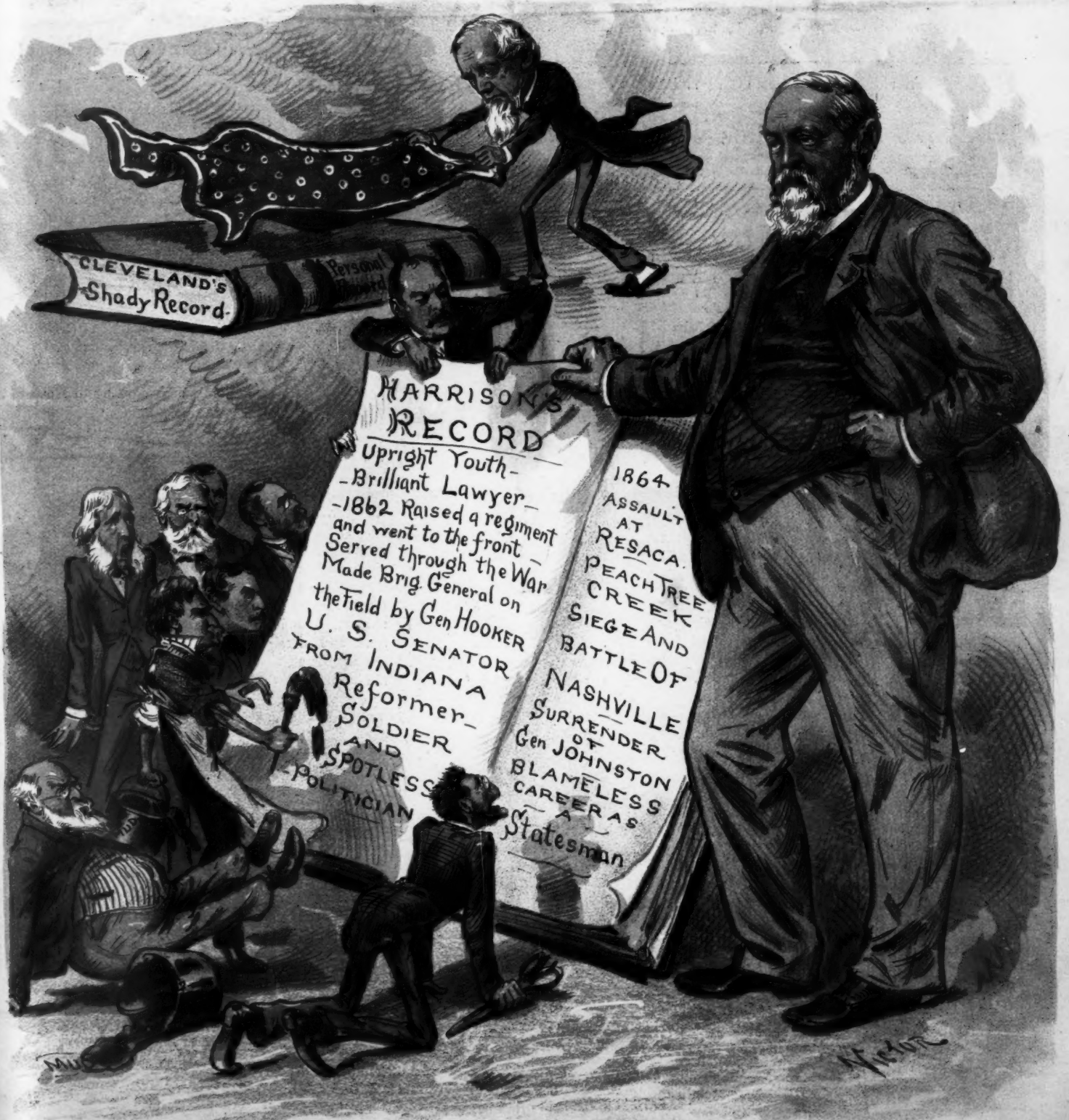


Judge

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, COPYRIGHT 1887 BY THE JUDGE PUBLISHING CO..



CONFRONTED BY A SPLENDID RECORD.
Despair of the petty Mud-Slingers of the Democratic and Mugwump Press.



PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

President - - - - - W. J. ARKELL
 Art Department - - - - - BERNHARD GILLAM
 Editor - - - - - I. M. GREGORY

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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A HARRISON-MORTON NUMBER.

Number 353 of the JUDGE, out July 18, will have probably the finest pictures of General Harrison and Levi P. Morton that will appear during the campaign. A very large edition of the number will be printed; and newsmen and advertisers will consult their own interests by providing for it in advance. Orders for advertising and for an extra service of the circulation department cannot be sent in too soon.

AND WE'LL all feel glad when Jamie comes marching home.

WHAT'S THE MATTER with John Sherman? He's all right.

RALLYING SONG of the Democracy—"Hail to the handkerchief."

MARK TWAIN is so pleased with his little sheepskin that he is wild for the protection of American wool.

THE SEA-SERPENT makes an earlier and a larger appearance this year than heretofore; but we are confident the Republican party can beat it.

THE GRADUATING ESSAY is this year exceedingly heavy and it walks on the thinnest of legs; but we guess it will get along with the aid of a couple of crutches and a smelling-bottle.

TO THE VOTERS of the United States—Put a ballot in the slot of the right kind and it will spring to the surface as excellent a president as this country ever had.

THE BOYS of both armies fraternized at Gettysburg. They were even so much one and indivisible that they were united on the policy of saying as little as possible of Grover Cleveland.

THE PAPERS have already begun to make up General Harrison's cabinet; and we observe that Mrs. Harrison is so excellent a housekeeper that she will superintend with gentle dignity and firmness those which belong to the drawing-room and the kitchen.

LET NO GUN KICK!

THE REPUBLICAN is a fighting party, and occasionally it has been so eager for the fray as to whip itself. In the smoke and fog of faction it has mistaken the blue for the gray, as was the case at times during the late war. But that is ended. The lines are formed and every Republican toes the mark and touches shoulders with every other. All the old factional issues are dead, along with the men to whom they most belonged. There is nothing to fight but Democratic error, and there is no enemy but the one beyond the lines. Let us whip the enemy and do our factional quarreling after that is done.

WATCH OUT FOR BLAINE!

THAT THE Republican party is alive will be pretty well demonstrated when Mr. Blaine reaches these shores. This country has never seen a reception as great as that which awaits him in New York; and as he carries the banner from city to city and state to state there will flock to it hundreds of thousands of the wavering and of new converts to the protection principle of which he is the ablest representative. Watch out for the white plumes of James G. Blaine, and cheers for the red-white-and-blue emblem of Harrison and Morton!

THE DEMOCRATIC TARIFF TRAIN.

THE renewal of the old Democratic dodge of tariff straddle is a failure. Mr. Cleveland's attacking protection on the plea that its reduction would cheapen the clothing of the workingman is of the same kind of cant and for the same personal purpose as were his pledges of reform to catch Republican votes. His late anxious contortions for continuance in office show these were, from the Democratic standpoint, "better kept in the breach than in the observance."

The proclaimed purpose of the party is announced by its honest and outspoken leaders as intended to reach as close as possible to free trade. This cannot be accomplished in a bound. Like a railroad train, it will halt at various points, change crews perhaps, oil up, stop, and start again and again till it reaches its destination. To continue the simile, the presidential conductor, burly with egotism, spangled with the brass buttons of the southern livery, rings it up for a momentary pause at Civil Service station, and then, hurrying off with a laugh at the gaping passengers left behind, calls out, "Next stop at Hypocrite depot; plenty of time for assessments." At Garland crossing the train takes in fuel and disgrace. At Bayard Fizzle, and Chamberlain gulch the English and Canadian crowd greet the arrival and cheer the departure. Rebel Flag curve is passed with anxiety; Veto valley trestle, bending a little under the strain, is safely stiffened with fresh confederate shoring. Passengers are required to show Democratic tickets, properly purchased and indorsed, or get off. The Cobdenite newsboy distributes English advice to American voters on the delights of free trade, and also peddles pictures of the beautiful parlor the British spider has fitted for the fly.

Altogether it is an ideal Democratic train; half drawing-room coaches for the planters, and half emigrant for the voters. A free-trade engine in front, and a danger flag of red bandana fastened to the rear. Occasional stops at flag stations, at Harper's mud swamp to take on a resident from Curtis crossing, and one at George Jones's Flats, relieve the obfuscation of travel. These illustrious additions are quickly urged to the buffet car, and accorded complimentary seats with the "not-now" very hungry or very thirsty party. Passengers exchange congratulations on the wonderful speed attained, ignorant that it is a down-grade and that gravity as well as the engine is pulling.

The brief, but menacing sadness, bred of the rumor that the noble conductor, on account of "previous pledges," would leave them on reaching Four Year Point, was happily dispelled. That self-oblivious official having intimated a desire to be still led into temptation and suffer a farther martyrdom of personal and moral sacrifices, a convention of his train appointees and brakemen was promptly organized in the baggage-car.

Laudatory resolutions were framed emphasizing that the road, rail and ballast were nothing, the engine was nothing, the passengers were nothing, the country in fact was nothing, if he declined to guide. These expressions of confidence were presented with appropriate obsequiousness on a red, but old, pocket-handkerchief, glorious with the association of having been unfurled where, years ago, traitorous crowds greeted it as its holder waved it in denunciation of the attempt to suppress treason, in vociferating that the war was wicked and a failure, resumption was a farce, and protection was a robbery.

The noble conductor, bending to this pressure, and abstemiously alluding to himself in response but fifty times, and incidentally to the party and country once or twice, acknowledged and bowed to the coercive force. He expressed himself as willing to suffer for fifty thousand dollars a year, and the convenience of a state-room, to take the train through English valley, and over the Canadian Pacific to Eight Years' junction—mugwump assistance, Democratic political pull, and next November permitting. He did not know, he said, until he had charge of this train, the dreadful condition of the national load. Living along side it for twenty-eight years, an idle and indifferent spectator, he had simply noted the widening and lengthening of the track, had seen its bridges burnt, tunnels blocked, and the confederate attempts to undermine it; had in fact seen its guards shot, but had no idea till now how much oil had been wasted and how heedlessly the engineer had handled the fuel.

The public demanded, he said, that these factories of cotton and wool, and iron and steel that shaded the track, and whose offensive workmen scoffed at the train, should be removed. He would see to it. He



AN OBJECT OF PITY.

My friends say that I have consumption, and advise me to partake of fresh blood. Where, oh where, is there some?



NOT SURPRISING.

EQUESTRIAN—"Weally, Miss Flash, he's a vevy stwange beast, you know. He's all right, you know, when I'm out of his sight, but just so soon as he sees me he gets fwightfully balky and vicious, and twies to bite me."
 PEDESTRIAN—"Yes? Isn't it strange what intelligence some animals *do* show?"

had arranged through Secretary Whitney for thirty thousand dollars' worth of English drawings to construct connecting ferry-boats. He was determined to earn public confidence by vetoing all demands of disabled employees and reducing the cost of the wool used in signal flags, and would give personal examination of each lynch-pin and a personal hammering on the wheels.

Selected now for the sole purpose of lessening public expense, he hoped in the intervals of public labor to devote his spare time to the growth of potatoes to supply the white house. These lofty utterances of modesty mixed with Jeffersonian simplicity won the applause of every postal clerk—and Mr. Cleveland was lauded as the largest statesman of the age.

J. A.

WHY HE DIDN'T.

THE OMISSION of President Cleveland to say anything about a second term in his speech of acceptance was not remarkable. For instance, the gentleman is quite deaf, and on the occasion referred to had a very bad cold. It is likely, besides, to be a rather bad season for winter wheat, and the reports from the hop districts, though somewhat premature, are not encouraging. There, too, were the recent departures of William and Frederick, which have saddened the imperial heart of this nation and brought about grave doubt as to the peace of Europe. And besides, it rained.

WE MUST be permitted to quote just once more our David's interrogative remark to Grover—

"Perhaps it was well to dissemble your love, But why did you kick me down stairs?"

and yet, the swelling having partially gone down, David is so eager to serve his master for nothing that he would give a fortune to have the privilege.



HER INTERPRETATION.

HE (after a long pause)—"So you will give me no hope. I fear, Emma, my size has something to do with it. Speak! Tell me if I am not right?"
 SHE—"You are right. Mother told me I should never marry a man I couldn't look up to."

CASE OF ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

Mr. Joseph Bidwell, 9 Blank street, Chicago, Ill.

Dear sir: Will you kindly advise me of your address? I thought I had preserved your letter, but have very stupidly mislaid it.

Very truly,
 JOHN SMITH.

A DANGEROUS DIET.

Higgins (meeting his friend Wiggins in restaurant)—"By Jove, Tom! I should think you'd be afraid to eat that dish. It's fatal!"

Wiggins—"What's the matter? It's only spare-ribs and applesauce."

Higgins—"Well, isn't that just what knocked out Adam?"

TANTALIZING.

Hello! I guess I must have dozed a minute; I seemed to see that willow-shadowed pool, So deep and pure, and crystal-clear and cool; And Dick and Jim, I thought, were plashing in it— Somehow they beat me down there after school. I should have been undressed, though, in a second, And taken a running header from the shore. Oh, my! it's hot. I wish I hadn't wakened; I'd had a plunge in half a minute more.

MARCELLUS.

CULTURE.

In Boston bob-tailed cars are called "the missing link" when they are behind time.

RATHER HAVE THE BOY WHIPPED.

Editor—"John, if anybody calls tell him I am very busy writing an editorial."

Office boy (ten minutes later)—"Man down stairs what wants to know who wrote that article in yesterday's paper."

Editor—"Go back and tell him you wrote it. I'm not feeling first-rate to-day."



THE PLEASURES OF A COTTAGER.

VISITOR (from Fitchburg, Mass., to cottager)—“Proud ter see yer, sir. I ain’t hed a chance ter press yer hand sence I bought that las’ bill of goods of yer. Marthy, this is the gent that I buy my shoes of for th’ store. Our church is havin’ a leetle excursion—half rates—and I took the lib’y of bringin’ the folks right ter your house. Ain’t this pizarro nice ‘n’ shady?”

HUM OF THE COURT.

THERE ARE not many Democrats at the watering-places this year. They generally want theirs mixed.

THE YOUNG emperor speaks with entire confidence of “my universe,” “my hemisphere,” “my moon,” and “my stars,” with occasional allusions to “my heavenly Father.”

“STOP CALLING me Frankie!” says Frankie Cleveland, and we think so too.

AMONG THE CRIMES of the heated term we must never forget the one recently consummated at St. Louis.

DON’T BE GRIEVED, Benjamin Harrison. After all, it is no disgrace for a man to have had a distinguished father and grandfather.

THE MAN in St. Louis who wants a house made entirely of malleable glass ought to wait until his neighbors build that kind of house too. Let us have peace.

G. CLEVELAND had a grandfather too; but they never pitch into him, though he and Grover’s pa were, after all, the Burchardest Burchards of them all.

MRS. BEN HARRISON is the handsomest middle-aged woman in Indiana, and if that is treason to the rest of the sex there let ‘em make the least of it.

COUSIN BEN’S leave of absence has lasted ninety days instead of the thirty allotted to it; but we don’t apprehend any international complications and he’s a nice young man.

THERE ARE THREE persons in the Tombs who have got to be hanged; but they can at least thank their stars that they are not running for office on the Democratic ticket.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us, speaking of a bad political man, “Give him fits.” We can’t, dear sir. We are so poor that we haven’t a fit left—there isn’t one in all our garments.

WE DON’T know yet where Mrs. Langtry is going to summer, but we wish she would.

MAYOR HEWITT wants no office, but it makes hum mad to think that nobody is going to give it to him.

STANTON, Anthony and Blake repudiate Belva Lockwood; so we suppose Belva has a tailor-made dress.

WE MAY not be the greatest of proverb-makers, but it never pours but it rains.

THERE IS this difference between A. G. Thurman and John L. Sullivan—the one blows his nose and the other knows his blows.

QUESTIONS OF STATE may not be in Grover’s line; but we must admit, in view of his lucky purchase of Red Top, that he’s posted on questions of real estate.

THE MOSQUITO of Alaska bites only in cold weather. They want that kind of insect in New Jersey, because then the mean little wretch can kill off only the natives.

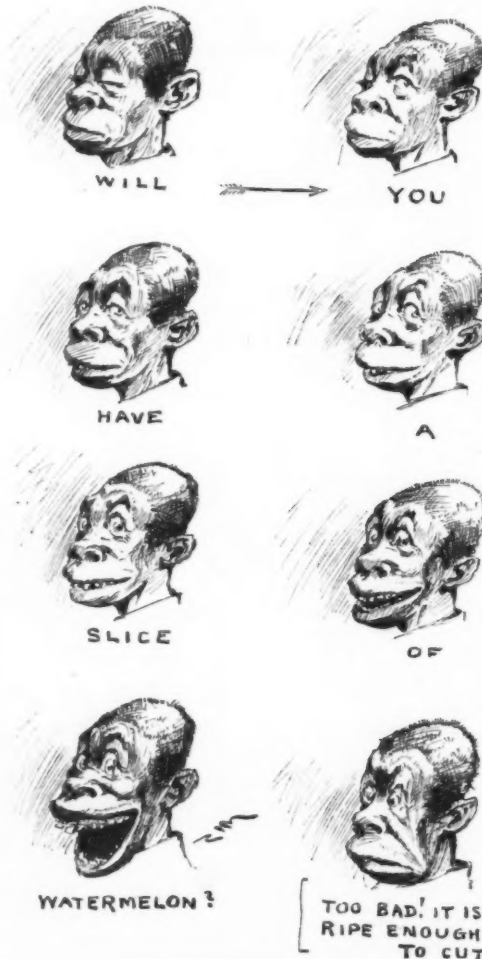
A GIRL ought to be able to make good bread; but she ought to be made to eat the experimental article leading up to that result, and in that case, by Jove! she’ll die.

FOUR FAMILIES of Cincinnati claimed the body of a suicide, and the rest of the population wept because it couldn’t have a corpse and a sensation too. Blood will tell.

IT IS NOT true that Brother Cleveland has had his skin tanned by this broiling sun; but he will doubtless experience the unpleasantness about the time the sun ceases to broil.

WASHINGTON has a woman’s bicycle club, and if the club ever goes out on dress-parade there will be such an adjournment of congress as will make the nation’s head swim.

A WOMAN in Mississippi fell into deep water, and not only didn’t drown but came out with a ten-pound fish in her bustle. It isn’t much of a story. The only wonder is that, being a pretty as well as a determined woman, she didn’t land a whale.



AN EXPRESSIVE STUDY.

HER FORTE.

Weary husband—"Is supper almost ready, dear? I've been on the run all day."

Literary wife—"Oh, I don't know; I guess not. I haven't had time to see a thing about it."

W. h.—"Where are the children?"

L. w.—"The children? Aren't they about the house somewhere? They were here this morning."

W. h. (doubtfully)—"Can you sew this button on my vest? It's been off three days."

L. w.—"Oh, my! not now. Wait till I finish this interesting article on 'Housekeeping and the Care of Children' for the *Mother's Treasury*. I'm perfectly absorbed in it; it's such a grand topic."

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

"Mother, may I go a bathing?"
 "Yes, my darling daughter;
 Don your scanty bathing dress,
 But don't go near the water."

NOT A PROPITIOUS TIME.

Minister—"Is your father in? I wish to speak with him about contributing something for the new parish house."

Boy—"Yes, pa's at home. He's down cellar making a coal-bin, and I guess he's just hit his thumb-nail with the hammer."

Minister—"I don't think I'll stop just now. Good morning."

FOREIGN, NOT DOMESTIC.

Jobson—"I understand Blobson's wife is not a very domestic woman."

Robson—"No wonder! She was born in a foreign country."



POPULAR SONG.

I "knead" thee every hour.

A METAMORPHOSIS.

Muggins—"I saw a greater than Jekyll-and-Hyde change to-day. Our friend Shorty has become a seven-footer."

Jones—"How?"

Muggins—"Ate five pig's feet at a free lunch."

REMINISCENT.

I said I loved. You thought I would forget
 When time had intervened and I had met
 Some other maid who would much kinder be.
 How strange is fancy! Why, the very smile
 With which you put me off did but beguile:
 I loved the more, and who could censure me?
 In those young days I felt and said that naught
 Could work a change. You filled my every thought.
 Your smiles awoke my hopes—your frowns my fears.
 Am I the same? Well, hardly, I confess.
 I later loved another. Can't you guess?
 Yes. I've been married nearly twenty years!
 J. A. W.

DISCOUNTING THE FUTURE.

Master Tommy had been naughty, and his mother, who believed in moral suasion, said to him:

"If you are naughty you will vex mamma; then she will fall ill and will die, and you will be taken to the cemetery."

Master Tommy at once became serious, and after being immersed in reflection a few seconds a smile of joyful anticipation beamed on his angelic countenance. Throwing his arms around his mother's neck, he exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma! can't I sit alongside the coachman?"

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

Jones was praising his wife to one of his friends.
 "I know that Jane is not beautiful, but I have come to forget her plain looks."

"How so?"

"Why, you see, Jane's a very clever woman, Jane is. She's in the habit of entertaining half a dozen female friends who are fifty per cent. uglier than herself."

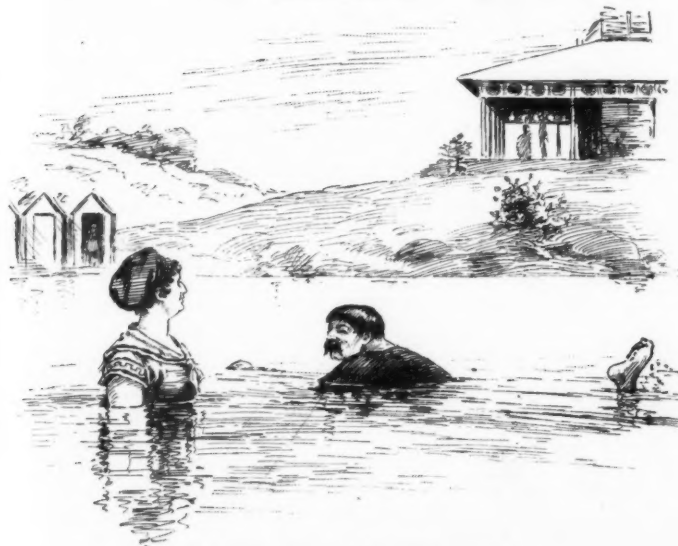
POSTHUMOUS INFORMATION.

O'Toole—"Cleary, have yez heerd air a woord frim Ducey since he wint to Chicagy?"

Cleary—"Faith I hev, an' ther divil sich a sthrain me nurves hev had as whin his letther rached me."

O'Toole—"Phwat did he say?"

Cleary—"He's bin dead this twelvemonth comin' July, an' divil the sowl wus wid him that knew him at all at all."



A CASE OF FORGETFULNESS.

MRS. BRETCHER—"Charming morning, Mr. Eakins. I didn't see you at the hop last evening—and how is dear Mrs. Eakins, and?"

MR. EAKINS—"Excuse me, but how beautifully you tread water!"

MRS. BRETCHER (in sudden and inexplicable alarm)—"Oh-o-oh, I forgot!"

ONE WAY OF COOLING OFF.

A traveler who had just returned from Africa was questioned by his friends as to the means used in that country to escape from the terrible heat.

"Yes," he replied, "we have to avail ourselves of every possible protection against the weather. Sometimes a coolness arises between friends and then one can occasionally take refuge under the shadow of a suspicion."



MR. BRETCHER (appearing suddenly)—"I've no objections to letting you dive off my shoulders, Ethel; but these long conversations, while you are getting ready, weary me a little."

SHE DIDN'T SAY "NO!"



She didn't say "yes," but a soft color came
O'er her neck and her brow 'till her cheeks were aflame;
And she shaded her eyes from the soft mellow light
Of the stars in the sky that, so wickedly bright,
Were peering at us thro' the still summer night;
And she didn't say "no!"

She didn't say "yes," but I knew that she heard,
For the roses she wore on her bosom were stirred,
And the sweet eyes she turned half away from my own
Had wondrously tender and luminous grown
As clear thro' the sheen of the star-light they shone;
And she didn't say "no!"

She didn't say "yes," but the lace on her gown
She knotted and pulled and smoothed carefully down,
And looked, altogether, so lovely and sweet
That I knelt, in the light of her eyes, at her feet
And begged her, that one little word to repeat—
And she didn't say "no!"

She wouldn't say "yes," and she couldn't say "no"—
But she whispered my name, as I bent my head low
And told her that she of my life was a part—
With the word on her lips and a thrill in my heart,
When a voice ('twas her brother's) broke in with a start,
And the wretch just yelled "Rats!"

KITTIE K.

WANTED TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE.

Young George Washington Dobson (to grizzled old lawyer)—"Mr. Blackstone, what will you charge me for your services for a day?"

Blackstone—"H'm! depends on how much money you have; as much as you have so much shall I charge you; but what do you want me to do?"

Dobson—"Well, you see I am going fishing and I want you to take my deposition and affidavit on the spot."

AN ANCIENT CUSTOM BROKEN.

"Tell me, dearest Calliope, precious one, can you love me but a little? Dare I hope that you will some day give me the right to call you my own, to cherish you, love you, bear you on my hands and protect you from the harshness of a cold, feelingless world?" Thus spoke Claudius,

in passionate, trembling accents, as he threw himself at the feet of the queenly woman he loved so madly.

"Claudius," replied Calliope, looking him steadfastly in the eye, "this is not sudden, I have been expecting it for some time; I will not say that I will be a sister to you, nor do I want time for consideration; I will be yours, not some day but right away; take me, and my parents will bless you."

Claudius thought and thought, and knew not what to think.



A CUT-THROAT METHOD.

RIVAL REAL-ESTATE AGENT—"I reckon that sub-sign 'll keep this property just where it is."

A DESPERATE RISK.

Wiggins (who has taken his best girl down to Fort Hamilton)—"Suppose we step in a few minutes, Mary, and look around the fort?"

Mary—"O, George! would you dare? All those great guns are unloaded, don't you know, and something's sure to explode."

"TEARS, IDLE TEARS."

"Oh, what a nice dream I had last night!" said little Alice to her younger brother Augustus, one morning.

"Only think, I was at a restaurant, and I had such loads of good things; maccaroons, cream cakes, jelly cakes, and ever so many more."

"And what was I eating?"

"Oh, you wasn't there!" replied Alice, sympathetically.

Whereupon little Augustus took out his handkerchief and wept bitterly over his first disappointment in life.

AN OVERTAXED MUSE.

The campaign poet has handed in his effusion.

Editor—"I'm afraid we can't use this; your lines hobble badly. It is clear that your muse hasn't recovered from the kickings of the late spring season."



DEACON LUKERS (entering crowded car)—"Say, you! Hev you paid fer that young one's seat?"



COUNT FILLIPPI (who has left his organ in the baggage-car)—"Sicca him, Pippo!"

THE STAY-AT-HOME.



HE PEOPLE is fittin' an' fittin' away from the city heat,
 An' the heat don't come from the heavens so much as up from the street;
 The spiled green stuff is a-smellin', the flies is stickin' tight,
 An' the boardin'-house pianny is goin' from dawn till night.
 A poor old hunk like I am, don't matter much where I stay,
 Fer it's only me—but Mirandy, she wants to be goin' away.
 The sweat is a-runnin' down me an' drippin' into my boots,
 An' drinkin' an' drinkin' icewater is the only thing thet suits.
 I set in my shirtsleeves fannin' fer a breeze thet doesn't come,
 An' I think of the cool shade lyin' under the trees to hum.
 Nobody keers about me, whether I go or stay,
 But Mirandy says thet it's dreadful, she *must* be goin' away.

So I'll walk the burnin' pavements an' she in the thick, cool grass;
 I'll see the trucks go by me an' she'll see the hayloads pass;
 I'll hear the milkman callin' an' she'll hear the orioles sing,
 An' she'll write me glowin' descriptions an' tell me of everything.
 Oh, ef I could walk this summer in the lanes where I used to play!
 But it won't be me, but Mirandy, thet's goin' to get away.

FLORENCE E. PRATT.

HOW SHAKESPEARE MIGHT HAVE SAVED MUCH SLAUGHTER.

Hamlet (drawing his sword)—“How now—a rat!”

Polonius (emerging from the shadow of the curtain with an armful of sausages and a characteristic witticism)—“No, mine frient; only *Bolonias!*”

THE LATEST “NICKEL” MACHINE.

Papa—“Now run away, Bobby. Papa's busy.”

Bobby (holding up his joined hands, cup-wise)—“Drop a nickel in the hole, papa, and you'll see me go.”

THE FITNESS OF THINGS.

Higgins (at the parade)—“Just look at the white-headed old veteran yonder!”

Wiggins—“On a red horse, too! How appropriate!”



Kister has lost his hat overboard.
 GOOD-NATURED SKIPPER—“Here's one of mine, young feller. It's a bit large, but I've stuffed some paper in the band, and I guess it'll carry you through.”

OLD CHOCOLATE'S TARGET PRACTICE.

De tree dat doan' gib yo' fruit gibs yo' shade.
 De lawyah sellum goes toe law on 'is own hook.
 Ef beatin' ud do enny good de jackass ud refawm.
 Hit ah toe late toe measha yo' cloth aftah yo' dun cut hit.
 Yo' kin offen gain mo' by hol'in' yo' tongue 'en yo' kin by hahd wuck.
 Ef promises wah debts dar ud be few men dat ud 'scape bankruptcy.
 Hit am a foolish mouse dat ud ahgue wid a cat w'en hit kin reach a hole fust.

Yo' ull fin' good men in de wus' comp'ny, jis' ez yo' ull fin' posies 'mong de wus' weeds.

Hit a'n't so much w'at goes intoe de front do' dat makes a man po' ez w'at slips fru de back gate.

Ef a long beard an' a sollum look stan' fo' wisdom yo' might ez well 'spec' a goat toe tell yo' fawchune.

Dar er a few t'ings yo' kin do bes' in a hurry, an' one ob um am gittin' outen anoddah's mellen patch.

De man dat sows shif'lessness in de spring an' cult'vates laziness in de summah mus' hahves' hungah in de fall an' wintah.

Some men doan' know w'at toe do wid success w'en hit comes toe um enny mo' 'en a hod-carriah ud know w'at toe do wid an elefant won at a raffle.

J. A. WALDRON.

THAT MEMORABLE DAY.

He sat him on a glowing point of “punk”
 Whose incandescent end with mordant tooth
 From his new trousers ate an ample hunk
 In the equatorial zone. Ah, hapless youth!
 Thy coat was but a sack, a niggard sack;
 And through the gap the golden sunlight smote
 Thine epidermis. Who but had felt ruth
 To watch thee, whilst with careless grace forsooth
 Thou held'st the morning paper at thy back—
 Slow sauntering homeward for thy candate coat? MARCELLUS.

THE JOURNALISTIC MUSE'S PAD.

Foreman—“The report of that assault-and-battery case lacks seven lines of filling out the column, sir.”

Editor—“H'm! How many times do the words ‘man,’ ‘woman,’ ‘stranger,’ or bystander occur?”

Foreman (after counting)—“Thirty-seven times.”

Editor—“Good! Just insert the words ‘well-dressed’ before each of ‘em.”



THE PAPER WORKED DOWN.

MISS BARKLOW (the deacon's daughter—as they go ashore)—“What a generous, kind-hearted man that captain was! So thoroughly courteous and refined.”

Judge





SACKETT & WILHELM'S LITHO CO. N.Y.

THE RED EMBLEM OF DEMOCRACY AND WHAT IT PROMISES FOR THE WORKINGMEN.

THE METAMORPHIC QUALITIES OF THE SILK CAP.

FROM a comfortable seat at the rear of the smoking-car, just far enough away to see, and not smell, that Cos-cob Regina cigar a few seats ahead, the student of comparative physiognomy awaited developments. They came in a fat and puffy, lean and sallow, long and lanky stream all the way between New York and Springfield, and the results of the observations are before us in cold black lines on white paper.

At Stamford this gentleman boarded the train. Even bets were laid (in solitaire) that he was a jewelry drummer on his way to Bridgeport, but he might have been a successful clam broker, as it was in the middle of the season for these Connecticut vegetables.



From the general contour of the man it was a foregone conclusion that he would put on a silk traveling-cap, and he did—even before he got well into his seat—challenged ten different men for whist, and finally settled down to cut-throat "high-low" with two express messengers.

It is very lucky that he kept the hat he took off, as his family would have never recognized him had he gone home in the head-gear of the train.

At Darien came another. This one was tall and thin, and wore a plug hat. In mentioning the word "plug," it may make things clearer to say that it should be taken in the horse-sense, as it literally was a plug.

As this gentleman had no valise, it was fondly hoped that he would have to get along with one head-covering, but these hopes were dashed when he pulled a flat parcel from his pistol-pocket, blew into it, and produced something that bore a strong resemblance to a sawed-off ham-bag.

He got under it, and here he is—"before and after taking."



When the train drew into New Haven, and the ten-minute refreshment season was over, a man with a valise on which "J. Himmighoffer, St. Louis," was painted, came out of the restaurant gnawing a hen-leg, and boarding the train took two double seats. He was very kind to his feet and gave them one seat all to themselves.

He did pretty well for about an hour, but it could be seen that something was troubling him, and at last, asking a man who was standing to keep an eye on the sty he had appropriated, he lurched into the baggage-car.

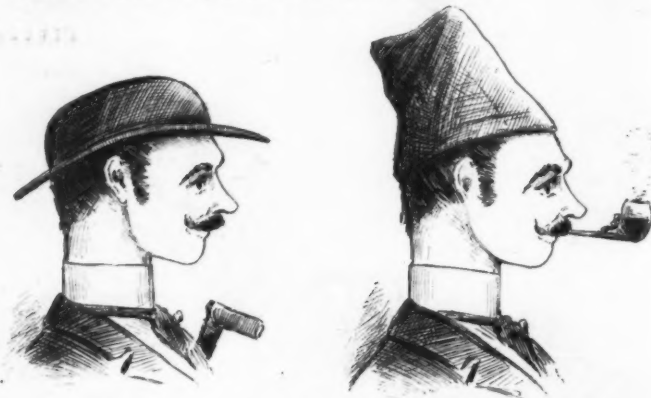


If his wife had met him when he came out she would have demanded credentials.

The observations were getting extremely interesting, and as a caper (?) the Hartford bridegroom, who left his new responsibility to come in and smoke a pipe, was a complete success.

He wore a dicer—there is no other name for it—when he first appeared, and it looked as if he had been monkeying with a run-away pile-driver.

He was the only one of the assortment whom the silk cap partially improved, but the betterment was, as it were, seared and cauterized by the fact that he evidently knew it and wanted others to.



The student of character had to leave the train here as he had an engagement to lecture at Trinity college on "What Makes the Man," but he could not help watching that last instance of evolution until the train-window was obscured by distance.

JAMES S. GOODWIN.

MACHINE VS. MAN.

Higgins (watching his friend getting weighed at the "drop-your-nickel" machine)—"Why, the thing don't work! It's a beastly swindle."

Wiggins—"Well, it hasn't got ahead of me, any. 'Sh! That nickel was plugged."

NEEDLESS ADVICE.

To the lady in the kitchen:

Never have a meal ready exactly on time. The mistress will expect you to do it again.

If you know how to cook any troublesome dishes keep it a secret. You might be told to cook them.

When you are shown how to do a new thing display as much stupidity as possible. The lady will have to do it herself until you learn how.

Never come as soon as you are called. Too great readiness makes people exacting.

Be careful not to admit that anyone else does harder work than you. Wages might be gauged accordingly.

Talk incessantly of the hardship and unpleasantness of being obliged to do the work you were engaged for, and of your extreme good nature in doing it.

So shall you find favor in the eyes of the mistress, and the heart of the master will be glad when he pays you the miserable pittance you so hardly earn.

EVA LOVETT CARSON.

AT THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE.

In a cemetery.

"And so you have come to your doctor's funeral! That is as it should be; grateful patients are rare."

"Oh, you mustn't praise me too much. I am thankful because it was the doctor who died."

SNARLED-UP BENEVOLENCE.

Bagley—"Sad thing this, throwing so many tons of vegetables into the harbor because the market's glutted! Just think of the poor!"

Softart (S. P. C. A.)—"Fish, you mean? Dreadful. Tons and tons of cucumbers and not a drop of cholera mixture!"

IN HIS OWN COIN.

"Well, Janet," asked a facetious husband, whose wife had just discharged the hired girl, "are you going to bravely breast the waves of the domestic sea of troubles?"

"No," she answered demurely; "I'm only going to stem the currants."

It's Cleveland, and it's Thurman,
All over this broad land;
If you don't believe the music,
Just listen to the band.
—*Eric Herald.*

Yes; but in spite of brazen blare,
And the Democrats' hosannas,
There's little that is hearty there
But the flapping of bandanas.
—*Buffalo Express.*

"I DON'T WANT RELIEF, BUT CURE,"

is the exclamation of thousands suffering from catarrh. To all such we say: Catarrh can be cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It has been done in thousands of cases; why not in yours? Your danger is in delay. Enclose a stamp to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for pamphlet on this disease. Golden Medical Discovery purifies the blood, strengthens the lungs and invigorates the whole system.

Adam never had a mother-in-law. His wife needed no assistance in making trouble in the family.—*Boston Gazette.*

Miss Spinster (to young lady with the golden locks) — "It is very silly with me, Miss Smith, but I never see you without unconsciously looking for a white horse."
Miss Smith (sweetly)— "Yes? And do you know, Miss Spinster, that I never see you without looking about for a gray horse." —*Epoch.*

A NEW AND CHARMING AMERICAN NOVEL.

"Napoleon Smith" is a story published by the JUDGE Publishing company that gives no further clue to the author than the announcement that it is by a well-known New Yorker. He writes as an attaché 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 circumstantiality 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. This is in the connection which he makes between the resumption of specie payments in 1876 and the hoards secreted by Napoleon I., of which no trace was found after his death. This missing link is supplied by Napoleon Smith from Sinclairville, Me., who turns up in Paris and tries his fortunes in the Franco-Prussian war. The narrative of these fortunes makes the book, and a lively one it is. War, love and adventure chase one another over the pages like Spartan harriers. Now they are down; up again and at it; and so on we go in the train breathlessly to the end. The book is of the sort that clamors until it is finished, but it is wholesome, breezy and full of fun. It makes large demands on the probabilities and draws large drafts on the credibility; it does both in a way so persuasive that each is granted. The sketches of character are almost wholly good. The soap-selling Yankee, perhaps, smells too strongly of the footlights, and the dialect is a trifle modern for 1870, but these are after considerations concerning a book which is one of the most readable of the summer novels.—*New York Graphic.*



YOU SUFFER

from Biliousness, Constipation, Piles, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Colds, Liver Trouble, Jaundice, Dizziness, Bad taste in Mouth, etc.—You need suffer no longer—

Warner's SAFE Pills

will cure you. They have cured tens of thousands. They possess these points of superiority: sugar-coated; purely vegetable, contain no calomel, mercury, or mineral of any kind; do not gripe; never sicken; easy to take; mild in operation; and for these reasons are especially the favorites of women. Ask for

WARNER'S SAFE PILLS.

COMPARATIVE WORTH OF BAKING POWDERS.

ROYAL (Absolutely Pure).....	██
GRANT'S (Alum Powder) *.....	██
RUMFORD'S, when fresh.....	██
HANFORD'S, when fresh.....	██
REDHEAD'S.....	██
CHARM (Alum Powder) *.....	██
AMAZON (Alum Powder) *.....	██
DAVIS', and DAVIS' O. K.	██
<small>New York, (Alum Powders.) *</small>	
CLEVELAND'S.....	██
PIONEER (San Francisco).....	██
CZAR.....	██
DR. PRICE'S.....	██
SNOW FLAKE (Groff's).....	██
LEWIS'.....	██
PEARL (Andrews & Co.).....	██
HECKER'S.....	██
GILLET'S.....	██
ANDREWS & CO. "Regal" *.....	██
<small>Milwaukee, (Contains Alum.)</small>	
RUMFORD'S, when not fresh.....	██

REPORTS OF GOVERNMENT CHEMISTS

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"I have tested a package of Royal Baking Powder, which I purchased in the open market, and find it composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It is a cream of tartar powder of a high degree of merit, and does not contain either alum or phosphates, or other injurious substances."
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"It is a scientific fact that the Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure. The Royal Baking Powder is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offered to the public."
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"The Royal Baking Powder is purest in quality and highest in strength of any baking powder of which I have knowledge."
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The Royal Baking Powder received the highest award over all competitors at the Vienna World's Exposition, 1873; at the Centennial, Philadelphia, 1876; at the American Institute, New York, and at State Fairs throughout the country.

No other article of human food has ever received such high, emphatic, and universal endorsement from eminent chemists, physicians, scientists and Boards of Health all over the world.

NOTE.—The above DIAGRAM illustrates the comparative worth of various Baking Powders, as shown by Chemical Analysis and experiments made by Prof. Schedler: A pound can of each powder was taken, the total leavening power or volume in each can calculated, the result being as indicated. This practical test for worth by Prof. Schedler only proves what every observant consumer of the Royal Baking Powder knows by practical experience, that, while it costs a few cents per pound more than ordinary kinds, it is far more economical, besides affording the advantage of better work. A single trial of the Royal Baking Powder will convince any fair minded person of these facts.

* While the diagram shows some of the alum powders to be of a comparatively high degree of strength, it is not to be taken as indicating that they have any value. All alum powders, no matter how high their strength, are to be avoided as dangerous

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A Concentrated Liquid Extract of
MALT and HOPS.

MANUFACTURED BY SPECIALTY DEPT.,
PHIL. BEST BREWING CO.

Aids Digestion.

Cures Dyspepsia.

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*Restores Sound, Refreshing
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Allcock's Porous Plasters are purely vegetable. They are mild, but effective; sure and quick in their action; and absolutely harmless.

Beware of imitations and do not be deceived by misrepresentation.

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ABSOLUTELY PERFECT.

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Tailor.

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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.

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MY LAST LECTURE to weak, nervous men is mailed free. Address, Prof. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

The Staten Island ferryboats and trains are now carrying thousands of passengers daily. The summer season on the island has opened in earnest, and the Rapid Transit road is being managed better than it ever has been before. Mr. Gannon has certainly got the traffic department down to perfection this season.

The old Roman may wave his bandana on high
And talk to the crowds all day,
But he won't be elected when winter is nigh,
For he isn't built that way.
—Lincoln Journal.

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voice the opinion of their profession after thorough test of the



NEW ORLEANS, June 11th, 1888.

After satisfactory trial, I can safely say that the polish obtained from the Felt is superior to that which is obtained from the bristles.
JAS. WEST, D.D.S.

I consider your brush an improvement on the old tooth-brush.
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I can cheerfully recommend it as being superior to any other in the market. I intend to recommend it to all my patrons.
Respectfully,
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GET OUT OF THE HEAT AND DUST.

To strike out of New York of a hot day, with the thermometer in the nineties and getting more so, and encounter an ocean breeze, is to get the best, the healthiest, the quickest and the most gratifying of all relief. It is immediate and thorough, and permanent through the long hours of heat that bring intolerable suffering to the man and woman who swelter in these hot streets. And the best way to get away, as well as to return, is through the service of the Iron Steamboat company, whose boats leave and return to Battery place and Twenty-third street at the most convenient hours for business men and pleasure-seekers. The all-water route to Long Branch, without stop or change, is so gratifying to the tired and thrice-heated individual that every boat of a hot day is a palace of rest; and the boats are managed with an eye to a system of courtesy, convenience and cheapness that cannot be reached by any other route. There are no accidents on this line, and there are likewise no dust and no flies.

Arithmetic—The dancing master should be quick at figures.—*Boston Courier.*

When barge meets barge then comes the tug of commerce.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

General passenger agents Ruggles and Busenbark of the Michigan Central Railroad company deserve great credit for the way they handled the Chicago convention.

The quail bird he has snow-white flesh,
Likewise the rooster game;
The crow bird's flesh isn't white at all,
But we'll eat it just the same.
Memphis Avalanche (Dem.).

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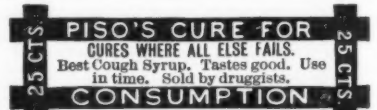
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A rare gift for the ladies. Save much money and secure the best! Every lady knows and appreciates the privilege of having a few remnants of ribbon, handy for the thousand and one tasty and useful purposes for which such goods are used, and which they, the ladies, use to such advantage. To purchase what is wanted at the usual prices such goods are sold for, would create a large bill of expense, and therefore drive a great many from indulging their taste in this direction. Realizing that there were thousands upon thousands of remnants of ribbons among the large importing houses of America which they would be willing to dispose of in bulk, for a small fraction of their cost, to any one capable of purchasing largely, we instituted a search, resulting in our obtaining the entire stock of silk and satin ribbons. Remnants of several of the largest of these houses, who imported the finest goods. These goods may be depended upon as superior to anything to be found, except in the very best stores of America. Let them be given away free, nothing like it ever known. A grand benefit for all the ladies; beautiful, elegant, choice goods absolutely free. We have expended thousands of dollars in this direction, and can offer an immensely varied, and most complete assortment of ribbons, in every conceivable shade and width, and all of excellent quality, adapted for neck-wear, bonnet strings, hat trimmings, bows, scarfs, dress trimmings, silk quilt work, etc., etc. Some of these remnants range three yards and upwards in length. Though remnants, all the patterns are new and late styles, and may be depended on as beautiful, refined, fashionable and elegant. How to get a box containing a complete assortment of these elegant ribbons free. **The Practical Housekeeper and Ladies' Fireside Companion**, published monthly by us, is acknowledged, by those competent to judge, to be the best periodical of the kind in the world. Very large and handsomely illustrated; regular price 75 cts. per year. Send 25 cents and we will send it to you for a trial year, and will also send free a box of the ribbons; 2 subscriptions and 2 boxes, 65 cts.; 4 subscriptions and 4 boxes, \$1. One-cent postage stamps may be sent for less than 21. Get 3 friends to join you thereby getting 4 subscriptions and 4 boxes for only 81; can do it in a few minutes. The above offer is based on this fact—those who read the periodical referred to, for one year, want it thereafter, and pay us the full price for it; it is in after years, and not now, that we make money. We make this great offer in order to once secure 250,000 new subscribers, who, not now, but next year, and in years thereafter, shall reward us with a profit, because the majority of them will wish to renew their subscriptions, and will do so. The money required is but a small fraction of the price you would have to pay at any store for a much smaller assortment of far inferior ribbons. Best bargain ever known, you will not fully appreciate it until after you see all. Safe delivery guaranteed. Money refunded to any one not perfectly satisfied. Better cut this out, or send at once for probably it won't appear again. Address,
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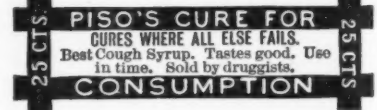
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\$1,500

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SIX CASH PREMIUMS.

We will give the person who shall send us the greatest number of yearly subscriptions to the New York Ledger, at THREE DOLLARS each, between the first day of July, 1888, and the first day of October, 1888.

- A Grand Cash Premium of..... \$600
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- To the person who sends us the third greatest number of subscribers..... 250
- To the person who sends us the fourth greatest list..... 150
- To the person who sends us the fifth greatest list..... 100
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Making in all..... \$1,500

This offer will remain open till the 30th day of September, 1888, after which date competition for these prizes will close.

In the New York Ledger of October 13, the names of the winners of these prizes, their addresses, the amounts won and the number of subscriptions sent to us by each winner will be published.

Any one is at liberty to compete for these prizes who chooses to do so.

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Address all letters to

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Do not buy any more "Poor Rubber Hose," but put your money in the

"SPIRAL" COTTON HOSE.



Lighter, Cheaper and Better than the best rubber hose.

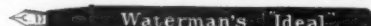
Made on the same principle as the rubber-lined hose used in Fire Departments, which last for years.

The cotton duck used in all rubber hose draws in water, wherever exposed, as a wick absorbs oil, and being confined by rubber generates a sulphurous gas, quickly destroying the best rubber hose. The "Spiral" Hose, having no outside covering to imprison the moisture, will dry like a towel.

There are imitations, so buy only that which has one red line running through it, and which is branded "Spiral," patented March 30, '80. If your dealer does not have it in stock, let him get it.

Samples mailed to any address for six cents.

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Fair white hands.

Bright clear complexion

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"Handsome? Yes, beyond expression. Rich? Immensely so, I hear. Love him? That is gross digression. Marry him? Of course, my dear."—Ex.

The Bohmer Little Bijou Grand Piano—the smallest Grand Piano ever made—has already earned a proud reputation for its makers. Its perfection of tone and touch is known to hundreds of musicians and in thousands of homes all over the world. It is a wonderful instrument.

Honor and shame from no condition rise, Act well your part, which means to advertise.

—Texas Siftings.

THE JUDGE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

A late number of the JUDGE presents one of the most striking pictures on political affairs we have ever seen. It occupies the full centre pages, and represents Uncle Sam as Moses, and John Bull as Pharaoh. A well executed mass of water divides, showing through a deep perspective the "hosts" of Great Britain, embracing all classes of labor, migrating to the United States. It is underscored by an extract from the New York Sun: "Last year the arrivals of immigrants reached the enormous aggregate of 450,845, and this year's immigration will be over half a million." Uncle Sam says to John Bull: "Why, O Pharaoh, are your hosts migrating to my protection land if the free trade which your country enjoys is such a blessing?" The artistic execution is excellent, and the color-printing is in the highest style of art. We have had this picture framed and glassed, and it hangs in our public office, as a striking argument which our non-English reading friends can easily comprehend. It is from the pencil of "Victor," and should be reprinted by thousands as a "campaign document."

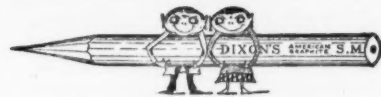
And while on the question of the JUDGE, we must say that under the new management it is the first paper of its class published in the world. Each number contains an article from the pen of Hon. James Arkell, which for sound argument, or withering satire against the ways and means of the Democratic party, is unsurpassed. Let every Republican American in Colombia subscribe for the JUDGE, and enjoy the lashings which "Anglo-Grover" and his free-trade Democracy receive in every number.—Shipping List, Barranquilla, Colombia, S. A.

Oh, Mr. Thurman, you giddy old boy! At your time of life to be getting up a handkerchief flirtation with the goddess of liberty! We wouldn't have thought it of you.—Washington Hatchet.

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, 855 Broadway, cor. 14th St. N. Y., for illustrated book of proofs FREE.



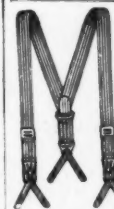
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If your stationer does not keep them mention JUDGE and send 16 cents in stamps to the JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., of Jersey City, N. J., for samples worth double the money.

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ELASTIC SUSPENDER WITHOUT RUBBER.



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- A Quality, plain or fancy web..... \$ 50
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- C " " " web..... 1 00
- D " " " web..... 1 25
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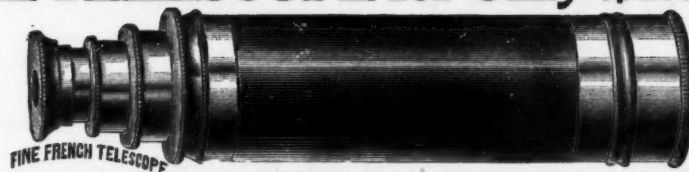
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THE AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, 181, 182 Monroe Street, Chicago.

A new play is called, "Twenty Maidens to Two Dudes." Great Bacon! We should think one dude would be enough to sicken twenty maidens in one scene.—Norristown Herald.

Mr. Browning is seventy-six, and is just as unintelligible as ever.—Lowell Courier.

A TELESCOPE for Only \$1.00.



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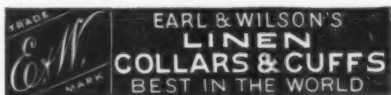
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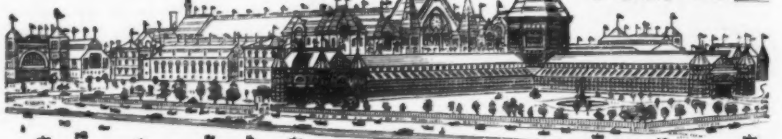
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In loose, ill-fitting clothes,
Like his hose;
Stealing second on his toes,
Or his nose;
While in the grand stand rows
Pretty maidens and their beaux
Forget decorum's pose,
As he goes.

When cruel time bestows
Adipose,
Base running and all those
He outgrows.
And in the grand stand rows
Pretty maidens and their beaux
Give him throne, but ne'er a rose,
I suppose.

—Philadelphia Call.



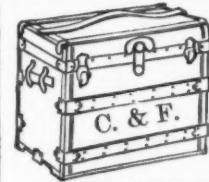
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Then Preserve Them by Using
Bailey's Rubber Tooth Brush.

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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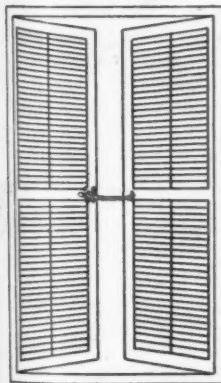
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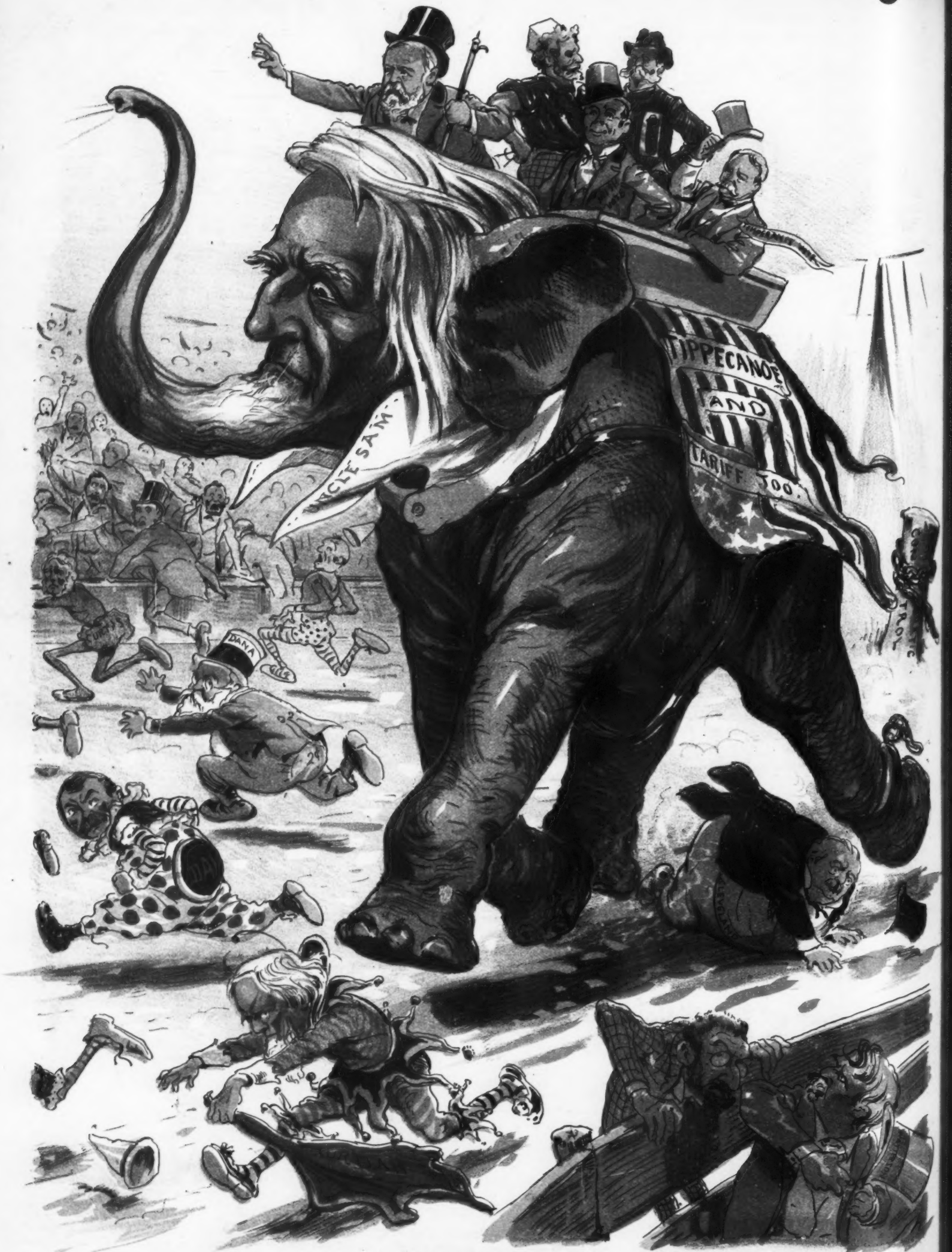
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