

Judoe

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"A TASK FOR THE NEW HERCULES."
Let him clean out the Metropolitan Augean Stables.



Judge

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

President - - - - - W. J. ARKELL
 Vice-President - - - - - HARRY R. HART
 Art Department - - - - - BERNHARD GILLAM
 Editor - - - - - I. M. GREGORY

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OF ALL THE ILLS that England suffers from the worst is Churchill.

IF ANYBODY THINKS D. B. Hill doesn't want the labor vote he's mistaken—oh very much mistaken!

THE SPEAKER OF THE ASSEMBLY is a self-made man, and naturally likes to be lifted by his own petard.

CONGRESS HAS BEEN rarely successful thus far in the session. We allude principally to its action during the holiday adjournment.

WHAT MR. WITTRICK, otherwise Jim Cummings, wants is the complete book showing how to write letters solely by word of mouth.

DID IT EVER STRIKE such Republicans as remain in office under the reigning administration that they ought to have self-respect enough to resign?

BROTHER HEWITT HAS taken the contract to clean out the metropolitan stables, and it is a natural inference that he is a bouncer. Let him bounce.

THERE IS AN IMPRESSION abroad that Ella Wheeler Wilcox writes too much good poetry to be able to afford so much that runs in the other direction.

IN POLITICS IT is the man who never wants it that always get it; and when he says he won't have it they choke him into submission and then pour it down his throat.

A CONTEMPORARY WANTS to know if the Republican party is to be led captive at the chariot wheels of Jimmy Husted. What rot! Mr. Husted never had a chariot in his life.

EVERYBODY WILL GIVE John Roach his earnest sympathy; and inasmuch as it is positively proved that tobacco didn't produce the existing trouble it must be laid to Secretary Whitney.

WE USED TO THINK James W. Husted made a mistake by shaving the top of his head—

that it was a kind of affectation, so to speak; but all the while he has known what he was about. We think this acknowledgment is James's due.

WE JUDGE, from the urgent necessity for a board of pardons put forth by the Rochester Union, that another unfortunate Democratic triumph is apprehended in this state next fall.

THE ONLY PROPER substitute for hanging that we know of is hanging. When murderers give their victims the least painful death it will be time to look up the least painful death for them.

MR. BLAINE, if we may believe the Chicago Inter-Ocean—and we sometimes can—is one of the largest ice-dealers in the country; but we shall know more about it when the returns come in from Uncle Edmunds.

CONGRESS KNOWS THOROUGHLY how to originate taxes; but with a surplus so large as to embarrass the treasury beyond calculation, and constantly growing, it doesn't know how to abate them. How strange that is!

HENRY GRADY, having seen his picture in the papers, says he really isn't the original Dick Deadeye; and for our part we have never suspected him of anything worse than an admittedly secure position as the pirate king.

FUNERAL ORATIONS are a specialty with Dr. Newman. He does them well and guarantees the most perfect satisfaction in every instance. It is sweet for one's country to die, provided

only that Dr. Newman can shed the inevitable rhetorical diamonds.

ROBERT LINCOLN MIGHT make a pretty good senator, and the experience he would thus get might fit him for president. No party must run a mere name for anything, but if the man has proved that he is worthy of the name there's your happy combination.

IT IS INSISTED by the Brooklyn Eagle that Daniel Manning is physically unfit for his position as the head of the treasury. It may be—we hope not; but this is certain—as political adviser to the president no man can fill his place.

A WAR PAPER in the Sun declares that the disturbance at Antietam was a drawn battle and that McClellan's book is a prolonged whine. It is too late for argument after that. Everything has been reconstructed but the army of the Potomac. Unless the Sun surrenders McClellan's army must resume its pernicious inactivity.

WAS HE EVER A CAR-DRIVER?

Henry George is brought to book for saying that "the horrors of chattel slavery never matched the horrors of the slavery of the workingman to-day." It is not well to be too sweeping, even if the sweeper have a new broom; but was there ever a slave-owner who was such an ass as to work his chattel seventeen hours a day and give him for that amount of labor less food and clothing than were necessary to the comfort of himself, the mammy and the pickaninnies?

AN INNOVATION.



HE—"Not going in this style? Indeed I am if you go as you are. It's a low neck cut-away and has this advantage over your costume—it has a back to it."

A DRIFTY ARGUMENT.
No. 1.



ATTENTIVE LISTENER—"I swear I don't catch onto the drift of your argument."

A GREAT STATE OF DOUBT.

War or peace in Europe? We think so; but a more pronounced opinion cannot be ventured until there is somebody on the Bulgarian throne, little Battenberg is voted his allowance of spending money, the kaiser reaches his ninety-ninth birth-day, Stanley defines the terms of his allegiance to the Belgians, and it is definitely known whether the czar will perish of bombs or delirium tremens.

PEACE EVERYWHERE.

Henry Grady was known to the readers of Henry Watterson's paper as "old Joe Brown's Fat Boy" and as "Young Bowels." But the whirligig of time makes some things even, and now he is known to them as "a risen young man." So the new year witnesses two ex-confederates clasping hands across the bloody chasm and incidentally taking their consolation from the same canteen. With such a beginning as that we ought to have peace the world over, and little Bulgaria wiped entirely off the face of nature.

WAR PAPER—LOGAN'S FIRST FIGHT.

John A. Logan went into the first battle of Bull Run in citizen's dress, including a silk hat. He went as a spectator. He appeared promptly in Washington at the close of the battle, thirsty and out of breath.

"Where's your hat?" inquired somebody.

"Swapped it off for a military cap," was the laconic reply.

"Where's the cap?" he was asked.

"The gentleman forgot to leave it," and having said this Logan turned fiercely upon the man behind the bar and cried out, "If that drink isn't ready in half a minute I'll call you a rebel and knock your brains out!" He was mad.

He subsequently appeared in the military cap and the kind of clothing that should accompany it and wore the same throughout the war.

HIS HONEST, PROPER POVERTY.

The poverty of Senator Logan was a badge of honor. Now don't let the youth who reads this assume that all poverty is honorable. The man in good health and with a fair share of intelligence has no business to be uncomfortably poor; that is a badge of laziness, of stupidity, possibly of dishonor. Let him make all he can in a legitimate way and he will do no more than he ought to do for himself and his family. But Logan had ample opportunity to get rich illegitimately—many another congressman has done so—and he never had a dollar which was not honestly his own. All honor to the poverty of Logan!

HELPING EX-CONFEDERATES.

Georgia has spent by legislative appropriation \$250,000 in behalf of maimed confederate soldiers, and Alabama \$200,000. There mustn't be any howl about this. Those confederates were on the wrong side; but the state that won't care for its soldiers, whether they fought to win or lose, for right or for wrong, doesn't deserve a conspicuous place in the galaxy. It was apprehended that congress under Democratic auspices would be asked to pension confederate veterans. The invitation has been postponed, and we don't believe it will ever be presented. If it is the howl will be in order, and it will be so effective that it will resolve the party indorsing it into smithereens.

RARE BEN.

The artists love Ben Butler. He is to them a perpetual joy. He is never in politics without ideas, and he loves to place himself in the most unexpected of political places. He is always a sweet surprise when he is to be seen, and a source of sorrow when he is in retirement. When shall we see another face like his? When shall there arise another man who knows so much and places it to such small account? Ben, rare Ben! remain with us always. A dozen men to make up for your departure would breathe an atmosphere of loneliness and bring despair.

No. 2.



But he seems to have caught onto the drift at last.



PRETTY LITTLE WOMAN AND PRETTY LITTLE GIRL.

As I waited at the station,
Something less than half awake,
On my ears, grown tired of listening
For the train I meant to take,
Fell a sound of childish laughter,
And immediately after
Came a vision would have charmed me
Were I—what I'm not—a churl.
'Twas a pretty little woman
With a pretty little girl.

Her lips—I mean the woman's—
There was mischief in their smile.
Her cunning feet—the baby's—
They were dancing all the while;
And no form was ever neater
Than mamma's, and nothing sweeter
Than her plump white neck—the wee one's—
And the wayward little curl
On the forehead of the woman
With the pretty little girl.

When the locomotive whistled
I was prompt, as you may guess,
To protect the winsome couple
From the jostling and the press.
Happy chance—to safely guide 'em;
Happier chance—to sit beside 'em
And watch their winsome ways until
I found my heart in peril,
And stole a sudden kiss from her—
I mean the little girl!

Then I wondered if I quizzed the
Little girl about her pa,
And should get a pensive answer
From her blithe and bonny ma,
Would it make me broken-hearted
Should she softly sigh "Departed"—
But the locomotive whistled,
And I helped them through the whirl
To the arms of "John," said mamma,
"Papa!" screamed the little girl.

MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

THERE HAS BEEN a great deal of gush on the part of our southern brethren, so far as talk goes, but it is to be observed that whenever a practical concession comes in order the north is always expected to make it.—*Troy Times*.

Think a moment. The practical concession made by Robert Lee under the Apomattox tree has really not been equaled in height, depth or variety by any practical concession the north ever made.

"THE FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN Cleveland and Hill," says the *Albany Argus*, "is too solid and enduring to require any public demonstration." We believe the extraordinary pains taken to prevent a public demonstration shows that there can't be any doubt of it whatever.

Hum of the Court.

The unkindest cuts of all—Those of the pictorial dailies.

The new Tombs warden is accused of fatty degeneracy of the morals.

Literary Life is dead, and there is no vacancy in the space it formerly occupied.

Job was not a professional agriculturist, but it was his opinion that ten achers were enough.

Why should a cold snap be so invariably a soft snap for the coal monopolists?

Let us hope that the Rev. Mr. Messaros indorses the legal judgment which pronounces him innocent.

A floral design sent young Cluverius, the murderer, has the words "Heaven is thine." The design was good, doubtless, but the reminder was ghastly.

A recent and necessarily an elegant picture of the foot of John L. Sullivan gives that member six toes. Insatiate smasher! would not five suffice?

It is true that our governor and the president haven't dined together lately, but there is no significance in that. The fact is, victuals are deuced scarce in Washington.

A woman complains to the *Rochester Union* about the tall hats in front of her at a recent theatrical exhibition. Retribution, retribution! And this is the beginning of the great work of reform.

Senator Evarts's great speech on New-year's day gave cheerful evidence of a firm, definite and unwavering policy. "Thank you," he said with remarkable clearness of utterance; "fill 'er up again."

Don't know when we have been more pleased than recently when a copy of the *Buffalo Millionaire* was sent us. It is an excellent publication. It is sent only to the class which it represents.

It is true, as Henry Grady says, that Sherman had a bad habit of handling fire carelessly; but this may be said of him—unlike the southern brother, he never made it an article of diet.

The editor of the *Rochester Herald* speaks of a ten-jug-power corkscrew. That man is en-

"LEFT."



Young Tapley, having sent a bouquet to Miss De Speyser, adroitly leads the conversation up to that subject.

MISS DE SPEYSER—"Oh yes—it is very pretty. But judging from the price card attached I think it must be a sample from my florist."

It is believed that Mr. Stone of Pennsylvania, who waited to be kicked out of office, is gathering no moss.

This will not do, Mr. Czar of Russia. Hereafter you will please take your alcohol solely by substitute.

The signal service will have a new code of flag-warnings. Something that will announce only the gentlest kind of spring weather will about fill the bill just now.

The editor of the *Saratoga Journal* was entirely sober throughout the holidays. It is true that he did some slight walking on his illustrious ear; but that was a result of absent-mindedness, and he always goes through the festive season in that way.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* declares that woman does not possess an immortal soul, and consequently is barred out of heaven. The man who talks meanness like that ought to have an immortal cowhiding.

The year has fairly opened, and yet Blaine and Edmunds, Thomas and Fursch-Madi, Cleveland and the Democratic party, and General Sherman and the universe have not made their peace one with another.

The *Rochester Post-Express* has this consolation in connection with the Andover trial—there is no woman in the case. It is as odd as it is consoling; but we dare say she has merely postponed herself a few minutes.

larging his scientific knowledge altogether too fast. What better is such a corkscrew after all, than one of the ordinary kind?

The Philadelphia *News* ushers in the new year with illustrated nursery rhymes by Lady Colin Campbell. There is nothing remarkable about them except the fact that they should have been written.

A very sad story of domestic infidelity is told by the *Washington Critic*. The woman was complaining of her Christmas presents. "Don't look a gift mule in the mouth," said her husband; whereupon she said, "Keep your mouth shut then!" Of course there will be a divorce. Nobody but an angel would submit tamely to such a retort as that.

THE MASSAGE FIEND.



When one of the most frequent borrowers of my pecuniary effects met me on the street the other day and casually remarked that I was becoming thin, I forgave him all his expansive weakness and fell upon his neck and wept. Ever since I gave up the debasing habit of existing under the adverse circumstances and abject frugalities of the boarding-house regime, I have been slowly but surely growing fat. There is a happy medium in the extending of the vest-front, but no man has yet been able to mark the particular boundary line existing between comely portliness and uncomfortable personal rotundity. The elongation of the pants-buckle strap and the insertion of geometrical darts in the ulterior area of

the vest may possibly relieve the strain, but it will not retard or abridge the growth. I had arrived at that stage of development when it was necessary for me to go down stairs backward, edge sideways into a street-car, and fasten my napkin to the front button of my trousers instead of my collar. The climax of my absurd position was reached when a hack-driver hitched an extra horse to his vehicle and charged me double fare. I would have kicked then, but I dared not trust my immense mountain of adipose tissue to one leg.

Hence I was finally prevailed upon to try the much-mooted and widely-advertised massage treatment. I sent for a noted professor of massage manipulation and tenderly placed into his hands three hundred and ninety-two pounds of human woe and weal. I cautioned him to proceed slowly and gently. I was fearful of the result, for I had heard that their people often grew fat while under the treatment. Any more fat in my case would have made me a fit subject for the lunatic asylum or the soap-boilers' kettle. The professor began soothing me down with a fine tooth comb. The sensation was pleasant and I rather liked it. But I didn't lose a single pound in two days. I told the massage fellow

that he might try something a little more stern. He got a coarse-toothed stable curry-comb and I lost five pounds within five hours. The step of retrograde had been reached. The next time the man raked me down with an iron garden rake. After that followed a two-hour go-as-you-please up and down my person with a lawn-mower. In three months I was able to get into my eldest boy's pants. I settled with my massage professor and have been a well and happy man ever since. I now weigh eighty-nine pounds. H. S. KELLER.

DIDN'T APPLY TO HIM.

"Do you feed your dog meat?"
 "Ah, no; it heats his blood and makes him have all sorts of troubles."
 "What have you in that paper?"
 "Ah, a couple of pounds of steak for myself."

A WRONG CONSTRUCTION

BERTIE—"Mamma, I thought you said Mr. Johnson was a very wise man."
 MAMMA—"Well, so he is, Bertie."
 BERTIE—"I know better. After I told him today I was in school he wanted to know how much two times three was."

A STRIKING PIECE.



"Ach! I haf bought me a new biecke of musick, Katrina, called 'Rippling Vaters.' I know it will strike you mit effect."

THE PASSENGERS AMUSED.

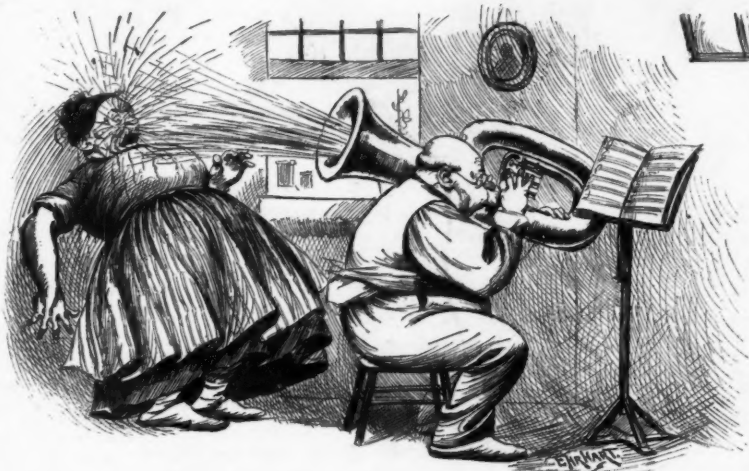
It was a Fourth avenue street car.

First passenger (deaf)—
 "Ah, going out of town?"
 Second passenger (shouting)—
 "Yes; my father-in-law is very sick up in Yonkers."
 First passenger—"Is n't your wife going out?"
 Second passenger (shouting)—
 "First wife's father."

WOULD HAVE KNOWN IT.

Purchaser—"Er—how much does that ham weigh?"
 Troy butcher—"Fifteen pounds, sir."
 Purchaser—"Avoirdupois or Troy weight?"
 Troy butcher (stiffly)—"You are in Troy now."

The farmer's dog is seldom satisfied with taking only the patch.



"Gott in Himmel! Vere did you puy dot biecke of musick?"

You draw mighty good hands when you're not playing for chips.

The man who lives on little is worshiped as an economist, while he who lives on nothing is despised as a tramp.

THE WILD WEST.

"Have you ever sat upon an inquest?" asked the coroner of a cowboy.
 "Betcher life I hev, stranger," was the ready answer.
 "And what kind of a verdict did you bring in?"
 "A charge of murder against the doctor."

ONLY THE LOCAL COLOR.

"This is a rather dead kind of town," said a drummer in a wearied tone of voice to the bar-keeper.
 "Well, what can you expect," was the dogged reply, "when the principal industry of the place is a crematory?"

In the eyes of the world there isn't much difference between a tramp and a crow.



BALLADE OF TOBOGGANING.

I've often danced the livelong night,
Have flirted many hours away;
Have played at tennis with delight
And tried my cunning at croquet;
But all these pleasures must give way
To the toboggan's blissful thrill.
I never knew my heart so gay
Till we went sliding down the hill.

The moon was shining clear and bright,
The slide in argent beauty lay;
I was a willing proselyte
To my dear Mary's gentle sway.
That she loved me I can not say;
I only know I felt a thrill
Of joy, unknown until that day
When we went sliding down the hill.

She looked the sweetest little mite
That ever hummed a virelay;
Her blanket suit of red and white

Each sunny charm did well display,
Her moccasins she'd slyly lay
Upon my lap. The night was chill,
At least to me: she said me nay
As we went sliding down the hill.

ENVOY.

Tobogganing is jolly play,
Yet sometimes there will be a spill;
Take care how you your love betray
As you gosliding down the hill.

MRS. PUGWASH.

A PLEA FOR THE REALISTIC STAGE KISS.

Actuality and material display are crowding dummies, imitations and semblances from the stage. Mechanicians have improved those

AT TUXEDO PARK.



Miss DeCrash to Mr. Graymere of Montreal, who has been showing off—
"Beautifully done, Mr. Graymere; but haven't you put rather too emphatic a period after the word?"

SOLD.



Hunter who has waded half a mile through the swamps—"Decoys, by ginger!"

theatrical features which make a visual appeal until the modern drama seldom offends the eye with unreality.

Now-a-days when I go to a classic play my feelings are hurt if I see a cavalier with a horse-blanket and a pike-pole endeavoring to pass himself off as a Roman soldier with toga and javelin.

Managers have opened their eyes in such matters, and pay much attention to the details which used to be left out or yanked in by the collar, as it were. But why in the name of all that we admire is the well-grounded kiss left out for a supposititious substitute? Love-making in the play of to-day, up to the neighborhood of the point of osculation, is generally what the JUDGE would call *ipso-facto* with tears of feeling on his eye-glass.

But the kiss itself is simply a shadow, hardly suggestive, and by no means sequential.

It changes the whole atmosphere to one *in memoriam*. Instead of furnishing the climax of the love-making it writes its obituary.

Why, O professional, is the "property" kiss so bare an invitation—so intangible, vague, fleeting, null and in-existent?

If the average actor and actress looked as though they needed primary instruction in this matter my heart would leap with pity and criticism would limp out of sight around the first corner.

But from appearances they have all been through the primer of endearment, and that is why we are waiting in open-mouthed astonishment for some one to make a hit.

It used to be said that one woman on the American stage—Emma Abbott—had a kiss which she exposed in public that would make the gallery gods yell *pro bono publico* and cause the bald-headed men in an audience to climb up on the backs of the orchestra chairs.

The morning papers used to print diagrams of this kiss, facsimiles of the caveats and patents filed on it, and columns descriptive of its performance and effect.

I watched for it with a field-glass during six nights and two matinees and discovered that it, like all stage osculation, was dumb show. I believe the smack was produced by the concussion of a super's palms in the wings, and will make affidavit that the tenor's lip but grazed hers.

Just imagine the sensation that would follow a smacking, sounding, pulsing, flesh-and-blood kiss on the stage.

Replace the present *papier mache*, cut-on-the-bias statue that the players keep in stock for the kiss that strikes a human cord and contemporaneous sympathy as definitely as a frosty padlock on a woodshed door clings to your fingers on a frigid morning, and en-

AFTER THE HONEYMOON.



SHE—"Come, hubby, take me to the theatre to-night."
HE—"Can't do it. I've only one ticket, and it's necessary for us to economize now that we are married. Good bye, love."

core will be the cry and the play will run a thousand and one nights without other souvenirs.
J. A. WALDRON.

PARTICULAR.

"I say," said the tramp to the housekeeper, "is there any liquor in this here mince pie?"
"No; this is a temperance household."
"Why didn't you say so at first? Do you think I want to get poisoned?"

A MODEST REQUEST.

Photographer (to sitter)—"You're sure the position you occupy now is the one you want?"
Sitter—"Yes, positive."
Photographer—"Just to make double sure won't you come here and look in the camera and see?"

HE EXTENDED HIS SYMPATHY.

Rugby—"Oh, by the way, Henry, I've just received a large crayon of my mother-in-law. Come down and see it. It's a perfect speaking likeness."
Henry—"You have my sympathy, my dear fellow."

AN ASIDE.

Stage manager—"Mlle. de Perchong, allow me to call your attention to your part. After Alfred says, 'You have treated me as no other woman has ever treated me,' you heave a sigh."
Mlle. de Perchong—(tries it)—"There, how'll that do?"
Stage manager—"Not so loud; not so loud."
Mlle. de Perchong—"Ah! you want it to be merely an a-sighed."

REMARKABL INDEED.

"I see" said Fogg, "that the newspaper

says the lifeless remains of old Grimes were found in his house."

"Well, there's nothing remarkable about that, is there?" asked Fenderson.

"No, but I was thinking how remarkable it would be if his remains hadn't been lifeless when found."

SOMETHING EXTRA GOOD.

Blinks—"Send me up some goods to-night, Peters, will you? I'm going to have some friends in, and want something a little extra."

Peters (a bar-tender)—"Something a little extra, eh?"

Blinks—"Yes; while you're about it you may as well make it about XXX-tra."

HE RELIED ON PA'S WORD.

Bertie—"Say, Miss Pratt, isn't it uncomfortable to have something buzzing in your hat all the time?"

Miss Pratt—"Why, there isn't anything buzzing in my hat, Bertie."

Bertie—"Yes, there is. Pa says you've got a bee in your bonnet, and it's a good big one too."

AT MONTE CARLO.

Alfred—"I'm ruined! Every cent I had is lost, and now there is nothing to do but commit suicide."

Rudolph—"Grant me one request, Alfred!"

Alfred—"Very well, but be brief."

Rudolph—"Let it be a newspaper suicide."

NOT VERY COMPLIMENTARY.

"I met that friend of yours to-day," said a spendthrift, "and he was on a most glorious drunk."
"You must be mistaken," was the reply, "for I never knew him to take anything."
"It's true enough," reiterated the spendthrift. "He was displaying a roll of bills and offered to lend me a hundred."
"If he did that," replied the other, with a smile, "he must have been as full as a tick."

PLAY.

"Come, student, lay aside your book And give your brains a holiday! I've what will cheer you bravely. Look! I'll read you from my latest play."
"No, gentle poet, not to-day; Forgive my choice—all work no play!"
G. B.

AT THE MINSTRELS.

Bones—"Do you know what a Caucasian is, Mr. Jones?"
Interlocutor—"Certainly, sir; I am a Caucasian."
Bones—"Wid dad brack face of yours? Sho!"
Interlocutor—"Yes, sir. Burnt-corka-sian!"

HIS FICKLE JUDGMENT.

Willie—"Mamma, you ain't going to give all that chicken to Tommy, are you?"
Mamma—"No, Willie dear; it is for you."
Willie—"O, what a little bit!"

A HAND SQUEEZE.

I met her in an omnibus
One day upon Broadway;
I noticed that her hair was brown
And that her eyes were gray.
She quietly sat down between
A dude in brown and me.
She had a soft chinchilla muff
And smiled entrancingly.

I thought I saw within her muff
A dainty little hand,
And there I quietly put mine—
Just why you'll understand.
I squeezed five dainty fingers soft
And felt an answering squeeze;
An ecstasy ran through my veins
As when one starts to sneeze.

Just then the maiden moved and said
"I really wish that you
Would give me back my muff—that is,
If you are fully through."
Oh, woe! I held the fingers of
That wicked dude in brown.
He saw my hand and thought it hers—
We both felt broken down!

BRAINERD P. EMERY.

THEY DON'T SHINE BOOTS THERE.

Mother—"Well, Johnny, have you had a good day?"
Bootblack—"No, mother, not very."
Mother—"Why, I thought there was going to be a lot of countrymen in town to-day."
Bootblack—"Well, so there was, mother; but they all happened to be from Boston."

A SURE SIGN.



"By the way, Fred, seen anything of Skinner lately?"
"Skinner? No; he's dead."
"Dead! My heavens, old fellow! you don't mean that? Are you sure he's dead? When did it happen?"
"When? I don't know. Sure? Certainly I'm sure. He said he would be at my place last Thursday eve and pay me that ten dollars if he was alive—and he didn't come."





SACKETT. WILHELMS & BETZIG, 45-51 ROSE ST. N.Y.

N D GER.

Judge's Charge.

A SAFE STATEMENT.

Colonel Lamont says the president is still improving; but we must bear in mind that this refers only to his rheumatism.

IS THIS ART?

The pictures of Charlotte Cushman and Mrs. Logan given by the daily pictorials look alike and unavoidably remind one of the stern and rock-bound coast written of by Mrs. Hemans.

IT IS A LUXURY.

The Avelings, socialists, spent \$25 for corsage bouquets in this city, and the good doctor consumed \$42 worth of wine in two days. Socialism comes high, contrary to the prevailing impression, but they think they must have it.

THE DANGER IN MAINE.

The papers declare that plenty of liquor is sold in Maine, and that there are 140 open bars in Bangor alone. What a shame! It is necessarily the poorest kind of liquor, and we shouldn't be surprised if it indicated the loss by Mr. Blaine of his own state.

A CENT'S WORTH OF CHARACTER.

A Wheeling man gets one cent for libel from a Wheeling editor. Evidently the libel hurt his character so dreadfully that it isn't worth saving; and then he may be the kind of man who is worse off the more character he has. But when one reflects that a penny can buy a daily newspaper and read a dozen libels it seems like a pretty large sum after all.

GEORGE'S BIRTHDAY NEXT.

Prithee sling not at us again the hilarious

A LIGHTNING SPEEDER" SPED.



Boy—"Yes, sir; the old mare is pretty nigh done for—but she beat anything on the road at one time."

NEIGHBOR—"Eh! when was that?"

Boy—"When she was brought here by the fast freight train."

compliments of the holiday season. They were good in their day, as every dog is; but there cometh a time when they are lovely in the breach and an affliction to the soul in the observance. It is good to get away from that period of liquid and the various indulgences; and when time goes booming along into the

later January and the spring looms up a little beyond, the glances back have with them only the wish that that festive period be hastily forgotten.

DID YOU EVER THINK OF IT?

Lilian Smith is a very little girl, but she can do very wicked things and still preserve a look of innocence better than any grown man. Would it be possible to teach a little boy this wicked and innocent looking brightness? Not at all. Why? Because he was not created in that manner—the method of his construction is entirely at variance with that purpose.

AFFIDAVITS BY THE VISITING STATESMEN.

The eldest son of ex-President Hayes, Burcharde Austin Hayes by name, was recently married—to a Sherman of course—in Ohio. Together with our congratulations we beg to send to the young gentleman the suggestion that he see to it personally that the certificate is properly made out and that all the witnesses to the ceremony attest to it in strongly drawn affidavits—the longer the better. The experience of R. B. H. will tell him why; and it would certainly be very annoying to have some Tilden youth come around presently and claim that he was the party elected to the connubial honor and the emoluments attached thereto. The first portion of the name of young Mr. Hayes unavoidably suggests trouble. Let this be attended to at once.

TO MEMORY QUEER.

Mrs. Druse suddenly remembers that it was several gentlemen friends of hers who assisted in the dispatching of her husband and the subsequent removal of his remains. It is a terri-

ble pity in such cases that the memory of the accused party should fail her at the very time she needs it most, and should resume its functions at the very time that, owing to peculiar circumstances, the party would be most apt to mix her inventions with her facts. Nothing could very well be more unfortunate; and when the lady is hanged we shall mourn her loss not as one who perished for murder but who departed as a natural result of a lapse of memory at the most critical period of her existence, and of her husband's existence as well. But there is this justice—the world is not slow with its inevitable compensation. The memory of the lady will be kept green long after most of us are forgotten—in the criminal records of the great state of New York.

SENSITIVE.



"He's a beautiful dog, Miss Tuxedo; but what is the matter with his"—

"S-sh! (in a delicate whisper) he got run over by a coupe, but we never speak of it, don't you know—the poor fellow is so sensitive."

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

Of the civil service commission, that it will adjourn sine die.

Of the woman at the theatre, that she will omit the tall bonnet and wear a wig.

Of several victorious clergymen, that they will resume friendly relations with such of their respective wives as haven't a divorce.

Of our unindicted aldermen, that they will behave themselves even if they don't make a cent.

Of various statesmen, that they will bring all their eloquence and many physicians to bear against the prevailing rheumatic affliction.

Of Mary Anderson, that she will some day return to America for a brief visit, even if the sacrifice breaks her heart.

Of our ministers to Mexico, that they will take their climate and their beverages in separate glasses, and in consequence that they won't get drunk any more.

Of Henry George, that he will go about with a club and smite hip and thigh every socialist, anarchist and communist who calls him brother.

Of Jacob Sharp, that he will confess all, give up his ill-gotten money to the city, and insist upon going to Sing Sing for at least ten years.

TOO CHEAP, TOO CHEAP!

The Rochester and Buffalo dailies have increased their subscription price a dollar a year. It is only a question of time when the other dailies follow their example. "Heavens, no!" exclaimed Mark Twain when asked if he was going to start a paper in Hartford. "I shall never start a newspaper so long as I can buy three for less than it costs me to have my boots blacked." The court thinks that newspapers are too cheap. It is an erroneous idea that advertisers ought to pay for their circulation. There is nothing in the world so utterly costless, and it is quite natural that their readers should not value them as they deserve to be valued. Put up the price of newspapers and circulate the proposition that editors and writers are really not to be had at the low rate of three for a quarter.

Judge and the Play.



HE saddest man connected with Miss Mather's *Juliet* is *Mercutio*. He is sad because he can't stay alive to see the dear girl to the end of the performance.

"Hamlet" without *Hamlet* was hardly a circumstance to the Vokeses without Vokes.

Robert Downing as the gladiator bears a very fair resemblance to Wilson Barrett, and in that respect at least he is a good actor.

The *News-Letter* announces that the ballet "puts its foot down." A new way, perhaps, to bring down the house.

No newspaper gossip goes to the theatre. He just drops in on his way up town. It is quite a matter of accident. It suddenly occurs to him.

One of B. B.'s Indians broke a leg and two or three ribs the other day. As a general thing your Indian devotes all his attention to the scalp; but the injured parts in this instance belonged to the aborigine himself.

"Theodora" is given at the Star with a luxury of mounting rarely afforded, and the play is worth all the good things that have been said of it; and in the title role Miss Olcott is pretty and labors hard to please.

The send-off that Father Couldock will get in the proposed farewell benefit ought to make him happy all the rest of his life, every prominent actor being eager to take part in it. It is worth living a good many years to have such a recognition as that.

Some of the Sunday papers are evidently printed mainly for the purpose of puffing stage people. The amount of rot that is indulged in by way of incidentally presenting the name of

this or that actor would seem to indicate a state of general decay.

The inland cities have had quarrels enough over the matter of securing tickets to see Booth to set up a new Donnybrook, and half the inland newspapers have taken part in it. It appears from this that Edwin still lives and has a good deal of existence too.

The *Evening Post* having taken to praising the National opera company, there is a suspicion that applicants wishing positions in it will have to undergo competitive examinations and post themselves thoroughly in geography and mathematics.

"Twenty years from now," said a student of metropolitan progress, "you won't know New York if you happen to come to it a stranger. What do you suppose 'll be the first thing you'll do?" "Do?" "Do?" was the prompt response; "why I'll go straight to the Casino and buy tickets for 'Erminie.'"

A leading actor, and a good-looking one, denies the old, old falsehood which has been circulated so long by the expert advertiser to the effect that women are in the habit of writing foolish letters to such as he and annoying him with their attentions. He says he never received any letters of that kind and he was never annoyed in that way. So that, after all, ladies are ladies, as we have always suspected, and the fool-woman is not half as numerous as the expert advertiser would like to make her.

The manager of the Vienna theatre who has prohibited "floral offerings" cannot set the example for all the world. No manager can prevent these demonstrations of approval on the part of the audience. It would be well, however, if they were confined to the audience, and if the design were never to overwhelm a favorite or to rob the hot-houses. But, after all, the abuse of the flower business is not so bad as to be unendurable, and there is genuine enjoyment to the entire house—not the less enjoyable because costless—when the deserving lady is thus honored. Will the time come when the obituary and the amusement advertising

SPOILING A BARGAIN.



"Yes, sah—soun', kind an' true an' wond'ful 'telligent."



"Whoa, dar! you rascal—now see de 'telligence ob de brute I war praisin' him an' he 'nuded' me not to lay it on too heaby."

PROSPECTIVE BUYER—"Guess I won't buy dat hoss. Mout nudge me in de head some day. Good mawnin', brudder Jones."

columns will resemble each other in the stereotyped request "Please omit flowers"? Heaven forbid!

Prof. Doremus on Toilet Soaps:

"You have demonstrated that a PERFECTLY pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."

CHAS. S. HIGGINS' "LA BELLE" BOUQUET TOILET SOAP, Being made from choicest stock, with a large percentage of GLYCERINE, is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants. *.*

DECISIONS HANDED UP.

"Man wants but little here below"—woman will take all that is left.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A man rarely finds out what a donkey he is until he has had a few inches of his ears frozen.—*Fall River Advocate.*

A learned man must write and speak a long time before he can show his ignorance at the first pop.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A Boston editor of a "sensitive nature" claims to be the champion mind-reader. Can a newspaper man become a bishop?—*Philadelphia News.*

Mrs. Parvenu says her new house has all the modern conveniences, even to electric pronouncements and rheumatic tubes.—*Boston Transcript.*

Over the theater entrances most patronized by ladies should be posted conspicuously, "Hang up your bonnets in the outer room." The cry is, "We must see!"—*Baltimore American.*

Women who have a habit of turning round in the street to inspect other women's dresses will learn with envy that a fish has been found which has eyes in the back of his head.—*New Haven News.*

If you want something to worry your mind with, just take down the weather reports as published in the afternoon papers and try and find a week in the year when one single prediction is verified.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The gray-bearded man who carefully husks a peanut, throws away the meat and tries to eat the shell probably will not be accused of being in love, as he would have been thirty years ago, but he risks winning a reputation for absent-mindedness.—*Somerville Journal.*

Christmas and New-year's do not come on the same day of the week this year. Neither do they in any year. The coming Christmas and New-year's, which are only a week apart, occur in different years. This pointer may save you from losing a bet.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

Come to study into the matter, the ancients knew nothing about embalming the dead. They simply rolled 'em up tight, corded 'em up well, and the atmosphere did the rest. A body can now be embalmed so that it will resist decay for a thousand years.—*Detroit Free Press.*

When a man puts on an outlandish costume and slides down a hill on a new-fangled sled it is not coasting. It is tobogganing. And when a party of young men put on knee-breeches and knock a ball around the good old game of "shinny" becomes polo.—*Norristown Herald.*

Sidney Smith was always ready to amuse an evening company by cutting paper into curious figures and by a display of clever tricks; for all which his demand in payment was a kiss from each young lady present. His biographer tells us that his company was much sought after.—*Somerville Journal.*

Oscar Wilde has grown stout and flabby and red-necked and rotund, and when any one laughs at him for carrying one shoulder down and walking on the sides of his heels he is not a bit annoyed. He invented a craze, made his fortune out of it, and has turned from daisies to fat roast beef.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Papa, we girls have organized a cooking society," said a traveling man's daughter. "Have you? What do you call it?" "That's what I wanted to ask you. Can't you suggest a good name for it?" "Call it the Browning club," said her papa, looking over his glasses. Then she went

A CHANCE FOR A SMART MAN.

When an inventor appears who can make newspapers with all "column tops," or build hotels with all "second floor, front, corner rooms," he will be the biggest man this side of the moon.

In the meantime the public is going to have "the best thing there is so far," and in the hotel line this is found at the Sturtevant House, Broadway and 39th st., where the rooms are all good if not corner ones, and easily reached in a rapid, new elevator.

over in the corner and figured it out.—*Merchant Traveller.*

A young lady who went out to skate on the river sat down so hard that her bustle did shiver. As she rose to her feet she said, "Really, I think the ice is a million degrees colder than the floor of the rink."—*Norristown Herald.*

Omaha beauty—"Mr. De Blank Arthur, Cousin Nell says you have engaged yourself to her." Mr. De Blank—"I have." "Have you forgotten, sir, that it is only two years since you proposed to me?" "I have not." "And yet you now engage yourself to another?" "You refused me." "Certainly, but I think you might have shown some little respect for my memory."—*Omaha World.*

Dear Mrs. Cleveland: We are sorry if loyalty to your husband compels you to sneer at the newspapers. They have never done you any harm; in fact, you have no more devoted admirers than the editors with respect to politics or present social condition. Say that you didn't mean to hurt us boys' feelings in your letter to the cold-water girls of Scranton, won't you?—*Buffalo Express.*

"Suits of rooms to let finished or unfinished opposite Beck's Hall, rent wery moderet call and see for you selve—main street," is a true copy (attest) of a notice posted on a tree near Harvard college. The next man who leaves half a million to the noble institution should provide for a professor to teach Cambridge lodging-house keepers to spell.—*Somerville Journal.*

The English swell of the *Dundreary* type was long a favorite object of caricature on the American stage. Now it is said that the New York dude—an extinct species—is a conspicuous species of comedy creation on the stage of the English provinces. This is a mean sort of revenge about which there is the consolation that the English audiences must suffer almost as much as we used to.—*Buffalo Express.*

The duck hunters whom the newspapers insisted were lost in the ice in Jamaica bay were not lost after all, but of course had a chilly experience. The boatman who went in search of them found them cosily housed in a fisherman's hut, utterly unconscious of the uneasiness expressed for their safety, and calmly smoking Virginia Brights Cigarettes.

WHAT THEY THINK OF THE JUDGE.

The Christmas JUDGE was a remarkable fine specimen of what may be done in illustrated journalism. "Happy Days" was a very attractive piece of work and "Christmas Characters" the best thing in the way of caricature we have seen of late.—*Canajoharie Radii.*

A particularly pleasing bit of tone color is incorporated in the cover of the New-year's number of JUDGE. In shade the tints might be termed *ecru*, the darker serving as a background for designs in a lighter tint, showing varied humor and the cleverness that comes natural to this publication.—*East End Bulletin.*

The JUDGE has improved greatly during the past year. Its caricatures are less coarse and much better than of old, and they more than make up in

CURE FOR THE DEAF

BECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS Perfectly Restore the Hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, FREE. Address F. HIBCOX, 565 Broadway, N. Y.

Mention this Paper

humor what they lack in spite. For artistic finish and pure fun the cartoon in the Christmas number, "Lost," is beyond anything that we have seen for many a day. Under the editorial management of Isaac M. Gregory the JUDGE has every prospect of success. The only thing that gave it a living chance was the bitterness, meanness and partisanship of a rival; and it should be careful not to follow in the narrow path of its rival, but keep to broader and more genial fields of humor and caricature.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

A Ghost

is a myth, but solid reality will be known by those who write to Hallet & Co., Portland Maine, thereby, learning free, about the work that they can do, and live at home wherever they reside at a profit of from \$5 to \$25 and upward daily. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. Capital not needed. Hallet & Co., will start you. All is new. Delay not. Pay absolutely sure from start. Wealth awaits every worker. Both sexes. All ages.

Lactated Food

The Physician's Favorite

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

Leading Physicians of all Schools, and sections voluntarily testify to its superior merit as

The Most NOURISHING, Most PALATABLE,

Most ECONOMICAL, of all Prepared Foods.

150 MEALS for an Infant for \$1.00.

EASILY PREPARED, At Druggists—25c., 50c., \$1.00.
A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," sent free on application.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

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, 161 Pearl St., New York.

INDEPENDENT

STYLO & FOUNTAIN PENS.

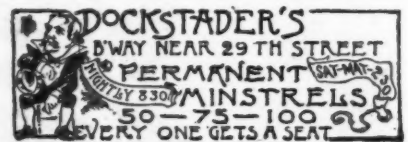
Inkstand and Penholder combined fitted with best quality Gold Pen, and guaranteed perfect in all its parts.
Fountain Pens from \$2.00 according to size, holder and Pen. An excellent Stylographic Pen from \$1.00. By mail on receipt of price. Send for circulars and price lists. Agents wanted.

ULLRICH & CO.,

106 Liberty St. New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE.
EDWARD HARRIGAN - - - - - Proprietor.
M. W. HANLEY - - - - - Sole Manager.
An Artistic Triumph and a Popular Success.
EDWARD HARRIGAN and THE O'REAGANS CROWDING THIS COSEY THEATRE NIGHTLY. Excruciatingly funny from the rise to the fall of the curtain.
Mr. DAVE BRAHAM and his popular orchestra. Every evening at 8. Wednesday and Saturday matinees at 2.



MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. Sole Manager.
Mr. A. PALMER
Sir Charles Young's remarkable play,
JIM, THE PENMAN.
Matinee Saturday at 2 p. m.

WALLACK'S, BROADWAY AND 30TH ST.
Sole Prop. and Man'r Mr. LESTER WALLACK.

School for Scandal.



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

ALWAYS RELIABLE.

Not once in twenty-five years have Allcock's Porous Plasters failed to give speedy proof of their unrivalled efficacy as the best-known external remedy for rheumatism, sciatica, weak back, lumbago, lung trouble, kidney disease, dyspepsia, malaria, nervous debility, spinal complaints, and local pains. They have been tested in thousands of cases, and their value has been certified by the highest medical authority, as well as by those who have found in them speedy relief from distressing ailments. The uniform success of this remedy has induced the making of worthless imitations, and these medicinal frauds have been impudently vaunted as "just as good" as Allcock's. The claim is utterly unfounded, while it is an unintentional compliment to Allcock's, by making it the standard.

JUDSON'S "Indestructible" ENGLISH Marking INK BLACK BALL brand Price 25cts.

No Preparation. No Heat. Absolutely Reliable. Cannot be washed out after it has once dried. A Stretcher given with each bottle, for holding the clothing while marking. Ask your storekeeper for it, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price from *Ans. Headquarters.*

DANL. JUDSON & SON, LD., LONDON, A. F. Freeman, 46 Murray St., N. Y. MANAGER.



A POTENT REMEDY

FOR INDIGESTION, ACUTE AND ATONIC DYSPESIA, CHRONIC AND CASTRO-INTESTINAL CATARRH, VOMITING IN PREGNANCY, CHOLEBA INFANTUM AND IN CONVALESCENCE FROM ACUTE DISEASES.

Over 5,000 Physicians have sent to us the most FLATTERING OPINIONS upon DIGESTYLIN as a remedy for all diseases arising from improper digestion.

Price, \$1.00

KIDDER'S DIGESTYLIN

FOR INDIGESTION & DYSPESIA.

For 20 years we have manufactured the DIGESTIVE FERMENTS expressly for Physicians' use, and for the past year DIGESTYLIN has been by them extensively prescribed, and to-day it stands without a rival as a digestive agent. It is not a secret remedy, but a scientific preparation, the formula of which is plainly printed on each bottle. Its great DIGESTIVE POWER is created by a careful and proper treatment of the ferments in manufacture. It is very agreeable to the taste and acceptable to the most delicate stomach. For the reliability of our statements we would respectfully refer to the WHOLESALERS and RETAIL DRUGGISTS of the country and PHYSICIANS generally. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS OR

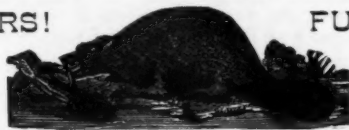
WM. F. KIDDER & CO., 83 John St., N. Y.

CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

For 15 years has been a standard remedy with Physicians treating mental or nervous disorders. Not a secret. It aids in the bodily and wonderfully in the mental growth of children. Young men with impaired mental faculties can regain their strength by its use. It restores the energy lost by nervousness, debility, over-exertion; refreshes weakened vital powers in old or young. A Vital Phosphite, not a Laboratory Phosphate or soda water absurdity. It is used by the Emperor Dom Pedro, Bismarck, Gladstone and other great brain workers.

For sale by druggists, or mail, \$1. F. CROSBY CO., 56 West 25th Street, N. Y.

FURS! FURS!



SEALSKIN GARMENTS

ALL THE NEWEST SHAPES IN SEALSKIN GARMENTS. THE STYLES, QUALITY AND PRICES CANNOT BE BEATEN BY ANY HOUSE IN THE FUR TRADE.

HENRY SIEDE, Standard Furrier, 14 West 14th st. bet. 5th & 6th Aves. N. Y. ESTABLISHED 35 YEARS. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.



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



Prize £ 660 Prize £ 660

QUINA-LAROCHE LAROCHE'S

QUININE-WINE

"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.

It took five physicians to get a silver dollar from the throat of a French woman at Fall River the other day. We have known men that beat this case. Ten doctors of divinity have been unable to get a dollar out of their pockets.—*Lowell Courier.*

THE JUDGE'S CASH PUZZLE

IN BEHALF OF THE

GRANT MONUMENT FUND.

The JUDGE proposes to assist the Grand Monument Fund by organizing a grand competition on word-building (making the largest number of words from a given sentence by transposing and using letters to suit the purpose, using for the theme the sentence "Who will be our next President?") and offering cash prizes to successful competitors, each of whom will have to pay fifty (50) cents on or before presentation of his competitive paper. The money received will be applied as follows:

Twenty-five cents is at once credited to the Grant Fund. The remaining twenty-five cents, after deducting the legitimate expenses of advertising names with their respective answers, etc., etc., will be placed in a common fund to be equally divided among the six successful competitors, i. e., the six persons sending in the largest list of words (proper nouns included) made from the sentence "Who will be our next President?"

The magnitude of the prizes will depend on the amount of money received, or, in other words, on the number of competitors. Communications open until February 15, 1887, 12 o'clock. Prizes will be awarded immediately thereafter.

This is not a new thing. In England large sums of money have been raised for charity by this method, and those who have participated and incidentally helped a worthy object have won a prize as high as \$10,000 as a reward for mental activity.

The names of competitors will be published from week to week in JUDGE as they may come in. This will not only serve as an acknowledgment of the receipt of the money, etc., but will also serve to show the weekly progress of the fund. Address "Grant Fund,"

THE JUDGE PUBLISHING CO., Potter Building, New York City.

GOVERNING RULES.

Each competitive paper must be accompanied or be preceded by a remittance of 50 cents.

Write in ink or typewriter on one side of the paper only.

Arrange in alphabetical order. No letter can be used in a single word more times than it appears in text.

English words of not less than four letters found in bold-face type of Webster's or Worcester's dictionary allowable. Words spelt correctly in different ways and pronounced the same count but one.

Words having different meanings though spelt the same count but one.

Allowable:—Compound words; one of the parts of any verb; prefixed words; proper nouns found in the dictionary, exclusive of geographical names and last names of persons. First, or English, Christian names found in bold-face type of dictionary allowable.

Not Allowable:—Geographical names; scripture or historical proper names; nicknames; abbreviations; plurals; more than one part of a verb; surnames (last names of persons); slang terms; phrases; contractions; obsolete words and words in italics, indicating that they are not yet Anglicized—see distinction in Webster's between *depor* and *debut*, *entree*, etc.

Credit given according to correctness of competitive papers, although valid words will not be wholly vitiated by unintentional errors.

Priority will be one factor to the advantage of competitors where two or more lists have same number of words—taking into consideration distances and time of mailing.

Names of contributors only will be printed from week to week; to give the number of words sent in by them would act to the disadvantage of first-comers (who under certain circumstances, as in that of similarity of lists, will have precedence). At the end of contest a list of names with aggregates of competitive papers will be published. The final examination of papers will be by thoroughly competent parties, and the strictest impartiality adhered to. The contest is to be a fair one, and the best paper will win.

If, after list is forwarded, contributor desires to add to it words that have subsequently occurred to him, he is privileged to do so upon an additional contribution of 50 cents.

The attractiveness of the JUDGE's plan and the worthiness of the object have enlisted a good-sized

THE COSMOPOLITAN

To Every Subscriber to this Illustrated Magazine, Price \$2.50 per Year, is Given a \$2.25 Premium.



This premium consists of a **Shannon Letter and Bill File** or a **Shannon Sheet-Music Binder**, each of which sells for \$2.25. The former is the most perfect device ever invented for the preservation and classification (alphabetically and according to date) of letters, bills, etc. Any paper can be referred to, taken out and replaced without disarranging the others. Indispensable to all business men, physicians, lawyers, clergymen, literary people, housekeepers, farmers, etc., being worth ten times its cost. The Binder is without an equal for keeping sheet music so that one can put in or take out any piece without disturbing any other sheets or mutilating the book.

THE LITTLE GIANT OF THE MONTHLIES.

[See full description in previous issue.]

The **COSMOPOLITAN**, published by **Schlicht & Field Co., Rochester, N. Y.**, is the handsomest and most readable illustrated family magazine ever published; filled with short stories, sketches, travels, adventures, poems, brief and bright scientific and literary articles by the ablest writers in America and Europe. Every number contains one or more illustrated articles and several full page engravings by the best artists in the world. Its **Young Folks** department is remarkably entertaining, and **The Household** is indispensable to every housekeeper. **Agents Wanted.**

SEND 20 CENTS FOR SAMPLE COPY. Sold at all Newstands.



CONSTIPATION.

Send for Physicians' testimonials to **EMERSON MAN'FG CO., 43 Park Place, New York.**

WINCHESTER'S

HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME and SODA is a matchless Remedy for Constipation in every stage of the disease. For Coughs, Weak Lungs, Throat Diseases, Loss of Flesh and Appetite, and every form of General Debility it is an unequalled Specific Remedy. **BE SURE AND GET WINCHESTER'S PREPARATION.** \$1 and \$2 per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists, 162 William Street, New York.



PILES. Instant relief. Final cure and never returns. No indelicacy. Neither knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney and all bowel troubles—especially constipation—cured like magic. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing, **J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.**

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.

3,000 BOOKS Supplied at from 30 to 60 per cent. discount and postage paid. Lists of books and full particulars free. Address **The Literary Union, 29 Rose st., New York.**

ASTHMA CURED

GERMAN ASTHMA CURE Instantly relieves the most violent attack, and insures comfortable sleep. **NO WAITING for RESULTS.** Being used by inhalation, its action is immediate, direct and certain, and a cure is the result in all curable cases. A single trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50c. and \$1.00 of any druggist, or by mail. Sample Free for stamp. **Dr. R. SCHIFFMANN, St. Paul, Minn.**

\$1000 REWARD!

We offer \$1000.00 Reward for a cough or throat trouble (last stages of disease excepted), which cannot be relieved by a proper use of **Dr. X. Stone's Bronchial Wafers.** Sample free. Address **STONE MEDICINE CO., Quincy, Ill.**

ARKELL & SMITHS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FLOUR SACKS

CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

PRICE \$5. CARRIAGE PAID. WILL LAST A LIFE TIME. SEND FOR COPIES OF TESTIMONIALS.

DR. CARTER MOFFAT'S

AMMONIAPHONE

FREE on receipt of post card, "HISTORY OF THE AMMONIAPHONE," showing how thousands have been immediately relieved and promptly and permanently cured of

CATARRH, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, HAY FEVER, CONSUMPTION, and affections of The Nose, Throat, Chest, and Bronchial Tubes,

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army of intellectual fighters in behalf of the Grant monument fund, as the large list of contributors printed below plainly indicates. A lady from Danville, Va., writes **JUDGE** regarding the scheme:

"This is not only the jolliest, but the most effective way you could have selected in these ex-skrew-tiatingly hard times to screw the funds from the pockets of Uncle Sam's children. I only wish I was one of the great millionaires who hoard up piles which would build a monument that would silence the admirers of the tower of Pisa, yea, even the pyramids of Egypt."

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Now to briefly answer some queries that have been put to us relating to the puzzle rules.

Words printed in bold face type are the list words of the dictionary—words which appear in a heavy black letter in contradistinction to the lighter print of the definition (and in many cases the conjugation of verbs, etc.)

If one part of a verb is used it can be only a part found in bold face type.

No words whatever are allowed which do not appear in bold face type of the dictionary.

No plurals whatever are allowed.

"Bell" and "Belle" and similar words defined and spelt differently, but pronounced alike count as one word only, as do words like "mold" and "mould," defined and pronounced the same. See rule 6th. Two words defined exactly alike, but spelt and pronounced differently can both be used under this rule, as "betwixt" and "between."

It is not imperative to write the number of words claimed at the end of each list, but we wish contestants would do so as a matter of convenience.

The matter of priority dates from time contribution is sent in, without reference to the time of forwarding list.

The **JUDGE's** word contest is gotten up in the form of a puzzle, and the restrictions we have placed around it are intended to make competitors exercise care and a little judgment in forming their lists. Were it not so everyone could, by the mere copying of the dictionary, send in a multitude of words made from the text, and there would be no way of preventing everybody's list being precisely alike. As it is, those who exercise the most care in construing and following the rules will stand in the most advantageous position at the end of the contest.

Contributors will please make all money orders payable to the **JUDGE Pub. Co.** to avoid delay in collecting at the N. Y. office.

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