

POOR DOCUMENT

JINGLES OF HUMOR.

A Little Nonsense Gathered for Leisure Reading.

She—You see all this talk about hoop skirts coming back again has died out. He—Yes. The women have compromised by putting the hoops in their sleeves—New York Herald.

Spratts—Who was the most miserable man you ever saw? Jacks—A fellow who couldn't read his paper, smoke his cigar and eat his breakfast all at once.

Harry—One never loses anything by keeping his engagement punctually. Charlie—My experience is, he is apt to lose half an hour's time waiting for the other fellow.

Blinks—What would you do first thing if you should come into a big fortune? Winks—Jupiter! Sail out of here before any of the folks I've borrowed of find it out.

He smiled when he put his frock coat on. But afterward how he did snort, When he found his last fall overcoat Was just about a foot too short.

How is it your little baby sister goes to sleep as soon as you father takes her? Little four-year-old—I 'spec it's 'cause she's rather do that than stay awake and hear him sing.

A Paisley gentleman, hearing that two of his female relations had quarreled, asked: Ha's they 'ced each other ugly? Na, na. Ah, weel, then, I can mak' it up between them yet.

Auntie—You should be excused when you leave the table. Little Nephew—Should I? I thought, from the way you acted about that third piece of pie, that you'd be glad to see me go.

Oh, whether fixed in curls or bangs— A woman's glory is her hair, But not when through the night it hangs Upon a bedroom chair.

She—Oh, the irony of life! The man who wrote Home Sweet Home never had a home. He—Yes. And the fellow who wrote The Man in the Moon was not a lunatic!

Farmer—What yer settin' on that fence fer? Tramp—'Cause I 'se tired, mister. Farmer—(scornfully)—Tired! Tired of what I'd like ter know? Tramp—Answering fool questions, mister.

Tenderfoot—And you say that tough looking party is one of your leading citizens? Inhabitant—Yes, sir. There hain't been a lynching in this section for five years which he hasn't led.

Who was the author of the saying that a man is a benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before? Danno. Some lawn mower manufacturer, I suppose.

The Old Cow.

I used to go a-milking when the shades of night were falling, And the sunset's benediction sanctified the evening air; When the crickets from the thickets in their piping strains were calling, And the twilight peace was brooding, softly brooding everywhere.

But the twilight peace I felt not, night's odorless calm I smelt not, And the black night gloomed about me with a melancholy frown. When I strained each manual muscle in an agonizing tussle, But the old cow wouldn't give down!

Ah! The old cow wouldn't give down! O, bridle most laciferous of all the herd hebitverous, Nearly always non-withholding, grandly generous-wert thou; No cow grazes with such praises, for thy praises were vociferous,

For thou wert our most beloved and our most belauded cow, But sometimes all unappreciated, unbelauded, Did our looks of admiration darken to a gloomy frown!

Yes, our looks were black and baleful when we went to get a pailful, And the old cow wouldn't give down. Ah! The old cow wouldn't give down.

Milking since has been my mission, and my cow is young, ambitious, And I've milked her night and morning, milked her early, milked her late; But my butter—sad to utter—my sweet butter of fruition,

Does my most persistent churning often fail to concentrate, Though my milking seat's adjusted still my cow cannot be trusted, And the smile of fickle fortune often darkens to a frown.

When I pull with fearful traction, but I get no satisfaction— For my old cow won't give down, Ah! My old cow won't give down.

And all ye who read this jingle who peruse this little lyric, Will ye say, His cow was stubborn when he botched that verse, th' clown? You can say who read this lyric, if you wish to be satiric.

When the author wrote that lyric, why his cow would not give down, Though he milked with much compulsion, and strained with great convulsion, She heeded not his prodding—heeded not his kick or frown; And she showed the bard no pity when he tried to milk this ditty, And his old cow wouldn't give down, Ah! His old cow wouldn't give down.

ADVERTISE IN THIS PAPER,

CRANK IN DELMONICO'S Guests and Waiters Fled Before His Revolver.

After Shooting Through the Windows From the Outside

The Man Rushed Into the Restaurant Crying "Down With the Rich."

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—Fashionable diners—men and women—who surrounded the tables in Delmonico's at 5:30 o'clock Thursday evening will never forget the shrieks of terror, the whistling of bullets and the crash of splintered glass that brought the meal to a panic-stricken close. The cause of it all was a well-built, sharp-featured young man, with a pair of glarir-blue eyes who, just before the excitement commenced, turned into Fifth avenue from Twenty-sixth street, and halted in front of the brilliantly lighted restaurant.

Under ordinary circumstances at this early hour the fashionable dining rooms would have been practically empty, but this evening there was scarcely a table tenanted when the sharp-featured young man leaned against the iron railing and peered in through the Fifth avenue windows. It was a busy corner, and the tide of humanity rushed headlessly by without a thought for the young man who stood glaring at the brilliant scene within.

Suddenly the solitary figure drew a revolver and shaking it in a frenzy of excitement above his head, shrieked:

Curse the Rich! Curse Them now and for all time!

With the last word and before a hand could be outstretched in interference, he levelled his revolver at the restaurant windows and fired. Crash! went the glass in the second window from Twenty-sixth street as the bullet passed through, burying itself in the decorated ceiling and spreading panic through the restaurant. Yelling like a madman, the crank dashed toward the door of the restaurant firing as he ran. The second shot struck the fourth window from the Twenty-sixth street corner, piercing it in the very center and passing into the restaurant directly over one of the tables at the height of a diner's chest. That shot barely missed the head of a fear-petrified waiter and buried itself in the western wall of the room.

In the bombarded restaurant and street there was the wildest kind of scurrying for cover. The backmen grouped in front vanished, heads and heels into their cabs; pedestrians darted in every direction away from the madman's revolver, and Fifth avenue or at least a block of it, was in undisputed possession of the armed crank.

Shrieking, down with the rich! at every jump the frenzied man rushed straight at the main door opening into the restaurant lobby. Shot No. 3 rattled against the iron decorations of the door as the crank dashed through it.

Delmonico's waiters are not men of war, and as the crank's first shot pierced the window they figuratively speaking, went to pieces. As he reached the dining room door terrorized ladies crouched behind pale faced escorts while the waiters were seen in acrobatic efforts at escape which baffled description.

He Disappeared Under It

at shot No. 2, and from this reasonably safe retreat filled the house with trumpet-toned cries of "murder."

His worthy example, however, went for nothing among the panic-stricken suburbanites. Throwing haughty and dignity to the four winds, they made a mad dash for the windows opening into West Twenty-sixth street.

Unfortunately, only two of these windows were open, and into them the terrorized crowd had securely wedged itself—three separate masses of kicking feet and waving arms—when the crank jumped into the restaurant. He promptly fired a fourth shot aimlessly at the ceiling, bringing down a shower of plaster, and was leveling his revolver for a fifth when one plucky man, small and wiry, sprang straight at his throat.

The new actor in the scene was no match physically for the frenzied intruder but help was at hand. Felix J. Jewell, engineer of fire engine 16, was standing in front of the Hotel Brunswick when the crank began his fusillade. Running at top speed he bounded in the restaurant as the crank and his plucky little antagonist were whirling around in a lively fight for possession of the revolver. Jewell tore the smoking weapon from the madman's hand, but not before the fifth and final shot was fired, the bullet burying itself in the floor close to the engineer's foot.

A policeman on duty in Madison square had meanwhile been making lively time toward the scene of the shooting. He heard the first three shots, but they sounded to him like sharp strokes of a heavy hammer, and knowing that tin-smiths were at work on a neighboring roof he paid no attention to the reports.

The wild scurry of cabs and pedestrians told him an instant later that something was wrong, and he plunged into the restaurant just as Jewell and the plucky little gentleman had succeeded in disarming and subduing the crank.

According to the testimony of Policeman Dillon and Engineer Jewell, at the moment of the capture there was not a single employe in sight beyond those wedged in the windows.

The prisoner's frenzy subsided rapidly. An enormous crowd escorted him to the station and massed itself

in West Thirtieth street, until it was dispersed by the reserves.

Once inside the station the prisoner responded readily—in fact, cheerfully—to Sgt. Lane's question.

My name is Garoeth, said he. I am 28 years old and live at 530 West Forty-sixth street. You see, sergeant,—he laughed pleasantly as he said it—I don't like to see the rich people enjoying all the blessings of life while the poor starve. I did this shooting to-night with the idea of frightening them into a change of heart, don't you see? On the dead level, I did not intend to kill any one!

The prisoner is by trade a stone cutter. He was locked up for the night in the best possible humor, and passed the greater part of the evening singing German student songs and cracking jokes with the policeman detailed to watch him.

The plucky little gentleman who grappled with the crank disappeared immediately after the capture, modestly refusing even to mention his name. He is believed to be a Mr. George Hancock, and the police have summoned him to appear as witness.

The officers were in decidedly bad temper over the manner in which Mr. Delmonico saw fit to treat the affair. No one representing the restaurant would perform any charge against the "crank." Delmonico wishes to shirk all trouble, and to keep his restaurant as muzzed as possible out of the case.

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