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Judge

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PAPERS,
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NEW ORLEANS, LA.

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THE SECOND TERM QUESTION.

"Would you accept a Second Term, my pretty Maid?"
"Nobody asked me, Sir," she said.



Judge

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.
 President W. J. ANKELL
 Vice-President HARRY R. HART
 Art Department BERNHARD GILLAM
 Editor I. M. GREGORY

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

We guarantee advertisers a larger circulation at cheaper rates than any American satirical paper published.

THE REMARKS THAT Mr. Conkling did not make at Pittsburg were extremely eloquent.

WE GREATLY SUSPECT Gail Hamilton in connection with the serpent that afflicted Eve.

MR. BLAINE SAYS his injured lung is all right, and we suspect as much with regard to his injured politics.

SOME DAY THE NIHILISTS will try to shoot somebody besides the czar, and then they'll pop his majesty sure.

IT IS PROBABLY TRUE that Sarah Bernhardt never wears a corset; for, good gracious! what could she wear it on?

A RECENT INVITATION sent to the president had five blunders in grammar; yet we do not suspect Dorman B. Eaton.

MR. CURTIS IS NOT entirely satisfied. Having captured the Democratic hide, he thinks the tail should go with the hide.

GOVERNOR HILL, according to a contemporary, has punctured a political balloon. That's bad. Was it Mr. Cleveland's, or merely his own?

"THE FASHIONABLE WORLD of this city" is an expression by the Philadelphia News. This is getting the world down to a pretty fine point.

THE NEW YORK GIRL who sent to England for her wedding-cake will be grieved to death if the children to follow the union do not come from England too.

THE GOVERNOR AND HIS LIEUTENANT are very original men. If they can't find a law to suit their purposes they invent and inaugurate one for the occasion.

THEY SAY THE QUEEN will create an order for the recognition of editorial merit. Thus far there has been only one order of that kind, to wit, that is to say, "Stop my paper."

"TRUTH IN SCRANTON" is the heading to an article in an exchange. We see. Must have been hidden in one of those old oil wells through all the years that she has been missing.

THE BEST SOCIETY of Montreal was so pleased over the arrival of Sarah Howe that it sent over here an order to rob a few banks for the purpose of having a Canadian celebration.

THERE IS THIS DIFFERENCE between Sarah Bernhardt and her boy Maurice in the matter of kicking—the good lady kicks very much above the belt and the boy very much below it.

SEVERAL PERSONS WERE KILLED last week by the bright person who never knows it is loaded;

but as for the president, he handles the Democratic newspaper with a great deal of care.

THERE ARE TWO REPORTS with regard to the president; one that he will positively refuse to run again, and the other that he is anxious to run again against Mr. Blaine. We think so ourselves.

THE ATMOSPHERE IS CLEAR NOW.

Mr. Conkling's refusal to make a speech is wise. If he said anything in the speech it would raise a row, and if he said nothing it would be a bitter disappointment. No man was ever in a more delicate position than Mr. Conkling outside of his regular business at the bar. It is safe to say that when he does make a speech beyond that circle it will raise thunder; but we don't want thunder, you know.

THE STORY THAT SOME BANDITS in Cuba want to kidnap John Sherman would seem to indicate that the Ohio gentleman not only proposes to run for president but to start a sensational newspaper.

DAN RICE WRITES to the Philadelphia News, "I don't deliver any more temperance lectures, for I have quit drinking." That is so neat that the old man ought to be brought right back to the sawdust.

IT WILL NOT DO.

William Walter Phelps, who wants to be second on the Republican ticket, is one of the brightest of his sex. He is wise, wealthy, generous, and good, and he would carry New Jersey like a cyclone and come over to New York like a simoon. But it cannot be. He is too near to Maine, he has no western fences to take care of, and, while he doesn't part his hair in the middle, he bangs it all over his forehead with an unstudied carelessness which afflicts the yeomanry. It is true that the yeomanry bang their hair in the same way, but it must be remembered that they scorn good clothes.

GOOD OLD DR. BURCHARD recently preached in Washington, and there was that in his benevolent countenance which bespoke the attention of all who heard him. As to his words—well, the Lord knows! nobody seems to have listened to them.

THE RECENT CONVENTION of suffragists in this city adjourned just in time. The police were tired from long service and the minor defences of the state were as lamentably deficient as those of the coast.

HIS TIME TO REST.

Mr. Blaine is a very quiet man. Probably he is not extremely desirous of passing out of sight; but he is letting his opponents do the anxiety necessary to keep him before the public, if he has any desire of that nature, meanwhile amusing himself in such ways as quiet men most affect. There is much noise regarding Mr. Blaine, but none of his own making. There is a good deal of trumpet-blowing, but he has no trumpet of his own. Nothing could better show the tendency of Republican politics than this remarkable anxiety as to Mr. Blaine and his apparent indifference to the anxiety; and perhaps the main question is as to the individual who shall bring up the rear of the ticket.

IT IS UNDERSTOOD that the Times will presently begin to tell the Democratic party just what to do. That will be ridiculous enough, but hardly as much so as the Sun's assumption of the right to do it.

THE BROTHERS PULITZER of this city, according to the correspondent of an inland paper, do not speak to each other; and if that is the case it is certainly an improvement on the courtesies exchanged by the editors of the other dailies.

HE WON'T THAT HE MAY.

The papers are filled with matter as to whether Mr. Cleveland will or will not run, and whether he wants or doesn't want a second term. It is the coy shyness of a politician who has been nicely coached, and who will probably play it for all it is worth, as any sensible man would. We observe that some of Mr. Cleveland's editorial postmasters hint in gravely mysterious ways that the desire for retirement is not affected, but is the genuine article; but does anybody suppose that if the second



THOSE NEW POLICE SIGNAL BOXES.

MR. GEE HAUGH from Jersey—"Well, b'gosh! they must think a sight more o' them English sparrows here in York than we do ter hum, ter put up coops fer 'em on the lamp posts."

term is offered him by the convention he will feel at liberty to avoid the struggle to get it? Not any. We are getting into politics that recall the strategy of men very much abler than the truly good man from Buffalo, and his indifference to public preferment is in point of fact his strongest point.

MARK TWAIN TELLS of a clerk of his who went into athletics and afterward stole \$30,000. But this is no criterion to go by. We recall the case of a man who trained only three days and was presented by his wife with a suit for divorce.

IMPEACH!

Impeach, impeach! That is the first and last duty of the legislature at Albany. Impeach the governor for a very impudent but very bright special message the whole purpose of which was that of the pettifogger and partisan. Impeach the clerk of the senate for the folly that made him refuse to read the message; the courtesy was due the governor if not the man, regardless of parliamentary pettiness. Impeach the lieutenant-governor for his impudence in taking the reading out of the clerk's hands; the message would have had the effect desired by the governor if it had first been given to the press. And finally impeach the senate for the advantages it has given the governor through its action with regard to his nominations, and for acting like a pack of school-children with the teacher and the whip absent. Impeach the lot, abolish the "new" capitol, take Albany off the map, ship the legislature to Canada by night to add to the peculiar society of Quebec and Montreal, and let us have a new deal all around.

THE INCARCERATION of Lawrence Donovan for threatening to jump the big bridge ought to bring about the arrest of every acrobat within the jurisdiction of Judge Duffy. Otherwise what's the matter with the thing called legal consistency?

A MICHIGAN WOMAN GETS twenty-five cents damages of a man who muddied her floor with his boots. She wanted a larger sum, but it is noticed that she is very smiling to all the men around her domicile, and the more so the larger their feet.

WOULD THEY ABOLISH MEN?

The convention of woman suffragists in this city nearly resulted in plunging us into the horrors of civil war. Mrs. Blake said, speaking of young Mr. Crosby of the assembly, that his high-license bill—in which she thoroughly believed—was lost through his stupidity, apparently having temporarily overlooked the veto that killed it, and Mrs. Moore said young Mr. Crosby must be the son of a great man because great men never have great sons. Mrs. Moore afterward spoke of the assemblymen as men who "couldn't tempt women with brains," which is a most shocking charge when you come to look at it; but she reassured the men with the kindly remark, "We don't want to put their heads on the block," adding, however, with cruel bitterness, "That would show how empty they are." All this was bad enough; but there was more trouble between the women themselves in private session, Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Doty, and Mrs. Twitchel at one time nearly coming to blows. What, on the whole, will be the state of things when women vote? We tremble to think of it. If they have no respect for the parliamentary proprieties they must certainly observe those which belong to even tolerably good society; and if they are to take the stump and go to the ballot-box they must really not give us worse politics than we have now.

WE JUDGE from some proceedings in the senate that David B. Hill looks upon himself not only as president, but king, with Jones-he-pays-the-freight as lord high executioner.

DR. MCGLYNN SAYS he isn't an orator—he's merely a jawsmith.



HOPES RAISED AND BLASTED.

Mrs. CLAYMORE—"I must say, my dear, that as a matter of taste I am, and always shall be, in favor of tips. They're so graceful, you know." Waiter beams all over, until—



He discovers by further conversation that Mrs. Claymore is referring to ostrich tips as an element in hat decoration.

not inspire it. Undoubtedly he was greatly surprised when he saw it. And that makes it the more singular how the article came about.

SOME DEVELOPED MYSTERIES.

For many years there has been doubt as to the man who struck William Henry Patterson. Previous to that event the world was in wonder as to the author of the Junius letters. Since then there have been the murder cases of Dr. Burdell and Benjamin Nathan; and within a few years there have been the mysterious takings off of Phoebe Paullin, Rose Stannard, and the girl at Rahway. A JUDGE reporter was dispatched to Sonoma county, Cal., last week, and this conversation passed between him and William Kissane Rogers:

"Mr. Rogers, were you guilty of these atrocities?"

"I was."

"Is there anything else of which you would like to unburden your soul?"

"Nothing, sir. But—stay! perhaps I had better give you my right name."

"Very well, sir."

"Know then, my dear young friend, that I was once known as Old Man Bender of Kansas."

"Ah! and I have suspected you likewise in connection with the man of the iron mask."

"No, child. I will be frank. I am merely Casper Hauser. The man in the iron mask was my brother."

That is a first-rate word, and the sooner the doctor gets himself on the political platform the better for politics.

WHEN THE Sun presents William Tell Coleman for president William feels as if his small boy had shot the apple about an inch below the level of the same.

PERHAPS IT GREW.

One little circumstance in connection with Mr. Cleveland's alleged refusal to be a candidate for renomination is the fact that the Albany Argus recently boomed his administration and its policy in a double-leaded article that was evidently inspired. Probably Mr. Cleveland did

HUM OF THE COURT

It is a strange idea of the Buffalo Express that Chicago refinement necessarily comes in tiers.

Roswell P. Flower says he doesn't know one tune from another, but his soul goes marching on.

The latest discovery regarding Gail Hamilton is occasionally mentioned as the fall of Arthur Richmond.

The proposed Broadway "L" makes every owner of property along the line profane to the extent of dropping his h's too.

If John G. Saxe was guilty of half the stupidity attributed to him, the only wonder is that he didn't perish from the earth long ago.

"Do you think you will be happy in your new home?" asked Mrs. Cobwigger, who had moved to Harlem. "I will be, ma," replied the young hopeful, "if I can lick the bully of the neighborhood in our first set-to."

When an editor is in doubt as to the value of a facetious contribution he attributes it to Saxe or Travers, and it always goes the rounds.

An exchange talks learnedly of General Boulanger's moral courage. What in the name of reason can the head of the French army do with moral courage?

Once for all, Amelia. There is no radical cure for freckles; but a marriage service, and thereafter a howling brace of twins, will do much to ameliorate them.

There is something very charming about the woman the set of whose hat never accords with the contour of her nose and general countenance; but she must be the right woman.

We have heard much regarding the woman who won't and the one who will; but who shall celebrate the grief of the woman who mustn't and the one who can't?

Henry Watterson says he will make Speaker Carlisle president some day. We have the same design in behalf of Thomas Ochiltree, but if we should tell of it it would ruin all.

Cunning is not statesmanship; but it doesn't follow, in the case of Governor Hill for instance, that statesmanship is not cunning—and it may be a pretty good article looking to that grave result.

A new Dacotah paper promises well. We have rarely seen advertisements so entertaining as those which appear in it, and its "Terms to Subscribers" are given with a zest which pleases all beholders.

The queen of Hawaii is not to have an aldermanic dinner in this city, as her husband, D. Kalakaua, did some years ago; and it is understood that she is an eminently respectable person in many other respects.

The wise woman is the one that has had possession of a new idea for three days. She coddles it as if it were an infant regarding which no small or large man has had the slightest previous knowledge or suspicion.

A Mexican pension applies to a mother who has had twenty-eight children. We should think, in view of the kind of children that Mexico produces, the pensions would apply to such mothers as have no children at all.



MICKY'S REHEARSAL.

POLICEMAN SKULLY AT HOME.—"Shure it's you that'll mek th' foine officer, me son. Now phlay Oi was a tramp on a binch at the city hall parruk, an' youse mek me move on."



MICKY, WITH ENTHUSIASM—"Move (whack!) on out o' thot!!!"

the quick, bright wit which he cannot command himself, even as poverty turns up its nose at wealth; but if there were not the contempt there would be the smallest of envy and the most poignant of unhappiness, and anything is better than they.

A young Philadelphian lives after having had extracted from one of his lungs a buckle, pieces of cloth and flannel, and a bullet. It might be well to investigate that young man. Possibly he has hidden in the other lung the missing books of the New York Central railroad company, and it may even be that he is in involuntary possession of the missing link.

Out west a woman refused to be married because the bonnet presented her by her expectant man had only two small flowers in it; but the man promised her a garden full of sun-flowers, blazing with honey-suckle and morning-glory, and glorious with cucumber, and as it was the spring of the year her face immediately lifted itself to the matrimonial morning.

It is time to go a fishing, and it is a merciful dispensation that even the angle-worm will turn.

A young man in Leavenworth knelt before an imaginary crucifix and asked for health, forgiveness, and the various blessings; and a young woman near by, observing him with interest, cried out with wondering astonishment, "Great heavens! how much he thinks of me." It was one of those cases to which the western press gives the humorous explanation "mistaken identity."

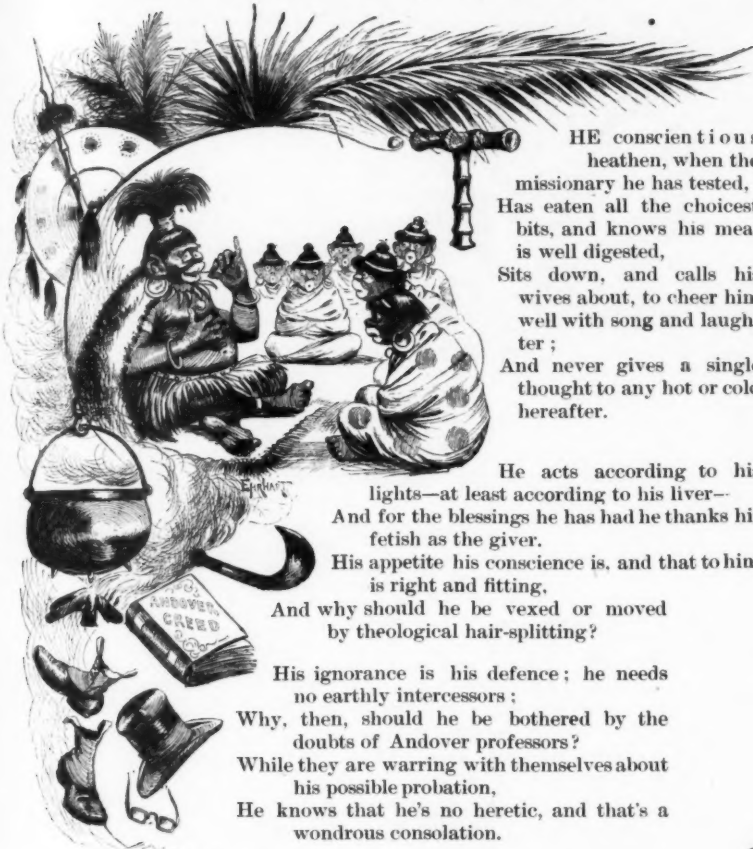
Take a spinster who has secured a husband. She watches and judges that man with the tender interest of a mother a helpless babe. He is a new worry for her tender responsibility, and, coming late to her, he is as doubly important as a case of twins. She metaphorically rocks his cradle over again, and when he kicks against her annoying goodness she is as surprised and grieved as a hen that has inadvertently hatched a duck.



WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

Owing to the new railroad laws, Walker, the actor, decides to carry his baggage in the above manner, entirely concealed as he thinks.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS HEATHEN.



HE conscientious heathen, when the missionary he has tested, Has eaten all the choicest bits, and knows his meal is well digested, Sits down, and calls his wives about, to cheer him well with song and laughter; And never gives a single thought to any hot or cold hereafter.

He acts according to his lights—at least according to his liver— And for the blessings he has had he thanks his fetish as the giver.

His appetite his conscience is, and that to him is right and fitting,

And why should he be vexed or moved by theological hair-splitting?

His ignorance is his defence; he needs no earthly intercessors;

Why, then, should he be bothered by the doubts of Andover professors?

While they are warring with themselves about his possible probation,

He knows that he's no heretic, and that's a wondrous consolation.

Yet, if he knew what's going on, perhaps he might not be so quiet, Describing in the future near a lack of his most generous diet: For, if the Calvinistic creed grows tenderer, instead of tougher, That conscientious heathen man may justly fear that he will suffer.

EDWARD WILLETT.

In a practical joke is the poorest fun found, Because the laugh does not reach all the way 'round.

JUDGE'S FABLES.

THE WOLF AND THE BULL-DOG.



A WILD-EYED wolf whom general uselessness, hunger, and depravity had converted to the want-of principles of anarchism, one night approached a well-fed bulldog who was guarding his master's dwelling. As the dog was chained, the wolf thought this a good chance to air his principles.

"My friend," said he, "we are all brothers. In

the old days of true equality dog and wolf alike roamed wild. It is only the absurd prejudices of modern times that have brought me into disrepute."

"That may be true," responded the dog; "in old times all sorts of follies were countenanced; but just now my regard for the safety of poultry, sheep and other property makes me a conservative. I think the equality racket had better stop here at my own level. So be off."

The wolf at this, observing that the dog's chain was very thick and strong, burst out furiously, "Ah, slave of the capitalists! when the day of reckoning comes you will be swept away. Twenty-five thousand aristocrats' heads will adorn the procession of liberty! All that exists now shall be swept away."

"There is one thing that I wish were swept away to-night," said the dog.

"There is some sense in you yet," said the wolf; "what is it?"

"This chain," responded the dog, "so I could make a martyr of you."

Moral—It is safe to howl at a law-abiding watch-dog if you don't come too near him.

G. E. HANSON.

UNLIMITED CAPITAL NECESSARY.

"Yes," said the young man, "my ambition in life is to get rich, to roll in wealth; nothing but an unlimited bank account will ever satisfy the cravings of my soul."

"And what will you do with all your wealth?" he was asked.

"I will take it to the Hoffman house art gallery and buy a drink."

THE TIME TO READ IT.

Lady (to husband)—"I'm to read at the entertainment this evening."

Husband—"What selection have you made?"

Lady—"Curfew shall not ring to-night.' I don't know whether I ought to read it before or after refreshments are served."

Husband—"Oh, before, I think."

Lady—"Why?"

Husband—"You'll have a bigger audience."

A FINE PAINTING.

Friend (to young artist)—"By Jove, Charley, that's a glorious painting! What is it, a sunset?"

Young artist (faintly)—"No, it's a sunrise."



CHEERFUL.

"Well, Hiram, how's all the folks?"
"Oh, the old man got horned by the heifer last week, and the old lady's been scaldin' herself, Feke's got his arm broke, Lize is laid up with the chills, and the baby's broke out with the measles; but, 'ceptin' them, the family's very well."

THEY STAY BY HIM.

Customer—"Are these good stockings?"
Clerk—"Well, I should say so. You heard about the railroad accident out west where only one man was saved?"

Customer—"Yes."

Clerk—"Well, sir, when he got out of the wreck all he had on was a pair of stockings of this make. Six pairs? Yes, sir. Cash!"

WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

Pension agent—"Want a pension, eh?"
Applicant—"Yes."
Pension agent—"What grounds do you base your application on?"
Applicant—"I was never in the army."
Pension agent—"You may consider the pension granted."

CONQUERED BY AN OLD FRIEND.

New Yorker—"Have you any new slang out here?"
Omaha girl—"Oh, yes. When we hear an old, old story, or some thing that we know is a lie, we say 'chestnut.' It's great fun—but what's the matter? Are you ill?"
No, he had died; that was all.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.



How familiar we are with the super-good wight
Who labors so hard for the Lord ;
Who is anxious to care for the poor widow's mite,
So the orphans may have a fat hoard,
Though he's ever the foremost to kneel down and pray
For the sins that the wicked may do,
Yet, don't be surprised if he skips off some day—
That man is to good to be true.

When you meet with a man who has always a smirk,
And is ever so kindly and bland,
Who has some little scheme he could easily work,
If he had but the cash to expend ;
Though it seems a bonanza, and he is so kind
As to offer to share it with you,
Don't be gulled by his blarney, but make up your mind
That man is too good to be true.



There's the man who's so pious he flops on his knees,
Horrified at the thought of a sin ;
Who's a father's affection for each girl he sees
As he chuckles her under the chin,
Of the church he's a pillar, so there is no doubt
That he must be one of the few ;
Yet, sooner or later, we're sure to find out
That man is to good too be true.

MRS. PUGWASH.

MAY POLES

In moving we often go further and fare worse.
It is no use regretting your bargain after the lease is signed.
The man with the covered van likes to see it rain on May day.



OUTGROWN HIS MEMORY.

"Yes, sah! yo' face am quite familiar, but yo' feet am grown entirely out of my rec'leshun, sah."

Whatever
the moving
man doesn't
lose he is pretty
sure to break.

The change-
ableness of hu-
man nature
supports the
furniture mo-
ver.

The man
who moves ev-
ery year never
knows when
he is well off.

The man
who is in a
hurry to get
out of a house
will find an-
other equally
anxious to get
in.

Moving out
of an unheal-
thy house
won't rid you
of the rheu-
matism and
malaria.

DONT'S FOR THE SICK ROOM.

Don't appear anxious, however great your anxiety. Assume a cheerful expression, and get off an old joke about the patient being a great liar, or some other antediluvian humor. Such things have a tendency to arouse a patient from thoughts of his condition if anything will.

Don't let stale flowers remain in a sick chamber. The air of a sick room is bad for plants, and if they are given fresh water and pure air they may revive.

Don't jar the bed by leaning or sitting upon it. If you want to jar the bed, a kick or a thump is much more effective.

Don't let the patient know that you are watching him. Go to sleep and snore and he will be sure to keep awake and watch the clock for the medicine time.

Don't have the sick room temperature over sixty degrees. If you should let it get up to ninety-nine, and then jestingly remark that you were preparing the patient for the immediate future, it might make him nervous. Sick people are not apt to appreciate a joke.

Don't neglect during the day to attend to necessaries for the night. See to it that a good substantial lunch is prepared, and a reasonable amount of drinkables are on hand. The sick always get along better when the nurse is well cared for.

Don't ask a convalescent if he would like this or that to eat or drink, but prepare the delicacies and present them in a tempting way.



A NON-RESIDENT.

SHE—"Is it always so rough as this going round the point, captain?"
HE—"How do you s'pose I know, madam? I don't live here."

To fasten a delicacy on the end of a string and let it dangle in front of the patient's nose is very effective, and then to jerk it away when he reaches for it causes much amusement and relieves the monotony of the sick room.

Don't be unmindful of yourself if you are in the responsible position of nurse. Take care that you get your proper amount of sleep, and let the patient wake you if you oversleep yourself. Sick people are naturally wakeful, and even if the patient did doze off and miss the medicine hour it would be better than to break down the nurse's health and thus make two invalids instead of one.

Don't give the patient a full glass of water to drink from. If he is very thirsty, alleviate the thirst by telling him that there is more in the reservoir.

Don't allow the patient to get low-spirited. Tickle him under the nose; punch him in the short ribs with your thumb, or do something else of a convivial character to enliven the sick man and keep him in a bright humor. And finally,

Don't pay attention to all the fool advice you read in the papers.

HARRY J. SHELLMAN.

HIS MAJESTY IN LIVERY.

At his top-boots oiled and polished by a bristling blacking-brush
A scullion-maid, in passing, looks and turns away to blush ;
His jacket's trim and natty, and he wears a smart cravat
And a black-and-orange waistcoat and a cockade in his hat ;
And a girth of yellow leather 'round his top-coats deftly placed,
To show his breadth of shoulders and the smallness of his waist.

Just a tuft of scrawny whisker ornaments his freckled cheek,
And his stumpy legs are certainly most marvelously sleek.
Men and women hurry by him, rosy girls and merry boys,
Prattling infantile descriptions of their newly-purchased toys ;
But he sits in stiff rigidity and flourishes the whip
With a wrinkle of disgust upon his meditative lip.

Now he sharply turns a corner, knocking over pedlers' stalls,
Never heeding the policeman's or the handsom-drivers' squalls ;
Or he gallops down a quiet street, disturbing peaceful minds,
And frightened ladies tassels grasp and rattle up the blinds ;
While he ogles pretty nursery-girls and smashes all their hearts,
Till they quite forget they're trundling twisted wicker baby-carts.

He is lord of all the kitchen, when he deigns in there to dine,
Where he curses cook's best dishes and his master's taste of wine ;
He's a member of the coachman's club, whose rooms face Bleecker street,
Where his views on weighty questions are considered quite complete.
And they say that Mrs. Muffin's maid has never raised her head
Since this tiger cried, "Henceforward, miss, we both on us is dead."

When he's cleaned the sable harness and has curry-combed the mares,
And has let his final footsteps echo from the stable stairs,
And he dreams he's running races, while the people shout his name,
His puffy cheeks burn crimson at the thought of jockey fame,
He straightens out his withered legs and shuts his honest eyes—
I wonder if he tools a drag somewhere in Paradise?

DEWITT STERRY.



A MAY FIEND.

"I'm almost dead from house-hunting," wearily sighed Mrs. Gossip.

"What do you want with a house?" interrogated Miss Snyder.

"I thought you owned your own house."

"Of course I don't want a house," was the confidential reply, "but I just like to go around and see how people live, you know."

MR. GRAP'S PHILOSOPHY.

Jes arter er boy gits outer college he kan't hardly realize that anybody 'sides him ever did git er diploma.

I never see but one woman as was able to keep er secret. She was deaf an' dumb an' hedn't learnt how to write.

It's my idee thet ef yer happen to hev er child or er dog thet takes to strangers, 'tain't hardly worth while raisin' it.

I don't take no stock in er young man thet's allers whistlin' hymn tunes. Like es not he's figger-in' out the combination of the safe.

Times ain't never bin so hard as they be jest now, an' thet has bin the case jest as fur back es history kin recolle'.

When er man 'lows thet he's got to meet er couple o' friends in er saloon you kin gamble onto it thet the m friends is named Tom an' Jerry.

Ef I ever run across er young-ish parson thet haint got a idee thet the most o' the women in the congrega-



APPRECIATED—THE MUSIC.

HE—"I hope I haven't wearied you with my conversation, Miss de Snooks."
SHE (impulsively)—"Not at all. I hardly heard a word you said, the last musical selection played was so enchanting, you know."

tion is dead in love with him, I'm a-goin' to git him fur our meetin'-house ef I hev to morgage my hull farm.

I never heer tell on, let alone see, er woman es hed died o' the lockjaw or was tongue-tied or had a impediment into her speech.

I've seen lots o' men start out to act like Christians an' gin it up jest because the papers didn't take no notice on it or nominate 'em fur a office.

Ther never was er lawyer yit es I ever heerd on thet refused to take er fee fur the reason thet his client was poor. They hain't been buildin' 'em thet way.

Ther's on'y one man on this here earth as is o' more consequence then the editor of er little daily newspaper, an' thet man's the city editor o' the same paper.

L. R. CATLIN.

THAT SETTLED IT.

"You have no children, I suppose?" said the landlord to the prospective tenant.

"Indeed, no!" was the shrill-voiced reply; "I'm a woman's suffrage advocate."

A DRUMMER'S CHEEK.

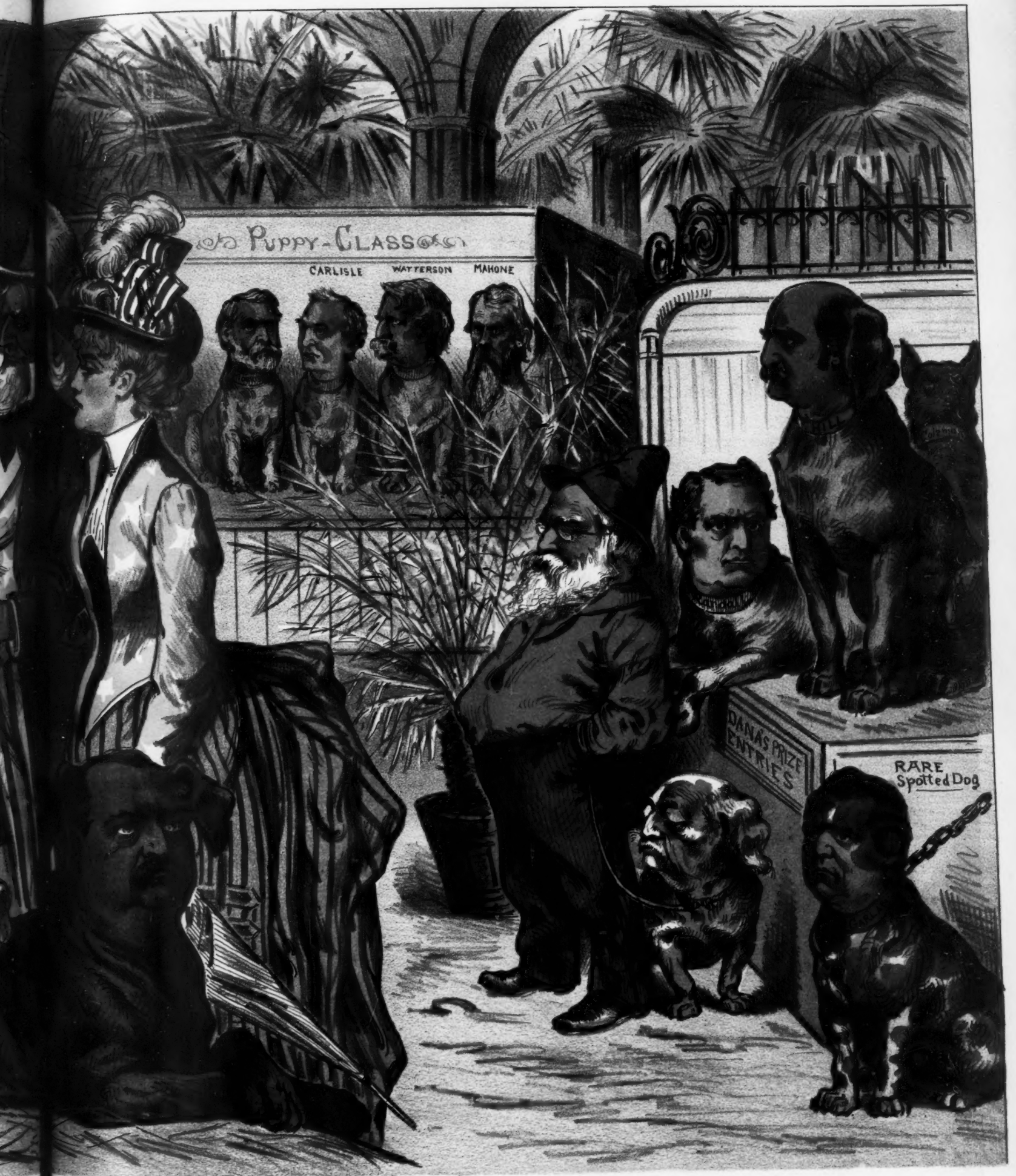
MABEL—"How did you bruise your hand so?"

MAUD—"A drummer tried to kiss me and I slapped his face."

MABEL—"Slapped a drummer's face with your bare hand? How foolish! Couldn't you find a hammer?"







ATION DOG-SHOW.

JUDGE'S CHARGE.

WHY SHOULD IT GROW?

Somebody has started a raid against the moustache. The argument is, we suppose, that the moustache was created to stuff cushions with.

POOR CHAP!

As on life's paths we walk,
His fortune is but ill
Who has not mind to talk,
Nor judgment to keep still.

THE DOOM OF THE HUB.

Edgar Fawcett's play, "The Earl," being a failure in Boston, it is thought that Mr. Fawcett will presently destroy Boston in one of his blighting, scorching, withering society stories, and plant one of his most sarcastic poems over its untimely grave. It will be remembered that Mr. Howells fled with fright from Boston many months ago. It must have been through prophetic apprehension.

NO HURRY.

He who would marry well,
And so be wise,
Should think and ponder on it
Till he dies.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE CAT?

It pains the JUDGE to hear the little *Evening Sun* announce that John Sherman is president pro tem. of the senate. Though, to be sure, it is a natural mistake, Mr. Ingalls's name being John too. But what a blessing Richard Grant White conferred upon the press when he invented that little word "heterophemy"!

A CHANCE FOR HIM YET.

Mr. "Doc" Wilson, persecutor-in-ordinary of his alleged papa, Mr. Moen, is not so bad a man, after all; but if he wants to redeem himself he will succeed in his enterprise the next time he tries to kill himself.

WHAT SHALL THEY DO THEN?

"Treat the clerks like gentlemen and ladies," says Brother Talmage in some advice to those who go shopping. There is certainly a desire on the part of ladies and gentlemen to do so, good brother; but the good-heartedness is occasionally not necessary, and in numerous cases the clerks won't let 'em.

A COWARDLY SURRENDER.

The New Haven man who killed himself because he was haunted by the ghost of his dead wife did a very foolish thing. Having survived the lady, he really had every advantage of her.

THEIR FIRM CONVICTIONS.

A Kingston lady tells of a number of her sex who listened to a warm discussion in a recent denominational conference and rapturously applauded the orators on both sides. She concludes that women would never make good jurors, and in fact is quite wroth at the weakness of her too appreciative sisters. The same thing has frequently struck the JUDGE; but there are more women than the Kingston lady who have what is called the decided opinion. There, for instance, was the one who offered two tickets at the polls in



AN INNOCENT REQUEST.

BUSINESS MAN—"No, don't undo your samples; I don't wish to buy anything to-day."
DRUMMER—"But I only want to show them to you."
BUSINESS MAN—"No, don't. I haven't time to look at them."
DRUMMER (pleading)—"But won't you let me look at them? I haven't seen them once this month."

fat woman is a case in point. While the court would never criticise her unkindly, it must insist that she would be far better if distributed in sections. This is not to say that any man can have too much woman, but there is no satisfactory safety in this regard that doesn't come in the plural number; and if that's treason or mormonism, why go ahead and make the most of it.

THE JUDGE AND THE PLAY.

Young Maurice Bernhardt is the high kicker of the period.

Nat Goodwin started in at the commencement of the season with the avowed intention of astonishing New York, but New York has somehow or other gotten up on its hind legs and astonished Mr. Goodwin, who now leaves the classic precincts of the Bijou to witness the smiling return of the fascinating Mr. Dixey.

It seems that Mr. Dockstader's terminal cognomen was the result of choice and not a matter of necessity, he having thus been legitimately baptized by a city court in response to a prayerful petition done up in the proper legal language and the customary retaining fee. The general opinion is that Mr. Dockstader's taste in the direction of nomenclature is most abnormally eccentric.



FINELY POINTED.

FIRST PARTY—"Am dat de hoss you blowed about de oder evenin'? I doan' see any fine points 'bout him."
SECOND PARTY—"Yo's blind fo' shua, niggah; wha' de fine points ob dat hoss am—am stickin' out all ober him."

the school-commissioner emergency, and when they were returned to her for a selection viciously tore them up, stamped her foot, and pulled the inspector's hair with a will which showed what she thought of him.

HUMOR VERSUS FACT.

The Philadelphia *News* tells of a man from Reading who got lost in its city. That is a first-rate joke. Now if the man had been a Philadelphian and got lost in Reading there would have been nothing in it, you know.

WHERE WE EXCEL.

The record of crimes in this city has set all the outside newspapers to talking about the city's wickedness. The truth is that we have no more crime here than have other cities, bearing in mind proportions as to size. But it is of a more elaborate and polished kind, and accordingly it brings greater credit to the perpetrators, with less chances for discovery and with less punishment when it is discovered.

A STANDARD OF JUDGMENT.

A contemporary holds that New York has more female beauty than Baltimore or Boston, arguing that as there is more woman here that must necessarily be the case. The court cannot indorse this principle. The

The regular season at the Madison Square, at Harrigan's, and at Daly's has come to an end, and these three excellent organizations have stepped out into the open air to wrestle with the provinces and the inter-state commerce act. A supplementary season at Mr. Palmer's house is inaugurated by the revival of "Our Society." The Union Square theatre gives us Annie Pixley in a new play, while the Star is filled until the 14th by the inimitable Boucicault and "The Shaughraun."

ANOTHER CHANCE FOR PUZZLE WORKERS. The "Judge's" Second Prize Offering IN BEHALF OF THE Grant Monument Fund.

GOVERNING RULES.

Each competitive paper must contain eleven names of living U. S. or Canadian male residents, no more, no less; must be written in ink or typewriter, on one side of the paper only, and must be preceded or accompanied by a remittance of 50 cents.

Priority in registering name and contribution (in advance of list) will be one factor to the advantage of competitors where two or more lists have same number of winning names—taking into consideration distances and time of mailing; that is, the person who sends in his or her name now, reserving, if he or she so chooses, the list until later for completion or revision, will in case of ties, take precedence over another who remits both money and list later.

If, after list is forwarded, contributor desires to amend or revise it, he or she is privileged to do so upon an additional contribution of 50 cents, and will be given the benefit of the date of the first remittance.

Purchased lists, or lists compiled or obtained by other means than through one's own efforts or the assistance which may be rendered by immediate relatives or friends, are not permissible.

Names must be written in their alphabetical order, commencing with first letter of surname, as follows:
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Cleveland, Grover.

Judge guarantees that the first or leading competitor will receive at the very lowest figure \$400.

In case of ties, any one or more of the six separate awards or divisions will be distributed *pro rata*, as the occurrence of the tie may require.

Communications open until June 15th, 1887, 12 o'clock noon.

Judge has received a long communication, covering six pages of legal cap, from a correspondent in Florida, relative to the decision rendered by the examining committee in the last "word hunt." The correspondent asks that we print his letter together with our reply, or rather intimates that such would be agreeable to him. This we are unable to do, principally for want of space, but we have given below our letter to him under date of April 22, containing an explanation of certain points to which he has taken exception. With the publication of this letter we propose to close the controversy so far as the columns of Judge itself is concerned. We trust that our readers will pardon this intrusion of an old matter upon the new contest. There will be no more of it. Our whole attention and space hereafter will be devoted to the new fund, which we trust to see largely and rapidly increased.

Micanopy, Fla., April 22, 1887.

M. L. Wood, Esq.

Dear Sir: Your highly interesting, though somewhat lengthy communication of the 15th is before us, and we take pleasure in endeavoring to "cast some light," as you so pithily express it, upon what appears to you to be a "rather cloudy subject." Passing over the numerous attempts at sarcasm, and other slight evidences of a disappointment suffered by a nature wrapped in a mantle of self-satisfaction and the natural mist arising from an undue regard of one's own intellectual reflection, we proceed at once to the gist of your letter.

First—You say "The word 'bede' is not found in Webster or Worcester's quarto edition of as late a date as 1879, while in Bailey's dictionary of 1751 the word appears, but this would seem to conflict with the rule limiting the use of a variety of authorities to two. A list of quite thirty words copied from the official list (facetiously quoted) that do not appear in the quarto edition of Worcester of '79 or Webster of '71, are all *probably in no later editions* of those works (here your calm, superior self-confident nature asserts itself) would seem to lead to the question, why, 'bedrel,' 'beenettle,' 'Berlin-iron,' 'Berlin-wool,' 'bested,' 'betwel,' 'bilin,' 'bilsted,' 'bonspiel,' 'blether,' 'bodhitree,' etc., count as one word? Permit us to remark that we are prepared to concede everything you have said in relation to the non-appearance of such words in the editions mentioned, or rather are not prepared to dispute the fact. We only wish to add, however, the reflection that if you had spent half as much time pouring over contemporaneous as you have in delving into ancient history you would have found *all the words specified* in either or both of Webster's or Worcester's editions for 1887. To particularize, "bede" and "bilin" are found in Webster's supplement, and all the others in Worcester, "betwel" being found under "betwel," and "Berlin-iron" is also found in Webster as well as Worcester.

Second—You sentimentally remark that "A rule governing words spelled differently but pronounced alike would seem to cover such as 'beer' and 'bier,' (with which we agree) and 'hoop' and 'whoop' (with which we do not) but evidently the cloth admitted of cutting to fit both, and help swell the grand total of 47.00." This is reduced to a question of conflict of judgment between yourself and the judges in the latter instance, and in the former, the word "beer" only appears in our list, so that your instancing "bier" can be only charitably attributed to an oversight.

Third—"As to plurals not allowable, how about 'button' and 'buttons,' looking from the Yankee side of the question, i. e., 'ly' if you will kindly consult your Webster's 1887 you will observe that "Buttons," is the name of a boy or page, and not plural.

Fourth—"With the use of 'Boston,' 'Lisbon,' and 'Erin,' why exclude 'London,' 'Detroit,' 'Sweden,' 'West Point,' etc., when the word 'Boston' is not found in either of the dictionaries?" For the excellent reason that the latter are designated as geographical by the dictionaries, while the former are *not*, and again, because 'Boston' is found in both dictionaries, being the name of a game, "Lisbon" being the name of a wine, while "Erin" is given in Worcester and *not* marked geographical.

Fifth—"Coming to obsolete or rarely used words, under the rules how could such count as 'belord,' 'beprise,' 'belliro-tent,' 'hotc,' 'holpen,' etc?" Because every one of these words is a good and valid word, and *not* marked obsolete in the dictionaries for 1887.

You are correct in the surmise that our "patience and the model of gentlemanly consideration to be accorded all, so highly brought into light under date of your (our) March 12th letter, (for which accept thanks and an apology for the use of Mr. A's business connection up the country to indicate an individual whose initials were lacking at the moment) will be too much tried should I (you) continue to question." They certainly would be somewhat strained. We trust, however, that you will be satisfied that we have used the words specified correctly, according to the authorities furnished by the standard dictionaries. There were a few purely typographical errors in the published list, which we have already admitted

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(LIST CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

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and regretted. These were solely the fault of the compositors and proofreaders, and not that of the judges; among them will be found the words you first mention, "Herald," which should be "Herold," "inment," which should be "indent," and "ninepius," which was erased from the copy given to the printers.

We regret that your inclination to be sarcastic has run away with your sense of what is due to courtesy in the opening and closing paragraphs of your remarkable letter, and hope that in future when you desire a further evidence of "the model gentlemanly consideration" so facetiously yet truly attributed to the conduct of this office, you will see fit to address us in a spirit that best indicates the possession of gentlemanly instincts, particularly if you are desirous of receiving a thoroughly courteous response. Had we space and the inclination to fill our columns with abusive insinuations, we should be glad to publish your letter in full, which as you intimate would be agreeable. As it is, we have incorporated the more lucid portions of it herewith, purging the balance as surplusage, and shall comply with your wishes to that extent by giving it room in JUDGE. This is only done, we frankly say, not because we can spare the space, but because your former letter and our reply were so published, and we deem it but just to meet your wishes in the present instance as far as possible on that account. We must decline, however, to continue a controversy that is both so useless and unnecessary as this you have originated.

We are Yours respectfully,
THE JUDGE PUBLISHING CO.,
W. J. MERRILL,
Treasurer.

P. S.—Your request in relation to forwarding papers has been complied with.

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Liver, Blood and Lung Diseases.

LIVER DISEASE AND HEART TROUBLE.

Mrs. MARY A. McCLURE, Columbia, Kansas, writes: "I addressed you in November, 1884, in regard to my health, being afflicted with liver disease, heart trouble, and female weakness. I was advised to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Favorite Prescription and Pellets. I used one bottle of the 'Prescription,' five of the 'Discovery,' and four of the 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' My health began to improve under the use of your medicine, and my strength came back. My difficulties have all disappeared. I can work hard all day, or walk four or five miles a day, and stand it well; and when I began using the medicine I could scarcely walk across the room, most of the time, and I did not think I could ever feel well again. I have a little baby girl eight months old. Although she is a little delicate in size and appearance, she is healthy. I give your remedies all the credit for curing me, as I took no other treatment after beginning their use. I am very grateful for your kindness, and thank God and thank you that I am as well as I am, after years of suffering."

LIVER DISEASE.

Mrs. I. V. WEBBER, of Yorkshire, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., writes: "I wish to say a few words in praise of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' For five years previous to taking them I was a great sufferer; I had a severe pain in my right side continually; was unable to do my own work. I am happy to say I am now well and strong, thanks to your medicines."

GENERAL DEBILITY.

Mrs. PARMELIA BRUNDAGE, of 161 Lock Street, Lockport, N. Y., writes: "I was troubled with chills, nervous and general debility, with frequent sore throat, and my mouth was badly cankered. My liver was inactive, and I suffered much from dyspepsia. I am pleased to say that your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets' have cured me of all these ailments and I cannot say enough in their praise. I must also say a word in reference to your 'Favorite Prescription,' as it has proven itself a most excellent medicine for weak females. It has been used in my family with excellent results."

Dyspepsia.—**JAMES L. COLBY, Esq., of Yucatan, Houston Co., Minn.,** writes: "I was troubled with indigestion, and would eat heartily and grow poor at the same time. I experienced heart-burn, sour stomach, and many other disagreeable symptoms common to that disorder. I commenced taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' and I am now entirely free from the dyspepsia, and am, in fact, healthier than I have been for five years. I weigh one hundred and seventy-one and one-half pounds, and have done as much work the past summer as I have ever done in the same length of time in my life. I never took a medicine that seemed to tone up the muscles and invigorate the whole system equal to your 'Discovery' and 'Pellets.'"

Dyspepsia.—**THERESA A. CASS, of Springfield, Mo.,** writes: "I was troubled one year with liver complaint, dyspepsia, and sleeplessness, but your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me."

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores, and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

TERRIBLE CASE OF BLOOD-POISONING.

ISAAC D. HADSELL, of Keosauqua, Ia., writes: "I have been a most miserable cripple for fourteen months. I contracted a severe cold first, which settled on my lungs, and the doctors tending me said that a large abscess had formed there. I coughed almost constantly for seven weeks, and lost greatly in flesh and strength. Then the disease seemed to settle in my general system, poisoning my whole blood; my arm and elbow swelled and inflamed most terribly, whilst the cords became greatly contracted and thus produced great deformity. A large abscess formed in my left knee, and finally the morbid action settled in my left ankle, which had to be lanced seven times to allow the corruption to escape. Several running sores formed about my ankle and continued to discharge for eight months,—but my pen refuses to describe my sufferings."

After employing no less than seven skillful physicians without relief, my old family physician recommended me to use your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and I have thus far taken nine bottles of the same, in connection with one vial of your 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' Five of the sores have already stopped discharging and healed over nicely. The surrounding flesh which remained so hard and blue for so many months, has grown soft, white and natural under the surprising alterative influence of your 'Discovery.'

Your medicines worked miracles in my case; my lungs healed perfectly under the influence of the first two bottles. My general health has improved amazingly. I would add that all my friends joined with the doctors in considering my case a fatal one, but thanks to your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' I am fast regaining my health once more."

INDIGESTION, BOILS, BLOTCHES.

Rev. F. ASBURY HOWELL, Pastor of the M. E. Church, of Silverton, N. J., says: "I was afflicted with catarrh and indigestion. Boils and blotches began to arise on the surface of the skin, and I experienced a tired feeling and dullness. I began the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as directed by him for such complaints, and in one week's time I began to feel like a new man, and am now sound and well. The 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' are the best remedy for bilious or sick headache, or tightness about the chest, and bad taste in the mouth, that I have ever used. My wife could not walk across the floor when she began to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Now she can walk quite a little ways, and do some light work."

HIP-JOINT DISEASE.

Mrs. IDA M. STRONG, of Answorth, Ind., writes: "My little boy had been troubled with hip-joint disease for two years. When he commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' he was confined to his bed, and could not be moved without suffering great pain. But now, thanks to your 'Discovery,' he is able to be up all the time, and can walk with the help of crutches. He does not suffer any pain, and can eat and sleep as well as any one. It has only been about three months since he commenced using your medicine. I cannot find words with which to express my gratitude for the benefit he has received through you."

Fever Sores.—**ALICE H. CRAWFORD, of Stout Rapids, Buena Vista Co., Iowa,** writes: "Six years ago I was cured of 'Fever Sores' by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

CURED HIS BOILS.

WILLIAM RAMICH, Esq., of Minden, Kearney County, Nebraska, writes: "I was troubled with boils for thirty years. Four years ago I was so afflicted with them that I could not walk. I bought two bottles of your 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets,' and took one 'Pellet' after each meal, till all were gone. By that time I had no boils, and have had none since. I have also been troubled with sick headache. When I feel it coming on, I take one or two 'Pellets,' and am relieved of the headache."

A TERRIBLE AFFLICTION.

Skin Disease.—The "Democrat and News," of Cambridge, Maryland, says: "Mrs. ELIZA ANN POOLE, wife of Leonard Poole, of Williamsburg, Dorchester Co., Md., has been cured of a bad case of Eczema by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The disease appeared first in her feet, extended to the knees, covering the whole of the lower limbs from feet to knees, then attacked the elbows and became so severe as to prostrate her. After being treated by several physicians for a year or two she commenced the use of the medicine named above. She soon began to mend and is now well and hearty. Mrs. Poole thinks the medicine has saved her life and prolonged her days."

Mr. T. A. AYRES, of East New Market, Dorchester County, Md., vouches for the above facts.

Gout, or Thick Neck.—**JULIA P. BECKWITH, of 107 W. Gray St., Elmira, N. Y.,** writes: "After the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription,' together with your good advice, my neck has now become perfectly well."

CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, promptly cures the severest Coughs it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

It rapidly builds up the system, and increases the flesh and weight of those reduced below the usual standard of health by "wasting diseases."

BLEEDING FROM LUNGS.

JOS. F. MCFARLAND, Esq., Athens, La., writes: "My wife had frequent bleeding from the lungs before she commenced using your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' She has not had any since its use. For some six months she has been feeling so well that she has discontinued it."

Consumption.—**Mrs. EDWARD NEWTON, of Harrowsmith, Ont.,** writes: "You will ever be praised by me for the remarkable cure in my case. I was so reduced that my friends had all given me up, and I had also been given up by two doctors. I then went to the best doctor in these parts. He told me that medicine was only a punishment in my case, and would not undertake to treat me. He said I might try cod liver oil if I liked, as that was the only thing that could possibly have any curative power over consumption so far advanced. I tried the cod liver oil as a last treatment, but I was so weak I could not keep it on my stomach. My husband, not feeling satisfied to give me up yet, though he had bought for me everything he saw advertised for my complaint, procured a quantity of your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I took only four bottles, and, to the surprise of everybody, am to-day doing my own work, and am entirely free from that terrible cough which harassed me night and day. I have been afflicted with rheumatism for a number of years, and now feel so much better that I believe, with a continuation of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' I will be restored to perfect health. I would say to those who are falling a prey to that terrible disease consumption,

GIVEN UP TO DIE.

do not do as I did, take everything else first; but take the 'Golden Medical Discovery' in the early stages of the disease, and thereby save a great deal of suffering and be restored to health at once. Any person who is still in doubt, need but write me, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply, when the foregoing statement will be fully substantiated by me."

Ulcer Cured.—**ISAAC E. DOWNS, Esq., of Spring Valley, Rockland Co., N. Y. (P. O. Box 28),** writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' has cured my daughter of a very bad ulcer located on the thigh. After trying almost everything without success, we procured three bottles of your 'Discovery,' which healed it up perfectly." Mr. Downs continues:

Consumption and Heart Disease.—"I also wish to thank you for the remarkable cure you have effected in my case. For three years I had suffered from that terrible disease, consumption, and heart disease. Before consulting you I had wasted away to a skeleton; could not sleep nor rest, and many times wished to die by the way of my misery. I then consulted you, and you told me you had hopes of curing me, but it would take time. I took five months' treatment in all. The first two months I was almost discouraged; could not perceive any favorable symptoms, but the third month I began to pick up in flesh and strength. I cannot now recite how, step by step, the signs and realities of returning health gradually but surely developed themselves. To-day I tip the scales at one hundred and sixty, and am well and strong."

Our principal reliance in curing Mr. Downs' terrible disease was the "Golden Medical Discovery."

WASTED TO A SKELETON.

SAVED HIS LIFE.—**DANIEL FLETCHER, Esq., of 49 Main Street, Gloucester, Mass.,** writes: "Nearly five years ago I was taken sick with a disease regarding which the three physicians who attended me were unable to agree. One of the fore- most physicians in Boston called it a tumor of the stomach, and treated me for that, nearly killing me with physic; another, a homeopathic physician, thought I had consumption. When taken sick I weighed 150 pounds. I suffered from a heavy cough, night-sweats, kidney troubles, etc., and was reduced so rapidly that my physicians gave me up. They were unable to help me in the least. At that time I weighed but ninety pounds, and had not been able to lie down, but had to sit up in order to breathe. I had been confined to my room for six months, expecting to die. I was so bad at times that I could not allow any one to come into my room, as I could not talk; nor was I able to walk. I picked up one of your memorandum books on the floor of the hotel where I was boarding, and after reading it I began taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and the first bottle brought me around so that I could walk around the room all day. I soon began to build up, and gained so rapidly that it astonished me. I have taken no other medicine since then, and have used perhaps twenty bottles in all of this medicine. I stopped taking it in August, one year ago. I feel that it has saved my life. I now weigh about 160 pounds, and I think, and my friends with me, that this medicine saved my life. It certainly is worth its weight in gold, and I consider it a wonderful remedy from its effect in curing all my ailments."

Golden Medical Discovery is Sold by Druggists.

Price \$1.00 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for \$5.00.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, PROPRIETORS,

No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

More Facts.

STERLING, ILL., August 22, 1885.
We feel we must write something of the success of Hop Bitters. Their sale is thrivable that of any other article of medicine. Hence we feel it but justice to you and your Bitters, to say that it is a medicine of real merit and virtue, and doing much good and effecting great cures.

Yours, J. F. & H. B. UTLEY.

HAYESVILLE, OHIO, Feb. 11, 1884.
I am very glad to say I have tried Hop Bitters, and never took anything that did me as much good. I only took two bottles and I would not take \$100 for the good they did me. I recommend them to my patients, and get the best of results from their use.

C. B. MERCER, M.D.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., Sept. 15, 1885.
We take pleasure in giving you a notice and a nice, strong one, as it (Hop Bitters) deserves it. We use it, and we know it deserves it.—*The Register*.

GREENWICH, Feb. 11, 1886.

HOP BITTERS CO.:
Sirs—I was given up by the doctors to die of scrofula consumption. Two bottles of your Bitters cured me. They are having a large sale here.

LEROY BREWER.

GREENWICH, N. Y., Feb. 12, 1885.

Hop Bitters are the most valuable medicine I ever knew. I should not have any mother now but for them.

HENRY KNAPP.

LONE JACK, Mo., Sept. 14, 1885.

I have been using Hop Bitters, and have received great benefit from them for liver complaint and malarial fever. They are superior to all other medicines.

P. M. BARNES.

KALAMAZOO, MICH., Feb. 2, 1886.

HOP BITTERS MFG. CO.:
I know Hop Bitters will bear recommendation honestly. All who use them confer upon them the highest encomiums and give them credit for making cures—all the proprietors claim for them. I have kept them since they were offered to the public. They took high rank from the first, and maintained it, and are more called for than all others combined. So long as they keep up their high reputation for purity and usefulness I shall continue to recommend them—something I have never done before with any patent medicine.

J. J. BABCOCK,
Physician and Druggist.

KAHOKA, Mo., Feb. 9, 1886.

I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters of Bishop & Co., last fall, for my daughter, and am well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she has taken for six years.

WM. T. McCLURE.

The above is from a very reliable farmer, whose daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years, and could obtain no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in this country. We have large sales, and they are making remarkable cures.

W. H. BISHOP & CO.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address: DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

E. A. NEWELL, MEN'S OUTFITTER,

859 BROADWAY (one door above 17th St.)

SEASONABLE UNDERWEAR AND HALF-HOSE.

NEW SHAPES IN SCARFS,

THE "NEWPORT," "NEWTON," "FOUR IN HAND."

FIGUE KID WALKING GLOVES (Emb'd backs) \$2.00



PRINT YOUR OWN CARDS. PRESS, \$3; Circular size press, \$8. Newspaper size, \$44. Type-setting easy, printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for catalogue presses, type, cards, &c., to the factory. KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

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ABSOLUTELY PERFECT.

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CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM



Cleanses the head, allays inflammation, heals the sores, restores the sense of taste, smell, hearing. A quick relief. A positive cure.

A particle is applied into each nostril. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. ELY BROS., Owego, N. Y.



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CONSTIPATION.

Better than any Medicine.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Send for reports of interesting cases by eminent physicians.

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43 Park Place, New York.

TO THE LADIES.

Call and examine our improved ADJUSTABLE DRESS and SKIRT FORMS. Indispensable in every home. Saves all fatigue of standing to have dresses tried on, draped or trimmed.

Also our FOLDING SKIRT FORM, adjustable to any size and can be done up almost as small as an umbrella when not in use. Price, \$3.00. SEND FOR CIRCULAR. DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE CO., Broadway and 14th-st., New York.



HINDERCORNS.

The safest, surest and best cure for Corns, Bunions, &c. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. Never fails to cure. 15 cents at Druggists. HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

STYLO & FOUNTAIN PENS.

Inkstand and Penholder combined fitted with best quality Gold Pen, and guaranteed perfect in all its parts. Fountain Pens from \$2.00 according to size. Holder and Pen. An excellent Stylographic Pen from \$1.00. By mail on receipt of price. Send for circulars and price lists. Agents wanted.

ULLRICH & CO., 106 Liberty St. New York.



UNEQUALLED FOR CEMENTING wood, glass, china, paper, leather, &c. Always ready for use. Pronounced strongest glue known. (IS MADE BY THE) AWARDED TWO GOLD MEDALS. Gloucester, Mass. Russia Cement Co., Sample 25c stamps

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Striped and Checked Cheviots,

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It is an agreeable and doubtless highly efficacious remedy." (THE LANCET.) This Vinous-Elixir is the most powerful and valuable of the preparations of quinine, as a strengthening and antifebrile restorative. Been employed in cases of weakness and general debility, loss of appetite, changer of life, fever nervousness, exhaustion, etc. Also prepared with Iron for Anemia, Dyspepsia, purifying the Blood, Chlorosis, for Scrofulous Affections, etc. PARIS, 22, RUE DROUOT, 22, PARIS. E. FOUGERA & CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR U. S.



One Agent (Merchant only) wanted in every town for TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢ Demand unprecedented. R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago.



It gives the Drummer a chance to "beat" the Hotel.

Highly appreciated by burglars.

Connections unwillingly severed.

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The New York Legislature has passed a bill compelling hotels to have a rope for every window above the second story.

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It is very convenient for middle class.

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"How the deuce can a fellow put a fire out with this!"

WESTERN COWBOY—"They do the thing up brown in these New York Hotels; even a lasso is thrown in."

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