

Judge

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Judge

A FRIENDLY ADMONITION.

JOHN BULL—"Don't poke him up, Bizzy—He's a very patient bird, but is almighty nasty when he's roused—I speak from experience!"



PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

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

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA, IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers, \$4.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers, 2.00
One copy, for 13 weeks, 1.00
Single copies, 10 cents each.

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS—To all foreign countries in the postal union, \$5 a year.

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

We guarantee advertisers a larger circulation at cheaper rates than any other American satirical paper published.
The Judge is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de L'Opera, Paris.

PUBLIC SENTIMENT—On with the dance. Shoot the inauguration ball.

* * *

GREAT TRUTH—Mrs. Harrison is a far better shopper than Dan Lamont.

* * *

WE OBSERVE with pain the heading "The South for Mahone."
The solidity of the south is becoming more vexatious day by day.

* * *

THE HARRISON SON-IN-LAW holds the McKee to the social situation.

* * *

IF MAYOR GRANT has his way the alleged soul of Billy McGlory will cease to go marching on.

* * *

COMFORTING THOUGHT—When we get a Jack-the-ripper there will immediately follow a Byrnes-the-roper.

* * *

OUR ALMANAC—This continent began to anticipate the advent of George Washington about this time of year.

* * *

IT IS SAID that Miss Coffin, during her temporary idiocy, has the impression regarding Kyrle that she actually Bellew him in.

* * *

THE BLACKBALLING of Colonel Ingersoll by the club of the players is so absurd that it spills sawdust all over the orchestra.

* * *

THE NEW PAPER, Lies, prides itself on never telling the truth. All other papers pride themselves on never telling a lie, and that is the biggest one yet.

* * *

THE SCHOOL of journalism at Cornell is apparently for theoretical purposes—not at all for practical business.

* * *

REFLECTION BY IVES—Napoleons of finance are apt after their victories to be Napoleons as to personal results.

* * *

BISMARCK SAYS that in his experiment in Samoa England is with him. It occurs to us that England was likewise with France in the latter's experiment in Mexico.

* * *

THE MUGWUMP PRESS has evidently come to believe that Cleveland was removed with cause, the proof being the lack of cause in the removals from the appraiser's department of this custom-house.

* * *

HER GREAT ACT—When Mary Anderson writes a magazine article somebody else furnishes the ideas and does the manuscript, and that leaves her at liberty to do the subsequent denying and explanation.



AS THE CONGREGATION FILED OUT.

REV. MR. MOGREE (who has found an unfamiliar poker-chip in the morning's collection)—"I's much obleged, Mistah Pinhallow, but dat ain't one ob d' reg'lar club checkers, en jes' fo' kinvenience in cashin' up, I'd like fer ter know whar yo's been playin' dis week?"

FRENCH STATESMEN.

THEY made this man in their foolish way,
For they fought him as if he had come to stay,
This hero of chance and the small café,
Boum Boum of the other name Boulanger.

From the smoke they made he got his sway,
And the higher he rose the more they'd say;
They puffed and bluffed, and the greater the play
Of the great balloonic Boulanger.

What if they'd let him alone? Now, pray,
Would there be much left of Boulanger?

There is a bull-dog over the way
Who yearns for the triumph of Boulanger.
He thinks that republic is his sure prey
If ruled by the rabble, the small café.

He licks his chops. "The corporal, hey?"
Says he in his dogged, Sedan way;
"Well, he shall be emperor some sweet day,
And we'll give him Louis's small café."

The pity, the pity that Germans should slay—
The death kills the hopes of such millions for aye—
Even men of straw like this Boulanger!

REFORM THE VOTER.

EVERY CAREFUL thinking citizen is solicitous of the permanent welfare of the country, and looks forward with a pride of foresight to the increasing greatness of the republic. He is a part of it, and it is a part of himself. Every American appreciates himself as continental, as every Englishman measures the world by his island. The heroism of the revolution is an ancestral credit. Gettysburg and Appomattox are our own. No achievement in arms, enterprise or science but spreads its glory or credit over all, and becomes the common property of the people. Every man feels personally as if it were partly his own work, the appreciation of any American success, and feels equally the humiliation of any administrative poltroonery or blunder. It is the "E-Pluribus-Unum"—the many in one—of nationality.

A republican form of government is a reversal of the monarchical. Here the power, the sovereignty, is in the people, and is temporarily delegated up. In an empire it is at the top, and in a limited way, as a gift or a favor, is diffused down. The incapacity, imbecility, arbitrariness or insanity of a European potentate throws here even, by reflex, a shadow on civilization and a slur on the human race.

The development, advancement, and permanence of popular government depend absolutely upon the intelligence of its ruling forces. If the underlying power be stupid, ignorant or venal, its representative selections are not likely to be higher than itself. Indolent political virtue is not critical in its choice. The shrewd and showy villain in the play is more likely than the less dazzling patriot to meet with popular applause.

Reform and civil service have been attempted at the wrong end. It is an educational system based on spanking. The illiteracy of voters is absolutely amazing. The newspaper, widespread as it is sown; public discussions, broad as they seem, touch but a moiety of the sixty millions attempted to be addressed. Even this scant seed falls largely on stony or sterile ground. Here, within arm's length of one of the greatest lines of commercial travel, the very swiftness and friction of which should contagiously breed mental alertness, the writer heard a Democratic magnate of a rural diocese say, "I'm goin' to vote, and git all I kan to vote the Dimmycratic ticket. I'm for free wool, I am, and don't see by what right the Republican party should kurllect a tax of twelve cents a pound on our fleece." Another, bemoaning the late political defeat, observed, "Well, I guess it serves Cleveland right. If he had just paid that Mills bill, as he had ort'er, he had sure been elected."



THE BITTERNESS OF IT.

CROSSLEY—"I wonder what makes Taber so awkward. Why doesn't he come and sit down?"
 BADGER—"Sh-sh! He's been working the free-lunch routes so long that he expects the butler to serve his soup on the buffet."

In Indiana during the late campaign a speaker, who is confidently looking forward to a congressional nomination, said to his admiring and credulous constituents, "I am a Democrat. That means that I am for reform and retrenchment. You all know what reform is. It is reform. You know what retrenchment is. If it hadn't been for retrenchment what would your farms be worth to-day? Soggy, sour and wet, swampy, and no crops. Trenchment and retrenchment has saved us, and these fields of corn, and meadows, and wheat, were made by retrenchment and ditching. The Republican party is ag'in retrenchment, and I am ag'in the Republican party." These statements are absolutely true, and neither farcical nor exaggerated. Does it not look as if manhood suffrage was something of a doubtful gift? Intelligence is required in all the lines of life proportioned to the labor, the crudest work needing the least and the highest the best. Yet the most important act of citizenship is neither qualified nor restricted. Men who cannot speak or even fairly understand the national tongue, men who will sell their franchise for a song, the stupid white as well as the southern negro, steeped in superstition, and incapable of a conception of responsibility, weigh as much as the wisest in the political balance.

The first step in civil service should be an examination of the voter. Let us begin at the bottom, and with an intelligent, or fairly intelligent foundation, the stability of the political superstructure is assured.

J. A.

THE UNCERTAINTY of the intentions of Bismarck and William make it necessary that Field-marshal Murat Halstead shall go to Berlin and stop the impending war before it becomes necessary to kill somebody.

* * *

SELECTIONS for the cabinet are carried for the present only in the head within his grandfather's hat.

* * *

A SUSPICION prevails that Henry M. Stanley loses himself at times by way of a little injudicious advertising.

* * *

IF BISMARCK wants a fight with this country there is fair evidence that he has lost that venerable head and is not averse to losing his government along with it.

* * *

ANDREW CARNEGIE says he embraces this republic as his bride. You let up on that, Andrew! Or, if you must do it, go to Illinois and make the business legal and reputable.

* * *

THE POPULATION of this country has been increasing pretty rapidly of late years; but we must never hope that it will ever be large enough to secure a jury trial in every instance.

* * *

THE DEFAULTER of this period is a man who was never suspected of such wickedness. There was so much confidence in him that his books were never looked into. He is a hold-over from a remote period, and he illustrates the foolishness of the civil-service law. Let the remaining good men long in office pray earnestly to be delivered from temptation.



HIS FIRST VISIT.

MR. MOQUIN—"It's durned lucky we came early, Jane. These front seats is always th' fust ones that's picked out."

THE OUTRAGED EDITOR.



HE my sanctum penetrated,
and I looked up in sur-
prise
From the proofs I was correct-
ing, and he caught my
angry eyes.
His appearance was against
him, as he stood before
the fire,
Of convivial complexion and
irregular attire.
I insinuated, mildly, that I
hadn't room for bores,
And that nothing was more
precious than the time
of editors.
Then he grimly smiled and
nodded, with his head
on an incline,
Asking if, 'mongst my con-
tributors, was Imogene
Vantyne.

I was startled; yes, and I'll confess that something like a blush
Came o'er my editorial cheek; and why my blood should rush
In such a way unusual, was this: that Imogene
Had been making an impression, though her face I'd never seen,
For her poems were peculiar, and with passion were full charged;
And on reading them I'd found my little heart was much en-
larged;

So, in one ecstatic moment, but about a week before,
I had written her and had told her that I loved her—yes, and
more.

Then my visitor continued: that my checks were fair enough,
But this writer cared for business and not loving gush and stuff;
That he thought it wasn't proper, and he hoped that I'd agree
To but raise the price of articles and let love matters be.
"Ah! then you must be her father, sir," I gasped, with loving
rife;

"Pray, then, say that I may visit her and woo her for my wife!"

How he laughed, as loud he shouted, "Why, she is no charming elf!
I just chose that for my *nom-de-plume*. I'm 'Imogene' myself!"

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

HUM OF THE COURT.

MR. BILL NYE says he hasn't hair enough to collect dandruff; so that
we must lay those specks to flies.

MRS. BLAKE moves to take the word "obey" from the marriage serv-
ice; and so far as that is concerned we really do think that marriage
is a failure.

IGNATIUS DONNELLY says, "Nine-tenths of the graves of the
world are filled with unadulterated fools." Ah, well; so much the
more room for us in heaven, Ignatius.

INDIANA CLERGYMEN charge five dollars a prayer for every prayer
before the Indiana legislature; and the members of that body are
willing enough, but they say that the prayer shall be double the size and
have twice the demands of the older supplication.



MAL APROPOS.

The rector had just announced his subject, "The baleful influence of tobacco," as Penningham
came down the aisle, and Penningham's new cigarette-reservoir cane had to open at that moment.

TRAMPS OUT WEST are apt to be shot under the impression that
they are white-caps; but justice is done just the same.

THE GERMAN PRESS insists that the young emperor is in first-rate
health, but in our opinion he is no better than he should be.

THE BOSTON AMATEUR who proposes to do *Cleopatra* with a pair of
spectacles will not present the spectacular, singular as that may seem.

IN BREAKING his leg Walker Blaine necessarily repudiated the first
half of his name; but we dare say he wanted a glass perambulator of
the Chauncey Depew kind.

PROFESSOR FRIEND of the refined-sugar trust drank a gallon of
brandy a day for some time previous to his death. Evidently he was
a friend always in urgent need.

WHEN WILL the dailies of this city get over using the words "but"
and "however" in the same sentence? We read in a big, black
heading, "But there is no man of that name, however," and the author of
the remark is not yet dead.



A MEAN SUBTERFUGE.

MCGUE—"Are yez chrazy, Parthrick, t' be t'rowin' away good shtuff like thot?"
HOLLERAN—"O'i'm not, Kerrigan med a fool av himsilf be jinein' th' Good Timplars, an' O'i'm baitin' th' sidewalk t' get him in me saloon be th' shmill thot he
niver could resisht."

AFTER DINNER.

YES, old chap, I am just a bit under constraint,
And I haven't cared much for the dinner.
The reason? Why, Gracie can't make me a saint
And I cannot make her a sinner.
I ought to rejoice? Yes, I know it, I do,
Though a chorus girl's rarely so chary.
I like her the more that her instincts are true,
Though it's out of the question to marry.
But, hang it! you see, if she'd only consent,
Or only permit me to leave her,
I might find in absence a shade of content,
And she'd have but the memory to grieve her.
Why doesn't she send me? Or why don't I go?
Well, may be our faith we are proving.
It is given, dear boy, few mortals to know
Why we must go on living and loving.
EDWIN ATWELL.

QUITE NATURAL.

An old fellow who had a perfect horror of doctors was in the habit, when told that someone he knew was dead, of asking:

"Of whom did he die?"

ALL FOR ECONOMY.

Mrs. Smith (2 a.m.)—"John Smith, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, coming home at this time of night!"

Smith—"Why, m' dear, haven't y' any notions of 'conomy? 'Spect I was goin' to put up my (*hic*) money at a hotel?"



CONCISENESS AT THE BANK.

DEPOSITOR—"Is the cashier in?"
THE JANITOR—"He is, ma'am, fer ten year. Perhaps th' assishtant cashier 'll do, ma'am."

REVENGE IS SWEET.

Jawkins (entering his friend's room suddenly)—"Are you crazy, John? Why on earth are you whirling that policeman's rattle?"

Hogg—"Getting even with the new boarder next door! He's practising on a typewriter."

AT PARTING.

"Another evening of delight;
With you how speed the hours in flight!
'Tis late and I must say 'good-night'—
The clock gives warning."

In parting kiss their lips unite;
And then she says, eyes glowing bright:
'Don't lie, dear Fred, and say 'good-night,'
But say 'good-morning'!"

A LEASE OF SPORADIC VEGETATION.

Wagsbee (spooning together the scattered peas in the very diminutive "sample" brought him by the waiter)—"There, poor things! snuggle up together and keep as warm as you can till I get a chance to tuck you in with a comfortable mouthful."

ANOTHER SOCIETY ACTRESS.

Wiggins—"I hear, Algy, that your old friend, Miss

Gushly, is going on the stage in the part of *Juliet*."

Baboony—"Aw—she ought to act the balcony scene to perfection, me boy. It was always deuced hard to get away from her in the evening."



THE DRAMA AS IT IS.

LEADING LADY—"A-ha-ha! Bengrandio Pakenham, you little knew when you came to fling your taunts at the Countess Dentwater that she was *not* a defenceless women. Hist! Nero!"

HER CONQUEST.

'Twas not her dimples,
Nor toothsome 'fections
She boiled a-pot
To drive 'way blue dejections
'Twas not the crimples
Of her creamy laces,
Nor the sweet simples
Hid in her perfumed vases.
'Twas naught of these
That stilled my bach'lor aches;
It was the *chic* seal-brown
Of well-turned buckwheat cakes.

THE THIRD PARTY.

"Crushed again!" exclaimed De Smythe, very despondently. "Miss Pulgrave doesn't care a snap for me after all."

"Cheer up, old boy," returned Merritt; "that's all imagination. Why, hasn't she consented to accompany you to the theatre?"

"Yes," he replied, rather dubiously; "but when she accepted she said she would have her dear mother come with us."

OLD BOREAS.

The winter wind greets with a whiz
Your old umbrella stout;
He likes to see what kind it is,
And turns it inside out.



And with the assistance of the prompter Nero "histed."

MEN WE HAVE MET.

THOMAS N. HART, MAYOR OF BOSTON.



IT USED to be the regular form of invitation for a Boston man to say to the barbarian stranger within the gates of the city, "Let's go down to Young's and get some fish-balls with bean curry."

Since the recent municipal election this formula has materially changed, and now the proud citizen of the Hub exclaims with a mixture of cordiality and ostentation, "I want to take you right down and see the Hart of the city."

After a thrilling game of Egyptian labyrinth, played through the alleyways, tunnels and back-yard passages which are always referred to in Boston as "streets," you reach the city hall (via Parker's lunch-room, if you are that way inclined,) and are introduced to as wiry, clean-cut and aggressive a bunch of mayoralty as ever vetoed a bill or sat on a measure.

Mr. Hart owes his election principally to the fact that he got more votes than the other fellow. This may seem weird and strange, but Boston, you must remember, is a strange town. The defeated candidate, O'Brien by name, had become some-

what tired of eating owls-from-the-north and brazed turbot at Taft's Point Shirley emporium, and then having as chief magistrate to sit down on the city's paying for the junketing, and seeing that a pretty decent specimen of a down-east Yankee was to run against him, he cast precedent to the winds and instructed his healers (this is the way they spell it in Boston) to use every effort to defeat—not Mr. Hart, but himself. It cost a great deal of money and much work, but a steady and unwavering determination to pay for no more aldermanic dinners won the day, and Mr. Hart was elected.

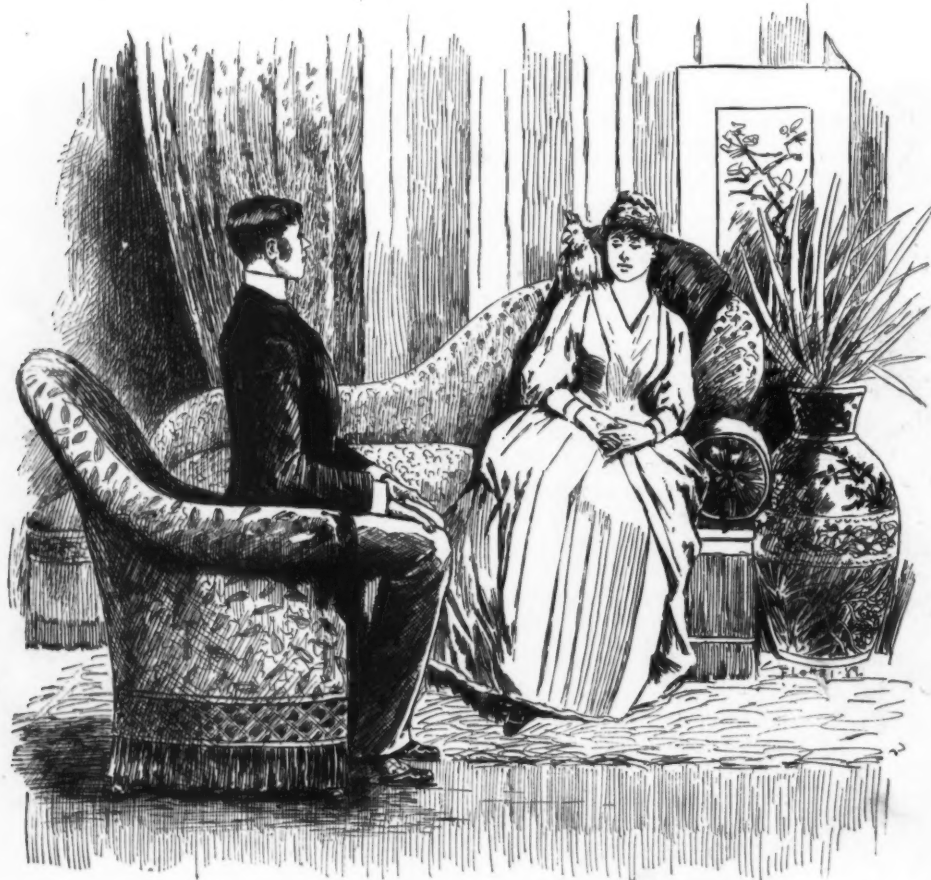
Some of the untruthful Boston papers attributed Mr. O'Brien's defeat to his stand on the race question, religion, text-books for the public schools and other unimportant and cursory subjects; but we have it on the authority of a discharged bird-plucker from Taft's that the paramount reason was pure and simple reticence to board the board of aldermen—and himself.

Mr. Hart, when he can tear himself away from questions involving such itineracy as painting the Tombs portico, or signing new horse-car permits, carries on a hat business, with furs as trimmings.

He is a wide-awake, conservative business man, and common report has it that he laid the foundation for his fortune by inventing a distending hat which was immediately adopted by the Somerset club men, and boomed by them into eternal popularity. He is very fond of telling a little story of himself, the point of which is that when a boy he could run so fast that his father was perpetually exclaiming, "I haven't the Hart to lick him."

This last specimen was sent us by mail from Boston as being a bright, scintillating and chunky bit of humor.

It has so affected us that we can say no more than that we sincerely hope that Boston will wear her Hart on her sleeve for many years to come.



A CRUSHER FOR JAMESON.

MR. JAMESON (who has not said a word for ten minutes)—"You d-don't know how I envy your p-p-parrot, Miss Grantaway."

MISS GRANTAWAY—"He is rather talkative, isn't he?"



SMOTHERED ART.

MRS. GORROW—"I never heard so lovely an opera in my life as that one last night."

MRS. EMSON—"What was it?"

MRS. GORROW—"I don't remember the name, but that Col. Price from Baltimore was in our box and he told us all about how to cook terrapin-and-champagne stew."

FAVORABLE EVIDENCE.

"I say, Tom," said Baboony, "I cawn't believe that fellow, Wye, we met lawst night is an Englishman at all; at least he hasn't moved among wefined people on the othaw side."

"Hasn't, eh?" returned Wiggins. "Why, he speaks like a well-bred American."

"RESPECTFULLY DECLINED."

In this life of fleeting fancies
Disappointment you will find,
But the hardest to encounter
Is the one I have in mind.
When you've written dainty verses
That (you think) with pearls are lined,
You get your priceless MSS.
"Respectfully declined."

I can bear the daily burden,
Nurse the sick or lead the blind;
Can laugh in glee at poverty
With all its ceaseless grind;
But so long as life is left me
I shall never be resigned
To the fate that gets my MSS.
"Respectfully declined."

Now I wish no harm or evil
To these editors unkind,
But if I'm first in heaven
And they come along behind,
I shall have a big "blue pencil"
That St. Peter quick can find,
So they'll get their applications
Most "respectfully declined."

LURANA W. SHELDON.

A FAVORITE TOPIC.

"Don't you think it strange that Mr. BJones never gets tired from talking so much?" asked Merritt.

"Not at all," returned Miss Snyder, with a smile; "you see he always speaks about himself."

WHEN THE BABY WAS SICK.



WHEN the baby wuz sick, I tell yeh the days
 Fergot 'et they ever could fly,
 An' acted right like they wuz clipped i' the wings,
 The way they went crawfishin' by.
 An' gran'pappy's clock on the landin', yeh see
 Ez yeh come up the steers f'om the hall,
 Felt mean ez the rest o' the famby an' strek
 'Bout like it wuz ready to bawl.

When the baby wuz sick, thar wuz maw an' paw,
 An' sister an' me an' my wife,
 Went tip-toein' round with faces ez peak'd
 Ez a passel o' ghosts kem to life;
 An' we spoke in the way ye h've heerd folks speak
 In a room whar thar's somethin' dead,
 An' the women folks sniffed a heap—an', well—
 My eyes an' pap's wuz red.

When the baby wuz sick, our old maltee cat
 With the white strip crossin' her face
 Picked up an' put out, fer she seemed to sense
 Thar wuz somethin' wrong on the place.
 An' the yellor houn' dog let loose an' yowled
 Thoo the hull of a night—the limb!—
 Tell I jes strek out an' natchelly wiped
 The barnyard up with him.

When the baby wuz sick, an' the doctor would come,
 We'd all keep a-scrugin' around,
 A-countin' our breaif, while he counted the pulse,
 Watchin' out ef he smiled or he frowned;
 An' the day when he 'lowed in his gruffy old voice
 Thet the danger was over an' done,
 We gripped thet old man round the neck an' we says,
 "You're a angel ef ever wuz one!"

EVA WILDER MC GLASSON.

A PITILESS DEVICE.

WHEN the wicked Pantomluckless died, unrepentant and unforgiven,
 he was at once plunged into the cold gray region of ever-frozen
 mists, and from Asgard to Nifheim not one eye shed tears at his fate or his
 departure. On the third day, as he sat disconsolate on a lump of frozen mer-
 cury, trying to warm his fingers at a ray of light which had been mockingly
 imprisoned within a block of ice, a demon, more boldly-daring than the
 boldest and most abandoned, stept forth and whispered in his ear.

He had borne with composure, and even a degree of dignity, all pre-
 vious tortures which they had chosen to inflict upon him; but at those
 words a shriek burst from his lips, and was echoed and re-echoed by hosts
 heavenly and infernal.

What were those words which had power to wring a protest from
 even the lips of heaven?

No record of their import is accessible, but an eaves-dropping imp de-
 clares that the first were "Have you read"—, and we of '88 and '89 can
 have no difficulty in completing the question and making it, "Have you
 read 'Robert Elsmere'?"



AN INAPPROPRIATE SUBSTITUTE.

THE FUNERAL DIRECTOR—"Well, sir?"
 MR. THOLP—"My sister promised to play the parlor organ for the choir,
 but she's taken ill, and I thought I'd come 'round in her place."

AN AUTHORITY ON ENGLISH.

Houlihan—"Sure it's not out av a Choinese laundry dat Oi see yez
 comin', Teddy?"
 Rourke—"Why not, faith?"
 Houlihan—"Sure, thim rat-ayters do spa-ake English that bad that
 divil a wur-rud can Oi undherstand av thim."

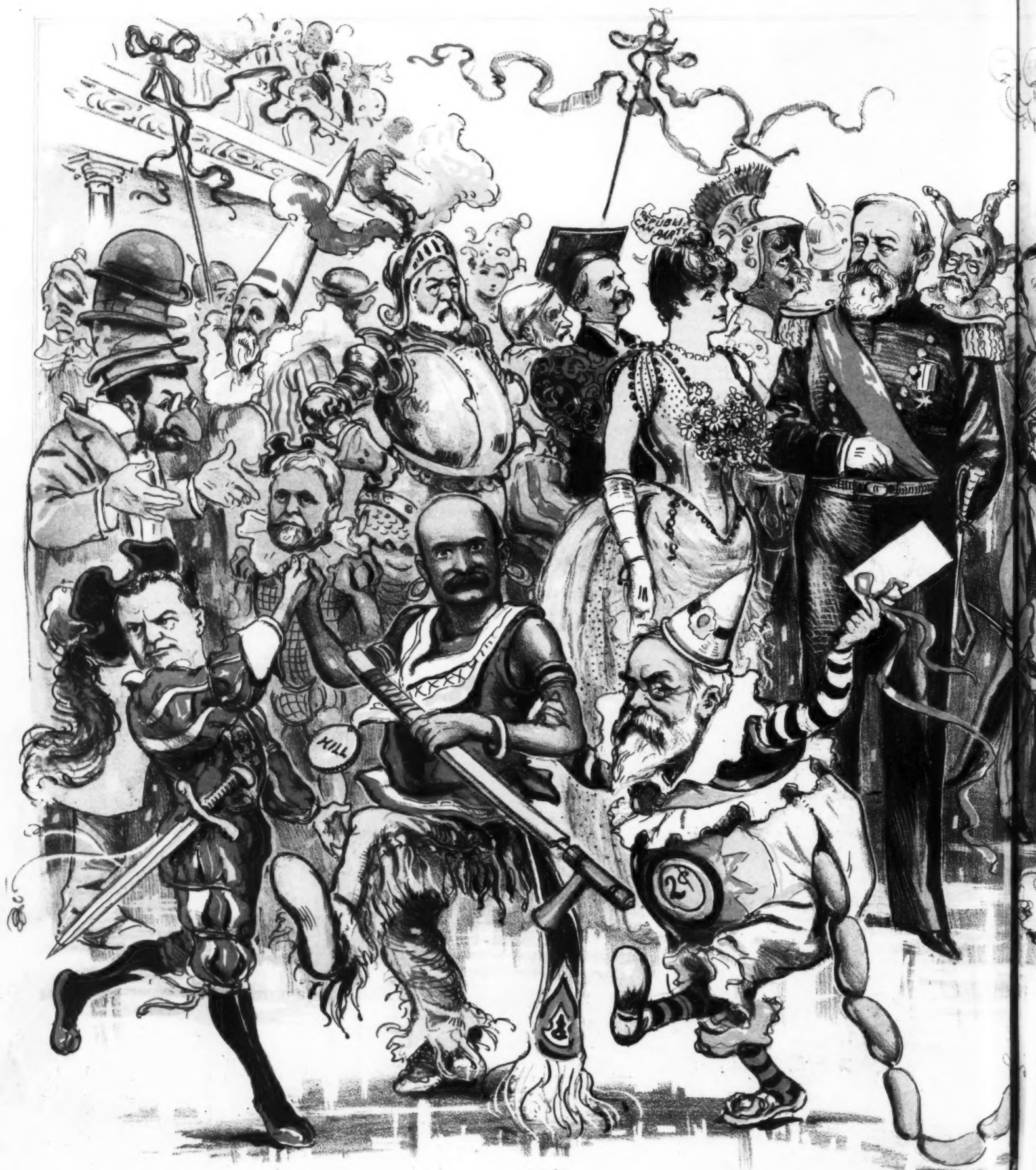


THE WRONG KIND.

MISTRESS—"Here, Jonah, go to the opera house and get me four
 parlor chairs for to-night.



JONAH—"Here dey are, mum! Dey is de best I could git fo' de
 money."



THE POLITIC CO
Miss Democracy, for four seasons the, h

Judge



HAMILTON.

SACKETT & WILHELMS LITHO. CO. N.Y.

POLITICAL COSTUME BALL.
 ... has now to play the part of a Wallflower.

PAPA'S LITTLE GIRL.

She is so dainty and so sweet,
To see her dance is quite a treat,
As swiftly turn her tiny feet
In gay, delicious whirl.
Her eyes are purest, truest blue;
They seem to look you through and through;
And now, I s'pose, you wonder who
Is papa's little girl.

That is the name she calls herself,
She's such a pretty little elf;
Ah, well! she knew where laid the pelf,
And gave her fan a twirl:
When Moneybags placed all his store
Of gold, and sixty years or more,
At her fair shrine, upon the floor
Gazed papa's little girl.

So simple, shy and ingénue,
Quite too bewitching, pure and true,
She sighs when'er she looks at you,
And pats a truant curl.
But all the same she doesn't care;
She'd rather wed a millionaire,
And ride in gilded coach and pair,
Would papa's little girl.

PEARL EYTINGE.



MUST HAVE EXERCISE.

Little Johnny has been with his mother to call on a sick lady.
"Why was she chewing gum all the time?" he asked.
"I suppose," replied his mother, "it was because the doctor had left word that she mustn't talk."

PREPARATIONS FOR GOODNESS.

Mrs. Sprague is a member in good standing of the first church (Presbyterian), and brings up her children in the way they should go. They have all upon reaching a suitable age united with the church. While I was in there one day last week, making a friendly call, Fred, the youngest boy, came into the parlor in a very demoralized condition. He was covered with mud, and looked very much as if he had been the under dog in a fight. His elder sister, Alice, said, by way of an explanation of Fred's appearance, that he was going to join the church at the next communion Sunday, and that there were three boys on that street that he wanted to whip before then.

THE WINTER POET.

In the spring of the year he will mourn
(The poor tangle-headed young poet),
And sing of the grass-spotted lawn,
But now he will "beautiful snow" it.

APT TO BE.

"That's too thin," said Jiggs, after listening to one of his friend's stories.
"Go home and tell that to your grandmother."

"It would be no use to tell her," was the reply.

"Why?"
"She is deaf."



SAVED HIS REPUTATION.

EDITH—"Oh, mamma! how can such awkward people dare to risk their necks on the ice?"

BUSINESS POINTEDNESS.

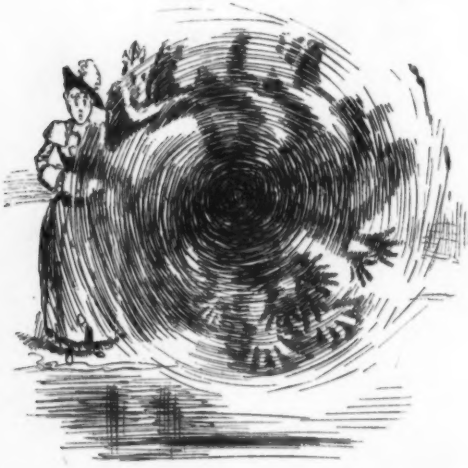
Old lady (rushing into drug store)—"Say, mister! I want some paint."
Obliging clerk—"Ys-m. Face or fence?"

THAT KISS.

"I've found my heart again,
And broken is the chain
That bound me long to thee.
Farewell! I now am free."

Said she: "Before you go
A kiss, that I may know
We part as friends; no more—
Then farewell; all is o'er!"

I kissed her—
Ah! the girl had wily art—
I kissed her,
And again I lost my heart.



(Time, five seconds.)



A DISCOVERY.

OUR NEW PORTER (who pulls the lever of the patent fire-extinguisher by mistake)—"Sure, Oi know now phere th' holey wather do all come frum!"

INTERESTING DISCOVERIES IN HISTORY.

Psmmetiches of Egypt was always called Sam by his intimate friends. Because Cyrus the Persian first fitted out his army with boots without cost some historians claim that he deserves the name of "Free-booter."

The Last Days of Pompeii was not owing to Bulwer. It was Vesuvius who did the business.

Julius Cæsar suffered his first defeat at the hands of his mother, who found him drinking Roman punch.

WINTER'S LESSON.

Lives of burglars now remind us
To be careful how we go;
We can't help but leave behind us
Footprints in the tell-tale snow.

HE WOULDN'T WAIT.

"I understand there is a man here who wants to lick the terror of Shinhandy," bellowed the bully as he entered the bar-room of a border town.

"Yes; he's just now engaged in a broad-axe duel with two other men in the dark room yonder. Won't you wait?"

"N-n-no; I'm late for supper now."



SNIDER (after his second summersault)—"I didn't practice tumblin' at Barnum's circus for nothin', ladies!"

Counterfeit Pills.

MILLIONS OF BOGUS LIVER STIMULANTS IN FINCH'S MINT.

It is Raided on the Complaint of the Carter Medicine Company—Big Swindle on the Bilious Public.

The Makers of Carter's Little Liver Pills have had Detectives on the Retail Druggists for the past ten months who have been selling the pirated imitations, and they intend speedily to proceed against the sellers as they have done against the producer of this palpable counterfeit and simulation of the Trade-Mark of Carter's Little Liver Pills.

A manufacturing druggist named Luzon J. Finch is under bail charged with a stupendous fraud upon the public. Finch lives at No. 310 Pleasant avenue, and runs a drug factory at No. 36 Gold street. On the strength of evidence to the effect that he has been imitating trade-marks and flooding the market with bogus pills, the Grand Jury has found a true bill against him. Yesterday Recorder Smyth issued a warrant for his arrest, which Detective Kiernan executed.

"My business is ruined!" exclaimed Finch, throwing up his hands when Kiernan made him his prisoner. "My business is ruined!" repeated the unhappy man, as tears rolled down his cheeks; "and I'm a ruined man!"

Armed with a search-warrant which had also been issued by Recorder Smyth, Detective Von Gerichten and assistants raided the pill factory in Gold street. Here different samples of over ten thousand fraudulent imitations of a trade-mark were found. These, with enough pills to restore the shattered nerves of a nation, were seized by the searching party and stored away in the receiving vaults under the District-Attorney's office.

The story of the alleged fraud is this: Mr. Brent Good, of No. 57 Murray street, is manager of the Carter Medicine Company, a corporation formed under the general law of the State of New York. The company owns a trade-mark which is affixed to a valuable manufacture known as "Carter's Little Liver Pills." This trade-mark was originally adopted in 1874 by Dr. Carter, a well-known physician in his day. Wishing to retire from business Dr. Carter sold the trade-mark and good will and full right to manufacture his specialty to persons who in 1880 sold out their interest in the concern to the corporation known as the "Carter Medicine Company." Over \$1,000,000 have been spent by the present concern in advertising their business.

About three months ago Manager Brent Good was informed that Luzon J. Finch, of Gold street, was manufacturing pills in enormous quantities and putting them up in a style similar to that of the genuine pills of the Carter Medicine Company—that he had in fact made a pill identical in appearance to the "Carter Little Liver Pill," packed it in a similar bottle to that employed by the company and wrapped both up in a label which was nothing more or less than an impudent imitation of the genuine one.

"I furthermore learned," explained Mr. Good, that hundreds of druggists were being supplied by Finch with bogus Little Liver Pills, and that the fraud was becoming more general from the fact that the false manufacturer was in the habit of inserting in the label or wrapper the name of any retailer who might desire it to be done, and while the spurious article was being sold at ten cents a bottle the genuine one cost twenty-five cents. Of course these retailers were parties to the fraud and are all liable to prosecution. We have their names. Over one hundred of them have drug stores in New York."

Joseph E. Moore, of No. 135 Newark avenue, Jersey City, is a retail druggist for many years in business. With several other gentlemen of his profession he has been subpoenaed as a witness by Assistant District-Attorney John D. Lindsay, who is conducting the case for the Carter people.

Two New York druggists who will assist the prosecution are J. W. Linton, of Seventeenth street and Fourth avenue, and Frederick D. Brown, of No. 244 Sixth avenue. Finch sold Linton one gross of the bogus pills. A *Journal* reporter saw the bill of sale and the goods themselves. Brown was supplied with 50,000 Little Liver Pills. Finch was accommodating enough to furnish printed wrappers telling Brown to save money and pack the pills himself.

Assistant District-Attorney John D. Lindsay explained the situation to *The Journal* reporter in this way:

"The Carter Medicine Company is a lawfully organized corporation with its own valid trade-mark acquired from its originator, Dr. Carter, who began to use it in 1876. The trade-mark was continuously used by the corporation and its predecessors to designate the precise kind of goods to which it is applied—namely the Little Liver Pills.

"These pills have always been put up in wrappers similar in size, color, design and arrangement of words. At the time of its adoption no other person, persons, firm or corporation had such a wrapper in use for similar goods.

"The trade-mark and the wrapper or label bearing it have been fraudulently imitated by this man Finch and affixed to goods of the same general description as the genuine ones. The words on the wrapper are—to use a legal phrase—'wholly or in part the same to the eye and in sound to the ear'

as the words constituting the genuine trade-mark which designates the genuine manufacture.

"The color of the wrapper, the printing thereon and the general appearance of the false are the same as the genuine, as may be seen by comparison. A variety of clumsy devices has been resorted to by the pill counterfeiter in order to evade the law, the most notable being the substitution of the letter 'h' for the letter 'c' in the word 'Carter,' thus making Dr. Carter's Little Liver Pills read 'Dr. Harter's Little Liver Pills.' This, however, is only one instance out of several thousand. In Finch's office we found a complete record of 10,000 differently designed imitations, only 175 of which, as far as we can ascertain, have been foisted upon the market during the last six months.

"Finch has made himself amenable to the criminal law. The Grand Jury has indicted him of the crime of knowingly selling an article of merchandise to which was affixed an imitation of the trade-mark of another without the latter's consent. The evidence we have against him will enable us, if we wish to do so, to convict him of fraud on different charges exactly 250 times. The punishment is imprisonment for not more than one year, or a fine of not more than \$500, or both."

Before Recorder Smyth the prisoner pleaded "not guilty." Lawyer Ambrose Purdy, who represented him, applied for bail, which was fixed at \$1,000. Albert Plaut, of Lehn & Fink, the wholesale druggists, was accepted as bondsman. According to the records of the District-Attorney's office the members of this wholesale drug firm were arrested some time ago on a charge of counterfeiting the trade-mark of Theodore Merck, a celebrated German chemist. Their case was dismissed by the Grand Jury.

Finch was found by a *Journal* reporter yesterday afternoon at the pill factory. It is an unpretentious little red-brick building, situated in the most squalid quarter of Gold street. The exterior is decidedly uninviting. The interior, however, furnishes an appearance of comfort, even luxury, that is absolutely startling. The reporter informed Finch that any statement he wished to furnish *The Journal* in self-defence would be published.

"I'm not guilty," he replied, nervously. "I don't know what to say—that is, I don't know that I've anything to say; in fact, I know I've nothing to say. Good-day!"—*New York Morning Journal*.

THE MINISTER'S SUGGESTION.

The old maid sat in her rocking-chair,
With thimble, and scissors, and thread,
And talked, as she sewed, of her neighbors' faults
Till the minister wished he was dead.

But he sat quite still, in his patient way,
And heard all her acid talk,
While she pounced on this one, and then on that,
Like a vicious old hook-beaked hawk.

She sewed, as she talked, in a vigorous way,
And pulled the thread through with a jerk.
Then she tried the scissors, but they were so dull
That she never could make them work.

"These scissors are dreadfully dull," said she,
As her sewing she angrily flung
On a chair; and the minister murmured low:
"Then why don't you use your tongue?"
—*Somerville Journal.*

"A Royal Tramp" is a new comic opera in three acts, by Charles Purner and William Gill, which has recently made quite a hit in Baltimore. The music is bright and the libretto much above the average.

It is reported of a knight of St. Crispin in Lynn that he became so completely filled with the ardent that in order to save his life they had to tap his boots.—*Boston Post.*

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.

Clara—"Mr. Fledgeby has been paying me some absurd compliments, Belinda."
Belinda—"Oh, they must have been."—*Portland Transcript.*

A little girl was once asked by an artist to define drawing. "Oh," she replied, "drawing is thinking and then marking around the think."—*Scranton Truth.*

Tailors never keep their promises about finishing garments at a certain date. They probably know that some of their customers would drop dead if they did.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"Brick" Pomeroy is writing for the *Elmira Telegram* as well as for his own paper, *Advance Thought.*

The New York Central Railroad is selling Carnival Excursion Tickets to Montreal and return from New York City for \$15. Tickets good going from Friday, February 1st, to Friday, February 8th, inclusive, and good for return passage on regular trains leaving Montreal from Tuesday, February 5th, to Saturday, February 16th, 1889, inclusive.

Fashionable life is as hollow and as artificial as a crystal optic in a mummy.—*Boston Globe.*

THE KODAK.



PRICE \$25.00.

ANYBODY can use the KODAK. The operation of making a picture consists simply of pressing a button. One Hundred instantaneous pictures are made without re-loading. No dark room or chemicals necessary. A division of labor is offered, whereby all the work of finishing the pictures is done at the factory, where the camera can be sent to be re-loaded. The operator need not learn anything about photography. He can "press the button"—we do the rest.

Send for copy of KODAK Primer, with sample photograph.

THE EASTMAN DRY PLATE AND FILM CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

WASHINGTON SEC.

Great Vintage 1884.

J. ROUSSILLON & CO., EPERNAY, FRANCE.

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

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

How, in the name of science and common-sense, can the mere fact that four inches of blue ribbon are tied to the handle of a pair of scissors keep them from being mislaid? In point of fact it does nothing of the kind, and in spite of women's faith in the blue ribbon charm, it is absolutely useless. If, however, we assume that the origin of this custom was the attaching of a bit of witch-hazel to the handle of a pair of scissors, we can understand it. The woman of the middle ages had a vague belief that the disappearance of scissors was due to the witches, and therefore called in the aid of witch-hazel. The modern woman, ignorant of the peculiar efficacy of witch-hazel, fancies that anything tied to a pair of scissors will keep them from being lost; and she prefers ribbon to witch-hazel because it is prettier and more convenient.—*W. L. Alden in Collier's Once a Week.*

Angostura Bitters, the celebrated appetizer, of exquisite flavor, is used all over the world. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, sole manufacturers. At your druggist's.

O patent medicine almanac!

I was a towering giant
With a wealth of health and a vim of limb,
To ills and pills defiant!
But now I have the phthisic,
And take every kind of physis,
Have a touch of sharp bronchitis,
And a raging tonsillitis,
And I feel thy awful twinges, cerebro-spinal meningitis.

O patent medicine almanac!

I read thy fearful pages
With tears and fears and groans and moans,
And shakes and aches of ages!
And now I have the vertigo
And tumbling in the dirt I go;
Have a general blood corruption,
Loss of vigor, lack of gumption,
And I feel that I am traveling down the last stage of consumption.

Yankee Blade.

Scrub oak ought to be utilized in the manufacture of brushes and brooms.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

As a rule a single man is rarely discovered leading a double life. So much for bachelorhood.—*Philadelphia Press.*

The few men among the crowd of women at the afternoon teas look as if they wanted to go home.—*Philadelphia Quaker.*

Now that Christmas is over there can be no harm in getting out of bed cross if the baby has been squalling all night.—*Evening Sun.*

The man who "shot at random," not hitting it, has since lent his rifle to the youth who aimed at immortality.—*New York Ledger.*

Now that a man has been found with two hearts the monstrosity will be a frequent plea on the part of bigamists.—*Baltimore American.*

American boy—"Papa, the paper says that Japanese war-vessels are illuminated by electric lights. Why can't the United States have things that way?"

Papa—"We have made a beginning in that direction, my son. We've got the lights."—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Parisian suicides are generally in-Seine.—*Hotel Mail.*



Special.

PREPARED ONLY BY THOMAS BEECHAM, ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND.

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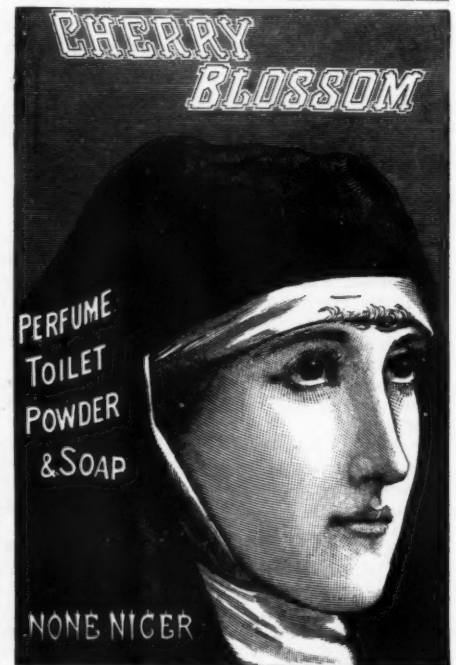
Are at present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.
Warerooms, 149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th St., N. Y.
SOHMER & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1119 Chestnut Street; CHICAGO, ILL., 236
State Street; SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club Building;
BALTIMORE, MD., 7 North Charles Street.

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A Choice and Extensive Assortment in
STYLE, QUALITY and PRICE
that cannot be beaten by any.
Muffs, Boas, Capes, Stoles, Scarfs, Caps,
Gloves, Gauntlets, Rugs, Robes
and Fur Trimmings.

HENRY SIEDE,
The 14th St. Furrier,
14 WEST FOURTEENTH STREET,
Between 5th and 6th Avenues,
NEW YORK.

Full Line of Gent's Furs and Coats.
Established Over 38 Years.
Send for Catalogue



In the High Court of Justice.—*Gosnell v. Durrant.*—On Jan. 29, 1887, Mr Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

THE SOCIAL SEASON.

During the season in London Beecham's Pills are held in high regard. The exactions of social life, the strain consequent upon late hours, late suppers, and the indulgence of rich and highly seasoned food, all combine to leave the system in a debilitated condition and the stomach in a state bordering on frenzy, if we may use the expression. Beecham's Pills, however, taken regularly, have a soothing effect on the stomach and the digestive organs. Their result is immediate. A few doses will restore lost complexion, bring back the keen edge of appetite, and give health, strength and energy to the whole human frame.

In response to the request of many well-known Americans, who wish their merits to be shared by every one, Beecham's Pills are now being introduced into the United States through their agents, Messrs. B. F. ALLEN & Co., 365 and 367 Canal St., N. Y. Druggists generally keep Beecham's Pills, but where they do not, send 25 cents direct to B. F. Allen & Co., and receive a sample box by return mail.

He said in derision, "Oh, give us a rest,"
To the copper whose eye he had caught.
The policeman with promptness did grant the request,
And gave him arrest on the spot.
—*Merchant Traveler.*

HEALTH IN OLD AGE.

Edward Collinson, Queens, N. Y., says:

"I commenced using BRANDRETH'S PILLS over fifty-five years ago. I first bought them in London, and have continued using them since I came to this country in 1836. I am now over seventy-five years old, hale and hearty, and attribute my wonderful health to the persistent use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. Occasionally I have a bad cold or severe attack of rheumatism, indigestion or biliousness, but four or five doses of BRANDRETH PILLS always cure me. Whenever my children have been sick with scarlet fever, measles, mumps, acid stomach, disordered digestion or costiveness, a few doses of BRANDRETH'S PILLS restore their health at once."

Brandreth's Pills are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.



ESPENSCHIED'S CELEBRATED HATS.

Universally conceded to be the best that can be made, irrespective of price. Sales-room,

No. 118 Nassau St., NEW YORK.

Silk Hats, \$6; Stiff and Soft Felt Hats, \$4.

AMERICAN BANK NOTE COMPANY,

78 to 86 Trinity Place, New York.
Business founded 1785. Incorporated under laws of State of New York, 1853. Reorganized 1879.
Engravers and Printers of Bonds, Postage and Revenue Stamps, Legal Tender and National Bank Notes of the United States; and for Foreign Governments.
Engraving and Printing, Bank Notes, Share Certificates, Bonds for Governments and Corporations, Drafts, Checks, Bills of Exchange, Stamps, etc., in the finest and most artistic style from Steel Plates, with Special Safeguards to Prevent Counterfeiting. Special papers manufactured exclusively for use of the Company.
Safety Colors. Safety Papers. Work Executed in Fireproof Buildings. Lithographic and Type Printing. Railway Tickets of Improved Styles. Show Cards, Labels, Calendars. Blank Books of Every Description.
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BRANDRIOLI.



FORMULA:
Purest Cod-Liver Oil, Brand Rye (Rye Brandy), Iceland Moss.

ALMOST TASTELESS.

QUICK RELIEF
And Permanent Cure for any
COUGH and BRONCHITIS.

Ask your Druggist
Or address 210 FRONT ST., NEW YORK.

Do Your Own Printing

\$2. Press for cards. Circular Press \$4. Size for small newspaper \$44. Type-setting is easy by printed rules.
For old, young, business, pleasure, and money-making. Catalogue of Presses, Type and Paper, sample of Cards, for 3 stamps.
Address to factory, KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

OPIUM
or Morphine Habit in every form can only be cured by the Dr. J. L. Stephens Remedy, which never fails, while no other treatment ever cures. We have cured more than 10,000 cases.
NO PAY TILL CURED.—THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., LEADON, O.

There is altogether too much talk about that mistake of our popular young druggist of the Blue Front which sent Colonel Jim Jackson to his grave. Colonel Jim asked for quinine and got strychnine by mistake, but there are a great many redeeming features. The colonel was old, lazy and drunk half the time, and left no one to mourn his loss. The druggist is a young and energetic man, who sold out a coal-yard in Chicago to come here and go into the drug business, and it must be expected that he will make a few mistakes in the go off. We call attention to his liberal manner of advertising in the *Kicker*. He has assured us that such a mistake cannot occur again, as he has properly labeled the bottles.—*Arizona Kicker, in the Detroit Free Press.*

BOSTON'S SKILFUL DENTIST, DR. F. A. COOKE, D.D.S.,

voices the opinion of his profession regarding the



"In my judgment it meets just the desired need. After using *The Polisher* my teeth have a smooth, clean feeling that cannot be obtained with the bristle brush."

AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

Its Economy. Holder (imperishable) 35 cents. Polishers only need be renewed. 18 (boxed) 25 cents. Dealers or mailed.

HORSEY MANUFACTURING CO., UTICA, N. Y.

Stranger (to life-insurance agent)—"I believe I will take out a policy in your company."

Agent—"Your business, please?"

Stranger—"I am a detective."

Agent—"The premium will be fifty per cent. less than the regular list. The death risk on a detective is merely nominal."—*St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

Matinees of "The Old Homestead" are now given on Wednesday and Saturday at the Academy of Music. It has been found necessary to give the extra Wednesday matinee in order to accommodate the great rush of out-of-town patrons of the wholesome old play.

"You never knew such a woman to get up and walk about in the middle of the night, my dear fellow. At one place I told her that there were mice in the room to keep her still, and egad! she sat up in bed all night, mewing like a cat, to keep 'em off."—*Ex.*

"Did you go hear the popular Rev. Mr. Blank preach while you were in New York?" asked one Norristown lady of another.

"I did; and his sermon was very disappointing."

"In what particular?"

"Why, he took his text from the bible, and I expected to hear a sermon on 'Robert Elsmere'."—*Norristown Herald.*

The wealth of the Vanderbilt family is put down at \$274,000,000. It was put down without interviewing any of the family, and could have been made a hundred million more just as well as not.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Yes, my son, Samson's strength seems to have been in his long hair. H'm? Yes, yes; it might be a good thing for you to let your hair grow long. But you must remember, you'll have to have Samson's head for it to grow on. That's the reason why every corn-doctor isn't Samson.—*Burdette.*

Daughter—"Papa, dear, Mr. Sampson is coming tonight, and I wish when you go to bed that you would close the transom over your door."

Father (humbly)—"Do I snore so loudly as all that?"

Daughter—"Yes, papa; and I don't want Mr. Sampson to think that sort of thing runs in the family."—*Texas Siftings.*

BOOKKEEPING FOR NEWSPAPERS.

Langworthy's Labor-Saving System—especially designed for keeping the accounts of newspapers and publishers. Refer to the *Judge*, *New York Daily News*, *Albany Journal*, *Utica Globe*, *Union and Advertiser*, *Post-Express* and *Herald* of Rochester. Correspondence solicited.

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HELPS for the DEAF



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

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.

Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic." Annual sale 8,000,000 jars.



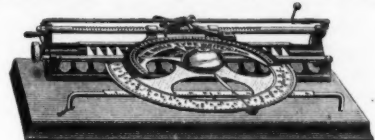
Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., Ltd, London.

75 Words a Minute Attained.

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Thoroughly Made, Practical, Rapid, Business.

Single Case, \$10.00; Double Case, writes 72 characters, \$15.00. Walnut Case, \$2.00 extra.

CATALOGUES FREE. AGENTS WANTED.

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Newest styles and all leading fashionable furs. 103 Prince Street, New York. Fashion book mailed free. Send your address.

KNOX'S WORLD-RENOWNED HATS.

ABSOLUTELY PERFECT.

Retail stores, 212 Broadway, corner Fulton st.; 194 5th ave. under Fifth Avenue Hotel; 340 Fulton st., Brooklyn, and 191 & 193 State st., Chicago. Agents for the sale of these high class Hats can be found in every city in the United States.



"HOME EXERCISER" for Brain Workers and Sedentary People; Gentlemen, Ladies, and Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 inches square floor-room; something new, scientific durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular. "Schools for Physical and Vocal Culture," 18 East 14th Street and 213 5th Ave., N. Y. City. Prof. D. L. Dowd, Wm. Blake, author of "How to get Strong," says of it: "I never saw any other that I liked half as well."



CRYSTAL GELATINE will make double the quantity, being twice the strength of English Gelatine. The only Gelatine made absolutely Tasteless and Odorless. One trial will convince. If your grocer does not keep it, send 20 cents, stamps, for full-size package, free by mail. CRYSTAL GELATINE COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

GOOD FOR WEAK LUNGS.

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

CHILDS & CO., Proprietors.

543 and 545 Tenth Avenue, and 108 W. 42d Street, New York.

It is a good man that can tell the age of a saw by looking at its teeth.—*Dansville Breeze.*

What Scott's Emulsion Has Done!

Over 25 Pounds Gain in Ten Weeks. Experience of a Prominent Citizen.

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE. SAN FRANCISCO, July 7th, 1886.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over: the cough meantime ceased. C. R. BENNETT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

THE OKISCO COLLAR.



ENTIRELY NEW.

Comfortable to Wear. Stylish in Appearance. Its Popularity Assured. Ask your Dealer for it.

Originated and made exclusively by the

GALLUP NOVELTY WORKS, Troy, N.Y.

THE ONLY CIGAR WITH A NATIONAL REPUTATION.



Endorsed by over 3,000 merchants—the cream of American retail trade. One Agent (merchant only) wanted in every town. Send for latest offer.

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The Largest Establishment in the World for the treatment of Hair and Scalp, Eczema, Moles, Warts, Superfluous Hair, Birthmarks, Moth, Freckles, Tan, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Red Veins, Oily Skin, Acne, Pimples, Blackheads, Scars, Pitting, Facial Development, etc. Send 10 cts. for 128-page book on all skin imperfections and their treatment.

Dr. JOHN H. WOODBURY, 210 West 42d St., New York City, N. Y.

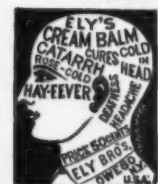
Use Woodbury's Facial Soap. By Mail, 50 cts.

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



GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.

Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, or Webster's Dictionary. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289, 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.



Ely's Cream Balm

Gives relief at once for **COLD IN HEAD** CURES **CATARRH.**

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.



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

SAMPLES for '86. Full outfit with Prize, 4c. STAR CARD CO., Laceyville, Ohio.

Oh! warm was the clasp of his hand; His voice, how tender and true, As fondly he gazed in her eyes And said they were heaven's own blue.

And firm was the strong, loving arm That held her so close to his heart; And he vowed, while he kissed her again, That nothing but death should them part!

But baleful the light in her eyes And scornful her pretty lips' curl, When she read in the paper one day That he'd married another girl.

Boston Courier.

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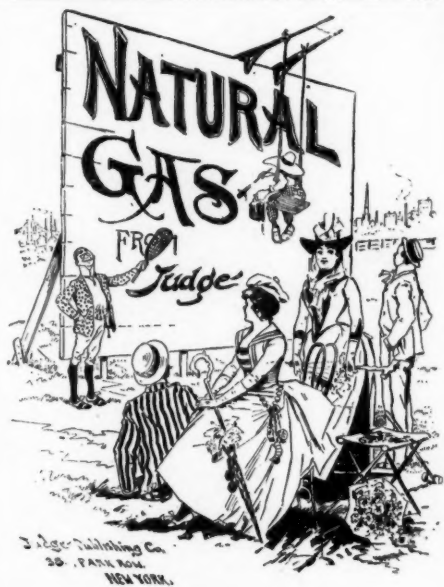
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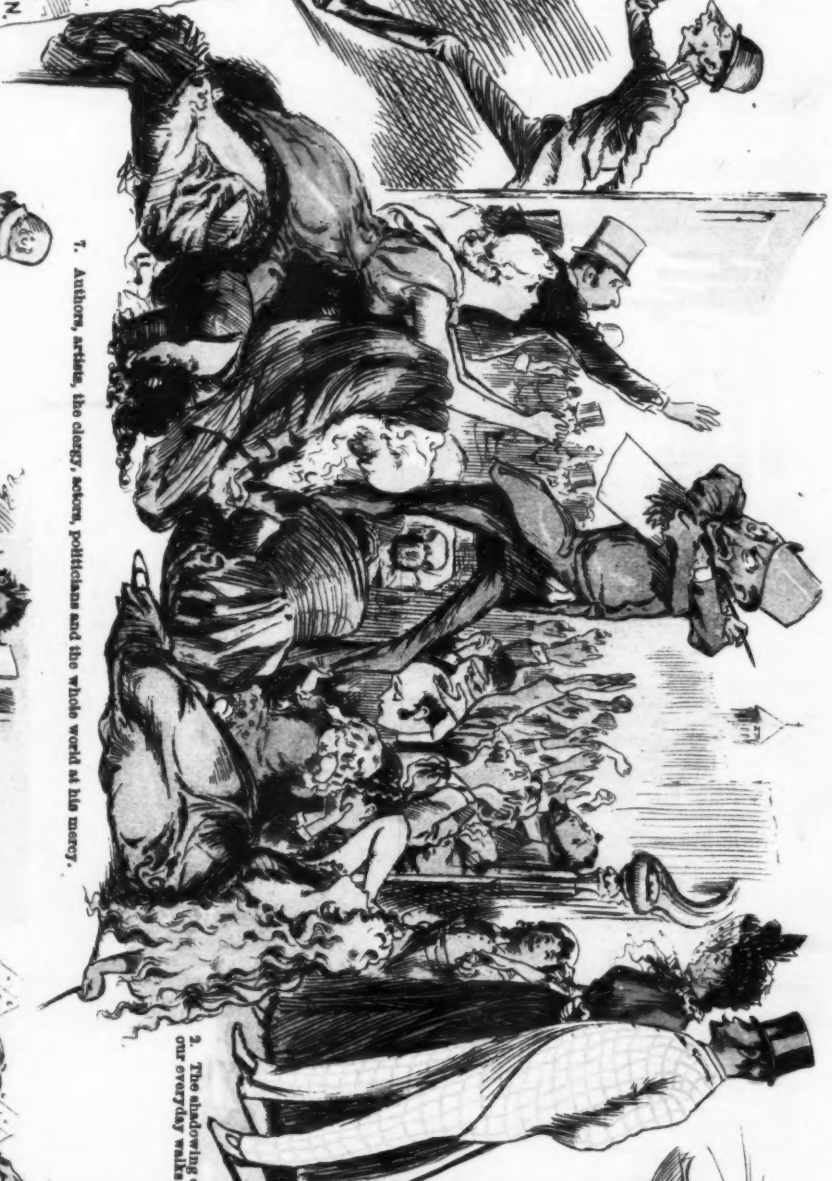
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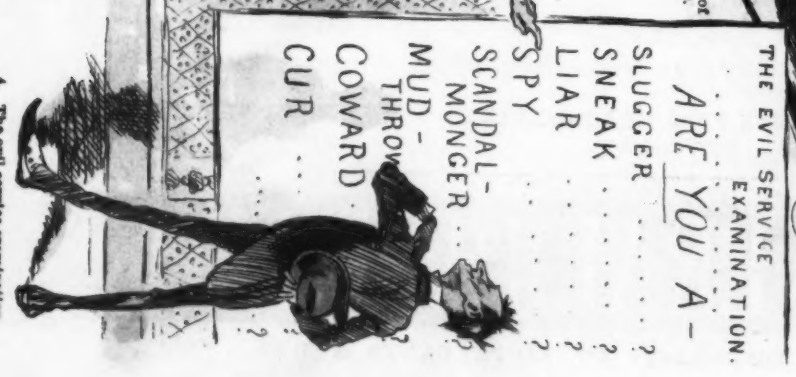
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