

## Five Minutes at the Police Court.

The genius of meditation descended upon the Police Court Monday morning. The policemen were scattered around in various free and easy attitudes, deeply ruminating and forcibly expectorating at times. They missed the harmonium's cheering and invigorating strains—those inspired and swelling strains that moved to mirth or tears. They had no means of killing time, save that of rumination, so they ruminated and reflected upon the Eastern question and other affairs of great pith and moment. But at last Policeman Patchell, who had evidently been thinking upon some means to relieve the monotony of meditation, suddenly slapped his leg forcibly and exclaimed,—

"I've got it, boys!"

"Got what?" was the general chorus.

"A tip top idea. It's my opinion, boys, that we policemen in this town are an ill-used lot, anyway. We barely get time to eat or sleep much less for amusement—we don't even get time to go to church once a year on an average, and now, I tell you, but it's hard lines. Now there's Halifax, and although it's a mighty slow town and as far behind St. John as the man who'd prefer to travel by coach than rail, but I dare say the policemen get time to go to church and pray for themselves, and I'm sure they get time for amusement and recreation, for I saw an item in a paper the other day, under the head of 'Halifax policemen at the oar,' which gave an account of a race pulled between two policemen. Now, I vote that we get the up a race among the members of the force, and that a subscription be raised to constitute stake money."

The proposal was received with acclamations, and all agreed to it but Briggs. He objected in strong terms and said he wasn't such a fool as to risk himself in a cranky skiff, as he'd no insurance on his life.

Curry insinuated something to the effect that he shouldn't be afraid—he would never be drowned. The which Briggs rose to resent, but Owens arose also and said:

"Young man, you had better take the advice of the late lamented Horace Greely, and 'Go West'—go to Nevada, that is the country for you, for I read the other day of a party out there whereat the music was produced by two jewsharps and a cow horn."

Briggs wilted, and they then proceeded to make arrangements for the race, and each individual policeman was picturing to himself the agonies that he would have to undergo should he put in one of the boats. Visions of blistered hands and sore backs, of "crabs" to be caught and consequent danger of upsetting, of pokes in the back from the handle of an oar, all floated up in imagination, and were far more terrible than reality. But all their fears went for nought, for when the subscription came to be taken up they were again found wanting, and the hat passed round contained even a more miscellaneous assortment of trash than had the one which did service on behalf of the harmonium. Patchell was disgusted, and said that any set of men who hadn't generosity enough to subscribe a few cents towards something that was for the mutual benefit of all, and the especial good of his muscle in particular, deserved to have his head held under Niagara Falls for an hour and a half every day in the year, and twice on holidays and festive occasions.

Briggs said he had muscle enough for all purposes and that if Patchell would like to experiment by putting him to the test, he would be happy to apply it to his nose whenever it was convenient.

Patchell retorted by saying that any time was convenient; that there was no time like the present; but he advised him before he tried it to get his life insured.

Thus they went on and things had assumed quite a serious aspect when his Honor entered and the belligerents subsided.

"At last," said his Honor, heaving so great a sigh that the chairs and desks rattled and bounced about, "at last the square is being cleared off."

And he hung his hat and coat up and opened Court by loudly announcing the name of

JACK THOMPSON,

a tarred, scarred and frowsy old cove, who led a "life on the ocean wave," and made his "home on the rolling deep," and who

looked as though he had spliced the main brace once too often, and such had been the case. He looked as though he had "braved the battle and the breeze" for a long time, and he touched his forelock and toed the mark when His Honor began:

"Jack Thompson, you were discovered on Water street last Saturday evening with 'three sheets in the wind and another tacking,' and your legs were fastened in a clove hitch—the consequences of having imbibed rather freely of the ardent. You inquired of a stranger the whereabouts of a Home for Aged Seamen, where the allowance was a pint of grog a day, as you thought that you were entitled to a residence therein for services performed for the good of your country. The stranger informed you there was no such place, and that if any of the guardians of the peace found you in the condition you were then in you might have to put up for a time at the P. P. You replied that you'd see the city 'blawsted fust,' and sailed on, tacking across the street with all the grace and ease of an up-river woodboat, and your body going one way and your legs the other. The result of this lack of harmony among your members was several severe falls, and as you picked yourself up each time you became solicitous as to the whereabouts of the man who struck you. Then you fell over an empty barrel, and thinking you had got the man who struck you, you commenced to hammer it, and 'damned its eyes' and 'shivered its timbers,' and applied many other forcible but inelegant expressions. Then a policeman came along and grabbed you and you grabbed the policeman, and the two of you went down together and rolled and tossed and tumbled, and then you got the policeman down and danced a hornpipe on him, blacked his eye, bled his nose, and spread his ear out so much that it resembled an eagle's wing or a barn door. Eventually two other policemen came along and you were run in. Now, Mr. Thompson, this is rather strange conduct for an old salt, and I'm going to send you to a home for the aged in crime and drunkenness, where you won't get run for two months, much less a pint a day."

And his Honor waved him to a back seat, and policeman Curry cleared his throat and sang:—

"He is an old tar,  
And he's sailed near and far;  
All tar are his brooks,  
And bronzed are his cheeks;  
But he got full of rum  
And to grief he did come.  
To the P. P. he's sent,  
Where he won't be content."

BOB BLODGETT

came next on the roll of honor, and was a fit representative of the genus tramp. His hair stood out all round like a feather duster and had straws and pieces of sticks mixed up in it. His clothes were so ragged and tattered and torn that they much resembled a net, and his eyes had a fierce and hungry glare.

"Bob Blodgett," said his Honor, "you're a tramp—"

"And I know it," put in Bob.

"You threatened a woman because she wouldn't give you a warm dinner, and—"

"She whacked me with a broom," broke in Bob again.

"Which was perfectly correct," said his Honor, waving his hand; "it's a pity she didn't break your head. Then you went off and stole a bottle of brandy and got roaring drunk, and sailed up King street about two o'clock singing the following song in a tone of voice loud enough to awaken the seven sleepers:—"

"I loved a little maid and her eyes were blue—  
A heavenly hue—  
She's gilded me—what shall I do?  
O, heavenly hue!  
O, blazes blue!  
I thought that little maiden true,  
(A blue that's true)  
But she's ran away with another fellow too,  
O, heavenly hue!  
O, blazes blue!"

"And thus you went on up the street with a chorus of 'heavenly hue,' and blazes blue without end, and there's no saying how long you'd have continued it if a policeman had not come along and given you blazes blue and run you in, and here you are, Bob, and I'm going to send you to work on the crusher."

He was completely crushed with the sentence, and mournfully took a back seat, while the court silently adjourned and Patchell remarked inwardly:—

"Well, he must feel pretty blue about this time."

## A CRACK AT SPRING.

Welcome, bully, smiling spring,  
Gayest season of the year.  
Nature spreads her Dolly Varden.  
Poets now are on their ear.  
In the park the croupy Robin;  
Hunkey is the butting goat—  
On the fence the blue bird sitting,  
With a flannel round his throat.  
Romantic in the fields to wander  
With a maiden in her teens,  
Gay to buzz her when a picking  
Tender dandelion greens.  
Rheumatic geese are northward flying,  
Pigs uneasy in their pens,  
Blatting sheep upon the hillside;  
Busy is the setting hen.  
Lazy Schoolboys on their muscles,  
Smoking "buts" and pegging tops.  
In the pond the bull-frog's piping;  
In the sunshine basks the cop,  
Anxious peanut vendors holler,  
Scissors grinders' cracked bells ring—  
Organ grinders in the gutters  
With a monkey on a string.  
Tramps their summer routes discussing—  
Now a German band we hear—  
On the boards is billed the circus  
Welcome season of Buck Beer!

## Josh Billings on Beer.

I have finally come to the conclusion that lager beer as a beverage is not intoxicating.

I have been told by a German who said he had drunk all nite long, just to try the experiment, and was obliged to go home entirely sober in the morning. I have seen this man drink eighteen glasses, and if he was drunk it was in German and nobody could understand it.

It is proper enough to state that this man kept a lager beer saloon, and could have no objection in stating what was not strictly thus.

I believe him to the full extent of ability. I never drank but three glasses of lager in my life, and that made my head untwist as tho it had been hung on the end of a string, but I was told that it was owing to my big bile being out of place; and I guess that it was so, for I never biled over wus then I did when I got home that night. My wife thot that I was going to die, and I was afraid I shouldn't, for it seemed as tho everything I had eaten in my life was coming to the surface, and I believe that if my wife pulled off my boots just as she did they would have come thundering up, too.

O, how sick I wuz! 14 years ago and I can taste it now.

I never had so much experience in such short a time.

If any man shud tell me that lager beer was not intoxicating, I shud believe him, but if he should tell me that I wasn't drunk that nite, but that my stomach was out of order, I shud ask him to state over in a few words just how a man felt and acted when he was set up.

If I wasn't drunk that nite, I had some of the most natural simtums that a man ever had and kept sober.

In the first place it is about eighty rods from where I drank the lager beer to my house, and I was jost over two hours on the road, and a hole busted through each one of mi pantaloons neez, and I didn't have any hat, and tried to open the door by the bell-pull and hiccuped awfully and saw everything in the room trying to get around on the back side of me, and sitting on a chair, I did not wait long enough for it to get exactly under me when I wuz going round, and I sat down a little to soon and missed the chair about twelve inches, and I couldn't get up soon enough to take the next one that came along, and that ain't awl, mi wife sed I wuz drunk as a beast, and as I sed before, I began to spin up things freely.

If lager beer is not intoxicating, it used me almighty mean, that I know.

Still, I hardly think that lager beer is intoxicating, for I have been told so, and I am probably the only man living who never drunk when his liver was not plumb.

I don't want to say anything against a harmless temperance beverage, but if I ever do drink any more it will be with mi mouth pried open.

I don't think lager beer is intoxica-

ting, but if I remember rite, I think it tasted to me like of soap suds that a pickle had been put tew soak in.

## Edison's Latest Invention.

Yesterday a strange man, carried what appeared to be a small coffin, paused in front of the Old Exchange. He was a sad-faced man, and his black suit glistened in the sun-light like an armor. He put down his strange burden, and bowed to the men standing around. Then casting his eyes up at the building, he began:

"Gentlemen, I congratulate you. You have reared here a structure, which is second to none in the country. When you shall have gone to that bourne from whence no traveller returns," and he glanced sorrowfully at the little coffin, "this beautiful building will remain a monument to your energy and enterprise."

"But, gentlemen, poor as I may seem, great as the contrast is between us, I have that in this little box before me," and he tapped the coffin reverently with his cane, "which I would not exchange for all the wealth of your oil regions. It is, gentlemen," and he began to unscrew the lid, while the crowd involuntarily shrank back; "it is, gentlemen, a rat-trap, which I am introducing for Mr. Edison, of Menlo Park."

The crowd closed up again.

"It is his latest invention, and, as he says himself, his best. I have handled a great many rat-traps in my life, and I can safely say that this one knocks the socks off all of them. 'Don't crowd up too close till I show it to you,' and he took off the top and exposed a box with a lot of apartments communicating with each other by little doors, windows and openings of one kind and another. The great inventor named this the 'Citizens' Savings Rat-trap,' because it operates on the same principle as a savings bank."

"You see, the rat smells the cheese, and enters by the front door," and the trapman indicated the aperture with his cane; thence in quest of the cheese, which is a sort of *ignis fatuus*, through this door, which admits him to parlor A, or the cashier's room. This door closes behind him, and he passes thence to parlor B, or the directors' room; this door closes behind him, as before, and he proceeds to Parlor C, or the president's private apartment. By an ingenious arrangement the closing of each little door removes the cheese into the next room, in this way always keeping in one room in advance of the rat that seeks it—until the last room is reached, (parlor D,) when it is swung noiselessly to the front apartment for the allurements of another victim. Once inside of a door, no rat can get out, but rats on the outside can get in, and do get in, until the trap is full."

"What's all that got to do with a savings bank?" asked a receiving teller who was in the crowd.

"Everything, my dear friend, everything," replied the strange man; "because, you see, when the trap is full it closes—liabilities large; assets nothing."

[Oil City Derrick.]

When Secretary Evarts sends a diplomatic message across the water it takes thirteen miles of cable for every sentence, and if the message is somewhat longer than usual no other business can be got over the wires that day. We have this information from a man of undoubted veracity who used to sell patent clothes-wringers up in Nebraska. —[St. Louis Journal.]

Why pay a hundred dollars for a phonograph, when \$1.50 judiciously invested in ice creams, the coming summer, and two bushels of turnips in the fall for a marriage certificate, will give you a life lease on a talking machine that never requires any tin foil on the cylinder escapement. Young man, these are times for the practice of economy, and you should reflect. —[Brookville Democrat.]