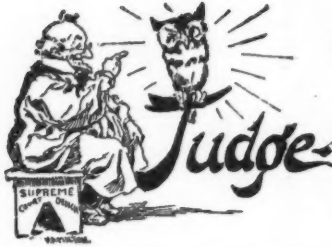


# Judge

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The Canadian Parliament has passed an Act for the Extradition of Defaulters and Criminals.  
**CANADA BARS OUT AMERICAN BOODLERS.**  
 UNCLE SAM.—“Many thanks for this great favor.”  
 MISS CANADA.—“Pray don't flatter yourself!—It is for my own protection, not for yours.”



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THE MCALLISTER was for a time the Ward of the nation; not its boss, as he seemed to imagine.

MR. WANAMAKER is a self-made man, and has the utmost respect, as is his right, for his Wanamaker.

THERE IS a little man at Albany who thinks Hugh Grant is making himself too deucedly conspicuous.

IT WAS a pity the wires were removed so soon, so many, many visitors would have liked to sleep on them.

SEVERAL LADIES of literary proclivities are lifting their quills at each other like fretful porcupines.

ONE DIVORCE to ten marriages is the rule in New Hampshire; so that the man who occupies those granite hills isn't half as rock-ribbed as they are.

THE ACTRESS of the future, to be celebrated, must not have been divorced, thinks the *Mail and Express*. Yes, indeed; and what a curiosity she would be at this very time.

THE EFFORT of the Democratic and mug-wump press to make capital out of the death of Mr. Pearson will presently desert the grave to put itself in the infantile cradle.

HUGH GRANT, as we have said, is making a real good mayor. It may even be said that his wisdom and determination stretch from pole to pole.

HIS MAJESTY of Russia is troubled not by dynamite, but by the horror of momentary expectation that the destructive is going to go off.

WE SHOULD think from some recently published private correspondence that your passion writer has her passion in large variety, that of the temper especially predominating.

#### HOW THINGS CHANGE.

THE CENTENNIAL celebration being over, let us briefly consider one thing. New York city was held throughout the war by the British, and, quite naturally though not patriotically, most of the leading families of the city were Tories. The fathers and matrons were socially inclined, and the daughters danced with the English officer quite as if he were one of their set. From these gentlemen and ladies came to some extent the first families that exist now; and it is a curious, though a gratifying, fact

that they were among the many who were most anxious to be conspicuous a hundred years this side of our George's inauguration. The boys in the field are for the most part unremembered, and our George, of English stock, leads them all in the hearts of his countrymen. Perhaps there is some excuse for the desire to be "so English;" but there is one consolation—if we ever have a fight with England there will not be a Tory on American ground.

#### THE NEW BRETHREN.

IMMIGRANTS to the number of 3,000 came to Castle Garden in one day last week. These figures revive apprehension regarding the political supremacy of the native American; but the truth is that the first comers were afflicted with that as soon as they began to rear their native-born children, and there has been no real danger yet. The rapid settlement of Oklahoma suggests a surplus of adventurers among our own people; but we can accommodate all who come for all time, not necessarily by running the land into the two oceans, but by taking peaceful possession in due season of all the land that runs between them.

#### SHALL WE APPEAL FROM THE CREATION?

A CATHOLIC CONGRESS in London having listened to an address virtually demanding the restoration to the pope of the temporal control of property wrested from his holiness by Victor Emanuel, it would seem to be in order for England to appeal for a reconsideration of the surrender of Cornwallis, and for the French government to invite a congress to readjust the result of the battle of Waterloo. History is never finished, and old times come again more than is advisable or necessary.

#### OUR MELANCHOLY SUPERIORITY.

VERY FEW Canadians come to the states to escape Canadian justice. Very many men of the states go to Canada to escape the justice of the states. And it is not a matter of population. It is rather a matter of that peculiar enterprise which adopts other men's funds for personal purposes. We never think of this thing without a feeling of regret and a desire to have some method of punishing those Canadian malefactors.

THE CZAR, convinced that he is doomed, has issued a royal decree to the effect that hereafter the male Romanoffs shall confine them-

selves to a wife apiece; and when one can do penance by reforming his brothers, his cousins and his uncles how good that is!

M. HALSTEAD is better as to his physical affliction, but his temperament on the senate question marks like a thermometer on an extremely hot day in the torrid zone.

THERE WAS really an expectation on the part of the prohibitionists of carrying Massachusetts, but their bibulous inducements to voters were too sequestered and too abominable.

THE SENATE of this state can quarrel with itself with more ability and less gore than any other organization in the world, excepting only the assembly in its discussions with such bodies as centennial committees.

IT LOOKS very much as if Tammany hall were the fountain-head of the Democracy of this country, and as if Hugh Grant, D. B. Hill and Grover Cleveland had analyzed the waters and the other liquids of the same and found them satisfactory. But outside of Tammany will those three men speak as they pass by?



A SERIOUS MISTAKE.

CALLAHAN—"It's sorry Oi am for yez, Hogan. It wor th' finest pig an th' hill. Phwhat kilt him?"

HOGAN—"Sure Oi t'ought it wor th' ould woman thryin' t' git in th' shanty, an' Oi laved a flat-iron fly t' rough th' dure."

THE BEST THING about centennials—That they come once in a hundred years.

THE PEOPLE of Oklahoma have learned that it's a good idea to learn where you're going before you get there.

THERE WAS never so much anxiety to get anywhere as into Oklahoma, with the sole exception of the anxiety to get out of it.

"OH FOR one more day of Mrs. Cleveland!" exclaims the editor of the Chicago Times. One day? A thousand, a million, a billion, my son.

BOULANGER has with him in England followers enough to serve a king; but they would have served him best if they had dropped him in the channel on the way over.

THE THIRTEEN MILES of procession were intended to celebrate the original colonies, and the accidents represented that number at table, or rather on the grand stands.

THE RED ANT of the white-house is a hold-over from the last administration, but we must say that Mrs. Cleveland would have removed him if she had had that power.

SOME PAPERS speak of the president's haste in appointing a successor to Pearson. Has it occurred to them that the appointment had to be made before the close of the lamented man's term of office?

HENRY WATTERSON accuses the president of hypocrisy. That was done in the case of the man who deliberately shot off the gun; but there was this immediate correction—"I don't mean that. That was a typographical error. I mean precipitation."



SPEAKING OF CATS.

CORNELIA—"I'm undecided as to how to wear my hair. Can you suggest a becoming way?"  
CORDELIA—"Why not originate a new roll for it, and call it the 'bankrupt twist'? It's certainly short enough."

that there is a strong movement towards the abolition of the high hat."

Mr. Bobley (with recollections of a certain bill)—"Yes; but bonnets are just as high as ever."

THEY MADE NOTHING USEFUL.

Wiggins (reflectively)—"Lord MacEnoch? Lord MacEnoch? I don't remember anyone of that name in the British nobility. Who was the founder of his family?"

Baboony (haughtily)—"My friend's family, sir, includes no founders, nor any other kind of manufacturerers."

KEEP YOUR EYES wide open, D. B. Hill. There is a man on your trail who thinks he knows every nail in the heels of your boots.

LUCY PARSONS, anarchist, says, "Every man who has not a musket behind his ballot is a slave." A truce to this nonsense, Lucy. Ballots were not made to serve as wadding for guns.

THE PEOPLE on the Dan-mark have learned how sweet it is to live, and it is a significant fact that during their long agony there was not an attempt at suicide and there was one birth.

E. F. JONES was appointed boss of the senate by D. B. Hill, but the senate wouldn't confirm. Now W. C. Whitney has been packed and shipped for the governorship, and Jones he pays the freight.

THE WILD WEST.

Barkeeper—"Is it true you lynched that tenderfoot?"

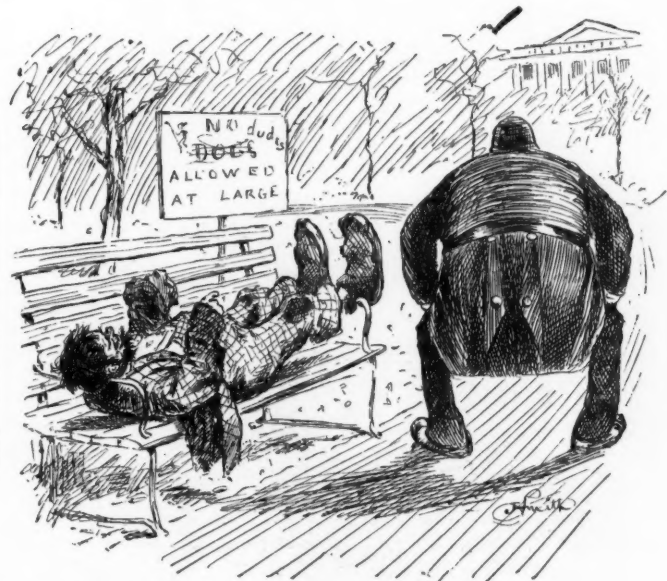
Cowboy—"Yes."

Barkeeper—"Horse stealing?"

Cowboy—"No; he wore a plug hat."

NO CHANGE.

Mrs. Bobley—"I see, John



THE LAWS OF ELASTICITY.

OFFICER GROGAN—"Wait'll yez see me knock th' soles aff him!"

RASPY MIKE, THE TRAMP (as the club flies over the city hall)—"Dem shoes is made of car-spring rubber, Mr. Cop."

## HUM OF THE COURT.

THE LECTURER always suspects the Easter egg until it is opened, and frequently he suspects it more thereafter.

A GOOD many persons got so settled in Oklahoma within a few hours after reaching there that they will never move again.

EVERYBODY SAYS "I told you so," with the sole exception of A. W. Greely. What A. W. says is, "You will remember that I didn't predict it."

A MAN has been in Iowa buying cats to send to Dakota, which is overrun with mice. As he made a couple of dollars on each cat it was a mighty mice transaction.

THORNDYKE RICE, it is predicted, will "razzle-dazzle the czar at poker." These expressions are very curious. We know, of course, what razzle-dazzle is, but what's poker?

A MR. WALTERS who recently killed himself, dressed himself as for an evening party before committing the deed. But they don't have such fashions over there. They have wings.

IT LOOKS as if Sullivan and Kilrain, having put up their money, would have to put up their fists—provided, of course, they are not given the opportunity to steal the swag and run away from each other.

ROBERT P. PORTER will edit the census with much ability; but the moment he adds up a column of those interminable figures and applies the result to his salary he will become the victim of the other bobbies.

IT IS TRUE that Mr. Washington occasionally expressed himself in passionate language; but he selected his adjectives with great care, was economical in the use of them, and rarely indulged in anathema more than



### WARM ATHLETICS.

MR. WILKIN—"You surely can't have forgotten me. We took in the Hot springs together last winter."

MISS CANTON—"Sir! I never was there in my life."

MR. WILKIN—"Then it was your twin sister that jumped out of the window under mine at the Palace hotel fire. Excuse me."

three lines long. But how powerful it was!

THE EDITOR of the Detroit *Free Press* says he wants a marriage certificate that will permit him to mark in the name of another girl. He is wrong there. What he wants, the old reprobate! is a certificate that will permit the girl to select a man who hasn't five wives already and another expected on the next train.

### IN-CONSTANCY.

'T WAS on a summer evening, a year ago.

I felt sure that he loved me—he told me so.

He said his life was lonely, and here he sighed,

And asked me, oh! so sweetly, to be his bride.

This morning he was married—the papers say.

I read it half-a-smiling and then turn away.

He vowed that he another would never wed,

Yet here it is—yes—"Married!" the notice said.

I'm certain that my *own* love has not grown cold;

Again I read the story—so briefly told—

And then without a heart-ache lay it aside;

'Tis true that he is wedded, but I'm the

bride! LENA GILBERT BROWN.

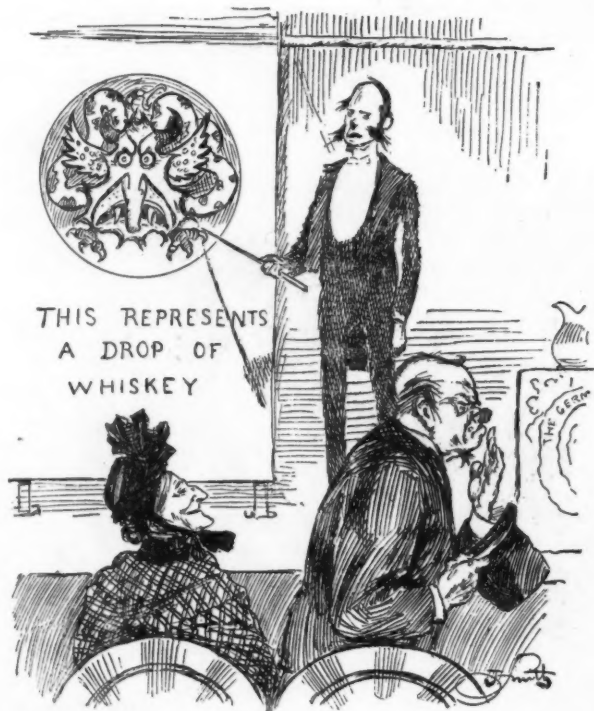
### LIKE A LOADSTONE.

"Have you seen anything of a policeman around here?" inquired a man in an excited tone of voice. "No," replied the belated pedestrian. "But I saw a woman standing on the next corner, so he can't be far away."

### GETTING DIRECTIONS.

Doctor (after examining little Willie)—"The child needs a plaster, Mrs. Simpson."

Mother—"Yes, doctor; externally or internally?"



### SOME CHANGES IN EXPRESSION.

MR. SOKER (at the lecture)—"There, Mandy!"

MRS. SOKER—"There, Silas!"

AN APPEAL FOR CONSIDERATION.



THE attendance at the Liberian reformed chapel was not just what it should be, but there were enough "brethring" and "sistering" there to lead Rev. Mr. Pangbone to believe that the offertory-box could be sent around and come back with a trifle more than close air in its interior. "Fren's," he said, "dey's jes' twenny-fo' lambs in d' congergression dis mawnin', en' 'f each one puts in a nickel, yo' pastah 'll add he's mite, an' we'll mek up a gran' tottle ob a dollah an' a quartah fer d' 'leviation ob sin an' mis'ry in d' par'sh. Luff her go, Deac'n Proudfoot, an' doan go fer t' fergit, brethring, dat d'

Lawd lubs t' see a smole on d' face ob d' gibber." The box went the rounds and retired with Mr. Pangbone as custodian to the pastor's ante-room. In four minutes by the Ansonia clock, a very much surprised and disgruntled looking darkey came bounding on to the platform, knocking the intervening door completely off its hinges, and holding a thumb that



A QUESTION OF AUTHORITY.

NEIGHBOR—"Roof leaking up there?"  
MR. CASSIUS—"Nope. See that shot-gun sticking out of th' scuttle?"  
NEIGHBOR—"Yep."  
MR. CASSIUS—"My wife's behind it. I ventured to remark this morning that I was th' head of th' house, an' she's kept me in th' position ever since."

Shoos will be used for home toilets when husbands appear and want dinner at inconvenient hours.

The winter "chair throw," manufactured from a fringed towel, will be found effective as a spring head-dress.

White aprons will be dashed with black polka-dots of irregular shape and size in a carelessly artistic manner.

Cold luncheons will be given at odd hours; the effort being not so much to attain style in serving as variety in china.

A DIFFERENCE WITH A DISTINCTION.

Giles—"Are you going to see Mrs. Botter act?"  
Merritt—"No. I'm going to see Mrs. Botter."



WASTED SWEETNESS.

MRS. GRADY—"Git out o' thot, now!"  
FELDSTEIN—"I vos nod touchin' der flowers."  
MRS. GRADY—"Niver mind phether yez wor or not. D' yez shpose Oi wants all th' perfumery av thim t' go up thot flue o' yures?"

looked like a chocolate *éclair* in his mouth. "I's been leader ob dis yer flock fo' goin' on ten year," he yelled, "an' has ministered t' d' sick t' d' bes' ob m' knowledge 'n' k'nvictions, but 'f I fin' out d' low down coon dat wrapped up dat bungle-bee in a dollah bill, he'll be took sick t' wunst an' a coroner 'stead ob a pastah 'll be what *he'll* need. Dat he will, chill'n, dat he will!"

SOME FASHION NOTES FOR MAY.

SLIPS need not be the same for both feet.  
Coffee will be served mostly through lace curtains.  
Soap will be used in bars, and bric-a-brac will appear checked.  
The overskirt will be draped higher than during the winter.  
Shades of blues will be the favorite colors for married men.  
The recent leader of the German will now be led by the Irish.  
"At homes" will not be patronized by the gentlemen for some weeks.  
Sleeves will be at half mast and the arms below in mourning—for the lost comforts of home.  
Furniture will not be arranged as heretofore, but will follow Oscar Wilde's dictum and "occur."



SERVILE FRANKNESS.

THE BUTLER—"Begg'in' your pardon, it's shplendid you look this mornin', Miss Helen."  
MISS HELEN—"Sorry, Michael, but I haven't a dime in change with me."  
THE BUTLER—"Shure, ma'am, I didn't ixpict more than a nickel fer that."

### SENTENCES PASSED BY THE JUDGE.



VERY legitimate day-dream will have a resultant act to show for it.

Every air-castle ever built has its foundations secure in the future.

Wisdom consists principally in knowing what a vast deal one must learn truly to be called wise.

Were the fool to realize the depth of his folly he would straightway be exalted among the sages.

Greatness is no accident. First there must be the seed, and to that must be added the labor of cultivation.

Dreams and work are twin stars, not to be divided unless you would see the one vanish in vapor and the other resolve itself into a degraded form of labor.

To dream successfully every dream must be an incentive to more strenuous effort. Dreams never yet blew a soul into port, but without them what hand would be raised to grasp the oar?

### GENDER OF THE PHONOGRAPH.

THE phonograph is feminine.  
I'll tell you how I know;  
When once wound up it talks and talks  
In an unceasing flow.

It cannot keep a confidence,  
But lets the secret out;  
And yet it never seems to know  
What all its talk's about.

Perhaps you think my arguments  
Both rhyme and reason lack;  
But here's the most convincing proof—  
It always answers back.

B. L. LAMPREY.



### FINANCIAL STRATEGY.

MR. COHEN—"S' help me gracious, Rebecca! vas I neffer learnt you noddings? Vy you not look at dose big pictures and git de most for your moneys?"

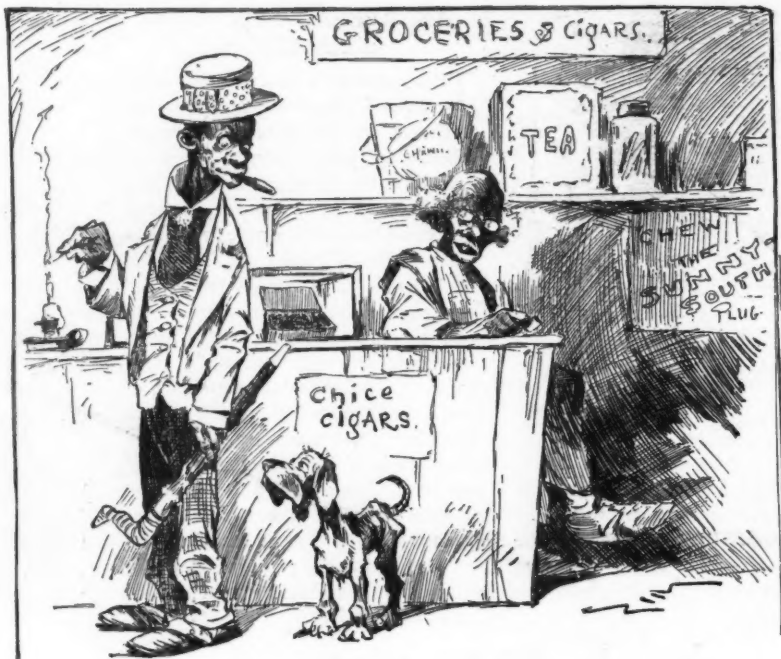
### HOW HE WON HER.

He—"I love you as the bee the blossom, and if you will but consent to be mine own our married life shall be one long bliss in clover."

She (who has been listening rather absent-mindedly up to the last word)—"Oh, can you get 'em all in? Show me how and I'll say yes."

### REFORM.

Don't try this faulty world to amend.  
Society is an ass, my friend,  
That will kick the man in the dirty road  
Who attempts to ease it of its load.



### A WAKEFUL GUARDIAN.

JOHNSON—"Dat's a mighty pore dawg ob yours, Yallerby. He's bones mos' stick out frough he's skin."

YALLERBY—"Huh! Dat's jes' whad meks him a good watch-dawg. He kain't lie down wivout hurtin' ob hisself."

### THE OLD MAN WAS FLY.

"Absolom, my son, what was that note the messenger just brought you?" inquired old man Hardtagne.

"Nothing in particular, father, only a billet-doux from a friend."

"Indeed? How much did he say there was doux?"

### AN ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATION.

Dotkins—"Mamma, when the sun sets how can she hatch a new moon so quick every night?"



### THE OUTCOME OF THE SUIT.

BRYERTON—"There isn't much left of you, my friend."

WITCHERS—"Not a great deal. I sued Mullin the other day."

BRYERTON—"Get anything?"

WITCHERS—"Not in court. I met him after the session, though, and secured heavy damages."

MEN WE HAVE MET.

DENNIS J. WHELAN, MAYOR OF TROY, N. Y.



ALTHOUGH Ireland has made many mistakes, she played a trump card when she sent Mr. Whelan to these shores, and Troy people will substantiate this fact with enthusiasm. Born in "th' ould dart" in 1846, the elder Whelan brought his family to America, and settling in Troy gave his son the benefit of a common-school education. At the age of seventeen, after practising fight-

ing in an amateur way with the boys at home, and usually coming out on top of the heap, Mr. Whelan enlisted in the Twelfth New York cavalry and went to the front. The war had been going on for three years at that time, but Mr. Whelan succeeded in putting it down in just eighteen months and came home to recuperate. After washing the battle-stains off he mastered the plumber's trade, and in 1876 entered the mineral, soda-water and weiss beer manufacturing business. This he has carried on successfully to date, and recently, with an idea of the unities which is admirable, he has added the drain and sewer-pipe industry to his general business. In 1880 he entered politics and was elected alderman. For three years he was president of the common council and in 1886 was elected mayor. The only sad part of this incident comes from his having consented to run on the Democratic ticket, but we sigh and forgive him. On November 6, 1888, the day that Cleveland fell into Salt bayou, Mr. Whelan was re-elected, and when ex-mayor and Boss Murphy keeps his fingers out of the municipal pie the administration of Troy affairs goes smoothly along. Mr. Whelan's convictions are under no suspicion of having been hired or borrowed and are emphatically his own. As his father once said, "It's aiseier t' git Dinny up in th' marnin' wid a shpoon av m'lasses than wid a club!" and while he is an entertaining, agreeable and generous gentleman, he stands squarely on his feet when some of his constituents would like

to have him crawfish a bit. He is a popular member of Willard post G.A.R., and contrary to the usual Troy habit passes his evenings, as far as possible, in the bosom of his family. The man who insinuates that "his name is Dennis" has got to qualify the remark every time by the addenda that that's as far as it goes. On his visits to New York Mr. Whelan has to pass a great deal of time explaining why he is not in the collar business, as he is the only citizen of the city who is not; but he does it successfully, and we're always glad to see him.



INDECISION.

I KNOW not when the day shall be;  
Perhaps the time I'll never see  
To say good-bye, oh long-time friend;  
Yet to all unions comes an end.  
Nay, do not call me fickle, cold,  
I'm really warmer than of old,  
But reason tells me we must part.  
I put thee by, then, shivering, start,  
And rush again into thy arms,  
To own once more thy well-known charms.  
But yesterday I longed for thee  
Because I had thee not. When free  
From thy embrace, I need thee much,  
And yet when with thee, at thy touch  
I shrink. 'Tis sad, and yet 'tis true,  
My flannels—tell me *what* to do?

ARISTINE ANDERSON.

A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING.

Husband (down stairs in bath-room to wife up-stairs in dressing-room)—"Look under the bureau, dear; I've just dropped my collar-button."

NOT A COSMOPOLITAN.

Enthusiastic student (in German)—  
"Hello! Wie befinden sie sich?"

Disgusted friend—"Seasick? No;

but your jabber's enough to make a man. What you giving us, anyhow?"  
Enthusiastic student—"Why, Arthur! Don't you recognize the tongue of the divine Goethe?"

Disgusted friend—"Divine goat he hanged! Talk United States. This isn't a Dutch telephone."



A CHECK ON HUMOR.

VERY FUNNY BROKER—"I haven't smashed a hat for a week. Think I'd better take a crack at that new one of McCord's."

McCord (after the blow falls)—"That's what I call my fool-killer, Tommy."

Judge



George Washington. This was just what I fought against. Anglo-American Aristocracy.





SACKETT & WILHELMUS LITHO CO. N.Y.

**KNOCKED INTO A COCKED HAT.**

The Washington Celebration proves that Anglo-Mania is a failure in America.



### UNSUCCESSFUL SHOPPING.

VERY soon after Mr. Spoildall's marriage he was taken with a bad cold and was confined to the house for several days. His wife started out shopping one morning during his convalescence, and having regained his sense of taste a little, he asked her to step into Nickotin's and get him a bunch of his favorite cigars. She came back without them and answered his disappointed query in a manner that made him go after them himself, a thoroughly well man.

"I asked him for a bunch of the cigars you always smoke," she said, "and he had the audacity to offer me one with the tops all torn off. I told him that a woman who had been buying radishes and turnips and beets as long as I had knew enough not to have dried-up truck palmed off on her, and slammed the door as I went out."

Mr. Spoildall orders his cigars by telephone now, and Mrs. Spoildall asserts on all occasions that an unscrupulous dealer can sell a man anything.

### GREEN-ROOM GOSSIP.

(From *The Daily Gush*.)

Miss Ray Glendowan—"How d'ye do? Do you write for that dear, delightful paper, *The Daily Gush*? I'm very sorry, but my manager has forbidden me to say anything to reporters. Still, I don't mind showing you the new gown Worth made for my appearance in 'Romeo and Juliet.' How could you newspaper men say I was to support M. Coquelin? So absurd, you know. I begin my season at the Scrapple street opera house, Philadelphia, you know. The opening piece will probably be a new version of 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' by Mr. Rawleigh Thompson, but I can't tell you the character I am to play. I have had a gown made by Worth that fits the part to perfection; or, rather, will fit it when the part is modernized. The cloak is of raspberry watered silk, with a lilac hood and gold tassels, cut *directoire*, with a shirred waist and escalloped skirt, with jet-work fringe. Oh! thanks very much; some day I may try fleshings. A sash should go with the gown, and my manager suggests the colors of the American flag. Of course, I could wear an Irish or a German flag where those national colors would attract a community. No, there will be no lions or tigers. Going? Do call again. Sorry I can't give you any more information, but my manager is inflexible in his commands. Excuse my not rising. I wear a number one slipper, you know, and I injured my foot yesterday in trying on a number three shoe. Good-bye."



### AFTER A NIGHT WITH THE BOYS.

HIS VALET—"There's a gent below as would like to see you, sir."  
 JUDGE DILLENBACK (sleepily)—"Is he in?"  
 HIS VALET—"He is, sir."  
 JUDGE DILLENBACK (still more sleepily)—"I've got three sevens."



### COMPLYING WITH THE RULES.

OLD MR. PHEETS—"It's a pesky onhandy way of gittin' on th' cars, but I s'pose them rules has got ter be follered."

Mr. Percy Curly Kew—"Aw, yaas. The dwama is—aw—not so—aw—appreciated as—aw—it should be. Those of the finer mould only—aw, if I may—aw—speak bwardly, gwasp the picturesqueness—aw—of the modern dwess-coat actaw. They delight in a well-dwessed actaw and—aw—insist that—aw—he should be well-dwessed, don'tchersee? The deah women—aw—delight in a gwaceful pose, and—aw—the poser must—aw—be well-dwessed, of course. I do not—aw—care to discuss the pwesent tendency of the—aw—modern dwama; but it—aw—should be well-dwessed, yer knaw. Society actwesses? Aw, yaas; played out, aw. They simply—aw—give a flesh and blood wepwesentation—aw—of that populah picture—aw—called, 'Simply to Thy Cwoss I Cling.' Could you—aw—loan me—aw—a dollah? Well, aw—a quatah will do, aw."

Manager Matt. Crimmins—"A great many persons think a manager has a cold, soft snap; nothing to do but to rake in the money, shovel it into the bank and draw it out again. Why, them lace curtains on them boxes cost me forty-seven dollars brand new. That bar-room scene, with the realistic gin bottle, cost over thirteen dollars. It makes me sick to hear persons a-saying us managers is millionaires, while the 'Standing Room Only' sign is growing whiskers up in the attic. Now and then we strikes a jim-dandy. But every piece requires new scenery, and them sets costs boodle. Then the public is flighty. The play that turned me down last year may run six months next season. When I put on 'The Stuffed Pickle' last spring it fell dead, though I had Billy Leftfield of the St. Louis ball team play the dead-beat and Maggie Scuffles doing a turn with the skip-rope. It's coining gold on the western circuit now, and the company always leaves town with trunks and receipted hotel bills. There was my 'Illma, the Fairy,' that Ned Flanagan of the *Liberty Daily Mail* wrote for a lot of costumes I bought in Hoboken at an auction. It went with a rush. I had big yellow-and-green posters all over town: 'Grand Revival,' 'Good Old Pantomine Again,' and all that sort of thing. I starred Mrs. William Hoe Murphy, who got a divorce from her husband in Washington, in that piece. She went on in the 'Great Fair Scene' and sang 'Fly as as Bird.' Nop; there's big money in the drama, but it's paty-deforty-grass on Monday and cabbage-soup on Thursday."

DE WITT STERRY.

**TIMELY WARNING.**

In the hammock, slowly swinging,  
Where the butterflies are winging  
Idly through the summer air,  
Lies a maiden sweetly dreaming;  
Through the boughs the sunlight streaming,  
Glints upon her golden hair.

Coming close to her, I wonder  
At her beauty, and I ponder  
Whether it would be a sin  
Just to kiss her, or would make her  
Angry, if the kiss should wake her,  
Pressed above her dimpled chin.

'Neath her lashes bright eyes twinkling  
All at once give me an inkling  
That her slumber is a sham;  
And my faint resolve grows firmer,  
When her ripe lips softly murmur:  
"Goodness, Jack! Don't be a clam!"  
—Somerville Journal.

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.

"I see it stated," remarked the financial editor, "that Jay Gould will return a bull." "That's clearly a mistake," replied the snake editor; "Jay Gould was never known to return anything."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Sad case that of one of my tailors," said a Water street merchant this morning. "The best man I had working on trousers has become totally deaf." "You don't mean it; what was the cause of it?" asked the anxious customer. "I don't know, but I suppose it resulted from working among such extremely loud spring patterns," was the unfeeling reply.—Elmira Gazette.

I want stone steps to this house," she said to the architect as they were discussing the plans. "Yes'm; but stone steps are dangerous in winter." "I don't care. Mrs. Blank has stone steps to her house, and I'll have to mine." "Yes; but she fell on them and broke a leg the other day." "Then I'll fall and break both legs. I'm not going to let her crow over me."—Detroit Free Press.

Use Angostura Bitters to stimulate the appetite and keep the digestive organs in order. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, sole manufacturers. At all druggists.

"Had a row over at your house last night, didn't you, old man?" "Oh, no; not at all. Why do you ask?" "Thought I heard a commotion." "Ah, I see. You heard my wife inquiring why I came home so late. Nothing serious, I assure you."—Minneapolis Tribune.

"I beg your pardon, madam; I was going by without speaking, but you looked so charming to-day that I didn't know you."—San Francisco Wasp.



"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. Sample (half cake), 10c. stamps, if JUDGE is mentioned.

THE CELEBRATED  
**SOHMER**  
PIANOS

Are at present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists,  
Warerooms, 149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th St., N. Y.  
SOHMER & CO.,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1103 Chestnut Street; CHICAGO, ILL., 236 State Street; SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club Building; ST. LOUIS, MO., 1522 Olive Street; KANSAS CITY, MO., 1123 Main St.

The Judge publishing company is making quite a reputation for its novels. No. 1 is "Jack of Hearts: a Story of Bohemia," by H. T. Johnson, and No. 3, "Lady Car: the Sequel of a life," by Mrs. Oliphant, both remarkably lively stories, and peculiarly American in treatment, although not located in this country. And who that has ever read it can forget "Napoleon Smith," that takes one's breath away with the swing and swoop of its dramatic scenes; or "Star-Crossed, the Life and Love of an Actress," so pathetic in the onward flow of its sentences, and so tragic in the denouement? If one wants a novel with life in it at every point and the nerve of action dominating every chapter, he wants to ask for a JUDGE novel.—Dansville (N. Y.) Advertiser.

A musical critic says of Von Bulow's piano playing: "The exquisite beauty of his tone-color, his shading, his finished phrasing, and his admirable adjustment of dynamic efforts," etc. A young lady piano torturer up town is addicted to those "dynamic efforts," too. We never heard her play, but a young man who boards in the same house says it "sounds like thunder," from which it may be inferred that her "dynamic efforts" are not properly adjusted.—Norristown Herald.

"I'd like to be an angel  
And with the angels stand,"  
Jemima softly murmured,  
A hymn-book in her hand;  
Her mother called, "Jemima,  
Come, help me with my work!"  
"Do it yourself," she answered,  
"D'you s'pose I am a Turk?"  
—Nebraska State Journal.

The young man on the Troy Press who has for years been a prey to Andersonmania now speaks of Mary Anderson as a "cold, chaste queen." Alas, alas! We fear he can never be anything but a brother to her.—Utica Observer.

Jones (who is canvassing the borough)—"Oh, what a very charming baby! I've always taken such an interest in very young children. A—how old is it?"  
Elector's wife (with pride)—"Only just fourteen weeks, sir."

Jones—"Really! A—and is it your youngest?"—London Punch.

**VISITORS TO EUROPE**  
**TIFFANY & CO.,**

Union Square, New York.

Suggest to visitors to the International Exposition that they will find one of the interesting attractions of Paris a visit to their establishment,

36 bis AVENUE de L'OPERA  
Where can be seen probably the largest, most valuable and comprehensive collection of Precious Stones and rich Jewelry for sale in Europe.

In addition to the advantage of so large a stock to select from, purchasers have the security of the full endorsement guarantees and privileges given by the New York House.

1,438 RESPONSES ALREADY!

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

They bid me laugh and with mirthsome wiles  
And the laughing jests of the free and gay,  
They seek to call to my face the smiles  
That mock the joy that is far away.  
They bid me sing with the merry crowd,  
But the mocking chorus goes on and on—  
How can I laugh when the heart is bowed,  
And the back suspender button gone?  
—Burdette.

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.

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

**YOUMANS**  
CELEBRATED HATS.

Style and Quality Unequaled.

180-719-1107 Broadway.

None genuine without his trade-mark.



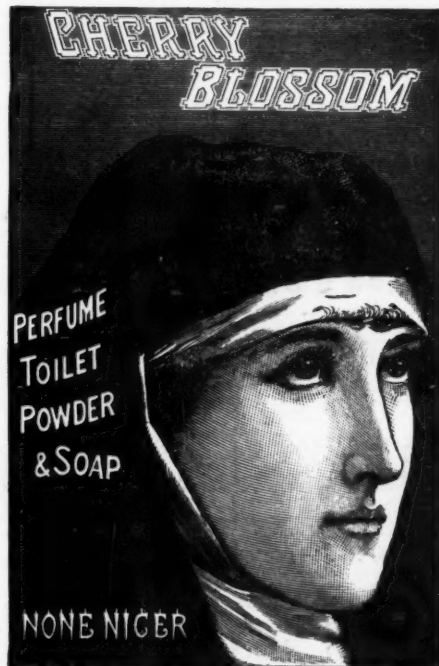
GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

**BAKER'S**  
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch Arrow-root or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.



NONE NIGER

In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant.—On Jan. 28, 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.

## PLEURISY CURED.

E. E. Dudley, Kingston, Ontario, says:

"Six years ago I caught a severe cold standing in an ice-house with my coat off. I felt myself getting chilly and went to the house, where I shook for half an hour and then had high fever and terrible pain in my side and through my lungs. I put an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER on my back and one on the front of my chest, and in a short time the pain decreased and I fell asleep, and did not wake until the next morning, when I was again quite as well as ever. In telling my doctor about it, he said I had been attacked with pleurisy and, possibly, pneumonia."

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.

## LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.

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

*Justus Liebig*

Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label, as above.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., L'td, London.

**Crosse & Blackwell's**  
**FRESH FRUIT JAMS,**  
Made from English Fresh Fruits  
**AND REFINED SUGAR,**  
**Are Sold by all Grocers**  
IN THE UNITED STATES.

**DENNIN'S**  
**CERTAIN CURE**  
FOR  
**RHEUMATISM and GOUT.**

Certain, Safe, and Speedy, whether Acute, Sub-Acute or Chronic.

The Cure exhibits its most extraordinary powers by relieving in a few days the Rheumatic pains which have gnawed and agonized for years. Sold by Druggists, or will be sent by Express paid to any address, at \$1.50 per bottle, or \$7.50 per half dozen.

**CHARLES DENNIN, The Pharmacist,**  
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BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Orders by Mail will receive prompt attention.

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AND READINGS. We will send to any address on receipt of 30 cents, a handsome book, bound in paper cover, and containing 400 of the best recitations ever issued. Address, J. S. OGILVIE, Publisher, 57 Rose Street, New York.

### WEARYIN' FOR YOU.

Jest a-wearyin' for you,  
All the time a-feelin' blue;  
Wishin' for you, wonderin' when  
You'll be comin' home agen;  
Restless—don't know what to do,  
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Keep a-mopin' day by day;  
Dull—in everybody's way;  
Folks they smile an' pass along  
Wonderin' what on earth is wrong;  
'Twouldn't help 'em if they knew—  
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Room's so lonesome, with your chair  
Empty by the fireplace there;  
Jest can't stand the sight of it;  
Go out doors and roam a bit.  
But the woods is lonesome, too,  
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Comes the wind with soft caress  
Like the rustlin' of your dress;  
Blossoms fallin' to the ground  
Softly-like your footsteps sound;  
Violets like your eyes so blue,  
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Mornin' comes. The birds awake  
(Use to sing so for your sake),  
But there's sadness in the notes  
That come thrillin' from their throats;  
Seem to feel your absence too,  
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Evenin' falls. I miss you more  
When the dark gloom's in the door;  
Seems jest like you orter be  
There to open it for me!  
Latch goes tinklin'—thrills me through—  
Sets me wearyin' for you.

Jest a-wearyin' for you,  
All the time a-feelin' blue;  
Wishin' for you, wonderin' when  
You'll be comin' home agen.  
Restless—don't know what to do,  
Jest a-wearyin' for you.  
—F. L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

The two newest books issued by the Judge publishing company, New York, are "Lady Car," by the well-known English authoress, Mrs. Oliphant, and "Jack of Hearts," by another prominent English writer. "Lady Car" is the latest story from Mrs. Oliphant's pen, and her fame needs no further mention. "Jack of Hearts" is a breezy English romance—a story of Bohemia. It has recently been dramatized abroad and is a strong story with some unique points.—Paterson (N. J.) Press.

### MR. "PHTHOLOGNYRRH."

The Ingenious Way Mr. Turner Spelt His Name Out.

English spelling is remarkable for its indefinite variety. As long as "tizic" is spelled "phthisic" the voice of the spelling reformer should be heard in the land. Mr. Turner, in the following incident, in view of our present method of spelling, was entirely consistent:

Jones met his friend Turner on the train. They are both going to Janesville and stop at the same hotel. Turner registered his name thusly:

"E. K. Phtholognyrrh."

Jones, noticing it, exclaims:

"Here! What are you assuming such a foreign, outlandish name for? Are you in any trouble?"

"Not a bit of it," replies Turner; "and I am not assuming any foreign name."

"What kind of a name is that?" demanded Jones.

"That is my identical old name," persists Turner; "and it is English, too—pronounced plainly 'Turner.'"

"I can't see how you get 'Turner' out of those thirteen letters, and, besides, what is your object in spelling that way?" asks Jones.

"Well, you see, nobody ever noticed my name on the register when I wrote it Turner," explains the latter, "but since I commenced writing it 'Phtholognyrrh' I put them all to guessing. They wonder what nation I am from; what my name is. I can now hear people talk about me all around. It is as I said before—it is English spelling. Phth, there is the sound of 't' in 'phthisic'; 'olo,' there is the 'ur' in colonel; 'gn,' there is the 'n' in 'gnat'; 'yrrh,' is the sound of 'er' in 'myrrh.' Now, if that don't spell 'Turner,' what does it spell?"—Yankee Blade.

Aunt Susan (to Boston girl who has just returned from New York)—"And how did you enjoy yourself, Carrie?"

Carrie—"I had an enjoyable visit, aunt, but it was positively shocking to see so many people without glasses."—Boston Transcript.



## MAGEE'S EMULSION

—OF—  
**PURE COD LIVER OIL,**  
Extract of Malt, and  
**Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites**  
(Lime and Soda)

A Reliable Remedy for  
**Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Scrofula and General Debility.**

Very easy to take. Does not produce Nausea, and is easily assimilated.  
Thousands of Physicians are prescribing it in their regular practice and many assert that it is

**THE BEST EMULSION in the MARKET.**

Ask your Druggist for it and take no other.

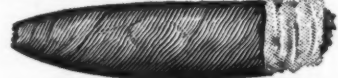
**J. A. MAGEE & CO., Manufacturers,**  
Lawrence, Mass.; Toronto, Canada.

### THIS MOTTO

bear in mind: "Where you can't buy an

**N. & S.**

be sure that store don't keep the best."  
**SLEEPER'S N. & S.**  
is the best 10-cent cigar in America.



Trade-Mark, Registered Dec. 20, 1887.

**S. S. SLEEPER & CO., Factory, Boston.**

### INSOMNIA—SLEEPLESSNESS.

**DR. B. F. HOWARD'S Hypnotic and Mind Balm** is an infallible remedy for insomnia; it is purely vegetable, and aids in the cure of other diseases. Dr. Howard was a great sufferer from this terrible malady. He cured himself and can cure others. Address for particulars, enclosing stamp, Dr. B. F. HOWARD, 37 Tremont St., Boston, Mass., or he can be seen at office daily.

**BARRY'S** ESTABLISHED 1801  
**Tricopherous**  
FOR  
**THE HAIR**



The Oldest and the Best.

Gently stimulates, fastens, purifies, smooths, glosses, thickens, feeds, preserves, and in every possible way improves the hair.

**BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., New York City.**

ESTABLISHED 1848



### Illustrated Circular

of "LATEST STYLES," also containing description of same, directions "How to Order," prices, etc., sent on application.

**N. ESPENSCHMID'S,**

Celebrated "New York" Hats.

Salesrooms:

118 Nassau Street, 118, New York.

### THE BEST SEASON IS NOW ON FOR AGENTS NEW AND OLD

and Farmers to make \$20 to \$50 per week, during spare time, selling **New Patent Fire Proof Safes**; size 28x18x18; weight 500 lbs.; retail price \$33; others in proportion. Highest award, Centennial Exposition, 1888. Rare chance; permanent business. Our prices the lowest. We are not in the Safe Pool. Exclusive territory given. Catalogue and full particulars free. Address  
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# SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL  
AND HYPOPHOSPHITES.  
Almost as Palatable as Milk.

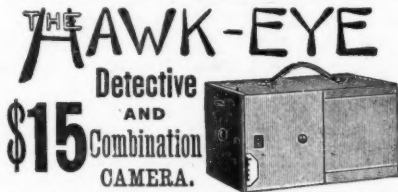
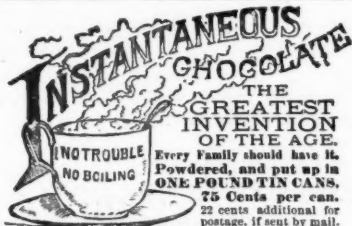
So disguised that it can be taken, digested, and assimilated by the most sensitive stomach, when the plain oil cannot be tolerated; and by the combination of the oil with the hypophosphites is much more efficacious

Remarkable as a flesh producer.  
Persons gain rapidly while taking it.

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**CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA,  
GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES, EMACIATION, COLDS and CHRONIC COUGHS.**

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Possessing all the advantages of the "Kodak," and making pictures 4 x 5 inches.  
Our new 1889 edition **PHOTOGRAPHY AT HOME**, embracing "How I became an Artist," Guide for beginners, and complete catalogue, sent free upon application. Complete outfits, \$5, \$10, and up to \$25.  
The Finest Cameras in the World.  
**THE BOSTON CAMERA CO., Manufacturers,**  
36 India St., Boston, Mass.

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Business founded 1795. Incorporated under laws of State of New York, 1858. Reorganized 1879.  
Engravers and Printers of Bonds, Postage and Revenue Stamps, Legal Tender and National Bank Notes of the United States, and for Foreign Governments.  
Engraving and Printing, Bank Notes, Share Certificates, Bonds for Governments and Corporations, Drafts, Checks, Bills of Exchange, Stamps, etc., in the finest and most artistic style from Steel Plates, with Special Safeguards to Prevent Counterfeiting. Special papers manufactured exclusively for use of the Company.  
Safety Colors. Safety Papers. Work Executed in Fireproof Buildings. Lithographic and Type Printing. Railway Tickets of Improved Styles. Show Cards, Labels, Calendars. Blank Books of Every Description.  
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Use Woodbury's Facial Soap. By Mail, 50 cts.



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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, Rose China Tea 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.

# Pears' Soap

HENRY WARD BEECHER WROTE :



Henry Ward Beecher

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

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

### CARL PRETZEL'S PHILOSOPHY.

Der unconstant man vas hafe no abbetite for friendshkibs.  
Der clouds of ignorance vas full mit der rains of vicketnesses.  
To-day vas yours but a power so bigger like you vas got a mortgage on to-morrow.  
Der vorldt don'd vas always hafe a bandages on her eyes when she confers some favors.  
Der vorldt nefer don'd sometimes turn its back on a feller except it been his own fault.  
Fame vas float der mouth out of der multoot. Honor vas come der hear out of der trooly goot.  
Rebutation dot don'd got a blemishes on it vhent der ark in mit Noah und fergot to come der ark out.  
When you t'ink of der fun you vas vant awful bad, yoost t'ink of der sorrow vat you don'd got already.  
Dot's besser your oxbectations don'd rise too high ub dhen you don'd got so many disabpointments, ain'd it?  
—National Weekly.

The tone of the Sohmer Piano is particularly distinguished on account of its volume and purity, its richness and singing quality, and its sympathetic character throughout the entire scale.

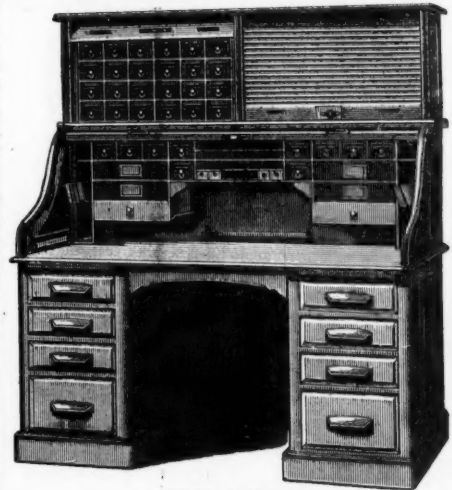
### AN OFT-REPEATED ERROR.

"Sweet love, good-night.  
Beneath the stars which radiantly are glowing,  
Reluctantly I quit thy sight,  
For joy must end; time flies and I am going—  
Sweet love, good-night."  
—Texas Siftings.

"Sweet love, good-night,"  
The maid replied; "and yet that note of warning  
Which sharply cuts the air; oh, prythee, hark!  
Was it the mellow lay of matin lark,  
Or barnyard rooster crowing in the dark?  
Nay—see the east; 'tis Phœbus' glaring spark.  
Alas, methinks, thou shouldst have said 'good-morning,  
And not 'good-night.'"  
—Texas Siftings.

"Have you any poll parrots?" asked an elderly-looking lady as she went into the bird-store. "Yes, ma'am. Here is one that is a beauty, and highly educated." "Does he—does he swear?" "No, ma'am. I would have recommended you this one here, only the old fellow is very profane at times." "How much is that one—the profane one?" "Why, ma'am, you don't want him?" "Yes, I do. You know there are no men in the house, and I think it will be so Christian to reform him."—Ex.

The chief of an Australian tribe delivered the following temperance lecture in one line: "One drink is too much; two drinks are not enough."—Chicago Times.



PATTERN COPYRIGHTED.  
Inside arrangement of desk can be changed at will to suit any person's ideas, all divisions being adjustable.  
**OFFICE DESKS and FIXTURES of all kinds**  
Manufactured by  
**WM. SCHWARZWAELDER & CO.,**  
250 Pearl St., (3 doors from Fulton St.) New York City.  
Send for Catalogue.

## Walter M. Lowney's

1 and 2-pound Packages by MAIL **Chocolates** Best in the World.  
in Elegant Metal Boxes and \$1.00 per Pound. Larger Packages by Express. **Bon-Bons.**

Retail Branch, 45 West St., Boston



**FAT OF FOLKS**  
using "Anti-Corpulene Pills" lose 15 lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. Wilcox Specific Co., Phila. Pa.  
**OPIUM** Morphine and Whisky Habits painlessly cured. Treatment sent on trial free. Confidentially address H. L. KRAMER, Sec., Box 35 LaFayette, Ind.

## THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO'S FRENCH SOUPS

READY FOR USE. REQUIRE ONLY HEATING.

Green Turtle.	Consomme.	Printanier.	Julienne.
Terrapin.	Oxtail.	Mutton Broth.	Mock Turtle.
Chicken.	French Bouillon.	Vege able.	Pea.
Mullagatawny.	Tomato.	Beef (or Soup and Bouillon).	

In 1½-Pint Glass Jars, Quart, Pint and ½-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, Atton and Intercolonial Railroad of Canada Co.**

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

101 Warren Street, New York. Sold by Grocers.

## West Shore Railroad

N. Y. C. & H. R. R. CO., LESSEE.

VIA WEST SHORE OF WORLD-FAMED  
**HUDSON RIVER.**  
POPULAR ROUTE

FOR BUSINESS AND PLEASURE TRAVEL.

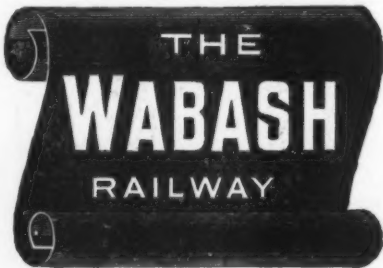
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New York and Boston to Buffalo, Toronto, Detroit, Toledo, Chicago and St. Louis.

Sleeping Cars New York to Toronto Exclusively by this Route

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



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FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS,  
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A. D. DWELLE, Ass't Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agent.  
CHICAGO.

"THE FIRSTWEALTH IS HEALTH."—Emerson.

## DR. JAEGER'S

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### A VICE-VERSA LIST.

Of things for which we have no use at any time of day  
We've never made a list, we've never made a list,  
And we don't propose to schedule now the items in that way

Which never would be missed, which never would be missed;

We don't propose to tabulate the chap who drips with odes

And who at just this season all his metric slush unloads;  
We'll never recapitulate the monkey and his pard  
Who organize annoyances quite equal to the bard,  
The vender of the early shad, the fertilizer fiend,  
The resurrected tramp from whom the country can't be weaned,

The seedsman and "old-bottles" man, the flaming anarchist—

All these the world concedes, of course, can never more be missed.

But vice-versa there are things well known to all mankind,

Of which we have a list, of which we have a list,  
That regulate themselves among the articles we find

As certain to be missed, as certain to be missed.

For instance, there's your "umberel!"—now isn't it confessed

That when you've need of that affair it's usually non est?

The watermelons that you plant along the public way,  
Aren't they among the absentees when comes the harvest day?

The last train home from Swindler's creek, where you have fishing been,

"Hain't" that considerably gone when you have straggled in?

And 'mong the other items missed, how is it 'bout the "fly"?

When you are playing short-stop in the muffin coterie?  
And how about the cat you've thrown your only boot-jack at?

The comfort you had hoped to find when living in a flat?

And oh! the "cop"—the king of clubs—when calls for him exist,

Now surely you can wager that he'll be among the missed?  
—Wade Whipple in Richmond Dispatch.

Mr. Booze of Peoria has married an Indiana lady. This is not the first time that Peoria's chief product has figured at a wedding.—Chicago Herald.

"Years and years will roll by ere his friends will cease to forget him," is the pathetic comment of an Oakland newspaper in a mortuary editorial.—San Francisco Alta.

Husband—"A word to the wise is sufficient, my dear."

Wife—"I know it, darling. That's why I have to be continually and everlastingly talking to you."—Washington Critic.

"You greet that lady with great deference, Maud. Who is she?" "She? Why she is Mrs. Foolscap. She is literary." "What has she written?" "Oh, she has just had a story rejected by the Atlantic."—Commonwealth.

"Spring, spring, beautiful spring!"

The time when pneumonia seems to abound;

The birds are all warbling and joyfully sing—

Measles and sore throats are spreading around.

"Spring, spring, beautiful spring!"

The children take doses of sulphur at night;

The wonders of nature pervade everything—

But livers are not acting thoroughly right.

"Spring, spring, beautiful spring!"

The asthmatic organ is up and about;

To flannels and ulsters I faithfully cling—

For spring is not just what the poets make out.

—Philadelphia Times.

"Lady Car: the Sequel of a Life," is a late novel by Mrs. Oliphant. *Lady Car* was first married to a brute, but he dies in the first chapter, leaving her free to bestow her money and love on the man of her choice. He turned out to be less than her fancy had painted him, a man who led a graceful existence, but had no more soul than a clam. Her son by the former husband took after his sire, and was banished to Africa when poor *Lady Car* passed to eternity.—Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier.

It is better to give than to receive—especially in a personal encounter.

Pastor—"Have you given up anything in Lent, Mr. Parish?"

Mr. Parish (with deep feeling)—"Yes, sir; I have given up \$27 for an Easter bonnet for my wife."—New York Sun.



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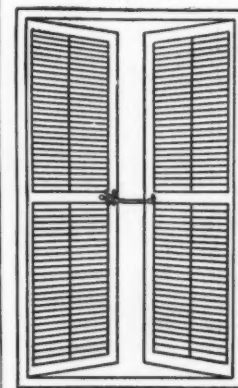
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Relative size of a New York Policeman before and during the celebration.

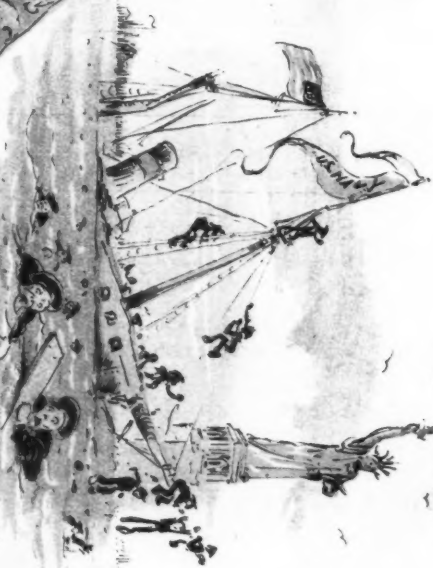


"I say! Silas, that must be the water parade."



The Alderman goes to the ball after all!

An American man-of-war foolishly fires a salute.



All that Mr. Hayseed Hubbs saw of the parade.



At Hoffman's house.



At One Lung's Laundry.



At Solomon Isaacs'.



At Alderman Caery's.



At Bierbrauer's Saloon.

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