

RAZZLE-DAZZLED.

THE BIG 4.-"We have captured all the Harmony we wanted, We are still a band of brothers altogether, And if anything's gone wrong with our happy little song It's accounted for by Harrisonian weather."



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JUDGE

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nan

QUICK PROMOTION.

CALLAHAN (*reverently, on landing*)--" Well, well! look a' thot, now. Dacy only foor years in th' counthry an' gineral av th' Unity Shtates ar-rmy !"

CASTLE

GARDES

THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY (POTTER BUILDING), Park Row, New York.

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## CHARGE of the four hundred - \$6 a cork.

T WOULD appear that where the McAllister sits is the foot of the table.

F SOME New York paper would say it had a boom in its circulation how odd that would be!

BOB LINCOLN doesn't want office, and that is one first-rate reason why he should have

WAR

PIONEERS

office. sik sik sie THIS administration parted

Perry Belmont's diplomacy as nearly in the middle macy as ..... as his hair is. \* \* \*

PROVERB-Look not upon the wine when it costs less than six dollars a bottle .- McAllister. sk

THESE CENTENNIALS come too frequently. If there is another of them we shall have another great civil war.

THE WIRES are not to go underground. Oh, dear, no! The law has conferred that burial on the dignity of the metropolis.

CLEVELAND having been made a warrior in Tammany, it can hardly be said that anybody can love him for the friends he has acquired.

T IS SPLENDID that Gladstone lived to lament

the departure of Bright. Nothing could be better, unless, perhaps, Bright might be resurrected to eulogize the departed Gladstone.

BOULANGER going to Corsica for recreation and recuperation is half as ridiculous as the French government's fear of and frequent retirement of Boulanger.

F THE SON of a president lives in the white-house he is a hanger-on and a nonentity, and if he goes into business he is using his father's position to help himself along. After all, it ought to be conceded that the son of a president has the average right to live.

JOHN BRIGHT was in sympathy with all manner of suffering, and especially with the people whom the hereditary principle doesn't elevate to the position of wealthy beggars. It would be better for England if more of her people had that article of Bright's disease.

T IS THOUGHT that Murat Halstead will spend most of his time for some years in thumping the senate. Well, that is free speech and free muscle without the gloves : but it is the golden rule in the senate, as with the field-marshal, to thump after the manner that you have been thumped.

#### THE SWEET SIXTEEN.

THIS NUMBER begins volume 16 of the JUDGE. The progress made by the paper is familiar to all. The news-stands tell it. The mails are full of it. The press of the country recognizes it. The vast advance in our circulation during and since the late campaign is certainly unprecedented in the history of the humorous press. In a few days the establishment will be in its new home at Sixteenth street and Fifth avenue, where its facilities will be greatly enlarged and greater satisfaction, if possible, will be given its millions of readers.

#### PROGRESS.

ROGER PRYOR says the tariff question has disrupted the solid south. Let us hope so. The south thought it was big enough, nearly thirty years ago, to protect itself. That was shown to be a fallacy; and now if it wants a union of home interests for the development of home resources and home enterprise, that is both progress and patriotism. Let sectionalism go down, and let us all live for the good of the country-and presently for that of the continent.

#### TWO BOBS.

GAIL HAMILTON says one of her best things in saying that "Robert Elsmere" is a weakling. There is manly thought, and the man who has it, so it be conscientious, is not afraid of it. Contrast Bob Inger-

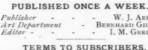
soll with Bob Elsmere, and what a hero the former is ! It is the contrast between the Hamlet of Booth and the feeble thing that Henry Irving is as Hamlet. Think of one carried by his conscience into doubt and then condemning himself for both! Such babes as that are not made for heroes.

#### THE CIVIL SERVICE-THE VOTER.

THERE is a certain affectation of regret at the political condition demanding that the executive as soon as seated shall be coerced to devote attention to filling as swiftly as possible the official places from members of the party which selected him. It is burdensome, difficult, and probably distasteful, but nevertheless an expected duty. In other forms of government, where the monarch is simply a figurehead, the premier is president. A change of administration involves the change of

policy, and is followed by such official changes as will not mar or misrepresent its purpose. It is true that in England uninfluential and subordinate places are left untouched; yet the continuous tenure in minor positions has its evils, developing a certain droning superciliousness bred of indifference to any probability of displacement. The government privates go through the daily routine with no extra stimulus to efficiency and depressed by the slim prospect of even a limited promotion, and that only by death. It is a machine just the same, differing from ours in this, that no new trucks are put under the government train until the old ones are worn out. The engineers and conductors are nevertheless selected from waiting and wistful blood, while the rolling-stock is dulled with monotonous wear or the dry-rot of decay. Neither of the great parties in this country expect or would brook the establishment of the policy of petrifaction in place. The impatient and experimental tendency of the people is not change for the sake of change, but for expected betterment. It may be very lofty to sneer at organization as a "machine." It must be conceded that without organization the movement of large bodies would be the impotent movement of the mob. If through indolence, indifference or ignorance there is a failure to select competent leaders there are Boulangers and Balfours who will select themselves

It is impossible for the head of the government to be all-knowing or





A LASTING EFFECT.

MR. OLLIPHANT—"It's a pity so charming a girl should be so awkward." MISS DOLLIVER—"She can't help it. Shopped too much during the Easter holiday season, you know."

all-seeing. He must assume that the representatives of the people are his proper advisors. By what divining could the president or the heads of departments presume that the elections had all gone wrong, and that somewhere, in some undiscovered nook, was a modest and hiding political wisdom waiting to be sought? Fault-finding does not rise to the dignity of exertion. There are men, as well as animals, whose highest happiness is a howl. Grumbling gives the air, without the quality, of wisdom.

Party managers are the party's aggressive, if not always its wisest, members. There is a pugilism in politics that pushes itself by persistence to the front. It is a vain hope to expect "a reformation" without staying in an organization and by a continuous and stronger push creating it. An eminent money-achieving New York financier once, remarking in response to a criticism on the danger of indifference to local politics, said he could make more money in the time he would waste in watching primaries than the amount that, by bad politics, he would be robbed.

We know the evils we have to confront. They cannot be purged by sentiment. Only by action. One-half would be removed by co-operation in demanding registry of voters to suppress frauds. An educational qualification is an antidote to ignorance.



#### UNCERTAINTY AT THE DANCE.

MR. Sogus-" Whad meks dat Miss Spacer ser kinder lon'sum t'night i

Sum f night  $\ell'$  MR. WHEETS — "D' boys ain't quite suah whedder dat 'rangement stickin' out of her bodice is one ob dem new fash'ned lawnettes er a razzer, an' dey's shy."

Disfranchise vote-sellers to prevent corruption. In this way it would be easier, and possible, to attain a political representation that would not be so largely a selection of popular ignorance or personal venality. J. A.

THE RIGHTS of states must not be overlooked. Let the national surplus be applied for the next fifty years to the completion of the Albany capitol. \* \* \*

THE MOST pronounced April fool was the man who got his only bite out of a sandwich and sold his fishing-tackle for trout at Fulton market.

WE TRUST the natives of Samoa are not superstitious. If they are they will say that the late disaster there was due to a special interposition of Providence.

#### INFORMATION SOUGHT AND FOUND.

S AID ambitious Jones, "I'm a down-hearted man.

- I try to get rich, but I can't find a plan; I look forward and back And try to get track Of aught that will make me a very rich man."
- He saw Smarty Smith, a rich man from Flint

He saw Smarty Smith, a rich man from Finde-"Oh, give me, I pray you, a pointer, a hint Where the most money's made." For an answer he stayed. Smarty Smith stroked his chin and replied, "In the mint!" LENA GILBERT BROWS. LENA GILBERT BROWN.

THE supreme court will lack hereafter the legal gospel according to Stanley Matthews.

F ANY MAN wants to be forgotten let him hire somebody to propose a public monument to his memory.

**''K** ISSED the wrong woman" is the title of a newspaper story. In many cases, mark you! the wrong one is exactly the right one.

THE SOLID SOUTH is rapidly being broken up. We notice that some Mormon missionaries have recently taken several thousand women out of Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee.

THE FELLOWSHIP existing between the ex-president and his cabinet is a compliment to every man of the combination; but amiability on the part of the pigs out of the clover can never be too closely watched.



JUDGE

#### THE LOCALITY OF IT.

DE BUDGE (looking over the family album)—" Who's this old gentleman in uniform?" MISS BENDIX—" That's old grandpa Bendix. He failed to leave us a lot of money we expected."

DE BUDGE—" Did he die intestate?" MISS BENDIX—" Oh, no; somewhere down near Seabright, New Jersey, I believe."

COLONEL FELLOWS does well to go south. In point of fact that man couldn't go anywhere without doing better than he does now.

SENATOR EDMUNDS fears lung trouble. The lung trouble of some senators, particularly men like Riddleberger, is an affliction to the entire country.

COLONEL WATTERSON mentions young Russell Harrison as the crown prince. Well, if he is the crown prince this is tolerably certain—he will never shoot off his head or his mouth.

**E**LIJAH HALFORD doesn't want to be called "colonel," and says, "Plain 'Mr. Halford' is good enough for me." That is such excellent democratic sense that we are almost inclined to promote Elijah to the position of major-general.

WHATEVER the malice of Perry Belmont, Mr. Blaine is too big a man to have malice against him. It does seem curious that the first appointment to foreign place was that to Spain; but Mr. Blaine probably forgot Mr. Belmont a great many years before the young man was born. MISERY LOVES company. By the way the Sun says it is "a consolation to find that the fools are not dead yet."

THE HEREDITARY PRINCIPLE is not right, but at the same time a man ought not to be barred out of official favor merely because he had a distinguished father.

A WRITER for the *Courier-Journal* says the resumption of private life by Grover Cleveland reminds him of the throwing of a stone in the water —"plunk, bubble, and silence." Now it seems to us there was no plunk.

**B**ECAUSE a man has succeeded in business he cannot possibly manage a post-office department—that is the slush of the mugwump press; and really it is amazing that anybody but a lawyer should go into a cabinet, a congress, 'or a legislature.

**I**<sup>T</sup> SEEMS to us that abuse of a man merely because he is president is not only unjust but unpardonable. Here is a newspaper which calls Benjamin Harrison a mugwump, and there is no law which provides for knocking its editor in the head or suing him for libel.





#### TROUBLE ON THE CONGO.

ENTERPRISING ADVERTISING AGENT-" This is the first good rock I've found to paint on since I arrived."

IF THEY HAVE any trouble on the other shore let us hope that John Ericsson will still be on the American side.

JAY GOULD would like New York to present him with her portion of the air and sky as terminals for his great humanitarian city railroads and general cash-box.

WE HAVE a bigger queen than the queen of England here, because while Victoria rules over certain peoples our Frances is queen of the Victoria.

EVERY LADY in private life ought to thank heaven that her face is never going to be printed in the daily pictorials as if she were the mere wife of the president or a cabinet officer.

PERHAPS if the officeseekers would let President Harrison alone they would advance their prospects; because no president can confer office after he has been talked to death.

#### JUDGE



#### HER EASTER BONNET.

THE seats are taken, every one; My heart is beating in my ear; The sermon is but just begun. I look around-she must be here! Ah, no -alas! Her place I see Filled by a maiden strange to me

And, all at once, how empty seen The crowded space; how dim and cold The tender morning light that streams Through windows stained in blue and gold. The carven cherubs look quite glum And even the organ pipes seem dumb

The preacher tells of peace and bliss. Of Easter joy. Ah, well, no doubt Some other sinner will not miss The comfort that he talks about. For me, my altar shrine is bare Since my fair saint's smile is not there.

What's this? A sweet face turned my way, A gently welcoming look; dear eyes! Ah, now, indeed, my prayer I'll say, And now the preacher's words seem wise to think my love I did not know,

Her Easter bonnet changed her so ! MADELINE S. BRIDGES

#### ITEMS FROM OLYMPUS.

VENUS was very angry the other day when Apollo told her she was " 'a lyre," until he explained that he meant she was a sweet thing.

Jupiter came down to New York not long since and tried a lottery scheme. He had to send Mercury for his invisible cloak before he could get back, for he lost everything he had.

A fox-hunt, without the fox, which took place in Chicago a few weeks ago so disgusted Diana that she has been begging Jove to lend her a thunderbolt with which to punish the huntsmen.

Atlas has been complaining of late. He says that it is hard work to hold up

the world, now that so many new states have been added to this country. in Maine the other day and nearly starved before getting back to Olympus, Since this country has grown so wise Minerva has discarded the owl on account of the prohibition laws.

and taken the American eagle as the bird of wisdom. Vulcan was much interested in the Bessemer steel manufactory, which he visited last week. He had quite a talk with Jove on the subject,

and expects to erect a plant in the isle of Lemnas.

Pegasus has been unwell owing to the number of inexperienced poets who have been riding him.

The muse of epic poetry, Caliope, has been so dull of late that it is feared her occupation is gone forever.

Pluto acted in amateur theatricals the other day as Mephistopheles in "Faust." It was a realistic rendering of the part.

Momus, the god of laughter, has not been well since the campaign. The gods are much exercised over his indisposition.

The vulture which has been bothering Prometheus for the last five thousand years died the other day. Pro is very happy.

The weather changes have been so sudden in Olympus lately that Mercury is quite worn out hopping up and down the thermometer.

Bacchus dropped down



## INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

MISS BLOSSOM (*looking over the ship*)—"And you say you steer by that little needle?" LIEUTENANT BRACER—"Yes, entirely." MISS BRACER—"It's awfully funny. I should think in a storm you'd twist it right off."

#### THOSE DELIGHTFUL LETTERS.

He-" My darling-home at last ! How can I ever thank you for



#### A VIGOROUS AWAKENING.

MRS. FONDLEY-" Why, father! what are you doing ? LITTLE EDWIN-" I thought he'd slept long enough, so I connected his 'lectric belt with th' burglar alarm an' touched her off." those delightfully long and perfect letters which you sent so faithfully? There was only one thing lacking; you didn't say anything about your instructors - ah - the professors. Do you know, I am dreadfully jealous of those professors?

She-"You needn't be, Tom, I assure you. I didn't mention any of them because the letters formed my regular essay work in English, and were corrected by Professor Eyeglass and read aloud in class."

THE CRUEL WORLD. Girl in the street-car holding cas Man gets the bill changed. Big

mustache. Smiles. More smiles; then mutual mash

Married a year. Domestic crash.

#### WHICH?

De Garry-"I hear old Lordly is being sued for divorce.

Bjones-" Actress or typewriter ?"

## JUDGE

#### SPRING BLOSSOMS.

W is the time When poets rhyme And editors go mad. When bills are due, And flats are new, And vegetables bad. Tis now we note How vest and coat Look strange and out of style. Yet bravely say They'll last through May, But know they can't the while.

Each youth and boy Now whoops for joy In idiotic mirth-While base-ball nine Their schemes combine To want, and get, the earth. The painter man

With brush and can Jostles us on the street; We step in line While hammers chime And planks trip up our feet.

Oh, season drear, We know you're here, But don't prolong your lease. Don't lounge about-Get out, get out, And let us have some peace!

#### HINTS TO FATHERS WHO HAVE MARRIAGEABLE DAUGHTERS.

TRAIN your clocks to strike only every two hours.

If you have a dog give it to some friend-for the time being.

Never grumble audibly about the dress-maker's and milliner's bills. Always let the young man see that you wear slippers in the evenings. Take all the tidies from the sitting-room chairs. Men are adverse to tidies.

When you go to the theatre as chaperone always hire a carriage to go home in and then fall asleep on the way.

An invitation to dinner once in a while will either make the young man feel at home or else scare him off. This is a good way to learn his intentions.

Join the club to which the young man belongs, and if necessary ask him to see you home late at night. This will be an advantage to you, and also make the young man feel that he was " solid " with you.

Do not make use of patent gas-extinguishers which turn all the lights out at ten o'clock. The young man might take it as a hint to go, and he had better regulate the light to suit himself and the girl.

#### AT HIS WORD.

Mr. Jess Wedde (to his bride)-" Please pass the sugar, sweetness !" (Looks up in some confusion as the waitress hands him the sugar-bowl with unusual alacrity. Suppressed laughter from the other boarders.)



#### TEMPERED BLISS.

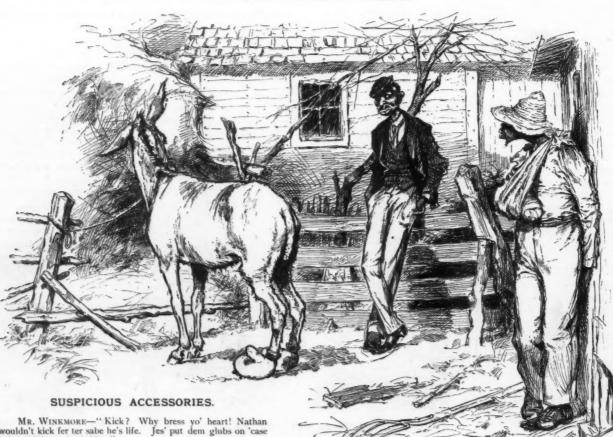
COL. GOURKER-" It seems too good to be true. How did you come to

Accept an old fellow like me?" MISS INGENUE—"Well, you see, colonel, mamma was beginning to act so silly and girlish over you that I had to step in to prevent losing her."

#### NECESSARY TO SUCCESS.

Bagley-" I want a little advice. My friends tell me to adopt literature as a means of livelihood. What is the most necessary thing to do first?"

Editor-" Get somebody to give you a good big bank account."



MR. WINKMORE—" Kick? Why bress yo' heart! Nathan wouldn't kick fer ter sabe he's life. Jes' put dem glubs on 'case he's a liddle tender behine." MR. HORUS—" Umpah. 'Spose he broke dat arm o' yourn waggin' he's tail."

## JUDGE

### MEN WE HAVE MET.

CHARLES D. BECKWITH, MAYOR OF PATERSON, N. J.

ERY grave doubt had always existed as to who struck Paterson until Charley Beckwith arrived there some years ago. He emphatically struck it, and struck it all in a heap. The city of raw girls and pretty silk got right down on its figurative knees, and the obeisance has continued guide, wears a blue-striped shirt on all occasions excepting funerals and weddings, and is as Keene in business as James R. He is a great smoker, also, and unlike Horace Walpole never blew into the muzzle of a pipe to find whether it contained a load. As a future congressman he can be relied on to say nothing and keep up a jumping-down-place of a thinking; and if by any fair means he can induce his colleagues to re-establish the nation's capital at Paterson, New Jersey, bets may be made that he will not

uninterruptedly to date. Born in Saratoga somewhat less than fifty years ago, Mr. Beckwith came to Paterson to engage in forgery, and his firm to-day have the reputation of turning out the best marine crank-shafts manufactured in this country. He never sought political honors, but, like the measles, they came to him unsolicited, and notwithstanding that the city had been Democratic since the signing of its first charter he was elected mayor by a rousing majority. After serving one term and part of another, Mayor Beckwith was nominated and elected to succeed William Walter Phelps in the fifth congressional district, and Washington, besides being prosperous, magnificent, and in the right groove so far as the real-estate boom is concerned, is now happy. The only severe thing that has ever been said about Mr. Beckwith is that he is modest, retiring, and no speech-maker. A tradition of the city has it that on one occasion, when he was announced to speak at a ratification meeting, he arose, took a gulp of red-earth Jersey water, murmured "Yes," and sat down.

That "yes" from Mr. Beckwith, arrayed as he was in garments which bespoke the fact that he believed implicitly in the culture of the silk-worm, meant more to the Patersonians than one of Mr. Evarts's thirty-day sentences. His honor is in the prime of life—is an athlete, and very fond of fishing. He always crosses his arms before indicating the length of a trout, can tell a good trotter by looking at the rings on Goodwin's turf ned a load. As a future congressman he can be and keep up a jumping-down-place of a thinking; ans he can induce his colleagues to re-establish the erson, New Jersey, bets may be made that he will not try to sell his machine-shop property as a site for the government buildings. It is too valuable. With sincere regret that Paterson has lost him for its chief magistrate, and with equally sincere congratulations that the state of New Jersey has gained a congress-

chief magistrate, and with equally sincere congratulations that the state of New Jersey has gained a congressman to succeed its recently appointed professor of Samoan German, JUDGE pounds his gavel and wishes Mr. Beckwith the highest possible hand in the game of politics.

#### NECESSITY OF LOOKING AHEAD.

With your honor me, Amelia, With your presence at the play? And I'll now engage the tickets For a twelvemonth from to-day.

Heavens, George! you must be crazy To make dates so far ahead; Life is short, and in a twelvemonth You and I may both be dead.

Yes, it's running heavy chances,

But, Amelia, you must know, Seats are held for speculators, And the public have small show. B, L, LAMPREY.

#### APROPOS.

Hungry Herbert (after the clergyman's long blessing)—"I would suggest, as an appropropriate closing hymn to these devotional exercises, 'We shall meat beyond the amen.'"

#### THE AMERICAN ABROAD.

"See that red-faced man over there? He's the prince of Wales." "He reminds me of a good poker hand—a 'royal flush.'"





#### PATERNAL HOSPITALITY IN MAINE.

JACK DIRIGO (home on a visit)-" Look here, dad ! that's a little the toughest daub I ever saw."

HIS FATHER (warningly)--"'S-s-sh! Easy, my boy. Your mother may be listening. Help yourself."





E'S LITTLE ENEMIES. nears in their attempt to find a bad record for Mr. Blaine as Secretary of State.

#### A PRECIOUS LETTER.

#### UCH a perfect treasure! Up in the garret gray,

#### Hid amid dust and cobwebs,

Many long years it lay. A precious little missive With odors faint and fine Of musk or mint or lavender-

Which, I could not divine. But oh, so sweet a message

Love's hand had seldom wrought; I knew it just the moment My eyes its covering caught.

And who could dream how priceless Its lines could seem to me, The very post-mark proving Its perfect pedigree!

I tore it from its cover, I quick compared the date-Ves, yes, it was quite flawless And from the very state! She who had penned the burde

She who had penned the burden Its tender lines conveyed Was now a gray-haired matron, Was then a blushing maid! The glad hope I had gained? Once more I sharply scanned it, Then laughed with joy unfeigned. It was indeed most precious— No shade my bliss could damp; The list said fifty dollars For that old postage stamp! CORA LINN DANIELS.

LOND

N, April 10

But why conceal my secret-

## THE WORLD OF LONDON.

Chronicled and criticised by Eddie Gates. 'Her Royal's New Shoes-Lord Downhurst's New Book-A Rattling Mill-The Fall of the House of Downey-Chestnuts.

#### (Special cable to JUDGE.)

THE young marquis of Hogshire, better known as "Dolly" Harrington, was soundly thrashed yesterday by an infuriated woman in front of "The Yellow Bear," down Parsnip court, Amen street, Peanuckle road. The cause of the assault is an impenetrable mystery. "Dolly" is the eldest son of "Old Soak" Harrington, tenth marquis of Hogshire and twelfth lord of Cheeseditch, who eloped with Fanny Waters, the star dancer at a beer hall known as "The Hole in the Wall," in 1869. Scotland-yard defectives are on the woman's trail.

Mr. Cecil Hungryever will be created a lord next month. He passed into bankruptcy two years ago and fled to Spain, but afterwards settled with his creditors for two-and-four to the pun. It is well known that he loaned a neat pot of money to the prince of Wales last winter at Monte Carlo, and the British taxpayers take this way of sponging out the debt.

Messrs, Cutter, Bindem & Co., the publishers of Tittletattle lane, will shortly issue from their press lord Downhurst's last volume. From advance proof-sheets I learn that my lord explains away his connection with the great turf scandal of last summer. It will be remembered that the betting was 20 to 3 on Presto in the three-quarter Guinea Gold Plate dash, and that his lordship was heard to lay  $\pounds_{1,500}$ against the colt. When Presto went lame in the first fifty feet, Lord Downhurst was openly accused of "pebbling" his off fore-leg. In his book my lord proves conclusively that he held the lantern while his valet did the job, and that he himself never touched the colt. Lord Downhurst will be reinstated with the Conservative club.

Her majesty rode out yesterday at Windsor in charge of a companion. The queen is still troubled by her new shoes, but hopes to break them in this month.

A rattling mill came off last Wednesday near Scarboro manor, between the Coldslaw Pet and Peter Wright, known as the "Hammerer." A number of the blue bloods were scattered among the fancy. The ring was pitched in a cleared spinney and enough gillies were posted to make things jolly safe. The "Hammerer" went to grass in the fourteenth round by a blow on the bread-casket. The "Pet" was blown and his dexter peeper roasted.

The Hon. Mrs. Downey has left her husband. The family pictures are on exhibition at Bolognham gallery and will shortly pass under the hammer. On the back of the catalogue one finds a detailed list of the alleged faults of both parties. The wife retained her title after her marriage with Mr. Downey, who was a rising and wealthy green-grocer before his lady played for and won him. There will be no divorce, simply a separation. Whatever Mr. Downey's faults may be, it is well known to all May-

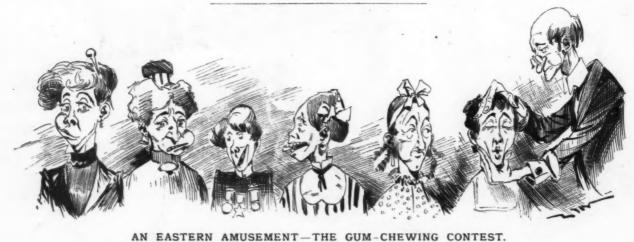


#### NOT ACCUSTOMED TO THE PASTIME.

MR. HARDY LEE (of Montpelier, Vermont, who has come down to the sea-board to buy a yacht)—"We shall have to have a new wheel put in, captain. I never can ride this one in the world."

fair that the lady was an inveterate punter at the green tables of Piccadilly, and on Derby day swung around Epsom Downs with a cigar in her mouth and her fist full of bank-notes. She is a half-sister to Rev. Mr. Whanger, the popular rector of St. Jude's chapel, Brompton park, who wrote "Mission Ike; or, A Brand from the Burning."

Among dead languages the French we'll class: No language has more murdered been, alas!



ONE OF THE CONTESTANTS—"I don't think the manager's fair a bit. He's helping that new girl on the end."

Those people who are always thinking that the news-papers are hitting at them are advised by the Atchison *Globe* to look through the bible; they will find many flings at them in the good book.

A BOON TO PARTIES VISITING EUROPE.

A BOON TO PARTIES VISITING EUROPE. There is a system whereby you may use your indi-vidual check-book in any country on the globe with the same convenience that you do at home. The *Cheque Bank*, *Limited*, of London offers this inestimable ad-vantage. The *Cheque Bank* was established in London seventeen years ago, and has for its Trustees The Rt. Hon. John Bright and Rt. Hon. Earl Beauchamp, names which are a synonym for solidity and financial integrity. The *Cheque Bank* checks are available in all parts of the world, and are accepted as cash by the British government, custom house, all steamship pand railroad offices; in other words the *Cheque Bank*, *Limited*, offers the greatest system of financial con-venience known to civilization. The *Cheque Bank*, *Limited*, has opened an office in New York, and the well-known firm of E. J. Matthews & Co, are its agents. Their references are the best, as will be seen by the names printed in their advertisement in another part of the spaper. this paper.

For hand-book containing full explanation of their system and all information apply to Messrs. E. J. Matthews & Co., Agents, United Bank Building, New York, or at their uptown office, 30 Union Square, New Vork.

Down in Marietta they have a brand of drink called "earthquake cider." A pint of it is said to make a man chase himself half-way across the Susquehanna and yell for help.—*Harrisburg Telegraph*.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

The Rev. Talmage said a while ago that he couldn't believe angels came back to earth and watched over cer-tain people, and an old lady in Ohio has made three attempts at suicide because of his disbelief. She had always believed she was watched and couldn't tumble into the well or get choked on a fish-bone.—Detroit Free Proce Press

After a sleepless night, use Angostura Bitters to tone up your system. Buy only the genuine, manufactured by Dr. Siegert & Sons. At all druggists.

Western constituent—"So you're a Democrat? Give me your hand!" Washington belle (absent-mindedly)—"Ask papa."— F.boch.

The latest numbers of the "Judge's novels" are "Lady Car: the Sequel of a Life," by that popular English author, Mrs. Oliphant; and "Jack of Hearts: a Story of English Life," by an anonymous writer. The former has all the charm of Mrs. Oliphant's earlier works; and the latter is a breezy romance—a story of Bohemia, which has been very successful abroad and has already been dramatized in London.—Augusta (Me.) fournal.





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by the brute; but the paper says the moment she grabbed a poker and made a dash for him his knees trembled and his teeth shook, and he sank to the floor in affright." *Mr. De Temper*—" He is probably a married man." —*New York Weekly.* 

-" I understand that Borer has gone south for the rest of the winter." *Popinjay*—" Yes, and for the rest of the community too.—*Burlington Free Press*.

#### THE CAUSES OF DEATH.

<sup>'</sup> Our readers are doubtless all familiar with the Robin-son poisoning cases, which have recently come to light in Somerville, Mass., a suburb of Boston.

It seems that eight deaths have occurred from arsenical poisoning, seven in one family, and within five years. It is doubtful if the murderers would have been brought

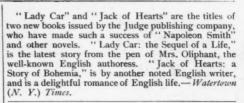
It is doubtful if the murderers would have been brought to justice had not an organization in which the victims were insured began an investigation as to why so many persons had suddenly died in one family. But the sensation from a medical point of view con-nected with the case, took place in Boston at a recent meeting of the Massachusetts Medico-Legal Society, when it was stated by Dr. Holt that there was general incorport of the sumptows of areanical poisoning and ignorance of the symptoms of arsenical poisoning and because of such ignorance the Robinson poisoning cases had gone on without arousing the suspicion of medical men. The Robinson cases were all treated by regular men. The Robinson cases were all treated by regular physicians, with correct diplomas, men supposed to know what they were doctoring for, and to know the effect of drugs on certain diseases. Yet in the five deaths from arsenical poisoning of which we speak, cer-tificates of death were given for pneumonia, typhoid fever, meningitis, bowel disease, and Bright's disease. Is it any wonder that patients are losing faith in their doctors? doctors?

doctors? In the very same manner thousands of patients are being treated this day for pneumonia, heart trouble, dropsy, incipient consumption, etc., when these are but symptoms of advanced kidney disease, which is but another name for Bright's disease. The doctors do not strike at the seat of the disease—the kidneys, and if they did nine times out of ten they would fail—as they are on record as saying they cannot cure Bright's disease of the kidneys. Rather than use Warner's Safe Cure, a well-known specific for this and all other forms of of the kidneys. Rather than use Warner's Safe Cure, a well-known specific for this and all other forms of kidney disease, they would let their patients die, and then give a death certificate that death was caused by pericarditis, apoplexy, phthisis or cardiac affection. Is this not the honest truth? Do you not know in your own personal history very many instances where physicians doctored the wrong disease, and caused un-told suffering, and many times death?

Merchant's wife (suddenly appearing in her husband's office)—" Hah! I thought you said your typewriter girl was an old maid." Merchant (much confused)—" Um—er, yes, m'dear, of course, of course; but she is sick to-day, and she sent her little granddaughter as a substitute."—Philadelphia Record. Record.

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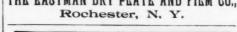
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#### HE COMETH NOT, SHE SAID.

She is waiting in the darkness, she is waiting by the door, and she hears the sad sea moaning as it beats the sandy shore; and she hears the night-bird crying, and the wailing of the trees, and upon her fevered fore-head gently blows the southern breeze; but in vain she head gently blows the southern breeze; but in vain she stands and listens for the coming of the one who to her is prince and hero, who is brighter than the sun. Close the door, oh weeping lady, close the door and weep alone, to the sighing of the branches, to the ocean's sullen moan; to the screaming of the night-bird, to the sobbing of the rain, as it falls like tears from heaven, plashing on the window pane. Let your eyes this night be rivers and your hair a mourning veil, let your soul float out to heaven in a wild, despairing wail; for the footsteps of your hero do not echo on the shore, and to night you'll never see him though you're waiting by the night you'll never see him though you're waiting by the door; and you will not hear the music of the voice you love so well, you will only hear the moaning of the ocean's restless swell. Close the door, oh weeping lady, look no more for him you love, better look for hope and comfort to the sombre sky above; to your side your love and hero all your watching cannot win, for he tried to paint the city and the peelers ran him in.—*Nebraska State Journal.* 

#### SOME OLD FASHIONS REVIVED.

There is at present a revival of old fashions steadily going on. Popular favor has returned to many of the customs of early times and our homes are rapidly assumgoing on.

customs of early times and our nomes are rapidly assum-ing an air of the past. There is a reason for this revival. Our ancestors were of the substantial kind and their tastes were accordingly marked. They looked to their personal comfort and when it was attained they stopped. Fashion's foibles had no charm for them, and in mind and agrees they upged to fash of them, and in mind

and person they were the equal of any people the world

has yet seen. Quick in perception and accurate in judgment, they soon detected the cause of any physical discomfort and as quickly applied the proper means for the removal of it.

Conspicuous among some of the old fashions recently Conspicuous among some of the old fashions recently revived has been the reproduction of some of our grand-mother's early time home cures, which are now holding a deserved position in popular favor, under the name of Warner's Log Cabin remedies, and include a Sarsaparilla for the blood, Hops and Buchu for the stomach and sys-tem, Cough Remedy for colds, Extract for internal or external pain, Hair Tonic, Rose Cream for cataarh, Plasters and Pills. For purity simplicity and for their genuine beneficial

For purity, simplicity, and for their genuine beneficial properties, they are unequaled and are worthy of our good old grandmothers, who first produced them.

It will probably be some time before babies born in Chicago will be old enough to vote at the time of their birth, but the tide seems to be setting in that direction. A recent addition to the city's population was a baby with six upper and four lower teeth. For a verity this is an age of progress.—*Blizzard*.

Exceptional durability, combined with perfection of tone and touch, make the Sohmer Piano peculiarly adapted to the use of pupils and teachers in establish-ments where piano-playing is taught.



G. G. Treat, of West Granville, Mass., writes of Allcock's Porous **Plasters**:

"For rheumatism, neuralgia, pain in the side or back, coughs, colds, bruises and any local weakness, they truly possess wonderful curative qualities. I have recommended them to my neighbors with the happiest results, many of whom but for ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS would be in a crippled condition at home. In every instance where they have been faithfully and properly applied the result has been wonderfully satisfactory.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

#### "JACK OF HEARTS."

In these days, when so many of the so-called novels which issue from the press are analytic, theologic, scientific, esotoric, erotic, or some other of the myriad of "ics," it is refreshing to find a story book—a volume written with the avowed purpose of amusing, and with no attempt to upset a belief, to disseminate a theory or no attempt to upset a belief, to disseminate a theory or to exhibit the mental crankiness of the author. Such is "Jack of Hearts," a story old enough in England to have been successfully dramatized, but new to most American readers. It is a tale of Bohemia-that is, it leads the reader into the theatre and the studio, and much of its action is upon unconventional lines. It is not of the goody-goody order, for it contains two episodes which show one the seamy side of life, but the hero is a clean, manly fellow; the heroine is a pure, sweet girl, with a natural heart and a natural complexion, and others of the dramatis persona are very pleasant, nice, companionable people to meet. Then, too, there is a breezy movement in the story; an interest sustained from first to last, and when the covers are closed one is from first to last, and when the covers are closed one is sorry that the end is come. This is, after all, the crucial test of the merit of a novel; and although "Jack of Hearts" is not a great work it fully carries out its modest than most of the books of sugar-coated philosophy which are now doing their upsetting work.—*Detroit (Mich.) Free Press.* 

Binks was asked the other day to give an epitaph for a pet fawn, whose demise was a great grief to the owner. He immediately proposed "The deer departed," which so pleased the mourner she forgot to weep.—*Boston Herald*.



Wife-" Why were you so long at the front door last night, John? Why didn't you sing out?" Husband-" That was just the trouble. I couldn't strike the right key."- Yonkers Statesman.

#### MUST BE NEW.

This is the cue: Something new! That is what is wanted of you. Black as night, or of morning hue, Red, or yellow, or brown, or blue, False as koran, as bible true.

All the same in the public's view If it be new—yes, it will do! If it be old, the day you'll rue, Down you'll go into the stew, There to stay for a day or two.

So if you'd sit in the primal pew. So if you d sit in the primal pew, And wear, as 't were, a mandarin's queue, Mark till you reach the fun'ral yew That this is the cue: Something new! That is what is wanted of you! —Pittsburg Dispatch.



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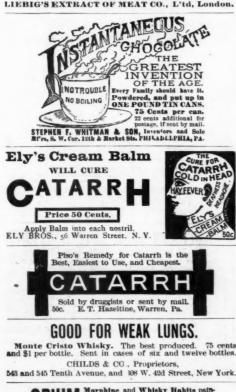


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