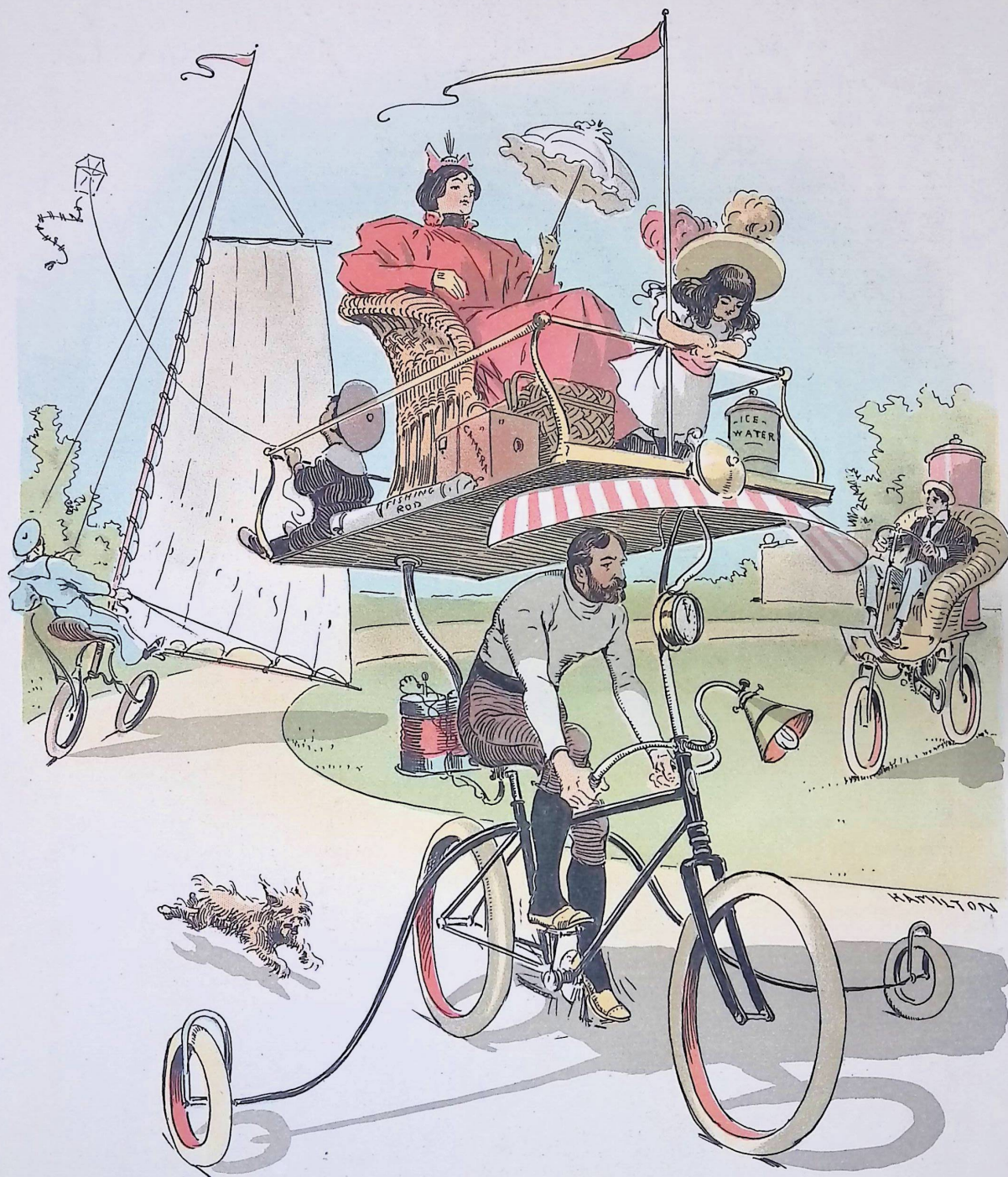




THE FAMILY CYCLE.
WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.



Judge

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NOW THE HEN lays the painted egg.

NEW SCRIPTURE—The house without a few bicycles in it is only half blessed.

BROTHER MCKINLEY went south to see how much the frost had hurt the oranges.

SENATOR FAIR became engaged to Phoebe Cousins and immediately went home and died.

MISS WILLARD tells at great length how she learned to ride the bicycle. Silas Wegg would have called the description "The rise and fall-off."

THE NEWSPAPERS gave news of the sickness of Victoria under very big heads; but we doubt if they were larger than that of Albert Edward.

AN ODE in Kate Field's Washington to the departed congress begins, "No bustle at the capitol." The writer forgets the ladies of the lobby.

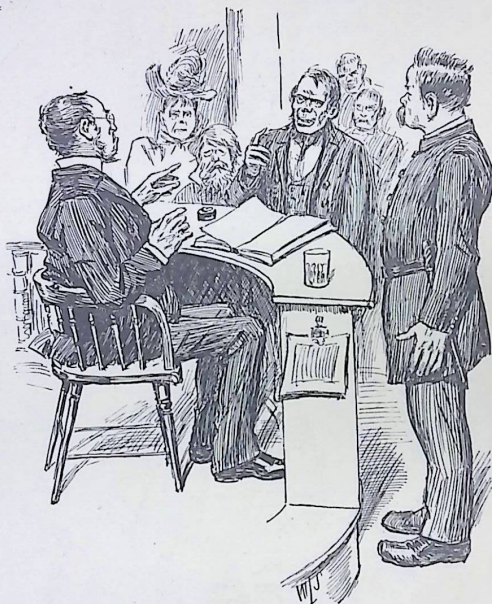
WE JUDGE from the over-informed newspapers that, laboring under the displeasure of Cleveland and the offensive criticism of the people, Judge Gresham is between the devil and the Spanish government.

WE FEEL authorized to remark that Mr. Goodwin, comedian, doesn't believe in tights on the stage. He wore a pair of his at one performance, and publicly apologized for it the very next night.

MR. WHISTLER will observe that the New York Press says he was a cadet at West Point when our war broke out, and went abroad to get away from it. Now we do not believe that Mr. Whistler is a Robert Acres.

HAPPINESS in married life, according to Roger A. Pryor, must not be expected until the close of the silver wedding. That is very discouraging. It might be well to have the silver wedding precede the marriage ceremony.

A SHOW-BILL represents Gladstone shaking hands with James J. Corbett, while several kings and a few queens look on from the background with speechless envy; so that, after all, there are better things than being president of the United States.



A HOMICIDAL "AX."

JUDGE (slightly rattled)—"Now if I understand you aright the plaintiff threatened your life with an axe before you struck him."
DEFENDANT—"Vis, yer anner. He threatened t'ax me wolfe did she know Oi wuz gittin' twelve darlers a wake whin she t'inks Oi'm only gittin' noime."

UPS AND DOWNS.

THE MAGNIFICENCE of "Ouida" in giving wealth to her characters equaled the generosity of Dumas and Disraeli in their relations with theirs. How these things pass away! Now Ouida is penniless and Dumas and Disraeli have less than a shroud to their backs.

HOT BLOOD.

THERE IS SIGNIFICANCE in the cablegram of William C. Whitney that his blood boils. It might be well for David B. Hill to start a fire under himself. The American idea may have much to do with the next national campaign; and the Democratic party has served English interests too faithfully and too long.

THE BIKE.

THE BICYCLE is the only successful flying-machine. Recently several persons have injured themselves in trying the kind that has wings, but they are expecting too much. Nobody is going to be an angel before death; and the flight of the wheel is rapid and safe enough for anybody. What says the wise man of it?—"It eats not, but how it spins! and Solomon with all his rapidity could not go half as fast or far."

THE NEXT WAR.

AS THE JUDGE has said, frequently and impressively, the next war in which this country will engage will begin in South America. And it may involve a good deal of fighting. One foreign nation alone would not be likely to invite such a war, and there are very pronounced foreign interests south of the country which fought Louis Napoleon and shot Maximilian.

OUR OWN PROTECTION.

WHEN ENGLAND comes to Venezuela with war in view there ought to be immediate business for our war-vessels. That she has designs in Nicaragua appears more evident day by day. There has recently been a great revival of Jacksonism. There ought to be a resurrection of the common-sense patriotism of James Monroe. There isn't room on this side of the Atlantic ocean for anything in government that is not American.

HERE!

THE SPRING CRAZE has come to the fiery and half-trained beast. He belongs to the circus and he has half killed his spring man. The destruction would have been complete had not the man got wedged in his tusks so that he could get neither up nor down until they had brought a pile-driver and a derrick. Need we look for violets after that, or listen for frogs, or doubt our ears in view of the organ-grinder, or question the sight of the large wagon with the household goods? Nay, nay! The spring is here.

THE SCARLET NOVEL.

"THE SCARLET LETTER" is reproduced in "The Manxman," in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and in "The Little Minister." It is the old story of the too-humble woman dragging the great man down through the mutual sin. There is nothing in literature more painfully just, judged from the old theological standpoint; but the new woman, in justice to herself, will reverse the situation, the unhappy greatness being with her sex and the wretched humility with the other. There has been too much of the scarlet woman. We shall presently have the scarlet man.

THE BONNET.

WE HAVE BEEN looking for Easter literature without a bonnet in it, and it has not come. The bonnet caps the climax of every verse and every paragraph, as well as of every woman. It is too small, too large, too little and too largely adorned. There is but one thing about it as to which all agree, and that is that it costs too much. Shall we ever have pleasantries in Easter literature without that bonnet? Shall there be aught of that kind without those mean allusions to woman's extravagance and vanity? Well, shall we have a Christmas without a Santa Claus, or a night without a sun, or a winter without snow? Let the bonnet in! It has come to stay.