

### Five Minutes at the Police Court.

Monday morning came up bright and smiling "like a dog with a basket of chips." The sky was cloudless, the sun was spreading warmth and heat around, and a few stray birds were singing and chirping in the old grave yard. But in spite of the smiling serenity of the face of Nature, a dark cloud was hanging over the Police Court, and threatened it with annihilation.

Monday morning before last witnessed the departure of the harmonium and the parting and pathetic strains of Sergeant Owens thereon, and if it had been a critical and trying time, last Monday was even more trying. The cause was this—Each member of the force felt that something must be done, in the absence of the harmonium, to support and keep up the dignity of the Court, each had kept his own counsel and came provided with an instrument; so the result was that when they had all gathered in the Court Room, instead of there being but one instrument as each had fondly imagined, there was a full and proficient orchestra ready and willing to support the dignity of the Court with the loudest and most discordant of music.

Briggs was the first one there, and as he had in a moment of forgetfulness, put his jewsharp in a pocket in the tail of his coat, and broken it in half a dozen pieces when he sat down, he had instead borrowed a large trombone, and sat looking at it and wondering if he had wind enough to blow it and length and strength of arm sufficient to work it. He was sitting working it and thinking it would be the better for some oil, when policeman Evans entered, and if he was astonished at seeing Briggs with a trombone, Briggs was perhaps more surprised when he produced from under his coat the asthmatic concertina which had figured on another occasion. Each explained, and they immediately struck up the "Little Brown Jug" in a manner that was highly creditable, although the concertina could scarcely be heard, and it was really alarming to observe Briggs working the trombone. The last strains of the "Little Brown Jug" had hardly died away, before the other members of the force crowded in, each armed with a musical instrument of some sort, and were surprised at first, but eventually understood how a number of great minds sometimes run in the same channel. Tracy was armed with a fiddle that, judging from appearances, Shem, Ham and Japhet might have danced to in the ark; policeman Ring was armed with a borrowed fish horn; policeman Watson had a mouth organ; McHarg had a flute, but was dubious as to how to play it; Sullivan had a barjo and was strumming away; and policeman McDonald was around with a tamborine, and looked prepared to whack it on his head foot and knee and throw himself around in the most approved negro minstrel fashion; but policeman Gibson capped all by appearing on the scene with a tremendous bass drum,—indeed, it was so large that they couldn't get in either at the door or any of the windows, so Gibson had to take up a seat on the steps and pound away.

They had all got their instruments in tune and were about striking up the "Mulligan Guards," when some one remembered that they had no musical director. Briggs was proposed, but he respectfully declined, as he found that he had quite enough to do working the trombone, eventually Tracy consented, and flourishing the bow of his fiddle they started off with a grand crash that nearly burst the roof off, and made the windows rattle, while Gibson, alone and disconsolate on the steps, pounded away at the drum as if his life depended on the force of his blows. He pounded and Briggs blew; they drowned the sound of all the other instruments and had it all to themselves. The contest was now between the two instruments, and it was a tough and noisy contest. Briggs blew, Gibson pounded; the trombone roared screamed; boom! boom! bump! went the drum. The harder Gibson pounded, the harder Briggs blew, and *vice versa*. Now the boom of the drum was alone heard—Briggs was taking a breath; then the notes of the trombone would sound above all and shriek forth defiance—Gibson was spitting on his hands; then again would come a lull—the one was taking a breath, the other spitting on his hands, and then off they'd go

together, each striving to get ahead but without success. Thus they went on for some time, and at last it became apparent to the other members of the force that something must give for the strain was too great to be kept up for any length of time. Briggs would either bust himself or Gibson would smash the drum; and in anxious expectancy of either of these catastrophes the other policeman stopped playing, and suddenly, with a report like thunder, the drum burst into splinters, broke a lot of windows, made a large number of peaceable and timid people think that Fenians were bombarding the town, and threw Gibson over into the Square, and slung him across one of the few remaining chains. Briggs now felt safe, and after sounding a note of triumph he tucked the trombone under his arm and left very much out of breath, while a number of others went out and lifted the limp form of Gibson off the chain.

When his Honor entered he wanted to know who had been exploding Whitehead torpedoes, for he had viewed the scattered fragments of the drum and the broken glass, and had heard the report from afar off, but as none gave an answer, he hung his hat and coat up, and opened Court by calling out the name of

SIMON GILSON.

He was a "ram" looking customer, and both his nose and his hair were red.

"Mr. Gilson," said his Honor, "I want to get at the bottom of the trouble between you and your neighbor Mr. Smith, who gave you in charge for being drunk and assaulting him. What have you got to say?"

"It's Smith's fault, your Honor. I have a garden, and Smith's hens and dog get through the fence and scratch things up, and I wouldn't like to say but what, in the fall, Smith himself gets over the fence and picks out the best cabbage-heads. Saturday evening—"

"You were pretty full," put in his Honor.

"I'll admit I'd a little in," said Simon. "Well, Saturday evening Smith's hens got in and were scratching up a lot of radishes I'd planted, and I just 'shoo'd' them out, when Smith called out from the other side of the fence, 'Jest leave them hens alone, you red-headed old sinner,' and then I told him to plug up his phonograph, or he'd catch cold in his teeth. Then he threw a brick over, and I heaved it back, and it went through a kitchen window; then he heaved another and broke a hot-bed frame, and of course I heaved it back again, and then his wife came out and shouted out to me to stop my 'clodding and firing of bricks,' and then Smith called me a 'darned old snoozer,' and began to get over the fence—"

"But he didn't get over Simon, neither did he get back, for his wife grabbed him by the coat tails, and you caught him by the hands, and she pulled and you pulled and very nearly sawed the fence through with him, and if his coat tails hadn't broken it is probable you would have. But they broke and he dropped on you like a thousand of brick and flattened you out; and then you engaged in a free fight and done more damage to the garden in fifteen minutes than the hens would in a year. Smith dragged you through a hot bed frame, and you retaliated by catching him by the heels, and ploughing up a row of newly planted potatoes with him. Then you scratched and bit until you were separated by a neighbor, and then Smith sent for a policeman and you were arrested and here you are.

"Now, Simon, I don't feel much like sending you up, for its my opinion that you're both to blame; so just clear out and don't let me see you here again."

And he "folded his tent like the Arabs and silently fled away," and policeman Tracy struck up the following ditty:

"His nose is red and his eyes are blue,  
And he fought with his neighbor Smith;  
They fought and scratched with much ado,  
Till they'd nothing left to fight with."

THOMAS CAREW

came next. He was tall, thin and lantern-jawed; one eye looked up at the ceiling and the other down at the floor. His was a case of pure unadulterated drunk, though perhaps he couldn't say as much for the liquor he had drank, for St. John liquor as a rule is not pure and unadulterated.

"Thomas," said his Honor, "you're is about the most aggravated case of drunk I have

come across for some time. On Saturday last you imbibed a large quantity of mighty poor liquor, but very good chain lightning, and it lifted you to the seventh heaven of delight and then let you down whack on the sidewalk and split your pants. Then you waltzed in to clean out a bar-room, and the bar-keeper pitched you clean out the window and knocked a policeman down; then you fastened on the policeman and bit him on the ear, and tried to jam him into an empty flour barrel; but eventually they run you in. Got anything to say?"

"Yes, your Honor, I wasn't drunk—I was inspired—I'm always taken that way in the spring, so you might excuse me."

"You get inspired, Thomas, well, so do I—I feel inspired now, and I'll sing you a little song:

"They have a big crusher right here in the city—  
They use it to mash up the largest of stones;—  
And they're short of hands, and I think 'tis a pity  
That a big man like you should have such lazy bones,  
And the best way perhaps to mend your bad ways  
Is to work you on the crusher for sixty good days."

### Honest and Dishonest Profanity.

Some one in the crowd took occasion to mildly rebuke old Ben Wade for his profanity. He turned on his self-constituted moral instructor and asked:

"Don't you swear sometimes?"

"No, sir."

"Don't you say 'darn it,' or 'condemn it,' sometimes in your heats of passion?"

"Yes, I may say that sometimes. But that ain't swearing."

"Yes, it is," said Ben, "it is the meanest kind of swearing. It's mean because it's cowardly and dishonest. I have studied this subject a good deal, and my observation goes to show that a man that a man that will say 'darn it' when he means 'damn it' is not fit to be trusted. Give me the man whose oaths come welling up from the bottom of his soul, full, round and distinct—who says what he thinks and don't try to beat the devil round the stump—that man is an honest man every time. But the base cowards who try to deceive their Maker by their 'darn its' and their 'durn its'—hell is full of such fellows."

It may be borne in mind that he illustrated his point as he went along with "full, round and distinct oaths," which "came welling from the bottom of his soul."—[Detroit News.

### THE YOUNG HEIR.

She had invited him to stop for supper and he was trying to appear easy and unconcerned, while she was on her prettiest behavior.

"Have you used the sugar, John?" inquired the mother, in a winning manner.

"John don't want no sugar," ejaculated the young heir.

"Why not?" inquired the father, curiously, while John, in his surprise, swallowed a bit of toasted crust, and nearly cut his throat open.

"Cos he don't," explained the heir, in an artful manner. "I heard him tell Mary last night—"

"You keep still," interrupted Mary, in a hysterical manner, while the young man caught his breath in dismay.

"I heard him say," persisted the heir with dreadful eagerness, "that she was so sweet he shouldn't never use no more sugar any more—an' then he kissed her, an' I said I'd tell, an'—"

The young heir was lifted out of the room by his ear, and the supper was finished in moody silence.—[Pittsburg Gazette.

Grub hoe—call for dinner.—[Keokuk Constitution.

"Money," says the Boone Democrat "is the missing link between our subscribers and the editor,

There is a Cannard House in Cleveland. Now look out for jokes.—[New York Commercial Advertiser.

Oklahoma, the name of the proposed new Territory, will be written O, K. for short.—New York Commercial.

### "PENNY DIP" SNUFFINGS.

Butter, like the helpmate of Cæsar, should be above suspicion.—[Detroit Free Press.

Can a man fly? asks the New York Express. Ask some bank cashier in Canada.—[Boston Post.

Tilton and his wife didn't come together after all. It was Tilton and Beacher that collided.—[Hawkeye.

"Charles" ask: "How do medical students get their skeletons?" They bone 'em, Charles.—[Norristown Herald.

The lunch counters in New York and Philadelphia look lonesome since Bayard Taylor sailed.—[Burlington Hawkeye.

In Arizona there are four men to one woman, and a church sociable looks, like the last street car from the beer garden.

Bessie Turner has gone on to the stage, and the prompter has had to hire an extra man to keep her awake during her part.—[Hawkeye.

A Washington correspondent says that Vice-President Wheeler never smiles. Perhaps no one ever asks him to.—[Free Press.

One half of the bees in San Monica, Cal., were lost last year, says an exchange. Hope it was the tail half, remarks the Chicago Times.

It is announced that England will defend the cause of Greece, probably out of respect to the memory of Lord Bacon.—[Detroit Free Press.

No wonder a ship is called "she" She has shifts, stays, an apron, hooks and eyes, pins, caps and ribbons, hoods, poppets, and a husband.—[Fun.

Brigham Young probably left over a million dollars behind him. That means ninety cents on the dollar for the lawyers and ten cents for the heirs.

Old Deacon Dobson always boasted that he was "prepared for the worst," and his neighbors thought he got it when he married his second wife.—[Ex.

The man who leaves two-thirds of a cigar in a dark nook on the front stoop when he goes to see his girl will make a thrifty husband.—[N. Y. Herald.

Ten millions of hair pins are manufactured in this country annually, and yet they are not sufficient to prevent a hair from getting in the butter now and then.—[Norristown Herald.

A correspondent who says he has frequently heard of "Tara's hauls" desires to know if old Tara was a bank president or a Fall River mill manager.—[Boston Commercial Bulletin.

One of the hardest things in life, after tacking down a carpet, is to convince a man one hundred and fifty years old that he has somehow made a mistake and put twenty-five years too many on his head.—[Free Press

Widow Doubleton, having read that "parlor matches" are extremely dangerous, has ordered her daughter to take her beau into the kitchen and do their courting there hereafter.—[Norristown Herald.

Look not upon the ice-cooler when it sweateth, nor drink thou of ice water when it waxeth frigid; for unto him that partaketh shall be given sorrow to know upon his vitals and the pain which preyeth upon the pit of his stomach.—[St. Louis Journal.

They had Prof. Watson, the Michigan asteroid catcher, on the stand before the Insurance Committee of the Ohio Legislature, the other day, and when they got the old gentleman waked up he flung logarithms around there until the committee thought that the binding had slipped off a volume of the higher mathematics.—[Toledo Commercial.