

# Judge

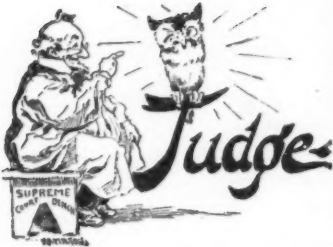
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Judge

GILLAM.

THE PANAMA CANAL—THE LION IN THE PATH.  
UNCLE SAM (waking up)—Halt! I had no objection to its being constructed by private enterprise, but no European Government shall take a hand in it!



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HE IS NOT a bold man who protests against tipping, but he is very bold if he follows his own advice.

THE GREEK KNOT now worn is very becoming to the wearers. Do not drop a sickle in the knot.

IN THIS CITY when a politician is to be disciplined by his brethren he puts red pepper on the floor, possibly to indicate that he is ready to be sneezed at.

WHY DID CLEOPATRA have no pocket in her wardrobe? Because she carried her wiper in her bosom.

THE RAILROADS are living up to their agreement, with the single exception of that inevitable other one.

A MAN wants to jump the Genesee falls, at Rochester, just as Sam Patch did. Very well; let us hope he will.

THIS GOVERNMENT has the fastest cruiser in the world. That kind of cruiser is very convenient in an emergency.

HERBERT BISMARCK shows some of the ability of his father. That is to say, he is stubborn and has a bad temper.

"I BEGIN to feel," says General Longstreet, "like an old rebel indeed." Verily it is a long street that has no turn.

IF FRANCE were to have an earthquake sinking half the country, Boulanger would insist on running to fill the vacancy.

IT MAY BE that doctors never take their own medicines. It is certain that Wiggins is never destroyed by one of his own cyclones.

A GOOSE with her wings tied went over Niagara falls successfully. It takes a goose to do that kind of business successfully—or otherwise.

#### A NEW LABOR PROBLEM.

A GREAT DEAL of cheap labor is done in the south. It is done by black men who do not know their own rights. It is said that these black men propose to get fair wages for fair work, and that this is at the bottom of many recent disturbances that are infelicitously called incidents in a race war. Some months since black men were ruled out of a labor convention of northern and southern men held in a southern locality. How would it be if that kind of race war were stopped? The interests of labor are confined to no locality, and any man who works is entitled to some respect. There are millions of acres of southern land, and southern resources yet to be developed, that are of no practical use to the general public because of the differences between labor and capital in the south. What if the northern worker were to join with the southern worker in an honest effort for reformation?

#### DO WE WANT CANADA NOW?

SO FAR as the discussion, favorable and otherwise, of the proposition for Canadian annexation has gone, it is more Platonic than ardent. It is evident that the suggestions of political marriage are mercenary, for a union of convenience rather than affection. During the present flirtation there is evident a careful estimate of the dower on the one side, and on the other a careful calculation of the advantage as to title, influence and admission to the society of nations. Canada as a colony necessarily occupies a subordinate, infantile, and unimportant position. It is a nebulous rather than weighty part of a great British whole. It is one of a very large imperial household—a growing, but juvenile heifer in the family of John Bull. It shakes its embryo horns, priding itself on its increasing bulk, and even occasionally frightens itself with the resonance of its own voice. It amuses the outside world, as, on hearing any unusual sound, it scampers with bovine alacrity to the shelter of its mother.

Neither the people of Canada nor those of the United States are warmly anxious for the union. No desperate or important exigency has arisen calling for it. The little flushes of pulse are not from deep-seated fervor, but are induced by experimental and temporary hypodermic injections of political physicians.

When the United States acquired Louisiana by purchase, and California as a Mexican indemnity, although the two thus added were about as large as Germany at the time of their absorption, their total white population, scattered as it was, would hardly equal that of a little northern city.

The slow settlement of the southern and the swift occupancy of the western area was by growth in the first and transferred citizenship in the second. There was no new addition to the union of a population other than that of a common identity of interest. It followed, therefore, that there was not the slightest resistance to, but anxiety for, assimilation. That portion of the Dominion westward of the province of Quebec is almost wholly Anglo-Saxon and enterprising in its population. The lower St. Lawrence and Atlantic portion is degenerate French; that is, French without French enthusiasm and enterprise, but still retaining the language, habits of thought, religion and superstition, with but little advance on the character and still less of the enterprise of its earlier settlers. It is a petrified slice of the middle ages transferred to the new continent. The narrowness of its borean belt has not driven its people to newer and more promising fields, and, excepting its squeezed overflow southward and over the border its population, satisfied with little, still struggles with the unresponsive soil. New England, settled with another race, notwithstanding similarity of climate and even less fertile fields, has scattered its brood of restless and ambitious children over the continent and impressed its every part with their



#### DELICATE SOLICITUDE.

FLOOR-MANAGER BROWN—"Yo'll 'xcuse me, Miss Kittison, ef I says a word dat 's a liddle pussional?"  
 MISS KITTISON—"I allus knowed yo' couldn' be nuffin bud a gen'leman, Professor Brown."  
 FLOOR-MANAGER (in a whisper)—"De hay is comin' out'n yo' fish twist."

alertness, independence and vigor. There are, therefore, political problems as well as financial ones to be well considered before soliciting Canadian union. The vast area of the land in the northwest of the Dominion, promising in its growth of wheat, its mountains plethoric with minerals, and its buried mines of limitless coal, would be without a doubt a temptation to settlers and speculators. Is it, however, the highest wisdom to add simply to the area of the national farm and neglect its own fertile and affluent fields?

With a Canadian debt three times as large as ours, measured per capita, and still larger measured by visible resources; with a debt increased this year twelve millions of dollars, and a balance of trade against it of twenty millions, or an increase of liability equal to five dollars per person, as against the balance of trade against the United States of thirty-seven millions, or an increase of liability of fifty cents per person, it becomes a question if it would not be wiser to formulate an adjustment of mutual advantageous commercial exchange rather than load up with embarrassments, added to those that we have of our own still unsolved.





ONE OF THE PENALTIES OF GREATNESS.

DICKIE—"I wish this march could continue forever, Miss Maypoal."  
MISS MAYPOAL—"It is pleasant, isn't it?"

CONSIDERATE FRIEND—"What's wrong with you, Dickie? Met with an accident?"  
DICKIE—"Ya-as. Took that Miss Maypoal down to dinner last night."

BOBBY.

"ROBERT ELS-MERE" discusses small beer as to church matters with a great deal of ability. The writer is wonderfully able with respect to matters that long ago ceased to be interesting outside of the small English village. Bobby has the thought of a grown man and the conscience of a babe, and vindicates his right to think by breaking his wife's heart and then going mad and dying. Bobby's wife is chiseled out of marble and is remarkable for nothing but unquestioning faith in that which Bobby finally repudiates. Rose, the wife's sister, is a charming creature with liberal tendencies, and falls in love with a fascinating unbeliever merely to marry somebody else. When the reader gets through with that book, which he generally does before finishing it, he feels as if there had been a reproduction of the too conscientious youth in the "Pirates of Penzance"; and the foolishness is so unutterably dreary that he remains unhappy some



A BLACK EYE FOR A CANADIAN EXPRESSION.

MR. HOWELLS (of New York)—"Mrs. Poinvant's ball was one of the best managed I've seen since I've been here."  
MISS ST. LAWRENCE (of Montreal)—"Fahncy!"  
MR. HOWELLS—"Oh, no; just ordinary full dress."

three weeks, unless meanwhile he shoots the book at a dog and kills the dog.

MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH.

OUR Miss Endicott, now Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, is a great favorite in English society. She deserves the favor; but something of it is due to the fact that she has a first-rate man for a husband. This is something that ought to be carefully considered by the American belle and heiress; and we are sure that if the duchess of Marlborough were consulted on the subject she would say so herself, and with such earnestness as to bring tears to her own eyes.

WE MAY HOPE for a settlement of the Hayti difficulty, but Sullivan and Kilrain will never get near enough to each other to settle theirs.

IF THERE IS more said about the inaugural ball General Harrison will ram it into a gun and shoot it through some of the protesting puritans.



INTERNATIONAL COURTESY.

THE DUKE OF SOGGERRATH—"Do you know, me dear young lady, that I'm tempted to carry home one of you American gyrls myself?"  
 MISS CRISP—"You'd *have* to carry her, your grace."

A NYMPH.



**S**HE stands, a thing of beauty passing fair!  
 Around her head the struggling sunlight skims,  
 And oh, the beauty of her wet, brown hair,  
 The lissome languor of her perfect limbs!  
 I would I could describe her, standing there  
 Above the dimpled pool's white marble rim,  
 Pausing with pretty, hesitating air  
 Ere plunging in the pool to dive and swim.  
 Breathless she rises, rosy as the dawn.  
 The water from her hair she lightly flings—  
 She is a princess "to the manner born;"  
 Like cerements her linen tunic clings.  
 Lightly she walks into the sun-kissed mist,  
 And, bending o'er another nymph as fair,  
 She gently strokes her shoulder, arm and wrist,  
 And twines her fingers in her soft, damp hair.  
 Who can she be? And what may be her name?  
 Who is this nymph who so much beauty hath?  
 Venus? Or Helen of immortal fame?  
 No—an attendant in a Russian bath.

KITTY JORDAN.

HUM OF THE COURT.

MARY ANDERSON is having a very profitable season; so that she can go back to England and have another first-rate time.  
 THE TREASURY at Washington has not received a dollar of conscience money in two years. Does this indicate no stealings or no conscience?  
 GOVERNOR HILL wants to send ex-presidents to the senate. It is a little proposition in behalf of a pension that we are sure Grover would veto if he had the chance.  
 THIS ADMINISTRATION hasn't exactly whipped Hayti, but it has made her surrender a vessel; and that is a Democratic victory that needn't be sneezed at if you haven't a bad cold.  
 "IT IS EASIER," says the philosopher of the *Buffalo Express*, "to fight with a clear conscience." The *Express* ought to know better than to counsel such fighting as that. It had better coddle its clear conscience and not treat it like an offensive stranger.



THAT SAME OLD TROUBLE AGAIN.

MR. COLBACK—"Young woman, I ain't been to th' theaytre afore for twenty year. Hadn't yer jest as lieve take off that hat? 'T won't be much fer yer t' do."

HIS ANNOYER (*sweetly*)—"Certainly, sir. Don't mention it, I beg of you."



A CHANGED TOWNSHIP.



"HIT'S a beamin' mawnin', sah." I replied politely that it was, indeed, and looked up and down the platform for the friend who was to meet me at Roggin's Corners.

I failed to see him, and the elderly darkey broke in again, "P'raps yo's lookin' fer a kinveyance t' tote yo' ober d' hill. I's got one yo' kin hab fer a shill'n;" and we struck a bargain. "I want to go to Mr. Rhinders's house," I said. "Yassir; me an' ole Morg 'll jerk yo' ober dere quicker. Git up, yo' Dextah!" and he brought down a frayed-out whip on the poor beast's haunches with a slap like a whale's fluke. Morg moved one ear uneasily and the procession moved.

We knocked a half hour all to flinders getting over the hill, and just as I was about to get out and walk the driver stopped the systematic play of his whip, and turning suddenly around observed, "Hit jes' kims acrost me, sah, which Mistah Rhinders does yo' wan' ter see?"

"Mr. Elnathan Rhinders," I replied.

"Sorry yo' didn' say so, sah, 'deed I is. Dat house ober yander 's ockerpied by Mistah Carball Rhinders. Elnathan, he libs 'bout a mile back on d' post-road 'tudder side d' daypo, but we'll git dar,



HOME PRODUCTS.

AUNT FANNY (whose vision is defective)—"How much do you charge for pineapples, my good woman?"

sah, we'll git dar," and he began to back around preparatory to turning.

"Look here, uncle!" I said, "just be sure you're right this time. There are no other Rhindersers here, are there?"

"Bress yo' heart, yes," replied my Jehu. "Dey's John an' Sam an' Peleg, an' Mose-ober-d'-creek, an' Mose-top-o'-d'-hill, an' Aunt Sally, down by d' ole mill, an' d' twin sistahs an' Gran'pa Rhinders, dat's 'sponsible fer d' hull flock, an' "

"Hold on!" I exclaimed. "Why in the Lord's name did they call this place Roggin's Corners when every individual inhabitant is named Rhinders?"

"Dey wuz a man ob dat name killed by d' cyars heah one day a few yeahs ago, en d' cit'zens kinder tumbled to it, ez bein' fresh an' new, an' so eber sence hit's bin Roggin's."

"What's your name?"

"Oh, my nem's Rhinders. I wuz adopted in 'sixty-foh."

I fell back and Morg went on. J. S. G.



INHERITED.

KIND LADY—"Oh, what a naughty little boy you have! Doesn't he know it's wrong to strike his mamma with that big stick?"  
PROUD MOTHER—"Och, don't blame me choild, Mrs. Carter! He only does everything he sees his father do, bliss him!"

A DIALOGUE IN OLYMPUS.

Jove—"Juno, what on earth's the matter?  
What is all this talk I hear  
Of store clothes and shoulder-braces  
On Apollo Belvedere?"

Juno—"Jove, we have been razzle-dazzled  
By those men in Norwich, Conn.  
They have forced our blushing Venus  
Earthly petticoats to don."

Jove—"Then, by thunder! they shall rue it,  
And I'll make it pretty warm  
For those cranks who on Olympus  
Tried to spring a dress-reform."

B. L. LAMPREY.

A PRUDENT MAID.

"I think I would soon make an impression on Miss Prude if it wasn't for that horrid parrot she keeps in the parlor," said De Jinks.

"That's all imagination," replied Merritt. "I've been there myself. If she cared anything for you she would throw a cover over the cage whenever you called."

SOLID FACT.

Gaggs (to friend just rising from a sudden fall)—"What you got against that lamp-post?"

Waggs (feelingly)—"I have a strong impression that it was my head."



COUNTESS HESTER (STREET) FRANGAPOLETTI (taking her family out for an airing)—"Me no scella zis load. Frangapoletti kicka!"

SENTENCES PASSED BY THE JUDGE.

AS a rule our children are our virtues and vices personified.

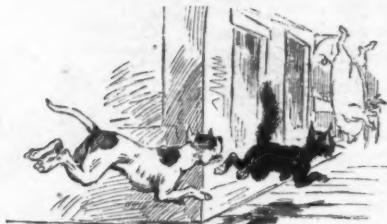
The strictest mothers generally make the most indulgent grandmothers.

Better to starve upon crumbs from the king's table than to feast with brutes.

Though it may boast high connections, jealousy is the most petty of all passions.

A man's moral shortcomings never exceed mere peccadilloes, while the same faults

LIFE IN DEATH.



1.—The Pursuit.

PROVIDING AGAINST CONTINGENCIES.

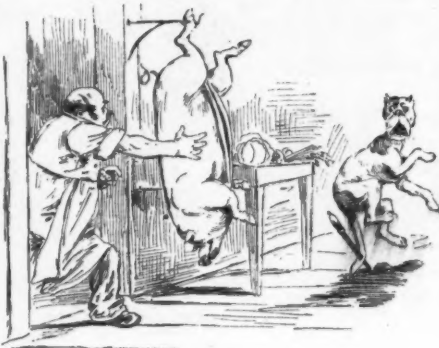
THE valet of a well-known man about town was in the habit of getting terribly "loaded."

"But supposing you were to be found in the street in such a condition?" asked his master when the culprit was "sobering up" after an unusually prolonged "bender."

"Never fear for me, sir," was the audacious reply. "I always keep a few of your visiting cards in my pocket in case of accident."



2.—A haven of refuge.



3.—Righteous wrath.



4.—The tables turned.

in a woman are crimes against—what? Her sex. A little strange, is it not?

It is impossible to go through life without more or less expense to one's temper and purse.

Sex has morally no prerogative. Consequences are the same the world over, and Nemesis is impartial in her avengements.

With what a subtle wisdom are moulded some of our most common expressions—for instance, the phrase "falling in love." How many lose all equilibrium and plunge headlong, body and soul, and how few succeed in making it a matter purely of rising.

Things come about very strangely sometimes. There would be a good deal of hard and prolonged staring if the goddess of wisdom were suddenly to appear on earth, and with her wand separate every molecule of right from every particle of wrong. And the least surprise would not be that felt by religious and political bodies.

KATHRINE GROSJEAN.



5.—The retreat.

A QUESTION OF FORM.

Yallery—"Huh! I kain't see, Mose Johnsing, why yo' wear a striped shirt at dis time o' year! 'Tain't good fawm."

Johnson—"Good fawm! What can a niggah know 'bout good fawm who has to wear meal-bag trousers 'cause he kain't get his feet through any others?"

ODDITY OF THE SEASON.

It must seem strange, whene'er it snows,  
To the man who motion lacks;  
It matters not how slow he goes,  
He cannot help make tracks.

THE MODERN WAY.

Caller (at front door)—"Does Miss Walsh rasoide here?"

Woman of the house—"Yes; if you will kindly step into the parlor I'll call her. (Going to the kitchen door.)

Bridget, an Irish lady is in the parlor who wants to see you."

Miss Walsh—"An' didn't she sind down her caird, mum?"



A CHAPTER FROM REAL LIFE.

MR. KAIMSO (writing)—"My own darling: Incidentally hearing of the bequest which your late uncle made to you, and that you still have some regard for one whom circumstances caused to leave you in a moment of unthinking passion, I venture to ask you to allow me to renew my suit."

MR. KAIMSO (ten years afterward, resurrecting a garment worn ten years before)—"By the great horn-spoon! if I didn't forget to mail that letter to Nelly!"



OUTRAGED!



**P**ET, and who doth dare to scold  
Thee, whose locks are fine-spun gold?  
Sweet, and who doth dare to flout  
Such red lips until they pout?  
Darling, who hath waked these sighs—  
Won these tear-drops to thine eyes?  
What rude word hath caught thine ear,  
Only made sweet songs to hear?  
With what pang, by subtle art,  
Hath some false one stabbed thy heart?

"Nay, and could my poet's pen  
Sting the whole wide race of men  
Back to knighthood, time of grace!  
There, my lady's form and face  
All their loves should put to shame—  
Set the very world aflame!  
How I'd fight them, every one,  
Morn and noon till set of sun!  
How all other fair should stand  
Lorn and loveless in the land,  
'Till again thy smile of light

Dawned upon my charmed sight!  
Dearest maiden! whisper me  
What it is that troubleth thee?"

Sighs and little moans abound,  
Soft eyes weep and seek the ground,  
Little hands are clasped, and there  
To the poet seem in prayer.  
Down he kneels, his great soul rent—  
Pain and passion strangely blent—  
Kneels to hear the outrage told  
By coral lips 'neath locks of gold.  
"Listen!" soft she murmurs low.  
"Listen!" solemnly and slow—  
"Floy has got a hat like mine!  
Ruby velvet—just like wine—  
Copied even to plumes and wing!  
Mean, old, hateful, horrid thing!"

C. L. DANIELS.

OLD CHOCOLATE'S JOCOSERIOUS CHAT.

Hit er easy toe kill de hungry fly.  
De steelyard won't lie less yo' make hit.  
De well offenes' dipped gibbs de sweetes' watah.  
De dawg er ez apt toe bahk at an hones' man ez he  
am at a t'ief.  
A many folks say t'ings dat hit er hahd toe git any  
one toe sw'ar toe.  
De fool dat keeps his mouf shet offen looks mo' wise  
en a weddah prophet.  
De man w'at's mos' discreet w'en sobah makes a-  
many slips w'en drunk.

J. A. WALDRON.

A DREAM ON ICE.

*New Yorker of 1989*—"Phil-a-delphia—Phila-delphia? Seems to me I've read of that somewhere. But what the deuce was it?"  
*Edipus*—"That was an ancient town, recently exhumed. Every thing was found frozen in its tracks. As each house has a pillar of ice on its front porch, it is supposed that a cold wave struck the place at 6 A. M., just as the hired girls were pouring the water for the morning ablutions of the front steps, and that no one had enough 'go' in him to turn off the crank from the weather bureau."

BRIC - A - BRAC.

*Mrs. Postlewait*—"Did you notice whether the Hastingses had much bric-a-brac in their new house?"  
*Mrs. Alleyes*—"They haven't very much—but wait a minute—yes, I did see a snow-shovel in their cellar-way."



AN INTERPOLATION ON THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS.

REV. MR. LUKESON—"I's bery glad, mah hearers, dat mah disco'se on d' puss'n'l characteristicks ob d' debbil has sech a good 'fect on d' congergashion."

A LACK OF BUSINESS SENSE.

*Candid friend* (to young author)—"Your story is a good one, I admit, Edgar; but you never can make much money out of it without considerable alterations."  
*Edgar*—"Why, what's wrong?"  
*Candid friend*—"You should have your hero dine at Topitoff's, wear only the clothes made by Shearem, take a box at Blowhard's theatre, and drink exclusively the wines imported by Fuddleton. Always use the names that will bring you money, my boy."

WHY SHE REFUSED HIM.

He loved a stately maiden  
Of æsthetic, cultured taste,  
And promptly at her service  
His loyal heart he placed.  
He struggled long and nobly  
Her maiden love to gain,  
But she quenched his life's ambition  
In words both cold and plain.  
For when he stooped in rapture  
Her answering words to catch,  
She said his "hair was auburn  
And his mustache didn't match."

LURANA W. SHELDON.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

*She*—"Have you ever read 'Wept-of-the-Wish-Ton-Wish,' Mr. Hery?"  
*He* (from the west)—"No, Miss Ethel, but I must get it. You know I take great interest nowadays in the Chinese question."



EASILY SATISFIED.

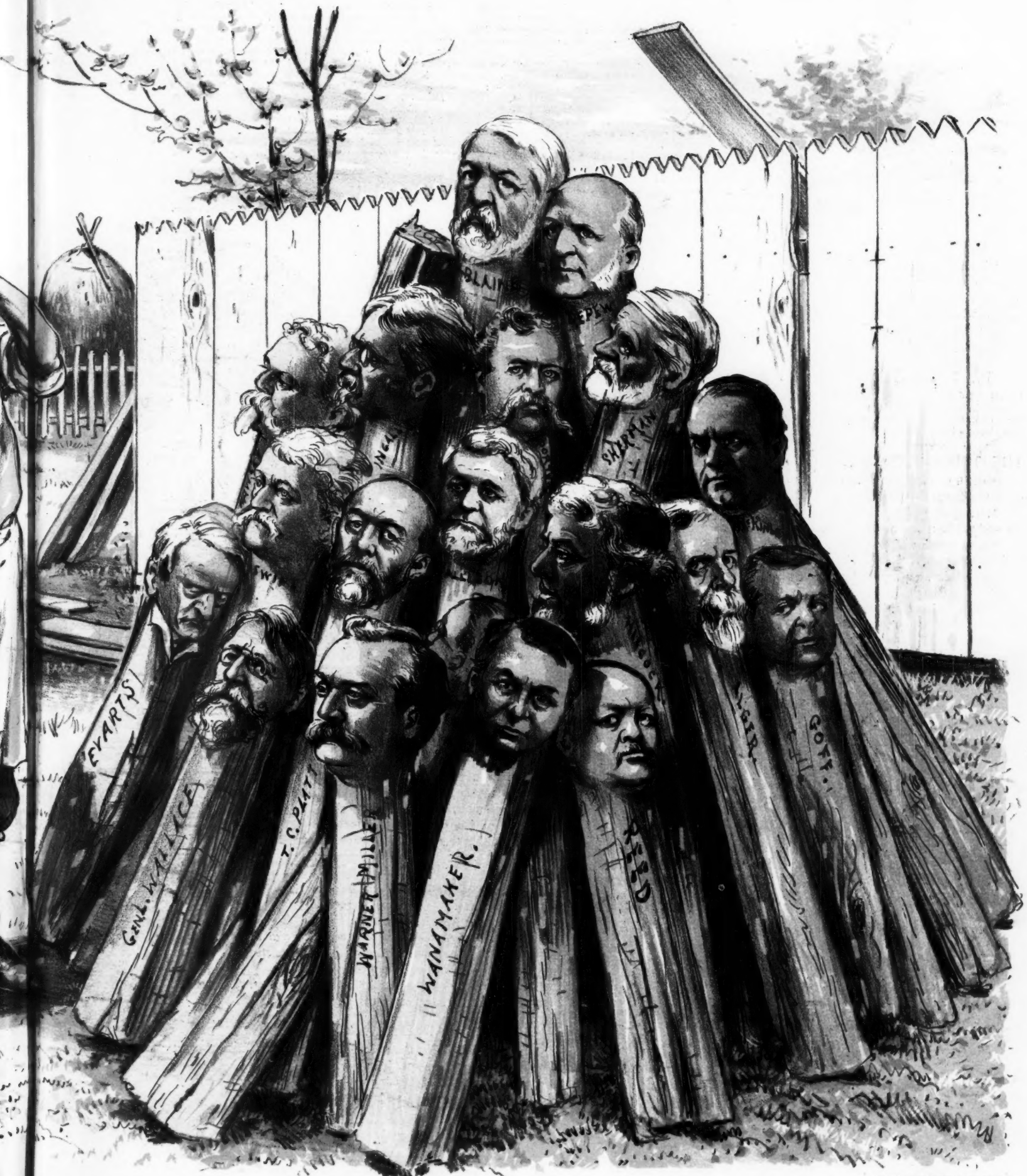
LADY (*engaging new lady's maid*)—"Yes, I'll engage you, but remember! I allow no followers."  
APPLICANT—"Oh, that's all right, madam! I can put up with the master's friends."



THE PERPLEXED CABINETMAKER  
He has a wealth of well-seasoned material to choose from but is



Judge



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ED CABINET MAKER.  
but is in doubt as to what kind he should use.



"JOSHUA."

THER'S sure ter come a time in life when suthin's got ter break,  
 An' yeou wanten run the airth so bad it makes ye fairly ache.  
 I'd give my boots ter on'y be like Joshua on the hill  
 Ter stop the rain a-comin' daown an' make the sun stan' still.  
 Ef a man can't hev his say sometimes ther ain't no good in life,  
 An' *thet's* the reason why it seemed I'd better git a wife.  
 I hed my eye on Phily Jones ez jest the one fer me,  
 P'sumin' I could boss her 'raound ez easy ez could be;  
 Of course I didn't let on haow I 'lotted ter begin;  
 Thinks I, "'Twill be the surest way ter gently break her in."  
 I on'y ast her off-band ef she's willin' ter obey,  
 An' she kinder snickered ez she says "I'll dew jest what yeou say."  
 I oughter hev been warned in time thet women ain't no fool;  
 But thet's a kind o' ciperin' thet's never taught in schools.  
 Ther come a time, ez I hev said, when suthin' hed ter bust,  
 An' I was growlin' 'raound the haouse ez short ez short pie-crust.  
 Old Tabby come a-purrin' 'raound agin me where I set;

I kicked her aout o' doors an' says "Gol darn it! hang the cat!"  
 It warn't long after when I hear a yowlin' from the yard;  
 I hurried aout, an' ther was Tab, kickin' an' strugglin' hard,  
 Hung ter a tree, an' Phily says in a ca'm an' virtuous way,  
 "Why be yeou mad? I on'y done exactly ez yeou say!"  
 The woman hed the right on it—an' yit I hardly know—  
 But ever sence when I've got mad it's jest exactly so.  
 I told her tew dry up; she dried an' wouldn't speak all day.  
 I called her dumbhead an' she talked tell I was druv away.  
 I says "Git eout!" She went away ter Father Jones thet night,  
 An' it cost me seven dollars ter set the matter right.  
 I bet old Joshua 'd hev been mad an' uglier then sin  
 Ef when he'd made the sun stan' still it wouldn't go agin!  
 She harped so on thet word o' hern, "I'll dew jest what yeou say."  
 Thet finally I giv it up an' told her "Hev yer way."  
 She's done thet tew an' kep' it up ez stiddy ez she could,  
 An' naow when I git swarin' mad I go ter splittin' wood!  
 FLORENCE E. PRATT.

HIS INSIGNIA.

"That young Dawkins is beginning to be a regular chappie of late," said Noodle.  
 "In what way?" asked Jiggs.  
 "Is he raising a mustache?"  
 "No; pimples."

PAST THIRTY.

I squeeze and scrimp hard as I can,  
 I'm half-starved with my rigor;  
 For "wilful waste brings woful want"  
 Of elegance in figure.

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

Mrs. B. was famous for her execrable dinners.  
 Meeting Simpkins one day she said to him:  
 "How naughty of you not to come to me on Wednesday."  
 "But I excused myself by wire."  
 "Oh, yes; I know all about that; but why didn't you come?"  
 "Because—I—I—I—was hungry."



MARGUERITE—"Let us sit here, Elgardo, and whisper in secret the love we cannot openly express."



OFFICER O'MEAGHER—"Well, Oi'm slathered!"

TEMERITY.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL NOTES.

The ancient site of Babylon is still lost to sight.  
 A watch given to Cleopatra by Antony was recently found in dredging the Nile.  
 Professor Noall claims that according to the ancient Arabian notation 2 + 2 made 5.  
 The statue of Venus unearthed at Pompeii is said to bear a striking resemblance to Queen Victoria.  
 Of the palace of Psammetichus the Powerful, in Egypt, nothing remains but the name; which covers four acres.

RATHER DURABLE.

Carpet-dealer—"Yes, madam; that is a fine stair carpet, and very durable."  
 Woman—"Will it last well?"  
 Carpet-dealer—"Madam, fourteen years ago I sold a piece of that carpet to a woman and she used it ten years steady."  
 Woman—"Then did she throw it away?"  
 Carpet-dealer—"No, madam. I should say not. For the last four years her boy has worn it for every-day pants."

THE LADY WAS MISTAKEN.

Mrs. Guzzleton (on the stairs)—"This is a great time of night for you to be coming home, John Guzzleton!"  
 Mr. Guzzleton (consulting his watch)—"You're wrong, m' dear. It's the smallest time in the whole day. Just one o'clock, 'pon honor!"

SLANDERING THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

Jones, who is an inveterate diner-out, is also a bit of a philosopher. This is his latest "mot":  
 "I hear a great deal said about the slowness of the turtle, but notice that he generally arrives in time for the soup."



SUGGESTED BY THE PROPOSED NEWSBOYS' MONUMENT.

"Will not Philanthropy kindly open her eyes and purse to a distressed and thirsty race?"



PROSPECTUS  
OF  
"JUDGE" FOR 1889.



JUDGE is the youngest (in feeling), happiest, and brainiest of all the satirical papers in the United States, and it bases its claim not entirely on what people say of it, but on the fact that the news company's checks are invariably satisfactory. One of these rectangular documents was received recently on which the figures brimmed over the right-hand edge, and were continued on space, so that we are not yet entirely sure just what amount of money it was written for; but our treasurer is on a vigorous hunt, and the fugitive balance

when captured will be devoted to the purchase of a series of coupon-extension check-books, so that this trouble may be avoided by the company in the future.

The liking for clean, pure, rib-tickling humor never changes, and while men may grow so old and ascetic (misspelling intentional) as to wonder why they laughed at gibes and jokes enjoyed a few years before, there is always a bright, smile-loving army of citizens who have *not* grown too old to support, cherish, read and grin with a first-class humorous publication; and this JUDGE is, has been, and always will be.

One of the few serious elements we have to deal with is the maintenance in the several hospitals of free beds for those of our readers who have laughed, not wisely, but immoderately, and we will gladly add extra accommodations for those who can't get on to the essence of our fun without a war-map in one hand, a French dictionary in the other and a reticence to smile which is morgue-like in its intensity.

JUDGE'S CARTOONS

for 1889 will continue to bang common-sense into dull brains, add new grayish matter to brains that are only partially equipped, and afford entertainment and happy recreation to the ninety-nine per cent. of brains that are simply bulging for scintillating and coruscating truth.

JUDGE'S POLITICS

will be, as they ever have been, REPUBLICAN from Alpha to Omega, Maine to California, and no back towns to hear from.

JUDGE will stand by protection for American industries, protection for good government, and protection against the blues, first, last and every time, and bets made on these assertions need not be hedged in the least.

JUDGE'S ARTISTS

will form in 1889 a phalanx which is bound to push its crayons into the very picket-line of art.

Mr. Bernhard Gillam as leading man will continue to hit abuses, rectify political mistakes, if there are any, and keep a general lookout on his lieutenants—and Canajoharie, N. Y.

Mr. Hamilton as first walking (varied by sitting) gentleman has had a new diamond point riveted on his pencil, and proposes during the coming year to incur the enmity of the dudes, the dinners of the staff, and the love of all the dudines as the best exponent of purely society sketches in

and others will materially aid in extending the breadth of smile of the American public.

Messrs. Benjamin Constant, Alma Tadema, Rosa Bonheur, Schreyer, Jacque Diaz and the rest of the auction crowd will contribute just as many sketches and illuminations as they have in the past, although we regret to say that Madame Diss Debar has somewhat lowered the standard of work of this class.

JUDGE'S CONTRIBUTORS

for 1889 include Charles Dickens, Marco Polo, General Boulanger, Tom Paine, the emperor of Germany, the sultan of Turkey and I. M. Gregory. Mr. Gregory as editor will have a few minor assistants in the agony of getting the paper out, and these will form, if negotiations don't fail, about the same list as usual. Our readers are prepared to forgive J. A. Waldron, Madeline S. Bridges, De Witt Sterry, Geo. S. Crittenden and the rest of the four hundred; but they will look somewhat askance at Bill Nye until his reputation as a humorist is a little better established.

JUDGE'S SPECIAL FEATURE

for 1889 will be the determination to jump right on to the figurative neck of any and every bit of humbug that crops up. This is both exhaustive and final, and will be carried out with pen, pencil and nerve-tissue to the last extremity.

JUDGE'S EXTRA PUBLICATIONS

for 1889 will include some exceedingly interesting and instructive matter.

The coming brochure by an anonymous author on "Why Doesn't Hayti Shoot Loose?" and the volume of travels to be issued shortly on "Poker as Played in the Catacombs," will be varied from time to time by editions of standard value to the general reader in lines of thought somewhat removed from these lighter subjects; while, as ever, the quarterly serials will serve as the layer of ham to unite the two sides of the sandwich.

THE CHRISTMAS JUDGE

for 1889 will be issued in solid gold covers, which can be used after the meat is extracted as jewelry caskets.

JUDGE'S POLICY

for 1889 will be one for \$500,000 on the new building into which we shall remove on May 1st, and where, with enormous facilities for an increase in the good work, we shall lie back and be as funny, as satirical and as fair as we can be, with both eyes on our readers' interests and our heart on our circulation.

JUDGE'S FINAL INVOCATION

for 1889. If you want to be fat in flesh and purse, jolly in mind and action, easy in spirit and appetite, and generally healthy,

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE JUDGE.



**EARLY RISING.**

Early rising is a bore  
 Diabolical, terrific.  
 Most men vanquished lie before  
 Influences soporific;  
 Some may make a sudden leap  
 Out of bed and go to dressing,  
 Clearing thus their eyes of sleep  
 In a way that's most depressing.  
 Others yawn, and yawn, and yawn,  
 Dallying, as I'm a sinner,  
 Till, instead of being dawn,  
 It is nearly time for dinner.  
 Others tightly close their eyes,  
 Resolute against temptation;  
 You could never make them rise  
 Early, e'en to save the nation.  
 And, indeed, it seems to me  
 That their course is much the wiser;  
 I have never yearned to be  
 Famous as an early riser;  
 For I love to lie abed  
 While the early birds are singing,  
 With the blankets round my head,  
 Till the breakfast bell is ringing;  
 And it gives me keen delight  
 When, with soft and honeyed phrases,  
 Some one calls me, out of spite  
 To respond, "Oh, go to blazes!"  
 —Somerville Journal.

"Ma," remonstrated Bobby, "when I was at grand-ma's she let me have two pieces of pie." "Well, she ought not to have done so, Bobby," said his mother. "I think two pieces of pie are too much for little boys. The older you grow, Bobby, the more wisdom you will gain." Bobby was silent, but only for a moment. "Well, ma, grand-ma is a good deal older than you are."  
 —Christian Advocate.

**THE KODAK.**



PRICE \$25 00.

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.  
 Send for copy of KODAK Primer, with sample photograph.

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ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR AND PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.

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 149, 151, 153, 155 EAST 14TH STREET, N. Y.

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 PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1119 Chestnut St.  
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 SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club Building.  
 ST. LOUIS, MO., 1522 Olive Street.



"HOME EXERCISER" for Brain Workers and Sedentary People; Gentlemen, Ladies, and Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 8 inches square floor-room; something new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular. "Schools for Physical and Vocal Culture," 16 East 14th Street and 712 5th Ave., N. Y. City. Prof. D. L. Down, Wm. Blake, author of "How to get Strong," says of it: "I never saw any other that I liked half as well."

**CARL PRETZEL'S PHILOSOPHY.**

A mans mit a big feets vas yoost like an animals. He vas all s-ox.  
 Der not pooty gwick shnail vas der last pird dot vhent der ark into.  
 Firtue und gootness may been X eyed mit dheir eyes, but dhey vas pooty goot lookin' enyhow.  
 Der milk of human kineness vas always found by der outside in of a female cows. Dot's a sure ting.  
 —National Weekly.

The Sohmer Pianos are pronounced superior to all others by leading artists.

She—"Here is a queer name for a man."  
 He—"What is it?"  
 She—"Mr. Herf. He's one of the members who attended the religious convention."  
 He—"He's probably a lay delegate."—Troy Times.

As the cockroach never plays ball or votes,  
 Nor seeks undying fame,  
 He has no business in the soup,  
 But he gets there just the same.

Mrs. Westend—"My dear Mrs. Kaintuck, how is your husband? Is it true that he is suffering from malaria?"  
 Mrs. Kaintuck (from Louisville)—"Oh, it's not so serious as that, thank fortune. It's nothing but jim-jams."—Philadelphia Record.

**LONDON'S DISTINGUISHED DENTAL FIRM WRITES REGARDING THE**



95 and 96 LONDON WALL, E. C.,  
 LONDON, NOV. 25th, 1888.

GENTLEMEN: We consider the Polisher well deserving the notice of all who wish to preserve and beautify their teeth, and it may be described as the *ne plus ultra* of tooth brushes.  
 GEORGE R. MATLAND.  
 THOMAS C. MATLAND.

**AT ALL DRUGGISTS.**

Its Economy. Holder (imperishable) 35 cents. Polishers only need be renewed. 18 (boxed) 25 cents. Dealers or mailed.  
 HORSEY MANUFACTURING CO., UTICA, N. Y.

**CONSUL AT ST. BONES.**

"Man wants but little here below," and that's just what he gets,  
 And he collars mighty little of that unless he watches his nets.  
 So I'm going to ask the president that will be by and by  
 For a little civil-service sit that I've gimleted with my eye.

I want to serve my country in lands beyond the sea,  
 For a place in the diplomatic corps will just about fit me;  
 I know I'm the man—and to say it I do not hesitate,  
 Just calculated to adorn a first-class consulate.

I don't care where you send me—Italy, France or Spain—I only make one condition, and this one I'll explain:  
 To Greenland's icy mountains, or Africa's golden stones—  
 Only just give me a consulate that corners a heap of bones.

I ain't particular whose bones—most any bones will do;  
 I can label 'em coming over and advertise 'em through.  
 Skull of the great Napoleon; shin of good William Penn;  
 Backbone of old John Calvin, ulna of Thomas Wren.

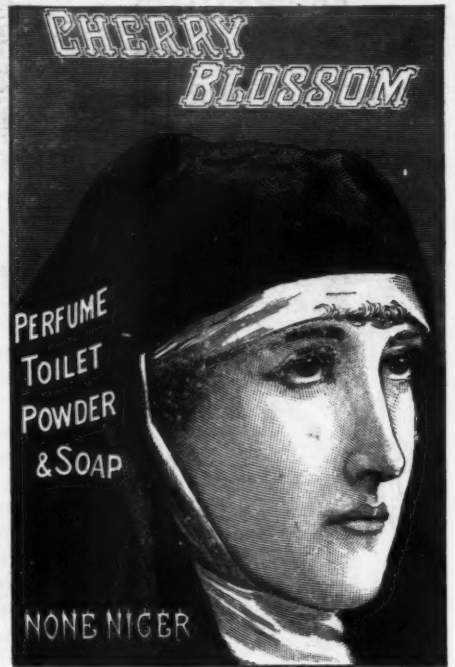
All sorts of "human warriors," perfect or incomplete;  
 All of Saint Dives's skeleton and part of Saint Sinner's feet;  
 Phalanges of poet and peasant; tarsi of soldier and priest—  
 I ought to come home with a shipload to say the very least.

Why, with anything like good management for three and six nights stands,  
 We ought to collar the Yankee scads with bones from foreign lands;  
 And see the economy of it—why, after a season or two,  
 I could pay back my consular salary—say, give me a bone place, do!  
 —Robert J. Burdette.

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In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant.—On Jan. 29, 1887, Mr Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

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slightest repugnance.

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FLESH PRODUCER

PERSONS GAIN RAPIDLY WHILE TAKING IT.

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**FOR THE RELIEF OF, AND IN MOST CASES A CURE FOR  
CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES  
OF CHILDREN AND CHRONIC COUGHS.**

For Sale by all Druggists. **SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.**

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### MODEL WAY OF CURING A COLD.

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"About ten days ago I took a severe cold which settled in my chest and back and caused me much suffering. I immediately procured three ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS; two I applied to my chest and one to my back. In a few hours my pains sensibly abated, and in three days I was entirely well. I take great pleasure in recommending ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS."

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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USE IT FOR SOUPS.  
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N. B.—Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in **BLUE INK** across label.

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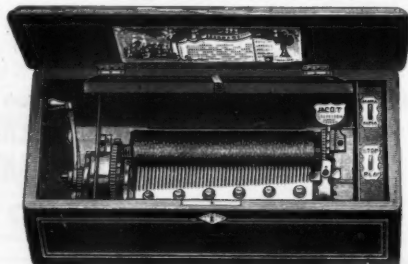
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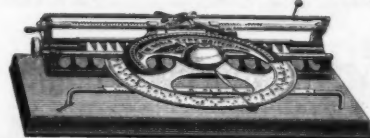
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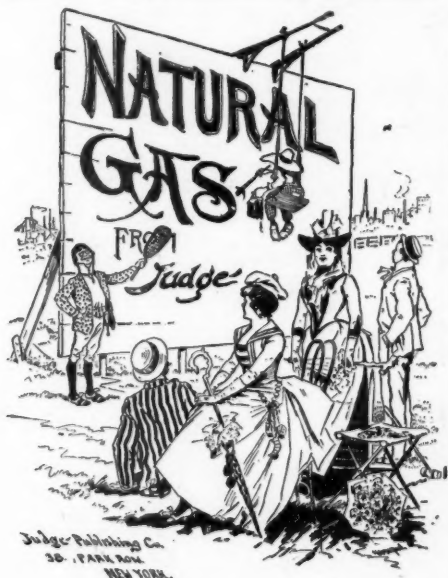
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"Natural Gas" is as full of fun, wit and humor as a good sound nut is full of meat.—*Baltimore Telegram.*

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The JUDGE's new annual, "Natural Gas," is a collection of some of the best black-and-white illustrations and brightest sayings that have appeared in the JUDGE during the past year. It is very amusing.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"Natural Gas" contains some 200 of the best black and white illustrations, with its brightest and wittiest sayings. The JUDGE is never dull, and a collection of its best of the year is a specific for every form of the "blues." It abounds in good laughs.—*Toledo (Ohio) Blade.*

"Natural Gas," from JUDGE, is the title of a collection of the best things that have appeared in that clever paper. The illustrations are by all the JUDGE artists, and the book contains enough that is humorous to keep one laughing a great many days.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Price, 25 Cents.

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