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# Judge

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IN COMMEMORATION.

Let us by all means have a leather medal struck off to commemorate the four years administration of the Democracy.



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THE BEST of Riddleberger is the last of him.

\* \* \*

THE EIGHTH WONDER of the world—Sorosis.

\* \* \*

RICHARD PIGOTT and the London *Times* have blown out their brains.

\* \* \*

MR. BAYARD was not demonstrative, and we ought to remember that, after all, nobody ever pulled his nose.

\* \* \*

PERHAPS OHIO may be mentioned as the step-mother of presidents.

\* \* \*

DO CREEDS make infidels? asks the *Herald*. Not at all, sir. It is infidels that make creeds.

\* \* \*

MR. CLEVELAND closed his administration with a veto; but the veto of last November by the people was far more effective.

\* \* \*

AUGUSTUS GARLAND is entitled to credit because he didn't permit himself to be heard from after the first year of his administration.

\* \* \*

MR. WHITNEY was the main figure of the late administration; but nobody knows whether he wants to run for governor, president, or queen of England.

\* \* \*

THE LATE secretary of the treasury is a Fairchild, but not as able a one as was his predecessor, the manly Manning.

\* \* \*

THE LATE JOHN C. FLOOD took a tide at the period of that name and went on to fame and excessive fortune.

\* \* \*

THERE IS a good deal of spinal firmness in that man Harrison; but it is sufficiently flexible, as it should be, to bend without breaking.

\* \* \*

THE LATE AGRICULTURAL SECRETARY came in at a bad time for crops, and is not liable to spring up from the unpropitious wayside.

\* \* \*

FOUR STATES make a great addition to the stars of this union; but it must never, never be forgotten that the whole boundless continent is ours.

\* \* \*

PROBABLY NOBODY who saw the display at Washington on inauguration day doubts the solidity of the Republican party. Oh, no; there are minor differences, but the boys march together as they did during the war.

\* \* \*

SEVERAL PAPERS of the Democratic persuasion are kicking the prostrate and unresisting body of Grover Cleveland. It reminds one of the familiar mule that browsed around an ancient graveyard and celebrated his fatness by kicking over the monuments.



AT THE OLD RED SCHOOL-HOUSE.

TEACHER (*sharply*)—"Who's that toasting apples?"

## THE SELECTIONS.

NEW YORK is a hard state for a Republican president to satisfy; but the selection of Benjamin F. Tracy for the navy is not only a strong one of itself, but leaves no good reason for dissatisfaction on the part of any Republican. The Republican who whines because he or his friends were not included in the cabinet is unfair, and thinks more of himself than of the party, the president or the country. If there really is such a man let him turn his face to the wall and surreptitiously slop his tears in his sleeve.

It so happens that there are not cabinet positions enough to go around. Every state wants one and will not be happy till it gets it. The positions must not be multiplied, however, until it is shown to be absolutely necessary to put every leading man of a successful party at the head of the column—which of itself is no trifling problem.

With Benjamin Harrison at the head and James G. Blaine as his lieutenant, and with strong men at their back, the country and the Republican party will be prosperous and safe.

## AMERICANISM.

PROTECTION for American industry and enterprise; protection for citizenship by making ineligible the immigrant who does not deserve naturalization; protection of the interests of Americans in the islands of the sea and elsewhere; protection against foreign invasion through such schemes as the Panama canal and by such enterprise as that to be developed in Nicaragua; protection through respect for law, a pure ballot-box, and a competent and honest civil service—that is the substance of President Harrison's inaugural address. Is there any American who can properly object to any part of it? Not one.

## THE IRISH INFORMERS.

MR. GLADSTONE is greatly encouraged with regard to Ireland, and with good reason; but the victory most to be rejoiced over is that which brings some Irish informers to their death and others to their marrow-bones. The Irishman with British gold in his pocket has done more against his country than any dozen Englishmen. Let that man be spotted and branded and Ireland will presently have all the independence it wants.

## WHAT HE WILL DO.

THE impression prevails on the part of the Democratic press that the new president must run his administration altogether in behalf of the Democratic party.

That is asking a great deal, but Mr. Harrison will doubtless do his best to suit everybody. He will not surrender himself absolutely to the beaten organization, as seems to be thought his duty, and perhaps no mugwump need apply for control of the administration; but he is a fair, square man, and he will preside over the entire people wisely, judiciously, and as patriotically as if there were only one party in existence.

## WORK OF THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

IT IS usual to expect greater political and financial results from a new administration than are possible. Anticipation always covers an immeasurable area. Experience is a relentless condenser, and the vast spread of promise is inevitably shriveled to a moderate performance. Political advancement is necessarily slow. The thought of a nation is deliberate. Only once in a century, like the fight at Lexington or the firing on Fort Sumter, does percussion stir a whole nation to the upheaval of salvation. Between the distant crests of such great events comes the lightly stirred surface of moderate times. It is fortunate for human progress that the intervals of disturbance are remote. History, as well as contemporaneous observation, teaches that frequent national convulsions are destructive. The return to the Republican policy of experience, displacing the Democratic purpose of experiment, will project into the business of the country the healthy glow of renewed confidence. Uncertainty is but



a slower form of calamity. The new administration has before it no holiday work. Mechanical science has so narrowed the Atlantic that that which fifty years ago was a barrier is now a roadway, and makes Europe a next-door neighbor. Continental insulation is no longer possible. While the United States, spreading as it does between two seas, and touching the chilled and tropic zones, is pulsing with vitality and internal strength, the giant is nevertheless vulnerable from its very size.

The new secretary of state will need the acutest diplomatic wisdom to maintain the decorum and dignity of the republic while we are preparing to protect with adequate defense its salient points. There seems to be but little probability of foreign attack. Defenselessness is, however, a temptation to national humiliation.

While the late election can be positively construed as an indorsement of American protection, tempered from time to time by a prudent revision of the tariff in the industrial interests of the country, the management of unused revenues, avoiding at once extravagant expenditure and useless accumulation, is no light problem. It seems possible in either of two ways to obtain relief: by the abolition of the federal revenue tax and a collection by the states, to be covered into the respective treasuries, of a sum equivalent to the present tax on liquor consumed within their borders, or by the appropriation of the surplus for the redemption of the \$350,000,000 of greenbacks, replacing them with certificates of deposit, and so making a national bill as good all the world over as the bullion itself.

The financial problems before the new administration are less difficult of settlement than the question of southern representation. The enfranchisement of the negro gave an enormous increase of population as the basis of representation. The suppression of this vote therefore gives to every southern state an unequal congressional representation. The average vote south for selecting a member of congress is less than ten thousand. The average vote in the north exceeds thirty-five thousand. If the negro vote is suppressed why should it be represented?



THAT RESURRECTED STYLE.

MRS. DE HOVEN—"I'm so glad, Alice, that feathers are coming in again for head-dressing. I've just found this beautiful set that belonged to your great-grandmother."

LITTLE PAUL—"Is grandma going to the party that way, mamma?"

HIS MOTHER—"Why, yes; don't you like them, dear?"

PAUL (*who has read Rider Haggard*)—"Where's her war-club an' axe?"



FIVE YEARS LATER.

SHE—"Do you recollect, dear, how just after we were married you stepped off at this station and got me a cup of coffee?"

HE—"Yes; but the time-table's been changed since then, and I've just had time to rush off and get myself a drink."

It is unfortunate that it is an ignorant and largely an irresponsible class. The north, however, has its illiterate voters, and the slums of our cities cast their equally unreasoning votes, and they are counted.

Unless some practicable plan can be formulated, requiring an intelligent qualification, in place of a voter simply being a male twenty-one years of age, the basis of representation should be changed to a voting instead of simply an existing population. The permanent unity and peace between the northern and southern portions of the republic must be based on abstract justice and proportionate representation.

These are some of the knots to be untied by the Republican administration, and in their disentanglement lies one of its greatest opportunities.

J. A.

THE UNAVOIDABLE CALAMITY.

THE *World* is pained because the Republican party has too much money. A surplus is always sad, but happily there are ways to get rid of it. The money-owners might distribute it to the general public, after the manner proposed by the commune. They might give it to the foreign missions. We haven't heard that Mr. Pulitzer has so acted with his money, but perhaps he is waiting for the Republican party to set the example. But the truth is, after all, that no man objects to more money than he has, or to the opportunity to make it. That is a matter of human nature, and before there can be the distribution the *World* seems to want the human nature must be reconstructed.

IN DOING SUICIDE

Richard Pigott did the only creditable act of his life. If he had killed himself before he was born he might have saved his reputation.

\* \* \*

NEXT SUMMER Governor Hill is going to introduce himself to the people of the west. He will make a tour with a brass band and a Brooklyn regiment of the national guard. Heretofore David has traveled with a stop-watch, but things have changed.

INVOCATION TO THE HATS.



COME forth, the clanging bands invite,  
 Assemble in your noble m.ght,  
 Ye hats long stowed away—  
 Ye high hats,  
 Ye fly hats,  
 Ye hats of Patrick's day!

Appear in rank, appear in file,  
 Ye hats long in and out of style,  
 While yet once more ye may—  
 Ye stoned hats,  
 Ye loaned hats,  
 Ye hats of Patrick's day!

With shiny nap and edges frayed,  
 Like your stout wearers, undismayed,  
 In service growing gray—  
 Ye worn hats,  
 Forlorn hats,  
 Ye hats of Patrick's day!

For nobbler styles could ne'er evoke  
 Such shouts and smiles, such jest and joke.  
 As those that cheer your way—  
 Ye bold hats,  
 Ye old hats,  
 Ye hats of Patrick's day!

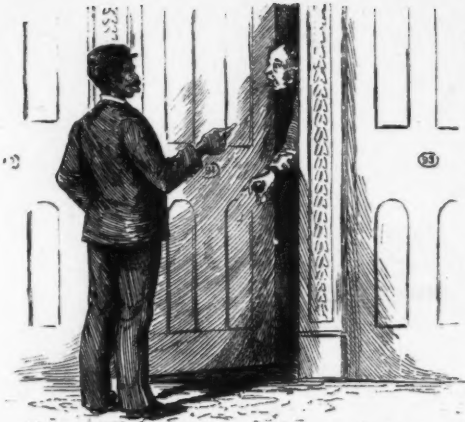
MADLINE S. BRIDGES.

HUM OF THE COURT.

IRELAND WILL gain largely from the Parnell-Times affair, and her gain will be the *Blunderer's* loss. That is legal, political and poetic justice.

THE MAN who wears the most green on the 17th of March is the one from Hackensack who comes to look at the procession and have a little amusement in the tearers' halls.

DR. MARY WALKER, according to the *Norristown Herald*, never elevates her heels higher than her head. It was our opinion that the doctor could kick the assembly ceiling, but then she always carried her head very high.



THE CAUSE OF THE RACKET.

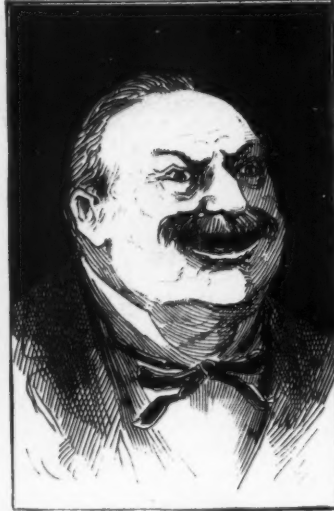
ANGRY PASSENGER (as the boat rounds Point Judith)—  
 "I wish you'd stop that fellow's snoring in the next state-room. I can't sleep a wink."  
 PORTER—"Xcuse me, boss, but d' gonnleman ain't snorin'. He's from d' west an' ain't got used ter d' motion ob d' boat."



Buffalo.



Albany.



Washington.



Soup.

FOUR EXPRESSIONS IN A STATESMAN'S LIFE.

THE NET PROFIT of the new administration thus far—The cabinet.

MR. MORTON has five daughters, and is therefore a large factor in this administration—indeed, a benefactor.

AS A LIAR the *London Times* is up with the—well, it is praise enough to say it is up with the *London Times*.

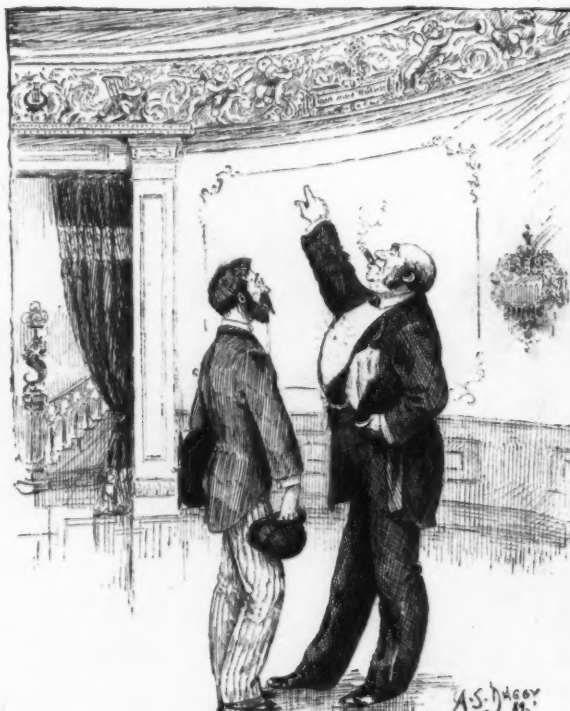
WE BEG, in reply to an inquiry in the *Sun*, to say that President Harrison does not chew tobacco—he eschews it.

IF ST. PATRICK had begun by driving the landlords out of Ireland he would have had nothing left but the little lizards.

DELANCEY NICOLL is not tenacious as to his retainers, but his clients insist that there shall be five of him for a quarter.

THE WOMAN who gets \$4,500 for breach of promise would like very much to have another pop and set the man up in court again.

AN IRISHMAN is not a man who smokes his pipe with his hat-band; but that is a convenient place to carry the smoker, and very few men reach high enough to knock it out.



AN OBJECTION.

Professor Leuze, the decorator, has been evolving a music-room for one of the Newgolds.  
 CLIENT—"What's them babies doin' on the wall?"  
 PROF. LEUZE—"Those are cupids, sir. An allegorical frieze of music."  
 CLIENT—"Rub 'm out 'n' put in old folks. I ain't goin' to boom no infant prodigies in this caboose."

PIGOTT ought to be resurrected so that he may be put at the head of the *London Times*.

IT IS SETTLED, apparently, that the telegraph wires, the assembly ceiling, the *London Times* and Grover Cleveland must come down.

YOUNG R. B. HARRISON has the same initials as ex-President Hayes, but he is no—that is to say, he is not in the poultry business.

BARON TENNYSON writes, "All blessings upon Mr. Lowell and his country;" and yet they say that the baron has got so old that he can't write poetry.

A PAPER says the *London Times* has thrown up the sponge. Worse than that. It has skipped its dividend and is likely to throw up its entire surplus.

A LECK OF BATTENBERG lost Kaiser William's sister; but in revenging himself by marrying an opera-singer he made himself happy—at least he will be as soon as he kills the tenor she sings with.

KATE CHASE SPRAGUE is still mentioned in the newspapers as a beauty; and quite properly, for a woman of beauty is a joy for more than forty years.



IN THE WRONG TEMPLE.



UNCLE JABEZ WHITLINGHAM of Windsor Locks came down to the city to buy lace-leather the other day, and for the first time put up at the Metropolitan hotel, which, as everybody knows, is connected with Niblo's theatre.

After a hearty table d'hôte dinner he strolled around the corridors for a while, enjoying a Lyme river tufer cigar, the flavor of which made three call-boys resign in a bunch, and finally, feeling the hot-tongued sensation which these weeds inevitably produce, he started on a pilgrimage in search of the bar. By

easy stages he worked around into the theatre entrance, and passing the doorkeeper with a polite bow which led that functionary to place him as the father of one of the company, he reached the auditorium. A full undress rehearsal of the "Water Witch" was going on, and the stage was filled by about two hundred nymphs whose kaleidoscopic gyrations and utter disregard for conventionalities were fearful and wonderful to see.

As Uncle Jabez strolled down to the front and rested his arms on the orchestra rail the stage-manager leaned from the wings and inquired, "Well, sir, what do you want?"

The worthy granger removed the remains of his cigar from his lips and replied, "I've heerd tell on 'm, but it's th' fust time I ever came acrost any of them reel English barmaids. Gimme a tumbler of old cider with kyann pepper into it, an' ax that little red-headed one in th' blue dress t' jine me."

Uncle Jabez failed to get a drink with his mouth, but they allowed him to stay a while, and his eyes made up for any labial deficiency.

NO INSULT INTENDED.

"Shut your mouth and look pleasant!" she heard him say;  
For a wonder it did not surprise her;  
She was having her picture taken that day—  
The photographer thus did advise her.



ON THE RESERVATION.

LITTLE PIMBROOKE (to Miss Sayre)—"See what a fine-looking squaw that is. I wonder if she speaks English?"  
LAUGHING TWO-EYES—"White woman put her papoose on this board. Make him's legs straight."

LITERAL AND FIGURATIVE.

Boston teacher—"Charles Waldo Backbaysbee! In this examination paper you enunciate the remarkable statement that the two halves of nine equal ten. Will you be so kind as to elucidate this phenomenal equation?"

Charles Waldo Backbaysbee (fresh from a recent visit to New York)—"Cert.  $IX = 9$ .  $\frac{IV}{IA} =$  the two halves of 9. The top half, or  $IV, = 4$ . The bottom half properly arranged on its corresponding base, or  $VI, = 6$ . And if 6 and 4 ain't ten I'd like to know the numbers that make 10."

BALM FOR THE WOUNDED.

Wife (bringing out a pair of last year's trousers from their summer vacation in the attic)—"What can I do to make these wearable for this winter?"

Husband (regarding them critically)—"Might use some of your new complexion balm; I see it's 'especially recommended for moth and patches.'"

SAID JONES TO BROWN.

"THIS teaching women everything  
Is ruining the nation,"  
Said Jones to Brown. "If I were king,  
The higher education  
Would end at once. They know too much,  
And now kick o'er the traces.  
If this continues they will clutch  
The very fattest places."  
Now Jones was single—Brown was not;  
And Brown's wife was a terror;  
Disputing she'd ne'er yield a jot,  
And for Brown's every error  
She lectured him a week or more  
In language full of force,  
Until he thought life was a bore  
And wished himself a horse.  
Moreover, she had not enjoyed  
Advantages linguistic,  
Or dived in lore. She'd been employed  
In matters quite domestic,  
And when Brown thought for a reply  
To Jones he looked quite meek.  
He stammered, "I dunno, but I  
Wish my wife could talk Greek!"

J. A. WALDRON.

NO PARDON FOR THIS.

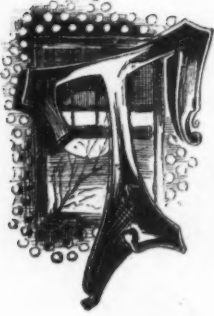
She was a jocosse and merrie mayde of feudal times who called her large stag-hound "Morning" because he always followed her knight.



THE MARSHAL'S ORDERS.

MIKE—"Say, Hooligan! what yer goin' 'round town wid dat chunk of a house on yez for?"  
HOOLIGAN—"Well, ye sees, Mick, me b'y, Hannerfan, th' grand marshal, laved orders at Hybernian headquarters fer all us t' wear sashes, so he did, an' this were th' only wan Oi could foind in th' shanty, so it were."

## A MARCH IDYL.



THREE WOMEN, good neighbors, did all agree  
On St. Patrick's day, when the rain came down,  
To lock the door on their husbands three,  
Who delighted with red to paint the town  
While the bands outside were droning.  
Three stove-pipe hats of different shapes  
Came silently down three fire-escapes;  
Three husbands climbed over the fence like apes  
And left their wives ochoning.

Three women leaned out of a casement high  
On St. Patrick's night, when the moon shone down,  
And saw 'neath the light of a cloudless sky  
Three men come rolling up muddy and brown,  
The sidewalk completely owning.

For men must march and women must wait,  
And in forcible terms mankind berate,  
As they open the door when hours are late,  
For husbands they'd rather be stoning.

GEO. E. DEVVR.

## A FEW DRAMATIC DON'TS.

FOR THE MODERN GIRL.

*Don't* keep George waiting till five minutes past and then come down with your gloves unbuttoned. He is human, and will only swear silently at you, and wish he had asked the other girl.

*Don't* lift your eyebrows into your bang if he brings you the wrong flowers, or smile superciliously if you don't like his collar. He probably means well. Let him live!

*Don't* wear your large hat to the play. Please don't. It is becoming, but we only get a back view, you know, and the orchestra haven't time to appreciate it.



## THE ECLIPSE OF AN OLD MASTER.

COUNT EMISTOFF (*who married Mlle. Kickquer of the opera*)—"That is a genuine Rembrandt, my dear."

MADAME (*the countess*)—"Which one? I don't see anything that looks the least bit like a hat."

not used to playing combinations of that kind, and he may have mad regrets.

As you are strong, be merciful. Don't!

KITTY K.

## WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

SOMETIMES think the fellow who is born a cussed fool,  
Who always lives in ignorance and never goes to school,  
Is the happiest mortal of us, for, with nothing on his mind,  
He has no thought of trouble, like the rest of humankind.

His hide is thick as leather, but for that he does not care;  
And no matter what the weather, why, anything he'll wear  
With as much apparent pleasure as though 'twere made of silk,  
For the fool is rarely able to distinguish wine from milk.

In fact, no "finer feeling" ever seems to bother him,  
No rhymes are o'er him stealing—he has never heard of "Jim"—  
I mean the poet Riley, who writes such pleasing verse,  
The fool knows nothing of it—he would rather drive a hearse.

Perhaps his lot is sweeter when all things are measured up,  
For he surely misses trouble that he'd sip from sorrow's cup  
If his mind were better balanced and his senses more acute;  
But, all in all, the problem's one no person can compute.

CHAS. E. GANTZ.

A two page supplement of the Holyoke Envelope Co. is issued with this number.



## VERY NEAR BREAKFAST TIME.

MR. GOLDFOIL (*who has been asleep in the supper-room*)—"Hope I haven't kept you waitin', m' dear. Mos' time t' go home, ain't it?"

MRS. GOLDFOIL (*sweetly*)—"I hardly think so, Hector. Our hostess has just asked me how I like the eggs boiled."

## TOO TRUE.

It is not money only  
That makes up happiness;  
It is also necessary  
That we some of it should possess.



## THE SHRINE OF HIS DEVOTION.

MR. ALLGOOD (*to Mrs. Malaprop, as her nephew leaves the room*)—"Your nephew seems to be very fond of music?"

MRS. MALAPROP—"Yes; especially religious music. He is a constant visitor to the Archbishop's Ca-ca-Casino on Fifth avenue."



## JUDGE

### MEN WE HAVE MET.

JOHN A. ROCHE, MAYOR OF CHICAGO.



WHEN Baron Pullman discovered Chicago, and finding it uninhabitable moved to the adjoining prairie and built an independent city, he left his first find without a municipal head. Until the election of John A. Roche the city has practically remained in this condition, for although several elections have taken place in the past the successful candidate has invariably been so much impressed with the unexpected honor conferred upon him that he has allowed the big-head and a determination to do nothing to get the best of him. Mr. Roche, who was born in Utica in 1844, and who frequently played shinny with the Conkling boys, made up his mind when he counted the last vote of his 40,000 majority that he would play the bull in the china-shop with Chicago traditions and be the mayor with all that the name implies. His training as a mechanical engineer, and the benefit which a short residence in Worcester, Mass., had given him, united in making him eminently a man of sand; and when Mr. Carter Harrison gracefully packed his grip and went tiger-

coursing in Ballypajore the new incumbent set to work and began throwing whole handfuls of that commodity into the faces and feelings of the effete people of Chicago. Among the existing abuses which he has completely buried with the gritty substance have been the gambling industry, the disreputable resort vagary, and the municipal ring rule which prevailed heretofore; and in addition he has greatly discouraged the penchant indulged in by some of the more enthusiastic citizens of holding hourly praise-meetings in which such shouts as "The red flag forever!" "Down with the national circulation!" and "America for the Poles!" have acted as hosannas. Mr. Roche's early instruction in the pattern-maker trade has served him well, and he has cut out a sample of his handicraft which has been of infinite advantage as an example for the Chicagoese. The only black spot in his career was his election to the Illinois legislature in 1877; but he has partly lived down this unfortunate incident, and his charitable fellow-citizens never refer to it excepting to whisper that it is strange to them how a man could possibly manage the city's water-works so intelligently after a course of cloak-room amenities in the state senate. His honor is a pleasant, congenial fellow, with an interesting family and a beautiful residence on the west side. He lacks somewhat the sense of humor which carries so many of us over the rough stepping-stones of life, and this fact, joined to the possibility of the writer's visiting Chicago in the near future, will account for the sudden closing of this skit. Mayor Roche, our hats are all off to you.



### AT A CHICAGO WEDDING.

MR. CALUMET—"What in the world are you doing, Louise?"  
HIS BRIDE (*marrying her sixth*)—"Just cutting a notch for the occasion, you know. I'm so awfully forgetful."

### VERY MUCH IN DOUBT.

One of the counties of this state, writes a Michigan correspondent, has a population of less than a thousand, and one representative to our state legislature. After a hard struggle last fall they elected a Democrat. When the excitement was all over and the returns were in he went to the chairman of the county committee with a troubled look and said that there was one thing that he was a little uncertain about.

*Chairman*—"Well, what is it?"

*Rep.*—"Well, I am not sure whether I go to Lansing or Washington."

### IN THE KITCHEN.

A dainty cap of cambric  
She wore upon her hair;  
Her sleeves were tucked up  
neatly,  
Her dimpled elbows bare.

She kneaded long and thoroughly  
The plump, white loaves of  
bread,  
And when I praised her warmly  
She turned, and smiling said:

"You men don't know what 'tis  
to knead."

"For once you speak not true,"  
In well-bred tones of love I cried,  
"For, darling, I need you."

IONE L. JONES,

### LITTLE JOHNNY.

Little Johnny B., a four-and-a-half-years youngster, was taken by his father to an Episcopal church. When he came home his mother asked him what he saw. "Oh," said he, "Mr. H. came out of a room and read with a shirt around him and talked to a book."

Out one night when the moon was about four days old, he exclaimed, "Look, pa! the moon is broke."

One day Johnny's brother was killing flies by flipping them with a switch. "Don't do that," he said; "if you were to die now you would go to heaven with flies on you."

Johnny had been told that God made everything. He was eating pie, and he looked up and said, "Can God make as good pie as this?"



### GOSSIP AT THE WHIST PARTY.

MR. FRED. WINSTON—"Burton's always late. Here we've been waiting for him for an hour."

MISS CREAMER—"That isn't a circumstance to that Miss Frankfurt's annoyance. She's been waiting for him for over three years."



HIS FIRST BATCH C



Judge



ATCH OF PATIENTS.

SACKETT & WILHELMS LITHO CO. N.Y.

## JUDGE

### METAPHYSICAL.



OU cannot speak of what you feel?  
But why?" she asked him, as they  
walked.  
The moon's first ray began to steal  
Across the garden where they talked.

"Is it too deep for words—too high,  
Too sad, too bad—your thought of  
me?  
Come now—take courage, frankly try  
To speak your mind. Be brave,"  
said she.

"You wish me to be true?" he sighed.  
"I do." "And brave?" "Yes—brave  
and true."  
"But if the truth should hurt your pride,  
And to be brave would anger you?"

She smiled with gentle tolerance.  
"That I have faults I quite well know;  
Yet speak—for truth's sake I will chance  
Or stinging shaft or hurting blow.

"Why should not soul respond to soul  
Without," she said, "this wretched art?  
These poor pretenses that control  
The earnest impulse of the heart?"

They paused. He seemed as one dis-  
traught,  
And as he quietly drew near,  
And stooped his head, she merely  
thought  
He meant to whisper in her ear.

But no such thing the villain meant.  
"Words," he remarked, in thought-  
ful mood,  
"Too often fail of their intent,  
And are, at best, misunderstood.

"In that I think and feel for you  
(Forgive me), action must eclipse  
All speech in being frank and true."  
He kissed her square upon the lips.

She turned away with cheeks aflame,  
With angry tears—he saw them fall—  
"Men, men," she sobbed, "are all the  
same."  
She did not blame herself at all.

And yet the chances are that he,  
Altho' the garden walks were dim,  
Might have remained quite sane had she  
Not too completely cornered him.

MADLINE S. BRIDGES.



### THE BACKWOODS TELEGRAPH SYSTEM.

IMPROVISED MESSENGER—"Message, fifty cents; writing it out, ten cents; envelope, five cents; enclosing, gumming and directing it, eighteen cents; new pair of rubbers for boy, fifty cents; carriage hire, one dollar; ringing the bell, ten cents; use of pencil in signing name, five cents; loafing on the way, fifty cents. Ante up quick, old man; I'm in a hurry!"

### IN THE CAUSE OF SCIENCE.

*First tramp* (over the fence)—"Why do yez be squattin' out here in de cold, Teddy?"

*Second tramp*—"Oi'm afther gettin' ready for a little job the doctor beyant gave me."

*First tramp* (reproachfully)—"Begob! Oi didn't ever expect to see the loikes av you doin' a sthroke av work, Teddy."

*Second tramp*—"You'd have taken it yoursilf, Bill. It's a new cough medicine he's afther inventin', and he wants some one to thry it on. So he fills me up wid hot whiskey and sends me out here to get a could."



### EVENING UP ON HIS DAD.

MR. MCSWIGGER, SR.—"I've got to put a stop to these constant demands of yours. Why don't you go and earn your money?"

MR. MCSWIGGER, JR.—"That's the trouble, governor. I *have* urned it. Blew in my last hundred yesterday on a race-cup I promised the Larchmont club."

### ENGLISH AS SHE GREAX.

A hunter, brave, of the Esquimaux  
She meets, and her fond affection geaux  
To this unique lover, the Eskimau.  
For whenever he enters her hut of sneau,  
Though fearless and fleet, most gracefully leau  
He bends, and on to his knees doth geau.  
And again at departure he does just seau—  
"Such real adoration for me, you kneau."  
He likens her unto the gentle reau—  
A compliment new, for each other beau  
Has likened her eyes unto the sieau.  
How could she to lover like this say neau?  
She couldn't and didn't; but all her beaux  
In the land of the free got a surplus of "neaux"  
When she went to dwell with the Esquimaux.

ARISTINE ANDERSON.

### LOGIC BELOW STAIRS.

"See how dusty these chairs are, Mary!"  
"Shure, mum, it's because nobody's sot into 'em the day."



### LETTING HIM IN.

BOLLINGSBY (after some involuntary gymnastics)—"That's what they call the Swedish slide. I learned it in Stockholm."

MISS BRISKE—"Please do it again, Mr. Bollingsby; the girls weren't looking."



UNREDEEMED PLEDGES.

By the sea, one summer, high up on the ledges,  
Sat a pawnbroker chap with the maid of his love;  
He looked in her eyes as he murmured sweet pledges,  
And called as his witness the blue sky above.

A witness uncalled was concealed in the hedges,  
The young lady's mamma, quite as doubting as Thomas,  
Well versed in the value of unredeemed pledges,  
As he found when he paid for the breach of his promise.  
—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

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.

Did Marie Loisinger, the operatic star, marry Prince Alexander of Battenberg as an advertisement preparatory to making an American tour?—*Elmira Advertiser.*

Use Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned South American appetizer of exquisite flavor. Manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.

What would the Republican party do without JUDGE? It has more common sense in it than you could get from a dozen public orators.—*Republican Sun, Joliet, Ill.*

"JEW AND GENTILE."

The Judge publishing company publishes a pamphlet written by Johanne von Bohne in refutation of the "chestnuts" dished up by a certain Timayenis in the "Original Jacobs" and the "American Jew." The sentiment which dictated the well-written brochure is certainly appreciable. It is only to be regretted that the powder is wasted, because the *Minerva* publications bore their refutation in the extravagance of their style, the venom and malice which breathed out of every line. They were not worth taking notice of, and Miss von Bohne does these vile publications too much honor. Silent contempt is the only treatment which they deserve. If, however, the number of Jews who patronized the anti-Semitic books will buy "Jew and Gentile" Miss Bohne's defense would have a large sale, such as it deserves.—*Hebrew Standard.*



"DANDRUFF should never be neglected, because its natural end is in BALDNESS."

"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

**PACKER'S Tar Soap**

which allays Itching, cures Dandruff and Skin Diseases, prevents Baldness and leaves the skin delightfully smooth, soft, elastic and healthful. Removes odors from perspiration, etc. 25 cents. Druggists, or

THE PACKER MFG. CO., 100 Fulton St., New York.

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It is reported that a couple of New York journalists are to start a comic paper in London. What's the matter with the London Times? Every one is laughing at it.—*St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

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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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THE EASTMAN DRY PLATE AND FILM CO., Rochester, N. Y.

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The clerk he clerks for weekly pay;  
The dealer deals at put and call;  
The dude he dudies, that is all.

Washington Critic.

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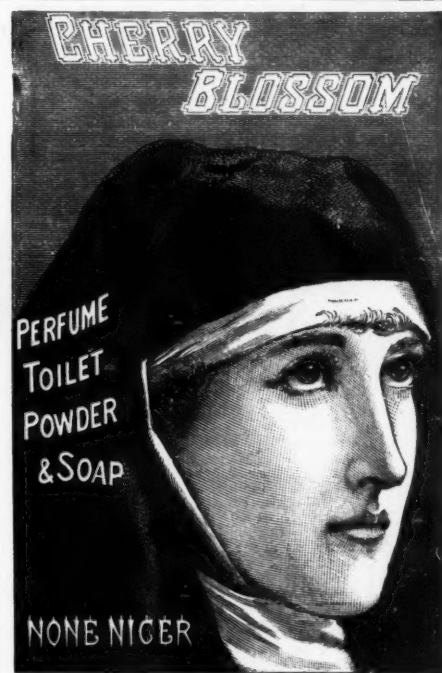
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The tax on the nervous energy of the successful business man of to-day is something tremendous. Not one of these men would think of imposing on another one-quarter of the burden they will cheerfully assume themselves. Fortunately, in Beecham's Pills medical science has provided an agent that will enable Nature to keep the supply of nervous energy equal to the fearful demand. The first sign of overwork shows itself in a weak stomach and a disordered liver; Beecham's Pills act like magic on these two organs, restoring the one almost immediately to a robust condition, and regulating and purifying the other instantly. They cost but 25c., but are worth "a guinea a box."

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WEAK STOMACH, IMPAIRED DIGESTION, DISORDERED LIVER,

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## STITCHES IN THE BACK.

Peter C. Vandewater, Commissioner of Highways, Woodburgh, Long Island, N. Y., writes:

"During the last three years I have been troubled with stitches in the back. They came on without the slightest warning and laid me up for two and three weeks at a time, and nothing did me any good. Over a year ago I had a more severe attack. I could hardly move. My wife then applied an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER on the small of the back where the kink appeared to be. I never had used one before. In a short time all pain had vanished, and the next morning I got up and attended to my business. I put a fresh Plaster on every week for a month, and I feel that I have been entirely cured, as I have not had an attack in the last eighteen months."

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for **ALLCOCK'S**, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

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UNITED STATES PATENTS:

No. 361,088, - - - APRIL 12th, 1887.  
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IMPROVED.

Price \$7.50, net cash

Machine complete to make the three sizes.

Thousands are in daily use in the United States. A machine by which a merchant can at once have first-class buttons made (of any size) out of same material as costume, cloak, coat or jacket is made. No bother matching shades.

It is in use now by all the leading dry goods and tailoring establishments of the United States.

Is Simple in Mechanism; Unequaled in every way; gives Entire Satisfaction, and has Come to Stay.

It cuts the Cloth Blanks, and makes all the leading sizes of Buttons on one and the same Machine. Directions for using with every Machine.

Machine is put up in small, compact form—weighs 5 lbs.; cut is 1/8 size of machine. The moulds, whose cost is very small, are the same as those used on the finest Braid Buttons.

What Better Match in Buttons can there be than a Button made of the Same Material? Easiest selling and best paying article in the market. We want agents in every city in the United States. Address

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**GALLUP NOVELTY WORKS, Troy, N.Y.**

### NYE'S FIRST EFFORTS.

A Poem Which was Numbered among His Early Productions.

At different times we have read, says Eugene Field, in the Chicago News, different stories upon the subject of the "discovery" of Bill Nye. The popular tradition is that the Denver Tribune was the first paper that recognized the merits of the genial humorist and exploited them. It appears, however, that Nye contributed to another Colorado paper before his connection with the Tribune; this was the Georgetown Miner. Mr. E. H. N. Patterson was then the editor, we think, to encourage the Wyoming genius. At any rate, Nye contributed to the Georgetown Miner before his fame reached Denver.

We have one of Mr. Nye's first contributions to the Miner, and we give it herewith. It is of interest, first, as being one of the popular humorist's early works; second, as containing a poem by him; third, as affording an opportunity to such as may be disposed to compare Nye's early work with his later work, deriving from such comparison pretty good evidence that his work has greatly improved in quality.

"WILL YOU LOVE ME WHEN I'M OLD?"

"The following poem was composed while the writer was recovering from a very violent attack of bilious colic; but it is a sweet little thing, with a vein of touchfulness running through it and sticking out in places. There is something indescribably sad about it. Most every one who has read it felt sad after they got through. I don't know whether I shall have it set to music, so that I can sing it, or preserve it in alcohol:

"Darling, I have often thought  
That I'd put my racket in,  
But I've had to listen on  
To the music of your chin.

"Will you love me when I'm old,  
And my locks are turned to gray?  
Will you buzz into my ear  
With your grand and flowery play?"

"When I weigh 200 pounds  
Will you keep your love for me?  
Will you promise 'cross your heart'  
That you'll hold me on your knee?"

"Shall we be the same as now  
After we have older grown?  
When you're troubled with a boil,  
Will you be my ownest own?"

"When my hair is dappled gray,  
And I cannot make it curl,  
Shall I be your solid pard—  
More so than the hired girl?"

"Will you hover o'er my head  
When I'm going up the flume?  
Will you weep and paw the ground  
When I'm planted in the tomb?"

"Will you watch the lowly spot  
Where your loved one's dust is laid,  
With your shotgun cocked and primed,  
For the student with his spade?"

"Will you shoot him full of holes  
If he digs around my tomb?  
Will you send him by express  
To his long, eternal home?"

"Any one sending me \$1 as an evidence of good faith will receive the answers to the various conundrums propounded in this little gem."

IS THIS VOLAPUK?

PUBLISHED BY PE MISSION.

BOONVILLE, Jan. 10, '89.

Mi deer frend,

Me and mi wife hav herd anowful lot abot yure bruch\* and after a gude deel of tak we thought we wood tak the risk. we herd it wos rite goode. I got the best gal in this part thogh her teeth aint the purtiest in the world. we seed yure consarn in the JUDGE and new it must be some gude to git thar. our naybors thay are al eccited and if yure bruch turns out al rite I reccion yu will git the corn. yu will find yure muney the poste-ofis man gav me in this letter. hoping yu are wel,

I am yur afeconat

OBEDIAH MACGOOLIGAN.

boonville, n. y.

yu please send yure bruch to mi name which I rote over this fur I alwase git 'ni male in boonville thogh I live in the contry. ecuse this O. MACG.

\* Ideal Felt Tooth Polisher.

Rudolf had the American idea after all—shooting the girl and then committing suicide.—Albany Journal.



READY FOR USE. REQUIRE ONLY HEATING.

Green Turtle. Consomme. Printanier. Julienne.  
Terrapin. Oxtail. Mutton Broth. Mock Turtle.  
Chicken. French Bouillon. Vegetable. Pen.  
Mulligatawny. Tomato. Beef (or Soup and Bouilli).

In 1/2-Pint Glass Jars, Quart, Pint and 1/4-Pint Cans.

## CLAM BROTH,

PUT UP IN GLASS JARS.

We ask for a trial and a comparison with any other brand on the market.

The excellent quality of these Soups has caused them to be exclusively served on the Palace, Buffet, or Parlor Cars of the Pullman, Wagner, Union, Monarch, Chicago, Alton and Intercolonial Railroad of Canada Co.

Send us 14 cents to help pay express and receive a sample can, your choice.

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1 and 2-pound Packages by MAIL **Chocolates** Best in the World.

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Larger Packages by Express.

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Large discount to Agents.

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Persons gain rapidly while taking it.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is acknowledged by Physicians to be the Finest and Best preparation in the world for the relief and cure of

**CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA,  
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The great remedy for Consumption and Wasting in Children. Sold by all Druggists.

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Ask for tickets via West Shore and see that they read via this route.

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Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, or Webster's Dictionary. For full particulars address **THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.** P. O. Box 289, 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

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Universally conceded to be the best that can be made, irrespective of price. Sales-room,  
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Silk Hats, \$6; Stiff and Soft Felt Hats, \$4.

**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

**OPIUM** or Morphine Habit in every form can only be cured by the Dr. J. L. Stephens Remedy, which never fails, while no other treatment ever cures. We have cured more than 10,000 cases. NO PAY TILL CURED. THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., LEBANON, O.

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The Largest Establishment in the World for the treatment of Hair and Scalp, Eczema, Moles, Warts, Superfluous Hair, Birthmarks, Moth, Freckles, Tan, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Red Veins, Oily Skin, Acne, Pimples, Blackheads, Scars, Pitting, Facial Development, etc. Send 10 cts. for 128-page book on all skin Imperfections and their treatment.  
**Dr. JOHN H. WOODBURY, 210 West 42d St., New York City, N. Y.**  
Use Woodbury's Facial Soap. By Mail, 50 cts.

### SENATOR BLACKBURN REFUSES A GOOD OFFER.

Not long ago Senator Blackburn went out to western Texas on a pleasure excursion, and en route took in the Indian territory. He was so pleased with its green, blue-grass appearance that he concluded to make a horse-back journey through part of it. One day, when he was riding along taking in all the glories of the great pasture land, he was overtaken by a well-mounted, well-armed and well-dressed redskin, who spoke a little English.

"Cowman, eh?" was his first inquiry.  
"Oh, no; I'm just looking at this fine country. I don't live here; I live in Kentucky."

"Kentucky! Ogh! You got whisky?"  
The senator had a small flask of "Old Crow" in his side pocket, and immediately produced it. In a little time the aboriginal wanted a second drink, and finally the whole flask; but after giving him two small "jiggers" the civilities were brought to an end.

That evening, when the senator was in the public room of the hotel at the little Texas town, he told the circumstance of having met the Indian, and said:

"In all my life I have never seen any human being on God Almighty's green earth that ever had a tittle of the appreciation for a bottle of whisky that this redskin manifested. Gentlemen, I am telling you not a whit more than the absolute truth when I say that Indian began by offering me his repeating Colt's rifle and ended by dismounting from his horse and offering me his Arapahoe blanket, his Mexican silver-mounted saddle, his gun, pistols and the horse itself for what remained in my flask. I really believe he would have given me his leggings, moccasins, gee string and all, and gone back naked for just that little modicum of whisky."

"Well, senator," said one of his auditors, "why didn't you trade with him?"

"Trade with him!" exclaimed the Kentuckian, in utter astonishment at such a suggestion. "My God, man! it was the last half-pint I had."—*Washington Critic.*

### PHILIP WELCH, AGED 30 YEARS.

His merry heart such sunshine knew,  
Such flowers along his pathway grew,  
We cannot think of tears,  
Nor hold that life as incomplete  
That lived in jest and bright conceit  
An age in thirty years.

—A. T. Worden in *Albany Evening Journal.*

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GREAT FOUR TRACK

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WON GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS

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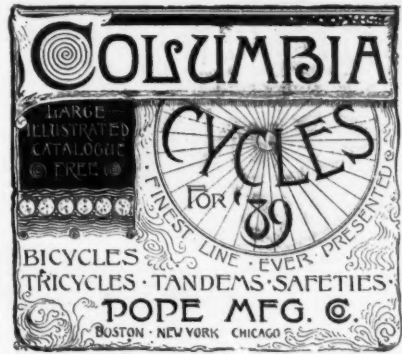
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60 Hours by Elegant Steamships Weekly.

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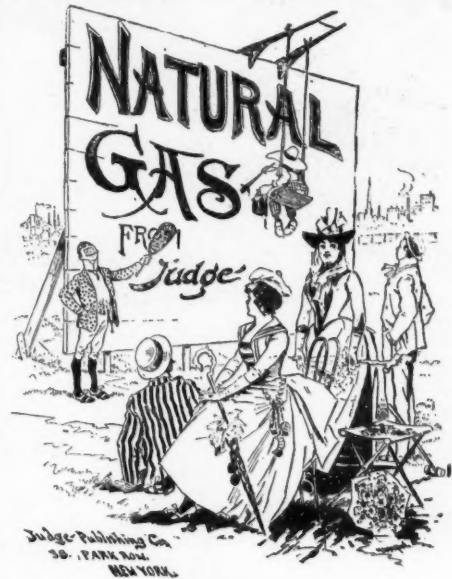
PREFACE.

This pamphlet deals with a simple record of fact, such as I have gathered through a life long social intercourse with numerous Hebrew families, at whose hands I have enjoyed many kindnesses since my early orphanage; and being a lady of good family, belonging to the Protestant faith, not afraid to reveal my name and antecedents, it cannot be inferred that my object in writing these impartial lines is traceable to any motive beyond a feeling of justice and a desire to contradict the falsehoods and express my disapproval of the unknown writers who promulgated these untruths in such malicious and indecent language that it must disgust every right-thinking person, be he Jew or Gentile.

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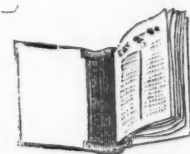
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# Judge

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IT IS THOUGHT by some that the Israelites were to the manna born.

MR. CLEVELAND, so far from wanting to go to Europe, thinks he has come to the end of his Europe.

GENERAL OPINION—It is a great cabinet, but it would have been very much improved if I had been in it myself.

THE RE-ELECTION of Ingalls as president of the senate continues the proper man in the appropriate locality.

WOULD IT not be well to fit up Ben Butler as a battleship and send him to Samoa to shoot himself off?

SOMEBODY accused Anthony Comstock recently of telling lies. Well, he doesn't utter the naked article anyhow.

THE PRESIDENT has a kind of hand-shake that doesn't wear out his arm. The man who invents an automatic hand for the president will find himself forever blessed.

A SOUTHERN ORATOR recently repeated the old assertion that one southron was good for five Yankees. It may be—it may be. Let the struggle be made with the blue-grass article, and no shooting at a competitor's eyes with the corks.

ADDRESS TO THE A. C.  
 Ceiling, ceiling, 'way up thar,  
 How I wonder what you are!  
 But I know you come as high  
 As the diamonds in the sky.

BIZZY IS NOT DIZZY.  
 THERE HAS been a good deal of excitement over affairs in Samoa, and it is possible there will be more. The president has, however, expressed himself fully regarding such matters, and Mr. Blaine, though not anxious to do it, will know exactly what to do in case of an emergency. But Bismarck, though a pretty old man, is not out of his head, and will draw the line on the safe side of the sign of danger.

#### THE NEW SOUTH?

SOME SOUTHERN and other papers object to the JUDGE's cartoon mildly protesting against such southern crimes as that of the murder of Colonel Clayton, and they say there are crimes in the north too. Indeed that is so, and the point is well taken. But two or more crimes do not make one right, and one crime is no excuse for another. The northern press is just as bitter against crime in one section as another, and if there are crimes characteristic of a section or a bailiwick it does its utmost to ferret them out and bring their perpetrators to justice. The south is not to blame for being sensitive; but it has no reason to believe that criticism

of its crimes and weaknesses is not honestly meant, any more than it has reason to suspect the motives of northern men who go south with their capital to develop southern resources, and, of course, to fill their own as well as southern pockets. The JUDGE has only good feeling for the south. It proposes, with the president, to know intimately no point of the compass at the expense of another, and it will be perfectly fair to all. But where is the man who did that assassination?

#### OFFICE-SEEKING—THE POSTAL SERVICE.

WHEN Mr. George William Curtis, just previous to the transfer of his allegiance to the Democratic party, described it as "very hungry and very thirsty," it was an unconscious characterization of a mania, irrespective of party, of all office-seekers.

The mob solicitous of place that now crowd Washington expect a political miracle—that the few loaves and fishes should be made to feed a multitude. After twenty-five years of abstention, it was not surprising that the starved Democratic exiles should clamor with prolonged hunger for official bread. The impetuous urgency of the Republicans, who have in the brief Lent of their dispossession hardly digested their long and liberal meal, is more than humiliating—it is disgraceful. The men who were removed for political reasons are struggling for their old friction-polished seats. A new crowd, thinking the old incumbents have had their share, are also snatching for the same places. Public office is

not to be degraded to a public plunder. Heads of government departments are humiliated into servitors of a lunch-counter for the clamorous expectants of a meal in consideration of the nickel of political service. Practical men have little faith in civil service as a petrification. Yet it is conceded that rapid rotation in any line of duty is perpetual apprenticeship and resultant crudity of work. The promotion to the postal service of recruits from the plow may be political appreciation, but is little likely to advance a purely business service. This department at least, one of the most important, could well be alienated from political reward and be placed on the same plane as military service, promotion following experience. Because Jones or Brown has worked a caucus in favor of a congressional nomination, is he properly qualified for a railroad distributor of the mail? A thorough and necessary geographical knowledge can only be attained by experience and drill, and no self-complacent claim of inspiration will take its place. There are numberless positions where ordinary capacity can well serve without retarding or embarrassing the business of the public. Neither opposition to nor sympathy with the policy of an administration has any bearing on the purely intelligent, yet mechanical, service of the mails. The postmaster, however, outside of the great towns is a political gan-



#### EXTREMELY FICKLE.

MISS DAISY—"I'm struck with that little quotation—'A rose between two thorns,' you know."

CHARLIE HINKLE (of Cincinnati)—"Isn't it rather cold for roses?"

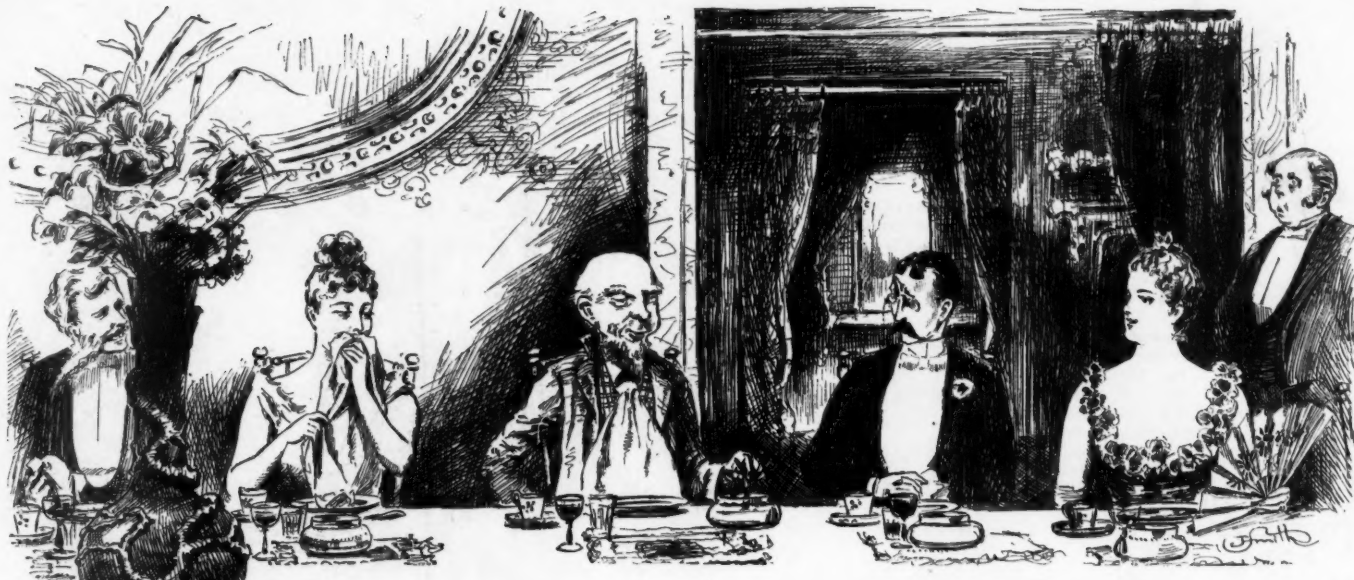
MISS DAISY—"Just a little, but it's going to be much chillier for thorns. I see my old friend, Warren Manning, coming down the bank, and I promised him a whole half-hour."

gion, who helps or hinders through his distribution of party force, and should properly be changed.

In the evolution of politics it is not too much to expect that a dividing line can be drawn between a service like that of a soldier and that which requires sympathy with the policy of the party in power. Some such attainable plan will avoid the superciliousness and senility of the life-long civil-service system of England and Canada, even if it does not fully satisfy that vast multitude "who neither toil nor spin," but believe as a chosen people they should receive the honor and manna as they fall from the political heaven.

The false cry of the Democratic commune, "Turn the rascals out," is not to be imitated by a party of self-respect. Neither can this government afford to imitate the parental policy of France or the official favoritism of Germany. It follows, nevertheless, that too great eagerness for office is unsavory to the non-solicitous public, and it may overwhelm the party that exhibits it, not only with disgust, but defeat.





**KIND-HEARTED.**

UNCLE PELDIAH (*carefully putting a sardine in the finger-bowl*)—"Bein' as they 's more 'n I can eat I'll give th' little cuss a chance fer his life."

**IRELAND'S BEST FRIEND.**

**THE OLDER** Mr. Gladstone is the younger he grows. At eighty years he is as buoyant and hopeful as a boy; and certainly English sentiment, stimulated to genuine thought by the *Times* case against Parnell, favors justice for Ireland more and more. Will Mr. Gladstone go again to the head of the government? When Englishmen come to see what is fair play they are in most cases going to establish it regardless of the cost to themselves.

**WHAT'S BECOME OF JUSTICE?**

**THE BOODLE TRIALS** have cost the taxpayers half as much as was given away by the boodle aldermen, and the expense still goes on,

which drove the English out of our politics and put up protective barriers which will keep them out for many years to come.

**CANADA** must cease to be safe ground for United States scoundrels, and the United States must cease to be safe ground for Canadian rascals. That is the voice of the decent people of both countries.

\* \* \*

**MILAN OF SERVIA** took with him to his selected privacy nothing but his worthless life, and he would have done better to remain king and have somebody remove it from him. Carrying around such a life as that is a grave and disagreeable responsibility.

\* \* \*

**THE QUESTION** as to who will lead the Democratic party will be more appropriate when it is definitely known that there is a Democratic party.

\* \* \*

**IF THE MAN** who hasn't been mentioned for office will present himself to the proprietor of a museum he will be made the greatest attraction of the show.

\* \* \*

**WHEN E. HALFORD** got lost in Washington, on his way to the inauguration ball, he whistled that good old tune, "Ef you git thar afore I do jest say I should like to git thar too."

**TO A BUCKWHEAT CAKE.**

Fare thee well, thou thing of batter,  
Gone are all thy charms for me.  
Spring is here—that's what's the matter,  
Hump thyself, skedaddle, flee! G. S. C.



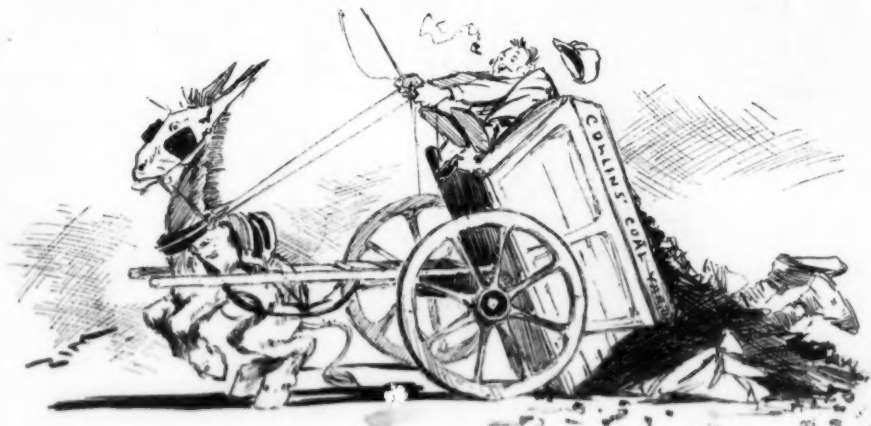
**THE MISSING TIP-LINK.**

MCGAGAN—"Sure Oi'm goin' yure way, Mrs. Conley. Shtep up behind wid yure bundle."

with no great satisfactory result, and small promise of justice at the end of them. Is the attempted remedy any better than the original disease? The law is not a humbug, and judges are generally both honest and able, whatever may be said of juries; but what an expensive luxury the law is, and how many very wealthy lawyers and very poor taxpayers there are!

**THE CENTENNIAL.**

**HISTORY WILL** repeat itself with President Harrison going through parts of New Jersey somewhat as Washington did, and speaking from old St. Paul's, which heard the voice of our George a hundred years ago. But history has a habit of that kind; and the most effective repeating was that of the 6th of last November,



MRS. CONLEY—"Saints sev me! John McGagan, but it's th' dom poor way!"

Judge



ENGLISH JUSTICE FOR IRELAND.  
DEAF, DUMB, BLIND AND CRIPPLED.