

Judge



OPENING OF THE CAMPAIGN YEAR-WALKIN' FUR DE CAKE!
Suggested by the picture in the Christmas Judge.

A Blow Study

Though we spent many hours in deep conversation,
The lamp on my table overfitfully glow-
ed, I felt, I am sure, an unwanted
At the thought of the learning my language
No word of the poets and dwell
Nights did we utter of love's subtle feel-
I have read youth's impulsive and fond of
That youth and old age do not mix well
Togeth-
Examples of all romance I quickly did
For the matter, I was a student who revelled in
So thought of all romance I quickly did
Then too, I was a student who revelled in
And she was but giving me lessons in
Spanish.

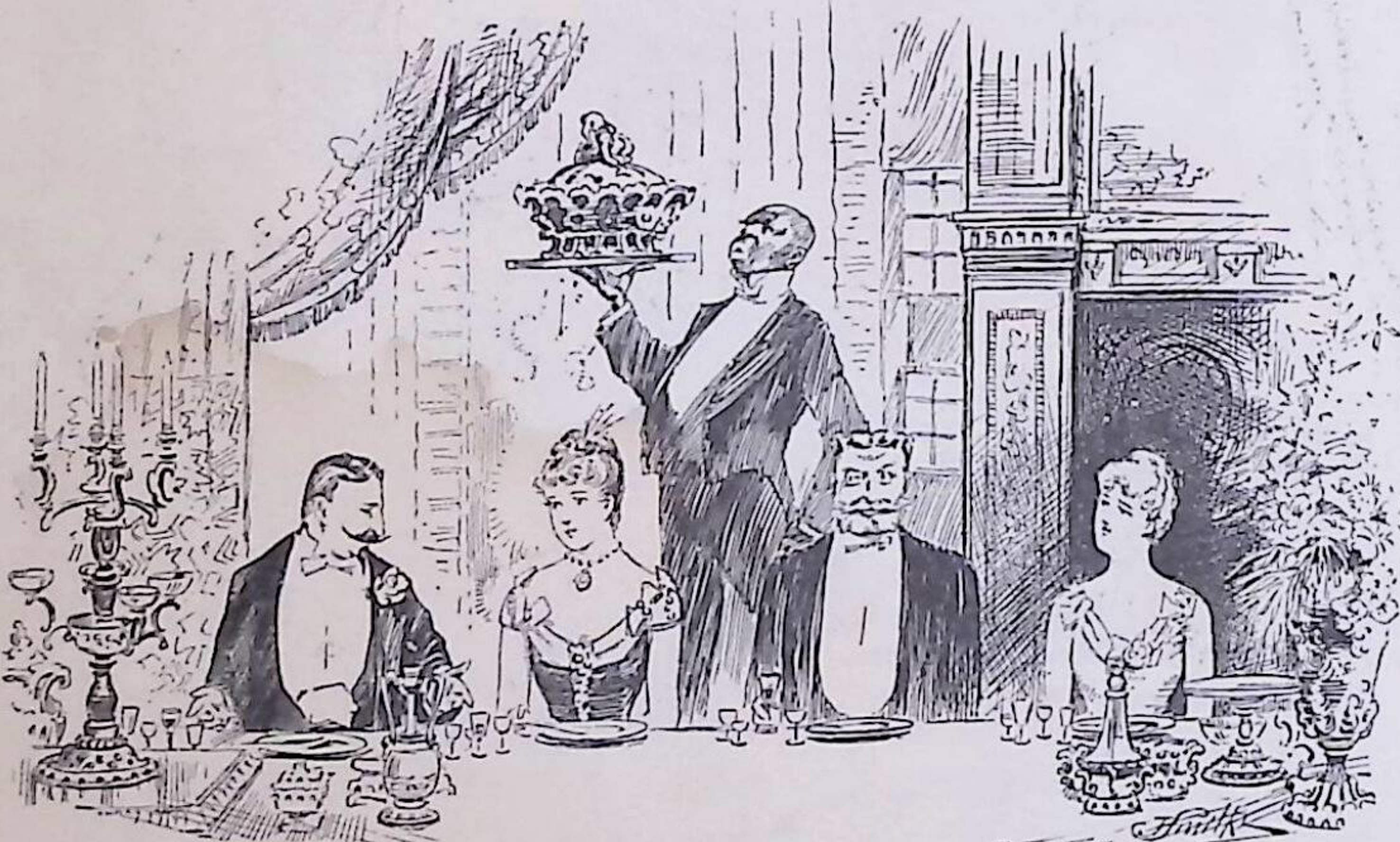
NATHAN M. LEVY.

MODERN TITLES.

"Isn't that a new novel you're reading?" inquired the landlady of the new female boarder as they sat in the parlor.
"Yes; 'Silent Struggles.'"
"Oh, I thought it was 'A Deafening Quietude.' It has the same colored cover."

GLORY.

Paddy—"Oi wondher phwat makes Mickey McGonigle so shtuck up now? He won't shtake to a feller."
Teddy—"Whisht, Kid. Don't yer know he onct had an interview wid John L. Sullivan?"
Paddy—"No, faith. Whin was that?"
Teddy—"He was shtandin' in the big slugger's way on the soide-walk and Sullivan says to him, 'Git out, ye ragamuffin!'"



FLABBERGASTED.

MRS. PATTERSON—"Have you been introduced to terrapin à la Baltimore, Baron Sans Monnaie?"
THE BARON—"Ah, madame! eet hass taken me all ze time to learn ze ozzer game; tennais you call him."

JUDGE'S FABLES.

A FABLE FOR STATESMEN.

A colony of monkeys were traveling through one of the South American forests when they came to the banks of a river which it was necessary to cross. They formed the customary chain by twisting their long tails around one another, and were all ready to swing across, when some kickers in the chain complained loudly of the positions assigned them.

"Hold on tight," screamed the others; "don't you see that your own safety as well as ours is at stake?"

"We have had enough of ring rule and bossism," was the reply, "and we propose to start an independent movement."

They did so, and soon the whole river was full of dead monkeys.

Moral—Which explains why so many political parties don't "get there." In union there is strength.

CONSIDERATE.

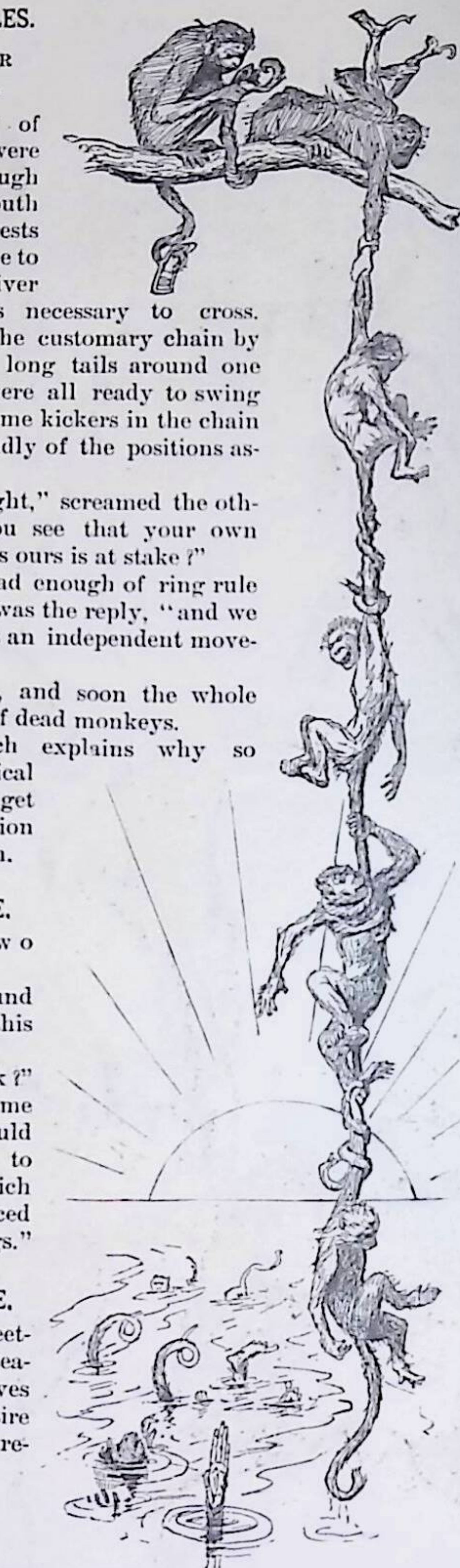
Between two loafers.

"See, I found a pocket-book this morning."

"And you gave it back?"
"What do you take me for? The owner would then have felt obliged to give me a reward, which would have inconvenienced him and—hurt my feelings."

GETTING IT DOWN FINE.

Two barn-stormers, meeting after the usual bad season, had relieved themselves by going over the entire profession by name, re-



morselessly depreciating each and every member of it.

"In fact there are only you and I left that amount to anything."

"Yes, that is if you call yourself an actor."

A DEAD SURE THING.

At an antiquary's.
"You mean to say that you have only a single specimen of this person's hand-writing?"

"Yes, and I will go so far as to add that there isn't another in existence."

"You think so?"

"Why, of course; he didn't know how to write."

Dar er mo' w'o stan' ill-hap wid ease dan dar er ob dose dat walk straight undah good fowchune.

Goin' ter Stick by Father

By F.E. Pratt



GOIN' ter stick by father tell yer purty hair is gray, Goin' ter stick by father an' never goin' away? Sendin' the fellers kitin'—so thet's what yer goin' ter do! Not thet I doubt ye, darlin', but we'll see in a year or two.

Yer on'y fifteen summers; plenty o' time ter grow;
Funny ef them blue eyes o' yours couldn't bring down a bean.
When Mr. Right comes courtin' (sartin ter be a lot),
Reckon yer pore ole father'll natchelly be fergot.

Then when I see the roses come in yer cheeks an' grow,
An' hear a step in the garden, I'll pull up stakes an' go;
Young folks courts on the quiet—Lord, won't I look a clown



Cat and the Clock Fer company

Tryin' ter love my neighbor an' wantin' ter knock him down.

Then, I'll set in the kitchen so's ter be out the way,
Cat an' the clock fer comp'ny, an' nothin' at all ter say;
Fillin' my pipe an' lightin' it all by myself fer once—
Lord, I've set her a-cryin'! I allus knowed I'm a dunce!

Thar, thar, pussy, look chipper; I didn't mean the half!
Don't yer know I'm a foolin'? I jest want-see ye laugh.
Thet's right. Lord, look at the kittle, a-boilin' over I'll bet!
Ye derved ole fool, stop cryin'! she ain't gonter leave ye yet!

A RAPID CALCULATION.

Salesman—"Yes, sir; I will warrant that one of those lamps will save you at least fifty per cent. in oil in the course of a year."

Long headed farmer—"Give me two on 'em. Mought as well save a hundred per cent. while I'm 'bout it."

HAD SIZED HER UP.

Madame is scolding her cook.
"It really seems impossible now-a-days to get decent help."
"Quite true; and if madame herself were a servant she'd be discharged even quicker nor me."

A SURE THING.

Two young writers were talking of their hopes, their ambitions.

"If I have not made a reputation by the time I'm thirty I shall blow my brains out," asserted one.

"My dear boy," replied the other, "you're as good as dead."

HIS SAD HOURS.

Visitor (to convict)—"I suppose you have many a sad hour within these walls?"

Convict—"Yes, mum; many."

Visitor—"What do you find hardest to bear?"

Convict—"Speculation, mum, on the part of visitors as to whether or not I'm a boodle alderman."



IS THIS WHAT IT'S COMING TO?

THEATRE-GOER—"Isn't Mrs. Footlite, the society actress, playing at this theatre?"
ATTENDANT—"You may call it playin', sor, but wid two bill-board tickets an' the manager's cousin for an aujence las' night, I calls it workin'."

TOO BAD IN THE OLD MAN.

"Uncle George," said Sue, "may I have a piece of this mahogany veneer?" Uncle George was in the furniture trade.

"Certainly, my dear," replied Uncle George; "you may keep it as a Sue-veneer of your visit."

IT LEADS TO WANT.

Charley—"Gus, what necessities of life deprive many a family of food?"

Gus—"Give it up. As the interlocutor at the minstrel show says, what necessities of life deprive many a family of food?"

Charley—"Meet and drink."

TOO HONORABLE TO DO IT.

Mr. Bulcombe—"Tell me, Harold, if you hear any compliments about me from your sister Emily."

Harold—"O, yes; she said the other day that she didn't think you'd ever set an iceberg on fire."

Mr. Bulcombe—"Of course I couldn't; she knows just where to find me there."

CHILDISH LOGIC.

"There is more real pleasure in giving than in receiving," said a young mother to her boy, trying to instill into his mind generous sentiments.

"True, dear mamma; so I think when you box my ears."