

Judge

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NO CAT'S-PAW.

MONKEY.—"Just lend me your paw, to get these chestnuts off the fire."
CAT.—"I'm not that kind of kitten."



PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

President - - - - - W. J. ARKELL
Art Department - - - - - BERNHARD GILLAM
Editor - - - - - I. M. GREGORY

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THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
38 Park Row, New York.

THE TARIFF QUESTION—That the Democrats want to do it but do not dare; and the Republicans have the same desire but they can't.

THE LAST MAN to jump the Brooklyn bridge was a man who was desperate because he could not win his girl. Now there is some sense in that man's idiocy.

THE JUDGE is the blank paper that is knocking us out. Can't it be bought?—*William H. Barnum.*

Always and at any news-stand, William. Price ten cents.

MR. CLEVELAND likes fishing, but he steers very clear of the Canadian grounds for some reason—perhaps because of the seclusion of the bait.

FANNY DAVENPORT denies the report of her marriage—meaning, we suppose, the eighth, or perhaps the bi-centennial, or it may be merely the one that comes around once a year.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW will come in September; and if there are two orators greater than Chauncey and James Gillespie they, as Mr. Boyle of Ireland would remark, have yet to be born.

THE HEIRESS is eloping with her coachman again. That kind of madness holds the reins over her always at this season; but she recovers from it so speedily at times as to engineer the necessity for a fine fall funeral.

RIDDLEBERGER SAYS England needs a third thrashing. Don't be impatient, Riddy. She'll get it in November.

FRANCES E. WILLARD distinctly favors the Republican party as the great temperance party; and in view of the hoarse Democratic hiccough against "free whisky" what a brave girl Frances is!

THERE WAS some objection on the part of George Jones to the home-coming of James G. Blaine; but really there ought to be the protection which gives a man the right to a few privileges in his own country.

THE NEW CONFEDERACY.

THE civil war was a great geographical educator. People north, and certainly people south, had no prior conception of the extent of the boundaries of the great contending states. The lines were drawn in red and dotted with battle marks. Rivers known only (or little known), even by name, became as household words. Newspapers of the day drew in sketchy lines of black places unheard of before, where the blue and the gray were struggling for or against the national life. The schooling was costly. The Kohinoor, placed at last in the diadem of liberty, had touches of blood mixed with its flashes of light.

Again the Democracy, as is its wont, purposes to painfully educate the people. The southern solidarity, defeated in its attacks upon the national existence, now resumes with covert hostility an onset on northern industries. General Taylor (confederate) asserted that "the great mistake of the south was that when it had the power it had not first reduced the north to a defenceless condition by substantial free trade, and so rendered it powerless for attack or defence by undermining its great manufacturing industries."

The glamour of an old party name is deluding. Mr. Cleveland is as clay in the hands of the potter, and is cast in the mould that made Buchanan the vain and superserviceable servant of shrewder and unscrupulous men. Regarded by his users with a mixture of amusement and contempt, his egotism nevertheless leads him to stultify his early utterances against the dangers of an incumbent using his place for continuance of power. It is the meagerness of Democratic presidential material that coerces the party to accept, as against defeat, the lesser evil. A political nightmare, even, is preferable to political death.

A voter will now have statements to criticise and lessons to learn on the subject of political economy. National and international interests and questions of taxation, direct or indirect, will

be presented for consideration. In this contest it will not, as twenty-five years ago, be a mapping of the movements of deadly forces, but an equally fateful diagram of policy.

It is an old proverb, "Find out your enemy's wants and then choose the opposite." English interest is unhesitating in the indorsement, and outspoken on the side of Democracy. Not necessarily enmity, but selfishness. The brethren would not kill Joseph, but to be rid of a rival preferred to sell him into servitude. European manufacturers fully understand the political see-saw, and know that as our industrial interests go down theirs rise in proportion. As soon as the Mills bill passed the house Scotch manufacturers of burlaps and hop-sacking (none being manufactured in this country) assuming that, as in the English house of commons, a majority vote was a finality, prematurely advanced the price of their product the amount to be taken off by the proposed reduction of the tariff. It is well known that when the duty was taken off coffee the growers demanded and received the difference. Coffee was not lowered in price; the



BLIGHTED HOPE.

SHIPWRECKED SAILOR (who has been in the water for hours)—"A raft! a raft!"



!!!

producer was simply more largely enriched. Free trade is a straight line projected out of tariff reduction and will result in the embarrassment first, and then the destruction, of our industries; and with competition removed will produce an enhancement instead of a lowering of prices. J. A.

THE DEMOCRATS assume to be very courageous, but if you say "Free trade" to them they feel as if they had seen a spook and ejaculate with great haste, "It wasn't us—it was that other man." * * *

IN THIS weather one is foolish to wear his flesh and bone. What is needed now is the corporeal existence that reaches around with a vanished hand to find the substance surrounding its soul that has vanished itself. * * *

WE GIVE no significance to the statement that Ben Butler is out for protection. B. F. is a free-trader by nature as to other people, and a protectionist merely for himself. * * *

THEY ARE NOT running Cleveland on the merits of his ancestry, but they wish they might. The hat of Grover's grandfather might rest on Grover's ear, and his necktie is so long around that the grandfather would look upon it as the wherewith to hang himself. * * *

IT IS A WORLD of compensation. We observe that the infatuated girl is killing her lover now. There is this difference between her and the other party, however; she generally manages to kill herself as well as the individual who has just preceded her. * * *

THE Albany Times is very devoted to the Democratic party, but it thinks the safety of the country demands the election of Harrison and Morton. That is patriotism of the highest altitude, and may the editor of the Albany Times never come down. * * *

THE MAN who is most intensely opposed to the free-whisky idea accredited to the Republican party is a man so intoxicated that he can't get himself out of the ditch or say five words without splitting the same into five times that number of inconsecutive syllables. All he can do is to brace himself up sufficiently to vote the Democratic ticket.



NEVER HANDICAPPED.

LITTLE ARTHUR—"Mr. Blessington plays a beautiful game, Uncle Tom."
 UNCLE TOM (*a bitter rival*)—"He ought to."
 LITTLE ARTHUR—"Why?"
 UNCLE TOM (*between his teeth*)—"Nobody ever embarrasses him by looking at him if they can help it."

bet that if I were to ask you this minute for five dollars until Saturday night you'd say you were very sorry, but you had just paid a bill and only had your car-fare left."

THE CHAMPION CAMPAIGN CIPHER.

That the words "Harrison and Morton" should in themselves contain a prophetic utterance regarding the coming election has probably not heretofore been discovered. By the application of the champion campaign cipher (caveat filed) it becomes apparent at once. Following is the demonstration. Reverse the significant words of the phrase and the phrase itself and we have "Notrom and Nosirrah." The "d" in the conjunction

is really superfluous, as it is seldom distinctly pronounced; therefore it is elided. Now, combining the syllables in their proper relation, and punctuating and capitalizing accordingly, we have: "Not Roman; no, sirrah!" or, "Not Roman! no sir, 'rah!" The significance in both cases is the same. The old Roman will not be successful; and of course Cleveland will fall with him.



AT THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

SONENHEIM—"Vat gread nadural peauties dey vos here."
 MISS GOLDBERG—"Ain'd dey? I vos joosd loogekin at dot lofely face on der rock ofer dere."

SAFE.

"Hello, Brown! What are you doing out this late hour? You'll get rats."

Brown (*hic*)—"Nixey! Wife in the country."

PITY THE BLIND.

First blind man—"Anyone in sight, pard?"

Second blind man—"No."

First blind man—"Let's have a glimmer. You shuffle and I'll cut."

PESSIMISTIC.

Wiggins—"It is sad to see the morbid and pessimistic tone of the literature of to-day. Why don't people drop this high-tragedy business and come back to something natural?"

Borrowit (*gloomily*)—"Natural? Why, it's natural now. I'll

THE POLITE BROKER.

He was a Wall street broker,
 And the pink of courtesy,
 To a duchess or a stoker,
 He always tried to be.

Though his tastes were rare and costly,
 It was quiet on the street,
 And he lived, just then, on mostly
 Anything at all to eat.

And when "Mutton," which he hated,
 Said the servant, "sir, or ham,"
 He answered, as she waited,
 "Thanks; my favorite dish is lamb."

E. A.

SHE HAD THE IDEA.

Miss Erin—"Shall Oi take the machane to mow the carpet, mum?" (*Presents sweeper.*)

HUM OF THE COURT.

WOULD it not be well to put a little salt on the extremity of the bobtail car?

MILLS GRINDS slowly, but the worker that makes his grist is ground exceeding fine.

NO MAN ever rode to the white house on a bicycle; but B. Lockwood isn't a man, and she rides a tricycle.

THE PRESIDENT fishes well in ordinary waters, but the hook he drops into the political sea is without inviting bait.

YOU CAN'T catch a weasel asleep, and Dan's account tallies exactly with that of Grover as to the number of bluefish.

PEOPLE are getting so fashionable at the Oriental hotel, Manhattan Beach, that the ladies all dress before breakfast.

A MUGWUMP is not necessarily a prohibitionist, nor is a prohibitionist necessarily a mugwump. Let those people thank God for that.

THEY SAY that Jay Gould is threatened with insanity; but thus far the insanity has been altogether on the side of those who have had dealings with him.

WHEN the *Times* nominated Hewitt for governor Abram gave a wild cry of despair and immediately went and took some medicine.

THE JUDGE has never failed or grown weak or timid in its loyalty to Frances Folsom Cleveland, and may her shadow grow large; but why did she not get a divorce? And what an excellent woman Mrs. Benjamin Harrison would be in her place!

THE JUDGE'S EAR is still turned to the Washington horizon with no large size but great alertness; but there are still no orders from Grover to the federal subordinates to go home and smoke their pipes with their idle feet on the otherwise unoccupied mantel-piece.

A CONTEMPORARY with pronounced Democratic symptoms keeps calling out that the skies are bright. We have noticed that sort of astronomical hallucination at the beginning of several campaigns, and



LOOKING INTO THE POSSIBLE FUTURE.

MRS. FLOATER—"This is my future son-in-law, Lieutenant Snavemouth of her majesty's dragoons. But what makes you so *distract*, colonel?"
COL. BLUFF (*of the Twelfth U. S. artillery*)—"I was just thinking, my dear madam, what a terrible thing it would be to have to kill a lamb like that."

the most of the sufferers have divided their services between the lunatic asylum and the penitentiary.

THERE HAVE been objections to the president's vacation. That is foolishness. By all means let us give him a vacation for the rest of his life.

COURTLANDT PALMER was not a Christian in theory, but he hit it very nicely in practice; and if they are hard on such men over there what is going to become of the rest of us?

MRS. CLEVELAND, perhaps, makes votes for Mr. Cleveland; but they are cut on the bias and are so generally out of the prevailing fashion that they can never go into the ballot-box.

MELVILLE D. FULLER says Chicago suits him well enough as a summer resort. So remarked the chief proprietor of that warm place over there, and we must say that lots of persons have accepted the suggestion.

MR. DANA makes the happy discovery that, while all free-traders were not confederates, all confederates were and are free-traders. Thus, thanks to Mr. Dana, we know not only what the old traitor was but what the existing traitor is.

THERE WAS a man who got sixty days in the penitentiary, and he went there with a light heart and a sweet smile. "At last, at last!" he exclaimed as he donned the striped suit. "It is humiliation, but there I shall be free from the campaign song."

DR. MCGLYNN and Henry George are advised by the *Buffalo Times* "to sit calmly down and ask themselves if they are not flat failures." Now we shouldn't advise them to sit at all. They have brains enough, but their intelligence is imperfectly protected.

THE FRIENDS of Belva Lockwood are calling such suffragists as Stanton and Anthony featherheads and fossils. That will never do, dears. Without courtesy and gentleness Mrs. Lockwood will stand not a ghost of a chance of election, and mud-throwing is a job merely for the laundress.

JUDGE pictures a fine old Irish lady landing at Castle garden, A.D. 1840, with a washboard under her arm. JUDGE is an anachronism. Washboards were not known in Ireland forty years ago, if they are common there now. But that's nothing. In Mr. Jefferson's play the wife of *Rip Van Winkle* is represented as washing with a board.—*Buffalo Express*.

The *Express* must not call us such bad things, but confine itself to the facts. The washboard was known in Ireland more than forty years ago; though we must admit that it was used merely as a shield. Indeed, it was contemporary with the shillelah, and that came in with the creation.



A SLIP OF THE TONGUE.

"Haf you got a permit to do dot, Eckstein?"

"Yah!"

SOUR GRAPES.



FLIRTED! Well, I guess you'd think so—
Met last season at the Springs,
Hurt to death by Cupid's arrows—
'Gad, how hard the rascal stings!

Never told me she was married,
Said her heart was light as air;
Wouldn't trust a woman, Johnson,
Matters not how sweet or fair.

Fickle as the wind that wanders
Through the fields of clover bloom;
One day filled with happy fancies,
Next day plunged in deepest gloom.

When I spoke of love she answered
With a twinkle of the eye,
"Should I listen to your rapture
Some one whom I know would die."

Biggest flirt I met last summer,
Beat them all upon my life!
Glad she showed her hand so freely,
Just escaped—by Jove!—your wife?

CLYDE RALSTON.

ERRATIC ENUNCIATIONS.

Filling a long felt want—The dentist hammering gold into a cavity.
The consumptive goes where he may breathe the dry air he lungs for.
An imposing sight—A street fakir selling brass watch cases as solid gold watches.
Of all fools the worst is the dampfool, and of all dampfools the prohibitionist is the most fully developed.

All that is needed to make the new drink, malto, a success, is something in the way of hopso to go with it.

When cremation will have come into vogue, the undertaker will have a chance to urn the dead as well as his living.

The only Republican department clerk in the capital at Albany says the carpet in the state secretary's office is like Grover Cleveland, because it has been taken up to be beaten.

Scathing editorial by a Democratic editor—"Blen Hallison allee samee flend of Chinesel; let Amelican wolkingmen not folglet that; and Blen had a glandfathel once. Lats!"

A Russian physician says strychnine is a sure cure for drunkenness. So are Paris green, arsenic, prussic acid, rough on rats, and corrosive sublimate, if administered in sufficient quantities. Let the good work go on.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE—HOW APPLIED.

Jack (entering)—"Hi diddle diddle—fe fi fo fum—'round the house and 'round the house'"

Nilo—"What on earth is the matter, Jack? Are you crazy?"

Jack—"Not at all, my dear fellow. 'There was an old woman who lived in a shoe.' You see, I fancy—only fancy, mind—that I have a raging toothache—'O, blow ye winds'—and am trying to put my mind on to something else, don't you see? (*Exit, quoting.*) 'There's rosemary; that's for remembrance.' 'To be or not to be.' 'I pray you, love, remember.'"

THE BENEFITS OF COLD WATER.

The prohibition speaker had occupied a half hour while waiting for the principal orator of the evening, and had closed a long sentence with, "But the reasons I have given you are but a few of those that could be given to show the benefits of cold water," when a telegram was put into his hand.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said after reading the telegram, "I regret to have to announce that Mr. Thumper, who was to address you to-night, is detained eleven miles east of here by a wash-out."

A PECULIAR RULE.

Brown, who runs a hotel at a seaside resort not far from New York, is a bit of a philosopher, and never allows the inevitable "disagreements" of his profession to depress him beyond measure.

"You would never believe," he remarked, in a confidential tone, to a patron recently, "what we poor country Bonifaces have to put up with. The other day, for instance, a wedding party of six young people from the city came here, and after 'raising Ned' for an entire evening, and running up a bill of nearly two hundred dollars, managed to get away without paying me. Well, I'm an easy-going old chap, and know that young people must have their fun; I only hope they will never be annoyed by anything as much as they have annoyed me. Besides, what, after all, is a couple of hundred dollars? The only thing that really vexes me about the matter, my dear sir, is that by the rules of our house I am obliged to place the loss to the debit side of the account of my poor steward, who is a family man and not really able to bear this diminution of his income."

A TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS.



Act I.



Act II.



Act III.

FARMER BROWN'S STORY.



We'd quarreled—wife an' me—about some pesky little thing,
Ez mos' folks will w'en one on um gets off some rankin' thing,
An' t'other answers sassy with some sneerin' word that's wuss—
I tell ye, mister, 't allus takes a pair tew make a fuss—
An' ez I wuz a-sayin', after we ud had the spat,
We hadn't spoke in more'n a week. By Jingo! think o' that.
I'd got up mornin's jes' the same, an' milked an' done the chores,
An' she'd got breakfast w'iles I wuz a putterin' out doors,
An' everythin' ud gone right on from mornin' until night.
But tew each other we wuz dumb. We knew it wuzn't right,
Yet nuther ud give in an inch. It allus happens so:
W'en onct old Satan gits a holt he's boun' tew win the throw!
W'en we wuz married, both on us wuz sure that years an' years
Ud make no difference with us. We had no thought o' tears.
I tell ye, though, w'en folks is poor, an' hev tew work an' toil,
It a'n't much of a wonder that their tempers offen spoil;
An' sentiment gits rusty, like, w'en hands grow hard an' rough.

Ez I wuz sayin', poor folks sometimes has things mighty tough!
We'd raised a lot o' boys an' girls, but they hed married off—
Excep' our youngest darter, Jane, who's got a killing cough,
An' our first-born, Ezekiel John, who many years ago
Jes' left one day tew go away. Whar? Wall, we didn't know.
He never took tew farmin', an' we called him lazy Zeke,
Though we war mighty lonesome w'en he took his roamin' freak.
He went afore he wuz of age, an' thirty year er more
Had come an' gone w'en one day he druv up to our front door.
We thought him dead. He turned up rich. They call him Guv'ner Brown.
Oh, yes. That day he come we spoke. I've told it upside down.

J. A. WALDRON.

WITHIN THE GATES.

She had been in celestial regions just three days when her natural longings began to reassert themselves. "Peter, dear saint," she said, with gentle pleading in her spectacled eyes, "couldn't you manage to send below for a little trifle which I was obliged to leave behind me?"

"My dear young angel!" exclaimed the astonished saint; "what can you want of earthly things? Have you not a harp, and a crown, and a pair of best quality wings, and"—

"Yes, yes," she sadly interrupted, "I have all these. But I am a Boston girl—I mean I was—and I left on the pantry shelf a dish of Boston baked beans."

And she hid her face within her wings, and her sobs echoed throughout the heavenly portals.

MERELY REHEARSING.

"You seem very fond of bathing, Miss Montrose," remarked Merritt at Ocean Grove.

"Not in the least," she replied with a modest blush; "but I'm obliged to go on the burlesque stage this fall and the manager told me this was the best way for a girl to get over her bashfulness about wearing tights."

A FAUX-PAS.

She affected to know
What was dainty and neat,
From the crown of her head
To the soles of her feet.
And her toilets set off her fine figure;
But she missed one nice point
When she came on the street,
'Mid the city's hot glare,
From her seaside retreat,
In those tan-colored shoes cut *de rigueur*.

ANNA C. STARBUCK.

THE REAL REASON.

"What a simple and modest bathing-suit Miss Spider always wears," remarked the minister.

"Yes," replied Miss Vivacity unconsciously. "You will always find a girl modest at the seaside when she weighs only eighty-five pounds."



A LITTLE MORE THAN HE EXPECTED.

SHAKESPEAREAN AMATEUR (after the performance)—"Do tell me, Mrs. Krittick, how did you like me as the fool?"

MRS. KRITTIK (enthusiastically)—"Excellently. You were so very natural, you know. They could not have found a better man for the part."

RALLY ROUND THE SMILE, BOYS.

Frances has a little smile and uses it so well, when papers write the party up they all about it tell. 'Tis flounced and fluted, plaited, shirred, in every latest style, and fastened on, admirers say, without a thread of guile. What makes the papers boom it so the ignorant can't see; but Cleveland mouth and Thurnian nose are party propertee. The smile may help big Grover win, the party hopes, and saves its chief hurrahs for that, while loud the red bandana waves.

LOVE AND INGRATITUDE.

Read in an album.

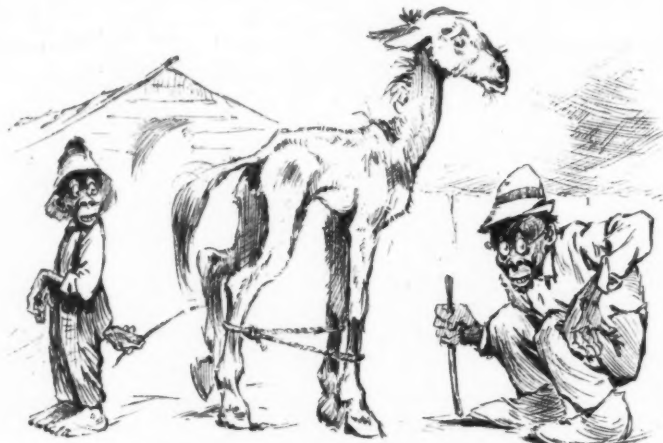
"If you wish to know whether a woman loves you, ask her abruptly. If she does not she will laugh in your face; if she does she will pout a good while and then scold you for having doubted her affection."

"Ingratitude will last as long as there are people foolish enough to do kind actions; which leads one to express the hope that the ungrateful may not soon disappear from the face of the earth."

THE CEMETERY OF WIT.

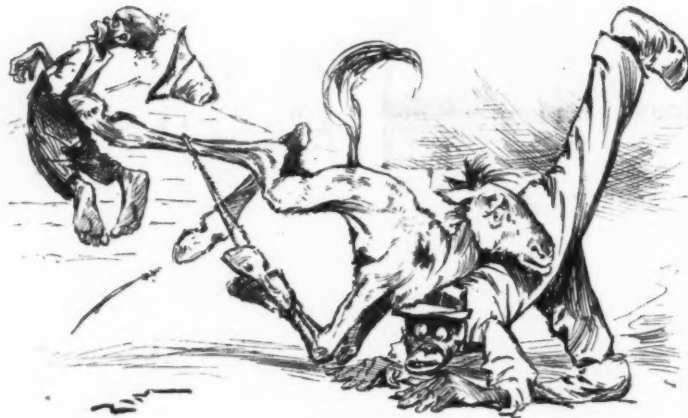
She (in the humorist's sanctum)—"This enormous scrapbook of clippings, Mr. Jokem—why have you labeled it 'The Chestnut Burr'?"

Jokem—"Because I open it in order to find out what not to write."



AN UNSUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.

UNCLE RANDOLPH—"Reck'n dat'll cuah dat colt 'r kickin'!"



"Umph!!!"

A DECREPIT LIE.



LBOW GRAVES was elected treasurer of the Black Star tennis association last week, and after collecting a small percentage of the initiation and monthly dues was sent over to the city to buy uniforms, accoutrements and implements of the game.

Not returning in a reasonable time, the auditing committee sent out feelers in the shape of Mr. Peleg Eakins and Mr. Esmond Le Clair to possibly help him bring home the goods, and in any event to frustrate a defalcation.

"Whar's yo' gwine t' look fer 'm?" asked Mr. Le Clair as they stepped off the Hoboken ferry-boat and strolled up West street.

"Whar yo' surmise I'se gwine ter look fer 'm?" was the reply.

"Yo' fink a Hoboke coon wiv nineteen dollah en a sheet uv two-caint stamps, moh den he eber hed in he's life t' wunst befoh, is a gwine ter be foun' readin' scripiter in d' Ashter lib'ry? Nossir! dat he yain't. I'se gwine up t' Portagee Mike's caffy, en 'f we don' find 'm dar, instinc' tell me dat he'll be down on Cabe's watah-million dock eatin' hisself sicker den a king-fish wiv d' proceed ob d' k'lection."

And at Cabe's, sure enough, they found him.

Mr. Eakins seized him by one arm and Mr. Le Clair by the other, and as they pulled him apart till his shoulder-fastenings loosened hot-shot queries were poured into him like the discharge of a Gatling gun.

"Whadjer do wiv dem tennis scads, yo' brack Fulgraft?"

"Whad I do?"

"Yaas! Whadjer do?"

"Whad who do wiv whad scads?"

"Jerk 'm agin, Mistah Eakins. Whadjer do 'r say?"

"Ef yo' gemmen 'll 'low me ter sput out some million-seeds whad's god ketched undah mah collar-bon' I'll tell yo' whad 'r done. I yain't no 'lastic man fer t' be pulled out like dis!"

They eased up on him a little, and as he sucked back the air which had been squeezed out of him he said, "I done kim ober t' N' Yark fer ter puchis d' 'signia ob d' club."

"Dat yo' did, yo' molas' col'd -Jaehne; dat you did! Whar's d' 'signia?"

"I done struck two place whar dey sol' unniforms."

"Go orn!"

"De fust place dey wanted jes' twainty-one dollah fer foh regalias wiv d' net, rackers, clubs en bawls frowed in."

"Umph!"

"De secon' place wuz in d' 'cinity ob Hunion squar' en d' price wuz higher. Dey wanted jes' twainty-one dollah fer one suit ob cloze, en 'siderin' d' tone ob d' club, an' d' fac' dat dem cloze wuz solid silk, I says, says I t' m'self, dem's d' togs fer d' Brack Stars, suah."

"En yo' buyed 'm?"

"En 'r did."

"Whar is dey?"

"Da's jes' whad I'se comin' to. Luff go dat whisk'r hair, Esmond Le Clair! Thanks. I put dat suit 'r close on, en started fer Hoboke, finkin' dat 'twuz bettah t' hab one stylish man in d' club den foh loafahs, when, whad yo' s'pose?"

"Bunco?"



ON THE CHAMP DE MARS.

STRANGER (*in Paris*)—"What is the meaning of this great demonstration?"
PARISIAN—"Aha! does Monsieur not know? Zey hef at last been some blood shed in a Frainch duel!"

"Nah! *Lightnin'* flash come en burnt dem cloze off'n me clean ez a bone!"

"En didn' hyurt yo'?"

"Notta mighty."

"Mistah Grabes," observed Mr. Eakins, as he winked a sullen wink at Mr. Le Clair, "hit may soun' a triffle bumbasty fer t' say dat two Hoboke cit'zens ob color is mo' foh-handed den Gawd's lightnin', but dey is, chile—dey *is!*" And the splash of a hard body into the soft mud of the dock carried out the truth of the assertion.

The Black Star tennis association play now in blue overalls and checked jumpers, but they play an honest game.

J. S. GOODWIN.

A SONG IN FLY-TIME.

I know who hates the horrid thifgs
That every summer sunrise brings,
With buzzing flur and fuz of wings—
My dearest!

I know the quick and watchful eyes
Matching the hue of cloud-swept skies,
Whose glance alert each foe descries—
My dearest!

I know the deft and agile hand
(It holds my heart, you understand)
That never fails its prey to land—
My dearest!

I know that slang should not occur
Where well-comported persons stir,
But still—there are no flies on her—
My dearest!

JOHN MORAN.

NO WONDER.

"Doesn't your sister float beautifully?" exclaimed Merritt in admiration as he stood on the beach.

"Why shouldn't she," replied little Johnny, "when she pads her bathing suits with enough cork to make a life-preserver?"



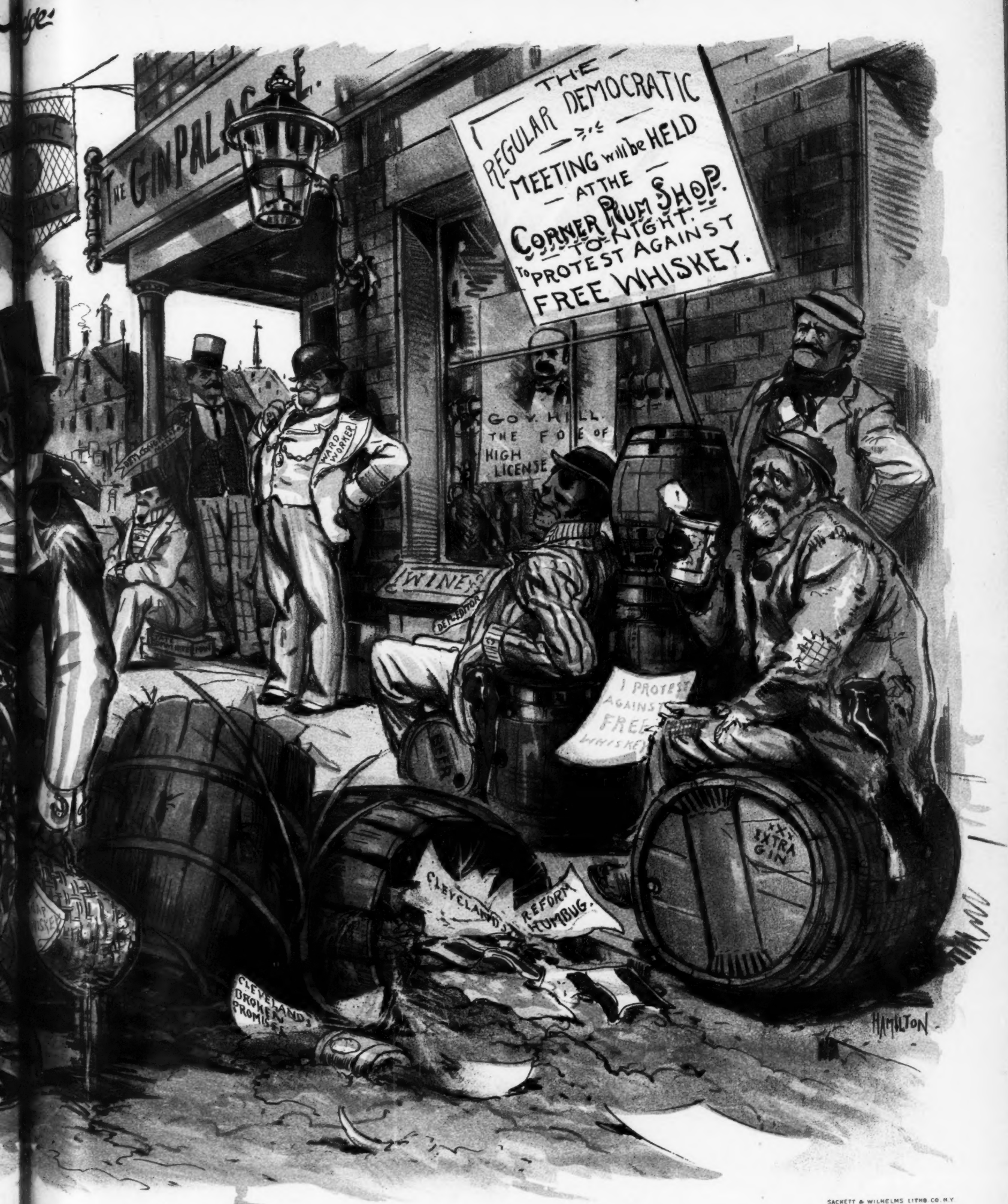
CONVENIENT.

MRS. WELFIXT (*showing Aunt Japonica the new grounds*)—"That is the Lodge over there."

AUNT JAPONICA—"How nice it must be to have it so near! The one your uncle belongs to is more 'n four miles from where we live, an' sometimes it takes him all night to get home."



THE RUM PARTY TURNED DEMOCRATIC HEELER.—“We can't beat you with Free Trade, but we'll raise the “Free Whisk”
TWO
y and



SACKETT & WILHELMS LITHO CO. N.Y.

D...TIOUS FOR REVENUE ONLY.
 hiak... and that will kill you—We (hic) are the Temperance (hic) Party and don't you (hic) forget it!"

THE NEW CUPID.

The days are gone when some sweet rhyme
Sufficed to win a maiden;
We live not in that olden time
Which with romance was laden.
Poor literature! For all its pearls
No least demand arises;
What catches all the pretty girls
Now is athletic prizes!

Here's Bertie—she whose tender eyes
I've been in verse exalting;
Tom let her choose and keep a prize
He won at Yale—for vaulting!
And so she keeps my verses in
Some dusty drawer or corner,
While at her throat she wears a pin—
Tom's medal—to adorn her!



And Mabel? When she made "her quilt"
(O aunts, you've spoilt your nieces!)
She kept us fellows all a tilt
In skirmishing for "pieces."
The quilt has, now, *one* tie of mine
She begged me to present her,
While Jim's "prize badges" were so fine
They all went in the center.

And thus it is, We've no redress;
These athlete chaps will carry
Our girls all off. Now, I love Jess,
But Jess—she worships Harry.
Well, what can we expect, poor bards?
Why, Harry's some attraction—
His record for the "hundred yards"
Ten seconds and a fraction!

FRANK ROE BATCHELDER.

HER NAME FOR THEM.

Bella's little sister was asked to describe Bella's lover by a friend of the family; she did very well till she came to the whiskers, and then she hesitated: "They're some kind of lovely meat whiskers, but it *isn't* beefsteak, and I can't think."

She had heard Bella say, "The mutton chop is *so* becoming to you, Algernon."

HOW RECONCILE THESE THINGS?

Small boy—"Say, pa! teacher said to-day, 'study hard, boys, time flies.'"

Father—"Very true, my son."

Small boy—"Well, and a little while after he said, 'time leaves foot-prints.' Now, pa, how can 'time' leave footprints if it flies?"

The lucky man would be happy if he wasn't always afraid his luck would change.

AT THE CLUB.

"Heard about Robin-son?"

"No; what's the mat-ter now?"

"Clear case of grand larceny; he got away with a capital joke last night."

"Oh, well, we must forgive a first offence."

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

"Well!" asked her mamma of a little girl who had just returned from church; "did you pray to the good Lord?"

"No, mamma, I couldn't; he wasn't there; there wasn't nobody there but the curate."



POPULAR SONG ILLUSTRATED.

Hold the "Forte."

LOOKING AHEAD.

Little Angeline had been given a pink-silk parasol. This she considered as her dearest earthly possession, and would never allow it out of her sight, night or day.

On being jested with on the subject she replied:

"No, I shall never part with it."

"But on your wedding day you'll have to."

"Oh, then, I'll give it to my children to keep for me."

MISERY LOVES COMPANY.

What! Germany has a surplus question to cope with too? Well, well! Shake!



PRESENCE OF MIND.

MRS. SHEEHAN (to Caldwell, who has put his pipe in his pocket)—"F'r th' love o' hivin, yure coat-tail's aire, sor!"

CALDWELL—"Thanks, me good woman; keep th' change, donchernaw!"

The Toronto *Globe* calls Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson the "Turveydrop of Boston," because he has presumed to compare English and American manners, and shows the former to be more in need of repair than the latter. England always has needed more Turveydrops of the Higginson variety.—*Buffalo Express.*

LITTLE WOMEN

are, as a rule, possessed of happy dispositions; but when these sweet dispositions become soured and irritable, in consequence of the long train of distressing features peculiar to female complaints, they are then not companionable, to say the least. It is the duty, not only of little women, but of all women so afflicted, to bring about the subjection, and immediate removal, of these painful maladies. This is easily accomplished by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the great specific for "female weaknesses." It is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhœa, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensation, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, and kindred ailments. All druggists.

Men on pension rolls live to be very old. The pension roll beats the baker's roll as a staff of life.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Probably the most important of the many announcements in conjunction with theatrical affairs in New York city for the coming season is the engagement of Denman Thompson and the elaborate production of "The Old Homestead" at the Academy of Music. The Academy is celebrated all over the world as being one of the largest and most perfectly constructed theatres in America. It will hold, comfortably, over four thousand people. Its acoustic properties have been pronounced by the leading singers of the world the most perfect. Inasmuch as "The Old Homestead" will play at the Academy for a full year, it is not unreasonable that the management of the big playhouse should be willing to expend such vast sums of money as are being expended on this production. It will probably be the grandest presentation of a purely American play this country has ever seen. The long season of "The Old Homestead" begins on August 30th.



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"The persistence of **ITCHING** is peace-destroying and exhausting to the vital powers."

SCRATCHING is not nice, nor half as satisfying as a **SHAMPOO** with

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| Henry Straus, Cincinnati. | Fred. J. Kiesel & Co., Ogden. |
| Jas. H. Brookmire & Co., St. Louis. | Idelman Bros., Cheyenne. |
| McCord, Brady & Co., Omaha. | Harrison, Farrington & Co., |
| J. S. Brown & Bro., Denver. | Minneapolis. |
| Geo. Wright & Bro., Milwaukee. | T. C. Power & Bro., Fort Benton. |
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"The Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure, for I have so found it in many tests made both for that company and the U. S. Government.

"I will go still further and state that, because of the facilities that company have for obtaining perfectly pure cream of tartar, and for other reasons dependent upon the proper proportions of the same, and the method of its preparation, the Royal Baking Powder is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offered to the public.

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Late U. S. Government Chemist.

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Citizen—"What kind of a job have you looked for?"
Tramp—"Winding an eight-day clock."—*Nebraska Journal.*

Musical people who call at the warerooms of Sohmer & Co. may be assured that they will find what will gratify the most cultivated musical taste in every respect.

Probably the finest and most patriotic show window in the country is that of Atchison & Knowlton, hardware dealers, of Newton, Kansas, called "The Campaign Window," and entitled "Log Cabin to White House." It includes flags, a stuffed eagle, mementoes of 1840, JUDGE cartoons, etc., etc. A photograph of it reaches us from Mr. W. B. Rodecker of that place, who will doubtless be glad to furnish copies of the photograph on application; but the demand will be so great that orders should be sent without delay.

PROMINENT PROFESSIONAL TESTIMONY.

GENTLEMEN—The

CHICAGO, June 27, 1888.



conforms itself to the surfaces of the teeth. As a polisher and absorber it is much preferred to the ordinary tooth-brush; and to persons using tooth-powder, or in cases of acidity of the mouth where prepared chalk is of use, it is an ideal success.

As a nail polisher it has no equal. It requires only the use of it for a few times to convince anyone of its merits.

A. L. DE CAMP.

Its Economy: Holder (imperishable) 35 cents, Polishers only need be renewed. 15 (boxed) 25 cents. Dealers or mailed.

HORSEY MANUFACTURING CO., Utica, N. Y.

"Jesters," says Shakespeare, "do often prove prophets." Thanks, awfully, William. You might have added that prophets often prove jesters, especially weather, and particularly political prophets.—*Burdette.*

"Who Won?" is the title of a record of yachting for the past fifty years by James C. Summers of the *Sun*, handsomely printed and illustrated. It is the neatest and most complete publication of the kind that we have seen, and no follower of ocean sports can afford to be without it.

TWO OLD CAT.

Oh, yes, I saw the players and their parti-colored socks, And the "captain" and the "umpire" and the "pitcher" in his box;

They are modern innovations that I noted as I sat Aloft with you; it won't compare with Two Old Cat!

You remember how we played it, Jim, when you and I were young,

And upon the farm together? Why has poet never sung Of the game of lane and roadway? What can now compare with that?

There is life-blood in that memory of Two Old Cat!

When the odors of the haying sweet and musky made the air, And crows were cawing far away and nature's face was fair,

When the corn was waving softly, then the boy with ragged hat Felt his pulse thrill in the rivalry of Two Old Cat!

Our bats were whittled out of pine, and any size would do;

Our ball of yarn wound tightly round a piece of rubber shoe,

And covered o'er with calfskin tight, and, oh Jehoshaphat!

How we did welt the whizzing thing in Two Old Cat!

I'm in favor of improvements, but the style of ball to-day Seems to lack the healthful features of the good old-fashioned way;

It's complicated for me, and the game these men were at Wasn't stirring in comparison with Two Old Cat!

—Chicago Mail.

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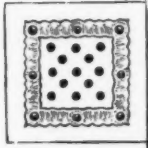
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The Lehigh Valley Railroad has arranged with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada for the running of through trains from Philadelphia via the North Penn., Lehigh Valley, Erie and Grand Trunk lines. New sleeping cars have been put on the route. The fare is to be \$16 50 to Chicago.

C. A. T.

Which, Being Interpreted, Signifieth Cleveland and Thurman—A Glimpse Into Futurity.

SCENE—Shores of Salt River. TIME—1889.

On the margin of a streamlet known and read of all creation, where the India-rubber catfish and the acrobatic eel

Sport in festive, gay abandon, playing jack-stones with the fossils of the tears of office-seekers, and have salt at every meal,

Sat two sad, dejected tramplets, munching musty free-trade biscuits, and beside them crouched a doglet, golden-hued and full of fleas,

Knotted to whose hairless caudal was a soiled and torn bandana, emblematic of some war-flags, flopping in the saline breeze.

One is corpulent and massive, with a high and frowning forehead, and in "two-line pica gothic" on his heavy face we see :

"I'm the Democratic Mascot—Give Me Fifty Thousand Yearly. Hip Hooray for Grover Cleveland. I'm the Man of Destinee !"

The companion of his wand'rings, sobbing, strokes his tangled whiskers, and his sigh sounds like "O-hi-o," as he gnaws his moldy crust ;

And he murmured : "Grover, listen—You're the man of dest'ny, pardner ; I'm Thurman of sorrows, Grover—but I'll back ye till ye bust !"

"Let me see," said Grover, musing, as he pulled his unkempt moustache and fastened his suspenders to his trousers with a nail,

"It must be mortifying to yon ecru-colored puplet to be forced to wear bandanas on his *a la* Frankfurt tail."

Then he sang a plaintive measure on the margin of Salt river, and poor Allen G. assisted in a broken, crooning way ;

And the Red Top clovers nodded to the lemon-tinted canine, as he dined on pension vetoes kindly tossed to him that day.

Then the tramplets and the doglet doffed their clothes and went in bathing to relieve them of their freshness and to cool each fevered brain ;

After which they read a passage from an old encyclopedia, and they prayed another blizzardlet might never come again.

For a time, with listless manners, on the brine-kissed shores they lingered ; but only for a little space in pensiveness they stood—

And for aye their grizzly spooklets, crusted o'er with saline cystals, wander thro' the deep morasses of innocuous desuetude.

—Typo Sahib in Buffalo News.

CONEY ISLAND AND BATH BEACH.

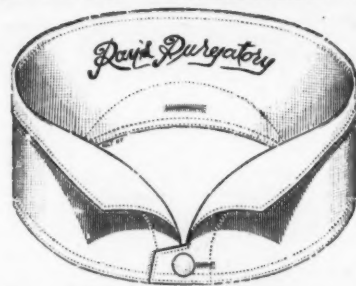
The boats of the West End route for these two popular resorts leave the new ferry foot of Whitehall street every half hour from 7 A.M. until 6.30 P.M.; then at 7.30, 8.30 and 9.30 P.M.; connecting with trains for West Brooklyn, Bath Beach, Coney Island and all stations on the Brooklyn, Bath & West End Railroad.

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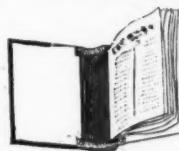
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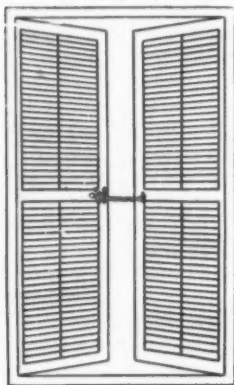
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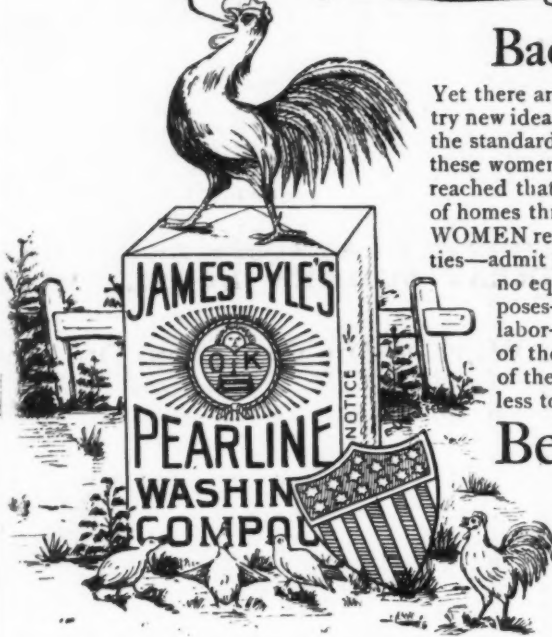
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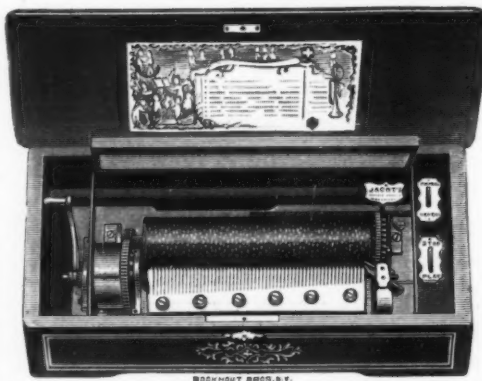
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The plot might be George Francis Train's, but the style can only be Dr. Wm. A. Hammond's. He writes of “that strata,” and of “the American Thomas Jingle,” meaning Alfred perhaps, and calls his hero “la Americaine.”—*Portland (Me.) Advertiser.*

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There is enough material in the story for a new “Monte Cristo,” but the incidents are not handled in a way to make the most of them, and the tale is curiously lacking in dramatic force. It is, however, ingenious and interesting and will hold the reader's attention to the end.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

“Napoleon Smith” is a story of Paris during the commune. Its author, veiled under the disguise of “a well-known New Yorker,” writes as an attaché of the American legation at Paris and works the late Elihu Washburne in and out of his narrative. The story has a fine pair of legs under it and goes at a sprinter's gait from one yellow cover to the other.—*Rochester Union.*

“Napoleon Smith,” a novel by a well-known New Yorker, is published by the Judge publishing company. Its first edition of 50,000, which is unparalleled in the publishing trade, is fully warranted by the plot of the story. The author has made quite as much of a hit in popular interest as Rider Haggard ever has done, and there is no one who reads it who will not be so entertained as to ask all his friends to read it. It is remarkably well conceived, and is handled with skill.—*Boston Globe.*

The name will probably be published ere long, but we have some difficulty in deciding between Jay Gould, Ed. Stokes, and his honor the mayor. The style might be applied to any of them, and the last named having become romantic, as disclosed by the Marlborough marriage, he may be with some reason pointed out as the author of this romantic book. But then Gould, the wizard, may lay claim to the honor, as the conjurer-like developments of the story might be contrasted with some Wall-street scenes. But, whoever the writer, the story is a unique and interesting one, and we enjoyed a lazy afternoon most thoroughly in perusing it.—*Easton (Pa.) Free Press.*

The recent offer in the JUDGE of a \$250 prize to any newspaper writer who would guess the identity of the author of “Napoleon Smith” has set many busy minds at work. The book was published anonymously, and involves French battle scenes, two or three love scenes, and the tracing of the accumulated millions of the great Napoleon to American ownership and to the assistance

of this government in its resumption of specie payments. One of the *Tribune's* city staff, who has been carefully reading the JUDGE, had come to the conclusion that W. J. Arkell was responsible for the plot and the love passages, but was baffled by the battle scenes and the poetry until he heard that Poet Worden of the JUDGE staff was a deep student of French. On that theory he has become convinced that the story is a dual production. As it is almost time for the prize to be declared, the *Tribune's* “guesser” is entered for the contest on this basis.—*New York Tribune.*

The book as we receive it is in pamphlet form, can be read in a summer afternoon and will be read without stop by anyone who picks it up. It is intensely original in style, full of startling incident, and an air of such probability is thrown about its improbable statements that the reader pursues the fortunes of the hero with increasing zest. And scattered all through it is a hint of scientific research on such a variety of subjects that one judges the author to be a student of divers branches in science and metaphysics. No one but a newspaper man has this versatile smattering of so many things. And therefore, its laughable exaggerations and its improbable conclusions remind one so much of the war prophecies of the London correspondent of the *New York Times*, who has recently returned to this country, we would judge the book is the combined work of Harold Frederick and W. J. Arkell. The JUDGE will please send New York draft.—*Watertown Times.*

“Napoleon Smith” is really a most astonishing extravaganza, exciting enough to stir the blood of an anchorite and funny enough to provoke laughter in a sphinx. Imagine a plot involving the discovery of the buried treasure of the first French emperor, the career of his supposititious grandson, the Franco-Prussian war, the horrors of the commune, the fate of a beautiful young marchioness, and the noble expiation of a more beautiful female bandit—all this mingled with inimitable dashes of humor and pathos, a persistent comedy flavored with tragedy, and now and then descending to farce, and the whole thing winding up with the resumption of specie payments in the United States! To the man or woman who longs for a moment of distraction we commend “Napoleon Smith.” We do not dare to say that Mark Twain wrote it, but if he did he needn't be ashamed of it. It is certainly worthy of the author of “Innocents Abroad.”—*Boston Literary World.*

The Judge publishing company recently sent out an exceedingly interesting novel, title “Napoleon Smith,” written by a prominent New Yorker, with the request that we glance over it and “guess” who is the writer. But the endeavor to “glance” resulted in the reading of every line. It is one of the most engrossing and entertaining pieces of fiction sent out this season. It is constructed on a singular plot, as interesting as it is improb-

able; it deals with topics and events of comparatively recent history, and in which everybody takes more or less interest, and it certainly is an *olla-podrida* of fun, fancy, information, anachronisms, vivid imaginings and lurid facts, woven together with masterly ingenuity. It has touches equal to Mark Twain, but excels him in construction; it suggests John Paul, but is more sustained; it has the strength of expression, the apt language, and the incisive wit of Henry Guy Carleton; and is good enough to have come from one of the JUDGE's own pens. None of these may be the writer, but it would be highly creditable to either of them, as it certainly is to the brilliant author, whoever he or she may be.—*Elizabeth (N. J.) Journal.*

Since the publication of “She” no piece of literary work has better deserved the popular interest it has excited than this new book by a well-known New Yorker. It is a remarkable production in many respects, with great merits and one or two conspicuous faults. The name is that of the hero—a son of a supposed illegitimate son of Napoleon, born at Elba. Two remarkable alleged facts are noted in the opening chapters—that when the United States celebrated its centenary a vast hoard of gold and silver came from somewhere to help the resumption of specie payments; and that fifty years before something like \$500,000,000 disappeared from circulation in Europe. The intimation is cleverly conveyed that Napoleon, who was known to be avaricious and was once thought to be the richest man in Europe, secreted this vast wealth of gold and silver, and the world was “short” that much for half a century. “Napoleon Smith” solves the mystery of its disappearance and recovery. The story is told by an attaché of the American ministry in Paris, and deals with scenes during the siege of 1870. The German investment of Paris, the commune, and the awful horrors of the winter of 1870-71 are pictured by a master hand, and the Gettysburg hero, Napoleon Smith, is a great character. The author writes at times like a surgical adept and again like an expert aeronaut, while he deals with diplomacy, war, peace, love-making and mystery with a versatility that suggests a compound of Rider Haggard, Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins, with a dash of Bret Harte for the climaxes. All in all, it is a remarkable book. Its faults are an occasional over-reaching for emotion—a “tear stands in the eye” of too many of its characters, male and female, at times when weeping is not in order—and several rather flagrant anachronisms. For instance specie payment was not resumed in the centennial year, but nearly three years after—on January 1, 1879. Then again Dr. Mortlake tells the narrator in a military hospital of Paris in the winter of 1870-71 the story of the death of Delmonico, the New York restaurateur, in the snow on Orange mountain, New Jersey, which occurred a year ago last winter. These do not, however, seriously mar a powerful and absorbing story of rarely well-sustained interest.—*Buffalo News.*

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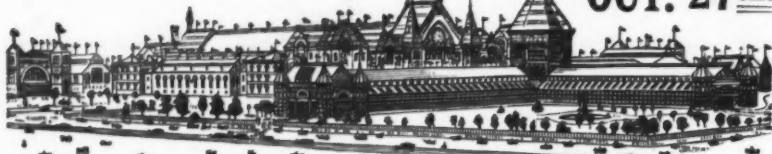
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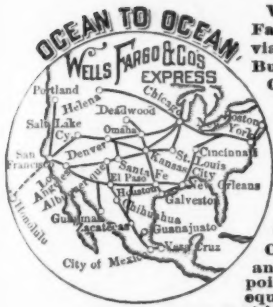
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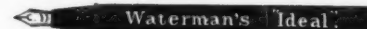
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