

Five Minutes at the Police Court.

Monday morning was simply miserable. No bright sunbeams irradiated the dry, musty gloom of the Police Court, or relieved that oppressiveness which, with the dry, musty gloom, seems peculiar to lawyers' offices and those places where justice is dealt out, and which sits on one like a nightmare born of a heavy and indigestible supper. A dense fog hung like a wet blanket over the city, and down through it trickled a continuous drizzle—not exactly rain, but quite sufficient to wet one's jacket thoroughly. Everything was cold, wet and disagreeable, and every one felt blue. But the janitor felt anything but blue; he was, on the contrary, exceedingly "chirpy," and drove the dry, musty gloom up into the corners by singing and whistling while he hunted up the dust pan and skirmished around to see if Briggs had procured the tea leaves, but they were not forthcoming. He then took up a seat on the desk over which justice is dispensed, placed his two-sizes-larger-than-any-boot-made boots upon two chairs, put his hands on the top of the broom handle, rested his chin upon his hands, and gave vent to the following:

"O whar am de tea leaves he promised—
Dose tea leaves he promised to me?
Oh, why do he thus deceive me,
When I sigh for dose leaves of de tea?"

"No doubt in de pot dey's reposin!
Like gems away down in de sea:
Oh! why aint some one a-disclosin'
Why he don't bring dose tea leaves to me."

And then he kicked over a chair, whacked the floor with the broom and soliloquized.

"I wonder why dat ar man don't bring dem tea leaves. I'd gib my right foot—and dat's about two-thirds of me—to know why an' de wherefo' ob it. If he don't bring dem down to-morrow morn', I'll tear him ter pieces, sprinkle de flo' with him, and den sweep out with the hair ob his head! I will, by golly!" And he jumped down and began sweeping with such vigor that if the matting hadn't been fastened down with spikes instead of tacks, he'd surely have torn it up.

By the time he had swept up and dusted, several of the force dropped in, and while waiting for his Honor to come, they beguiled the weary hour discussing popular topics, such as the elections, the prospects of war or peace, etc., while the janitor armed himself with a crow bar and took up a position behind the door to smite Briggs the moment he entered. There was also a strange man there awaiting the opening of court, and he beguiled the time listening to them. His clothes were ragged and dirty, his hair long and matted, and his hat was all rim, the crown having given away under the ravages of time, or was removed for the sake of ventilation. He listened attentively for a time, and then suddenly interrupted them by saying: "Gentlemen, these are certainly subjects of great importance, but I know of one of much greater importance than any of them and more worthy of discussion; it is—What shall we do with the man who smokes his cigar down so small that a poor man can't get two whiffs out of it after he has done?"

It was evidently to abstract a subject, for no one answered, and after a pause the stranger went on:

"Gentlemen, there are some mighty mean men in this world, but thank the Lord! I ain't one of 'em; if I am poor I ain't mean. Now there are hundreds of men, gentlemen, who smoke their cigars clear down to the small end of nothing, and I'm darned if they ain't the meanest men of all. If you were to ask me what I consider generosity in a man, I would answer the throwing away of half a cigar. The man who does that is bound to prosper, for he remembers the poor. I remarked that some men smoked their cigars clean down to the small end of nothing, and that I considered them the meanest of mean men; but, gentlemen, once in my life I struck a man who was meaner than the meanest of men. I saw him buy a cigar one night, and followed him up for the butt, as I hadn't had a smoke for a long time. He strolled along smoking, and I followed like a shadow sniffing the fragrant cloud that drifted behind him. Half the cigar was gone and my mouth was watering; I prayed that he would throw it away, but he didn't. He still walked on and kept smoking, and as the cigar burnt down, my hopes of a big smoke feel in proportion. But at last, when the cigar was all gone but

a pretty small butt, he paused and took the cigar out of his mouth. I was instantly all aglow with expectancy, and could scarcely restrain myself from rushing forward and snatching the butt from him. Then he knocked the ashes and light out of it, and I thought that he was almighty careful of fire; and then he—threw it away you suppose? not a bit of it; he put it in his mouth and began to chew it. Gentlemen, it was a awful moment. I have been shipwrecked, lifted sky-high by a boiler explosion, struck by an express train, but none of them caused such a sensation as I felt just then. Can you wonder now, gentlemen, that I ask, what shall we do with the man who smokes his cigar clean down to the small end of nothing? And can any of you oblige me with a chew?"

But none of them felt obliging, and the stranger heaved a great sigh and said:

"Well, I suppose I'll have to take a chew of my own."

And he produced an old cigar butt, which he carefully unrolled; and then began a vigorous rumination with equally vigorous expectation at intervals; while the members of the force present, including the janitor, fell to thinking of some punishment for the man who was guilty of such an offence as the stranger mentioned, and remained buried in meditation until the entrance of his Honor.

He was stout, he was fat—he was awfully fat;
On his head there was nary a hair;
And he held in his hand such a shocking bad hat—
A mountain upon the same night have sat
'Twas so awfully out of repair.

The bloom of the rose had stuck into his nose—
In his eye was a tiny glow;
He looked like a fright, for his ragged clothes might
Have been used to dress up a scar-crow,

Such was

WILLIAM NEAT,

Monday morning, when he stepped out and toed the mark in answer to his name.

"William," said his Honor, biting the end of his pen, "you took some whiskey neat and it did the business for you, and you came rolling along Charlotte street towards morning with your legs tangled up, your hat on the back of your head, and an air that impressed one with the idea that you owned the whole town. You shortly proceeded to perform a war-dance, and wound it up by coming down on the broad of your back and covered yourself with dust. Then you picked yourself up and attempted to rub the dust off against some shutters, but luck was against you and the shutters came off first, and down you went again with shutters on top and all around you. You were picked up by a stranger who considerably picked the shutters out of your clothes and attempted to dust you off, when you returned his kindness by shaking him off and enquiring in a loud but unsteady voice what the deuce he meant by throwing a house at you. But the stranger didn't give an answer that satisfied you, so you fell upon him and smote him grievously upon the end of his nose and made the sparks fly out of his eyes; then grabbed him by the coat tails, split his coat clear up the back, passed the two halves round his neck, and tied them in a bownot in front, and you were frantically trying to get his leg over his shoulder, when the police came up and ran you in. Now, William, it seems to me that yours is a particularly aggravated case, and that you are rather a tough customer. Now I think that a few days sojourn from the cares of life with healthful labor would benefit you, so I send you up for ten days."

"But, your Honor," put in the prisoner, it's my first offence."

"I have taken that into consideration, also the fact that elections are coming on, and a man can get drunk at a small expense; and for the benefit of the community at large, and the candidates in particular, I send you up. Imagine how any of the candidates would look with his coat split up the back and the tails doing the duty of a cravat; for it's just possible, William, that you will go through the same performance on election day as you did Saturday night."

And the prisoner took a back seat and smiled to think how ludicrous they would look with their coat tails tied under their chains.

CHARLES ARMOR

Footed the list of prisoners and toed the mark cheerfully. He had taken time by the forelock and got drunk on the head of the coming

elections. He was a trifle seedy, but felt in as good spirits as he had been full of bad on Saturday night.

When getting home. He had tried a good many houses and rung ud and made mad a great many people before he struck his own house, and then his wife repudiated him, and refused to open the door. She put her head out the window and he retreated to the middle of the street with the bell knob in his hand; and after she had gazed upon the star lit sky for a moment, she said:

"Charles, what ails you?"

"Jes' come (hic!) down to door, my dear, an' I'll tell you all about it."

"Charles, you're drunk."

"My dear, you surely can't shee straight?"

"No need of seeing; I can smell the liquor, and, oh, gracious! you've been"—

"Doin' what, love?"

"—You've been eating onions! oh, you brute! It's bad enough to have you come home drunk and smell of rum, but to have you smell of both rum and onions! you can't get in." And with a shriek that made a timid old maid who lived across the street think some one was being murdered, she shut down the window and retired.

"Charles," said his Honor, "you were excited about the elections last Saturday night, went into a bar-room, drunk the healths of the candidates all round about half a dozen times, and got awfully drunk. You were pretty well mixed, as the drinks had been, and in getting home you woke up nearly every person on the street you lived on by ringing bells, pounding at doors, and throwing handfuls of gravel against the windows; and about three o'clock Sunday morning you were found sitting on a door step tying knots in your legs. I'm afraid, Charles that I'll have to trouble you for \$8."

"No trouble in the world," said Charles, producing the required sum. "One's apt to get a little bit so-so before and during elections."

When court broke up Mr. Neat, who had been eying the janitor for some time, arose and said:

"When I gaze upon him," and he wiped from off his chin an unbidden and beer-born tear, "my eyes is arrested by a remarkably prominent feature, and I am instantly reminded of some well known garden flowers."

"And what are they?" enquired a policeman.

And as he walked out into the corridor he replied: "Tulips!"

Tears of pity were shed for him, and the janitor muttered between his teeth in the most approved melodramatic manner. "Away with him to the deepest dungeon, and bind him with chains!" And rushed out to bring a rope strong enough to fasten him with.

Timothy Megee After an Affidavy.

[Zanesville Times.]

Two men came into the mayor's office recently, and halting in front of the judicial desk, doffed their beavers.

"What can I do for you?" asked the urbane official.

"Well, sur, me name is Timothy Megee. I was wonst well known in these parts for foighting, warn't I, Si? turning to his companion, who growled out "he thought he war." "I whaled them all down in Blue Rock, didn't I, Si?"

Si said he believed he did.

"Si, did I ever let a man go away wantin' when he wanted a foight?"

Si said he didn't believe he ever did.

"I want to file an affidavit against Emmanuel Compton for foighting, because he wouldn't sthay wid me. I niver had a mon arristed in me loife that give me foight and sthayed wid me. I care not whether he whupt me or I whupt him if he sthayed wid me, but when a man sthrikes me and runs away and shows the white feather, I call that cowardly, and I want him arristed. He took a run and a jump and hit me, but he didn't knock me down, did he, Si?"

Si said he didn't.

"Make out an affidavit, Mr. Mayor, and have him arristed for foightin'."

It was made out.

"PENNY DIP" SNUFFINGS.

An acrobat should never be satisfied with one drink—it takes more than one swallow to make a Spring.—[Syracuse Times.]

It is because of this everlasting "soar aloft" that the American eagle is bald-headed.—[Boston Globe.]

"All flesh is grass," yet a very poor quality of hay is obtained by "cutting" one's friends.—[Whitehall Times.]

A barefoot Syracuse girl kicked a burglar out of a house, and a deserving mule went behind the barn and wept.

Lydia Thompson sues for a divorcee from her husband. We suppose the gentleman has not been conducting himself properly. Lydia is very particular with her husbands.—[Buffalo Express.]

Trickett the famous Australian sculler lost two fingers while handling a cask of liquor. It is usually the cask that loses two or three fingers while being handled.—New Haven Register.

The word whisky has no e in it and its plural is whiskies, not whiskeys.—[Syracuse Typo. And still we have seen the editor of the Typo put whisky in his garret with all the e's imaginable.—[Whithall Times.]

The most beautiful hair on record is at the Paris Exposition. It is silken and golden and rich and seven feet long. It belonged to a poor Norman Girl who sold it wholesale. She ought to have kept a boarding house and let it out by retail, four hairs to the pound.—[New York Herald.]

A Middletown girl placed some nearly hatched duck eggs in her bosom and thus helped a brood young ducks into the world. Young men in that region will do well to omit in the interests of the poultry crop their usual Saturday evening embraces until after the hatching season.

A hackman has just been convicted in Cleveland on the charge of appropriating a watch left in his carriage. This is all wrong. Hackmen must have watches, and if they are not permitted to take those left in their carriages they will—well, how do hackmen get money?—[Oil City Derrick.]

Once upon an evening dismal, I gave her a kiss, paroxysmal and called her name baptismal; precious name I loved of yore. Ah, she was a darling creature, pert of speech and fair in feature; but egad you couldn't teach her, for she'd been there before, and only murmured "Buss me more."

A poet in some lines "To Miss Vinnie Ream," says: "She's like the sunny fragrant Spring.....She's lovely as a summer morn.....Her beauty's like an autumn day." From which it would seem that she is a very "seasonable" woman. Hope her temper's not like a winter's stormy night.—Norristown Herald.

He was a St. Paul clerk, and he was trying to amuse himself by questioning a little girl in a big bonnet, near South Stillwater. "What do they set hens for?" he asked. "To hatch chickens," she replied, promptly. "What do they set milk for?" he queried. "To hatch calves," said she, and she said it in a way that caused the St. Paul chap to close conversation p. d. q.—[Stillwater Lumberman.]

Miss Kellog says newspaper men are just like lemons—fit only to be squeezed as much as possible, then tossed aside. You just keep your distance, Clara Kellog. Police!—police!—[Buffalo Express. Fire! Thieves! Murder!—[New York Commercial. Quit! He, he, he, ho, ho! Git out.—[Boston Globe. Ah! Oh! Have done now, Clara Louise. We had no idea you were so long in the arms—go way! you've tumbled our neck-tie terribly—besides our wife is coming.—[Boston Commercial Bulletin. Well, then, only one now—sh-h—there, dog gone it all Clara, you've waked the baby.—[Hawkeye.]