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# Judge

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GILLAM

NAILED TO THE MAST!

JIM BLAINE—"The Republican Ship shall sink or swim under this Flag!"



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WE ARE GRATIFIED to announce that Hon. James Arkell has consented to write each week one political article for the JUDGE.

THERE'S A DIVINITY that shapes our ends rough.—Hewitt.

EVENING CHIMES at Sandy Hook—"Where is our buoy to-night?"

THE SOCIETY of George and McGlynn will be known hereafter as the society of anti-harmony.

WHAT A magnificent amount of nothing congress has accomplished thus far!

THERE is a political contest which will presently be known as the go-as-you-won't.

HIS OPPOSITION to a second term gives the president an opportunity to slide out before he gets hurt.

THAT TARIFF MESSAGE had about as much effect on congress as if it had been shot into the clouds.

THERE MUST be peace. If any power lifts its hand against the peace that is my will I'll blow it to the four winds of heaven.—O. Bismarck.

JONES WANTS to be governor, and D. B. H. begins to look upon him as the man who frays the pate.

THE BEST JOKE of David R. Locke—The million and a half he left behind him.

HIS PLACE of birth didn't prevent little Phil doing that splendid work at Five Forks.

THE ANXIETY of the Democratic press to show that Mr. Blaine's withdrawal is conclusive is very pathetic.

DURING LENT many Democrats will abstain from water with heroic determination, taking the other beverage plain and straight.

THE BLAINE MANTLE is large. There are men who would have to be advertised as strayed or stolen if they should happen to get into it.

WHAT AN INNOCENT remark that is by D. B. Hill that the Democracy stands on the platform of 1884! Though, to be sure, the tariff message has been somewhat forgotten.

ROCHESTER HAS a woman's political club, and the other day when it nominated a woman for school commissioner every other member turned her face to the wall and wept, and then went home and scolded her husband.

DEPEW COULDN'T afford, according to the Rochester Union, to leave his present position to be an angel. And Chauncey has no need of wings. Chauncey has a pass.

THERE IS A PROTEST against the claim of Mr. Cleveland that he

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

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

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has a divine right to a second term; but the main question is whether he has the divine right to have his hide tanned in the effort to get it.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

It confounds cold-blooded and calculating men, men of the refrigerator and ice-water type of construction, that the qualities so conspicuous in James G. Blaine should have such a grip on the hearts and intellects of his countrymen. Defeated in the political battle-field, but not beaten, he still carries an unsundered sword, and in the exile of leisure and rest is as great, yes is greater in fact, than the successful occupant of the executive chair. Napoleon at St. Helena was still emperor, and the world will remember him long after the hereditary George, the Hapsburg and the Prussian monarchs are forgotten. That Blaine was dreaded by the yokels it is absurd to deny; neither was it a wonder that the Miss Nancys could not understand the man, nor was it a surprise that disappointment was turned to hate and that those renegades, themselves fighting for pay, or the retention of place, should sneer misunderstandingly at patriotism, interpreting it only as ambition. Every age has had such examples, and the phenomena are historical. This is not the first time that men have gazed with stupid attraction at a smudged eclipse and yet measured, magnified and carped at the smallest of solar spots.

No one now believes that any nominee other than Mr. Blaine could in 1884 have stemmed the ebbing tide or fought the calow cry "for change" so near to success.

The mugwumps did not intend to be satisfied. Had an archangel been named, unless he had been a member of their clique, the saintly microscopists would have discovered some excuse and condemned an imaginary fly-spot on his wing. The conspiring free-trade contingent of eminent but utterly impracticable scholars, slipping around on their literary laurels and deeming such cushioning a kingly and infallible seating were ready and more than anxious to defeat any strong exponent and believer in the American doctrine of protection. The mugwump captured by the Cobden club, gladly deserting to the side of the Hessians and dropping their enjoyable pinch of dirt, turned the scale. Even now communing with their own inner consciousness, they believe Mr. Blaine insincere.

Mr. Blaine has weighed his words well; his intent is beyond question and his last act has broadened his claims to the gratitude of the noblest and best party that any country has ever known. He does not dodge its labor or support; he does not settle into silence or shirk duty for slothful repose. When Cleveland called an onset against the interests of the country his waiting ear, catching no protesting response, sent

back an American defiance. Now, unsoured by defeat and relieving his friends of embarrassment, loving the Republican party more than self, he cheerily transfers to others the colors he has so nobly carried, in the full faith that they will be in victorious hands. J. A.

IT IS JUST worth mentioning that they don't raise votes in Florida at this season of the year.

BEAR IN MIND this fact. No one man is going to run the Republican party, and whoever that party nominates for president that man is going to run.

THERE IS TO BE no mutiny against the Republican party this year. Favorites will do well to put that in their several pipes when they want to smoke something.

IT IS THOUGHT by some that Victoria Woodhull returns to America as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for president—an ambition to which she has been given for at least twenty years; and it may at least be said of her that she has written no free-trade message.



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

GRAWLEY—"Who's that little, insignificant, dried-up, crooked, spindle-legged tailor's sign-board over there?"

GRIGGS—"That? Why that's Lord Leopold Algernon Percy Fitznoodle, son of the Earl of Ditchwater."

CRAWLEY—"Oh—aw! What a very distinguished bearing his lordship has, though, for one so slight of figure."



"MR. CROWLEY. AT THE PARK, HAS RECENTLY BEEN TAUGHT SOME NEW AND AMUSING TRICKS BY HIS KEEPER."—Daily paper.



Crowley smoking a Sixth-avenue cigar without becoming ill.

ART AND NATURE.

Edith—"O, mamma, what a monstrous, horrid-looking beetle! It makes me shudder to look at him."

Mamma—"Why, my dear, it's exactly like that gold one you wear for a breast-pin."

NO DOUBT.

A philosophic reflection.

"It was a deaf person who once characterized speech as 'silvern'; but it was a dumb one who boldly asserted that silence was 'golden.'"



Representation of the infant drum and fife corps.



Spreading the eagle on his own private lake.



As a Chatham-square clothier.



A trick or two at cards.



Doing the telegraph lineman's act

SOFTENING THE COMPLIMENT.

X was paying attention to a rich widow.

"Madame," he said, as he offered her a bouquet, "you grow more and more beautiful every day."

"You exaggerate, my dear sir!" exclaimed the lady, very much flattered.

"Well, then let us say—every other day."

Dar er few dat say a good name am bettah en wealth; but de mahjawity seem to be hus'in' aftah de wealth.



A politician returning home from a Harlem caucus.

A BA-AD MAN.

Johusing—"Wunner why Gus Slasher wa' so quiet like to-night, when yo' beat him at de kyards, Sam?"

Smif—"Guess he'd lef' his razzar at home, chile; an' he knows I never do."

THE ARITHMETIC OF MENDICITY.

A woman in rags holds out her hands to a gentleman.

"Take pity on me, sir, I beg of you; I have fifteen children to support."

"Fifteen? Why, then the oldest must be able to do for himself."

"Oh, sir, the poor darling is only six."

THE DRESSED-MEAT TRAFFIC.

Passenger—"I thought you carried all your dressed hogs on freight trains?"

Conductor—"So we do."

Passenger—"Then how do you account for that fellow lunching on limburger cheese?"

QUITE UNNECESSARY.

An absent-minded fellow the other day called on Brown. He was out.

"Had you not better leave me your name?" suggested the servant.

"Oh, it isn't worth while; Brown knows who I am."

Bettah late dan nebbah er good doctrine of yo' a'n't trabblin' by rail.

A NEW WRINKLE.

"And what do you want with ten dollars, my dear?" asked a kind aunt of her young nephew.

"To get an overcoat."

But you can't get an overcoat for that much."

Oh, yes I can," he replied. "I have a friend named Simpson in the business, and he'll let me have a coat for just one-third the regular price."

HE DREW THE LINE.

"Are you opposed to the custom of clergymen kissing the ladies they marry?" asked a petticoated crank, who was getting signatures to a petition to deprive the cloth of its osculating perquisites.

"No," was the reply; "I didn't mind the minister kissing my bride. It was only when I caught him coming to the house twice a week to continue the practice that I began to object."

THE NEWSPAPER HISTORIAN.

"What kind of a writer are you, Mr. Fake?" inquired Miss Snyder.

"I'm a posthumous author, my dear," was the self-conscious reply.

"What's that, may I ask?"

"Well, you see," he rejoined, "whenever a prominent man dies I write fictitious anecdotes about him."

Bluff widout scrappin' ef you kin—but bluff.



NOT A HIGH ESTIMATE.

MR. LIGHTWEIGHT (enthusiastically)—"Mr. Moneypenny, this is certainly a great scheme. Let's go into it together. You furnish your share in money and I'll furnish mine in brains."

MR. MONEYPENNY (thoughtfully)—"Pretty good idea. Your share will be very small, won't it?"

## THE SLUGGARD.

A SONNET.



**H**E exhibits no facility  
In matters of agility,  
In line of immobility  
He is actually great.  
Averse to things athletic,  
He is fond of the aesthetic,  
And a lassitude pathetic  
Is his customary state.  
He is happy in appearance,  
Quite a "Bruce" in perseverance  
When he's searching for a seat whereon to sit.  
He's a kind of human lichen;  
When his lazy bones enrichen  
Mother earth, he'll not be missed a single bit.

M. A. CHILDS.

## HUM OF THE COURT.

Since Mr. Blaine's withdrawal there is apparently no man who doesn't hope to be president of the United States.

No man ever forgave a woman for knowing more than he, and the worse the knowledge the greater the indignation.

Since the advent of Ash Wednesday there is such an ardent looking ahead to Easter that one suspects the prevailing penitence.

Now that John Sullivan is known here as "our John," as Mary Anderson is known as "our Mary," one is puzzled whether to wish himself a great slugger or a great actress.

Between the chirosofist and the chiropodist there is about the five feet-ten that belongs to the once-famous Heron-Allen. If the palm had had corns there would not have been that impecunious discrepancy.

It is worthy of thought whether Washington's birthday ought not to be attended by the usual



### RESTRICTION OF IMMIGRATION NEEDED.

GAGLEY—"How do you happen to be begging, my man?"  
ROURKE—"Sure, sir, Oi've been ruined by foreign importations."  
GAGLEY—"Why, you've an importation yourself."  
ROURKE—"Yis, sor; but the Eyetalians ruined me ould woman's apple-stand, and the Chinese took away her washin'; and now the dombed English civil-servish reform kapes me from gittin' a gov'mint job because Oi can't rade or write."

dinners and speeches; but the truth is that George's political party has passed away, and there is no capital to be made by the living politicians over the grave of the dead hero. Still, George has a pretty good article of immortality.

For six weeks back the girl of this country who has not had a pair of skates has been only half blessed even if she has had a pair of sweet-hearts.

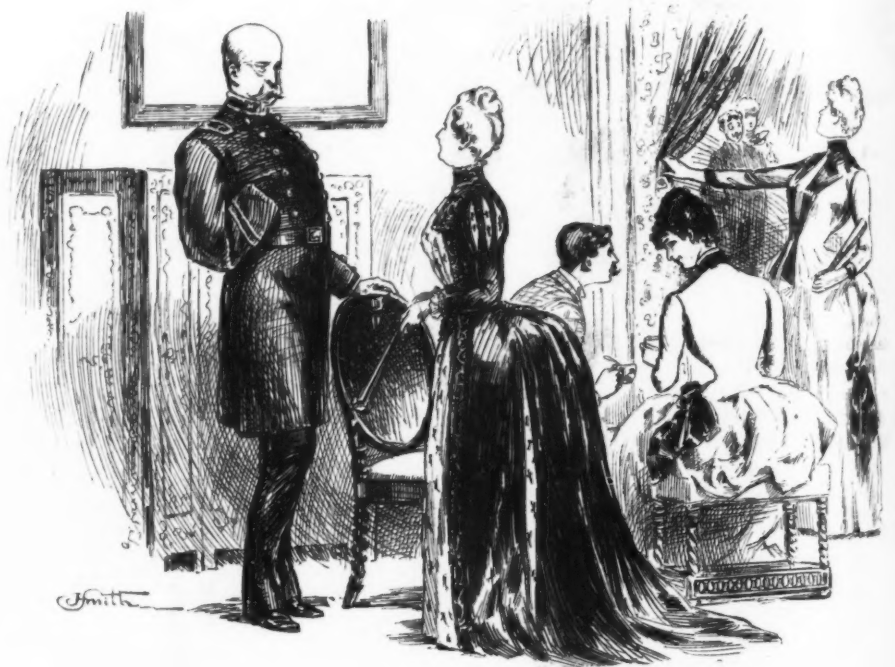
The late Mrs. Potiphar was much given to futile dalliance; but Mr. Joseph Chamberlain needn't flatter himself that Mrs. Columbia is that kind of patient woman.

The first robin will shortly make its appearance; and then will recur that annual boast of the too smart man, "Hah! I heard the first robin at least six months ago."

The prince of Wales was rebuked for talking and laughing loudly in his box at a recent performance in London. It is true that the king can do no wrong, but the heir-apparent must behave himself.

If we were a woman and wanted to kill our several husbands we should engage Powe and Pummell as our permanent counsel before contracting the matrimony; and we believe Mrs. Cignarale says so too.

A Tennessee woman has given her hand to the one of three competitors who ran eight miles within the smallest time. It seems trivial; and yet what a splendid chance the man will have to get away from her.



### EASY ENOUGH FOR HIM.

MRS. KINDHEART—"Ah, general, your charity is of the noblest kind. Nobody knows the good you do."  
MODEST PHILANTHROPIST—"You honor me. My rule is never to let my right hand know what my left hand does."

Two men, or six men, or a dozen men combine in behalf of a "trust," and the result is that the people get the goods of the "trust" fifty per cent. cheaper than they might be had under the old rule. What is the matter with that?

The French of Charles A. Dana is not remarkably pure, for the very good reason that he didn't make the language; but some day, when Mr. Pulitzer gets convivial, it will tickle him half to death to make some remarks about a Judas spree.

A woman follower of Sam Jones has become a maniac, and a contemporary insists that Sam is responsible for it. There was a man who went mad as a result of too close attention to astronomical matters, and must we therefore abolish the universe?

The story that Joseph Chamberlain will not marry an American girl is certainly untrue. For instance, until that fisheries question is properly settled what American girl would marry Joseph Chamberlain—or thereafter? Joseph, besides, has been married twice, and what American girl believes in a third term?

There is said to be a combination between Jay Gould and the Rothschilds which means corners in copper, in diamonds, and in various other valuables. But it is an obvious untruth. Mr. Gould has designs upon the air, to be ultimately carried out; but at present he combines only with John R. Fellows.

The Yonkers *Gazette* wants to know what has become of all the girls in gingham. Now it's a poor man who knows what a girl is dressed in, so she have enough on to save his blushes. Gingham or silk, it's all the same so the girl is there. What! shall we talk of the shell in preference to the kernel within the same? Go to! If she were covered with diamonds she would be just as good for all that.



THE FORCE OF HIS ARGUMENT.



BASHFUL YOUNG MAN (swinging nervously around on the piano stool)—“Oh yes—a—Miss Brown, some men start in life on an unsafe foundation, or none at all (turns)—”

STYLE WANTED.

Peterly—“I see John, that the sign outside your store reads ‘Gentlemen’s Furnishing Goods Store.’”

Appleby—“Yes, it’s a pretty sign, too, isn’t it?”

Peterly—“Ah, it’s pretty enough, but you’ll never do any business until you change it to ‘Gents’ Furnishing Goods Store.’ You’ve got to put on style here if you want to succeed.”

A Mussulman—John L. Sullivan.

WELL STEERED.

They got onto him at the Grand Central depot. Oh, how ripe he was and what a smile he had! He was on wheels and all he needed was pushing. He had a carpet-bag with shiny ends and made of striped stair carpet, and his name and residence painted on it in white letters, I. White, Rome, N. Y. The first man who shook the tree was a little fellow with a pock-marked face and a nobby summer suit and white vest.

“Why, White!” said he, “I was sent up to look for you. Jenkins, who used to live in Rome, said you would want a good quiet hotel.”

“Land sakes!” said White, “is Jenkins here in the city?”

“Yes,” said the youth with the indented cheek, “he came down yesterday and he told me to take you to the Bulge house on Chambers street.”

“Is there a safe in the house?” said White, looking down apprehensively at the carpet-bag.

“Safe!” said the warm-hearted youth; “there is a regular bank vault, perfectly safe. Ah, here is Mackin. Mackin, this is my friend White, from Rome.”

—“Glad few know ye, Mr. Mackin,” said White, and he picked up the carpet-bag and held it behind him. This was nuts to Mackin and his friend and they winked rapturously to each other.

“Do you ever drink?” said Mackin pleasantly.

“Wall, sometimes I take a snort fur luck,” said White.

“Well let’s go over and lubricate,” said the kind young man. At the saloon the carpet-bag was carefully placed under White’s chair and the nobby youth carefully lifted it with his toe. Then he said it was about time to take a lunch, and White was pressed to indulge in quail on toast, some little-neck clams and his share of a bottle of wine. Then in a cab they started for the hotel and White held the carpet-bag on his lap. The hotel on Chambers street was rather quiet and White looked around for the safe. The room looked more like an office, and a cashier at a desk seemed to be busy looking over some slips of paper.

“When will it draw?” said Mackin, as he took out his pocketbook and looked at some similar slips of paper.

“They are all in but 120, 1060 and 42, and the capital prize is back yet among those numbers,” said the cashier.

“Great Scott!” said Mackin, “look here White! The capital prize is among these numbers of mine and with the discount off is worth \$10,000. Say, look here, Jackson!



“With a crash!”—!!!

THE LATEST STYLE.

A barnstormer on a visit to the metropolis meets a brother actor who has a comfortable sit in a city theatre.

“Well! You are slow coaches in New York anyway. Why, you are still so old-fashioned as to keep the orchestra between the audience and the stage. They wouldn’t stand it in the provinces.”

“Well! how do they manage it there?”

“It’s invisible.”

“Invisible?”

“Yes; we don’t have any.”

A WOMAN’S EXCUSE.

“You and your husband should settle these little troubles between yourselves,” said the minister, “and not come to me. From what you have said I should judge you were rather obstinate.”

“Oh, no,” she replied, “indeed I’m not. But I must admit I always like to have my own way.”

NOT A BAD SORT OF FELLOW.

Skitterly is a Bohemian who never has a cent but has been doved by nature with a heart of gold.

The other day he found a brand-new silver dollar on the sidewalk and thus communed with himself:

“How it troubles me to think that some poor devil may have lost it.”

“Yes, but then,” he went on, inspired by a sudden idea, “it was certainly a very poor devil who found it.”

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.

“Go away!” snapped out a man who had been accosted by a beggar for the loan of a quarter. “I don’t know you.”

“Well,” returned the mendicant, “I can’t help your ignorance, sir.”

THE NEXT BEST THING.

An old coachman was lying at the point of death.

“Have you,” asked the clergyman who had called on him, “been in the habit of attending church?”

“No-n-no,” gasped the poor old chap in a faint voice, “I can’t exactly say that; b-b-but I’ve driven a g-g-good many p-p-people there!”

“Gradually build—a figuratively speaking—a top-heavy castle in the air—”

“Go higher and higher until—”

SOME DEFINITIONS.

Holy smoke—Incense.

Tough roots—Boarding-house asparagus.

Plain fair—A homely girl.

An opiate—A sermon.

A rough diamond—The baseball ground in a vacant lot.

A morning rapper—The man who’s been down to the club.

## ILLUSION.



HE curtains fall, and heavy velvet folds  
Shut out the stars, and dimly gleams  
The softened light:  
My idol bright,  
The picture of my wildest dreams,  
Sits smiling, while my heart she holds.

Near by a quaint cut glass, with vintage  
rare,  
And grapes from Tuscany, and Syrian  
sweets,  
Invite the taste:  
Her perfect waist  
The tenderest pressure of my arm en-  
treats,  
Her lips with rubies orient compare.

A step—an ancient snake-like tread,  
And all my soul turns sick within:  
It is her dad.  
"Look here, my lad,  
I'm not the man to buck agin."  
With corrugated brow, he said,

And pointed at the clock—'twas 'leven.  
"Now fruit is dear, an' coals hes riz:  
You leave Maria  
Ter hug that fire,  
And git yourself right down to biz."  
And thus was I turned out of heaven.

PEARL EYTINGE.

I propose you fellows give me a hundred apiece and each of us chance a number on the prize. I have all three of those numbers."

"All right," said Jackson, "here's my hundred," and he whispered to White, "Put in your hundred, and we will divide whichever gets it."

Several men strolled up to the cashier's desk and threw down money for new tickets and business was rushing right along. White went and carefully closed the street door and then began to unlock his carpetbag. A hush fell on the scene as White said in a cautious tone, "Say, fellers, I ain't got but three dollars in cash with me, but here in this ere valise"—They held their breaths and gathered around. "In this here valise I hev got the model of the golfiredest geewhilliken rotary churn that ever knocked butter out of sour cream. Now I'll take a chance in yer raffle and trade yew town rights till yew can't rest. They ain't nothin' mean about me, and"—but a howl of rage went up from that carefully prepared office and the carpet-bag, model and all, was kicked into the street.

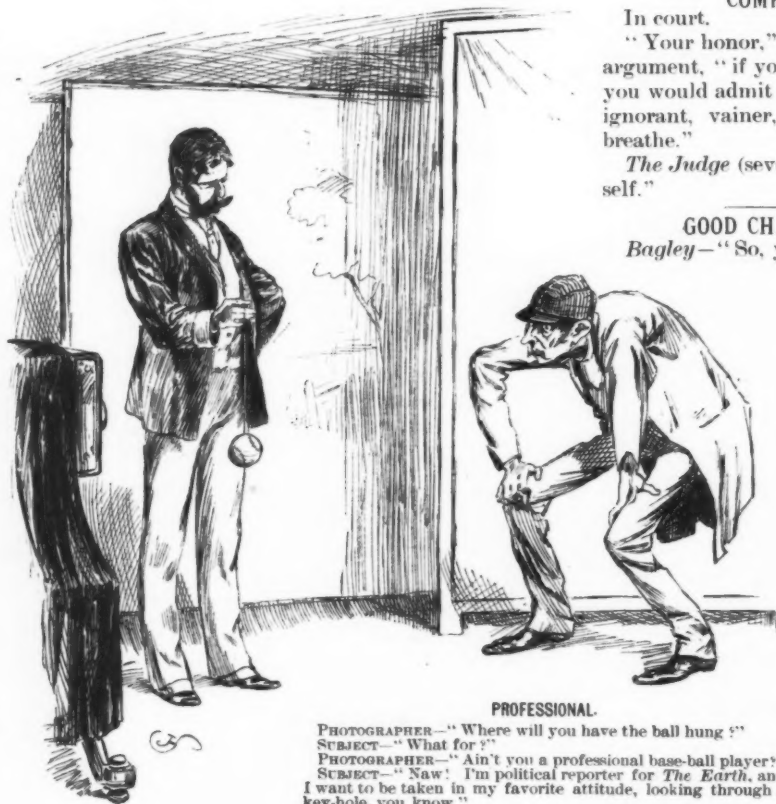
White told a policeman who helped brush his clothes off that he never met a freer-hearted lot of boys, nor never sot down to a better meal than they treated him tew, but they hadn't no taste for mechanical ingenuity; but some fellers from New England would buy his churn, and they did.

## REMARKABLE DISCREPANCY.

At a masked ball.  
"You have a brother then, sir?"  
"Yes, madame."  
"Only one?"  
"Yes, madame."  
"Strange! I just asked your sister the same question, and she replied that she had two."

## A SURE THING.

Higgins—"Haw, Jack! can ye tell me what's a good thing for a moustache?"  
Wiggins—"Why, yes—hair."



## PROFESSIONAL.

PHOTOGRAPHER—"Where will you have the ball hung?"  
SUBJECT—"What for?"  
PHOTOGRAPHER—"Ain't you a professional base-ball player?"  
SUBJECT—"Naw! I'm political reporter for *The Earth*, and I want to be taken in my favorite attitude, looking through a key-hole, you know."

## JUDGE'S PHOTOGRAPHS.

## THE FIRST WALKING GENT.

Should a person want for egotism pure and undefiled, the leading gent can furnish him with plenty. He is always overburdened with an affectation mild, becoming to a lisp of twenty. He attundinizes proudly with his fellows on the Strand, he scowls and scoffs at playful jest or riddle; but in his leisure moments he will shake his flabby hand with a tremor on an amateurish fiddle. His suits are quite immaculate, as are his gloves and shoes, while some women cackle of his manly bearing. Foolish maidens beg for meetings in imprudent *billet doux*, little dreaming of the paint and wig he's wearing. Parvenus delight to welcome him and shake him by the hand, and reporters scribble every mot he utters, till his worship quite forgets his father keeps a grocer's stand and his mother—honest soul—puts up the shutters.

But I love to watch his motions when he woos the village belle who nurses her old father in his blindness. He bellows hollow platitudes and strives to act the swell, when she vows her life depends upon his kindness. He pleases simple parties of the empty-headed class when he does the truly toney in a duel, or when evil doing brings him to a sadly-wretched pass and he shudders at the wretched prison gruel. He prates of esoteric art and strong dramatic force, yet he spells with frightful frankness in his letters. At an opportune advancement he is very glad, of course, of conversing and commingling with his betters.

When he makes his final exit and the heavy curtain floats with its shadows on his dim and tearful vision, 'tis an open question whether he will amble with the goats or spread a pair of wings in realms elysian.

DEWITT STERRY.

## COMPARISONS ARE ODIOUS.

In court.  
"Your honor," exclaimed a lawyer in the heat of argument, "if you knew the plaintiff as I know him, you would admit that a more envious, more grossly ignorant, vainer, more intolerant man does not breathe."

The Judge (severely)—"Mr. B., you forget—yourself."

## GOOD CHANCE FOR A NEWSPAPER.

Bagley—"So, you're going west to start a newspaper, eh?"

Bailey—"Yes."

Bagley—"What are the prospects?"

Bailey—"Very good indeed. There are two houses, a saloon and a church there now, and they tell me the municipal affairs are just rotten."

## EVERY MAN HAS HIS PRICE.

"I am pleased to hear you don't work on Sunday," remarked the minister.

"I wouldn't think of such a thing, sir," replied the young man, "unless the boss offered me at least double pay."

Often w'en de chile craves sweets hit needs bitters.





DER FORELOCK OF TIME.

BY WILHELM STRAUSS.



Dem ancients peen on broverbs sound  
 About time's rabid flight,  
 Unt efer since mankind has found  
 Dem ancient chaps vas right.  
 You seen oldt time mit scythe unt glass  
 He goes for all mankindt,  
 Mit one long lock seen as you pass  
 But his headt all pald pehindt.

Dem saidt uf you dot forelock seize  
 He shtop at your commandt,  
 Unt gifs you efferyt'ing you blease  
 For dot clot chap to demandt ;  
 But uf he once got py your clasp  
 He dakes a racing gait  
 Dot aind't no use to dry to grasp  
 Der pehindt auf his pate.

Ve all mourn fancies dot gone dead  
 Aroundt hope's broken cup,  
 Unt snatch der hair all off time's Lead  
 Py dryin' to keep up.  
 Dot busted bliss, dot unkissed kiss,  
 Dem hours to cure resigned,  
 We make a grab at joy unt miss;  
 Time's head vas pald pehind.

Der man who sings, sweet pye unt pye  
 Unt fools away his now,  
 He puilts his castles in der sky  
 Unt wrinkles crease his prow.  
 In hopes to feast some under years  
 He lets dot present shlip;  
 Time turns his back upon his tears  
 When he vas lose his grip.

Der froth vos gone der pier vas shtale,  
 Der pretzel mouldly grown,  
 Der lamplight glimmers faint unt pale ;  
 He trinks his glass alone.  
 Unt kindly vords he might hafe said  
 Now rattles oop his mindt,  
 Dem toast he trinks to all der dead—  
 "Time's head is pald pehind."

Der sunny hours got put between  
 Dem hours auf storms unt rain,  
 Unt summer days mit leaves of green  
 Got sandwiched too again.  
 Dot wisest man is he who reaps  
 Each joy he sees, pefore  
 He sees it die, unt stands unt veeps  
 Pefause it is no more.

I lofe dot man who tries to catch  
 Time's forelock as he flies  
 Unt from life's peeness tries to snatch  
 Some bleasure ere it dies.  
 His habby smile my sbrirt cheers  
 Like sunshine mit der rain ;  
 No bast or future claims his tears;  
 No memories pring him pain.



WHY SOME MEN WEAR LONG COATS.

People wondered why a man of Pelham Manner's magnificent set-up, should always wear one of those disfiguring long ulsters—

CHAT AFTER CHURCH.

Mr. Fitz Percy (who has been trying to render the tenor of all the hymns, to the dismay of all the neighboring pews)—"I don't sing, Miss Flora."

Miss Flora—"Oh, yes, Mr. Fitz Percy, you do sing; but you oughtn't to!"

Pledge yo' mule toe 'sist yo' nabah an' bid yo' mule good-by.

A MINISTERIAL ACT.

Visiting Dominie—"And how does the minister continue to please you, Mr. Ransom?"

Parishoner—"Oh, very well, indeed. He's just opened a fresh barrel of sermons."

De man w'at kin make to pah grow wha' seed fo' o'ny one pah wuz planted sel'om has toe argue dat 'is collah-button am solid gol'.



THE OLD PROFESSOR.

But an unfriendly gust of wind solved the problem, one day.



A CASE OF COERCION—IN FRONT.

Uncle Ben has kindly consented to play the head of Goliath hung on David's tent, at the pantomime.  
 DAVID (in a hissing whisper)—"Shut your eyes."

S. P. C. A.

Driver of street car—  
 "Why are you carrying that heavy basket? Just set it down on the platform."

Mr. O'Houlihan—"Sure, de car is full. Haven't de poor nags enough to pull alriddy?"

Tom Sanders and his wife  
 Have ever been at strife  
 With tempers so alike,  
 Both always "on the strike,"  
 The wonder is to me  
 That they should not agree.

TOO LATE.

He is detained by a thunder-storm.

"Oh, Harry, did you hear that terrific clap of thunder just now?"

"No, dear, I was listening to you," and he saw his error too late.



BEHIND.

DAVID'S BROTHER JIMMY (after first pin-thrust)—"Do I go to the circus with you to-morrow, or don't I? Talk quick!"



THE NATIONAL LEAP YEAR PARTY—WHOM WILL S



Justice



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

...M WILL SHE CHOOSE FOR THE NEXT DANCE?



Skaggs' office was located over Quinn's blacksmith shop. The large horseshoe over the door ought to have brought luck to the *Columbia County Clarion*, but it didn't. It was hinted by the illiterate who did not take the paper, that when Skaggs ran out of large Ms he used to go down stairs and get stub

horse nails and set them, and that Quinn helped work the lever Tuesdays when the paper was issued in return for the political blowing Skaggs gave him to eke out the wind in his bellows. It was an office to charm the heart of a painter of interiors. Every side of the room was adorned with specimens of job printing and terse reminders to delinquent subscribers. For instance: "Bring in that Wood Now," or "Cash or Barter - no Trust;" or the eye would be attracted to a circular motto made out of variegated letters cut out of circus bills and pasted in a semi-circle around the office towel, "He who enters here leaves soap behind," evidently put up by an apprentice with a classical education, who was away now working with a threshing machine during the winter. The press occupied the centre of the room and near it on a dry goods box was the composing stone, a deserted tombstone with a pair of lambs on one end on which Skaggs hung his hat. On this scene entered the members of the club. The snowstorm had made the members generally take their overcoats out of soak and they had a suspicious crease down the back which gave them away. Scrib-



"Let up on that, ye splay-footed inkslingers."

ner Harper knocked the snow off his cap on the corner of the press and remarked, "the snow is perfectly safe, anyhow."

"Safe," said Gibbs, "as how?"

"Why, the most of it is in banks," said Harper as he removed a bottle from his pocket and set it on the composing stone.

"Ah, yes! I get your drift now," said Gibbs.

"Boys," said Skaggs, "have some regard for my feelings."

The secretary called the roll and found that fourteen members of the club were present and ready to cheer Skaggs up by holding a watch meeting to usher in the New-year.

"We watch the old year out," said Holme Stretch, "and, egad, the old year '87 would bear watching. When you look at the New York and Chicago boodlers and fifty-three embezzlers in Canada, with three million dollars tangled up by them, I shan't feel safe until I see the old year out." The secretary remarked that Blaine was in Europe, Cleveland was helping his wife clean house and Sullivan was doing up the continent and Ireland, so they could not be expected. Here the president said that if this was to be a festivity it had better be begun, and

the literary features come later. "If a convenient utensil could be found in which to brew a mild decoction, we would proceed."

Skaggs groped under the desk a moment and lifted out a mammoth squash.

"Scoop it out, gentlemen, and let us for once utilize what cost me a half column puff. Let it be the flowing bowl, sung of by poets. Is the drink to assume the form of nogg? Then behold," and he dragged out a box of salt and set in array the boasted largest eggs sent in by subscribers. "This inscribed J. Smith, 4 inches in circumference, or this, or this. They may not be as fresh as a morn in May, but deftly mingled, they will add to the interest of the occasion."

Briskly was the punch bowl prepared from the mammoth squash, and soon the odor of lemons arose amid a spicy steam. A tin cup was soon poised in the hand of the president, and he said:

"New-year's day has long been deemed a fitting time to adopt new



Around the office towel.

resolutions. How many present have bought a diary with which to commence the New-year."

Fourteen hands went up.

"It is well. Too often New-year's resolutions are like a toboggan slide. The higher you go on New-year's, the swifter ride you will take down hill through the year. The secretary will read the communication from Wilhelm Strauss of New York.

DOT NEW LEAF.

Dere vas heard to-night der turning  
Of a million scrabbled leaves,  
Unt a million hearts vas burning  
Bilt dose hopes dot fancy weaves.  
Allewie der page dey cofer  
Mit dot pace all fair unt vite  
Vas mit blottings stained all ofer  
So dey hides it from deir sight.  
Likewise dot's vort our learning  
When between dose years ve shtand,  
Dot der handt dot does der turning  
Vas dot same old dirty handt.  
Unt unless our life peen cleaner  
Unt vas come out fon der dark  
Ve shall feel, py crashus, meaner  
When ve seen our finger mark.

But dose lesson dot ve ponder  
When mit hope der heart grows light,  
Dot der shtyle of writing yonder  
Vas der hand ve learned to write.  
Unt dose habits dot's peen growing  
Ve vas mighty apt to use,  
Unt it's very easy showing  
How ve make our ps and qs.  
Auf dose calendars made seasons  
Unt dose almanacs der years,  
Dere vould peen a lot of reasons  
For dose New-year's hopes unt fears.  
But in pringing choy or sorrow  
Clocks got not a ding to say:  
Auf ve vant a pright to-morrow.  
Efery day vas New-years day.

Some men got to run in chumping,  
Yoost to got dem under weigh,  
Unt some fighters needs a thumping  
Yoost to pring dem into blay.  
So some fellers need a shtarter  
Dough dot impulse may peen prief,  
Unt de pace vas kept oop smarter  
For der turning of dot leaf.

"Let the communication be filed among the papers of the club. We will finish the punch by 12 o'clock sharp and then be ready to turn over the leaf. Can any one present sing 'When the Leaves Begin to Turn,' and, (hic,) I will waltz it."

"Some one," said Gibbs, "has been monkeying with the affections of my friend Skaggs. He is down hearted. He tried to fix his affections on a woman, and it was like trying to preempt a claim along a land grant railroad. There was no surface on her heart unoccupied. Now I propose to join hands and dance around the press and, (hic,) cheer him up."

A voice was heard rising above the din, and emanating from the blacksmith shop below.

"Let up on that, ye splay footed inkslingers and drunken vagabonds or I'll come up there and welt the flure wid you."

THE OLD PROFESSOR.



Homeward bound.



CARL PRETZEL'S PHILOSOPHY.

When a vomans wants to get some mixed husbandry, dots besser when she gets shpliced a couble times already.

Der Almighty nefer vill oxact from any member of der hooman family dot vot he nefer don'd gif him.

When a feller vas shwore, dot shwore vill nefer die. It will yoost travel along mit him, shdickir, so close like der deuce, till he vas die und vas told to go mit der plack sheeps out.



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FOR  
ONE CENT.

A CAKE OF  
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Will cure Dandruff and convince you by its grateful effect on the skin that for Toilet, Bath, and Nursery purposes it is without an equal. All druggists, 25 cents. Sample, 4 cents. Mention JUDGE.

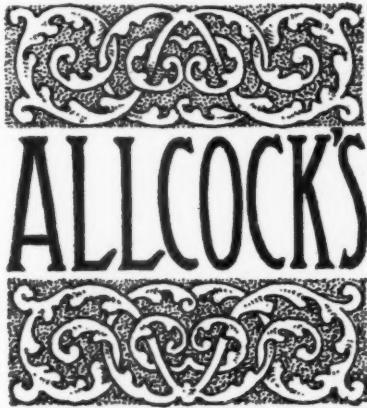
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TOILET  
POWDER  
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IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.—Gosnell v. Durrant—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs, restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from Infringing Messrs. John Gosnell and Co.'s Registered Trade Mark, CHERRY BLOSSOM

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TO AN AMERICAN INVENTION.



My Dear Sir:  
I purchased, last October, while in Topeka, Kan., several boxes of your Felt Tablets for the teeth, and have been using them ever since. I cheerfully add my testimony to others as to their value, and believe them to be an invention that will in time almost entirely supersede the brush of bristles.

Yours truly,  
HELENA MODJESKA.

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NO FLIES ON US.

The boys from Harvard on a lark Drop in and call on Billy Park. They quench their thirst with Musty Ale. So pure and strong and yet so pale: And now and then they also quaff His famous drink called "Half-an-Half."

What would we do to quench our thirst if Billy's Musty Ale should burst? But quickly his sigh is changed to a laugh When he knows where to get more "Half-an-Half."

Musty Ale is sold only by  
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Over 25 Pounds Gain in Ten Weeks. Experience of a Prominent Citizen.

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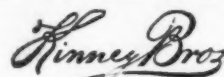
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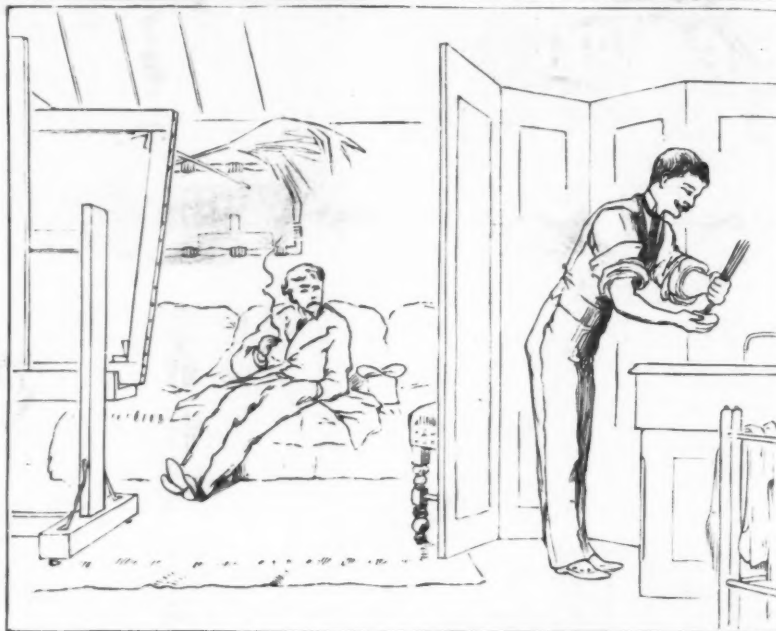
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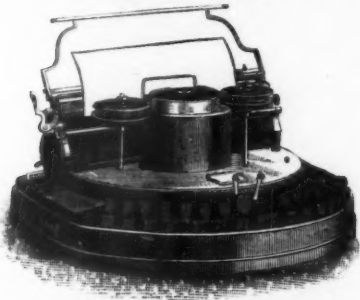
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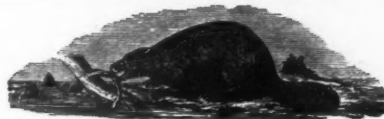
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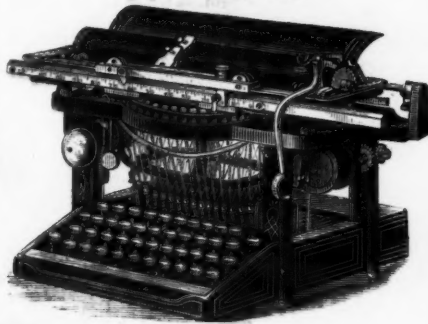
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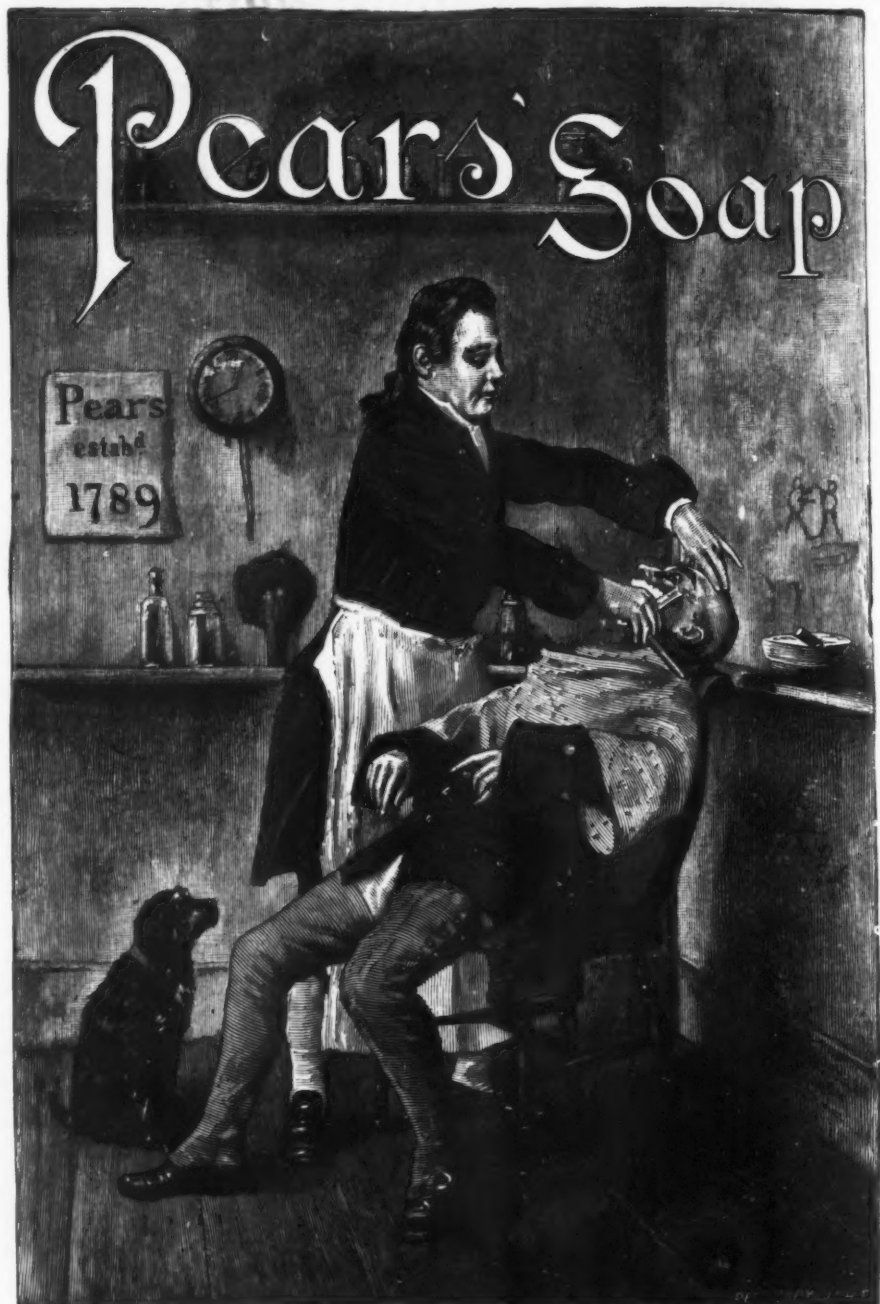
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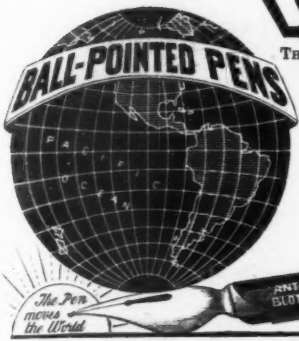
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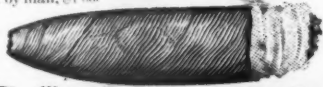
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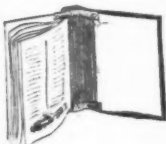
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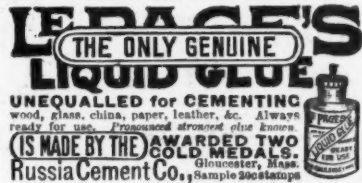
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