

Judge

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THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW CENTURY.

THE OLD TO THE NEW :—" He might have been a squealer,
 A mugwump-fake, or heeler,
 An Anglo-maniac man ;
 But in spite of small temptation
 To shine in celebration
 He remains an American."



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MOTTO FOR OKLAHOMA—Free speech, free soil, free shoot.

THE FINEST THING in the Easter bonnet was the girl that had it on.

UNCLE THURMAN calls Wanamaker "a pious cuss." That is to say that Wanamaker, being pious, is a curse; and how truly Democratic that is!

WHEN THE STATUE to B. Franklin had its face washed it was discovered, to the astonishment of all, that the face was adorned with a fine old smile.

I SHALL protest while I have a breath of body in my life.
 —G. Z. Erwin.

GREAT TRUTH—To the lamp held out by Byrnes the vilest sinner oft returns.

THERE IS a question. Where, for instance, will be the birds that sing a hundred years to come?

SURELY OKLAHOMA should be admitted as a state. The delay has been too long by at least five minutes.

THE OTHER world is principally good because your wife is there too and so you don't have to button your own collar.

MR. STEVENS, the *World's* searcher, is believed by some to be such a liar that the *New York Herald* can't believe him.

THE NEXT CENTENNIAL.

DURING THE next hundred years we shall have balloons. There will be such means to safety in traveling, in buildings, in everything, that nobody will die except of old age. A new kind of 'phone will preserve whatever has been sung or spoken, with a universal, self-acting cat to edit the matter and scratch out the objectionable portions of it. One will hear from his friend at the north pole, if he happen to be at the south pole, with as little trouble as if the friend were in the next room with the intervening door open. If the moon is inhabited our second cousins will live there and they will drop to see us, or we shall drop in to see them, at any moment. There will be continuous communication between every shore and every vessel that departs from it until the latter reaches its destination, and no vessel will go down without leaving the occupants of it safer than they were before. Weather observers will not only predict cyclones and blizzards, but supply the means to prevent them. Explorers will ride winged steeds through the little stars and shoot the meteors off in great blazes of celestial fireworks. The sense of hearing, or the means to its development, will be so improved that we shall have music from the angelic choir at stated intervals, without money and without price. Will Uncle Sam rule the universe? Probably not, for he will be satisfied with possession of the continent. Will heaven and earth come

together because the latter has grown to the former's knowledge? Let us fold our ambitious wings and hope not, for that would mean the destruction of the nicest little world that any of us ever occupied.

THE COMING MILLIONS.

THE UNITED STATES is, by the proffer of political liberty, the assured personal proprietorship of every man in himself, the lessening of the difficulties in the conflict of life, and the broadening of opportunity, an attractive force, drawing to itself vast masses of population from the older world. Notwithstanding the temptation of the favorable climate of Brazil, and the bounty of free and fertile land offered by the Argentine republic, the competitive emigration to the southern portion of this continent is broken and thin.

The Latin races, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and French, have never proven persistent or successful as a colonizing people. It was greed of gold, and not home-seeking, that stimulated the Spaniard. The Castilian adventurer, or Portuguese don, expected to reap a quick fortune through the peonage of the subdued Indian or the enslaved negro. The new world was to these early sojourners with "magnificent expectations" just what Cuba is to them now, and what this country is in a narrower way to the temporary Italian and Chinamen—simply a foraging ground. The harvest of luck or labor, when gathered, the chevalier of fortune, as now the soldier of the spade, expected to transport with his returning self to his old home. The Latin, and the Asiatic like the Latin, races are simply birds of passage, winging to a feeding and fattening ground, and returning quick as they may to their old nesting-place. The Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon peoples differ in this: they swarm and seek new fields for hiving, and stay. Unlike the southern European nationalities, they do not build bridges for retreat, but burn them behind them. Even English loyalty becomes here a thin veneer, soon desiccated to nothingness by the chemistry of a freer air. The blood that bred Cromwell and evolved Milton, that pulsed in the veins of every signer of the declaration of independence, is not likely, either with the strain of Puritan or cavalier, to crawl back to its old compressment after feeling the freedom of broader channels.

The Germanic races, while touched with respectful pride and remembrance of the "fatherland," and glorying in the political solidification of their native principalities into a definite nationality, never thicken the thread of their sentimentality into a recalling bond.

The human contribution to this continent from the Emerald isle, large as it is, is not the largest. Yet the race is at once unique in being a race with characteristics solely its own. Fervid, if also fitful, in its love. Devout rather than discriminating in its faith; with a wit so quaint in its stumbling as to pass for mental agility; touched with an enthusiasm southern in its fervor, and with more than Holland shrewdness in its methods. Hungry for political recognition, denied to it at home, and demandingly dominating, just in proportion to its previous political repression. It has no twin, nor even national family resemblance, on the planet. Clannish, yet self-contentious. Adoring a saint not of its own blood. Glorying in a banner under which it has won few successes at home and no victories abroad. With sons brave with unwonted heroism, yet winning laurels under another flag; with singers so sweet that the world listens wondering to their song; with an oratory so fascinating that its eloquence seems a second inspiration.

This contributive race comes to us as marked in its faults as in its virtues, and comes to stay; turning perhaps with a remembrance, as did the Hebrews in the wilderness, to the meadows by the Nile, but not with a love strong enough for returning.

These composite peoples, assimilating some slowly and others speedily, are builded, not without flaw and temporary weakness, in our



AN OPPORTUNE EXPLANATION.

COSTIGAN—"Look 'r th' decait av thot machine, Barney. Sure an ellypant woul'dn' weigh th' like o' thot!"
 FERRIGAN (*bluntly*)—"Yez hov th' ticket oop-side down, yez blatherin' fool!"



AT THE HUNT BALL.

MISS CROPSEY—"I understand that Mr. Blennerhasset over there is one of your hardest riders."
MR. BURKE—"He ought to be, anyway. He fell off so many times to-day I should think he'd be actually calloused."

political structure. The annual exodus "from the other side" comes with a more languid welcome than before, equaling yearly a volume of added population large enough, if it could possibly be concentrated in a western territory, to warrant a demand for another state; large enough every three years to make more than another New York city, and in a little over a single decade equaling the present population of the empire state.

Is there not in this affluent human tide another problem also to be solved?

Half a century ago the cost of a sea passage required a fair competency. The motive of emigration was also higher, and its quality of the best. Now pauperism can and does compass a passage. One of the questions, and one of nearest interest, is how to braid such legal meshes as to screen the coarseness out of the laden tide; how to save this "refuge land" from degenerating into simply a dumping ground for the ignorance and menacing poverty of Europe. J. A.

"WHEN THE GREEN GITS BACK."

IT IS the jocund spring, as a million poets remind us. It is the rosy spring; that of the water-cress, the brook trout, and some hints of



IN DEFENCE OF HIS LOCALITY.

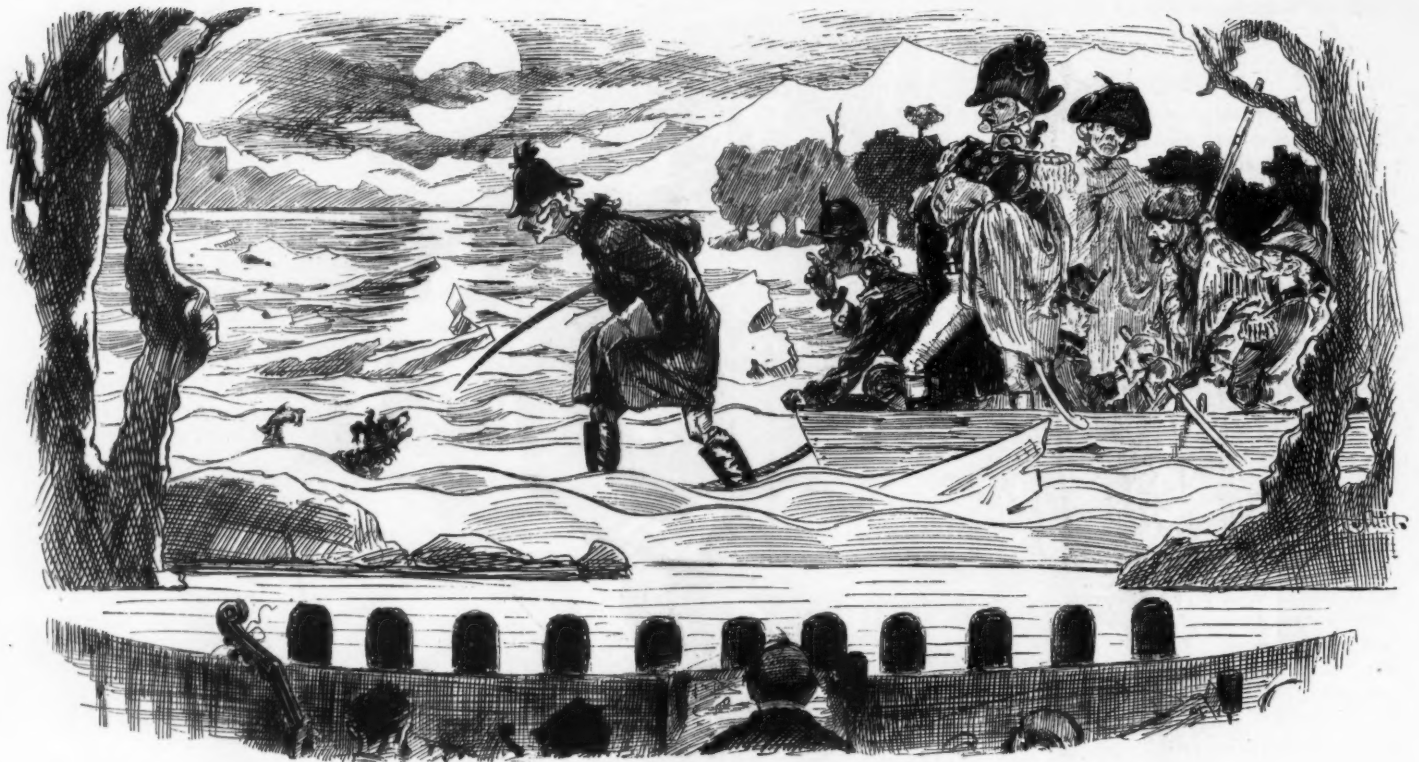
MR. GENESEE (making his maiden speech in the legislature)—"You may think, gentlemen, that my constituents are what you are pleased here in Albany to term 'hayseeds,' but I want you to understand that you can't fool us—not by a colossal majority!"

daisy and dandelion. It is the spring that puts patches of green on every tree, and promises the blossoms of the apple and the peach. There are glimpses to the lively imagination of the hollyhock and morning-glory in a corner of the garden and over the porch of the old house on the farm. Directly there will be home radishes and the tender onion, and the brush of the whitewash will make becoming the village fences. Oh, who would take a foreign mission to get away from these things? And how many are unhappy because they cannot get it!

THE LATE MR. ARNOLD.

REPUBLICS ARE not only not ungrateful—they are generous. How the spirit of Benedict Arnold must rejoice that the name it went by was hardly mentioned during the recent centennial festivities. The charity of forgetfulness is as sweet at times as that of remembrance, and when a bad man's grave is level with the common ground it is time to drop him from everything but history. At the same time, if Mr. Arnold, or Mr. Iscariot, or any of those fellows, born themselves again they must expect no immunity of punishment.

Enough is a feast, but few enjoy a feast in this world.



A MIRACLE AT THE TABLEUX.

WASHINGTON (as the stage manager's dog gets in front of the Delaware packet)—"Walk out in th' wings an' whistle, Mulvey!"

HUM OF THE COURT.

THE *Paper World* says this is the age of paper. Indeed it is. Visit any theatre on any night.

THERE IS A PLACE in Michigan called Romeo. Go west, ye ambitious actresses, and grow up with Romeo.

THE EMPEROR of China has ten men to take charge of his umbrella; so we see again that it never reigns but it pours.

THE SUN may be said, in this study of practical science, to be a very good baking powder, because it always rises in the yeast.

BE IT ever so humble there seems to be no place like Oklahoma.

IT WILL be found presently that Jay Gould was given authority of possession of the continent by Christopher Columbus and the constitution of the United States.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL is charming to sing about; but the girls who spun wool with it have been relegated to some extent to that vacuity of memory which belongs to the ordinary milk-maid who had to earn her money too.

SOME PAPER suggests baseball for ladies. The man who writes this paragraph has seen one game between two women nines, and he begs, as an amendment, to suggest that Cornwallis be resurrected and the country be surrendered to him.

THIS COUNTRY has its narrowest escape in the peaceful end of the centennial celebration. Happily, the four hundred, unlike those boys in gray, didn't know how to fight; and it is besides established that four hundred is not a majority.

THE MAN PIGOTT died much too soon. It was the obvious right of every man to help him to the desired end with the end of his boot.

A PAPER has the heading "The Fashions in a Nutshell." We see. The papa of the establishment is a lost man if he does nutshell out.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL wept like a child after speaking six consecutive days, and all his audience were equally dissolved in cheers.

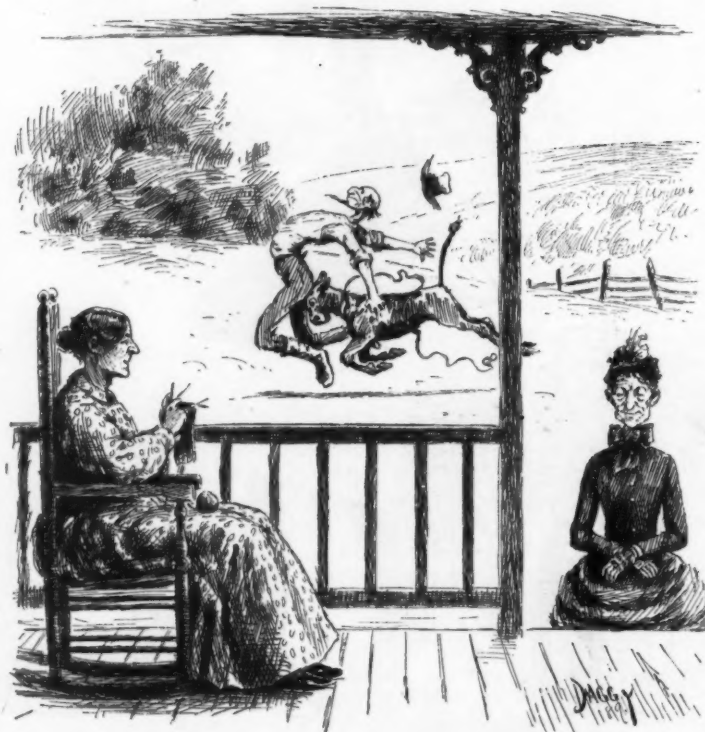
JOHAN SHANE of Cincinnati had his mustache dyed, and through the poison of the dye lost the mustache and is apprehensive with regard to his lip. A woman would never make such a mistake as that. She would bleach.

SOME RECENT evictions in Ireland create surprise because they haven't been followed by the suicide of the government which permits them.

MRS. HARRISON sometimes, after shopping in Washington, carries her purchases home with her. That seems strange to some persons; but of course she has the reasoning faculty sufficiently not to take them to Indianapolis.

WHEN FRANCIS JOSEPH heard that Fred Grant was booked for Vienna he shut his lips firmly and said he wasn't afraid; but it was noticed that there were a pallor and a hectic flush in his ancient cheek that had not been seen there before.

TWO BLACK MEN who lynched somebody have been pardoned by the governor of South Carolina because the example of lynching had been set them by white men who were never punished. As the two governors of the Carolinas said each to the other on a memorable occasion, it's a long time between events like this.



NOT SUCCEEDING VERY WELL.

MRS. RIPLEY—"Good mornin', Miss Grimshaw. Come right up an' set down. We expect our son from Californy ter-morrer. an' father's tryin' ter carry out that air scriptur' idee with th' fat calf."

THE FIRST INAUGURATION.



The fresh grass brightened along the way,
New blossoms burst from each bended spray,
The world was a fair young world that day!

From the lonely hillside homestead, down—
Up from the glibelands, warm and brown—
Came the country folk into New York town.

A straggling hamlet 'mid marshes bare,
With its clusters of houses here and there,
And 'round it the sea-tides circling fair.

The puritan maids with their modest eyes,
The stalwart youths in their homely guise,
The sires, and grandsires, and matrons wise—

And children silenced from talk and song,
Half scared, half smiling, stood mute among
The earnest groups of that listening throng.

Not many, indeed, all told were they
Who came from near and far away
To that first inauguration day.

But every face had a heart beneath,
And every life, from its happy breath,
At a moment's call would have gone to death

For one who stood with uncovered head,
Praying that blessing and light be shed
On the untried pathway his feet must tread.

High in the sight of the multitude,
Firm and strong, like a god he stood;
Or, better—a Christian soldier, good.

And the bells were ringing—not many, then
Were the chimes that echoed, again, again,
The gladdest tidings e'er come to men.

But out on the quiet waters whirled
That message swept, like God's thunder hurled
Over the whole wide, wondering world.

And a hundred years have come and gone
Of the freedom fought for—the freedom won—
By the sword and the pen of Washington!

A hundred years of Time's fateful flight,
Yet still, at our sea-gate, day and night,
Fair Liberty stands with her lifted light.

SWEET CHARITY.

Tramp (at the South ferry)—"I'm about frozen, mister. Can't yer gimme an elevated ticket to Bleecker street? It's only five cents."

Philanthropist—"I don't like to do that, my man, but here's a ticket to a charitable society up-town. They'll investigate your case if you walk up."

DECLINED ALL 'ROUND.

Miss Cashley—"I am sorry, Mr. Gushington, but it can never be. But I will always be a sister to you."

Mr. Gushington—"Pardon me if I decline. How could I gracefully congratulate a future brother-in-law, sister, should you by-and-bye decide to wed?"

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Boarding-house keeper (2 a.m.)—"Ha! You was going to skip, ain't it? Pay me dot bill or I calls der police!"

Jack Borrowit—"Sh, Carl! I was just going to leave this gripsack at your door as security. Got to catch an early train."

"Did Java good coffee to-night?" said he;
"Bah! to drink such a coffee is Mo-cha-ry."



A CONTINUED CONVERSATION.

Porter—"Jersey City! All out!"
Ahrens (retail dry-goods, talking in his sleep)—"But ve vill hef some more in der next time you calls, mine frent."



FROM THEIR STANDPOINT.

Mr. Devon Wilbyshire—"What's all this dayylish fuss about, deah boy?"
Mr. Sevenache Hawthorne—"I believe these American fellahs are canonizing some old fossil that invented a pie or something."

HE MOVED IN A HIGHER SPHERE.

Magistrate—"The officer charges you with having no visible means of support."

Baboony (haughtily)—"Aw—I suppose my means of suppawt are usually invisible to fellahs of his clawss. I'm a champagne boomer, Mr. Justice."

ALAS!

I had told her that I loved her,
She had whispered me the same;
Then in innocent flirtation
I was caught. The climax came.

She demanded back her letters,
And my mind is in a whirl,
For by some mistake I sent her
Letters from another girl.

BLUE MONDAY.

Wiggins (who has got outside the bulk of his week's salary, entering Third avenue table d'hôte)—"Hello, Starvelly! what have you to-day—greens?"

Starvelly (same circumstances; jabbing his fork into the spinach)—"Nop; blues."

PROBABLY TRUE.

Mrs. Brown—"If you had only listened to me"—
Mr. Brown—"I'd have been talked to death long ago."

THE PRETTY MAN.



It was at the railroad crossing that we happened for to meet,
Where a freight-train had the impudence to interrupt the street;
It was near the midday meal-time—many mortals waited there,
But not another creature half so marvelously fair.

'Twas no foolish, foolish woman, but a creature on a plan
Far more strangely fascinating; 'twas a pretty, pretty man,
One who looked so calmly scornful of all common, human clay
That scarcely one in all the crowd could turn his eyes away.

All beautifully polished with the best of toilet soap,
His vivid cheek was fresh enough to move a misanthrope;
And from his garments fragrance fell, extremely rich and rare,
While odors of the barber-shop were wafted from his hair.

His white, expansive shirt-front shone—a marble sort of shine,
Like that upon the shirt-front of a first-class laundry sign;
And straggling from a button-hole, two ways across his breast,
A watch-chain loudly added to the glory of his vest.

I'm not a judge of smoke, and yet, the smell was so intense,
I dare assert that his cigar was worth some several cents;
And yet with light and liberal hand when all its fire was spent,
He tossed the stub away as if it hadn't cost a cent.

Upon the girls in plain array he coldly turned his back,
Though gallantly he smiled on one who wore a sealskin sacque;
And it seemed a dreadful pity such a being was a clerk,
He seemed so like a gentleman all unobliged to work.

Oh, the poet seeth pathos even in the pomp of pride,
And I felt a throb of pity as I lingered near his side;
And when the engine cried "Toot-too," and when the train swept by,
I wept that so much loveliness was only born to die.

MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

WANTED—ARISTOCRATIC FRUIT.

Fruit-dealer—"Mrs. Uppertenne, we have some fine blood oranges, just arrived; shall I send you some?"

Mrs. Uppertenne—"Yes, if they're nice blue-bloods; the last were just some of those ordinary red ones that everybody can get."



CONGRATULATORY.

OFFICER GEOGEGAN (to his cousin, just over)—"Pfwat are yez doin', Kathie?"

KATIE—"Th' missus wor afther tellin' me t' ring th' bill fer supper."

OFFICER GEOGEGAN—"It's lear-rnin' th' ways av th' shwells fast yez are, dar-rlint."

ANOTHER THING ENTIRELY.

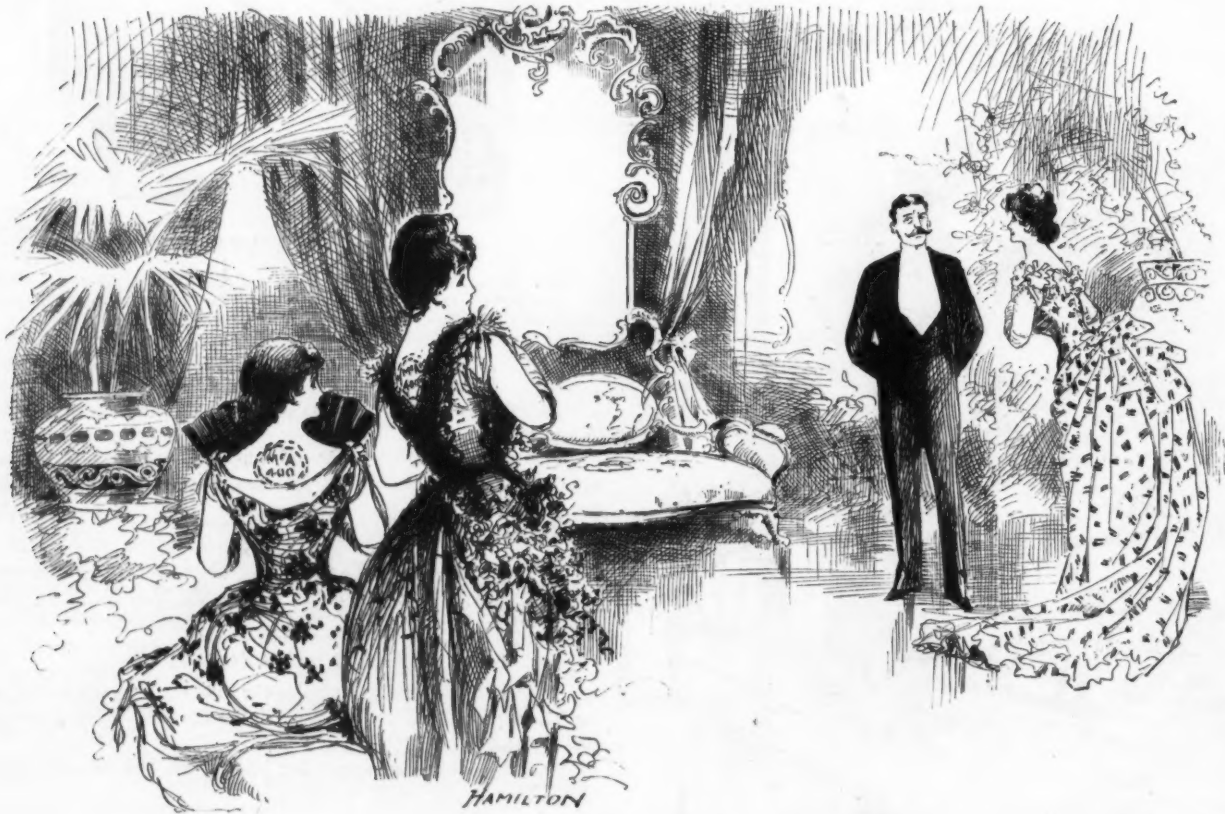
Jack Borrowit—"You told me these goods wouldn't fade, Moses, and see! this coat is perfectly ruined after three weeks' wear."

Moses—"Ah, you did not ask me if it would vash, mein friend! I gif no guarantee against dhose spring rains."

BARRED OUT.

Wiggins—"If you're out of work, Jack, why don't you try to get on a jury?"

Jack Borrowit—"Can't. I read the papers every day, looking for a job; and what lawyer would accept a man of that kind?"



WHAT IT WILL COME TO.

MISS DESPLAINES—"Who's that talking to Mr. Dosset?"

MISS BRENTOR—"I'm sure I don't know. Can't amount to much. I notice she isn't branded."

MEN WE HAVE MET.

E. B. POND, MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO.



HE pioneers of California have evaded the scalping-knife of time as successfully as they did that of the poor, painted, thirsty redskin, whose appanage they crossed on their way to the gold-fields forty years or so ago. The diminution of hair caused by high hats and frequent occupancy of front seats at the ballet has affected few of them. The present mayor of San Francisco, who traveled to the land of the setting sun with an ox-team in 1852, is one of these

old-timers who are obliged to visit a tonsor regularly in order to keep their locks shorn. Not only is he not bald, though fifty-six years of age, but he has as perfect a set of white, unblemished and unpurchased teeth as can be found in a dozen counties. The sound constitution which these natural possessions and a sturdy frame indicate was obtained in a pastoral spot in Jefferson county, New York, not far from Watertown. It was there that while milking one of his father's cows the mayor ascertained by experiments, in which a playmate acted as target, that he could discharge the lacteal fluid from the bovine with such accuracy and force as to strike an object ten feet away every time he chose to do so. The mayor is a busy man. The door of his private office is always open and he denies himself to no one. He has been twice elected supervisor and twice mayor, and so for six years has been in public life, with two more before him. He has exercised the veto power more than any previous mayor of his city. He would, in the opinion of a disappointed politician, deliberate very carefully over the bible if it were presented to him in the form of an ordinance before affixing his signature to it. The mayor lives on Nob hill, but he owned the house he has in that aristocratic locality before he became a public official. He has large landed interests, and is concerned in insurance and mining companies, a savings bank, a sugar refinery, and other enterprises. It would take six figures to express his wealth.



LINES TO HIS ANCIENT HEIRESS.

MY love is like (I don't want rose,
For she has such a dreadful nose,
She'll think the rhymes I thought were those).
My girl is (Oh! I can't say sweet,
For I declare that I'm clean beat,
If I can find aught else but feet).
My maid is gentle as (If dove
I use, I'll have to couple love
With it, and that I've used above).

Her eyes are blue as summer skies
(Great Shakespeare! how a fellow lies
When at this sort of truck he shies).
Her teeth like pearls (It seems to me
That that's a line I often see;
But, hang it! what else can they be?)
Her lips like cherries (Bah! the rouge
I tasted, when with my adieux
I kissed her. Help! oh, help my muse!)

Her taper fingers (Just like claws!
I do believe that without cause
She'd peck at virtue's self for flaws).
Her raven tresses, like (Oh, dear!
The way she glues them 'gainst my ear
Would make an angel swear, I fear).
Her shell-like ear (I'll have a fit!
The facts are scantier than my wit
On which to write. Say, muse, let's quit).
ARISTINE ANDERSON.

WOULDN'T BE IMPOSED ON.

Mr. Longpurse (married a month)—"What! Here's a bill from Dr. Wisdomtooth for those teeth you had filled last week. My dear, it isn't right for me to pay this."
Mrs. Longpurse (with spirit)—"Well, sir; I should like you to inform me who would be the proper person to pay it, then?"
Mr. Longpurse—"Holy smoke! Your mother, of course. Think I'm going to pay dentists for stopping up holes that you had in your teeth before you married me and left the maternal roof? Well, I guess not."

UNREASONABLE.

Mr. Bob Tayle—"Here, cully, gimme a napkin, will yer?"
Waiter—"Phwat! A napkin wid a foive-cint plate av bafe sthew? Do yez t'ink de charity organization is runnin' a free laundry for dish-tressed aytin'-houses?"

REVISED PROVERBS.

Bread is the stuff of life.
A dead cat has nein lives.
A new broom sweeps dirt.
While there's life there's breath.
There is no cigar without smoke.
A little knowledge is better than none at all.

When sailing never quarrel,
for
You'll find, beyond a doubt,
A boat is not a pleasant place
To have a falling out.



MIXED UP HISTORY.

MRS. PULSIFER (to her husband, who is going to masquerade as Henry VIII.)—"Let's see, was it Henry that killed Annie Bolyann, or was it Annie that killed him?"
MR. PULSIFER—"I ain't dead sure, but I think Annie done th' deed."
MRS. PULSIFER—"I don't blame her, Joseph, if he looked like that."

TOO SWEET.

Waggs—"I wish you wouldn't make such affectionate pies, Mrs. Skimplee."
Landlady—"Affectionate pies! Pray, what kind's that?"
Waggs—"Why, this berry pie's so thin that the crusts are actually stuck on each other."

SUSPICIOUS.

"I don't know just what to think about this piece of news," said Parrott, as he laid down his paper. "There's something mighty odd about it."
"Why, the Sun and the World both agree on the facts."
"That's just where the oddity comes in."

A good name is easier won than riches.

Judge





LABOR IN VAIN.

GEORGE WASHINGTON:—"This was just what I fought against.—Anglo-American Aristocracy."

HAMILTON

SAVIST & PHINEAS, 1700 66 N.Y.



THE GAME HAS REACHED TENNESSEE.

CAPTAIN OF THE BLACK-STOCKINGS—"Shoot dat buzzard fer us, boss. Skinny Breck'ridge's made foh home-runs on he's las' lick, an' he's startin' roun' agin!"

The buzzard.

NOTES FOR SPRING GARDENERS.

THE CHEAPEST way to raise roses is to buy them.

Daisies are very common, but still they're daisies.

Lovers like to have plenty of tulips in their gardens.

The first wild-flower is wild probably because it is the first.

Dog-weed has no bark, but is so-called because it is cur-ious.

A billy-goat in the front yard is not picturesque, but he keeps the grass short.

Currant-bushes will bear in about three years, but they generally die inside of six months.

Pussy-willows are popular this season. That is because they never grow on the back fence.

If you want some exercise buy chickens and plant corn. You can spend all your time in keeping the chickens away.

If you have any desire to help future generations you might plant a few fruit-trees in your back lot.

It is cheaper to buy maple syrup than to spend your time trying to coax it from a silver-maple tree.

PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC.

Teacher—"Dick, had you rather have two two's or four one's?"

Dick (scornfully)—"Four one's, o' course. Don't four aces allus beat two pair?"

NOT QUITE SATURATED.

"What a lot of sweetmeats Miss Caustic consumes!" remarked Bjones.

"Yes," assented Merritt. "Everything is sweet with her except her temper."

PROGRESSIVE RECITATION—WITH AN OCCASIONAL LAPSE.



"It was night in the great city."



"She looked at him pleadingly for a moment."



"It lay at his feet, a simple piece of paper, but"—



"It was the long-lost will of his grandsire!"



"Are you the blawsted nephew of Sir Giles Bentynt?"



"Take that! and that!!"



"By heavens! I have ki-i-i-illed him."



"Lightning shafts of the immor-r-r-tal Jove enter me bosom with thy fierce thrusts, and"—



"Can this be d-d-death?"



"If the unrefined ass who threw that foot-stool will meet me later, he will prevent our host and his guests from witnessing a mur-r-der!!"

THE OTHER SIDE.

To his love he sent some verses,
Tender verses, fond and true,
That expressed his deep devotion
Better than his prose could do.
So he clipped them from the paper,
Folded them with fondest care,
And enclosed them to his darling,
All his passion to declare.

Ah! but fate was dead against him,
For, by chance demoniac,
A divorce case and his verses
Had been printed back to back.
And his love mistook his meaning;
She will never be his bride;
For she didn't turn the clipping,
And she read the other side. —Ex.

New York claims a boy five years old who can speak Greek and Latin as well as the professors. It might just as well have claimed a horse which could play the piano and sing like an angel, but the liar didn't have time.—*Detroit Free Press.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

"Oh, Saidie!" gushed Mamie, meeting her friend on the street; "a dozen of us girls have organized a Browning club, and you must come to our next meeting. It is perfectly lovely." "What particular poems of Browning's have you read?" "Oh, we haven't read any yet. We've only met once, and then we talked all the evening about Miss Laura Dunver, who is going to marry Jack Bullion next week. I don't care much for Browning, anyway."—*New York Ledger.*

The use of Angostura Bitters excites the appetite and keeps the digestive organs in order. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, sole manufacturers. At all druggists.

What makes in her cheeks that beautiful glow,
That lovely light in her eye?
What makes her neck as white as the snow,
What gives to her lips their bright dye?

What gives to that graceful and willowy form,
That hand so shapely and small,
These graces of hers—bewitching they are—
Oh, does she inherit them all?

No; her father was homely, her mother was plain;
Her loveliness came not that way;
She diets, takes exercises, wears low-heeled shoes,
And walks several miles every day.

She's growing more lovely the older she grows,
And never knows illness or ache;
She's making experiments, trying to show
Heredit's all a mistake. —*Boston Courier.*

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

New boarder—"It strikes me these biscuits are tough."
Mrs. Bazoo (the landlady)—"Young man, I made those biscuits, and I've made them before you were born."

New boarder (unabashed)—"I don't doubt it, ma'am; but why don't you keep them in the curio cabinet? Aren't you afraid somebody might break them?"—*Drake's Magazine.*

Belva Lockwood writes to the *New York Herald*: "Should women smoke? No, by all means no!" and then goes on to tell why she shouldn't. The best reason in the world, in our opinion, why woman shouldn't smoke is that it would make her fearfully sick.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER
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OUR TWO OPINIONS.

Us two wuz boys when we fell out—
Nigh to the age uv my youngest now;
Don't rec'lect what 'twuz about,
Some small diff'rence, I'll allow.
Lived next neighbors twenty years
A-hatin' each other, me 'nd Jim—
He havin' his opinyin uv me
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him.

Grew up together 'nd wouldn't speak,
Courtin' sisters, 'nd marr'd 'em, too;
'Tended same meetin'-house oncet a week,
A-hatin' each other, through 'nd through!
But when Abe Linkern asked the west
F'r soldiers we answered—me 'nd Jim—
He havin' his opinyin uv me
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

But down in Tennessee one night
Ther wuz sound uv firin' fur away,
'Nd the sergeant allowed ther'd be a fight
With the Johnnie Rebs some time nex' day;
'Nd as I wuz thinkin' uv Lizzie 'nd home
Jim stood afore me, long an' slim—
He havin' his opinyin uv me
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

Seemed like we knew there wuz goin' to be
Serious trouble f'r me 'nd him—
Us two shuck hands, did Jim 'nd me,
But never a word from me or Jim!
He went his way 'nd I went mine,
'Nd into the battle's roar went we—
I havin' my opinyin uv Jim
'Nd he havin' his opinyin uv me!

Jim never come back from the war again,
But I hain't forgot that last, last night
When, waitin' f'r orders, us two men
Made up 'nd shuck hands, afore the fight;
'Nd, after it all, it's soothin' to know
That here I be 'nd yonder's Jim—
He havin' his opinyin uv me
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

—*Chicago News.*

DOUBTERS, READ THIS.

Gentlemen—I have had for twenty-five years strong teeth, but very swarthy, probably from smoking and other causes. Five or six teeth covered with tartar. I had long since despaired of getting them white; but after using your Ideal Felt Tooth Polisher some fourteen days the tartar commenced to give way, and is now disappearing entirely. This satisfies me that your brush will be able to do in six months what bristles could not do in twenty-five years, if ever. I now take pleasure in brushing my teeth, where formerly I found it troublesome as a fruitless effort. Yours truly,
N. WIDTH,
67 Livingston St., Brooklyn, March, 29.

Lion (in New York menagerie, sniffing at Gotham newspaper reporter who has just entered the cage)—
"Shall we eat him?"
Lioness—"Eat him? Faugh! Can't you see he's a cigarette smoker?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

1,438 RESPONSES ALREADY!

WE ask every reader of the JUDGE to send 10c. for a SUSACUAC SPOOL-HOLDER, as it is an indispensable convenience to everybody. THE BOOK ANTIQUARY, Easton, Pa.

"Yes," said Bagley, "I have become quite famous as an author, and now I have to cultivate eccentricities. I am around paying my debts."—*Albany Journal.*

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

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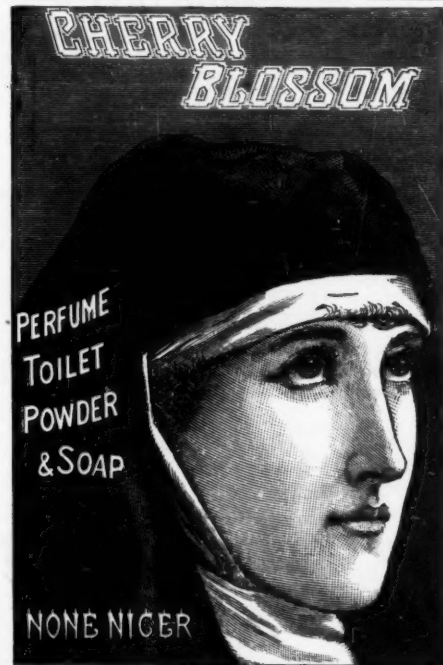
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THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE
PILLS WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fullness, and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blisters on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine.

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore females to complete health. For a

WEAK STOMACH; IMPAIRED DIGESTION; DISORDERED LIVER;

they ACT LIKE MAGIC:—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular System; restoring long-lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society; and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PATENT MEDICINE IN THE WORLD. Full directions with each Box.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.
Sold by Druggists generally. B. F. ALLEN & CO., 365 and 367 Canal St., New York, Sole Agents for the United States, who (if your druggist does not keep them)—inquire first.

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In ordering mention JUDGE.

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"For upwards of fifty years I have used BRANDRETH'S PILLS. I am now nearly eighty years old and in good health. That my faculties are still intact is due to this fact, and this only, that I have almost relied on BRANDRETH'S PILLS to the exclusion of stronger medicines to restore me to health whenever either seriously indisposed or in great suffering from colds, backache, etc., and am deeply grateful, next to my Maker, to the blessed man who originated and placed within reach of his fellow-beings so simple and efficacious a remedy. For bilious derangements and kidney disturbances, their usefulness, in my experience, is particularly noticeable."

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

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

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.

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

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*Darlington,
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TRADE MARK *C & C.* Are Absolutely Correct
—IN—
Collars and Cuffs.

ORKNEY LULLABY.

A moonbeam floateth from the skies
Whispering, "Heigho, my dearie;
I would spin a web before your eyes—
A beautiful web of silver light
Wherein is many a wondrous sight
Of a radiant garden leagues away,
Where the softly tinkling lilies sway
And the snow-white lambskins are at play—
Heigho, my dearie!"

A brownie stealth from the vine,
Singing, "Heigho, my dearie;
And will you hear this song of mine—
A song of the land of murk and mist
Where bideth the bud the dew has kist?
Then let the moonbeam's web of light
Be spun before thee silvery white,
And I shall sing the livelong night—
Heigho, my dearie!"

The night wind speedeth from the sea,
Murmuring, "Heigho, my dearie;
I bring a mariner's prayer for thee;
So let the moonbeam veil thine eyes,
And the brownie sing the lullabies—
But I shall rock thee to and fro,
Kissing the brow he loveth so,
And the prayer shall guard thy bed I trow—
Heigho, my dearie!"

—Eugene Field.

The Sohmer Piano is the prime favorite for artists for both concert and private use.

The late Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Burton of Hartford passionately loved a fine horse. One day a horse-dealer was showing him a thoroughbred. He spoke of his powerful limbs, handsome head, broad chest, good color and rapid gait. "The fact is," said the dealer, "the animal is absolutely perfect." "Well, then," said the doctor, "I wished he belonged to my church."—*The Tribune.*

Caller (to fond mother)—"Isn't it somewhat remarkable and wonderful, Mrs. Hobson, that your little boy Frank, though eight years old, can neither read nor write?"

Fond mother—"Oh, yes; I think so. The dear little fellow always was a remarkable and wonderful child."—*Harper's Magazine.*

The two latest books issued by the Judge publishing company, New York, are "Lady Car," by Mrs. Oliphant, and "Jack of Hearts," by H. T. Johnson. Mrs. Oliphant's is a short story, its heroine being an English woman of noble birth who was constrained to marry a vulgar millionaire, who leads her a miserable life. He has the grace, however, to get himself accidentally killed, and his young widow finds herself rich and free to marry the man to whom she had given her heart in her earlier days. He proves amiable and considerate in his treatment of her, but fails to exhibit the energy and ambition she had imagined him to possess. He is, in fact, an easy-going and good-natured fellow without a particle of "push," and *Lady Car* has to make the best she can of her disappointment. Then her two children by her first husband get into mischief, and on the whole *Lady Car* hasn't a very happy time of it. Mrs. Oliphant is a clever and experienced writer, and no story that comes from her pen can fail to hold the reader's attention to the close.

"Jack of Hearts" is a breezy English romance—a story of that shady and elusive territory known as "Bohemia." It has recently been dramatized in England, and this is in itself a proof that it is not only a good story, but has attracted the public attention.—*Syracuse (N. Y.) Herald.*

THE EMPIRE GOWN.

Take a large-sized table cloth,
Stitch two sides together,
Run a pucker 'round the top
On a ribbon tether.

Cut some arm-holes near the neck,
Put the belt below them,
Just to touch the shoulder-blades,
So as not to show them.

Let the skirt be flowing loose,
Like a sail that's flapping
In the vagrant southern breeze,
Mast and yardarms tapping.

Tack some buttons on the back,
Two or three are plenty,
For you know an Empire gown
In the waist is scanty.

Put some lace about the neck,
Sew it there or pin it;
Then, to make the gown complete,
Let the girl get in it.

—Washington Critic.

MAGEE'S EMULSION

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None is used in Hospital practice with so large a percentage of satisfactory results.

No other remedy has cured so many cases of
CONSUMPTION

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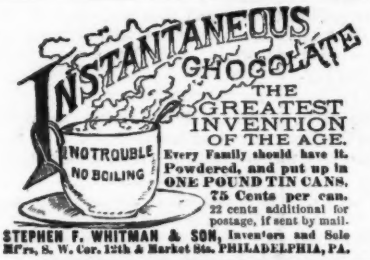
is entirely eradicated from the system by its use.

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IF YOU have a Cold, Cough, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, or a generally run-down system, you can regain health and strength quickly by the use of

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HENRY WARD BEECHER WROTE:



Henry Ward Beecher

"If CLEANLINESS is next to GODLINESS, soap must be considered as a means of GRACE, and a clergyman who recommends MORAL things should be willing to recommend soap. I am told that my commendation of PEARS' Soap has opened for it a large sale in the UNITED STATES. I am willing to stand by every word in favor of it I ever uttered. A man must be fastidious indeed who is not satisfied with it."

PEARS' is the best, the most elegant and the most economical of all soaps for general TOILET PURPOSES. It is not only the most attractive, but the purest and cleanest. It is used and recommended by thousands of intelligent mothers throughout the civilized world, because while serving as a detergent and cleanser, its emollient properties prevent the chafing and discomforts to which infants are so liable. It has been established in London 100 years as A COMPLEXION SOAP, has obtained 15 international Awards, and is now sold in every city in the world. It can be had of nearly all Druggists in the United States; but be sure that you get the genuine, as there are worthless imitations.

JOSH BILLINGS'S PHILOSOPHY.

Money iz like charity, it kivers a multitude of sins.
Yung man, larn tew listen!—i don't mean at a key-hole.

Trew liberty konsists in making good laws, and then obeying them.

A "gentleman about town" iz one who pays cash for everything except hiz debts.

One of the hardest men in the world tew kollekt a debt ov iz the man who iz alwus willing tew pay but never reddey.

A pedant iz one who fills himself in a cellar with the klam broth ov literature and then picks hiz teeth in the society of the learned.

When i diskover that all hatred, avarice, ambition, vanity and envy have left this world, then i am going tew hunt for a Christian.

I supoze we never shall kno in this life how big a phool a man kan be bekauze he iz not allowed tew hav all his wants and vanities gratified.

When yu find a man who iz very solisitus about the wellfare ov everyboddy you kan safely put him down az one who iz hunting for a misfortune.

There iz plenty ov happiness in this life if we only knu it; and one way tew find it iz when we have got the old rumatiz tew thank heaven that it ain't the old gout.

There iz but little, if any, cerimony between two wize men; but between a wize man and a phool cerimony iz the only thing that will make a phool feel respektable.

The devil iz probably the best judge ov human natur that ever lived, and he must hav beleaved in the dok-trine of total depravity or he wouldn't hav undertook tew tempt the Savior.

"LADY CAR."

Any smaller Thackeray intending to treat one of Mrs. Oliphant's heroines as Rowena was treated by Pendennis is likely to be forestalled, for it pleases her to write the sequels of her own love stories, and to unwind the glittering web of happiness in which her third volumes leave their heroes and heroines involved. It is very pretty work and always very well done, and, although it may impart a certain flavor of cynicism to the minds of young readers, it will be less bitter than that which they might create for themselves by applying the rules of certain modern criticism to her characters. In her newest book, "Lady Car," she tells of what befell Lady Caroline Torrance after she wedded the lover from whom her first marriage separated her. It is a delicately wrought and carefully studied tragedy, devoid of that slight comic flavor perceptible in some of her previous stories published in this country, and rather more artistic in conception.—Boston (Mass.) Herald.

The man who knows nothing and wants to find everything out is only equaled as a bore by the man who knows everything and wants to tell it all.—Merchant Traveler.

THE ONLY CIGAR WITH A NATIONAL REPUTATION.



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Business founded 1795. Incorporated under laws of State of New York, 1838. Reorganized 1879.
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Safety Colors. Safety Papers. Work Executed in Fireproof Buildings. Lithographic and Type Printing, Railway Tickets of Improved Styles, Show Cards, Labels, Calendars, Blank Books of Every Description.
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Do not waste your money on rubber hose, but get the



The Spiral Cotton Hose is the only reliable Hose, which is proven by there being so many imitations. The genuine has FOUR distinguishing marks.

- I. A red line running through it.
- II. The patent mark "Spiral," patented March 30, 1880.
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- IV. Corrugated coupling as shown in cut.

The "Spiral" Cotton Hose having no outside covering to hold moisture as rubber hose does, dries like a towel. Insist on getting this hose, as some dealers will try to sell an inferior one.

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Magnificent Sleeping Cars Without Change.
 New York and Boston to Buffalo, Toronto, Detroit,
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 Sleeping Cars New York to Toronto Exclusively by this Route
 Tickets via West Shore on sale at all ticket offices in the
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1 and 2-pound **Chocolates** Best
 Packages by MAIL in the World.
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\$1.00 per Pound. Larger Packages by
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SINGERS who have used PISO's
 Cure for Consumption say it is BEST OF ALL.
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AGENTS \$75 per month and expenses
 WANTED paid any active man or woman to sell our goods
 ON by sample and live at home. Salary paid
 SALARY. promptly and expenses in advance. Full par-
 ticulars and sample case FREE. We mean just
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FAT FOLKS
 using "Anti-Corpulenc Pills" lose 15 lbs. a
 month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never
 fail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. Wilcox Specific Co., Phila., Pa.

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

SPOONS.

"Good-night, sweetheart!" he softly said,
 And held her tight.
 Upon his breast she bowed her head,
 And sighed, "Good-night!"

He clasped her close. "Good-night!" said he
 In tender tone.
 "Good-night!" once more responded she,
 "My love, my own!"

And then, "Good-night, my own dear love!"
 Again said he.
 More softly than a cooing dove,
 "Good-night!" said she.

But whether he said so again
 I cannot say,
 For I got tired of listening then,
 And came away.

—Somerville Journal.

A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS.

The largest and most enthusiastic Browning club in America is in Philadelphia. No wonder. People who believe in the Keeley motor naturally think they can understand anything. By the way, speaking of Browning, wasn't there a Volapuk—we think that is the name it used to go by—society organized in this United States a few years ago? And an archery club? And a blue-glass cure? And didn't a certain class of lunatics go about drinking hot water? And wasn't there a mind cure somewhere in the wood-pile not long ago? Oh, well; that's all right. These things are harmless, and the asylum would be unendurable if there wasn't something to amuse the patients. And your little fad is—oh, you are a theosophist? Hindoo or Boston brand? Oh, Boston? Doctor, put this patient in 964, with the run of the fourth corridor, and give him the key to the hen-house. The contemplation of the old brown hen, impressed with the solemn and unshakable conviction that the germ of life and eternity is hidden in an old door-knob and a porcelain egg, may convince him that in former cycles of existence he was a hen. Surely,

"There is a pleasure in being mad
 Which none but madmen know."
 —Burdette.

THEN AG'IN—

Jim Bowker, he said, ef he'd had a fair show,
 And a big enough town for his talents to grow,
 And the least bit of assistance in hoein' his row,
 Jim Bowker, he said,
 He'd fill the world full of the sound of his name,
 An' climb the top round in the ladder of fame.
 It may have been so;
 I dunno;
 Jest so it might been,
 Then ag'in—

But he had tarnal luck; everythin' went ag'in him,
 The arrears ef fortune they allus 'ud pin him;
 So he didn't get a chance to show what was in him,
 Jim Bowker, he said;
 Ef he'd had a fair show, you couldn't tell where he'd come,
 An' the feats he'd a-done, an' the heights he'd a-clumb.
 It may have been so;
 I dunno;
 Just so it might been;
 Then ag'in—

But we're all like Jim Bowker, thinks I, more or less,
 Charge fate for our bad luck, ourselves for success,
 An' give fortune the blame for all our distress.

As Jim Bowker, he said,
 If it hadn't been for luck an' misfortune an' sich,
 We might a-been famous, and might a-been rich.
 It might be jest so;
 I dunno;
 Jest so it might been,
 Then ag'in—
 —S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

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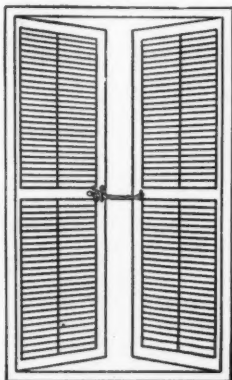
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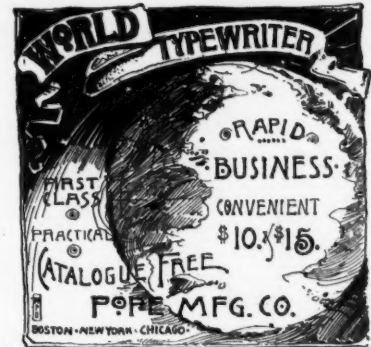
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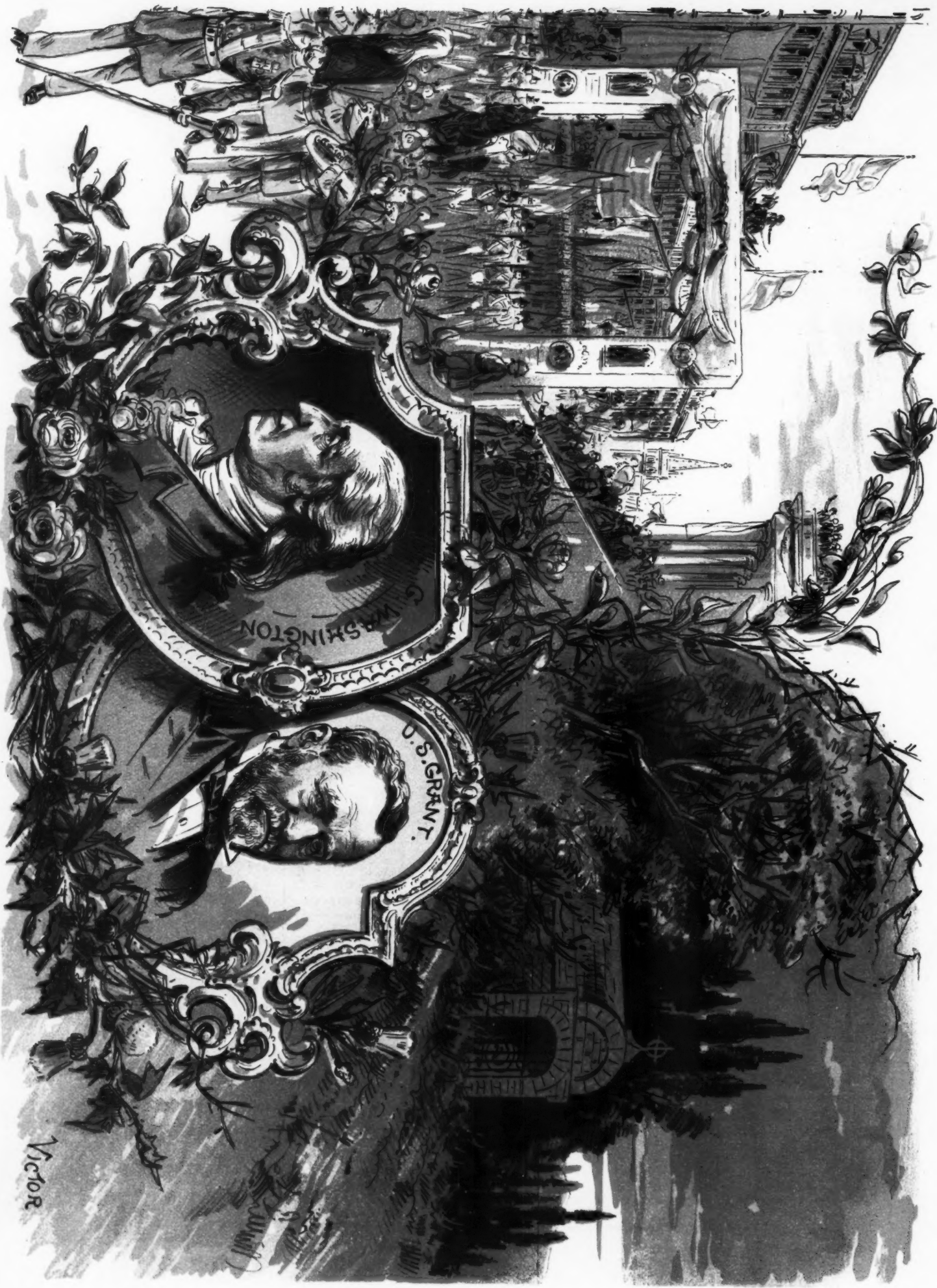
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