

Judoe

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DEMOCRACY'S DILEMMA.

The old story of the Donkey that starved whilst hesitating between two bundles of hay.



Judge

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

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THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
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NOW THAT WE have an *Evening Sun*, we may look with confidence for a *Morning Moon*.

IT IS TRUE that the queen attended a circus, but of course she went solely in behalf of the children.

AN EXCHANGE SAYS that when one is caught in a burning hotel he should keep cool. It is a great truth.

IS IT NOT ODD that Colonel Ingersoll should be so skeptical regarding sheol and the city of Buffalo before his very eyes?

IT WAS RECENTLY announced that Buffalo had a new crematory. We now learn that it has been in possession of several of them.

WE FEEL AUTHORIZED to announce that the lady of this city who whistles for \$25 a night can be hired to stop it for twice the money.

IT IS NOT REMARKABLE that the queen does not like gentlemen at her receptions. They are too modest and retiring—they do not dress that way.

THERE WAS NO DEAL in the nomination of Senator Arkell. There seems to have been a pretty large one in the failure to bring about his confirmation.

IN MAKING "SMILE" rhyme with "boil" the marquis of Lorne strongly expresses the situation attending the excrescence, and it seems to us that that's poetry.

IT MAY OCCUR to the czar that if he will trust the people they will trust him; but we suppose he will postpone his part of the improvement till after the funeral.

IT PAINS US TO SEE the Philadelphia *News* insist that measles be mentioned in the singular number without the slightest reflection regarding the number of them.

THE PRESIDENT is twenty-four hours behind St. Patrick in the anniversary of his birth, and perhaps that is one reason why he, unlike the

saint, finds it impossible to turn the so-called rascals out.

PATTI SAYS SHE loves Chicago and the people of that place are very dear to her; so we suppose she is contemplating a residence there, in the usual way, for the purpose of getting another divorce.

PROFESSOR J. L. SULLIVAN having written a story, Messrs. Emerson and Longfellow are rather glad they are dead, and T. B. Aldrich and Henry James have fled with a shriek to another continent.

SAM COX'S PHYSICIAN suggested a warmer climate. "Huh!" said the little man, "I have just been congratulating myself on having escaped one." It will be remembered that Mr. Cox is a Democrat.

SENATOR HOAR SAYS he thinks the devil is a Democrat. That is most unjust, though it must be admitted that there is something in the proposition that a man is known by the company he keeps.

IT MAY BE SUSPECTED that the lady of the name of Potter who has a literary bureau proposes to run for president. It takes talent to act, but anybody with a sufficiency of money can run for president.

"THE FUTURE of the daily paper," says the Albany *Times*, "is one of almost unbounded possibilities." We have often thought of that. And yet that is the future of anything you may happen to mention.

THE REPORT THAT ANNA Dickinson would resume the lecture platform is energetically denied. We said that would be the case just as soon as the lady saw the report in print. It ought to have been suppressed.

IT IS WRONG TO SAY that Anthony Comstock is a wolf in sheep's clothing. Anthony has some spavins on his hind legs, so that his kicks are not effective; but he has a hoarse, heavy, ponderous voice, and he is bigger than three

OUR COUNTRY FRIEND'S HIND SIGHT.



"Last April I com down to ther city, an' those ere little city rascals pinned all sorts of things on me back, but you bet yer boots I'll keep my eyes on the tails of my coat this season."

wolves and the same amount of sheep put together.

THE FOLLY OF JUMPING to conclusions is demonstrated in the statement that a man can easily carry \$40,000,000 in \$10,000 bills. We have frequently tried it and could never manage to get along with more than \$35,100,000.

THE LOVE OF MAN for luxury on the part of women is as pronounced as it is unselfish. A young lady in Detroit who fell heir to \$250,000 had thirty offers of marriage in thirty days. The applicants wanted to be around to see her enjoy it.

MRS. STANTON IS SO SHOCKED by the full dress demanded by Victoria that she can scarcely contain herself; and as for the ladies at court they never expect to do any containing without the addition of a piece of tape and another button.

THE DEFEAT OF WOMAN-SUFFRAGE in Maine is a natural result of the prohibition law that there prevails. Women need never expect to get their rights in a state given to excessive intemperance, particularly if the indulgence happen to be of the sneak-thief kind.

THE LADY MEMBERS of our school-board chew tooth-picks after dinner with all the enjoyment of their male contemporaries, and yet they expect to teach the advisability of good manners to the rising generation. Still, it must be admitted that they smoke good cigars and rarely put their feet on the table.

IN ALL TRIALS for criminal action in this city the drawing for jurors commences with the directory of 1860 and runs along with rapidity to the one which is expected in 1892; but it is evident that until we add to our population by the annexation of New Jersey this must be lamentably inadequate.

PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES, etc. The Rochester *Democrat* and the *Post-Express* of the same town are quarreling as to their stealing and their plagiarism and similar vagaries; yet we notice in both a number of advertisements that are copied from the JUDGE word for word and line for line.

DURING THE BATTLE of Gettysburg George W. Tompkins gathered and ate harvest apples from an orchard ten miles away with a skill, daring, and hardihood never before approached, and yet he has no special pension. He will, however, contribute an article to an impending *Century* and get fifty dollars for it.

AN EDITOR RECENTLY made postmaster gives his retiring predecessor a send-off half a column long. It is very touching and tolerably just; but we observe that the writer does not call frantically upon the distinguished gentleman to come back across the stormy water. If he had done that his article would be one of the most pathetic we ever read.

BROTHER THOMAS G. SHEARMAN writes of the late Plymouth pastor with tears in both eyes and the Jones river convenient at hand to draw from; but if there is a better article of emotion, the same guided and subdued by justice and good sense, it has not yet sprung its depth of feeling so as to make it conspicuous among the surface indications.

THE REV. MYRON ADAMS of Rochester is perhaps the most eligible of the clergymen mentioned as Beecher's successor. He kicked

against parts of the old Congregational creed which are an abomination to justice and common sense; but, besides and far more important, he is the only man in Rochester who doesn't believe he is large enough to fill the vacancy.

A CONTEMPORARY COMMENDS the *Argus* almanac—an always valuable publication and which is unusually complete this year—because the election tables given in it, especially those of the last presidential election, are more satisfactory than any which have come to it. What hollow mockery that is! If there is anything that is utterly to be condemned it is those election tables. Still, the structural formation of the columns is tolerably symmetrical.

HE IS NOT CONSISTENT.

The Rev. Myron Adams of Rochester, who is prominently mentioned as Beecher's successor, believes in the gospel of love rather than that of punishment, but if his congregation fail to follow him he applies the lash as if that were his primest article of faith.

LET US HIRE AN EXPERT.

Mrs. Livermore says there are 227 occupations open to women, as against seven at the beginning of the century. It must be remembered, however, that women and mathematics never yet agreed except when the latter accepted the proposition that wrong was right at the bottom of the column; and the woman who looks back to the beginning of a century is so utterly lost in confusion that she has to call in her husband to button her own shoes.

A SPECIMEN RADICAL.

"Take off your cap, sir!" remarked St. Peter sharply to a dead prohibitionist. "Not if I know myself," was the spiteful reply. "I go in with my entire regalia or not at all." "Very well, sir!" said St. Peter promptly. "I am a prohibitionist myself and two of that kind can't get along here. We prohibit both cap and impudence, and off you go." And at last accounts that positive gentleman was gnashing his teeth in the outer darkness by way of emphasizing his contempt for all who didn't exactly agree with him.

AN INSNUFFERABLE OFFENCE.

Snuff-dipping is said to have been revived by some of the fair ladies of Washington. If the statement is false it is a mean lie. If it is true it is a great deal meaner truth. And in either event, as to the dipping or the lying, it is Jeffersonian simplicity gone wild. There is

much to be lamented in connection with this administration. We should like to be able to forgive Augustus Garland, but snuff-dipping is the most unpardonable of all abominations.

CHARLES'S INELIGIBILITY.

The declaration that the president won't send Charles S. Fairchild to the head of the treasury because he wears a single eye-glass is worth considering. It is not necessarily affectation that makes a man wear a glass of that kind; but in order to prevent misapprehension and make himself eligible to the honor how easy it would be for him to damage the optic that is not thus adorned. That would give

and wrong in all cases, the debased vote being really as much divided as the orthodox one; but when women vote all that will be remedied and we shall move right on to wisdom and virtue with the utmost rapidity.

THE BEAR AND THE BEES.

Our Democratic governor in appointing a Republican to prominent office apparently succeeded mostly in creating a great agitation over the resultant question "What did he do it for?" One day there was a diplomatic bear that thrust some additional honey, stolen from a neighboring hive, into the hive of a swarm of bees not entirely supplied; and the recipients were so suspicious and so mad that they immediately destroyed that and the regular supply and frantically turned themselves out of house, honey, and home. Undoubtedly the bear had some ulterior purpose, but the present was good honey; and as it was beyond the season of warmth and flowers the homeless little wretches perished of cold and starvation—those of them at least that hadn't previously quarreled themselves to death.

THE RED, WHITE, AND GREEN.

Lots of those Irish boys who paraded on the 17th wore the green as gracefully as they did the blue a quarter of a century ago; but there has crept into their hair a color quite as honorable, though not so much a favorite of the fashions which flare themselves against time and fling their gorgeous banners from the battlements of youth and middle age.

PETS IN POLITICS.

Women, according to Gail Hamilton, can never hope to rule the state until they give up

their baby names. To appreciate the force of this suggestion, think of Rossie Conkling, Grovey Cleveland and Abey Lincoln. And yet there is nothing ridiculous in the baby names as at present used; and perhaps of the two alternatives they had better let the state alone.

THE GERMAN PROFUNDITY.

Mark Twain is said to be the most popular of American writers in Germany. You never know how to rate the German mind. It is as likely to skim the surface as to plough the depths. It is only safe to remark of it that it is never conservative. It is either foam or dross, and in its selection of the two in this instance it shows its most unclouded wisdom.

PLAIN SPEAKING.



SHE—"O—Clarence! if I only were sure that you wished me to be yours for my own sake and not for my wealth!"
HE—"Be assured, my dear, I have an utter disdain for money; if you were once mine I'd—spend your money 'right and left.'"

him two glasses instead of the one that is so objectionable; and to tell the truth we never did know a wise man to have one ornament of that kind who did not immediately experience an urgent desire to have another.

THE INFALLIBLE WOMAN.

Kate Field says that when women vote every unprincipled man will prevail upon every unprincipled woman to exercise that right, and that good women must vote as a matter of self-defence. We observe from this that there can be only one side to the average political question. Good people will vote one way and bad people another. Everything is on the level of a moral proposition as to which there can be no reasonable difference. It has somewhat puzzled men to distinguish between right

Hum of the Court.

Up to the last returns twelve thousand men were nominated to succeed Mr. Beecher, and the back counties of Massachusetts still to hear from.

A scientist says the mosquito purifies. A good scientist finds good in everything, but this one must have been very much put to the scratch.

The little *Evening Sun* is a new kind of orb of night, and shines mainly for the purpose of getting up in time to salute its master in the morning.

The czar's tears after his recent escape from death were not weakness. They meant simply the superior wisdom that thoroughly understands the situation.

John Sherman is received with some warmth down south. That was not the case with his brother, Tecumseh; but then the latter carried his warmth with him.

Philadelphia has a mummy which took to retirement 1,400 years before the advent of Christ. It had no sooner reached one of the outskirts of the quaker city than it sang with a sweet voice, after a long sigh of extreme relief, "Safe, safe at home."

The Battenberg baby gets his nurse up only six times a night now, so that the queen has come to think again that there is too much plebeian blood in him.

"Man's a failure," said a Philadelphian to Dr. Talmage. "Don't apply that remark to me!" said the doctor sharply. "I've moved—I live in Brooklyn now."

Justin D. Fulton, who has set out to destroy the Catholic church, has a large job before him; but just remember how many churches he has destroyed already.

Jay Gould says he is the slave of his money. It is doubtless true; but he might be even more miserable if, like a few others, he were the slave of the absence of it.

The last great railroad accident has set many people to an inspection of bridges, with the usual result of finding weaknesses which it is best to say nothing whatever about.

Satan San, a Japanese woman, has become a journalist. The reader will recall a JUDGE prediction some time ago. We said, "And Mrs. San came after"—those were the very words.

Some of the brightness of the impend-

ing spring has thrown itself upon the eternal snows of Uncle Edmunds's head, and sent a thaw trickling down his seamed and pointed nose. Not long since he gave a house-

inquired on that day, two minutes after our own arrival, "Has Miss Field got in yet?" and they said, as they proceeded to put on our first clothes, "She arrived two hours ago and has wept herself into a sweet sleep."

Many sporting men declare that base ball as a national game is on its last legs; but many scientific and literary men of Boston are willing to bet the plant of the *Atlantic Monthly* that that is not the case.

One account says the dude's collar is getting higher and another that it is getting lower. It is a matter of not much consequence. The question is not what the dude shall wear, but how soon he shall wear himself out.

"The man who wants what he pays for," says the *Detroit Free Press*, "will drink buttermilk." We had not suspected our genial contemporary of this intemperance. It was our impression that he

invariably insisted on having his nourishment fresh from the cow.

The French crown jewels will not be put up at auction, as stated. Our respect for Mrs. Eugenie Napoleon has finally induced us to purchase them at private sale, and they will be sent to the lady on the first outgoing train.

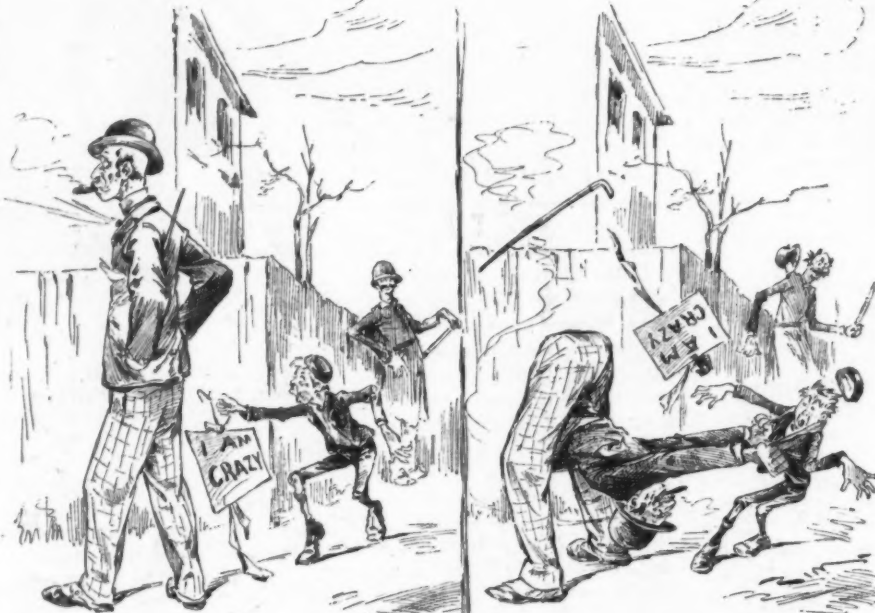
"Politicians can't keep half their promises," says the *Detroit Free Press*. Their promises are of small account, child. The main promise is that of the people to elect them again, and they never forget that for a moment.

Russell Sage and Cyrus W. Field do not use tobacco in any form. We have frequently observed that when men reach certain financial success they have a supreme contempt for the luxury to which they are best adapted.

A Pennsylvania clergyman lost his personal identity sufficiently to wander around two months as a pedler without knowing who or what or where he was. There are lots of people who would be greatly benefited by swapping themselves off in that way, but of course they would have to take the melancholy chances of recovery.

The menagerie has begun the usual spring business. The elephant has injured a pony, and has likewise dispatched a leopard that proposed to feast on the unhappy animal's remains. But the elephant will begin to kneel before the queen of the arena next week, and then we shall have news without the uncomfortable addition of recklessly spattered and gushing gore.

THE BACK-ACTION APRIL FOOL TRICK.



YOUNG CONSPIRATOR—"I'll stick it on tight, so as it won't!"

"Holy smoke! I've encountered the human snake."

warning in Washington, and even extended a metaphorical hand across to Maine to touch the magnetic influence that there abides.

The Hon. Eugene Field says his cousin, widely known as Kate, was born June 5, 1859. The date is correct. We remember to have

PREPARING FOR "SHORT COMMONS."



STOUT PARTY—"Well, good bye, old man; I'm going to dine at De Stingie's to-night, and have just time to run over to Delmonico's and get something to eat before eight o'clock."

THE PUNSTER.



The prattler of the puny pun,
The gnat that gnaws the reason;
He pops you with his baby gun
Or in or out of season.

You soar; he brings you down to earth,
The subject vilely turning;
The slightest chance for senseless mirth
His sight oblique discerning.

He picks your pocket of the thought

You're just about displaying;
You start a phrase with wisdom fraught;
'Tis lost—an ass is braying!

In looks though gentleman is he,
No bore or boor is ruder;
Though handsome, graceful, rich he be,
Eject the rash intruder!

* * * * *
Here says a candid friend of mine,
"Unless you've lately mended,
Except the ante-final line—
This seems for you intended."

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

THE TEMPERANCE PROBLEM.

"I hold here," said he, "a solution of the whole temperance problem." He held in his hand a large glass, which seemed to contain a solution of gin and sugar. "I mean," said he, "I hold in my hand the idea which will unravel all the intricacies of constitutional law, lead the world to sobriety, and enrich the coffers of my country."

Here he drank the gin and coughed parenthetically. We gave him the grand hailing sign of patience by nodding affirmatively, and he resumed:

"Who is most interested in the question? The saloon? No. The state? No. The reformer? No. Who then is the king-pin, so to speak, the nucleus, the central sun of the whole bibulous system? Why, the inebriate."

We nodded again, and he resumed:

"Prohibition, high license, local option, all wane into insignificance beside the stupendous idea which rolls over and groans in my brain. I have the idea which will solve the gigantic rebus of temperance, and I call it the 'personal license bill.'"

Here he looked at the bar and shook a bunch of trunk-keys in his pocket; but we did not take the hint, so he resumed:

"The mental corruscation which I call the personal license bill will work as follows: Every man who desires to drink will take out a license. An inebriate's license, with 365

daily coupons and each daily coupon with ten numbers to be punched out by the barkeeper, will cost \$30 annually and entitle the inebriate to ten daily drinks at any bar if he can pay for them. The moderate drinker's license, with the same daily coupons and three numbers in each, will entitle the holder to three drinks per diem when he holds the collateral. A mere constitutional license, with a daily coupon of one bit- ters, will cost only \$5 per annum. As a man advances from the mere constitutional to the moderate and from the moderate to the inebriate, he can change his license and the increase will inure to the municipal advantage and create a surplus. I see you smile at an apparent weakness in

my plan. I seem to have forgotten the certain periodical jamboree, when the limits of the coupons would seem to restrain the more festive and jocund tear, and when the operator would seek to become as budgey as the far-famed boiled owl. Ah! here comes in a fine touch of sociability, as when a smoker yields his cigar to ignite the odorous fumigator of the Bowery. Imagine a gentleman whose daily coupon was riddled by the punch and who had heard that his district had gone solid for the old party. He, wishing to celebrate, would look around for a man whose mother-in-law had come to town and whose license was two days in arrears. He would borrow it and catch it up promptly with the teeming

SOMETHING IN THE WIND.



"I wonder what deviltry that young fellow has been up to!"
(When he discovers the attachment to the tail of his coat, his wonderment ceases; but, goodness! how he swears!)

present. Thus the abstemious man would be a perennial fountain of hope to the irregular absorber of fluids. Thus also the rights of the American citizen would be always respected.

"As how?" we inquired.

"The policeman finding a man in a comatose state in a secluded spot in a park or coal-box would simply turn him over, find his license and leave him to his dreams. The palladium of his liberties would guard his stertorous sleep. The onus of responsibility would be at the right end of the lever. See? When the nocturnal howl would ravish the ear of night the license would silence criticism. In the language of the street we ask, do you catch on?"

We gazed on this intelligent face, lighted up with the gleam of intellect and a fiery nose, and asked,

"What is the name of that man who originated this ingenious solution of a great problem? It should stand in history forever."

"William Wellington Weatherwax of White Plains, and if I ever drink it is about!"

"Forgive us; and that plan would forever bar the social custom of treating. It is sad. Farewell, great soul! I had thought of insulting you by offering a drink." And we dreamily loafed away into the night.

THE OLD PROFESSOR.

HIS FIRST GLANCE.

Landlady—"This is the only room in the house I have vacant."

Prospective boarder—

"Who occupied it last?"

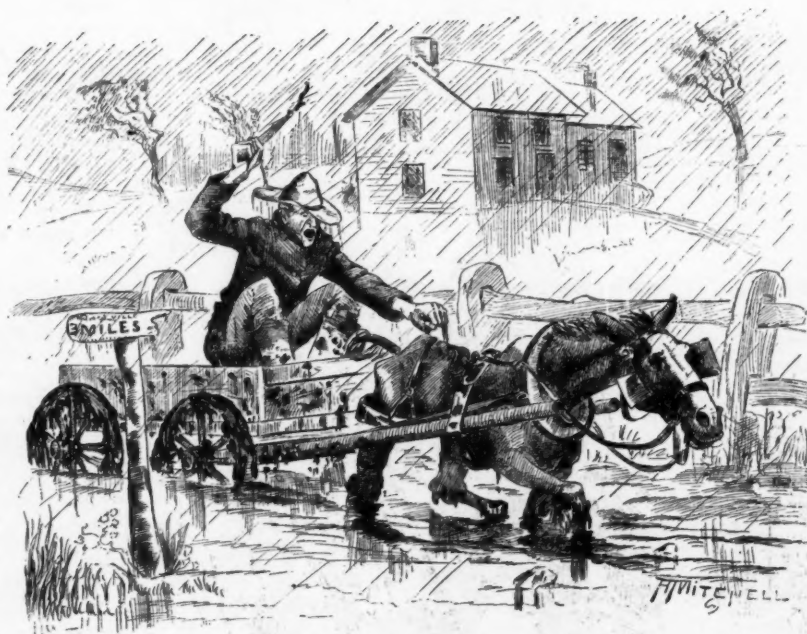
Landlady—"A student by the name of Brown."

Prospective boarder—

"Ah! so this was a Brown study was it?"

The minister would have no one believe that the devil is an offensive partisan.

A COUNTRY IDYL DISSIPATED.



[An extract from Cousin Bob's letter to Cousin Zeke.]

"Now that the beautiful month of May has come with its attendant train of luxuriant flowers, I envy your lot out there in the country. I can imagine you roaming over the shady road and grassy meadows, drawing life and health from the warm rays of the unclouded sun. Lucky fellow. * * * *"

(The above represents Zeke going to the village for Bob's letter.)

ASSURANCE.

RONDEL.



When he rode by with
plumes a-flying
He threw a kiss to
some one there;
She blushed and
said, "How can
he dare
To be my wishes thus
defying?"
But she need not have
thus been sigh-
ing.
He courted then
another fair
When he rode by with
plumes a-flying
And threw a kiss to some one there.

'Twas in a window overlying,
Up higher on the self-same stair,
He saw his love, another fair,
With smiles upon her red lips dying
When he rode by with plumes a-flying
And threw a kiss to some one there.

BRAINERD P. EMERY.

ARITHMETICAL PROGRESSION.

Sis' Isabel Oldham is likely to become a chronic complainant at Walnut Grove church meeting. Lately she brought charges against Sis' Mary Reay, whose investigation developed the following:

"De chu'ch knows I ain't no han' to be des al'ays er quworlin' an' er quworlin' an' er raisin' 'sturbence 'mongst de Chrischens; but sence ole man Wilson, my husban', he took 'n' tooked down wid de rheumatics, dough he k'yers er buck-eye in one pocket an' er l'ish-tater in de yother one all de time cons'ant 'cep'in' when William, my son, gits hit out 'n roas's hit, I ha' ter go wash fer dat po' white ooman over ter Dodd's, an' I took'n took de dawg—Fide 'is name is—an' tied him ter de bed-pos' fer cump'ny fer Wilson; an' when I come back I went ter make up smoke in de smoke-ouse, an' dar wus de teacher, Sis' Ma' Reay's nigger-heel dar, right plain in de mud at de do', an' she, as I hope to be saved by my sins, an' de ham, one whole middlin' er my meat, wus gone. An' when I went 'crosst de fence an' axed ner didn't she tooked it, an' try

ter make her 'shamed er stealin' f'm a chu'ch member dat way, she say I can't cownt. I never hed no mo' middlins an' dem five whar coured outen de two hawgs we bought, but I know de reason whut make she say dat. She ain't forgot de time I cotched her stealin' fore my chickens. 'Twus den—dey wus eight ob dem—great, big, fine, fat hens, went down 'side her fence one mornin', an' when I call um till while arter dey nuver but nine cum back. An' den she cum wid dat boy o' hern, Walker, what fit de teacher at de las' school, turn out an' try ter make ten, like I done stole somebody else's chicken, like I didn' know no mo' an dat. I did t'ought I'd go arter de law, but Wilson he say 'twould maybe cos' som fer er trial fore de squire an' 'ligion wus free, arter de preacher wus paid, an' dat middlin's de ve'y one I lays off ter gin 'im when I finds hit."
Sis' Mary wus ordered to produce the middling, or one like it, and once more "order reigns in Warsaw."

CHEROKEE.

A NEW WRINKLE OF SOCIETY.

Mistress—"James, how many stamps did you put on that letter that you took to the office?"

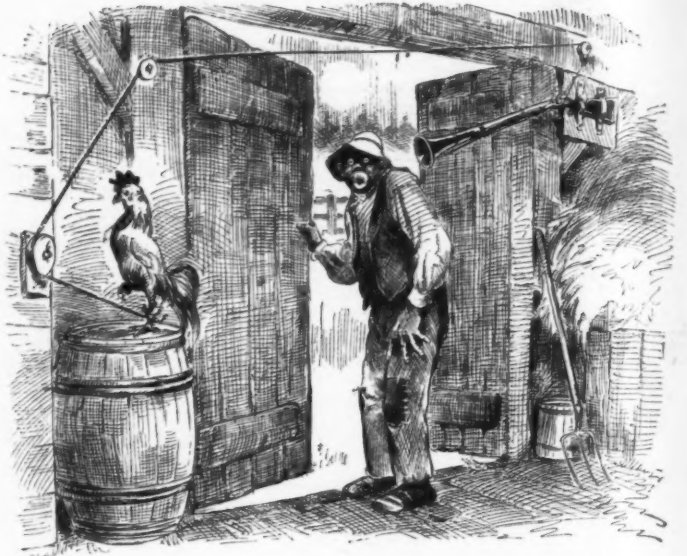
Servant—"Two, ma'am, as usual."

Mistress—"Oh, dear! it was to the grocer. I'm dreadfully afraid the man will think he's on the same social footing with us. James, won't you run over to the grocer's and explain to him it was a mistake?"

TOO POINTED.

"I see," remarked Cobwigger, laying down the paper, "that a young man has had his

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.



DEACON WHITE—"Dere's sumfin 'spicious 'bout dat rooster. It is de fust time in my chu'ch sperience dat I've seed one on a bar'l at dis time o' night. Guess it's dangerous ter tech it."

marriage annuled by pleading that he was drunk at the time the ceremony took place."

"Yes," replied his better half, "and it's a pity that a woman couldn't get a divorce on the ground that her husband has been drunk ever since the ceremony."

OF MORE CONSEQUENCE.

De Peyster—"I say, doctor, run down and see my wife this morning. She's got a fever or something. And, I say, my dog is sick with a bad cold."

Doctor—"I'm no veterinary surgeon, man."

De Peyster—"Well, see what you can do for the dog, anyway."

WHAT DID SHE MEAN?

Young Algernon—"Deary, you mustn't say anything if you find my face a trifle rough tonight. I really hadn't time to wait my turn at the barber's this morning."

Miss Patience—"Certainly not, Algernon; but if you hadn't brought the subject up I probably wouldn't have noticed it."

THE PARSON'S EXCUSE.

The minister got mixed on the name of the deceased woman, and didn't discover his mistake until told of it after the funeral.

"Well," said he to the grief-stricken husband, "these affairs don't always pass off as satisfactorily as they might."

ONE WAY OF DOING IT.

She was a plain, out-spoken German woman, and one night when several callers staid longer than she thought necessary she said in a loud voice:

"Christian, let's go to bed so that the folks can go home."

IT HAD ANCHORED HIM DOWN.

Housekeeper—"Come, now! you've had a good dinner and you'd better move on."

Tramp—"That's a nice thing to say to a man after that piece of mince pie!"

A woman is often called the weaker vessel, probably because she puts tea instead of whisky in her cup.

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF CIRCUMSTANCES.



"Begorra! There's that sardine what axed me to foight last noight over at Tim's whin he knew I had a pravius ingagement. Dommed of I don't thry him now."



"Yez wanted to foight wid me, ded yez? Well, Oi'm riddy now. Pot up yer fists, and take that—an' that!"

THE MULTIPLEX MAIDEN.

(OF SMITH COLLEGE.)



Upon a pictured, glowing page
I met a pensive, cultured face,
Struck off at girlhood's golden age—
A pretty puzzle, full of grace.
A sweet spell lit her liquid eyes,
Calm and unpassionate as the sphinx;
I like a girl who's sweet and wise,
And here's a lovely face that thinks.
Gazing intent, the wonder grew;
Wrought by the sorceries of art,
Deep ravishment, before I knew,
Sweet like a cyclone through my heart.

Not Cleopatra's royal dower,
Helen, or proud Semiramis,
Or Dido, with her marvelous power,
Could match a modern girl like this!

Soon into rapturous dreams I fell,
But when I turned to read the text—
Great Jupiter! a miracle
Uprose to make a saint perplexed.

O sweet conglomerate (so to speak)
Of pretty girls poured into one!
O complex creature, lovely freak,
My soul by science is undone.

I thought I stood before a gate
Thrown open to an earthly heaven,
Only, provoked, to find my fate
A sevenfold multiple of seven!

Alas! what would it, must it be
If one could capture wholesale charms;
Yet if a girl *should* love, 'tis she
Who wields a hundred circling arms!

Still sits serene the portrait rare,
Dispensing havoc through my heart:
O maid—or maids—say, was it fair
To work with such deep-loaded art?

Since, tossed and torn, we rise from *one*
Sweet pair of eyes to heights divine,
Why multiply, from wit or fun,
Your torture so, dear Forty-Nine?

JOEL BENTON.

AD INFINITUM.



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"Ye—yes, dominie, dat may be, but what does dat rock set on?"
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"Woman the equal of man!" echoed Miss Strongmind. "Why, man is inferior to her in every respect."
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"Why, by his stockings," was the laughing reply; "he wears only half hose."

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"Porter, will you bring me a glass of water?"
Porter — " 'Gainst interstate commerce rules, sah."

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"You say the murdered man was leaning against the fence when the

prisoner hacked him to pieces," cross-examined the lawyer. "Now, while this was taking place how did you stand?"
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"No," replied the Yankee; "I guess the only time we can get ahead of you in that respect is when one of our ministers is involved."

A hungry tramp is satisfied with anything the farmer can spare, but he prefers a spare rib.

COVETED REST.

I wish I could find some hole in the ground
That man never saw and beast never found,
Where no living creature e'er breathed of the air,
I would rest my old bones just twenty years there;
And when I awoke from this sleep of the soul
I would not go away without taking the hole.

J. MURRAY CASE.



ASSURANCE.

RONDEL.



When he rode by with
plumes a-flying
He threw a kiss to
some one there;
She blushed and
said, "How can
he dare
To be my wishes thus
defying?"
But she need not have
thus been sigh-
ing.
He courted then
another fair
When he rode by with
plumes a-flying
And threw a kiss to some one there.

'Twas in a window overlying,
Up higher on the self-same stair,
He saw his love, another fair,
With smiles upon her red lips dying
When he rode by with plumes a-flying
And threw a kiss to some one there.

BRAINERD P. EMERY.

ARITHMETICAL PROGRESSION.

Sis' Isabel Oldham is likely to become a chronic complainant at Walnut Grove church meeting. Lately she brought charges against Sis' Mary Reay, whose investigation developed the following:

"De chu'ch knows I ain't no han' to be des al'ays er quworlin' an' er quworlin' an' er raisin' 'sturbence 'mongst de Chrishens; but sence ole man Wilson, my husban', he took 'n' tooked down wid de rheumatics, dough he k'yers er buck-eye in one pocket an' er l'ish-tater in de yother one all de time cons'ant 'cep'in' when William, my son, gits hit out 'n roas's hit, I ha' ter go wash fer dat po' white ooman over ter Dodd's, an' I took'n took de dawg—Fide 'is name is—an' tied him ter de bed-pos' fer cump'ny fer Wilson; an' when I come back I went ter make up smoke in de smoke-ouse, an' dar wus de teacher, Sis' Ma' Reay's nigger-heel dar, right plain in de mud at de do', an' she, as I hope to be saved by my sins, an' de ham, one whole middlin' er my meat, wus gone. An' when I went 'crosst de fence an' axed ner didn't she tooked it, an' try

ter make her 'shamed er stealin' f'm a chu'ch member dat way, she say I can't cownt. I never hed no no' middlins an' dem five whar coured outen de two hawgs we bought, but I know de reason whut make she say dat. She ain't forgot de time I cotched her stealin' fore my chickens. 'Twus den—dey wus eight ob dem—great, big, fine, fat hens, went down 'side her fence one mornin', an' when I call um till while arter dey nuver but nine cum back. An' den she cum wid dat boy o' hern, Walker, what fit de teacher at de las' school, turn out an' try ter make ten, like I done stole somebody else's chicken, like I didn' know no mo' an dat. I did t'ought I'd go arter de law, but Wilson he say 'twould maybe cos' som fer er trial 'fore de squire an' 'ligion wus free, arter de preacher wus paid, an' dat middlin's de ve'y one I lays off ter gin 'im when I finds hit."
Sis' Mary was ordered to produce the middling, or one like it, and once more "order reigns in Warsaw."

CHEROKEE.

A NEW WRINKLE OF SOCIETY.

Mistress—"James, how many stamps did you put on that letter that you took to the office?"

Servant—"Two, ma'am, as usual."

Mistress—"Oh, dear! it was to the grocer. I'm dreadfully afraid the man will think he's on the same social footing with us. James, won't you run over to the grocer's and explain to him it was a mistake?"

TOO POINTED.

"I see," remarked Cobwigger, laying down the paper, "that a young man has had his

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.



DEACON WHITE—"Dere's sumfin 'spicious 'bout dat rooster. It is de fust time in my chu'ch sperience dat I've seed one on a bar'l at dis time o' night. Guess it's dangerous ter tech it."

marriage annuled by pleading that he was drunk at the time the ceremony took place."

"Yes," replied his better half, "and it's a pity that a woman couldn't get a divorce on the ground that her husband has been drunk ever since the ceremony."

OF MORE CONSEQUENCE.

De Peyster—"I say, doctor, run down and see my wife this morning. She's got a fever or something. And, I say, my dog is sick with a bad cold."

Doctor—"I'm no veterinary surgeon, man."

De Peyster—"Well, see what you can do for the dog, anyway."

WHAT DID SHE MEAN?

Young Algernon—"Deary, you mustn't say anything if you find my face a trifle rough to-night. I really hadn't time to wait my turn at the barber's this morning."

Miss Patience—"Certainly not, Algernon; but if you hadn't brought the subject up I probably wouldn't have noticed it."

THE PARSON'S EXCUSE.

The minister got mixed on the name of the deceased woman, and didn't discover his mistake until told of it after the funeral.

"Well," said he to the grief-stricken husband, "these affairs don't always pass off as satisfactorily as they might."

ONE WAY OF DOING IT.

She was a plain, out-spoken German woman, and one night when several callers staid longer than she thought necessary she said in a loud voice:

"Christian, let's go to bed so that the folks can go home."

IT HAD ANCHORED HIM DOWN.

Housekeeper—"Come, now! you've had a good dinner and you'd better move on."

Tramp—"That's a nice thing to say to a man after that piece of mince pie!"

A woman is often called the weaker vessel, probably because she puts tea instead of whisky in her cup.

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF CIRCUMSTANCES.



"Begorra! There's that sardine what axed me to foight last noight over at Tim's whin he knew I had a pravius ingagement. Dommed ef I don't thry him now."



"Yez wanted to foight wid me, ded yez? Well, Oi'm riddy now. Pot up yer fists, and take that—an' that!"

THE MULTIPLEX MAIDEN.

(OF SMITH COLLEGE.)



Upon a pictured, glowing page
I met a pensive, cultured face,
Struck off at girlhood's golden age—
A pretty puzzle, full of grace.
A sweet spell lit her liquid eyes,
Calm and unpassionate as the sphinx;
I like a girl who's sweet and wise,
And here's a lovely face that thinks.
Gazing intent, the wonder grew;
Wrought by the sorceries of art,
Deep ravishment, before I knew,
Swept like a cyclone through my heart.

Not Cleopatra's royal dower,
Helen, or proud Semiramis,
Or Dido, with her marvelous power,
Could match a modern girl like this!

Soon into rapturous dreams I fell,
But when I turned to read the text—
Great Jupiter! a miracle
Uprose to make a saint perplexed.

O sweet conglomerate (so to speak)
Of pretty girls poured into one!
O complex creature, lovely freak,
My soul by science is undone.

I thought I stood before a gate
Thrown open to an earthly heaven,
Only, provoked, to find my fate
A sevenfold multiple of seven!

Alas! what would it, must it be
If one could capture wholesale charms;
Yet if a girl should love, 'tis she
Who wields a hundred circling arms!

Still sits serene the portrait rare,
Dispensing havoc through my heart:
O maid—or maids—say, was it fair
To work with such deep-loaded art?

Since, tossed and torn, we rise from one
Sweet pair of eyes to heights divine,
Why multiply, from wit or fun,
Your torture so, dear Forty-Nine?

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J. MURRAY CASE.





SACKETT, WILHELMS & BETZIG. LITH. N.Y.

APRIL FO DA
The bad boys at the



FO
DAY.
at the
icks again.

AN UNLOOKED FOR JUDGMENT.



PASTOR (*admonishing a member of the flock*)—"Yes, Sister White, de eber watchful eye ob de one above am on us, an' wif de load ob sin dat we carry am ready to descend on us wif his fearful jedgmen' afore we know"—



Great Cæsar! am dis de jedgmen'?"

of something he needn't come down to the humiliating level of a common beggar, as if he had thrown up his entire cyclopedia.

SHOOT THE RIGHT ONE.

The *Star* intimates that Condit Smith shot himself in order to win the affections and ministrations of his lady-love. Generally in these cases of pronounced affection it is the lady who suffers, and Mr. Smith is to be thanked for his improved method of demonstration.

STOP THIS!

A letter-writer says many of the young women in Washington society are learning to swear, and that the remark, "Blank the man! show him in," is quite common. Perhaps it wouldn't do any harm for this letter-writer to learn what Washington society really is. He has evidently drawn his information from some peculiar places.

THE KINGS OF THE BENCH AND BAR.

The fact that it takes three weeks to select a jury in a specified case in this city is quite significant. It means that delay as to all the pro-

ceedings preliminary to trial may eventually amount, the accused person having plenty of money, to the full period of natural life. Thus an accusation of guilt may turn the prophetic legal eye to the succeeding generation and a study of the existing parent to see what his successors are likely to amount to; and meanwhile if the accused dies there cannot be any punishment at all. It appears to the court that the taxpayers are not justly liable to the consequent expense. A man robs them of ten dollars and it costs them a thousand dollars to convict him. This is nuts for the law, but it is shells for the people and for justice. Of course, however, all protest of this kind is merely laborious folly. The law is the sole institution which is above criticism, and there is not a member of the bench or the bar who will not smile with superior wisdom over the proposition that his official majesty can do or countenance anything of which the people have a right to complain.

THE CRUEL WRETCH!

The Rev. John White of Greenwood, Ark.,

ODE TO A PEANUT.



toothsome morsel in thy tiny cell; O thou sweet prisoner that there does dwell, What would the circus be with out thy joy? How would the elephant histime employ Could he not, raptured, crack thy lovely shell To gain the sweet bit that he loves

s. well? What would our childhood's happy hours be Were it not, O thou lovely nut, for thee? And, O! what greater sorrow can be had Than find, sweet nut, thou art decayed and had?

FLAVEL S. MINES.

Judge's Charge.

PROGRESS.

A Washington letter-writer says it will soon be necessary for every northern lady of fashion to have a well-dressed, well-trained and handsome page. Speaking of Jeffersonian simplicity, that will be decidedly the turning of the leaf.

TOO MUCH TO EXPECT.

It is Editor McKelway's opinion that experts should be subpoenaed as friends of the court and not as friends or opponents of the man on trial. There is so much good sense in this proposition that we can never hope to see it adopted.

THE DEAR BOY'S WEAKNESS.

"I do not pretend to know everything," says Colonel George Alfred Townsend. The colonel is too modest by two-thirds. Just because he happened to drop a couple of syllables

AN UNPROFITABLE INVESTMENT.



YOUNG ARTIST—"See, Kate; I've bought a bank, and every penny we get we will put in it, and when we have enough money I'll buy the baby a carriage."



Portrait of the baby when they have enough.

who is colored, is 102 years old, and has been preaching eighty-one years, is about to marry Miss Edie Smith, who is sixty-five and of the same hue. Here is a combination of white, black and green which ought to be both patriotic and productive; but that Uncle White should have postponed the felicity until the lady was so venerable is a species of unconnu-bial torment that cannot be rationally explained.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

It has puzzled the every-day politician to know why ex-Senator Arkell was nominated for railroad commissioner. The court understands that it was due to certain spots on the sun. Possibly, however, it was a result of the troubles in Bulgaria. But this does not preclude the proposition that it was an unavoidable following of the reprehensible baldness of Commissioner O'Donnell, who it would seem was previously snatched by somebody else.

Judge and the Play.



"Big Pony," Nat Goodwin's new opera is but another name for Prairie Schooner.

There is apparently not enough left of the Boston Ideals to formally announce its resignation.

From all accounts Miss Lillian Russell has been raising both the dust and the devil in the Duff opera company.

It may be judged from the superior quality of the attendance at the Star that the belles have gone ringing for Sara.

The good theatrical advertiser now quotes freely from the revived album, wherein his charge says sweet and witty things.

Nat Goodwin has cabled Fav Templeton an offer of \$250 a week to come over and travel with his company this summer, sash and all.

"An Alabama dog recently went mad and bit several members of a theatrical company."—*Ex.*

The natural consequence of trying it on one dog too many.

In the forcible though expressive vernacular of the uncultured west, Sarah Bernhardt has once more "humped herself" into the affections of an admiring public.

The Boston papers say Langtry dresses badly. Much may be forgiven her, however, in view of the fact that she never commits the abomination of dressing too much.

W. J. Florence is a member of the order of the Mystic Shrine, and answers to the call of *Amir ul Umra*. This we are given to understand is Arabian for "I'm a hustler."

It was formally announced by a lady who was known principally for extreme delicacy of frame that she would never play *Rosalind* except in boots; whereupon there was a long-drawn breath and the fervent ejaculation "Thank the gods!"

"Several new theatres for this city are promised which shall be so constructed that, should they not pay, they may be converted into French flats."—*Imaginative contemporary.*

But the builders will still continue to swing along in the garb and unsophisticated innocence of blank fools.

Current attractions—"Dominie's Daughter" at Wallack's, "Jim the Penman" at the Madison Square, "McNooney's Visit" at the Park, the Minstrels at Dockstader's, and Helen Dauvray in "Waldamar," a new and exceedingly attractive production, at the Lyceum.

Zelie de Lussan, who is charged with knock-knees as the only rational cause of her refusing to appear in tights, is not guilty. Her trouble is a tendency of fulness toward the inner formation of her illustrious extensions; but really, as she doesn't sing with that it is no serious detriment. Still, long dresses are good.

Talking about earthquakes, a well-known actor told us a story the other day anent the recent Charleston "shake-up," which will bear repeating if he hasn't already spread it around to such an extent as to lend to its further circulation an odor of antiquity. He was in Charleston, he said, at the time of the first very severe shock and overheard a terri-

fied negro's supplications to heaven for relief. The old darkey came running out of his cabin frightened beyond description, his eyes bulged out with terror, his clothing rent and disheveled, and as his former abode crumbled before his eyes he dropped upon his face on the ground and, in the wildest agony, cried aloud "O, Lor' cum down, cum down, cum down an' help us; cum yo'self, do'n' send yo' son, dis am no chile's play!"

ANOTHER CHANCE FOR PUZZLE WORKERS.

The "Judge's" Second Prize Offering
IN BEHALF OF THE
Grant Monument Fund.

As was intimated at the outset, the JUDGE's word hunt was but the initial step towards a grand series of prize offerings to be made by the publishers of that paper in furtherance of its plan to aid in securing a suitable memorial to the late General Grant. In spite of its more or less complicated character, the "Word Contest" just ended has proven a great success. By it JUDGE has enlisted over 3,700 energetic, spirited and intelligent workers for the Grant Fund, has materially swelled the total previously received through the Grant monument committee by the contribution of a good-sized check, and has, in addition, divided \$600 among eight successful and happy puzzle-workers as a reward for their labor and ingenuity.

The JUDGE, realizing that its first word puzzle was, to a certain extent, complicated, now inaugurates another contest of a more popular character—a contest in which every school child can engage and stand an equal chance with older competitors.

Every person who, in conformance with the governing rules, sends to the JUDGE's Grant fund 50 cents and the names of the eleven most popular living men in America will be entitled to participate in the contest. The money thus received is to be appropriated as follows:

Twenty-five cents will be at once credited to the Grant fund.

The remaining twenty-five cents, after deducting the legitimate expenses of advertising, will be divided equally among the six competitors having the fullest list of the most popular people, as indicated by a majority of all the lists sent in. The new contest, it will be observed, is based upon the principles of an election, each competitive paper virtually acting in the nature of a ballot, and the six lists which contain the greater number of the eleven names shown to be the most popular by a majority of all the lists will be the successful prize papers.

GOVERNING RULES.

Each competitive paper must contain eleven names of living United States or Canadian 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.

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

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 the same number of names—taking into consideration distances and time of mailing; that is, the person who sends in his or her name and 50 cents now, reserving, if he or she so chooses, list until later for completion or revision, will, in case of ties, take precedence over another who remits both money and list later on.

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.

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.

The old contest is closed and the new fairly under way. The Judge Publishing Company's checks in payment of the awards published in last week's paper, are now in the hands of seven fortunate "word hunters." The eighth is still awaiting the application and identification of its owner, Mr. Charles Tarleton, of Charleston, Ill. Will Mr. Tarleton kindly let us hear from him at once? There is a remote possibility, that Mr. Tarleton's name is an assumed one, and that for this reason our letters addressed to the Charleston post-office have failed to reach him. In any event, there are one hundred dollars awaiting a claimant at this office, which if not called for in due time, will have to be distributed in an equitable manner among other competitors. The acknowledgment of receipts of checks by all prize winners will be published as rapidly as they may come in.

JUDGE will be exceedingly glad to receive applications for its Grant Fund circulars in quantities from Grand Army posts, schools or private individuals who may be willing to advance a good cause by distributing them among friends and acquaintances. A number of such applications have already come to hand and have been promptly and gratefully responded to. Let us have more of them. The kindly interest shown by the people of the Southern states in the JUDGE's movement in behalf of the Grant monument, indicated both by the numerous contributions made from that part of the country to the last contest and by the multitude of encouraging letters and press notices received in relation to the new, furnishes pretty conclusive evidences of the final obliteration of old animosities, and the establishment of a new and lasting bond of friendship between the two sections.

SYMPATHETIC.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., MARCH 17, 1887.

Editor of JUDGE:—"It does my soul good to know what trouble the "examiners" are having;



We are children who cheerfully join in the chorus
When PACKER'S TAR SOAP is the subject before us,
Mama tried all the rest,
So she knows it's the best.
And we laugh with delight when she lathers it over us.

"The Ladies' Favorite," Pure, Purifying, Emollient. Cures Dandruff, Itching, Chafing and other skin diseases.
THE PACKER MFG. CO., 100 Fulton Street, New York.

—It must make Czar Alexander turn green with envy when he reads of the puissant walking delegate.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Profitable Investment

can be made in a postal card, if it is used to send your address on to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, who can furnish you work that you can do and live at home, wherever you are located; few there are who cannot earn over \$5 per day, and some have made over \$50 Capital not required; you are started free. Either sex; all ages. All particulars free.

"Mr. Sullivan is in excellent spirits now-adays," says an exchange. We judge the spirits weren't so excellent, after reading about his owing a part of the Hub the other day.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and lung affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noves, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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EXCHANGE,



A BUREAU OF INFORMATION,
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—AND—
A Perfect System.

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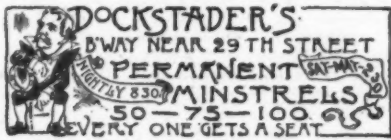
AMUSEMENTS.

HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE.
EDWARD HARRIGAN - - - - - Proprietor.
M. W. HANLEY - - - - - Sole Manager.

An Artistic Triumph and a Popular Success.

EDWARD HARRIGAN'S NEW PLAY
McNOONEY'S VISIT.

Mr. DAVE BRAHAM and his popular orchestra. Every evening at 8. Wednesday and Saturday matinees at 2.



MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.
Mr. A. PALMER - - - - - Sole Manager.
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.
MOths.
7.45 P. M.

HENRY LINDENMEYR,
Paper Ware House
15 & 17 BEEKMAN ST., N. Y.

I only hope that the projector of the diabolical word scheme is one of them. Think of the demented three thousand seven hundred, racking the frantic brain, and searching the already exhausted lexicon, for just another word—which, when discovered, is found to contain two P's, or three I's. Think of the words, *as words* jumping up from newspapers, and from Bible, and throwing at us their unending, unmeaning challenge. Think of us on our knees, sifting the sacred Litany of its Amens.

Some of us will get the prize; it is not money we want—but blood

Please send me instructions regarding the new puzzle, I will try it, whatever it is:—as an antidote, a brain disentangler, or re-actionary power.

I enclose a postage-stamp (postage contains a g; and stamp an m.)

Yours
JNO. CHURCHILL.

OUR PRINTER ACKNOWLEDGES THE CORN.

WILLIAM GREEN, PRINTER, ELECTROTYPYER AND BINDER.

New York, March 23, 1887.

EDITOR JUDGE—Dear Sir:—The words *burr* and *ninepins* in the official list printed by me, I find were crossed off in the copy, but through some dual error on the part of the compositor and proof reader, the words slipped in, in spite of your distinct blue-pencil erasures.

We regret the error very much and hope you will paroon this "our first offense."

Respectfully,
WM. GREEN.

THE ADVANCE GUARD.

| | |
|---------------------------|--------|
| Gaston, F. K., N. J. | \$1.00 |
| Rose, Harry A., Pa. | 50 |
| Moore, M. C., N. J. | 50 |
| LeDow, J. C., N. Y. | 50 |
| Walker, Mrs. S. E., N. Y. | 50 |
| Greene, G. E., N. Y. | 50 |
| Mordcau Benj., Jr., N. Y. | 50 |
| Lavelly, H. A., Pa. | 50 |
| Rankin, H. E., N. Y. | 50 |
| Knowles, E. H., N. Y. | 50 |

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PECK'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. HISCOX, 283 Broadway, N. Y.

Mention this Paper

ROCHESTER LAMP CO.
1201 Broadway, N. Y., AND 25 Warren St., N. Y.

PERKINSVILLE, N. Y., Aug. 24, 1886.

GENTLEMEN:—I am delighted with the ROCHESTER LAMP which I recently bought of you. Will you send me by express No. 1778, with appropriate trimmings and extras, C. O. D. I have never been so much pleased with any lamp, and I have, first and last, run through pretty much the whole list, home and foreign.
HENRY WARD BEECHER.
Send for Illustrated Circulars.

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ARTIST GILLAM'S, CLEVER WORK.

Some of Gillam's work in recent issues of the JUDGE recall his best efforts in another paper three or four years ago. Last week's double-page picture represents the Democracy as *Carmen* and Gov. Hill as the gallant toreador, who is gaily leading off the prima donna, while the chorus, headed by Dana and Pulitzer and Watterson, are chanting how the toreador will kill the great bull (Cleveland) with his ready sword. The picture is one of Gillam's best. The JUDGE has greatly improved lately. Its reading matter is cleverer and its small cuts are drawn better and have more humor.—*Buffalo Sunday N vs.*

WHICH ?

JUDGE'S "St. Patrick's Day" cartoon is nifty.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

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MARK TWAIN AND PROF. LOISETTE.

Mr. Clemens, having been asked by a country Clergyman, his opinion of the Loisetian System of Memory Training, taught personally or by correspondence at 237 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., replies as follows:

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Prof. Loissette did not create a memory for me, no, nothing of the kind. And yet he did for me what amounted to the same thing, for he proved to me that I already had a memory, a thing which I was not aware of till then. I had before been able, like most people, to store up and lose things in the dark cellar of my memory; but he showed me how to light up the cellar. It is the difference— to change the figure—between having money where you can't collect it, and having it in your pocket. The information cost me but little, yet I value it at a prodigious figure.

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The importance of Long Island as a manufacturing center has recently been brought to special notice by Messrs. Sohmer & Co., the well known pianoforte manufacturers, erecting a large factory at Astoria.

Messrs. Sohmer & Co., with their usual foresight, saw the many advantages to be gained by building on Long Island, and now that the factories, which are situated in a most desirable and healthy location for their purpose, are completed, they have attracted the notice of a number of leading manufacturers in various lines of business, who contemplate erecting similar establishments there, and this will of course greatly add to the prosperity of the place, and also increase the value of its property. The "Sohmer" factories are near the Ninety-second Street Ferry, and from the tower of the main building a most beautiful view can be taken of the surrounding country. The East River and its islands with the Public Institutions can also be seen, and persons on board the various steamers going up or down the river will be able to judge for themselves of the magnitude of the "Sohmer" factories.

No expense has been spared by the firm in any detail of their new buildings, and they are without doubt one of the finest and best equipped pianoforte factories in this country. Standing six stories in height, with large entrances to the yards, offices, etc., they present an imposing appearance, and will help to draw special attention to this portion of Long Island. The high standing and reputation of the firm of Sohmer & Co., will, in itself, be a means of impressing our leading manufacturers with the desirability of erecting factories at Astoria. Messrs. Sohmer & Co., have always displayed a marvelous ability and enterprise, and this, their last achievement, will certainly add to their fame. Always foremost in the front ranks of progress, liberal in all their dealings, displaying great inventive ability in the manufacture of their beautiful instruments Sohmer & Co., have certainly made a most important move, which will open up a new and prosperous era in the history of Long Island.



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SIGNS OF DISEASE.

weather will be in Florida or New York as well as if several hundred miles did not intervene between him and the places named. And so in all departments of modern science what is required is the knowledge of certain signs. From these scientists deduce accurate conclusions regardless of distance. So, also, in medical science, diseases have certain unmistakable signs or symptoms, and by reason of this fact, we have been enabled to perfect a system of determining, with



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Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," Obstinate Constipation, Chronic Diarrhea, Tapeworms, and kindred affections, are among those chronic diseases in the successful treatment of which our specialists have attained great success. Many of the diseases affecting the liver and other organs contributing in their functions to the process of digestion, are very obscure, and are not infrequently mistaken by both laymen and physicians for other maladies; and treatment is employed directed to the removal of a disease which does not exist. Our Complete Treatise on Diseases of the Digestive Organs will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps.

KIDNEY DISEASES.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, and kindred maladies, have been very largely treated, and cures effected in thousands of cases which had been pronounced beyond hope. These diseases are readily diagnosed, or determined, by chemical analysis of the urine, without a personal examination of patients, who can, therefore, generally be successfully treated at their homes. The study and practice of chemical analysis and microscopical examination of the urine in our consideration of cases, with reference to correct diagnosis, in which our institution long ago became famous, has naturally led to a very extensive practice in diseases of the urinary organs. Probably no other institution in the world has been so largely patronized by sufferers from this class of maladies as the old and world-famed World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel. Our specialists have acquired, through a vast and varied experience, great expertness in finding out the exact nature of each case, and, hence, have been successful in nicely adapting their remedies for the cure of each individual case.

CAUTION.

These delicate diseases should be carefully treated by a specialist thoroughly familiar with them, and who is competent to ascertain the exact condition and stage of advancement which the disease has made (which can only be ascertained by a careful chemical and microscopical examination of the urine), for medicines which are curative in one stage or condition are known to do positive injury in others. We have never, therefore, attempted to put up anything for general sale through druggists, recommending to cure these diseases, although possessing very superior remedies, knowing full well from an extensive experience that the only safe and successful course is to carefully determine the disease and its progress in each case by a chemical and microscopical examination of the urine, and then

adapt our medicines to the exact stage of the disease and condition of our patient.

WONDERFUL SUCCESS.

To this wise course of action we attribute the marvelous success attained by our specialists in that important and extensive Department of our institutions devoted exclusively to the treatment of diseases of the kidneys and bladder. The treatment of diseases of the urinary organs having constituted a leading branch of our practice at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, and, being in constant receipt of numerous inquiries for a complete work on the nature and curability of these maladies, written in a style to be easily understood, we have published a large Illustrated Treatise on these diseases, which will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents.

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WE OFFER NO APOLOGY.

We offer no apology for devoting so much attention to this neglected class of diseases, believing no condition of humanity is too wretched to merit the sympathy and best services of the noble profession to which we belong. Many who suffer from these terrible diseases contract them innocently. Why any medical man, intent on doing good and alleviating suffering, should shun such cases, we cannot imagine. Why any one should consider it otherwise than most honorable to cure the worst cases of these diseases, we cannot understand; and yet of all the maladies which afflict mankind there is probably none other about which physicians in general practice know so little.

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ALL CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY.

Although we have in the preceding paragraphs, made mention of some of the special ailments to which particular attention is given by the specialists at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, yet the institution abounds in skill, facilities, and apparatus for the successful treatment of every form of chronic ailments, whether requiring for its cure medical or surgical means.

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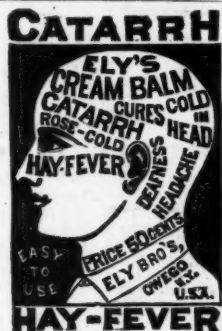
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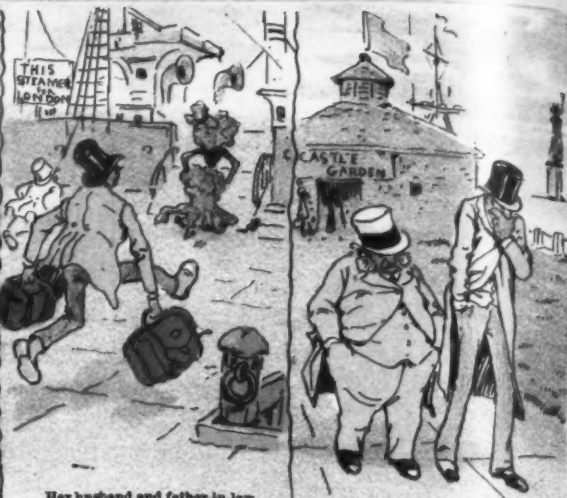
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She makes herself notorious by reading a poem to Washington Society.



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But are sent back because she has no use for them.



Seeks a theatrical manager who tells her she can never make a success without first getting the smile of the Prince of Wales.



So she manages to get the Princely smile.



Mrs. SPOUTER.—"My intention is to elevate the stage."



Her aristocratic relatives make one last appeal to her to abandon the idea.



The performance.

And the possible end.

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