

Judge

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JOHN BULL'S
 CANDIDATE FOR
 PRESIDENT —
 GROVER CLEVELAND.

FREE TRADE — PLATFORM FREE TRADE
 FREE IRON
 " CLOTH
 " WOOD
 " MANUFACTURED GOODS
 " EVERYTHING



ENGLAND'S CANDIDATE FOR THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY.

“PRESIDENT CLEVELAND is the most popular American with the English people.”—*London Correspondence.*

Judge



PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.
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CLEVELAND AND HILL—When such men fall out James G. Blaine gets his dues.

SHOULD BE HANGED and quartered—The McGinnis pig of the New York custom-house.

THERE IS PLENTY of Democratic material for the first position; but nobody but Grover is willing to take the risk, and *he* isn't anxious.

IT IS RIGHT that, as somebody says she does, the fair presidentess should win all hearts; and as long as the other side of the political house wins its fair share of votes nobody will complain.

MR. EVARTS would have a new hat as often as anybody, but the truth is that the public hat-rack seldom has one of his size.

A PAPER says the mugwumps don't know what they want. Did anybody ever know of a mugwump refusing an office?

TO D. B. H.—Dear sir, if you find it difficult to retire this year we are quite sure G. C. will be very glad to assist you.

A HEADING in the *World* reads "All true Democrats still." Well, their silence becomes them—they are at least entitled to that compliment.

THE SCHOOL of journalism at Cornell refutes the idea that anybody can edit a newspaper, merely claiming that anybody can be educated to do it.

THE INCLEMENCY of the weather has apparently postponed the ante-election civil-service order to federal officials until the middle of November.

THERE IS a great deal of Republican presidential timber; but there is only 250 pounds of it on the other side. This may be, however, because presidential ambition on the Democratic side is equivalent to high treason and is punishable by political death.

LETTERS REACH US that it is difficult for subscribers to get the JUDGE, and two or three of them tell of finding JUDGE wrappers along the lines of some western roads which are largely patronized by mail-coaches. Should this paragraph happen to reach the eye of the offending parties will they kindly prepare for investigation and removal?

IS THERE A SURPLUS?

IF AN INDIVIDUAL had a mortgage on his estate for \$150,000, fifty thousand dollars due in three years, and notes out for thirty-five thousand dollars on call, with one thousand dollars on deposit to meet the demand, and only that amount in available cash, would the one thousand dollars be regarded as a surplus? Add the necessary ciphers and that is the business position of the firm of Uncle Sam & Company. If the creditors holding the demand notes willingly carry them and have faith in the solvency of the firm, is the firm any the less in debt? Does the giving of another note in place of the one returned release the debtor? Does the renewal of a note pay a debt? Is not its reissue in every sense a banking process, the essence and spirit of which is to use other people's money without paying interest? It is a foolish

financial infatuation that a people or a man can grow rich by filling his pockets with notes given to himself.

It is true that our national income is a little larger than our outlay. We must remember, however, we owe in greenbacks, payable on demand, three hundred and fifty million dollars. We have on hand to meet the possible call one hundred millions, leaving two hundred and fifty millions to be met (if ever intended to be redeemed) by our possible income.

Would it not be wise, if the surplus is a burden, to retire greenbacks enough, by paying them, to absorb it? Convert the first one hundred millions into certificates of cash instead of promises to pay, and turn the two hundred and fifty millions into the same as fast as the surplus of funds would allow. Or it may be wise to retire these evidences of indebtedness into two per cent. bonds for banking security; or certificates could be issued for the amount retired, representing without additional inflation the aggregation of silver coin.

It should be remembered that in 1891 a large amount of the four and a half per cent. bonds will begin to be due and payable. The surplus will then take care of itself. The fifteen hundred millions of indebtedness then commencing to be payable will prevent any disturbing accumulation. It is only the three years of financial spanning we have to provide for, and have we not gold and silver enough for the abutments of an honest bridging?

It is conceded that the issuance of the greenback was a forced war loan. It is believed by good and careful financiers that the continuance of a forced loan in times of peace is a political menace, liable to be abused by its control by legislative elasticity to dangerous purposes and ends. A gold certificate, or

a silver certificate based on bullion held by the government as a security, is better than a promissory note. No legislation can create bullion. Legislative enactments, however, can make promises to pay. Would not this go far toward settling the silver muddle, and by the absorption of this metal as a basis of the redemption of its certificates so diminish its menacing abundance and enhance its competitive value, as against gold? In other words, the white metal (like the white race) would assert itself as superior to its yellow Mongolian kin.

The people of the United States have more dollars per head than any other. The purchasing power of a dollar is in proportion to its scarcity and the abundance of the material to be purchased. The purchasing power of a European equivalent of a dollar depends upon its comparative scantiness to the population. Where dollars are scarce and labor plenty a few dollars command a large amount of work. Where labor is scarce it takes more dollars to command its service.

The present surplus, the first ever accumulated in the history of the world, and brought about by the Republican policy of paying a debt if you owe one, is, so far as it is a menace to public security, a political bug-a-boo and a financial ghost to frighten the superstitious. There can be no surplus when

you owe more than you have and your debt is due.

J. A.

THE PRECISE DIFFERENCE.

QUOTH Frankie to Grover, one evening of late,
 As they sat in their parlor so cool,
 "Dear Grover, I pray you the difference explain
 'Twixt free trade and tariff on wool."

Says Grover to Frankie, "The difference is this,
 And he swelled to exorbitant size:
 "The tariff puts wool on the workingman's back,
 Free trade pulls it over his eyes."

E. S.

THE MAN who catches his own fish is greater than the man who buys them and lies about it. P.S.—But he's dead.

THE STUDENT who killed himself with opium said he wanted to "see life." Well, he has seen death too, and in that particular has beaten all the rest of us.

"WHAT IS A BLUFF?" asks somebody who writes a good hand and spells well. Dear boy, unless we are mistaken the inquiry is, and a pretty good bluff too.



TRAMPS OF THE BETTER CLASS.

CHOLLY—"Bah Jove, Oseah, I wish, ah, the season at Long Bwanch would begin, do-you-no? I'm just, ah, dying fowh, ah, dip in the sawtl watah!"
OSCAH—"Wouldn't it be just, ah, too chawming, old fellah!"



A PHYSICAL IMPOSSIBILITY.

MASTER OF THE ROUNDS—"Hi! there, Mantby! Put your feet together and stop him."
 MANTBY—"I've been so long on me horse I cawn't, dear boy."

THE LAST ACT.

St. Anthony (staggering back from the pearly gates)—"W-what is this? No raiment? Angels have always been pictured with other drapery than feathers."

Doorkeeper—"There is no lack of raiment, my friend, though it is not of an earthly order. We find it a great bodily relief, and *such* an improvement to our tempers to drop the encumbrances imposed on us on earth, but which are still used as modes of punishment in hades. For instance, women there must wear perpetually the embracive corset and the gyratory bustle, while men are tormented by the boot that pincheth, the starch that abradeth the flesh, and the collar that guillotineth. You will like the improvement, *St. Anthony*, I think" (referring to ledger).

St. Anthony (uneasily)—"Yes; my friends were kind enough to call me that on the little planet I've just reluctantly resigned control of. But do you mean to say that *I* must—ah—disrobe?"

Doorkeeper—"That order is heaven's first law."

St. Anthony (snatching up his valise and hugging his clothes tightly around him)—"Really, you know, it's too much; I prefer to go to a raimental hades."

WHAT DOES JAMES RUSSELL MEAN?

Can you tell me, *JUDGE*, what *Mr. Lowell* means when he speaks in his poem of

"The culture-curtailed independents."

I have thought that perhaps the line has been misprinted and should read:

The cultured cur-tailed Independents.

But why should he call them cur-tailed? When the poem was written they were not in such a tail-between-the-legs attitude as to warrant the epithet, which now seems so appropriate.

W. K.

GOVERNMENTAL INFLEXIBILITY.

Boggs (to his friend *Roastem* of the signal service)—"That young fellow, *Wiggins*, has got himself into nice pot of hot water!"

Roastem—"Beg pardon, *Boggs*, but really there's no such thing as heat. You should say, a nice pot of humidity."

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE KITCHEN.

Mistress—"It seems to me, *Bridget*, that you're very late in getting the breakfast dishes cleaned up."

Bridget—"Indade, mum, whin Oi have to wait for you to finish the marning paper before Oi can get it, what else can ye expect?"

MODERN DEVOTION.

Mrs. Friendly (sympathetically)—"I am so saddened to see you in this garb of deep mourning. Yours was indeed a heartrending loss."

Mrs. De Pugg (pathetically)—"Ah, yes! My precious *Fantine* died in these arms after suffering tortures for three whole days, from the most frightful convulsions. I never once left her cushion."

Mrs. Friendly (surprisedly)—"And your little daughter, who was so ill with scarlet-fever?"

Mrs. De Pugg (indifferently)—"Oh, *she* got well."

NATURE AND ART.

Read in an album.

"Nature made only stupid people; fools are a product of civilization."

Than "see ourselves as others see us"
 'Tis best to close our eyes;
 We know "where ignorance is bliss"
 'Tis folly to be wise."

BUZZ SAWS.

Misfortune grasps at a bubble.

We often win when we take the biggest risks.

A shoe doesn't always pinch in the same place.

The under dog in a fight often has the best grip.

We may want to-morrow what we refuse to-day.

The man with a corn has no business in a crowd.

The turn in the lane comes when we least expect it.

Sullivan may be said to make his money hand over fist.

Work that is disagreeable always seems harder than it is.

We are seldom so well satisfied with a bargain after it is made.



NOT THAT KIND OF FENCE.

MRS. TUNWAIT—"Do you think a course of fencing would—er—er—make me less conspicuous?"
 INSTRUCTOR'S SMALL BROTHER—"Tell her yes, *Bertha*, if she builds it high enough."

HUM OF THE COURT.

THE QUEEN'S MATE—Roast beef.

AGE IS A COCKTAIL. Give me a benefit a year and I shall live forever.—*Lester Wallack.*

WE NEVER COULD see why Mr. Dana supported Ben Butler, but when it comes to supporting Belva Lockwood that is reasonable.

THE KING of Spain has reached the age of two years, and if they resemble those of his father each is far more than twelve months long.

LILLIAN SCHOFIELD says she is a woman without a name. She weeps about it, and yet it ought to be the main source of her rejoicing.

THE PROHIBITIONISTS have adopted Mrs. Cleveland as their child, but happily she had a legitimate birth some twenty-five years ago.

THE JUDGE has received some circulars from George F. Train and some pills from a man in Dakota. The psychic force will have its way.

THE SHOE that is French-heeled is bad for the health, but when a man wants a wife he doesn't look for a foot that covers the entire sidewalk.

THE MR. LOVE who is running on the national ticket with B. Lockwood has the requisite bow and arrows, but he can't shoot for any sweet or sour apples.

WHAT THIS COUNTRY most needs is religious editors for its secular newspapers, and secular editors for its religious ones. It is the combination of opposites that makes the grand perfection.

SPEAKING of the new comedy, "His Lordship"—and a strong, pure, wholesome comedy it is—it is a very general remark that all's well that begins Atwell. [Explanatory note—That's its author's name.]

GEORGIA is said to bragging over a woman lawyer; but there is this fact—when a man wants to have business with a woman in the most interesting and important way he is going to prosecute his own suit even if it leap year.

THE RATE of mortality among the Indians increases, it is said, ten percent a year. The word is mortality; but when the United States army has a fight with the aborigine the word would seem to be reproduction.



INCONSISTENCY.

MRS. LACROVE (appearing suddenly in office of the park menagerie with her hat covered with stuffed birds)—"I hold in my hand a petition, signed by five thousand American women, praying you to stop the reprehensible practice of feeding your anacondas with live birds."

No people have done such remarkable dying with such little effect as these uncultured sons of thunder—or rather of the forest.

SOMEBODY SAYS that George Washington was once "half cocked." We cannot believe it. George never did anything by halves.

THEY TELL of a West Virginia editor who found plenty of rum in Maine. Very well; Maine being a prohibition state, that was a foregone conclusion. But does the man live?

WE DON'T KNOW what the editor of the Buffalo Express has been doing now, but he says with conscientious frankness that the great need of this country is an automatic spanker.

KING DAVID was worth more than \$3,000,000,000 when he died. The reader will notice the dollar-mark. The figures do not indicate the number of the illustrious saint's concubines.

THERE ARE several dark horses that, mounted by bad riders, look as pale as if they were on the circuit for the sepulchre. No reference here to the steed of D. B. Hill, because there isn't any.

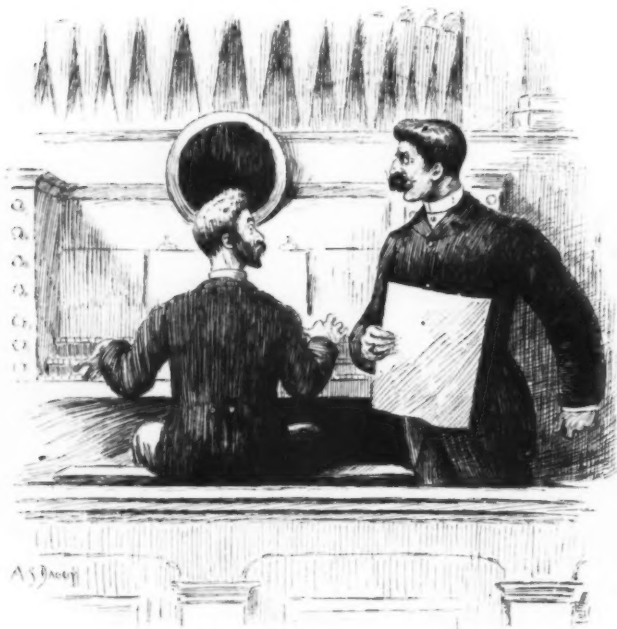
THERE ARISES the question whether Bourke Cockran is Tammany hall. Some Tammany men make bold to say he isn't and are quite frightened at their extreme temerity.

IT MAY be true that Miss Endicott has not formally accepted Joseph Chamberlain; but of course Joseph knows she couldn't possibly refuse him, and doesn't he mean to pop the question next month?

A NEW COLOR is called "diseased ghost." If ghosts can carry diseases death has far more terrors than have heretofore been attributed to it. Think of dying of small-pox with the prospect of catching Asiatic cholera just as soon as you're through with it!

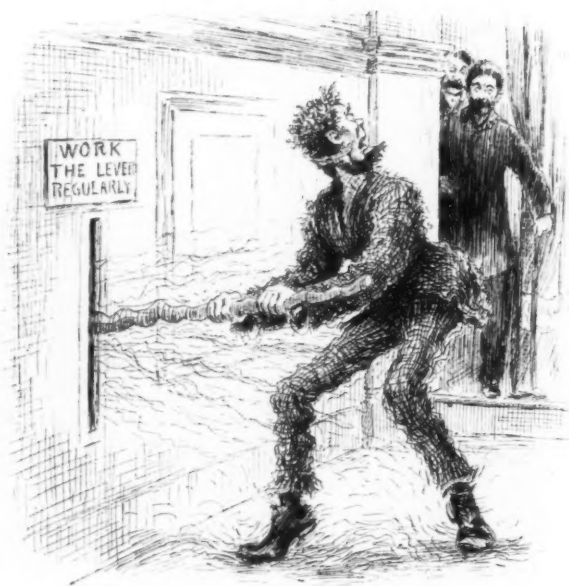
COULD EVERY EYE that the late Dr. Agnew of New York had cured or helped drop a tear for him, what a sea would roll over New York!—*Mail and Express.*

The doctor was also great on cerebro-spinal meningitis. Could every man whom he relieved or cured of this malignant trouble be able to express himself, how New York would hump itself!



IN THE ORGAN LOFT.

FIRST TENOR (in a vigorous aside to organist)—"How in blazes do you suppose I can sing with the organ quavering like that?"



BEHIND THE ORGAN.

BELLOWS-BY—"I c-can't help it, gents. I've been fighting this fever an' ager fer a week, but it's no g-go!"

VERY HIGH ART.

'T WAS at the Academy of Art.
A critic, over-awing,
Decanted terms all learned by heart
About a free-hand drawing.
We at our hearts felt envy gnawing,
We knew just naught of free-hand drawing.

But Bilks, an impresario,
Stood by, a ballet programme clawing,
And said, "High art with us also
Depends upon our free-leg drawing!"
We blushed, our diffidence now thawing,
For we had seen his free-leg drawing.

We would have said,
But thought it rude,
"High art with each
Leans toward the nude."



AT THE FRONT.

Mistress (of a retiring disposition)—"Now, Marie, when you go to the photograph gallery be sure to look carefully in the show-case and see if they have my picture on exhibition. It makes me shiver to think of the multitudes that may have gazed at me during the last two weeks.

(Four hours later)—"Well, Marie?"

Marie—"Madame's portray was no in ze cass."

Mistress—"Oh, I am so relieved! Do you know, I have fancied that I fell strangers staring at me."

Marie—"Madame's portray was at ze front, so beautiful, in what one call ze fram. Two dollah marked."



HORSE TALK (overheard by our special artist).

NO. ONE TO NO. TWO—"Say, Mag, have you a button-hook in yer pocket? Lend me it; my shoe's coming off."

FOURTH WARD PHILOSOPHY.

JES' case er feller goes aroun' singin' "Johnny come off yer perch," dat don't say dat he don't owe fer last month's rent.

When er feller wants ter lend yer some dust jest 'cause he's got it, don't yer never turn up yer smeller at him. Take all yer kin git. Dat's de way men git rich.

Er bum on de road wid nothin' inside of him 'cept wot he was born wid is happier dan de feller wots behin' de bars wid his hide stuffed full of charities 'n correction stew. Dat goes!

Every newspaper man wot tells de troot all de times is boun' ter see de last of dis country in er rag shop—dat's er poor house; yer know. It's de feller wots allus writin' ghos' stories dat wears sparks on his feelers.

Don't go eround er takin' off yer hat 'n bowin' ter er chump wot tells how his family riz in de world. Some of dat same family mebbe has riz about eight feet—on de end of er string, wid er cap over deyre mugs.

When er feller wot's chasin' a office 'round de ward comes in 'n chucks yer kid under de chin, dat gits him er vote; when he blows de gang off ter er picnic wid er lot er gravestone san'wiches 'n flats er beer, dat gits him de office.

When er duffer is skinnin' aroun' dis ward er kickin' up cobble stones tryin' ter git er livin' 'n er little booze trown in, de people rolls deyre peepers upp'ards 'n ses he's er bum, but let dat same feller croak 'n dey'll plant him in great style 'n say dat he wus er good feller.

Yer can bet yer next year's picnic pants dat de bible-banger wot spouts salvation ter er lot of starvin' bums has got more 'n salvation inside er himself. But de man wot talks ter er tramp's stomach 'n sen's him eroun' ter hash up 'm de feller wot gits er free pass ter kingdom come. Dat man never draws er blank in de lottery of religion.



THOSE DEAR CHILDREN.

LITTLE BLETHEN (to Mr. Dudle, who always takes his dog calling with him)—"May we have Fido to play with a little while?"

MR. DUDLE (with some misgivings)—"Why, certainly. He's a little nervous, you know; so you mustn't irritate him, will you?"

A HAPPY DELIVERY.

Bobley—"Our friend Jaggs, whom everybody thinks so dull, got off an awfully good joke last night."

Wiggins—"Aw—I hope they're both doing as well as could be expected."

THOUGHT HE SHOULD KNOW.

Bertie—"Pa, why is Volapuk called the universal language?"

Pa—"Oh, don't bother me with such questions. How do you suppose I'd know?"

Bertie—"Why, pa, ain't you a Universalist?"

NOT SO GREEN.

Officer of the day (to raw recruit on post)—"What would you do, sir, if a steamboat were to come across the parade ground at night?"

Raw recruit (excitedly)—"I—I—I'd—"

O. d. (ferociously)—"Answer me, sir! What would you do?"

R. r. (innocently)—"I'd bring the steamboat to a halt and advance the chambermaid!"



(About ten minutes later).

LITTLE ARTHUR—"It's my turn to kick him now, Bleth!"



BANK NOTES.

HE SANG solo, so soft, so sweet,
 He sank enraptured at her feet.
 He was not bass, but on that day
 He lost the tenor of his way.

"Maid altogether fair," he cried,
 "Be mine, my sweet soprano bride!
 Beat time with me until life's end,
 Our hearts and voices let us blend.

"Our key shall be a little flat,
 A finely furnished one at that;
 There we will live on minor scale,
 In style to make the major quail.

"Be natural, admit my plea,
 Discard the major, marry me.
 Let us duet life's measure through,
 Enchanting singer, what say you?"

She said, "I am too sharp for that,
 You'll never catch me in a flat;
 I choose the notes of higher pitch,
 The major has them—*he is rich.*"

M. A. CHILDS.

BEST HOUSEKEEPING—IN THE IMPORTED STYLE.

DISH-WASHING.

THE latest summer style of washing dishes is considered, by best mistresses of the art, to be the most successful yet introduced. The point to be attained is, of course, the largest number usually broken by accident during the process.

After a private view of one of the last importations we offer the following hints to housekeepers.

Collect from the dinner-table glass, silverware and china of all kinds in a promiscuous heap on a waiter. Stand your dishpan in the kitchen sink, and from a distance of five feet hurl the articles, several at a time, into it. Much can be accomplished during this stage. Fill the pan to the top, dropping spoons, knives and forks violently into the spaces between china and glass.

Next turn on the hot water, letting it dash suddenly on top of the pile. If this is done properly it will certainly crack a glass or two.

When the pan overflows stir the contents around for five minutes. Your fist, a stick, or a piece of soap on a fork will answer for the purpose.

Then draw the dishes, always two or three together (for purposes of fine nicking), from the water and wipe hard—very hard, *all on the same towel.* (This is imperative.)

The thinnest tumblers, cups, etc. can be leaned on and twisted most, as this will generally make it unnecessary to wipe them again.

The silver can be clutched in one hand and rolled in the towel after everything else is disposed of. Very little can be done with silver. There is no joy in this part of the work.

When you have finished your dish-washing, according to the finest imported style, you will find that the labor of carrying the dishes back to the dining-room closet is much lightened.

Any remnants can be thrown into the convenient ash-barrel.

EVA LOVETT CARSON.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Mr. Le System (a memory graduate)—"Miss Smith, let me introduce you to Mr.—Mr.—er—ah—let's see—this is spring, spring, April, May, June,



THE POOR RULE THAT DIDN'T WORK BOTH WAYS.

CHARLIE—"Did you ever see such a fellow to argue as Brown? I argued with him a whole hour yesterday, but he wouldn't give in."
 HERBERT—"You're right, 'cause I know I had to argue with him a whole week before he stopped arguing."
 CHARLIE—"What a fool a fellow is to argue so much."
 HERBERT—"Yas—a perfect idiot."

roses, leaves, thorns—ah, yes, Mr. Bramble. Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Bramble, Miss—oh, great Scott! She's a woman; how does *that* list go? Woman, dress, fig-leaves, Eve, garden, spade, iron, blacksmith—ah, to be sure, Miss Smith, I have the pleasure of presenting to you—er—ah—the gentleman whose name I have previously mentioned. It's quite amazing what a quantity of information this wonderful system can recall for a fellow, you know."

HIS REASON.

Mrs. Critical—"Why, how shabby Mrs. Prude looks! That dress is awfully old. Why does not her husband buy her a new one?"

Mr. De Lancey—"That's easily answered. He is president of the society for the suppression of vice and does not believe in nude dresses."

TO A BRIDE.

Believe that heaven made you for each other;
 That through your lives love's holy river runs
 May all your joys come one upon another,
 And all your troubles be but *little ones.*

Many a bad man only needs a little encouragement to do right.



EPH—"I'se godder bite, pop, suah!"
 POP—"Haul 'm in, chile! haul 'm in! I'se cuttin' moh clams."



IMPROPERLY PREPARED.

POP (again)—"H-hi dar! yo' brack imp! Skin yo' bait 'f yer want'er hab luck!"

WORKINGMEN'S SAWS.



BE we ever so handy with the hammer, when we strike we do not always hit the nail on the head. The Saturday half-holiday law does not affect the working of the growler.

The saloon-keepers do not have to strike in order to get our last rise in wages.

When we go out on strike, alas, our pockets seem to be most out of all—inside out.

In this age of trusts we do not find the corner groceries inoculated with the virus—not much yet.

The walking-delegate is like a bad smell in a dark alley; he creates a great deal of trouble without a visible cause.

Combination seems a good thing for labor, but, like the combination of a bank safe, somebody always carries it in his pocket.

THE LANGUAGE OF GLOVES.

NO doubt the feminine readers of the JUDGE are all well acquainted with the language of gloves, but for the benefit of the half million or so of the sterner sex who obtain a liberal education from its pages every week I may perhaps be permitted to make here some excerpts from a dictionary of sign languages which I am at present compiling.

The glove language, as used by gentlemen among themselves, is capable of quite a wide range of expression. I will translate only a few of the most simple signs which it employs. Advancing one glove slightly in front of the other, and imparting to it a vibratory motion, means, "Come on;" or, "I will see you closer." "I must go" is expressed by dropping both gloves as far as the knees and bending the latter. It is made more emphatic by a collapse of the whole person.

If you wish to express that you are indifferent to a partner, remove one glove, wipe the nose and restore, while discouraging the advances of said partner with the other glove.

"I don't care if I do," is a favorite expression with experts in the glove language. It consists in falling back a few steps, dropping the gloves and calling for a sponge. "See you later" is expressed by advancing the eye until it meets your partner's glove and then closing it abruptly. To say to your partner "I love you still," the right glove (some use



CRUSHED VANITY.

MR. SHORTCOLT (to himself)—"All eyes are on me. Oh, heavens! won't they go wild with applause when they see how easily and gracefully I take in this high ball!"

the left) should be forcibly applied to the jugular vein until the person you love becomes quiescent.

If you wish a person to follow you, turn partly around, hold up both gloves in the shape of a Roman shield and shy off. You will invariably be followed. Smoothing a partner's hair with both gloves means, "Yours for health." Staunching the nose with the back of the glove signifies, "It is a cold day and I feel it." Removing two teeth with the thumb of the glove means, "I am weary to-night, love."

If you desire to know whether your affection is reciprocated, advance the right glove, letting the left fall at the side. If your partner picks up the left glove without seeming to intend to, he is indifferent to you. If he picks up the end of your nose he loves you dearly.

Removing the stuffing from the glove means, "Be on your guard against my mother-in-law." Crossing the gloves on the bosom is a sign of hauteur and means, "I am a bad man." Stumbling to the rope and hanging the gloves over it is the same as to say, "I am not as bad as I thought I was." Throwing both gloves around your partner's neck means, "I don't love you, but I can't get along without you." Throwing one glove diagonally across



SNOWY OWL.

AT THE ZOO.

MRS. GALLAGHER—"Jamesey!"
MR. GALLAGHER—"Norah!"
MRS. GALLAGHER—"Will yez git an t' th' agle wid th' mumps!"

the face and making a lunge forward with the other is equivalent to saying, "I am never happy unless we are together." Removing both gloves and handing over a roll of bills means, "You are very dear to me."

PAUL PASTNOR.

HIS SPRING SUIT.

"Belinda, Belinda! for charity's sake
An end to my cardiac agony make,
Relieve my distress that is keen and acute
And say in a word what you think of my suit."

"Augustus, Augustus! I grieve that I must
Reduce the fond hopes of your heart into dust,
And crumble your yearnings in ruin and wreck,
But your suit does not boast of a large enough check."

CONDENSED WIT.

"Seen Mrs. Le Pace's latest case?"
No; anything special?"

"Oh, it's really unique. She had a composite taken from her present and ex-husbands' photos; then had a head cut from it in mother-of-pearl with diamond eyes. She's always been specially fortunate in marrying good talkers, you know, and she says it's a real inspiration at a conversation."

A LUCKY MAN.

"Some men are born lucky," said Bagley, as he tossed the *Evening Shouter* on the floor; "in fact, you may say that some of us are regular sons of destiny. Just look at what I have read this minute. 'She grabbed him by the whiskers with her left hand.' What a blessing that I was never able to raise any!"



But he didn't know that Longstride, the tall left-fielder, was just behind him, and the following are a few choice bits of the wild applause: "Git yer salary raised!" "Pick up your cap!" "Sneak off the diamond!" "Rats!" "You're too pretty!" "Longstride, he's all right," etc., etc.



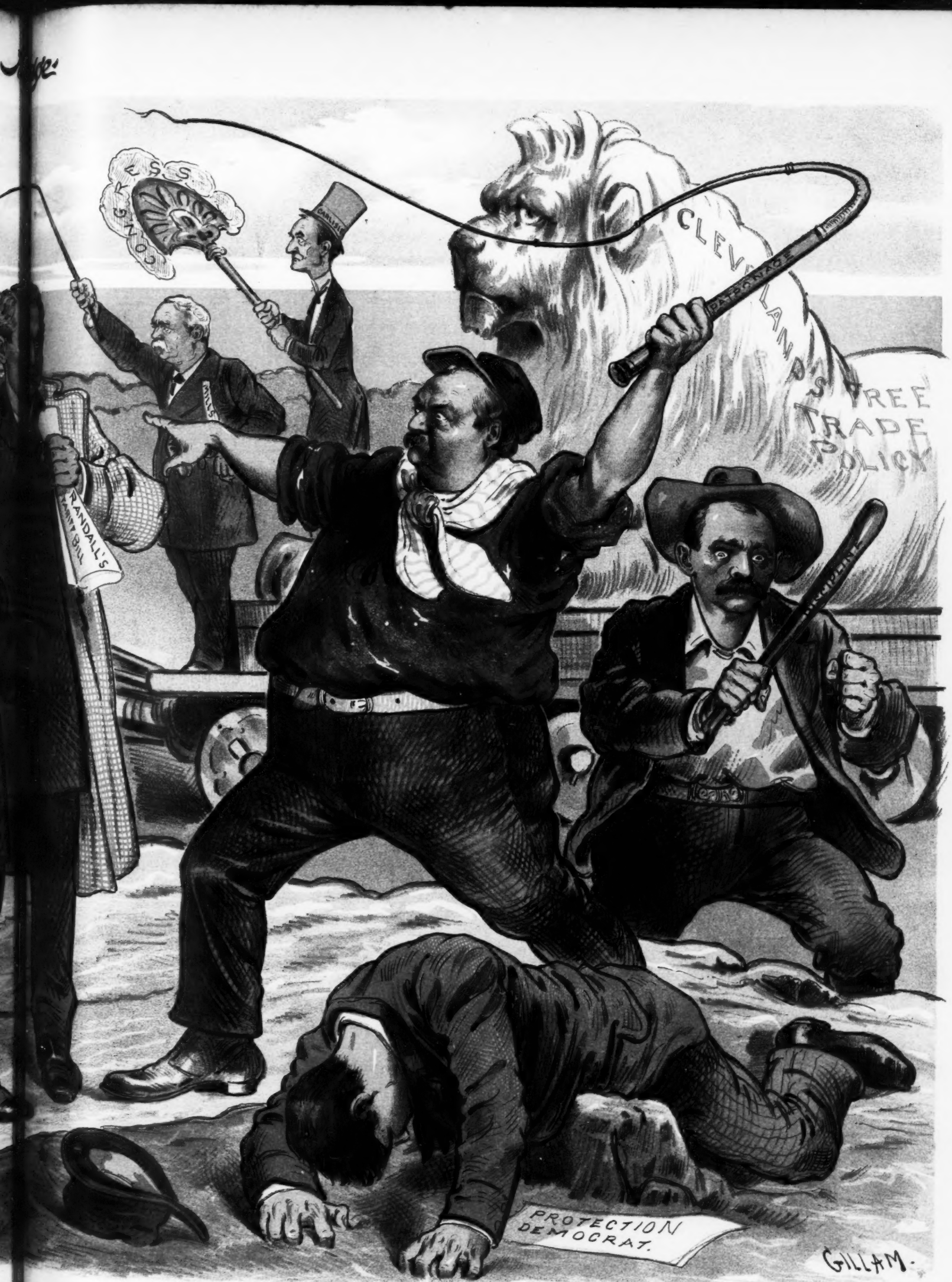
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THE LASH.

SACKETT & WILHELMS LITHO. CO. N.Y.

A DEMOCRATIC VETERAN.



"THERE he goes," said Jimperly proudly; "that's old Smithson. You've seen his name in the papers. Ninety-five years old and a Democrat from 'way-back. Voted for every Democratic candidate for president since Jackson's time."

"Ah!" said Jimperly; "by George, he must have a constitution like a horse!"

"Well, I guess," said Jimperly proudly, "he is a simon-pure, yard-wide Democrat. Never drank water but once and then there was salt in it for worms, and never paid any debt but a liquor bill."

"And they let him run around loose, do they?" asked Jimperly languidly.

"Oh, yes; he is able to take care of himself. He wants to live to vote for Cleveland this fall," said Jimperly.

"Ah," said Jimperly sadly, "that will probably finish him;" and as Jimperly listened to his sigh he inwardly wondered if Jimperly were a Republican or not. He could not tell from this conversation. Can you, dear reader?

For many weary seasons did a poet rhymelets write
 In hope
 Of "soap."
 In vain;
 No gain.
 At last in sheer despair he did a rhyme on soap indite.
 Great head!
 'Nough said.

THEATRICAL POTPOURRI.

ONE evening "The Wife" of "Shamus O'Brien," who was "Only a Farmer's Daughter" and had had "A Checkered Life," got "Lost in New York" and fell into "A Hole in the Ground" which she thought was "A Gold Mine." A "Still Alarm" was sent out and "She" was rescued just in time to see a "Passing Regiment" going to attack a place "Held by the Enemy." When she "Turned Up" at her home, which was a decidedly "Bleak House," she was weary and "Storm Beaten" and ready to sell out to "The Highest Bidder." "Lend me Five Shillings," she said to her husband after she had lighted the "Natural Gas;" "I want to pay something on 'My Milliner Bill.'" "It is not 'A Possible Case,'" he answered. "'The Dark Secret' is that I am 'Dead Broke.'" "You are 'A Woman Hater,'" she rejoined with considerable "Vim." "For weeks we have been 'Drifting Apart.' There is no longer a 'Ray' of hope left for me. You are already in 'Love' with 'Our Baby's Nurse,' and I shall take 'The Main Line' and go back to 'My Aunt Bridget.' How do you like that?" "Only 'Zozo,'" he replied. And thus another home was "Wrecked."

The usual game at church socials in the country—Oyster, oyster, who's got the oyster?



MR. WITCHGRASS—"It's a cold day when my son ain't got inventive genius. I'll see how she works, Petey."



AT CHEYENNE.

MRS. ESMOND (of Boston)—"Why, Violet, here's a real female Indian. Offer the poor thing some of the lunch."
 HOWLING BAD-WATER—"No want grub; white squaw got any chew-tobacco in her blanket?"

VERY LIKE LOGIC.

Professor—"Mr. Eaubrian, you may demonstrate to the class that smoking cigarettes is not injurious."

Mr. Eaubrian—"Smoking cigarettes kills; those who smoke them are of no earthly use and ought to be killed; the good or bad anything does must be judged from the effect it has on the greatest number; therefore, since cigarettes rid the community at large of those who are useless to it, smoking them is not only not injurious but beneficial."

Ah, why did she make him leave her?
 Ah, why so cruel the fair?
 When a boy he'd had scarlet fever,
 And it settled in his hair.

THE LESSON LOST ON HIM.

The teacher had just been explaining to the class the Christian teaching of forgiveness.

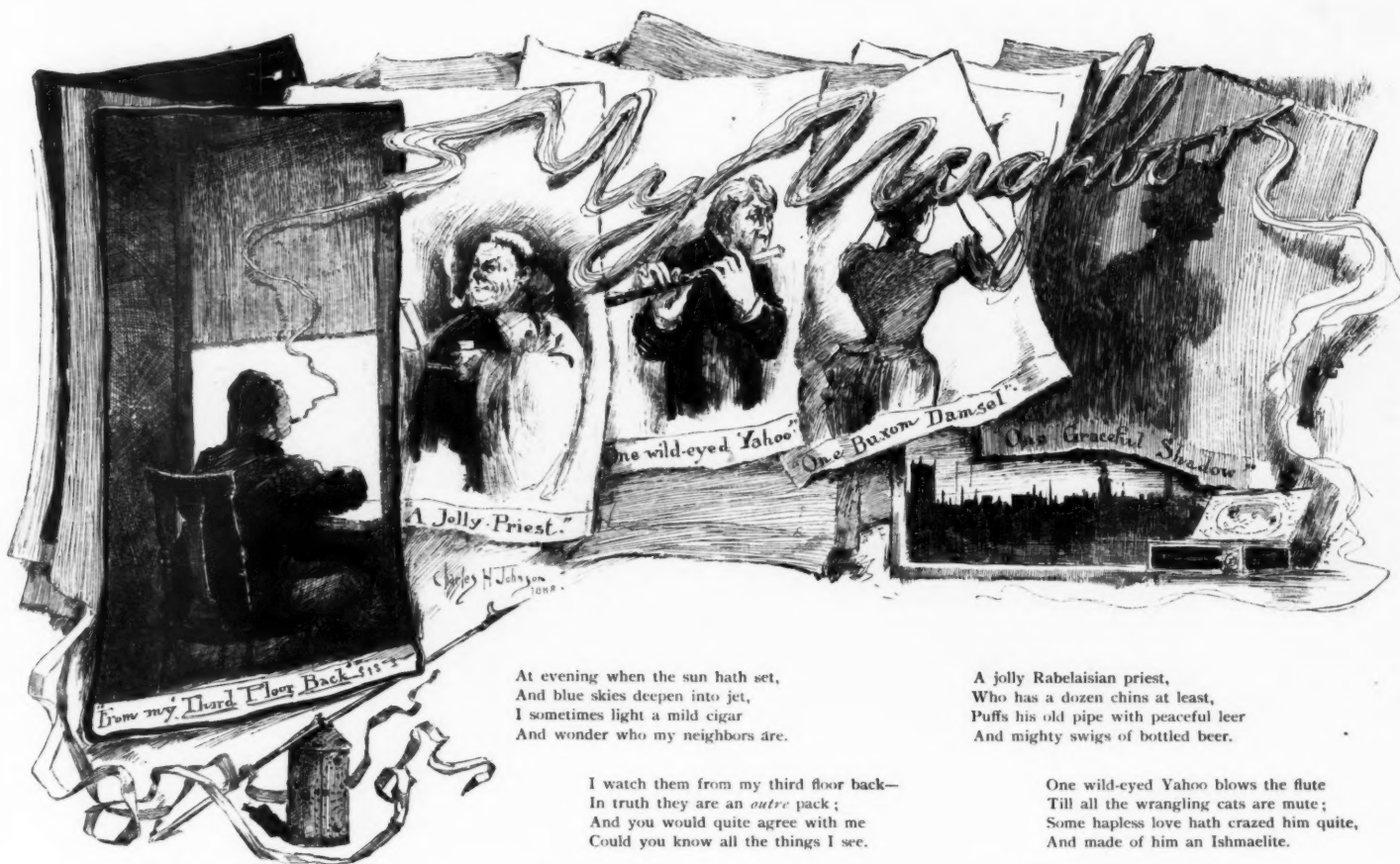
"Now, Bobby," she said, "suppose Johnnie Blossom should hit you with a stone or with his fist, what would be the Christian way of treating him?"

"I'd lick him first and I s'pose I'd forgive him afterwards," replied Bobby.



"Sakes alive! the water's black."

GOT HIS MONEY'S WORTH.



A moment ere her light goes out
One buxom damsel, short and stout,
Winds auburn hair on strips of tin,
And bends them till it stays therein.

At evening when the sun hath set,
And blue skies deepen into jet,
I sometimes light a mild cigar
And wonder who my neighbors are.

I watch them from my third floor back—
In truth they are an *outré* pack;
And you would quite agree with me
Could you know all the things I see.

One graceful shadow stands between
A gas light and a gauzy screen;
I have not seen her face, but yet
She hath a charming silhouette.

A jolly Rabelaisian priest,
Who has a dozen chins at least,
Puffs his old pipe with peaceful leer
And mighty swigs of bottled beer.

One wild-eyed Yahoo blows the flute
Till all the wrangling cats are mute;
Some hapless love hath crazed him quite,
And made of him an Ishmaelite.

Sweet neighbor, whosoe'er thou art,
I pray thee draw thy screens apart,
Or sable curtains spread before;
I would see less of thee, or more.

MARCELLUS.

Happiness is not hard to attain. If you don't believe it, all you have to do is to watch two little girls, one at each end of a tilting see-saw plank.—*Somerville Journal*.

A hotel located at Erie, Pa., is being advertised as follows: "There is no gilt-edged business about this house, and if you want to eat pie with a knife you can do it without fear of being ostracised from society."

IT IS SO.

The question puzzles ladies' brains,
For thought oft gives them food:
Who are the boors the world contains,
The impolite and rude?

The inconsiderate, the rough,
Found in all public places?
Who chew, expectorate, and puff
Their smoke in ladies' faces?

The fact has been since Adam's fall,
'Twill be while time endures:
That men of brains polite are all—
The brainless are the boors.

—*Boston Courier*.

Don't give up, my poor sick friend;
While there's life there's hope, 'tis said;
Sicker persons often mend;
Time to give up when you're dead.
Purer, richer blood you need;
Strength and tone your system give;
This advice be wise and heed—
Take the G. M. D. and live.

Those letters stand for "Golden Medical Discovery" (Dr. Pierce's), the great building-up, purifying, and disease-expelling remedy of the age.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it.

The JUDGE indorses "His Lordship," by Mr. Edwin Atwell, as a strong, pure comedy, and thinks that, shorn of its embarrassing redundancy of goodness in the last act, it ought to live a good many years. There is enough good matter in "His Lordship" to make a play and a half; but the half is the fifth wheel that, good as it is, ought to be slipped from its axle into the ditch, for the benefit of the first three-wheeled vehicle that comes along.

GOLD You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRICE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

A justice in Indiana, who had endeavored vainly to recover \$20 he had loaned an acquaintance, had the latter before him as a witness recently, and managed quietly to stir him up to an outburst of ire that just fitted a fine of \$20 for contempt of court. The justice, who remained cool and collected the \$20, may be said to have got in his fine work.—*Rutland Herald*.

The Troy *Telegram* says that the leading cartoon in JUDGE recently, entitled "A ride for life—Any sacrifice to reach a second term," is a great campaign document in itself. And so it is. The president and Secretary Bayard are driving in a sleigh pursued by free-trade wolves and are casting overboard, to appease the hungry animals, little children, labeled "Civil service" and "American industries." There is a whole sermon in Gillam's picture.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

January 1, 1888.

ASSETS, - - - -	\$84,378,904.85
LIABILITIES, 4%, - - -	\$66,274,650.00
SURPLUS, - - - -	\$18,104,254.85



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A Concentrated Liquid Extract of MALT and HOPS.

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Aids Digestion.

Cures Dyspepsia.

Strengthens the System.

Restores Sound, Refreshing Sleep.

Priceless to Nursing Mothers.

Recommended by Eminent Physicians.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

There was a Baltimore girl in the party, and when this conundrum was given: "Why is a kiss like the earth?" she skipped the authorized answer and scored one for Baltimore hospitality by announcing: "Because it goes 'round.'"

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA

Senator **JAMES F. PIERCE** writes:

"STATE OF NEW YORK, SENATE CHAMBER,
"ALBANY, February 25, 1887."

"For the past two years I have suffered very much from an aggravated form of nervous dyspepsia. I have resorted to various remedial agents, deriving but little benefit. A few months since a friend of mine suggested the trial of **ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS**. Following the suggestion, I have been using the same with the happiest effects. To those similarly afflicted let me suggest the manner of their use. I placed one over my stomach, one over the hepatic region, and one on my back. The effect was excellent, and from the day I commenced their use I have been slowly but surely improving, and I am quite confident that by their continuance, with careful regimen, I shall again be restored to my accustomed health."

Ask for **ALLCOCK'S** and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.



Ely's Cream Balm
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COLD in HEAD
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Not a Liquid or Snuff.
Apply Balm into each nostril.
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Gents—I have already received more than 1,500
copies of mail, many NEWSPAPERS, etc., for which I
had often paid 20 cts. each before. I advise every body
to have their name inserted at once. I have from your
own directory for example all others. B. T. JAMES

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TRA-LA-LA LOO.

"I cannot sing the old songs,"
Though well I know the tune,
And I can carol like the bird
That sings in leafy June.
Yet though I'm full of music
As choirs of singing birds,
"I cannot sing the old songs"—
I do not know the words.

I start on "Hail Columbia"
And get to "heaven born band,"
And there I strike an up grade
With neither steam nor sand.
"Star spangled banner" throws me
Right in my wildest screaming;
I start all right, but dumbly come
To voiceless wreck at "streaming."

So when I sing the old songs,
Don't murmur or complain,
If "Ti, de ah da, tum de dum"
Should fill the sweetest strain.
I love tiddy um dum di do,
And the tralla cep da birds,
But "I cannot sing the old songs"—
I do not know the words.

—Robert J. Burdette.

DOES TEA HURT THE TEETH?

Some English Physicians Think It Does. While a
Number of Eminent New York Practitioners
Laugh Away the Fears of Tea
Drinkers.

Staid, conservative medical journals of England are seriously
discussing the evils of drinking tea, with particular reference
to its effects upon the teeth. . . . It may be a source of com-
fort for tea-drinkers all the world over to know that this new
theory is received in this country with ridicule by representa-
tive physicians and dentists.—*New York Times*.

Be this as it may, the well-known fact remains that acids,
generated from a stomach disordered by various causes, ac-
cumulate on the teeth, and form one great source of decay.
For this reason prominent dentists and physicians privately
recommend and publicly indorse the



Being, in the words of Dr. Flickinger, a prominent dentist
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the market* which acts in conjunction with floss silk, both as a
*thorough cleanser and efficacious absorber of the acids and
accumulations on and around the teeth.*"

Its Economy: Holder (imperishable) 35 cents, "Felts" only
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ten days. Dealers of mail.

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A Chicago man, who has a new theory of evolution,
says "the Chinaman sprang from an alligator and the
Englishman from the bulldog." There is nothing very
remarkable about that. We know plenty of Americans
who have sprung from the bulldog; and as for the
alligator—well, who wouldn't spring from the ugly
monster?—*Norristown Herald*.

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in every way as represented, they will take it back and
refund the money. The firm has never been com-
pelled to take back an instrument, which speaks volumes
for their excellence and high rank.

That splendid publication, *JUDGE*, has an exception-
ally good first-page cartoon this week. It represents
Senator Ingalls as an electric-light pole from the cross-
arm of which dangle wires charged with electricity.
The picture is worth a year's subscription to *JUDGE*.—
Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegram.

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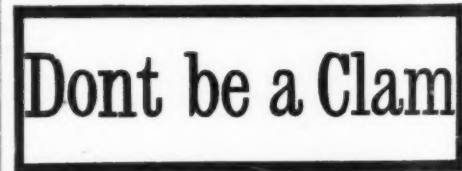
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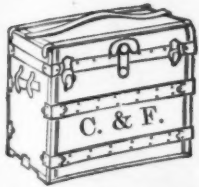


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Omaha man—"Been to the women's congress at
Washington, eh? What is it for?"

Distinguished female—"To remove the evils which
cry aloud."

Omaha man—"Well, it's high time. For my part I
can't see why any woman of sense should take a baby
to the theatre, anyhow."—Omaha World.

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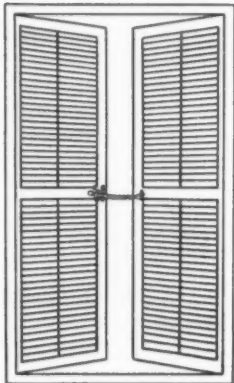
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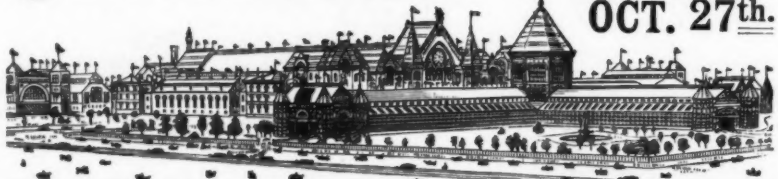
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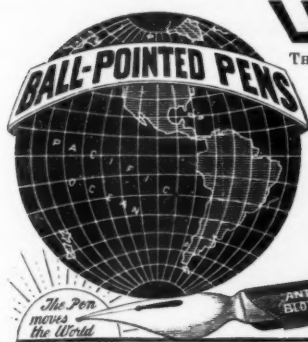
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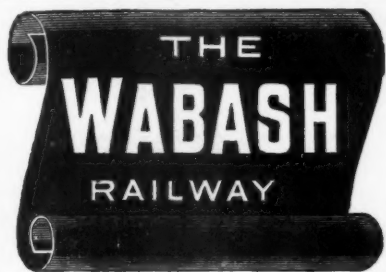
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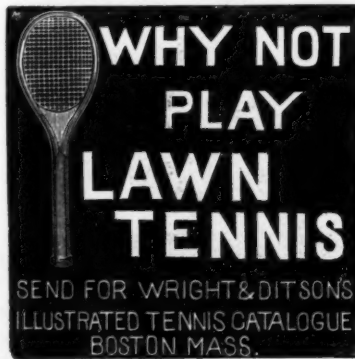
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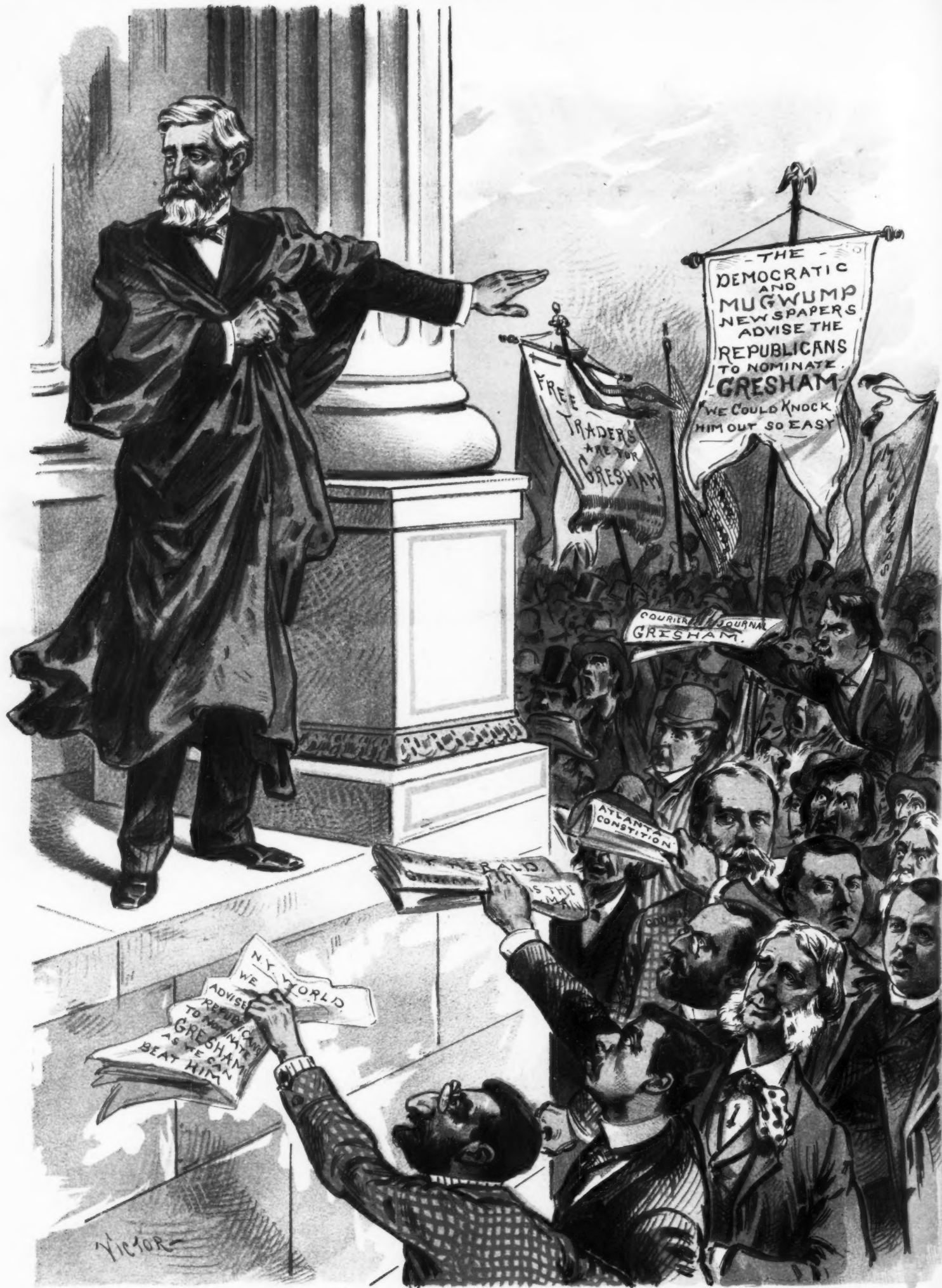
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