

MISCELLANEOUS

SAM'S SLUNG SHOT.

GEMS FROM SAM JONES' SERMONS IN ST. LOUIS.

A CHANCE FOR THE KIDS.

I have the profoundest contempt for those Colonels and Majors and Judges who grace our curbstones and saloons.

A SOBER LAMP POST.

If negative goodness was religion, then one of these lamp posts out here would be the best Christian in town.

HARD ON BOB.

I never uttered a sentence in my life to prove that the Bible was true. I never spent five minutes in my life trying to prove there is a hell.

DRUNKEN CHRISTIANITY.

I tell you I hate this thing you call drunkenness, and no man hates it more than I do.

PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE DAMNED.

And I say another thing. There is no progressive euchre player in this house that ought not to be indicted for violating laws of Missouri.

AWAY FROM HOME.

There is many a good fellow that is a good Christian in St. Louis, but if he were to wear an indicator when he went to New York.

RED LIQUOR AND THE CHURCH.

Red liquor and Christianity won't stay in the same hide at the same time.

A THEORETICAL INFIDEL.

While Bob Ingersoll is a sort of theoretical infidel that gets \$1500 a night for being one, you back here, like a fool, are one for nothing and board yourself.

GOD'S ELECTED.

You all do the co-operating, and God will do the indorsing, and then we will be elected by a large majority.

ST. PAUL A CRANK.

And if St. Paul were to preach in St. Louis to-day he would be telegraphed all over America as the greatest religious fanatic that ever made a crank in this country.

SAW A SPOOK.

I got a good square look at myself sixteen years ago and I have thought more of every Nigger I met since than I do of myself.

RATTLE OF THE DRY BONES.

While I am here in St. Louis, God Almighty helping me, I'll give this old town an airing before I leave her.

A WARNING TO THE DECENT.

Now, all the decent people ought to be out of town during the airing, but it's going to be odoriferous. You can put that down.

DANCING IN THE DARK.

Go into a ball room with your Christian light. It will go out. It won't burn there.

A NUT FOR DR. TUDOR.

If Dr. Tudor has dancing, theatre-going godless members, it is his own fault, and God will hold him responsible for it.

SAW A SHOW.

Put the Lord Jesus Christ by you in a theatre, and see how he looks at certain things said in that theatre; and there are Methodists in this house, and members in all the churches that patronize those places.

A MORTGAGED NOSE.

And there are women in St. Louis that will go and hear things in the theatre whose tendencies are the most vulgar of the vulgar, and she will be tickled all over, and she will come to the church and she will have her poor little nerves shocked to pieces at something Sam Jones says.

LOOSEN 'EM UP.

I want to get your hide loosened up. Sometimes the curry-comb is worth more than the corn in a hide-bound church to loosen them up, and to let them go.

A BONE FOR THE DOGS.

I always throw a few bones without any meat on, and in as large a crowd as this there are always some dogs that want a few bones.

MUD SLINGING.

I'd as soon you would throw mud at me as to praise me.

BLIGHTED AMBITION.

When I get to heaven and have a crown on my head, and a harp in my hand, and am a heavenly millionaire, you need not recognize me. I do not want it then.

A HEAVENLY PAWN BROKER.

Take a money-monger one of those 20-per-cent fellows; if he were to be let into heaven he would set up immediately on a corner lot and have a mortgage on half of heaven.

MORALS.

I assert that no man has a right to an opinion on a moral question.

WHISKEY DRINKING AND THEATRE-GOING.

I can sort of put up with a fellow who drinks whiskey if he hangs his head down like a dog; but when he holds his head up and says he likes to drink it, I have a contempt for him.

THEATRES AND VAGABONDS.

A man once asked me how long it had been since I had been at a theatre. I told him I had not been at the theatre since I had quit being a vagabond.

HE COULD NOT REMEMBER IT.

The morning after Christmas Mr. Mulkins, assistant editor of the Matutinal Intelligencer, awoke with an atrociously disagreeable sensation pervading his entire system.

As he walked down to the office he tried to recollect the events of the preceding day. He remembered that he had drawn from the bank the regular instalment of his income, and had asked his journalistic associates out to 'take something.'

'Good morning,' he said to the sporting editor, Mr. Lighter, as he entered the editorial rooms of the Intelligencer. 'By some oversight, Ben, I must have got rip-roaring full yesterday afternoon. What I want to know is whether I come back here or not.'

'Yes, you came back here,' replied the sporting editor, carelessly. 'Good gracious!' exclaimed Mr. Mulkins. 'I don't remember that at all.'

'No, I thought at the time you would not be likely to remember it,' said the sporting editor, sarcastically.

'Great Heavens! I must have given myself dead away,' moaned Mulkins, despairingly; 'say, Vink—addressing the financial editor—did I do anything particularly foolish after I came back? Did any of the head men suspect that I had been taking anything?'

'Oh, no,' said Mr. Vink, in his free and easy way. 'After that last round of hot whiskies at Taber's you seemed to want the whole sidewalk to travel on, and smashed in five or six shop windows, but nobody paid much attention. I fear, however, that the foreman of the composing room suspected you had been drinking. Do you remember of staggering out into his department, knocking over three galleys of live type and saying in maudlin tones, 'Hic! Set 'em up again?'

'Heavens!' ejaculated Mulkins; 'I don't remember that at all. Did I do anything else out of the way? Did Mr. Foster, the managing editor, suspect that I was drunk?'

'He hadn't the slightest suspicion of it, said proof-reader Thompson, assuringly; but he appeared surprised when you reeled up against him with such momentum as to nearly knock his chair over, breathed heavily into his face, jabbed him in the ribs with an umbrella and then struck him for the loan of three X's.'

'What strange things a man will do when filled with liquor!' said Mulkins, mournfully. 'Did Foster actually lend me that \$30? What did I do with it?'

'Don't you remember?' put in Mr. Lighter. 'You rushed us all three over to Taber's again insisted on sending Vink back to bring over the pressman Mr. Edmonds and kept setting up the most expensive kind of mixed drinks till you had gone through \$13. Then you invited in about two dozen loafers and bummers and kept 'shouting' on their account till the balance was used up. I think Mr. Edmonds suspected you were intoxicated.'

'Jehosaphat!' cried Mulkins, horrified. 'All that is an utter blank to me. I can't remember it at all. But was the editor-in-chief around yesterday afternoon, and did I give myself away very bad before him?'

'Don't you remember when we returned from that second trip to Taber's?' asked Mr. Vink, with an air of surprise. 'The editor-in-chief was sitting quietly reading in his chair as we got off the elevator. Before we could stop you, you rushed up to him, hauled out a pint flask of whiskey and said, 'Whasher mazzar with (bic) havin' sm' rye ole man? Lombard never drank any kind of liquor in his life. He seemed much vexed and I fear he suspected you had been taking something.'

Mr. Mulkins drew a long breath, and sat down to his desk with an air of determination. 'That settles it,' he said, firmly; 'you fellows who never got full can keep on drinking, but my mind is made up. Hereafter I am going to let the flowing bowl entirely alone.'

Mr. Mulkins has adhered to his determination so far. If he succeeds in abstaining for a whole month, the boys are going to reward him by the truth. Which is, that on that eventful Christmas day he did nothing more remarkable than to go home and go to bed at six o'clock in the afternoon.

A HEREDITARY AILMENT.

A great big overgrown tough entered a Grand River avenue saloon yesterday in search of gore. He was "primed," and he asserted that he was ugly. He even acknowledged that he intended to hurt somebody before he got out, and it would be an injury requiring the united service of at least three eminent surgeons.

'Set 'em up! I tell you to set 'em up for all hands!'

An old farmer who had been warming his shins got up and sneaked out. He said he didn't propose to go back home to Maria a cripple for life. He was followed by a lanky youth with brick colored hair, who observed that the doctor had forbidden him to fight for the next three weeks.

'Are you going to set 'em up?' howled the tough, as he pointed some more. 'No,' was the quiet reply. 'Then the consequences be upon your own head!'

With this he peeled his coat, and the two remaining men bolted for the door. One excused himself on the ground that he didn't want to hurt anybody, and the other said he had just kicked two men up the street and was waiting for his second wind. As they went out the tough up set a table, and he was about to overturn the stove when the little barkeeper shut up his book with a sigh, came from behind the bar and exhibited signs of life. He took the tough by the ear and said: 'Two dollars!'

'What for?'

'Damages!' Two silver dollars were handed over, and then he led the big fellow out doors and marched him up and down the walk three or four times to show him off. By and by he stood him on the gutter, gave him a tremendous kick, and observed: 'You go home!'

The big fellow waded through the mud to the opposite side and stood and looked back.

One of the spectators approached him and said: 'You didn't make much of a fight.'

'I didn't, eh? Well, now I want you to understand that I showed more clear grit in this little fracas than ever before in my life!'

'Then you aren't much of a fighter.'

'Say!' replied the man as he dropped his voice to a whisper, 'you are dead right! I go in ad-right but the minute I'm tackled my sand gives out. I believe its hereditary, and I'm going to a doctor to be examined.'

'You go home!' shout at the barkeeper.

'Yes—I'm going—good day!' And he went off without once turning to look behind him.

STAGE INTOXICATION.—McCullough's last performance—in Chicago—was under the effect of excessive stimulus, and this reminds us that most of our actors are great drinkers. Our Junius Brutus Booth (father of Edwin) was rarely sober on the stage, and required incredible potations to enable him to go through his role. Sometimes he got drunk before the hour and the audience was obliged to submit to disappointment. George Frederick Cooke, first British star who appeared on our shore, was also a victim to strong drink which destroyed a constitution of rare vigor. Edmund Keane was another brilliant victim to intemperance. He was the most wonderful performer of his day, but he required great quantities of strong drink and the habit increased

until it destroyed him. This took place in his 46th year. Like McCullough he broke down while on the stage and sank in the arms of his son who bore him off and the play was stopped. He rallied but never reappeared and in a few weeks closed his fevered career. Forest in his heavy efforts used strong drink, but it never got that degree of mastery which proves utterly destructive. He was the most muscular man that the stage ever produced and no doubt this was the reason he drank less than some others. Intemperance, however, is the widespread misfortune of the drama.

THE VANDERBILT VAULT.—A good many folks would like to have a look at the great vault where the Vanderbilt moneys are stored. It is situated in Forty-second street. The dimensions of the vault are 26x42 feet, the front wall is five feet thick, and the side walls measure three feet in thickness. The whole concern is sunk in solid rock, and is lined with a heavy plating of steel. The establishment is built of brown stone brick, with iron supports. No wood is used in any shape. The iron doors to the vault weigh 8,200 lbs. apiece. The Vanderbilt securities are kept in a compartment behind some heavy iron bars, and this compartment can only be opened by keys which are in the possession of Mr. Vanderbilt himself. The treasures bidden in this great vault are guarded night and day by armed watchmen, who are so held in check by the electric clock of the establishment, that if they fail to report at least once in every hour, the fact must be made known next morning. Private wires connect the great vault with police headquarters, and other wires connect with the nearest messenger office. It is under these circumstances that many millions of dollars—how many millions one can only guess at—are hidden away where thieves may not break in and steal.

A RESULT OF EDUCATION.—Jim Webster was heard calling across the fence to a neighbor's son, a colored youth, who goes to school on Robinson hill.

Look hyar, boy, you goes to schools, don't yer?

Yes, sir, replied the day.

Gettin eddykasun, aint yer?

Yes, sir.

Learnin rithmetic and figurin on a slate, eh?

Yes, sir.

Well, it doesn't take two whole days to make an hour, do it?

Why, no! exclaimed the boy.

You was gwing ter bring dot hatchet back in an hour, wasn't yer?

Yes, sir.

An it's been two whole days since you borrowed it. Now what good's eddykasun gwine to do yer, when you go to school a whole year an den can't tell how long it takes to fetch back a hatchet.

The boy got mad and slung the hatchet over the fence and half way through the ash barrel.

THE HOT WATER CURE.—My dear, remarked Mrs. DeWiggs at the breakfast table this morning, Dio Lewis says that hot water will cure all diseases.

He does, does he? said Mr. DeWiggs.

Yes; and persons who use the treatment ought never to be sick at all.

Well, I don't believe it.

What?

You know how sick I am till the time. But you have never tried the hot water cure.

What! never tried it? ejaculated DeWiggs, as he slid toward the door.

Why, I've been in hot water ever since I married you.

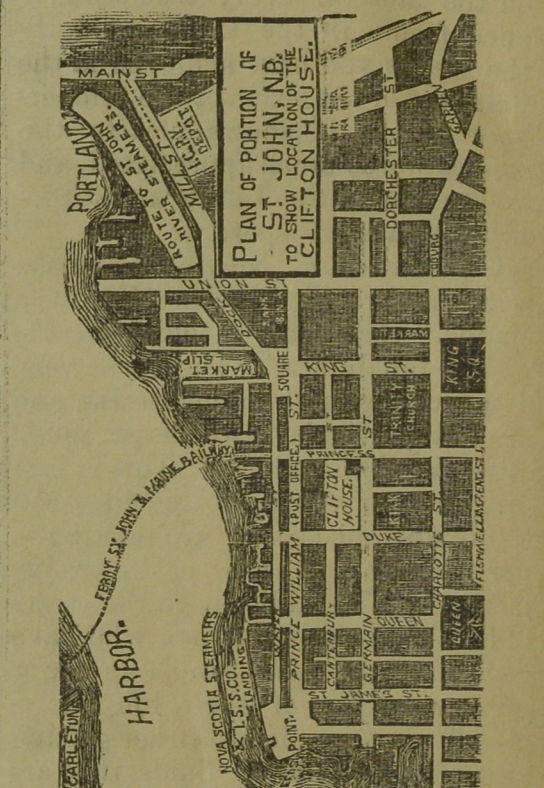
He got outside just in time to miss a teacup fired at him as a parting salute.

POLITNESS KEPT HIM SILENT.—A little boy in Warrenton, Ga., visited his aunt in the country not long since. One day at the dinner table the lady complained that a jar of favorite preserves had mysteriously disappeared from the pantry. Each one present disclaimed any knowledge of the fact except the little boy, who remained studiously silent. At length he was asked if he knew what had become of the missing fruit, when he replied: My pa don't allow me to talk at the table.

When I stand on my head, said Flipkins, with the air of a man who has got a poser, the blood all rushes into my head. Now when I stand on my feet why don't the blood all rush into my feet? Because, replied Mrs. Cushmanigan's brother, because, Flipkins, your feet are not empty. The boys laughed, but Flipkins said he couldn't see any joke.

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