

## Five Minutes at the Police Court.

The supremacy of the harmonium was in danger Monday morning when its strongest advocate, Sergeant Owens, approached the Police Court, for some of the members of the force were introducing novelties in the way of instruments; and when he emerged from the square the terribly discordant strains that burst upon his ears led him to believe that a lunatic asylum had been opened in the court room, or all the officers had got on a jamboree. There was a squealing, wheezing, and grunting, as if fifty thousand pigs were all being killed at the one time, and were all squealing their level best; there was a sound as if all the small boys from Fundy to Chaleur were beating on tin pans, mingled with the noise of drawing some sharp instrument across a window pane, while at every lull there arose a rapping and a gasping like unto the sound of a pair of asthmatic bellows or the "pumping" of a fat man at the end of a long race; and with his hands over his ears, teeth on edge, and every nerve shivering with the awful discord, the sergeant entered and beheld an awful sight. Seated on the harmonium was Briggs, playing the bagpipes, like all possessed; while seated on chairs with their feet on a level with their heads were policemen Evans and Tracey, the former operating on a concertina, in a terrible state of repair, and which, when it dropped a note, or half a dozen of them, gave vent to a most heartrending and appalling groan instead, and the latter was most industriously scraping away at an old fiddle, which he occasionally rosined up with all the ease, grace and dexterity of the first violin in the orchestra at present at the Institute. Owens stood for a moment in holy horror, and gazed upon the scene. Briggs's cheeks were inflated to their utmost capacity, his face was flushed, and his eyes were fairly "podding out." Evans was working the concertina in a stiff and spasmodic manner just as if he were practising on a bucksaw, while Tracey, with the fiddle tucked under his chin, scraped away, and smiled and seemed as happy and comfortable as a seraph scraping away at the constellation of the Great Bear with a double-barreled rainbow. Owens looked upon them, but only for a moment. Then he rushed wildly towards Briggs and exclaimed in a voice like an exploding powder magazine:

"Stop him! Stop him! For the sake of his mother and all his relations, stop him!"

"Why? What's the matter?" exclaimed the others jumping up.

"Stop him, or he'll bust!" and then he sunk upon a seat gasping for breath, and wanted to know what they were trying to do.

Then followed explanations from the musicians. Briggs said that they had concluded that the harmonium was too mournful, and, that being tired of it, they had procured the bagpipes, concertina and fiddle merely to try them, and now considered the bagpipes only as worthy of consideration, as they were a good deal more cheerful than the harmonium.

The sergeant reflected a moment, and remarked that they were, to a certain extent, more cheerful, but necessitated cotton wool in the ears if they were nearer than two blocks, which was a great objection.

Briggs said the harmonium reminded him too much of a lot of Mormon widows wailing the death of a husband, and was, besides, only fit to sing hymns to.

Owens retorted by saying that you couldn't hear yourself speak when the bagpipes were being played, and it was ten to one but what they'd deafen every one inside of a week.

And then began a hot and furious argument about the respective merits of the instruments, which ended by the sergeant coming off victor, and the harmonium was saved from banishment.

Briggs then retired to the hall to solace himself with his old favorite, the jewsharp; Evans mournfully wrapped his concertina up in a newspaper, and Tracey went off with the fiddle singing a negro minstrel melody, part of which runs: "Hang up the fiddle and the bow, while the sergeant seated himself at the harmonium and burst out in the following

### SONG OF TRIUMPH.

"The harmonium hath triumphed!—  
It hath triumphed over all!—  
The bagpipes are discarded,  
And up against the wall,  
Untouched, and quite forgotten,

Is the squeaking fiddle hung:  
Let the harmonium's triumph  
In loudest strains be sung."

The last strains had no sooner died away than his Honor entered. His face was beaming with smiles, and he sported a new white hat,—at the sight of which a murmur ran around among the policemen, and after a moment's thought, policeman Owens struck up the following ode to the first white hat of the season:

"Tis the first white hat of the season:  
Like a meteor it doth gleam—  
And brighter far than the brightest star,  
And as bright as the moon's cold beam.

White hats at once attract the eye—  
Once seen, they're never forgot;  
And O! may no one e'er express  
A wish to have it shot."

With a smile his Honor hung his hat and coat upon the hook, and opened court by calling out the name of

### THOMAS BIRKEN.

Thomas had been on a high old time, and dinged himself considerably. He had drank like a fish all day, and towards midnight had attempted to wend his way homeward, but, like Jordan, it was a hard road to travel, and he tumbled into a vacant lot in the burnt district, barked his nose, scratched his face, and the only thing that saved him from a broken head was the hardshell hat he wore, so that, when he fell, instead of splitting his head open, he split the crown of his hat and ruined it forever. Even then he did not get home all right, but got into another man's house and was promptly turned out, but not until he had staggered round and tumbled down again, and burst nine yards of plaster off a wall and punched a hole in it big enough to drive a span of horses through. Then he holstered police and murder, and shouted for some one to take off the man who was pounding him with a three-storey and a French roof dwelling house; and eventually a policeman came, and Mr. Birken was marched off to the lock-up.

He now stood before his Honor in answer to his name, and contemplated his ruined hat with downcast looks.

"Thomas Birken," said his Honor in a tone of voice as hard and ringing as a blacksmith's anvil, "you are not only charged with drunkenness, but with seriously damaging an honest man's building and cutting up pretty rough generally. Now, Thomas, this is no time of year, when houses and cornices are tumbling down on their own hook, and many only want a slight shake to knock 'em, for you to go round shaking things up. It's dangerous. Thomas, for men like you to be flying round loose among these new buildings, and about the safest place is the P. P., where you may hammer away at the walls as much as you like, and I'll put up any money your head'll go first."

And Thomas sank into a back seat "unwept, unhonored, and unsung," for the man at the organ refused to strike the golden lyre for a man who was so powerful mean as to go round butting houses down.

### BARNEY DUNGANNON

came next, and stepped up to the mark smiling and cheerful. He had been on a "regular good old-fashioned tear," as he remarked to a policeman, and had torn a good many things, including his coat and shirt, but he had "slicked himself up," and now was fresh and smiling. He had a handkerchief round his neck that looked as if half-a-dozen rainbows had been run into it, and his hair was plastered with soap to make it "stay put."

"Barney Dungannon," said his Honor, "you were drunk Saturday night, and I'm of the opinion that you'll have to make that drunk last you for a period of two months, for I'm going to send you up. You made things quite interesting last Saturday evening on Charlotte street by dragging a newsboy round the street, and what with your yells and those of the unfortunate boy, you created a terrible din."

"You say," said Barney, interrupting his Honor, and leaning forward and smiling blandly, "you say I dragged a newsboy round the street?"

"Yes," said his Honor, "you did."

And Barney laughed softly, as if it were a good joke, and said:

"Just to think of my dragging that boy round the street! What a joke! 'Do you know,' he went on, addressing his Honor, 'that joke reminds me of an incident that I

witnessed while spending my holidays, in the country last year. Would you like to hear it?"

"If it's not long, we'll indulge you by listening," said his Honor.

"Well, there was a very worthy deacon of the church lived near where I was staying who was very fond of fancy cattle, and he had a Cotswold ram sent down to him by train, and when it came he and his boy Dan went down to the station to bring it up, and took a piece of rope with them for that purpose. Now the deacon had had some experience in leading calves and sheep in his day and expected some trouble, and to prevent any he arranged the rope in this wise: the rope being first fastened to the ram and leaving about six feet on each side, and the deacon took the rope on the right hand side and Dan the one on the left, so that if the ram ran at the deacon with the amiable intention of butting him into a cocked hat he would be snubbed by Dan, and vice versa. They had got about half a mile from the station when the apparatus was put to the test, for the ram suddenly made a run at Dan, and the deacon planted his feet firmly on the ground, and when the ram ran the length of his tether he was snubbed up suddenly and jerked over. Then the deacon smiled, and Dan remarked that's 'the ticket, dad.' But they hadn't got more than a hundred yards up the road when the ram made a run at the deacon, and as Dan was not strong enough to hold the ram, as his father had done, the result was that the deacon was struck in the wind and knocked into a ditch full of mire, and gave Dan such a sudden jerk that he described a graceful circle in the air and came down alongside of his respected pater, who promptly yanked him out and got out himself. And what a sight he was! His shirt front was a mass of rusty mud and his hair was plastered with it. The ram in the meantime stood quietly by and watched the deacon scrape the mud off his clerical looking tile, and there seemed to be a contempt for deacons generally in his eye. Once more they grasped the ropes, but the deacon turned on Dan with 'look here, if you can't manage better than you did last time you'd better give me the rope,' and Dan smiled from out a mask of mud and passed the rope to the deacon. He had no sooner got the rope well in his hands than the frisky Cotswold jerked the deacon off his feet and started up the road. Nothing could be seen of the deacon, for he was shrouded in dust, but any one could tell that it wasn't an angel in the cloud of dust that went sailing up the road from the streaks of galvanized profanity that flew out of it. Then the deacon got caught in the ropes and couldn't free himself, and the ram cut through a fence into a large field, dragging the unfortunate man after him, bumping him against fences and stumps, tearing his clothes, and knocking him round generally. But at length the deacon caught in a fence and the rope broke—and he was free. He hadn't much clothes on him by that time, your Honor, and the way he struck for home across ditches, fences and brooks was beautiful but undignified."

"Is that all?" asked his Honor.

"Yes."

"Well, just take a back seat and wait for the Black Maria."

"Well," he murmured sadly, "it didn't fetch him after all."

### BRANTFORD SUMMER

came next, and he was as tall as an extension fire escape and about as unwieldy in his movements.

"Brantford," said his Honor, "about midnight Saturday a policeman observed what he thought was a three storey and a half step ladder coming out of a cellar window of a hardware store, and he proceeded to investigate and discovered you half in and half out. He saw just how much of you was outside, but he had no idea that there was as much of you to follow as he afterwards learned when he got two other policemen to assist and dragged you out. I'm afraid you indulged in the bowl which cheers but also inebriates."

"I should imagine not," said Brantford.

"The policeman says you smelt like it."

"I don't care what the policeman says; I wasn't intoxicated."

"Come, now, hadn't you a little in, and you're wrong in saying you hadn't."

"Yes! Yes! I dare say I'm wrong—very often am, you know."

"That's right, Brantford. Now I'm coming to the main point—what were you doing in that cellar?"

"I got locked in and was crawling out."

"O ho!" said his Honor, "but that's a nice little story."

"It's the truth," said Brantford.

"It may be, and then again it may not be," said his Honor.

And just as Brantford was thinking upon a lot of big dictionary words as long as himself to launch at his Honor, his employer stepped up and explained things to his Honor's satisfaction, and they marched off together,—and the man at the organ struck up:

"O! there was a young feller crawled out of a cellar;  
He was quite as tall as a thirty-foot ladder;  
And a policeman bagged him and stationward dragged him,  
And made him feel wiser, and sadder,  
And madder,  
Than any man long as a thirty-foot ladder."

## "PENNY DIP" SNUFFINGS.

A lady, referring to the flirting propensities of her young friend, said: "She would sit up in her coffin to coquette with the undertaker.—[Puck.

A Newark chap dreamed for twenty consecutive nights that he was out carriage riding, and couldn't imagine any reason for the fact until he discovered that his bed was a little buggy.—[Newark Call.

The ancient Greeks used to have a great deal of trouble with their hair as we moderns do. As, for instance, Euripides and Thucydides. In fact, they were all hair-assed about it more or less.

The will of Mr. Land, late of Kentucky, leaves all his property to his wife, and specifies that she can "marry again if she wants to." And yet people sing about a land that is fairer than this.—[Oil City Derrick.

Not richer were the Israelites  
Who had their Moses and Aaron,  
Than is the farmer of to-day  
As thro' the grain-fields bearin'  
He downs the barley and the wheat,  
And cuts the acres through,  
And while he takes his little mows  
He has his airin' too.

—[Yonkers Gazette.

A leading health journal says, "never go to bed with cold feet." If your feet are cold, you'd better leave them down stairs alongside the kitchen fire when you go to bed. The advice given in health journals should be heeded.—[Norristown Herald.

This is perhaps the most wonderful season for growth on record. Scarcely a paper comes to hand that does not record the name of a resident over one hundred years old. The open winter sent everything ahead at marvelous speed.—[Danbury News.

"Who," said Mr. Peter Mitchell, a member of the Canadian House of Commons, to the members who were trying by interruptions to choke him off, "who brayed there?" "It was an echo" retorted a member, amid a yell of delight.—[Detroit Free Press.

The vigorous Waseca (Minnesota) Herald says: "The hod-carrier and whiskey-guzzler of the up-town Hell Box says he has done \$107 60 worth of job work in the last twenty-eight days. He simply lies like a horse thief. Besides, what little work he has done he has borrowed the type with which to do the most of it."

Either writers for the press must stop using Latin quotations or the printers must be taught Latin.—[Richmond State. Better teach the printers, for we are wedded to Latin. It's (hic) second nature to us. Any old haw can write plain English; besides, what is so expressive at times as a good hawc of Latin. Cum now?—[Utica Observer.

The toothless anglers possesses one advantage over the fisherman who owns a good set of molars. When he goes fishing, and holds the worms in his mouth for convenience—as is customary we believe—he isn't so apt to render them unfit for bait, by abstractedly commencing to move his jaws, under the impression that he has a chew of fine-out in his mouth.—[Norristown Herald.