TUPPER has just celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday. When we want to celebrate we shan't select such a mean old day as that.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN has collapsed financially and in several other ways. Grover, Grover! How speedily we great men have to come down to the ordinary level!

OH, HAVE you heard the news from Maine? She goes he, bent for Jimmy Blaine, and Harrison and Morton too; and Grover there will find too late that Maine is always Jimmy's state, and lose his lines and fish-hooks too.

PHILIP SHERIDAN was a little man, but it will be impossible to find a large one who can fill his place without feeling that he has too much room.

WE HAVE frequently said that Mr. Cleveland's letter of acceptance would come before election, because after that there could be no possible use for it.

CHILD (looking at ugly man)—"Who made man, mamma?" "God, my dear." "Did God make him?" "Yes, dear." A marked pause, and then, "I guess God was tickled when he got him finished."

WE HAVE that respect for John L. Sullivan which would make it difficult to give him a column of denunciation; but it would please us better to have somebody else perpetrate it and sign his name to it.

THE LATE Mr. Larry Godkin should have selected a higher bridge. The height of the Brooklyn bridge is 160 feet, and that of the Hungerford is a poor little space of thirty. Mr. Larry Godkin should not have drowned himself on English soil.

HIS GRANDFATHER'S COAT had a collar very high, and the tails of it swung around his legs; but he lifted up his chin, and he finally went in, and hung it with his hat, and several things like that, on several of the white-house pegs.



GOOD ADVICE UNHEEDED.

FREIGHT MAN (impatiently)—"Well, now, this makes me tired: 'Use no hooks—handle with care,' is becoming a chestnut. They can't bluff me, and I use a hook or don't move it an inch."



He used the hook without care, and it never struck him till afterwards that the bundle contained torpedoes and other fireworks for a political ratification.

A TRULY ACCOMPLISHED MAN.



He can tip the shortest winner,
He can trace a silver lode.
He can order a cheap dinner
Like a gourmet à la mode.
He can locate Stewart's body,
He can find a woman's fan,
He can mix a whisky toddy
Like a West of Ireland man.

He knows all Bob Hilliard's debtors,
And knows Hopper's latest prank,
And the names of Hebrew letters,
And a scheme to break the bank.
He can read a Chaldic riddle,
Tell a ballet-dancer's age,
And can play a second fiddle
On the Philharmonic stage.

He can write in prose or verses,
And speak seven foreign tongues;
He knows all the sultan's curses,
And a tonic for weak lungs.
He knows Great Britain's bond debt,
And who rides the winning horse,
And the actual co-respondent
In the latest swell divorce.

From a prize-fight in Hoboken,
To a scandal in the church,
In his mind remains a token,
And he's never in the lurch.
He'll wager scores of dollars
On the luck of Miller Kent;
But the laundry keeps his collars,
For he hasn't got a cent.

EDWIN ATWELL.

"SWEET SOLITUDE'S SECLUSION."

"Henry, have you sent word to the *Social World* that we sail for Europe next Monday?"

"Yes."

"And that there is a rumor to the effect that Bella is engaged to a foreign count, at whose castle we will spend a portion of the season?"

"Yes, my dear; I've taken care of that."

"Then I guess I'll write to Cousin Amanda to expect us in a day or so at the farm; and say, Henry, don't forget to get me two or three European guide-books. I don't intend to let that hateful Mrs. Sniff get ahead of me this year."

A VOICE FROM THE HEART.

Chloe (as they stroll by the silvery sea)—"How beautiful de moon am to-night, 'Gustus."

Augustus—"Jus' lubly; looks like a big slice ob watermelon!"

The man who wants a good show in this world must pay for a reserved seat.



A HUMANE OPINION.

ALGERNON (waiting)—"Aw, I say, Bobby, what does you'ah sistah think of me anyway?"

BOBBY—"She says she thinks you're just too nice to live—and"—

ALGERNON (highly elated)—"Yaas!"

BOBBY—"An' she can't see why the authorities out of mercy don't have you shot!"

NUTMEG PHILOSOPHY.

Ther's a powerful lot o' people in the world 'at's religious fur revenoo on'y.

The devil is allus ready to give a man a broad-cloth suit fur to go to meetin' in.

'Taint the prancin' leader but the solid ole wheel hoss 'at keeps the team a-goin'.

Some men is so all-fired anxious to be noticed 'at they git jealous o' the corpse at a funeral.

A sight o' what passes fur charity ain't nothin' but the envelope 'at kivers up the bill fur it.

This here administration is like some ornery cows—it won't give down the milk on'y on one side.

It beats time how many friends a man hes arter he's elected to office 'at he never knowed of afore.

Free trade is a good thing, maybe, but free work is a durn sight better; 'sides thet ye can't drive 'em double.

I'd sooner see a man 'at's mean 'ith his money then one 'at's so all-fired generous on what he's borrered.

I ain't much on politics, but I notis 'at the one who gits ther is a statesman, an' him as don't ain't nothin' but a politician.

A polecat looks mightily like a cat, an' a mugwump looks mightily like a Democrat aways oft, but ye know the difference close to.

I notis 'at four York daily papers hes the biggest circulation. So I reason 'at ther's one honest man fightin' agin three mighty spry liars.

Some o' my nabors is so all-fired curious 'at if they seen the Angel Gabriel gittin' ready to blow his horn they'd take it away f'm him to see how it was made.

L. R. CATLIN.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

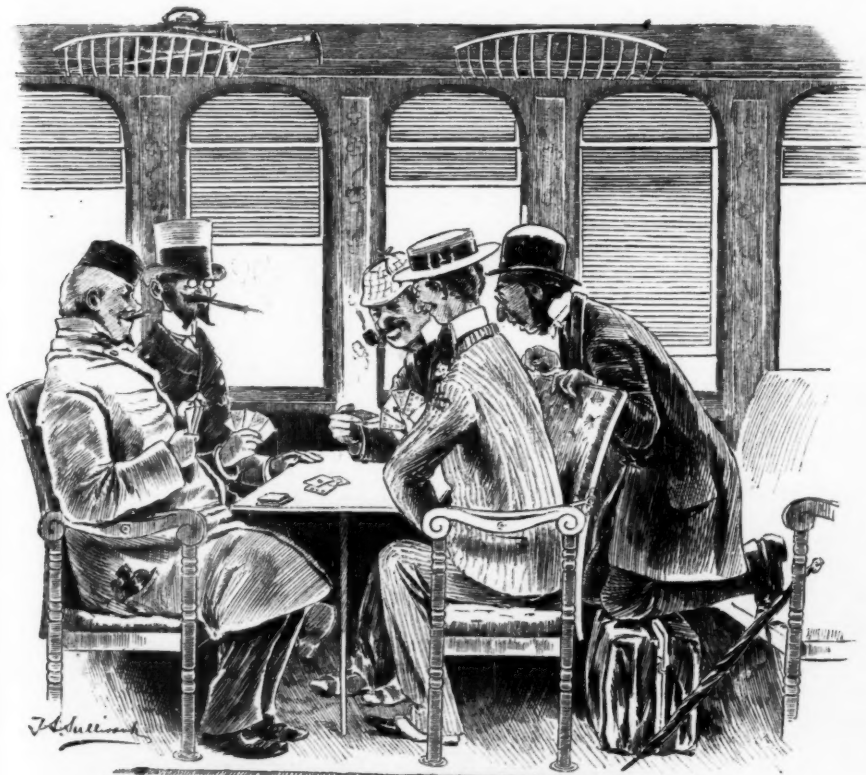
The thoughts of every man are rife,
And busy with—as I'm a sinner—
For just three-fourths of all his life,
The solemn question of his dinner.

One half are wondering, we find,
With what fine dishes they may set it;
The other, sadly, in their mind,
Is puzzling how on earth to get it.

E. L. C.

BY A BRUTE OF A HUSBAND.

Women are like highways: the more they are trodden under foot of men the better they are.



YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND HIM.

"Who are these pleasant-faced gentlemen? They are whist players on a train. And who is the anxious man? He is the one who always sits in a rear seat and enjoys himself in looking over the two hands which he can see."

A CONSISTENT PROHIBITIONIST.



EVEN when a very little fellow he was a good boy; he never whined, and whenever he was hurt his parents knew that it was something serious, because he wouldn't sham pain. At school the little bullies couldn't get him to fight—not that he was cowardly, oh, no! he only was averse to a punch.

He was pious, but when he read the bible skipped the part where David used a sling. He never got his shoes mended, since he would have been obliged to employ a cobbler, and when some shares in a cotton mill were left him he wouldn't draw his dividends on account of the cotton having been through a gin.

He was a proud man, haughty about his family and all that; but when he learned that an ancestor of his was killed at the battle of Brandywine it would surprise you to see how quickly he gave that sort of thing up.

At college nothing induced him to join with the class singing "Rum ste ho!" (I won't be responsible for the orthography), and after being graduated, though fond of high-class literature, never read the forum. He was always solemn because high spirits were offensive to him; and when a gentleman came courting his sister he actually insulted the man for no cause whatever except that his name was Treat.

This peculiar gentleman went through the law school, but never practiced. Of course he had serious objections to being admitted to the bar.

Once, in the country, he was crossing a pasture lot, and a bull made for him. Said he, walking on composed and calm, "What need have I to fear? I never take a horn." The bull didn't stop to argue the point but went right on, and our friend had an accident which laid him up for a while. When he got around again an acquaintance told him he was getting stout. He was terribly indignant.

He was averse to traveling, because he disliked to have his luggage handled by a porter; and never went to sea, as in that case he would be compelled to go into port—to say nothing of the helm being sometimes that way, too.

At last he fell ill. The doctor thought a voyage to Madeira would build him up, but, not daring to say so, prescribed a tonic. Consistent to the last, our friend flung the medicine out of the window. With his principles, how could he do otherwise? The tonic was to be drunk after each meal.

He got to looking so miserable and wretched that people began asking what ailed him. His wife was especially pertinacious; so much so that our prohibitionist might have chastised her but for the fact that he was opposed to liquor.

He is still living, mainly, I think, for a dread he has of the bier.



IT WAS THE NEW AUTOMATIC BUOY.

MR. BIBBER (as the steamer bears down on him)—"Let th' darn foolsh whissle! I ain't no dog."

A GRAND FUTURE.

Mrs. Maginnis—"Luk at the shtrut on the youngster, Moike!"

Mr. Maginnis—"Begobs, ef he kapes on loike that Oi'll make a park polaceman of 'im."

EPITAPH FOR A VICTIM OF THE "MEMORY SYSTEM."

SACRED TO THE FORGETFULNESS OF OUR LITTLE ALBERTUS.

Put away his books of lists;
Never more his little fists
Will wipe off the pensive tear,
'Cause he can't recall his text;
He has left us without fear,
And has found out "what comes next."

A SINGULAR IDIOSYNCRACY.

Reflection by a surgeon's assistant.

"Masons seem built exactly the opposite of other people. They spend their lives on a scaffold, and only die when they fall off."

A DECAYED GENTLEMAN.

Mrs. Spriggins (to persistent beggar)—"A week ago, Walker, I gave you a good pair of trousers. Why do you come to me again in the same old rags?"

Walker (with dignity)—"The garment, madame, with which you accommodated me was some three inches too short; so I have stored it with a pawnbroker. Poor as I am, I have not forgotten that a gentleman's attire should be well-fitting, however worn and threadbare."

THE NECESSITY OF INTRODUCTIONS.

De Smythe (at literary reception)—"Who is that tall, spectacled, bald-headed gentleman yonder? I have been discussing the tariff with him, and he agreed with me that Blowitoff's work on the subject was a very stupid affair."

Thompson—"I'm sure he ought to know. He's Blowitoff."

A CHRISTIAN DUTY.

Of all the afflictions we suffer below
(And they reach from Bathsheba to Dan),
The worst is the wholesome advice we bestow
Each man to his next fellow man.

'Tis, like other injuries borne while we live,
To be met with the same Christian plan;
A striving with all of our heart to forgive,
And forget it as soon as we can!

E. L. C.

MODERN PERPLEXITIES.

Friend of the family—"I saw your mamma the other day, pet, and she sent her dearest love."

Child—"Which one?"

Even a shoe can become too easy for comfort.



NEWPORTIAN.

Miss Breacher is giving little Mr. Duvey a spin along the ocean drive.

SMALL BUT ENTHUSIASTIC MERCHANT—
"Lozzengers fer der kid, lady?"



She stood before the looking-glass,
A smile her lips adorned;
"No more," said she, "by plumper maids
My figure shall be scorned.
And who on sunny afternoons
Will be more gay and dashin',
Since justice is triumphant
And slim girls are all the fashion?"

"I've watched the symptoms of the times,
The snigger way of dressing,
And trembled lest it shouldn't grow
To be a perfect blessing.
O foolish fears! For day by day,
Unmoved by any banter,
Circumference of womankind
Grows scanter, scanter, scanter."

"And there's a rumor through the world
That every fashion writer
Proclaims that corset-strings must draw
Us tighter, tighter, tighter,
And spite of men who grumble as
They see our hats aspire;
Up, up, our head-gear rears itself,
Still higher, higher, higher."

"It does me good to see one girl,
My fleshy second cousin,
Who used to call me scraggy,
Buy up whalebones by the dozen.
She puts them in her dresses till
No earthly strength could bend her,
And yet, poor creature! wholly fails
To make herself look slender."

She turned her from the looking-glass,
A smile her lips was wreathing;
She clothed herself in stylish clothes,
Not made for easy breathing,
And bustling forth with happy air,
And bloom of youth unfading,
With face as calm as martyrs wear,
She went a-promenading.

MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

DIDN'T LIKE THE BILL OF FARE.

At a fashionable watering-place.
"This room seems nice enough," said a guest to the keeper of a boarding-house; "it is large, has plenty of ventilation and is, I presume, characterized by an absence of fleas."
"Fleas, indeed! My dear sir, you might stop here a year and you'd never see one. The fact is, we only entertain sick people, and you know they are not—appetizing!"

HOW THEY BROKE AWAY.

Husband (whose presence in the house was unknown)—"Who is that young fellow that just left the room?"

Wife—"Oh, that's Jack De Forest, who used to be in love with me. Poor fellow! Of course I couldn't think of him after I had seen you, but I was very cruel to him."

Husband—"Has he recovered?"

Wife—"Oh, yes; he said good bye just now without a tremor and acted as though nothing had happened."

Husband (who has seen the tableau)—"Oh, did he? It must have been very difficult for you to break away from him then."

PREPARING FOR CONTINGENCIES.

Bobby—"It seems to me, Tom, that you have a very queer way of petting strange dogs on the street!"

Wiggins—"Well, isn't the good-will of a dog better than his ill-will? You can't tell what dog's mistress you may be calling on in the course of a year."

THE IRONY OF FATE.

He started out in life at ten to be a famous poet,
But fate decreed it otherwise and held from him the lyre.
The papers threw his work one side, as far as they could throw it.
He dwindled down until he came
To be a versifier.

He then wrote rhymes for modern soaps and cure-all pills and stuffings.
The pay was small, but he despaired of ever rising higher.
But even soap and drug men had at last to burn his puffings.
One day he saw a monstrous blaze—it was
His verse afire.

GEO. S. CRITTENDEN.

AN EASY WAY OUT OF IT.

Magistrate—"Boggs, what is the charge against you this time?"

Boggs—"They cotched me a-stealin' oranges, jedge."

Magistrate—"Didn't I tell you when you were here before not to steal anything more?"

Boggs—"No, jedge; you said not ter steal any more lemons; but, jedge, yer didn't say a word 'bout oranges."

NATURE'S BARBER.

How sweet is the voice of the festive lawn-mower,
As it sings and converses at morn;
How blithely it stutters, now faster now slower,
While shaving the beard off the lawn.

KIND AND CONSIDERATE.

Boston woman (to Chicago friend)—"Cicely, is your domestic life happy?"

Chicago woman—"Yes, indeed. I have everything my heart can wish for, and do you know my dear old hubby told me this morning that I might have a divorce any time I wanted it. He thinks of everything."



A MIS-STATEMENT REFUTED.

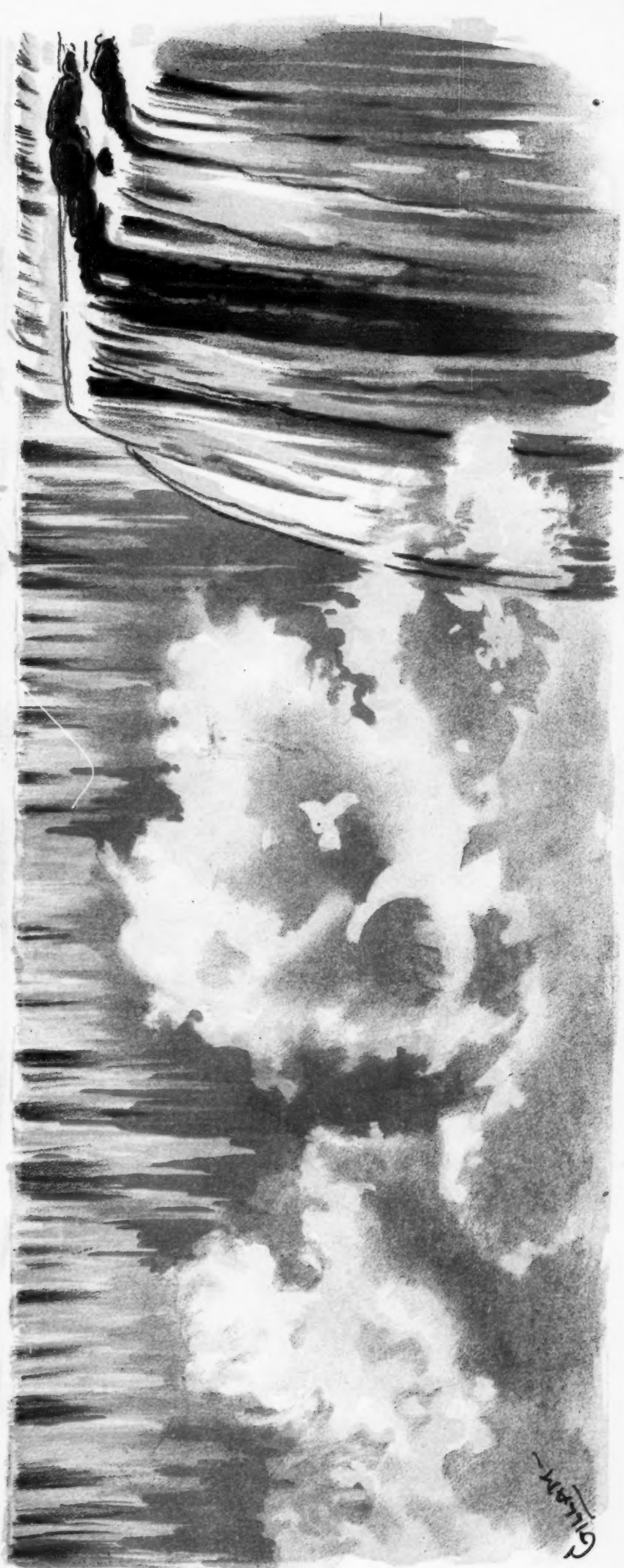
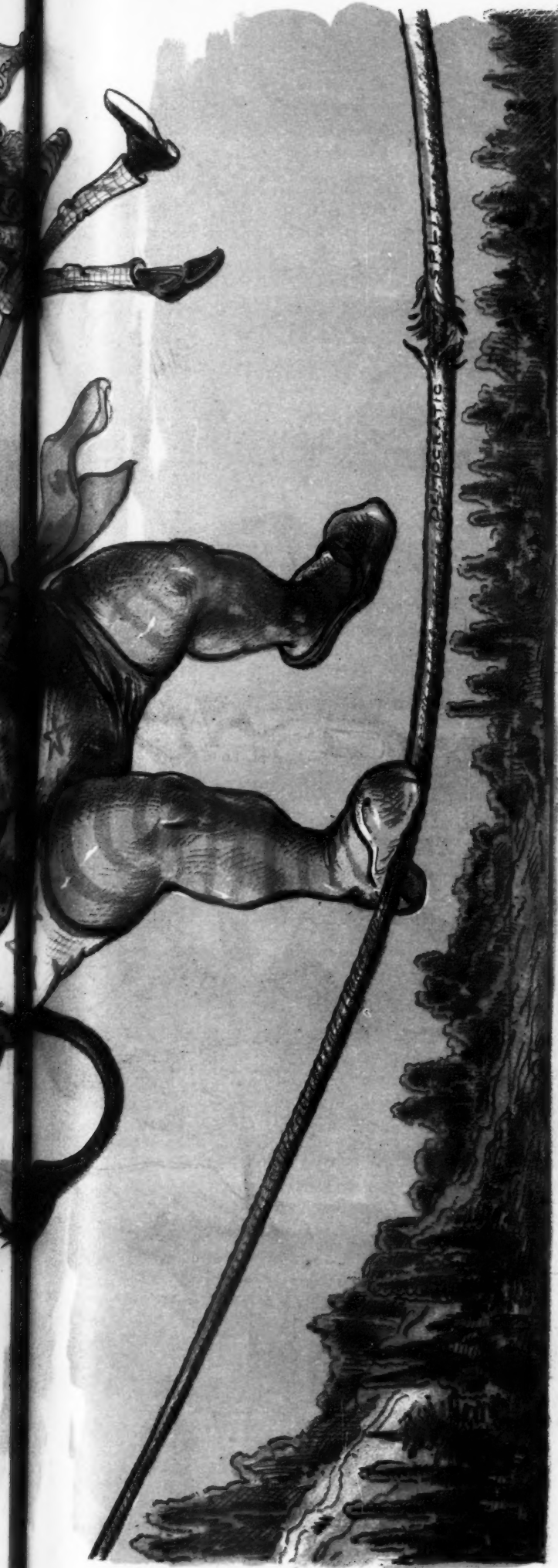
LORD HAWGARK (to Mrs. Bretcher Boots)—"Almost everything in your country beats us in mere size, me deah madame, but you cawn't get neah us in the weight of our"—



(as he goes under)—"S-s-shwrimps!"

Judge





CLEVELAND WILL HAVE A WALK-OVER.
So the Democratic Newspapers say.

NO DOUBT OF IT.

Between friends.
 "Didn't you say just now, Gustave, that you were in love?"

"Alas! yes, Charles, and what is worse there is no hope for me."

"But what makes you think, my dear friend, that you are smitten with the tender passion?"

"From an insane desire that I have felt for several days to invest in a new hat."

ROBBING THE GRAVE OF ITS TERRORS.

An ingenious Englishman has just patented a coffin that is calculated to make death more tolerable to those unfortunate people who have a horror of being buried alive. When the person thus interred comes to his senses and finds himself unable to make himself heard by those above ground he has only to lean heavily upon a spring and he is at once—strangled!

THE UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT.

"You really must give up these balls."
 Her father said with frown and sigh.
 "With parties, hops, and evening calls,
 You'll surely lose your health and die."
 "I'll not prevent your daytime sports,
 They are too harmless to resist:
 Enjoy our drives and tennis courts,
 But rest at night I shall insist."
 "But, papa," answered she, "your way
 Would put me in a fearful plight.
 You see, I'd tire myself all day,
 And, worn out, would retire at night."

FRANCES BOARDMAN.

The man who stays up all night doesn't always get the most work done at the end of the week.



OPENING THE CAMPAIGN.

ORATOR—"And now, gentlemen, that I have explained the damnable objects of the opposition, perhaps our friend in front of me will favor us with a tune on his— Excuse me, sir— what kind of an instrument is that, anyway?"

STRANGER—"I was sent in by the signal service to measure the velocity of the wind."

EXCHANGING COMPLIMENTS.

Not a love-match.
 After two years of marriage the wife complains:
 "Well, I must say that it didn't take long in your case for Love to fly out the window!"

"But he didn't disappear so suddenly as your fortune, darling."

FATALITY.

A worm beside my pathway crawling,
 I stooped to mark his course.
 Ah, me!
 Full tenderly my tears were falling,
 To think such things as worms
 must be?
 'Twas sad, indeed, my tears should
 fall so,
 And yet it may have been ab-
 surd—
 The worm went on—I went on also,
 And nothing else of note oc-
 curred.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

VERY LIKELY.

"Did Brown run down the stairs when you went to evict him?" inquired the landlord.
 "No," replied the agent; "I found him running down the house."

THOUGH LOST TO EARTH, REMEMBRANCE THRILLS.

New comer—"Where do I go?"
 St. Peter—"Saint Louis, will you place this person according to her ledger account?"
 New comer—"Oh, my United States! Don't ask St. Louis to take charge of me. I'm from Chicago."

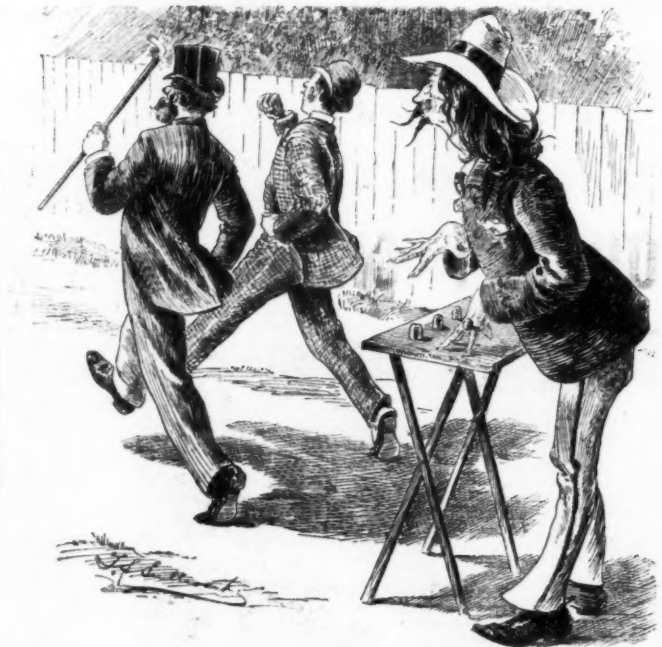
TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT.

Republican politician—"My dear, did you get me some handkerchiefs to-day?"
 Wife—"Yes, John; Sellem & Company showed me some of those nice old-fashioned bandanas, and as they were cheap I got you a dozen."
 Republican politician—"!!!-???-\$\$-...-;-;-...-!!!!!!"



WRONGLY SIZED UP.

MR. COAKLEY (to friend)—"How readily you can tell an artist. There is something so distinctive always in their appearance."



THE ARTIST (a moment later)—"Now gents, I'll bet yer a fiver even yer can't tell which cup th' little joker's under!"

"Brains will tell," but just confide a secret to a giddy girl and see if there isn't something besides brains that will tell too.—*Burlington Free Press.*

There is a new band in Lincoln. It consists of a man who plays at one time a concertina, a triangle, two or three drums, cymbals, and other instruments of torture. It is singular how much nightmare may be produced by a combination of this kind.—*Nebraska State Journal.*

If you have a discharge from the nose, offensive or otherwise, partial loss of the sense of smell, taste or hearing, eyes watering or weak, feel dull or debilitated, pain or pressure in the head, take cold easily, you may rest assured that you have the Catarrh. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, terminate in Consumption and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive, less understood or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians. The manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have, for many years, offered a standing reward of \$500 for a case of Nasal Catarrh, no matter how bad or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. Remedy sold by druggists, at 50 cents.

THE MAIDEN'S SUMMER WORK.

She plays croquet upon the lawn,
She reads enchanting stories,
And daily rises with the dawn
To train her morning glories.

Among the wavelets, flashing white,
She practises natation,
And on the silvery sands at night
She flirts with desperation.

No social duty does she shrink;
There is her strength expended;
She'll kill herself with over work
Before the summer is ended.

—*Boston Courier.*

Darlington
Runk & Co.

LADIES' RIDING HABITS,

Wedding and Reception Costumes,

DINNER AND EVENING TOILETTES

Made to Order, also

Costumes for Dramatic Artists

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Philadelphia

CARL UPMANN'S

BOUQUET CIGAR.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

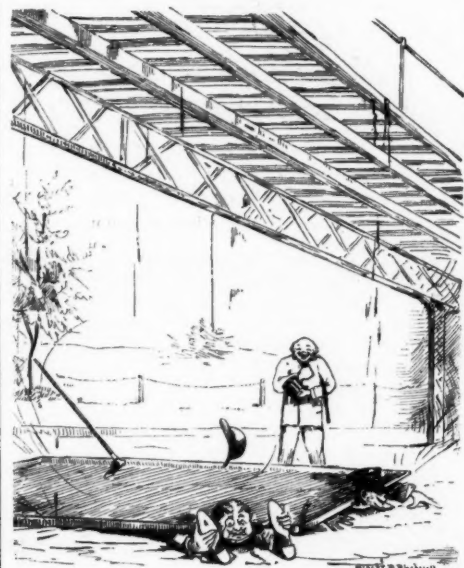
All genuine CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET CIGARS have a band bearing his name, as in above cut. This is the finest three-for-a-quarter cigar manufactured in the world. For the past six years it has been sold by the leading jobbers in the United States, and has steadily increased in popularity and volume, and to-day it stands without a rival. For sale by all first-class Retailers and by the following well-known Jobbers.

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| Howard W. Spurr & Co., Boston. | Sprague, Warner & Co., Chicago. |
| Ross W. Weir & Co., New York. | The Western News Co., Chicago. |
| Henry Straus, Cincinnati. | Fred. J. Kiesel & Co., Ogden. |
| Jas. H. Brookmire & Co., St. Louis. | Idelman Bros., Cheyenne. |
| McCord, Brady & Co., Omaha. | Harrison, Farrington & Co., |
| J. S. Brown & Bro., Denver. | Minneapolis. |
| Geo. Wright & Bro., Milwaukee. | T. C. Power & Bro., Fort Benton. |
| H. W. Bernheim & Co., | T. M. Joslin, Bismark. |
| Montgomery. | B. Kahn, Santa Fe. |



WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN SOME DAY TO PEOPLE WHO MUST GO UNDER THE "L" ROAD.

SMITH—"What a fool that fellow is to walk across there. I always walk under this pan, that catches every thing that drops—"



"Except itself."

When a grocer retires from business he weighs less than he did before.—*American Hebrew.*

MIRTH.

[Some distance after Milton, Pa.]

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to dwell in dimple sleek."
Bring with thee ancestral jokes,
Funny things by funny folks;
Jokes about the stovepipe grim;
Sara Bernhardt, long and slim;
Garden gate, that won't stay shut;
Goat, with many an if and but,
Browsing on the empty can;
Giddy lass and fresh young man;
Mugwump mule, so prone to kick;
Battered hat and battering brick;
Carpet tack, upon its head;
Shrieking man, with careless tread;
Swollen ear and wagging jaw;
Snoring husband; mother-in-law;
Jokes that wrinkled Care (and everybody else) de-
rides,
And Laughter (fearing that he has got into the wrong
home) holding both his sides;
Come and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toeboggan.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.



Oh, come, fair Columbia, and turn from the crowd
Of political combatants, clamoring loud;
Oh, leave them to bicker and quarrel and jar,
Like the darts and the sharps that they frequently are.
And turn to the instrument perfect, complete,
That boasts Time himself, and can never be beat:
For the SOMMER PIANO, as certain as fate,
Is "the ticket" to win, for the year '88

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RAY'S PURGATORY.
THE LATEST & MOST FASHIONABLE COLLAR.
FOR SALE BY ALL MEN'S FURNISHERS.
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
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AT PRICES
64 PAGE
ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUE
ON APPLICATION
GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.
LARGEST CHICAGO, ILL.
AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS

WASHINGTON SEC.

Great Vintage 1884.

J. ROUSSILLON & CO., EPERNAY, FRANCE.

Known as the Purest and Driest Champagne in the United States by all lovers of good wine.

E. PFEIFFER, General Manager, 169 Greenwich St., N.Y.

BLACK and TAN

He—"Can't you love me just a little, Jennie?"
She—"Why, Harry! don't I love you little enough already?"—*Washington Critic.*

The Result of Merit.

When any thing stands a test of fifty years among a discriminating people, it is pretty good evidence that there is merit somewhere. Few, if any, medicines have met with such continued success and popularity as has marked the progress of **BRANDRETH'S PILLS**, which, after a trial of over fifty years, are conceded to be the safest and most effectual blood purifier, tonic, and alterative ever introduced to the public.

That this is the result of merit, and that **BRANDRETH'S PILLS** perform all that is claimed for them, is conclusively proved by the fact that those who regard them with the greatest favor are those who have used them the longest.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

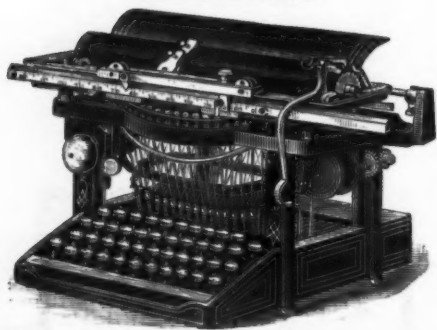
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78 to 86 Trinity Place, New York.

Business founded 1798. Incorporated under laws of State of New York, 1858. Reorganized 1875. Engravers and Printers of Bonds, Postage and Revenue Stamps, Legal Tender and National Bank Notes of the United States; and for Foreign Governments. Engraving and Printing, Bank Notes, Share Certificates, Bonds for Governments and Corporations, Drafts, Checks, Bills of Exchange, Stamps, etc., in the finest and most artistic style from Steel Plates, with Special Safeguards to Prevent Counterfeiting. Special papers manufactured exclusively for use of the Company. Safety Colors. Safety Papers. Work Executed in Fireproof Buildings. Lithographic and Type Printing. Railway Tickets of Improved Styles. Show Cards, Labels, Calendars. Blank Books of Every Description.

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Typewriter.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDETTI, 327 BROADWAY, N. Y., Boston, Mass.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Washington, D. C.; Baltimore, Md.; Chicago, Ill.; St. Louis, Mo.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Minneapolis, Minn.; St. Paul, Minn.; Kansas City, Mo.; Denver, Col.; London, England.
 NOTE—Our Unqualified Challenge for a test of all Writing Machines remains unaccepted. Send for copy if interested.

GOOD FOR WEAK LUNGS.

Monte Cristo Whisky. The best produced. 75 cents and \$1 per bottle. Sent in cases of six and twelve bottles.

CHILDS & CO., Proprietors,
 543 and 545 Tenth Avenue, and 308 W. 42d Street, New York.

THIS WORLD IS VERY FUNNY.

This world is very funny,
 For no matter how much money
 Man is earning he will spend it and be "hard up" all the time;

To his utmost he is straining
 To "catch up" without attaining
 Till he makes his life a burden when it should be bliss sublime.

He who earns a thousand merely
 Thinks two thousand dollars yearly
 Would be just the figures to make happiness complete;
 But his income when it doubles
 Only multiplies his troubles,
 For his out-go then increasing makes his both ends worse to meet.

It is run in debt and borrow,
 "Flush" to-day and "broke" to-morrow,
 Financiering every which way to postpone the day of doom;
 Spending money ere he makes it,
 And then wondering what takes it,
 Till he, giving up the riddle, looks for rest within the tomb.

Oh, this world is very-funny
 To the average man whose money
 Doesn't quite pay for the dancing that he does before he should;

And he kills himself by trying
 Just a little higher flying
 Than is suited to his pocket and his own eternal good.
Goodall's Sun.

RESULTS OF RIGID TEST.

By the American Analyst of New York.



"It polishes the enamel rapidly and easily, cleanses the teeth, reaches the sides and angles WHERE BRISTLES DO NOT PENETRATE; does not excite the most sensitive teeth or irritate the gums. From an economic standpoint is not one-tenth so dear as any other."

First cost, 60 cents, for holder and box of 18 Felt Polishers, latter only need be renewed, 25 cents per box; holder imperishable; at all dealers or mailed by HORSEY MANUFACTURING CO., Utica, N. Y.

SYMPTOMS OF INSANITY.

Wife—"Where were you last night, John?"
 Husband—"At the theatre with a customer from the west."
 Wife—"What! in all that pouring rain?"
 Husband—"Certainly; what's a little rain?"
 Wife—"You are going to church with me this morning, aren't you?"
 Husband—"What, in all this rain? You must be crazy!"—*Epoch.*

In this issue there is a handsome picture descriptive of the present condition of affairs in the political world, and also showing in the most striking manner, that although the politicians are fighting amongst themselves, yet the winning ticket for 1888 in the musical world is the Sohmer piano.

In the front of the picture is Columbia being most courteously received by Mr. Hugo Sohmer who desires to present to her the "Sohmer" piano. By the side of Mr. Sohmer in a group are Josef Kuder on the left, Mr. Charles Fahr in the centre, and Mr. George Reichmann at the right rejoicing over the recognition of the instrument's merits on the part of Columbia representing the people of the United States. Above this is a banner waving the words "Sohmer & Co." In the background one sees the Capitol with masses of struggling politicians surrounding Cleveland, Thurman, Harrison and Morton. But in one thing they all agree, that is the high position and standing of the celebrated Sohmer piano.

That sentence of Governor Foraker of Ohio at Chicago, "We are going to nominate a gentleman," grates on our Democratic contemporaries. Can it be that the shoe fits?—*Albany Journal.*

HELPS for the DEAF



PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS RESTORE THE HEARING, and perform the work of the natural drums in all cases where the auditory nerves are not paralyzed. Have proved successful in many cases pronounced incurable. Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. All conversation, music, even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Write to F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, cor. 14th St. N. Y., for illustrated book of proofs FREE.

HAVE YOU TEETH

Then Preserve Them by Using
**Bailey's Rubber
 Tooth Brush.**



It cleanses the teeth perfectly, and polishes the enamel without the usual FRICTION that destroys it. It is made of pure Para rubber so compounded that it will last for years. It is always clean, and may be used in hot or cold water in connection with any tooth wash or powder, without injury. DEFECTIVE TEETH are often caused by too harsh treatment by the young when the teeth and gums are tender. Even some adults find it impossible to use a bristle brush without lacerating the gums. For cleansing artificial teeth it has no equal; by drawing the brush from the handle a quarter of an inch, it forms a perfect plate brush. They are made in two sizes: No. 1 (price 40 cents), same as cut, for children and ladies; No. 2 (price 50 cents), same as full size bristle brush. The handles are made from celluloid, in four colors—in white, pink agate, shell and amber. Both handle and brush are imperishable. For sale by druggists and dealers in toilet goods, or will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price.

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CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.10 or \$3.50 for a retail box, by express, prepaid west of New York and east of Denver, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once. Address C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.

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 USE IT FOR SOUPS.

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HENRY LINDENMEYR,

Paper Ware House

15 & 17 BEEKMAN ST., N. Y.

Branch Warehouse, 37 E. Houston St.

Aspirants who are desirous of filling the shoes of members of the last house of representatives might be said to be partial to congress gaiters.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

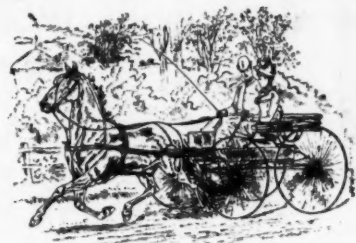
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The Ball-Pointed pens never scratch nor spurt; they hold more ink and last longer.
 Price, \$1.20 and \$1.50 per gross.
 Buy an assorted box for 25 cents, and choose a pen to suit your hand.

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 Price 5, 15, and 20 cents. Of all Stationers.

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A beautifully printed and handsomely illustrated book of 40 pages, seven by seven inches. Every man or boy who owns or intends to buy a horse or buggy should get this book, as it is full of useful and money-saving information.

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Established 1779.

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GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.

Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated **Teas and Coffees**, and secure a beautiful **Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, or Webster's Dictionary.** For full particulars address **THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 259, 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.**

Quevedo called upon Miss Penn, not a thousand nights ago, and the conversation turned upon the dead but not forgotten McQuillen. "Mr. McQuillen is a perfect gem at a dinner," she said. "Why, I never knew that," replied Quevedo. "I rather thought that he hardly shone as a conversationalist." "Neither he does, but he eats asparagus so gracefully, you know."—*Philadelphia Call.*

CHARMING MAID.

Charming maid of beautiful face,
 Full of sweetness, light and grace,
 Half concealed by veil of lace—
 Tell me this:
 Art thou not of noble race?
 Canst thou not thy lineage trace
 To some old historic place?
 Pensive miss—
 Tell me is not this the case,
 Dearest miss?

And the maiden answer'd, "Could I appraise ancestral blood, Doubtless I would find it good As the rest. But I'll best be understood And nip your question in the bud If I say, I don't think blood Any test. Fact is, papa carted mud, Way out west."
 —*Texas Siftings.*

PICTURE POLITICS.

The Rapid Advance Made by JUDGE, the New York Publication—Good Cartoons.

Four years ago JUDGE, the illustrated Republican paper, was not the equal of *Puck*, the illustrated Democratic organ, though it did good work then. This year JUDGE has distanced *Puck*, and is pouring red-hot shot into the ranks of the squirming, sneezing, demoralized, dumbfounded, disorganized, doleful, to-be-defeated Democracy. In the issue of June 23 Brother Jonathan occupies the first page clad in red, white and blue pants and vest, holding a red bandana handkerchief labeled "Democratic hypocrisy." On the last page is a very good representation of the fat president being borne on the shoulders of the venerable Thurman. This is labelled, "The ticket strengthened." The two-page cartoon shows the difference between the Republican and Democratic platforms. Here again we see another good picture of the 350-pound president. Upon his back is an old, rickety table designated Democratic platform. Upon this clamor John Bull, the solid south and George William Curtis. By the side of this rickety old platform, borne by the Buffalo man, stands a magnificent specimen of a platform, labeled "Republican; protection for home industries." Standing upon this, bearing in her hands a banner upon which is written in red letters, "Protection; no market for pauper labor," is the goddess of liberty. The publication is one in which Republicans will find much to interest and please them during this, the most exciting campaign America has ever experienced.—*Milwaukee Sunday Telegraph.*

GRAND NATIONAL AWARD of 16,600 francs.



QUINA-LAROCHE
 LAROCHE'S TONIC
 a Stimulating Restorative,
 CONTAINING
**PERUVIAN BARK, IRON,
 AND PURE CATALAN WINE,**

the Great **FRENCH REMEDY**
 Endorsed by the Hospitals for **PREVENTION and CURE** of **DYSPEPSIA, MALARIA, FEVER and AGUE, NEURALGIA, loss of APPETITE, GASTRALGIA, POORNESS of the BLOOD, and RETARDED CONVALESCENCE.**

This wonderful invigorating tonic is powerful in its effects, is easily administered, assimilates thoroughly and quickly with the gastric juices, without deranging the action of the stomach.

22 Rue Drouot, Paris.
E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents for U. S., 30 North William Street, N. Y.

JACOT'S MUSIC BOXES

Make the most appropriate of presents and should be in every parlor and nursery. They are a constant source of entertainment to invalids and the delight and wonder of old and young. They play to perfection selections of Operas, Dances, Ballads, Hymns, etc. They are self-acting and being provided with our patent safety check are absolutely safe from serious accident. We have over 150 different styles from 75 cents to \$1400. Send stamp for fine illustrated catalogue. Can be ordered through any responsible Jeweler.

JACOT & SON 37 Maiden Lane, N.Y.

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 THE ONLY GENUINE

UNEQUALLED for CEMENTING wood, glass, china, paper, leather, etc. Always ready for use. Pronounced strongest glue known. (IS MADE BY THE AWARDED TWO GOLD MEDALS. Gloucester, Mass. Russia Cement Co., Sample 20c stamps)

GREENWAY'S SALE INDIA PALE ALE

IN GLASS OR WOOD. FULLY EQUAL TO THE BEST IMPORTED.

RECOMMENDED BY OUR BEST PHYSICIANS.

FAMILY OR CLUB USE.

FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS & DEALERS.

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THE ONLY CIGAR WITH A NATIONAL REPUTATION.



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CAMPAIGN SUPPLIES!!
 Badges, Banners, Flags, Uniforms, Everything. Get our price before you buy. Catalogue free. THE DOMESTIC MFG CO., Wallingford, Ct.

25 CTS. **PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION** 25 CTS.
 CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
 Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

I believe PISO's Cure for Consumption saved my life.—A. H. DOWELL, Editor Enquirer, Edenton, N. C., April 23, 1887.

PISO

The BEST Cough Medicine is PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Children take it without objection. By all druggists. 25c.

25 CTS. **PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION** 25 CTS.
 CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
 Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

HEW TAFFY TOLU COLGAN'S GUM
 TAKE NO OTHER

Makes Sound, White Teeth, Perfect Digestion, and a Sweet Mouth. Perfectly delicious. At Stores—4 cakes, 5c. Box by mail, 40c. COLGAN & McAFEE, Louisville Ky.

Pears' Soap

Fair white hands.
Bright clear complexion
Soft healthful skin.

"PEARS"—The Great English Complexion Soap—**Sold Everywhere.**

EARL & WILSON'S
LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS
BEST IN THE WORLD

MONON ROUTE
Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Ry. Co.

The connecting link of Pullman travel between Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville, and Florida Resorts.
Send for Guide. E. O. McCORMICK, G. P. A., Chicago.

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the Largest Establishment in the World for their Treatment. Facial Development, Hair and Scalp, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Acne, Pimples, B'k Heads, Scars, Pitting, etc., and their treatment. Send for book of 60 pages, 4th edition.
Dr. JOHN H. WOODBURY,
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Established 1876. Inventor of Facial Appliances, Springs, etc. Six Park...

THE AUTOMATIC SHADING PEN



Makes a Shaded Mark of Two Colors at a Single Stroke. Sample set of three sizes by mail, \$1.00.

Circulars and Sample Writing FREE.
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Do Your Own Printing
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The most effective cartoon of the campaign is one by Gillam in this week's JUDGE. It is a double-page colored illustration showing "The Democratic party on the defensive—a campaign of explanations." All this is plain before JUDGE's audience, which is composed of American manufacturers, farmers and workmen. While the free-trade editors harangue the assembly the honest sons of toil raise their hands to the placards above their heads and shout, "Look up on the wall—I guess we read plain English." And we guess they do, and comprehend the character of the attempt to pull the wool—free wool—over their eyes by free traders. The JUDGE cartoon is a remarkable presentation of political truth, and will prove a powerful campaign picture.—*Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

At last the art of photography has been applied to something practical. It has reached such perfection that it is now possible to photograph a bullet in its flight. Many people have gone to their graves mourning that a bullet had never been photographed in its flight.—*Norristown Herald.*

Since the 1st of December, 1887, twenty-three young fellows have shot or stabbed young women who trifled with their affections, and further cases are being recorded daily. It is getting to be a serious thing to mash a young man and then ask him if his mother knows he's out.—*Detroit Free Press.*

You can't estimate the cost of a woman's dress by the size of her bustle, any more than you can tell how much a hotel clerk knows by the height of his collar.—*Hotel Mail.*

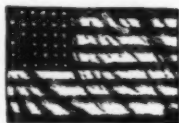
The Chinese ought to be very good billiard players, for they are accustomed to handling the cue from their earliest years.—*Boston Post.*

"If your tooth aches so badly, dear," said a young wife, "why don't you get it pulled?" "Yah—wow!" shrieked the sufferer. "John," she said, putting her arms fondly around his neck, "if you are not willing to have it pulled out for your own sake, please have it pulled for mine."—*Time.*

The flower called bachelor's-button is so called because it is always coming off and never gets sewed on.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

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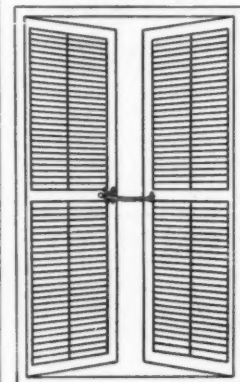
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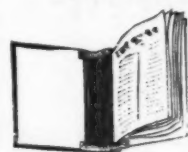
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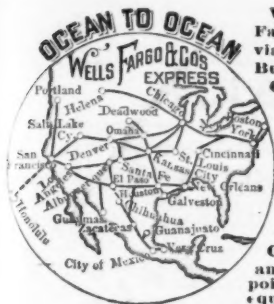
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"Napoleon Smith" is none of your ordinary mixtures of insipidity and tameness. It fairly sparkles with incident, and every page is spirited and eventful. We think the author has made a successful debut.—*St. Louis Republican.*

It takes up an odd conceit about the resumption of specie payments in this country, and weaves it into a story of Parisian life during the Franco-Prussian war which will be found sufficiently interesting for the pleasant fooling of a summer reading.—*Los Angeles Express.*

This is one of the JUDGE's conundrums, and we are requested to make a guess at the author. Our guess is "Sidney Luska," who is suggested more than once by the style of what is certainly a novel of much merit, and which is far from having the effect of a first essay in fiction.—*New Haven Palladium.*

The Smith of the story is in France to find this money, and a singularly romantic time he has of it, falling in love with a beautiful French girl, and being fallen in love with by a still more beautiful one, who under the name of Le Noir is chief of a band of robbers.—*Grand Rapids (Mich.) Sunday Eagle.*

A decidedly interesting novel. It tells the strange story of a sergeant in the American army who was the grandson of a woman who attended the great emperor in his exile, and to whose father he confided certain papers which indicated the location of the great wealth which the conquerer of Europe was generally supposed to possess. The adventures of this sergeant are told in a graphic manner; and they are certainly marvellous enough to excite the interest of the most indifferent reader. The novel has already struck a popular demand and its sales bid fair to exceed that of "Mr. Barnes of New York."—*Lowell (Mass.) Citizen.*

He writes as an attache of the American legation at Paris during the commune, and Mr. Washburne is made to wander in and out of the busy story. If this circumstantially were not part of the pleasant fiction, it might be easy to determine the identity of the writer, for "Napoleon Smith" stimulates the reader to try for his discovery. He writes as a man of affairs, conversant with facts, and with a taste for slightly dramatic narrative, for which "Napoleon Smith" furnishes him with a new and original motive. . . . The narrative of these fortunes makes the book one of the most readable of the summer novels.—*Schenectady Star.*

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